Empress of Australia
Mediterranean Cruise

CANADIAN PACIFIC

224 17—

MISTAKE IN CAT — SHOULD BE 34 instead of 1933

SEE THE WHOLE MEDITERRANEAN

BY THE

EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

FROM NEW YORK
JANUARY 30, 1934

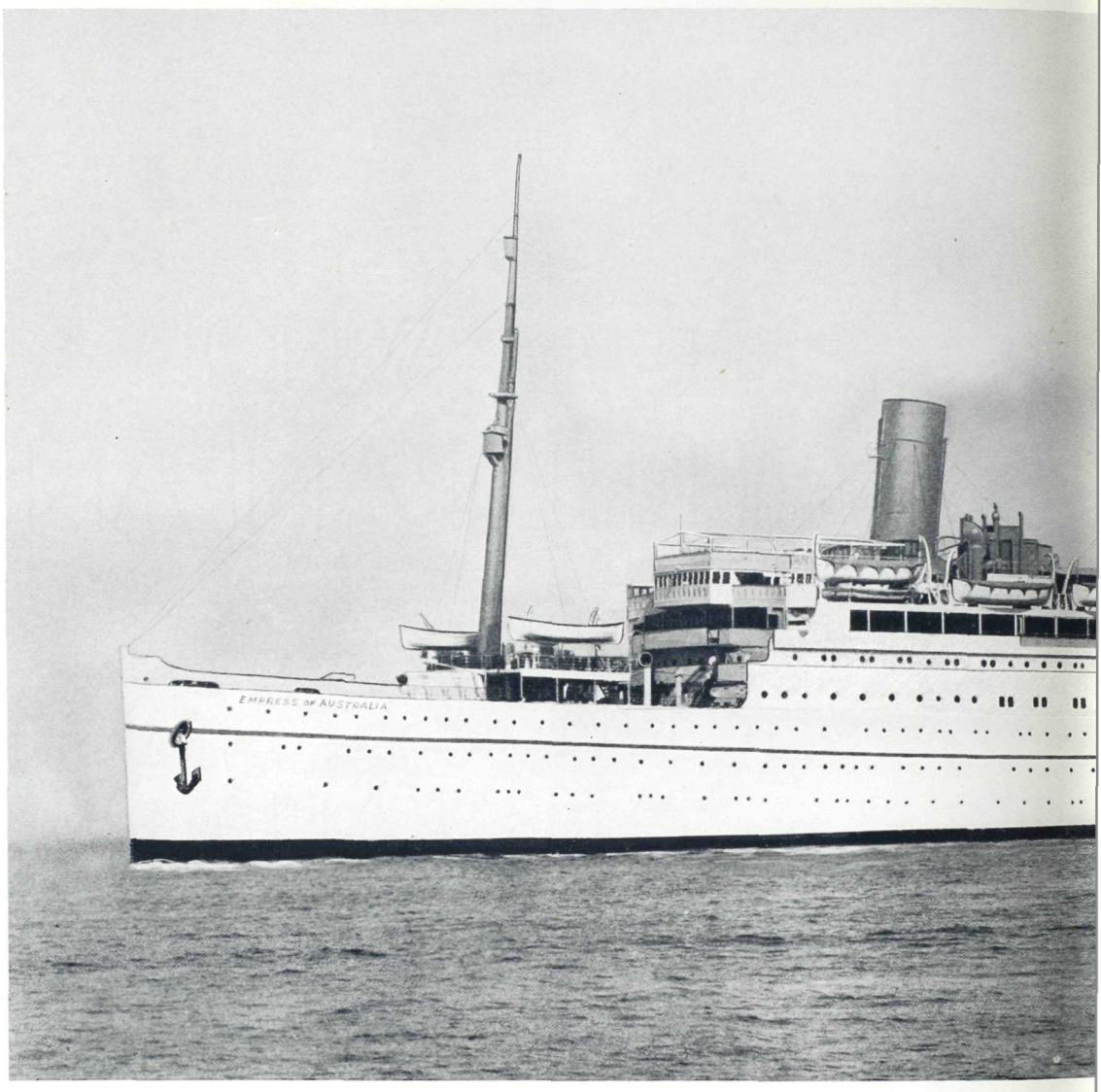
ELEVENTH SEASON

25 PORTS • • 21 COUNTRIES
69 DAYS • • • 15217 MILES

CANADIAN PACIFIC

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

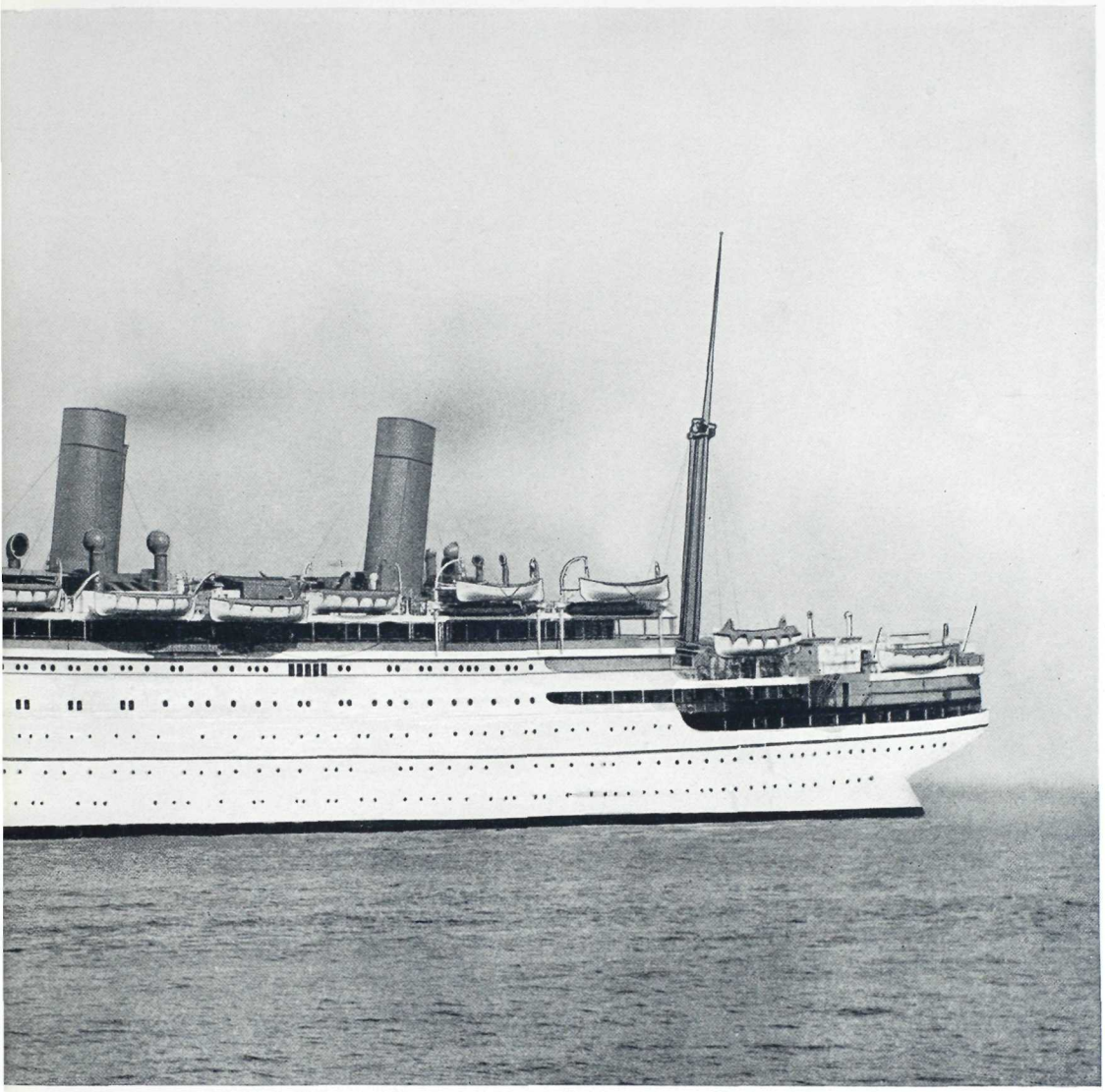
PRINTED IN CANADA, 1933



Empress of Australia—Dream Ship of Cruises

25 Ports ITINERARY OF THE 1934

Ports	Countries	Miles	Arrive				Leave				Time in Port Days	Hours
NEW YORK	U.S.A.						January	30	Tuesday	Noon		
MADEIRA	Madeira	2761	February	6	Tuesday	7 pm	February	7	Wednesday	6 pm		23
CASABLANCA	Morocco	472	February	9	Friday	7 am	February	9	Friday	6 pm		11
CADIZ	Spain	190	February	10	Saturday	7 am	February	13	Tuesday	1 am	2	18
GIBRALTAR	Gibraltar	72	February	13	Tuesday	7 am	February	13	Tuesday	6 pm		11
ALGIERS	Algeria	412	February	14	Wednesday	5 pm	February	15	Thursday	6 pm	1	1
PALMA	Majorca	166	February	16	Friday	7 am	February	16	Friday	6 pm		11
BARCELONA	Spain	133	February	17	Saturday	5 am	February	18	Sunday	2 am		21
BIZERTA (for Tunis)	Tunisia	436	February	19	Monday	6 am	February	19	Monday	6 pm		12
MALTA	Malta	242	February	20	Tuesday	9 am	February	20	Tuesday	6 pm		9
MESSINA	Sicily	150	February	21	Wednesday	6 am	February	21	Wednesday	6 pm		12
NAPLES	Italy	175	February	22	Thursday	7 am	February	23	Friday	7 pm	1	12
VENICE	Italy	805	February	26	Monday	7 am	February	28	Wednesday	7 am	2	
DUBROVNIK	Jugo-Slavia	317	March	1	Thursday	6 am	March	1	Thursday	noon		6
KOTOR BAY	Jugo-Slavia	34	No Landing				No Landing					
PHALERON BAY (for Athens)	Greece	567	March	3	Saturday	6 am	March	3	Saturday	6 pm		12
ISTANBUL	Turkey	352	March	4	Sunday	3 pm	March	5	Monday	11 pm	1	8



21,850 tons
gross register
32,800 tons
displacement

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE 21 Countries

Ports	Countries	Miles	Arrive			Leave			Time in Port Days	Hours
RHODES	Rhodes	422	March 7	Wednesday	7 am	March 8	Thursday	3 am		20
LARNACA	Cyprus	305	March 9	Friday	6 am	March 9	Friday	10 pm		16
BEIRUT	Syria	108	March 10	Saturday	6 am	March 10	Saturday	11 pm		17
HAIFA	Palestine	72	March 11	Sunday	6 am	March 14	Wednesday	8 pm	3	14
PORT SAID	Egypt	169	March 15	Thursday	7 am	March 22	Thursday	3 pm	7	8
NAPLES	Italy	1108	March 25	Sunday	8 am	March 25	Sunday	8 pm		12
MONACO	Monaco	365	March 26	Monday	6 pm	March 28	Wednesday	1 am	1	7
CHERBOURG	France	1861	April 2	Monday	6 am	April 2	Monday	9 am		3
SOUTHAMPTON	England	83	April 2	Monday	2 pm	See Footnote*				
		11777								

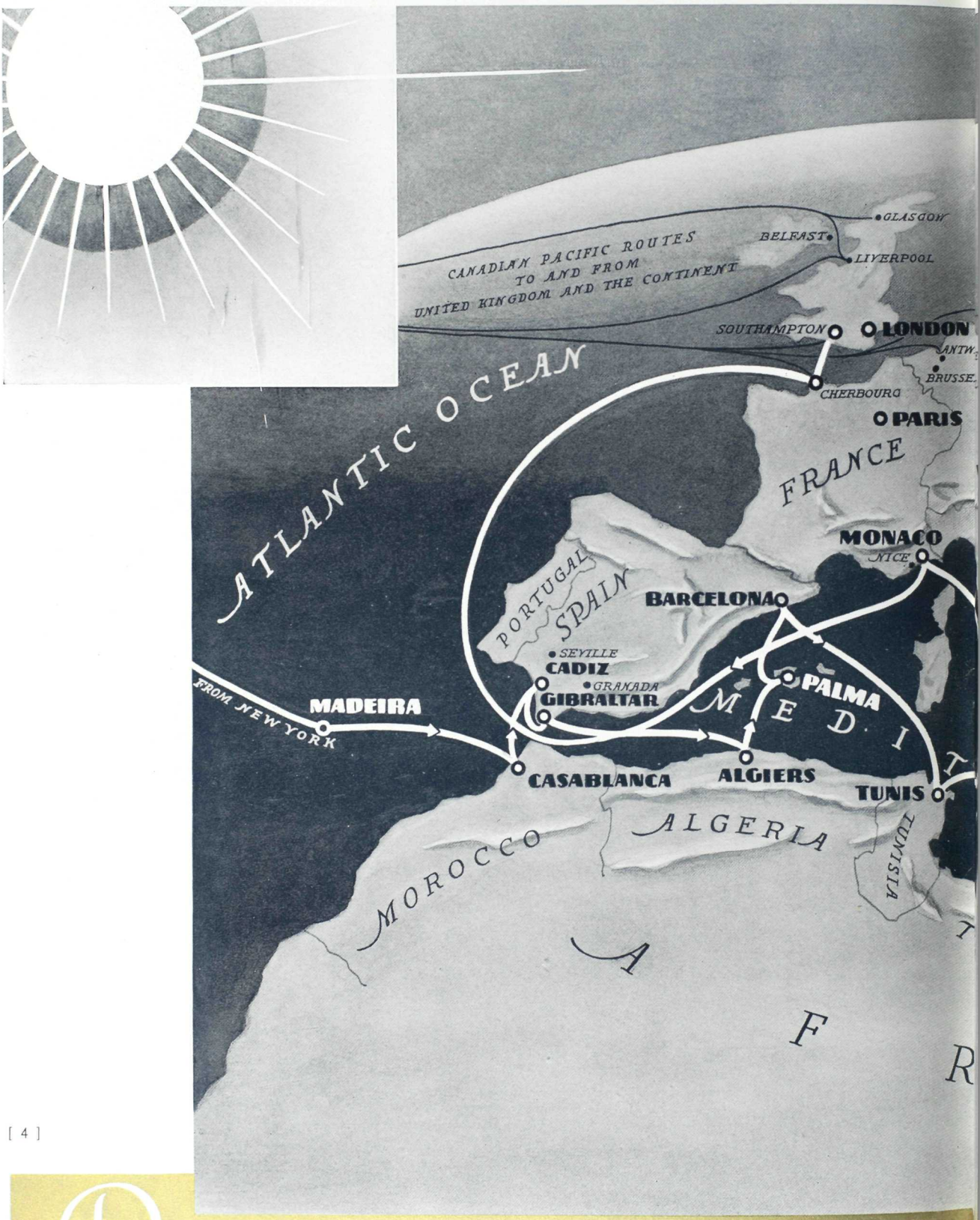
Southampton to Quebec	2884
Quebec to New York	556
Total mileage	15217

*Cruise fare includes Westbound Atlantic passage by any Canadian Pacific ship, including Empress of Britain, up to December 31, 1934.

DURATION

New York to Southampton	63 days
Westbound Atlantic	6 days
Total	69 days

GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM



Route of Empress of Australia 1934

CANADIAN PACIFIC – WORLD'S GREA

Mediterranean Cruise

TEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

SEE THE WHOLE

A corner of the Ball Room

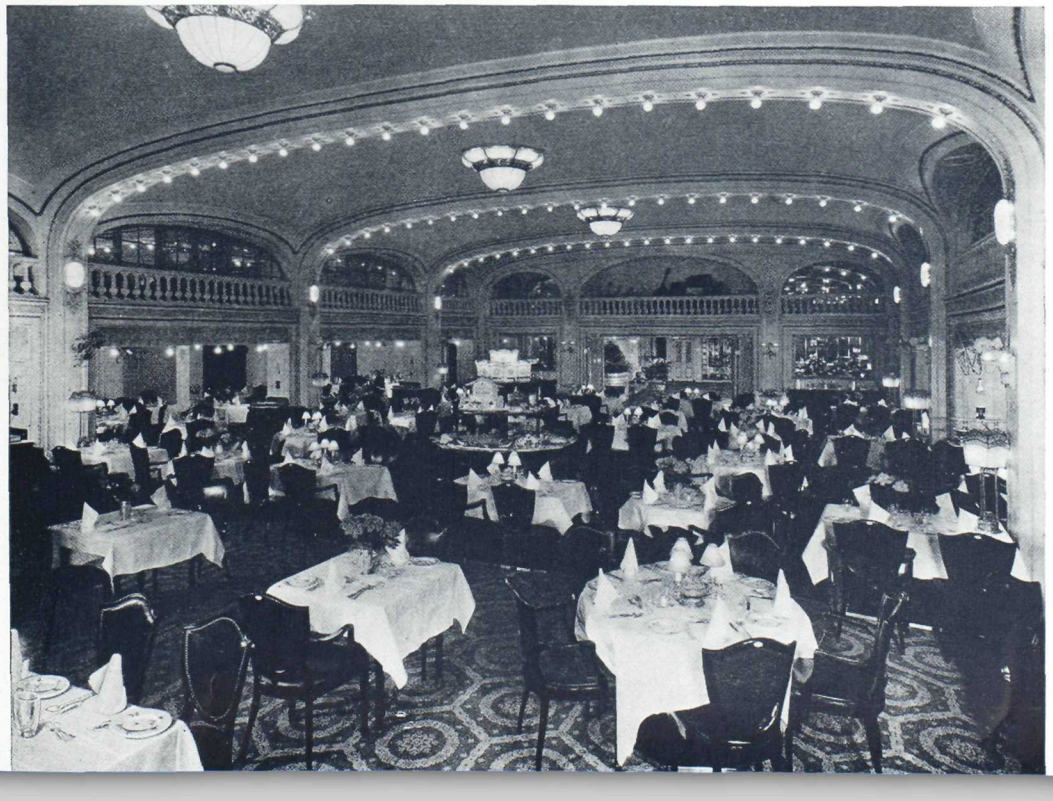
MEDITERRANEAN

THERE is a new spirit abroad today in the countries fringing the Mediterranean. From Gibraltar to Damascus, from Tunis to Istanbul its effects can be seen. Time was when we visited the Mediterranean because of the glorious relics of past civilizations, because of the pleasing climate which invited us to escape from winter at home, because of the glittering social life of the Cote d'Azur. But today there is an added interest—the interest of history in the making. For good or ill, Spain has felt the effects of this new spirit. In Italy these effects are already crystallizing. Interesting political and social changes are taking place behind the Dalmatian Coast. Mustapha Kemal is transforming Turkey. A significant experiment in repatriation is taking place in Palestine. The Land of the Pharaohs has not escaped and new relationships are in the making.

Because of this added interest, the Eleventh Annual Mediterranean Cruise of the Canadian Pacific promises to be even more popular than its predecessors. People who are alive to important developments in European affairs have made early inquiries regarding the itinerary. Believing that Canadian Pacific's successful record in operating Mediterranean Cruises is a guarantee of perfect planning and reliability, they are already, at the time of writing, making advance bookings.

Not, of course, that the past will in any sense be neglected. For here stand the masterpieces of architecture which have astonished mankind through the ages. Here art was born, and of a type never surpassed. Here were born the three faiths, Judaism, Christianity and Islamism.

Here were framed laws which still command respect. Here flourished the languages on which much of our own is founded. Here was the fountain of mythology, centre of commerce, of pomp and power. No matter in what direction we sail, the spell of the Mediterranean enthralls and holds us. At every port we step into a different entrancing world. Each country complete in itself. Side by side, lapped by the same blue waves, yet as far removed as the poles in customs, language, and tradition.



Dining Saloon

LIFE ON

A corner of the blue and gold lounge

BOARD

Above: **A close decision**

Below: **Ship Mates o' mine**

North, South, East, West—the enchantment of these storied waters, over which the slave-driven galleys of the Phoenicians once glided, fascinates us with its scintillating memories of a glorious past.

This is a cruise to remember for ever! Recognising that on a cruise of any duration the ship is of paramount importance, the Canadian Pacific has chosen for this cruise the famous "Empress of Australia"—former world cruiser, known in all the important ports around the globe, and every year adding new laurels to her name. Of 21,850 tons gross register, 32,800 tons displacement, she has a speed of nineteen knots. Graceful, queenly, dazzling in her gleaming white, she is the centre of attraction at all ports. And her outward appearance is just a hint of the luxurious interior. The public rooms and staterooms are perfect for the joys of cruising—tastefully decorated and comfortable to a degree. The Ideal Ship for the Ideal Cruise.

Many a happy evening will be spent in the blue and gold Lounge—a delightful room where we shall dance to the enchanting strains of a fine orchestra. It is tastefully decorated in Empire style with furniture of satinwood, upholstered in damask silk. In these lovely surroundings we may sip tea in the afternoon or make up a table for bridge, to while away the evenings at sea.

The Drawing Room, immediately adjoining, is decorated in Louis XVI style. Here are writing tables, and bookcases just filled with interesting books on travel, and fascinating novels. The easy chairs and lounges invite us to sit back and enjoy a leisurely half hour.

The Writing Room also follows the Louis XVI mode. In this dainty room we snatch a few moments from the pleasure-filled days to write a letter home, or bring that diary up to date.

The oak-panelled walls, tapestry and leather-covered chairs and settees, card tables and

THE DREAM SHIP

writing tables of the Smoking Room fulfil our idea of just what such a room should be. Comfortable in the extreme, it is the ideal spot for congenial folk to gather and discuss the events of the day.

On B Deck is the Dining Saloon—treated in French Regency style. Lofty and beautiful, it adds to the enjoyment with which we devour—yes, devour with cruise appetites, the ever-tempting meals one connects with Canadian Pacific cuisine. Of course, many of us have travelled on Canadian Pacific ships before so that we know what pleasures are in store for us in this luxurious Dining Saloon—pleasures which add to our enjoyment of the cruise.

The Promenade and other Decks, where we shall spend so many enjoyable hours drinking in health and sunshine, are a sheer delight. Here we may stretch out in our chairs in lazy, careless ease, enjoy deck games, walk our daily mile, or dance under the stars. The forward end of the Promenade Deck is glass enclosed so that, no matter what the weather, we may still be out in the open air, drinking in the sea breezes. At the after end is the Verandah Café, furnished with wicker chairs and tables. A delightful rendezvous, and one which proves more than ever popular when sailing over the sunlit seas. An excellent Gymnasium is also found on this deck aft. Here are all the up-to-date appliances for keeping fit—rowing, bicycle, horse, and camel machines, punching bags, wall bars, and all the other devices one associates with a modern Gym. A Physical Instructor is in charge and classes are held daily, or we may arrange for private lessons free of charge.

On D Deck we find the Pompeiian Swimming Pool, filled with translucent sea-water. Many a joyous half-hour will be spent splashing about in this white tiled pool.

In Empire Style —the Lounge

OF CRUISES

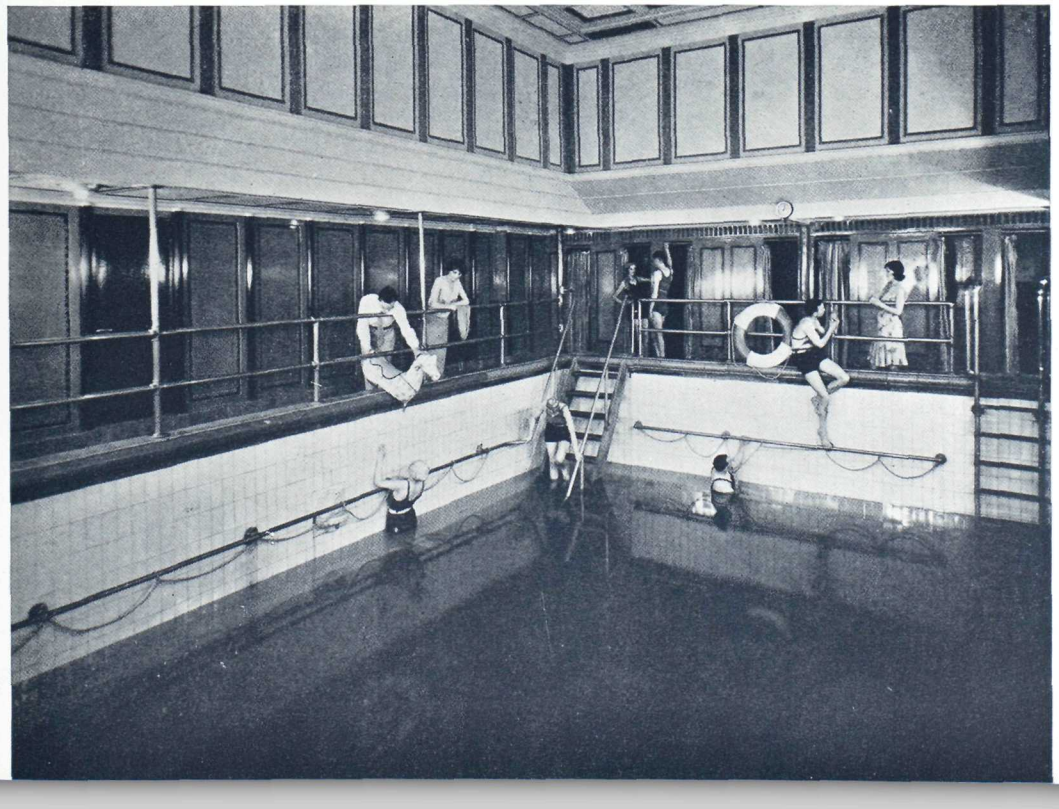
And now, just a peep at the staterooms. These are delightfully furnished, and have regular beds. Many are provided with a private bathroom, and there are suites of bedroom, sitting room, sun room, baggage room and private bath. Plenty of bathrooms are available for members occupying staterooms not supplied with a private bath. More than 92% of the stateroom accommodation is outside, and all rooms are equipped with hot and cold running water and electric fans. Like the public rooms, staterooms are fitted with the most modern appliances for forced ventilation.

The ship's Shop is a veritable treasure-house of essential articles and delightful novelties, while the deft-fingered operators in the Beauty Salon and Barber Shop keep us cut, curled and manicured.

Everything conducive to ease, comfort, and well-being is found on board. The stewards and stewardesses, trained to the Canadian Pacific standard of service, attend to our every want. The Cruise Director and his staff are experienced in every phase of cruising, and the most complete arrangements have been made for us to see the really worthwhile things at the various ports.

While aboard we enjoy concerts, moving pictures, dancing, masquerade balls, deck sports, and all the other pleasures one associates with cruise life. Religious services are held each Sunday while at sea. News of world-wide events is brought us daily by wireless, as well as the latest market reports. Nothing is missing. Far from home, and yet every comfort and convenience we could possibly wish for surrounds us—without one iota of worry or care on our part.

And so—in such an atmosphere of spaciousness, luxury, and freedom, we start off on our cruise, leaving King Winter behind, and head East by South for our first port.



Pompeiian Swimming Pool

LIFE ON

After dinner coffee

BOARD

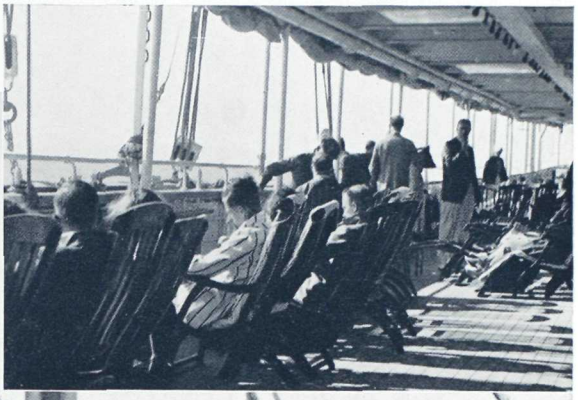
The public rooms and staterooms of the Empress of Australia are tastefully decorated and supremely comfortable—ideal for the joys of cruising

Sunlit seas bring sunny smiles

THE DREAM SHIP

A corner of the Drawing Room

OF CRUISES



The centre of fun by day—the Sports Deck

Spacious decks are a feature of the Empress

Waving to ships that pass

SUNNY

An old English custom— afternoon tea

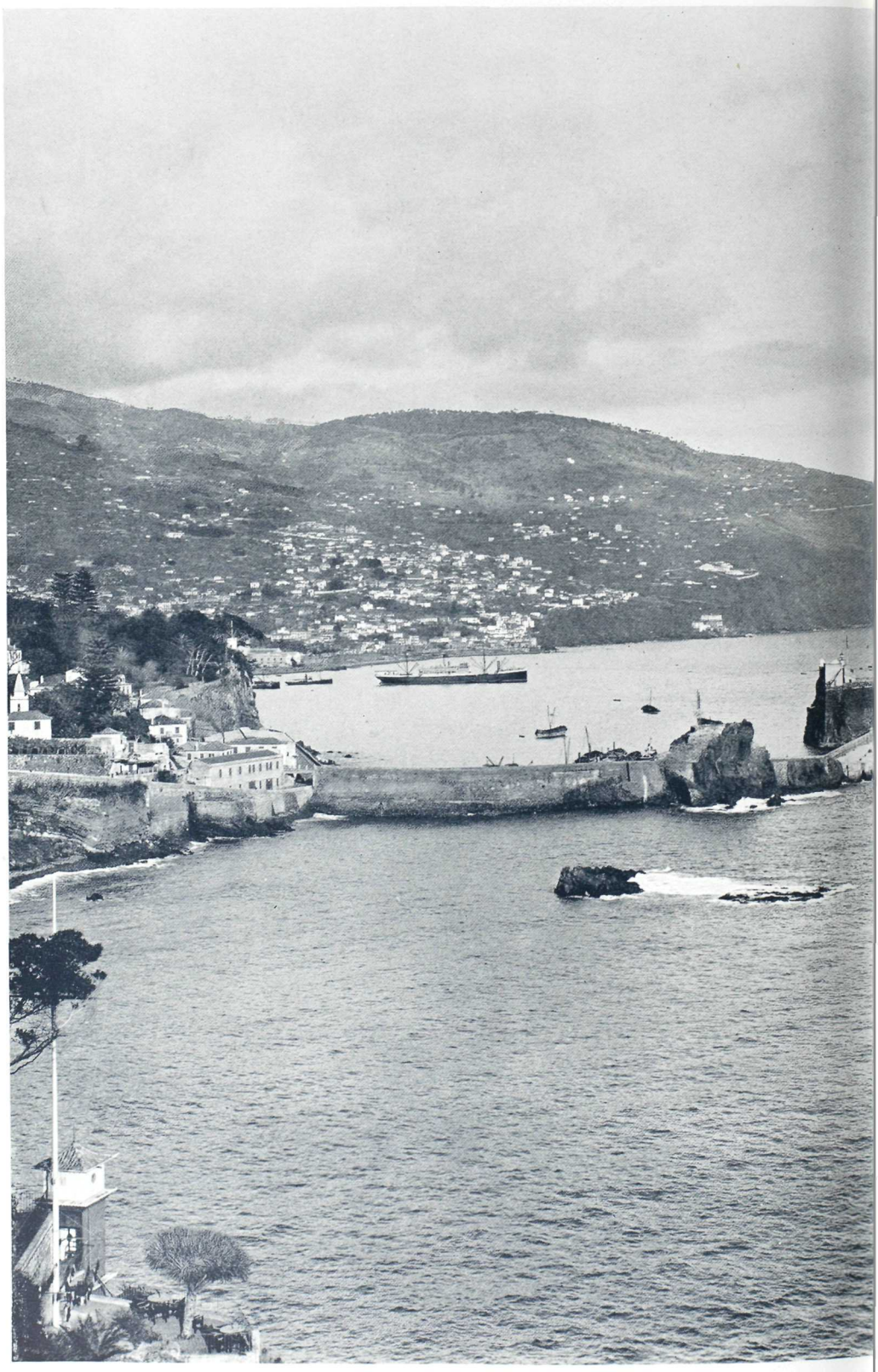
The spacious, airy Verandah Café

DECKS

The Sport of Kings at sea

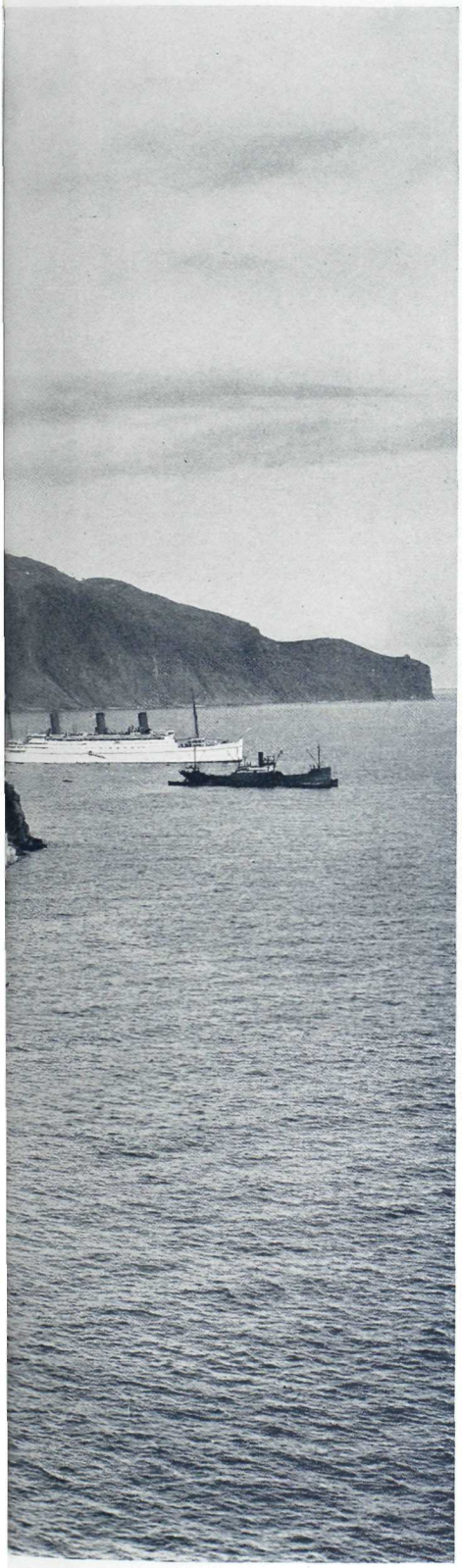
An exhilarating pastime— Deck Tennis

MADEIRA



Empress of Australia
at Funchal, Madeira
©A.S.N.

MADEIRA



LESS than three thousand miles from New York —with a setting more than three hundred years behind the times—Madeira charms the senses of the modern with its quaint antiquity.

Emerald, turquoise, coral, and topaz, set in a sapphire sea. That's our impression as we approach this Garden of Eden. The Empress of Australia anchors beyond the famed Loo Rock—at peace on the sunlit blue. Below, swarms of cockle-shells of boats dance on the waves; brown bodies flash in the sunshine as they dive for coins; peddlers in bumboats scream their wares.

As we land, the atmosphere of Columbus' time wraps stealthy arms around us. We ride to the top of old Terreiro da Lucta, and slide down again in cosy carrinhos-do-monte, through wonderful gardens, past old-world houses, flashing streams, and laughing children who shower us with flowers. Down, swiftly, easily, to sea-level again. We bargain in tiny shops, buying beautiful linens on which skilful native fingers have laboured patiently. Through the old Cathedral we wander, through sleepy drowsing streets, where no one hurries, where time is of no account, and bullock sleds make their leisurely way over the cobbled roads. We hie to that fairyland of colored lights set in a gorgeous garden, the Casino, to woo Lady Luck at the tables, or dance to inspiring music. Or perhaps we shall feel romantic enough to ride in a carro, resembling nothing so much as a four-poster bed on runners, drawn by soft-eyed oxen, through the star-lit night, perfumed with the scent of a million blossoms.

Peace, old-world charm, soft breezes, kindly people, and flowers, flowers, flowers . . Madeira!

MOROCCO

Two "kids" in Morocco

©P.P.E.

MOROCCO

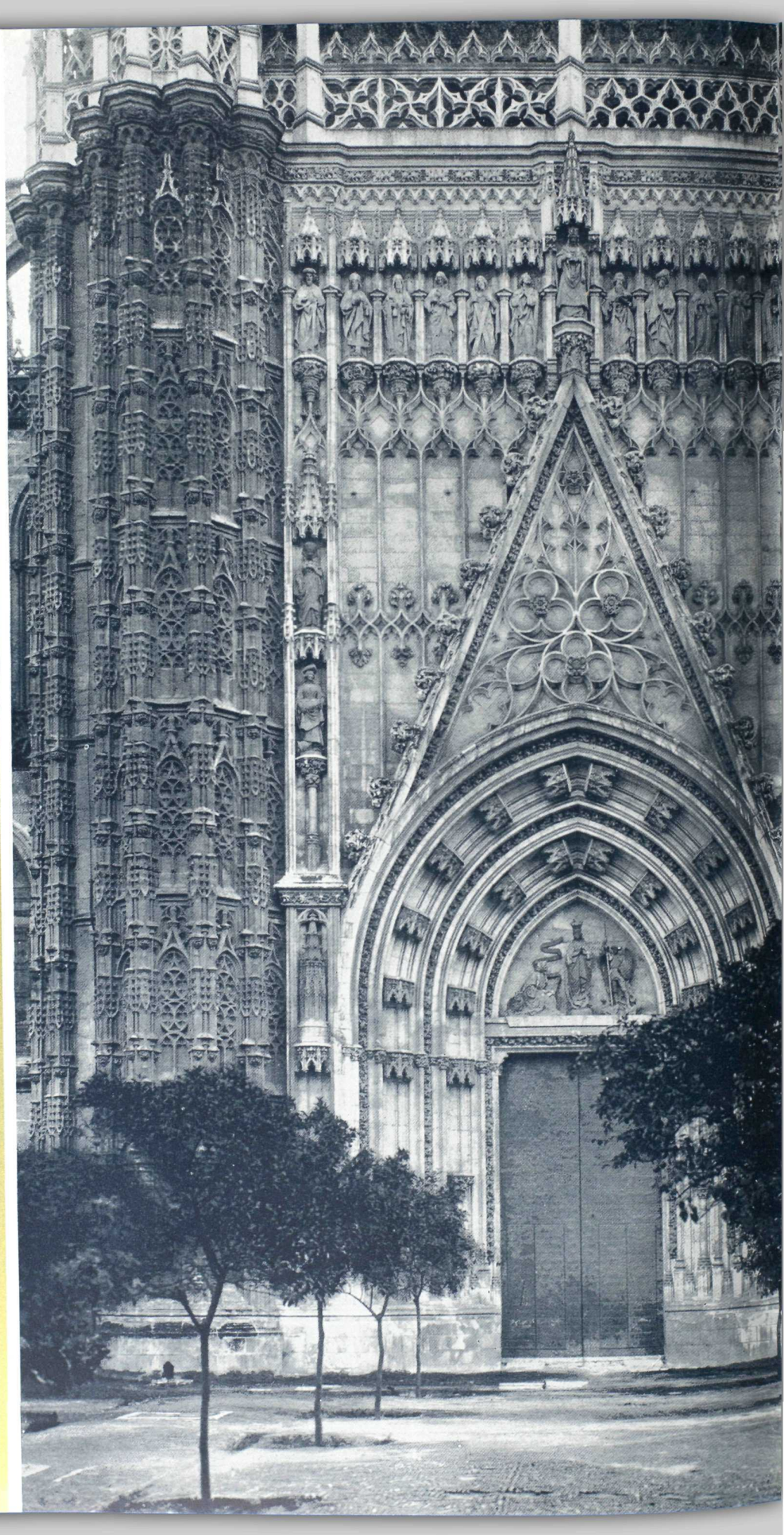
GLIDING gently over the gleaming seas for a restful day, and here we are in Africa! What a contrast! All the elusive mystery of the desert lies before us. Modern Casablanca, a progressive, spreading city, is built over the ruins of the old town.

Wide palm-lined streets, white houses, fine French stores, and delightful parks. Busy and bustling, as most of the trade of Morocco passes through this thriving port. Truly a wonderful tribute to the industry of the French, for just a few years ago it was only a muddy Arab town.

But the native quarter! Unpaved streets, bazaars packed with Arabs, donkeys struggling under enormous loads, caravans of camels sidling along, story-tellers surrounded by gaping listeners quite oblivious of our presence, snake-charmers, veiled women, a strange babble of tongues. In the Souks (market places) Arabs in burnoose and turban squat beside their piles of wares. Here we may buy those wondrous rugs for which Morocco is famous, the softest of slippers, embroideries, and brass-ware—and at surprisingly little cost!

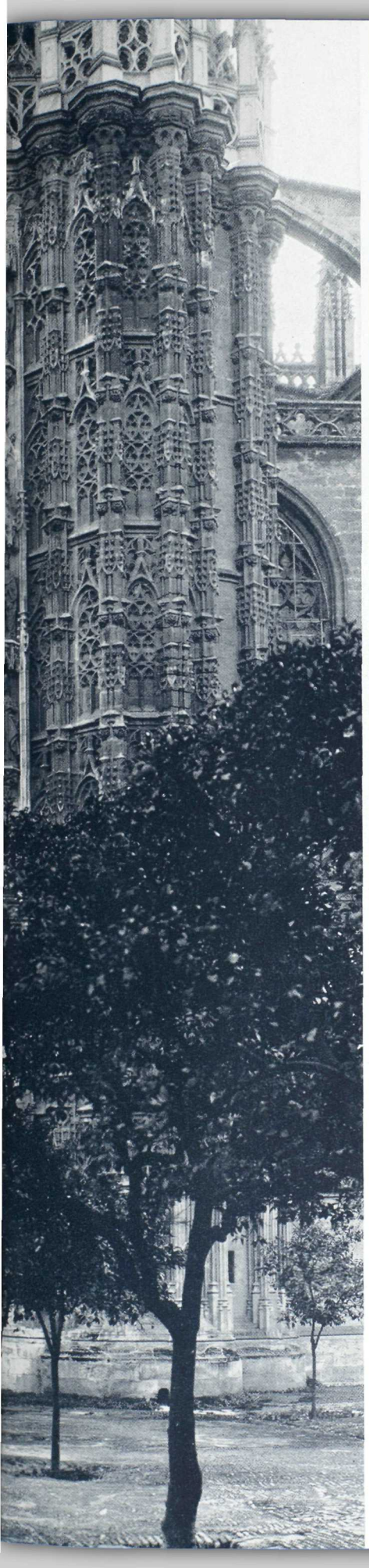
Off by electric train to Rabat on the Bou Rereg River, near its sister town of Salé, that wicked old pirate city of the Sallee Rovers, where Robinson Crusoe was held in slavery. Picturesque in the extreme—women so closely veiled that only one eye shows—carpet factories—mosques—mules with crimson saddles—great ramparts—the Tower of Hassan, beautiful old-time Medersas (colleges), the market places with shrieking mobs of tradesmen, and graveyards running down to the sea, where the wail of mourners is drowned by the crash of waves.

A gem of Moorish architecture
©R.I.N.



Entrance to Seville's Gothic Cathedral

©A.S.N.



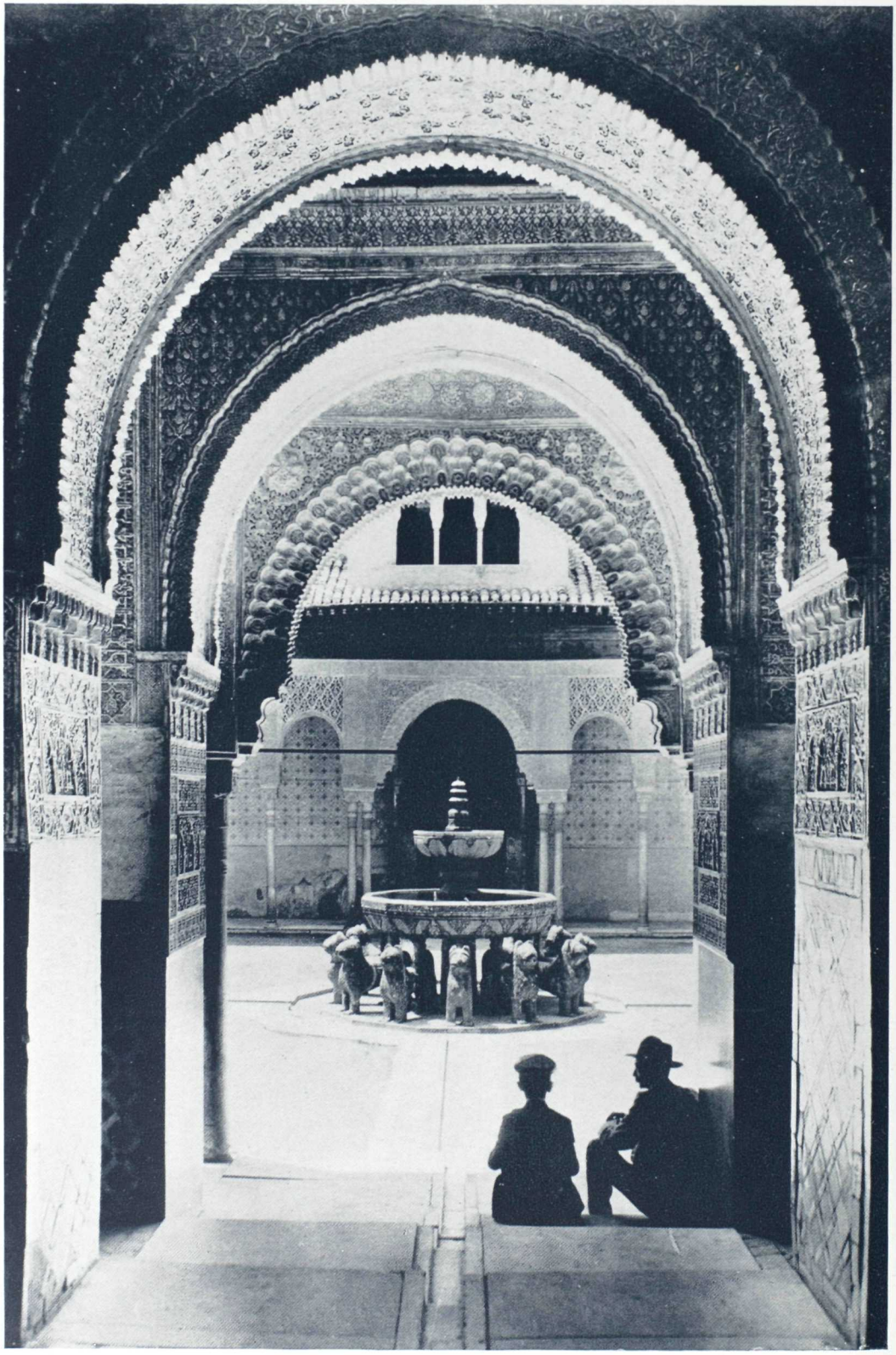
SPAIN

AND now sunny Spain is calling. We land at the most enchanting of her seaports—Cadiz, a lovely white city almost encircled by a sea of emerald and gold. Here are the Botanical Gardens full of rare specimens and the Academy where we may view masterpieces by Murillo, Rubens, and Velasquez. Narrow streets full of color — almost Eastern in atmosphere — busy markets, tall houses, stately churches, and a history which carries us back to eleven centuries B.C.

If Cadiz is the most enchanting seaport, Seville is the most entrancing city . . . so truly Spanish, so wonderfully artistic, built along the banks of the Guadalquiver, down which huge Spanish galleons once sailed for the New World. "Whom God loves he gives a house in Seville" says the proverb and who would not wish for a house in this sunny Andalusian capital with its great Cathedral, the largest Gothic structure in the world, containing some of Murillo's most famous works; the Giralda Tower, magnificent rose-tinted relic of Moslem rule, the sun-drenched Court of Oranges; the Alcazar, a delight of beautiful courtyards and gardens, the scent of flowers, the plash of fountains, and the cooing of doves. In the awning covered Market Place picturesque people chaffer excitedly over their purchases. We wander along old wall-lined streets, and through delicate iron grilles catch glimpses of patios full of palms, shrubs, and coolness. It was in Seville that Columbus wooed and won the support of Queen Isabella for his perilous venture and Carmen played havoc with men's hearts.

Should the lure of Spain prove too strong to resist, we may leave the cruise party and go on to Granada, basking in the sun at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains topped by eternal snows. Here we revel in one of the

SPAIN



The Alhambra Court of the Lions
©E.G.

Interior views of the EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA are shown in the ship's plan.

GIBRALTAR

loveliest gardens in the world at the Palacio de Generalife—orange trees, pomegranates, roses, terraces, fountains, tree-shaded walks, and, best of all, the haunting melody of the nightingale. At Albaicin, in caves at the foot of the Sacred Mountain, live the gypsies. Of course, we visit the Cathedral, one of the finest Renaissance buildings in Spain, while the glory of the Alhambra, enchantingly beautiful, with its arcaded courts, delicate columns, gorgeously decorated ceilings, and Oriental atmosphere, will leave us something to dream over for years to come.

"AS solid as the Rock of Gibraltar." Often we've seen it in pictures—there it stands in grim reality—stronghold of the British Empire, guarding the gateway to the Mediterranean. Impregnable, impressive, starkly suggestive of relentless power. Monster guns, strongly entrenched—wireless with fingers on the pulse of the world—searchlights which play suspiciously on any strange craft in the harbour. Below lies the old Moorish castle. Within its crumbling walls unnumbered scenes of bloodshed and torture, cruelty and intrigue took place—when Islam ruled in Europe.

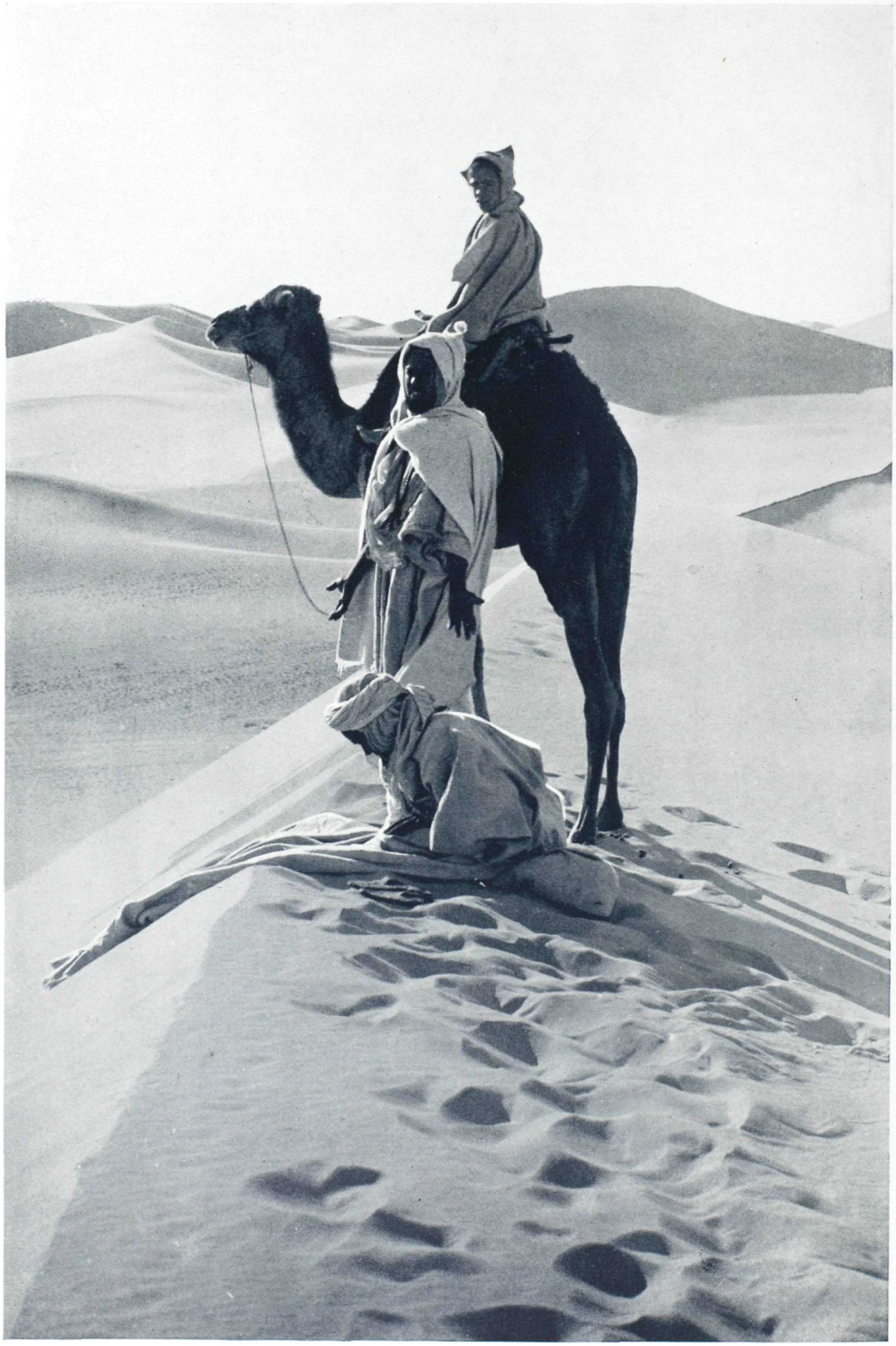
We visit Rosia Bay, the Alameda Gardens, and see the little cemetery where heroes of the Battle of Trafalgar lie sleeping. Odd carriages rattle through the stony streets, hawkers cry their wares, quaint shops offer all kinds of perfume and novelties for sale.

Much there is of interest in this famous little town, drowsing in the shadow of the crouching lion, which watches and waits, ready to spring at a moment's notice.

The Fabled Pillars of Hercules

©A.S.N.

ALGIERS



A halt for Prayer on the Sahara
©E.G.

ALGIERS

AFRICA once more! Above the plain in rugged grandeur towers the mighty chain of the Atlas Mountains, the blue sea laps the curving bay. Those flat topped white buildings comprise the city of Algiers—not so long ago the stronghold of bloodthirsty Barbary pirates who preyed upon all nations and were subdued only after years of effort. Tier upon tier the fascinating city rises above the harbour surmounted by the fortress palace where lived the Deys surrounded by brutal soldiers and tortured Christian slaves. Now we find fine streets, palm shaded squares, delightful shops filled with merchandise from Paris, square roofed buildings, miniature sky-scrapers, and gay cafés. The market places are a riot of color and noise, dealers scream and shout—purchasers follow suit calling on Allah to bear witness that the dealer is a thief. We think a battle royal will soon be in progress but finally both parties come to an agreement and the promise of a riot fades away. No one takes any notice—this is the usual business procedure. Street minstrels wander into cafés, and in the Street of the Jewellers is an absorbingly fascinating display of gold and silver ear-rings, filigree rings, and precious stones.

But this bewildering section called the Native Quarter—can it really be part of the same city? Narrow sinuous streets climbing steeply and dropping abruptly, darkly mysterious cul-de-sacs, windowless houses, shadowed doorways, mobs of Arabs, closely-veiled women, swarms of screaming urchins, beggars, peddlers, donkeys, and dogs. Piles of strange looking eatables in the hole-in-the-wall shops, strange smells, and stranger sights which baffle description, one-roomed houses where a dozen people make their home, mosques, and decaying Moorish palaces. Progress and stagnation, sparkling sunlight and dim shadows, and the weird cry of the Muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

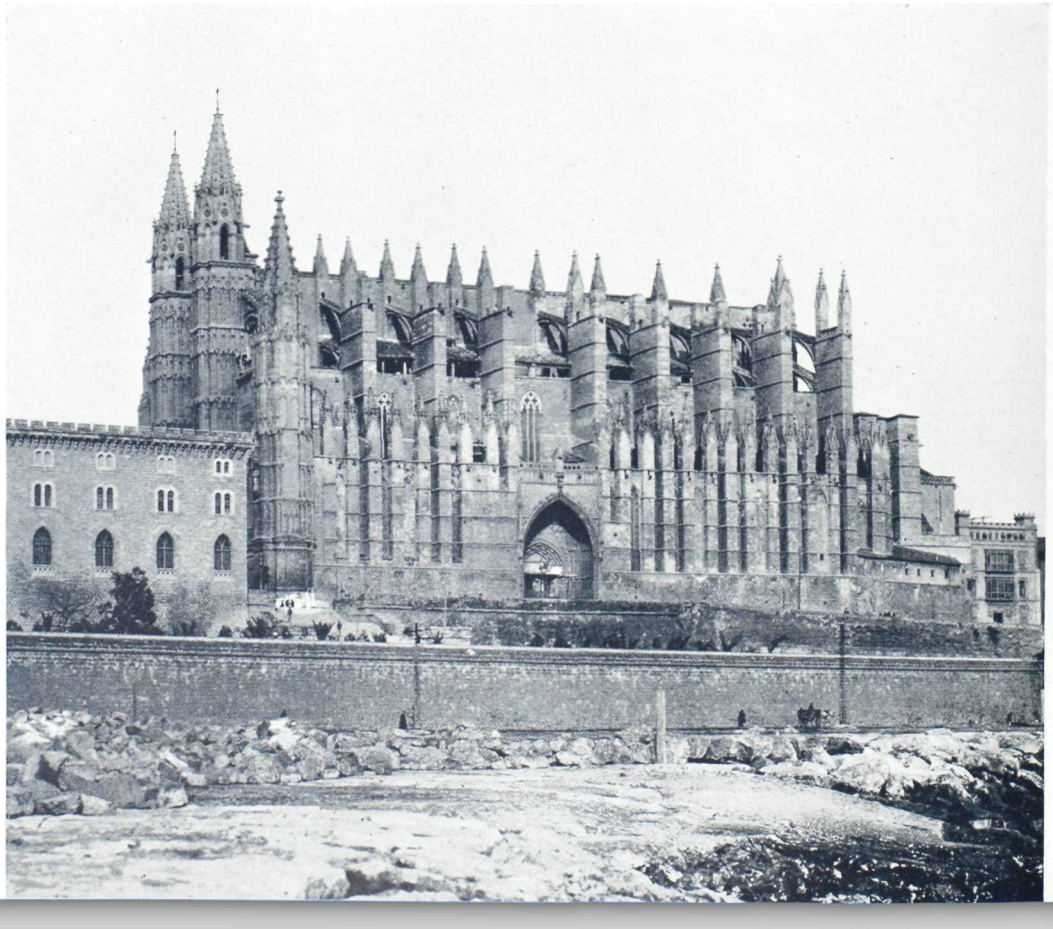
Descendants of the Haughty Deys
©A.S.N.

MAJORCA

THE scent of orange-blossoms, roses, and mountain mint drifts out with the music of bells to greet us as we enter the Harbour of Palma. As we set foot on shore, we succumb to the charm of our surroundings. How spotlessly clean everything is! How happy and contented the people!

The graceful Lonja, erected in the 13th century, claims our attention. Above the Almudaina rises a weathervane which has turned with the winds of 600 years. Magnificent churches "filled with dim religious light" arouse our admiration. Winding narrow streets skirt fascinating palaces, half fortress—half residence. In the distance rises mediaeval Bellver Castle, complete with moat, battlemented walls, and iron-barred windows.

By motor and train we explore this halcyon isle—over majestic mountains, past grey windmills, orchards of oranges and lemons, ruined castles, watch-towers, ravishing gardens, and olive trees with the winds of a thousand years petrified in their twisted branches. On to Valdemosa, where, in the old monastery, Chopin composed his enchanting, melodious Preludes. On we go to Miramar, where was founded the first school of Christian missionaries, and where once lived the founder of the Mission of San Francisco in California. Past precipitous mountains and verdure-clad gorges to Soller—picturesque, immaculate, friendly little town, below which lies the port, a bowl of sapphire ringed with silver sand! An unforgettable picture!



Cathedral at Palma
©A.S.N.

BARCELONA

AFTER the peace and old-world charm of Majorca, what a contrast is Barcelona, so progressive, brilliant and gay—one of the great cities of the world.

That statue which welcomes us to the splendid half-moon harbour is of Columbus, for it was to Barcelona the famous explorer came after his discovery of the new world, and in the fine Gothic cathedral were baptised the "red men" he brought from America.

To drive through the town is a revelation. Few cities have streets to compare with these—broad, tree shaded, and lined with magnificent buildings. Particularly delightful is the Paseo de Gracia—the Grand Via de Alfonso XIII—the Plaza de Catalana—and the Ramblas, main artery of social life. But perhaps it is the architecture we find most intriguing—apartment houses built in curves to resemble waves, and corner buildings which end in anything but right angles. Remarkably bizarre is the new Sagrada Familia (Holy Family) Cathedral with its thousands of figures and unusual towers; then there is the Guell Park, a riot of mosaic benches and walls.

The old quarter of the city, with its quaint irregular streets, is fascinating. The Bull Rings remind us that here flourishes the sport beloved of all Spaniards. Some will revel in the glory of the ancient churches, others in the opportunity of acquiring lovely old majolica ware, and peasant jewellery, while one and all will be captivated by the flower market and the bird market.

Plaza de Catalana
Barcelona
©E.G.

TUNISIA

By-ways of Tunis
©E.G.

Interior views of the EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA are shown in the ship's plan.

TUNISIA

NOW TUNIS—former stronghold of the Corsairs. A truly Oriental city. White buildings rise gently up the hillside dominated by the Kasbah (citadel) from where we get a view to tuck away among our other delightful memories. Everything gleams with a dazzling brightness in the morning sunshine. With grateful appreciation our eyes rest on the lovely gardens of the Dar-el-Bey, a delight of palm trees, orange trees and flowers. The Palace of the Bardo with its alluring terraces, white walls, and fascinating collection of antiques demands a visit.

Through the Water Gate, Bab-el-Behar, and we're in the old town, Medina. A thousand years have been lost somehow during the last few steps. Myriads of people fill the tortuous way; Arabs in flowing burnoose and mounted on fiery steeds clatter through the streets; supercilious camels and diminutive donkeys demand way; Moslem women, entirely veiled, scurry about like frightened ghosts; Jewish women in baggy pantaloons and tall conical headdresses from which depend a long haik of white silk, shuffle along like walking tents. The Souks of Tunis, a maze of bewildering twists and turns, are a revelation. What a conglomeration of merchandise! How hard to resist bargaining with the vendors of rugs, silks, perfume, unusual jewellery, and interesting looking antiques.

We motor out to view the remains of what was at one time the most famous and powerful city in the world, Carthage—now almost vanished into dust and ruin. At the height of its power this almost legendary place was surrounded by walls forty feet high and thirty feet thick wherein were stabled 300 elephants and 4,000 horses, and in the ponderous towers lived 24,000 soldiers!

Tunisian Entertainers
©E.G.

MALTA

Taormina
Street Scene
©A.S.N.

SICILY

MALTA, rightly called by Napoleon "The Key to the Mediterranean," lies sparkling in the sunshine of this wonderful February day. Valetta, the capital, seated on its terraced height and girdled by its animated harbour and the surging sea, gives one the impression of impregnable strength. A link with the past is this rocky island, owned successively by Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Arabs, Normans, Germans, Spaniards, French, now a British stronghold.

For two and a half centuries it was ruled by the Knights of Malta—that astonishing combination of saint and soldier established in 1048. Everywhere one goes are evidences of the rule of those soldier-monks, whose cry "Dieu le veut" echoed and re-echoed before the walls of Jerusalem as they struggled to free the Holy City from the yoke of the infidel. The Church of St. John, an amazing mixture of minster, mausoleum and museum, is lined with the tombs of these brave knights. It was at Malta that Ulysses was wrecked, and here, too, St. Paul landed after his disastrous voyage.

From the "Key of the Mediterranean" to the "Jewel of the Mediterranean"—Sicily! Purple shadows, brilliant verdure, dark olive trees, fields of grapes, lemons, and mulberries. The exotic medley of color everywhere charms the eye.

We entrain for Taormina, one of the most beautiful towns in this beautiful island, set on a hill above the blue Ionian sea with Mount Aetna for a background. Treasures of the golden past lie everywhere before our eyes. Ruined temples, monuments, palaces, monasteries, ancient orchards, and pastel-tinted villages. All drowsing in peaceful silence, showered in sunshine or veiled in purple mist.

British Warships at Malta

©A.S.N.

ITALY

Porta Capuana
Naples
©A.S.N.

Interior views of the EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA are shown in the ship's plan.

ITALY

THE next country we visit is Italy, home of the conquering Caesars, foundation of our laws, inspiration of many of our political forms. Today, under the impulse of a new political faith, the country has raised itself to the forefront of European nations. Here we are on the scene of one of the most interesting experiments in modern history. Everywhere we note the signs of a period of rejuvenation —a new idealism which admittedly has its roots in the Rome of two thousand years ago and which is restoring to modern Italian life many of the colorful ceremonies of that time.

Naples is our first port of call—that lovely Italian city sitting serenely above its perfect bay.

Under blue skies, for which Italy is famous, we drive through climbing streets, filled with merry throngs, meeting all sorts and conditions of people—Fascist guards, and soldiers in their long grey-green cloaks, housewives going to market, priests in sombre robes, laughing children, and peddlers with cartloads of fruit, vegetables, or fish, crying their wares. From wall niches, images of the Virgin gaze down, high above the streets hang lines strung with washing, swarthy Neapolitans stare at us from crowded balconies. We visit historic churches, and in the Museum revel in treasures of a kind to be found only in Italy.

One memorable day we go out to Pompeii to see the city which flourished so magnificently until Vesuvius buried it deep in dust and ashes in 79 A.D. The excavations have been carried out carefully, and we can easily conjure up an idea of how life was lived 2,000 years ago in this old city of the Romans. Our interest in the destroyer is so great that we feel compelled to journey up the steep side of Vesuvius and look down into its fiery rumbling depths.

So many things we want to do here. There's the Amalfi-Sorrento drive, over a road that has few counterparts in the world, soaring and dipping from mountain-top to sea-level and up to mountain-top again, breathtaking views every yard of the way. Sorrento! who would have missed it? It is a dream of beauty with a history dating back to the birth of Christ. And Amalfi, drowsing away the years above the sapphire sea.

Caserta calls, too—the Versailles of Southern Italy—a magnificent palace of over a thousand rooms, filled with art treasures, and set in a garden almost too beautiful to be real.

But perhaps we had better leave the Amalfi-Sorrento drive until our return, now taking advantage of that excursion to Rome to view St. Peter's Basilica, Vatican City, the Forum, the Colosseum, and

Rialto Bridge
Venice
©A.S.N.

ITALY

the thousand and one other marvellous sights of the city founded by Romulus, and to Florence with its wondrous art treasures and glorious history, birthplace of Dante and Michael Angelo!

Wrapped in the arms of the Adriatic Sea lies Venice. Exquisite jewel of blue lagoons, pink and ivory palaces, towers and domes rising sheer out of the depths, the music of bells, and silence.

In comfort we lounge in a gondola, gliding over sun-drenched waters, meeting other gondolas, and barges piled with vegetables, coal, groceries, and jars of wine; or perhaps we shall meet a funeral, a long file of black gondolas heaped with wreaths. Everywhere wind silver lanes of water. To find one's way about on foot is a puzzle—narrow ways end abruptly at the water's edge; areaways suddenly blocked by the corroding walls of some old palace; cul-de-sacs darkly mysterious, weirdly suggestive of secret societies, abductions, assassinations, and similar black deeds, rife in the bygone centuries. Darkness and sunshine, history and romance. There the Street of the Assassins, there the beautiful square where the winged Lion of St. Mark gazes over the blue lagoon. Hours could be spent examining the Doges' Palace, home of the rulers in Venice's incredibly wealthy days. The outer walls are supported by arcades of rose marble, richly carved; inside are the most wonderful paintings. In wealth of decoration, the Cathedral of St. Mark is possibly without a peer—stories of biblical days in delicate mosaic cover a full acre; paintings and carvings delight the aesthetic taste.

Arching gracefully over the Rio della Paglia is the Bridge of Sighs, eloquent of the despair of the condemned as they were hastened to loathsome dungeons. Bewildering city this, a nest of over 100 islands and a labyrinth of canals. The setting for some of Shakespeare's most famous plays, and home of the celebrated Marco Polo. Slim black gondolas, incredibly lovely buildings, dazzling sunshine and moonlight magic. Beautiful Venice, child of the marriage of land and sea!

Pompeii
©A.S.N.

ITALY

The spirit of the new Italy
©P.N.

St. Mark's Square Venice
©A.S N.

JUGO-

City Gate
Dubrovnik
©A.S.N.

Interior views of the EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA are shown in the ship's plan.

SLAVIA

EN ROUTE now for the Dalmatian Coast; countless rockbound bays and inlets line the shore, sheltered from the sea by a barrier of beautiful rugged islands.

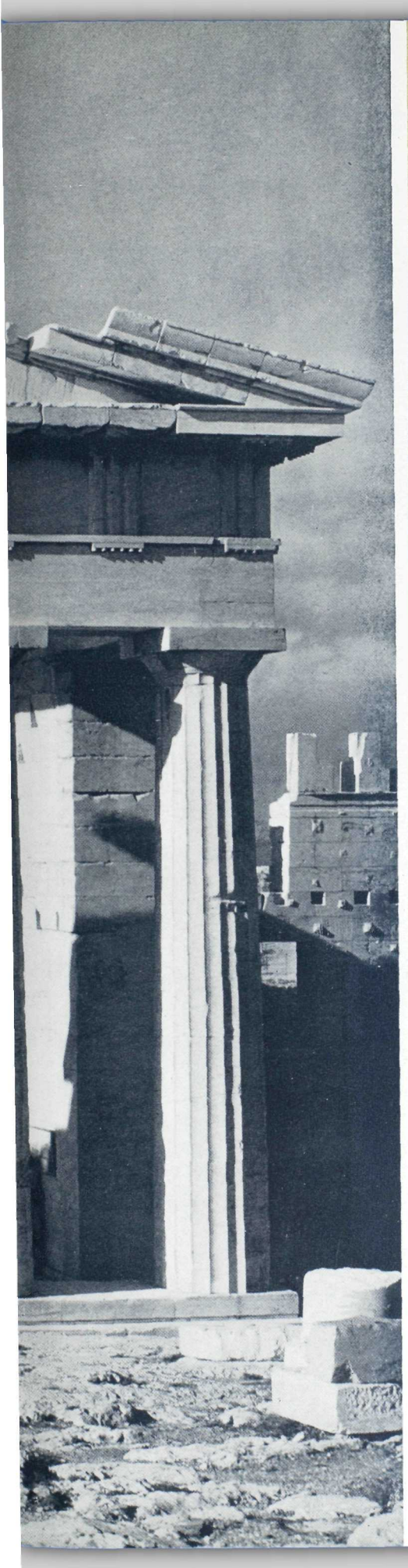
In a glorious blue harbour lies Dubrovnik, storm tossed and defiant, a mass of white villas, palm trees, and fort-crested rocks backed by frowning, weather-beaten hills under a turquoise sky. It is a medley of past and present. The modern section is a crowded watering place, but through a forbidding archway lies the old town, reminiscent of the dark ages—an important centre of commerce when London was a small obscure town. The Palazzo dei Rettori is a storehouse of archaeological treasures; the Courtyard of the old Custom House a delight of splendidly carved stone galleries; the Dominican Convent, a quiet dream of sunlit cloisters, palms and roses. Quaint old buildings meet the eye at every turn, and soaring campaniles aspire to heaven. Small shops face the flag-stoned streets; gay cafés drowse under brilliant awnings, goldsmiths, barbers, shoemakers, and saddlers ply their trades in full view of the passer-by, and softly colored rugs, shawls and embroideries beg eloquently for purchasers. In the "Stradone" one meets Dalmatians, Albanians, Montenegrins, and all the other Slav nationalities in their brilliant costumes. Almost unreal is Dubrovnik, more like a setting for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera than a living, breathing city.

In the afternoon of this same brilliant day we go for a leisurely sail up the Bay of Kotor, a natural harbour of indescribable beauty, dotted with tiny fairylike islets, and so closely ringed by towering mountains that the little town of Kotor can scarcely find footroom.

Yes, our Mediterranean Cruise is proving to be a series of revelations. Who would have thought such places existed in these days of rush and bustle?

Dubrovnik
©A.S.N.

The Propylaea
Athens
©A.S.N.

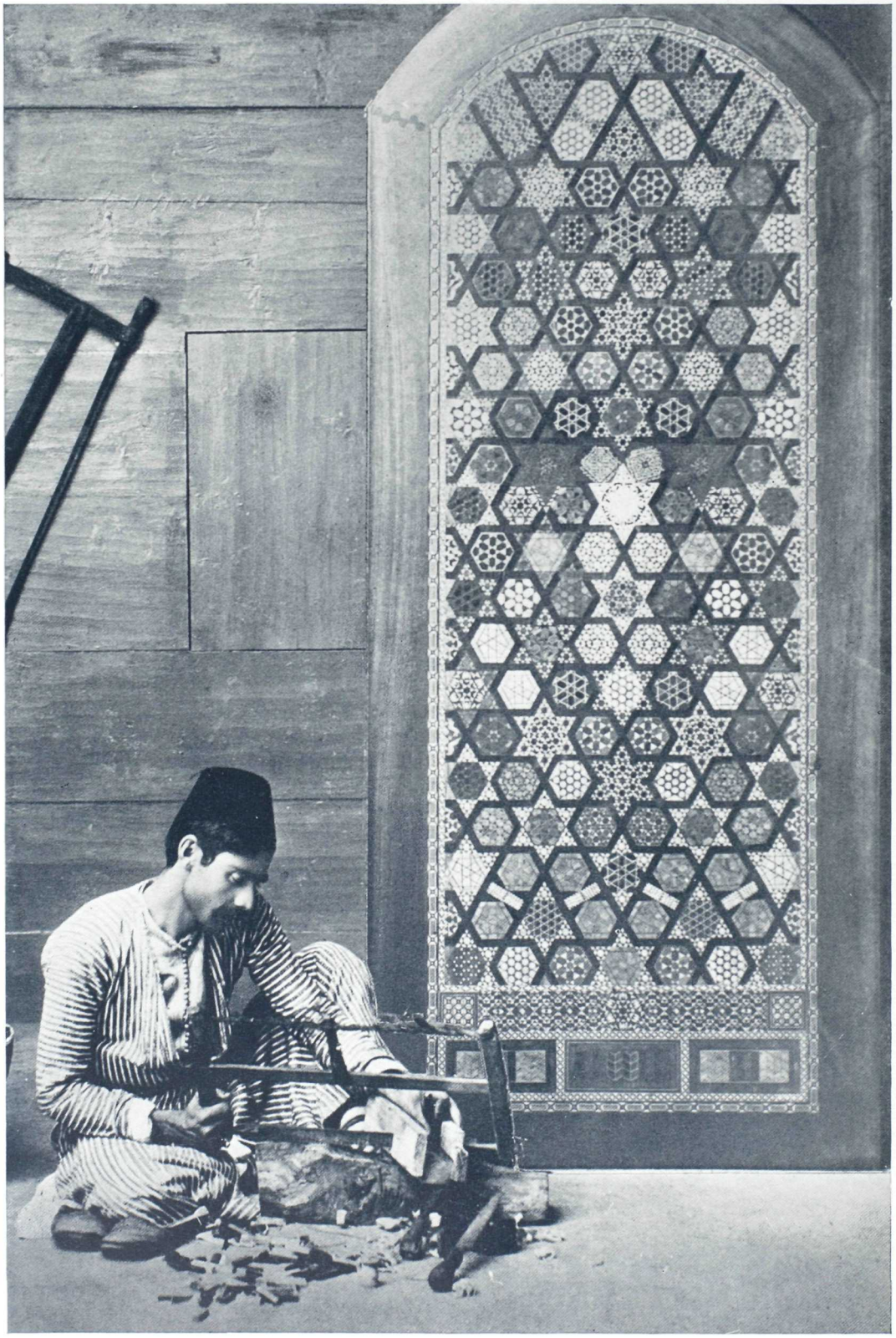


ATHENS

"THE glory of the immortal Hellenes." Since early school days we have longed to visit this almost mythical country and see with our own eyes the wonders of the past. We sail up the Saronic Gulf, anchor in the Bay of Phaleron and land at Piraeus, to find ourselves not in the past but in a very modern present. Next we enjoy a five miles' run through delightful pastoral country over a perfect motor road to Athens "violet wreathed, brilliant, most enviable city." Great white buildings shaded by mimosas and pepper trees line the streets of the Greek capital, busy shops, overflowing libraries, up-to-date hotels, and museums. The Arch of Hadrian rises before our eyes; the Market Place; The Temple of Jupiter; The Tower of the Winds; The Theseum! We're content now, they DO look just as we anticipated. There's Mars Hill where St. Paul in 54 A.D. preached to Athenian philosophers the existence of the unknown God.

But the Acropolis, our real objective, exceeds even our wildest dreams. We wind around the foot of the hill and then mount to see at first hand the glories which have enthralled mankind down the ages. The Propylaea, dignified and splendid in its ruin; the Erectheum, an imposing building with its porch of Caryatides; the delightful little Temple of Nike, serenely beautiful; the Theatre of Dionysius, filled with the ghosts of the old tragedians. We stand and wonder at these priceless treasures preserved through storm and stress down the centuries. Wherever the eye rests lie monuments of the past; broken columns litter the ground; ruined pillars rise up to support only thin air; great blocks of marble lie tumbled together, and over all, proud and stately, broods the Parthenon, glorious product of a glorious age.

TURKEY



Turkish craftsman in mosaic wearing the fez of former days

©E.G.

TURKEY

THROUGH the Dardanelles—famed Hellespont of golden days—past Gallipoli of tragic memory, and into the Sea of Marmora. What memories of the past lie on every hand! There's the old Seraglio where the Turkish Sultans, once Rulers of the Land of the Crescent, lived in the utmost splendour and magnificence.

We sail through the Bosporus—surely the most enchanting waterway anywhere. On either shore stand marble palaces, and mosques with slender minarets reaching skywards through the green. That group is the Yildiz Kiosk; that lovely palace is the Dolma Bagtche, residence of the last of the Sultans; and those modern buildings the Constantinople Women's College. It is strangely fitting that we should couple the last two: there were no Women's Colleges in the time of the Sultans. They with many another evidence of modernism are the outcome of the policies of that outstanding figure in European and Near East politics, Turkey's colorful Mustapha Kemal Pasha. Born in Macedonia of obscure parents, Mustapha Kemal distinguished himself in the World War when, by his brilliant leadership, he won a series of engagements at Gallipoli and brought about the abandonment of the entire campaign. Subsequently he thwarted the plans of the Allies to partition Turkey, overthrew the Sultanate of the family that had been in power for more than 600 years and, on the crest of a Nationalist wave, became first president of the Turkish republic. From the beginning of his power, he has shown himself a champion of the improvement of conditions of Turkish women—evidences of which we shall note everywhere.

Istanbul itself, sitting atop its seven hills in the embrace of the Golden Horn, is a sight never to be forgotten, fully living up to its Greek name "The Dwelling Place of the Gods," and called by Constantine the Great "the Queen City of Christendom." In the harbour strange looking boats sway

A fruit vendor of Istanbul—The turban is now seldom seen

©A.S.N.

TURKEY

gently with the tide, giant modern liners cast their shadows on caiques and sailing ships, barges lumber along, and craft of all sorts, loaded with figs, Turkish carpets, olive oil, pottery, and similar products of the East, slip away to distant ports. Ashore are old ruins, modern buildings, fascinating houses with latticed windows and magenta tiled roofs, scores of minarets like gleaming icicles, the great colored domes of mosques, streets which wander away to nowhere in a series of worn steps impossible for vehicular traffic, and a conglomeration of races, Persians, Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians in splendid colorful confusion. There's the great Bazaar, filled with the wares of Asia, one of the most astonishing places in this astonishing city—acres and acres of roofed narrow streets, each devoted to some particular trade.

In open courtyards people sit at tables set in the shade of spreading plane trees sipping thick black coffee and drawing meditatively at water pipes. Over there stands an obelisk which graced the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis 1600 B.C. There are the Cisterns, subterranean passages built by Constantine. There the Museum of Antiquities with monuments from Sidon and Syria and the mummy of the King of Sidon. Thousands of pigeons, descendants of the two holy pigeons of long ago, flutter about over rooftops.

But the real glory of this wondrous city lies in its magnificent mosques—the Mosaic Mosque, the Blue Mosque, the Suleiman Mosque, and the superb Mosque of St. Sophia, built by Justinian in 532 A.D. —dazzlingly beautiful—a dream of white and colored marbles from Libya and Laconia, deep piled rugs, and wonderful mosaics. We wander through it as in a dream—Gorgeous! Impressive! Silent! Silent? No, it is filled with whispering voices, voices of those creative geniuses of 1500 years ago—murdered when their work was ended that they might never erect another building so beautiful.

Mosque of Ahmed, Istanbul
©A.S.N.

TURKEY

Minarets, domes and obelisks of Istanbul

©A.S.N.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha

©ACME-P. & A

Interior views of the EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA are shown in the ship's plan.

RHODES

The Museum Square, Rhodes

©P.P.S.

RHODES

RHODES, where once stood the Colossus, one of the Seven Wonders of the World! We step ashore to find ourselves in a strange realm of oriental houses, palm trees, towering gates, massive bastions, crenellated walls, moats and bridges. Though the island is rugged and mountainous we may feast our eyes on wonderful orchards of figs, pomegranates, and oranges, interspersed with old monasteries, crumbling chapels, miniature villages, broken watch towers, and ruined fortresses, and let imagination run riot as we try to recapture the glamour of the olden golden days of armoured knights and silk-clad ladies, wars and bloodshed, the ringing challenge and the clash of swords. A kaleidoscope of color fills the streets; a motley crowd, seemingly made up of every nation on earth, passes to and fro, wearing costumes of a style unchanged for centuries. Fishermen and sponge divers, traders from neighboring islands, herdsmen and boatmen, rub shoulders with Italian soldiers and sailors, and up-to-date business men. Nothing remains of the old city which Cicero knew, and where Tiberius spent his days of exile, but everywhere are splendid relics of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem who ruled here "when knighthood was in flower." From 1308 until 1522 they held the island against the infidel. Across the harbour a chain was stretched each night, gates were barricaded, great fortresses guarded the shore, and mail-clad knights kept watch. Charmingly mediaeval is this little island.

Cloister in the Hospital of the Knights of St. John

©A.S.N.

CYPRUS

St. Sophia Mosque at Nicosia, Cyprus
©A.S.N.

CYPRUS

FEW places on earth are so richly dowered with romance as Cyprus—home of Aphrodite, Goddess of Love and Beauty, said to have been born of the white foam which still encircles these magic shores.

What a wealth of inextricably mixed history and tradition awaits us! There's Lanarca, said to be built on the ruins of ancient Kitium where Lazarus sought refuge after his resurrection at Bethany, while frowning down on the little blue and white harbour of Kyrenia is a great square sea-girt castle which tradition claims was erected by Achilles, King of Thessaly. It was here that Richard Coeur de Lion, who wrested the island from the Saracens, married the Princess Berengaria of Navarre. Here lived Crusaders, merchants, pilgrims, knights, and adventurers. From 1192 until 1489 the Lusignans, a branch of the French crusaders, reigned in all their extravagant luxury and this period was the most brilliant in the island's history. Castles, abbeys, cathedrals and fortresses sprang up in every direction. Soldiers and scholars, lords and their ladies, rich men, poor men, beggar men, and thieves flocked to this amazing centre of wealth and luxury. The ruins of Bella Paise Abbey, Buffavento Castle, St. Hilarion Castle, and a hundred others throw an air of romance over all. From the castle walls boiling oil was poured down on the besiegers and the clash of a thousand swords split the silence of the night air.

In Nicosia stands an important monument, the Cathedral of S. Sophia, adapted as a mosque by the Turks in 1570. Here the Lusignan rulers were crowned Kings of Cyprus with all the pomp and circumstance of mediaeval splendour.

Crenellated towers, fortified ramparts, and Gothic buildings speak eloquently of these ancient times, while ruined stairways ending abruptly in mid-air and arches supporting nothing but the ether, remind us—*sic transit gloria mundi.*

Native market in Nicosia, Cyprus
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The Leaning Column at Baalbek

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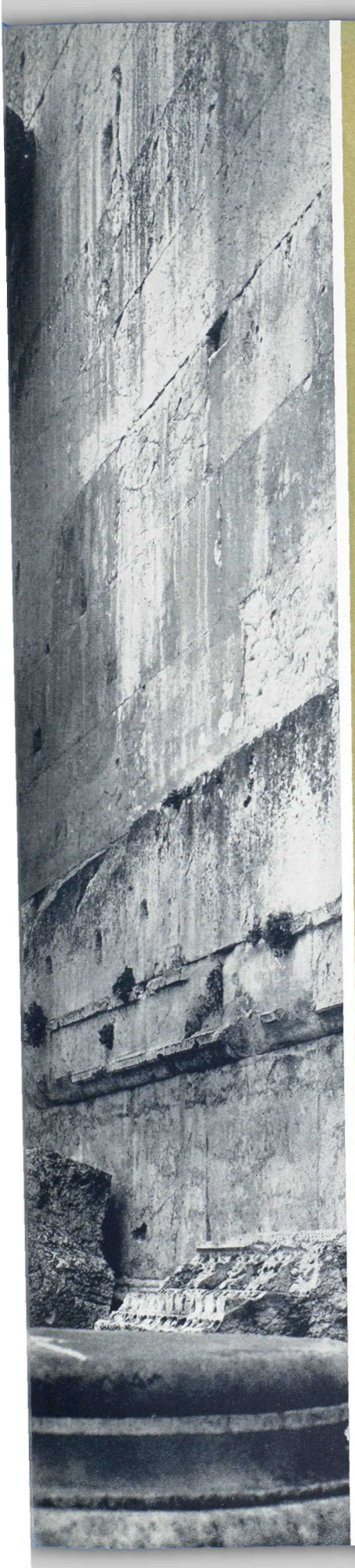


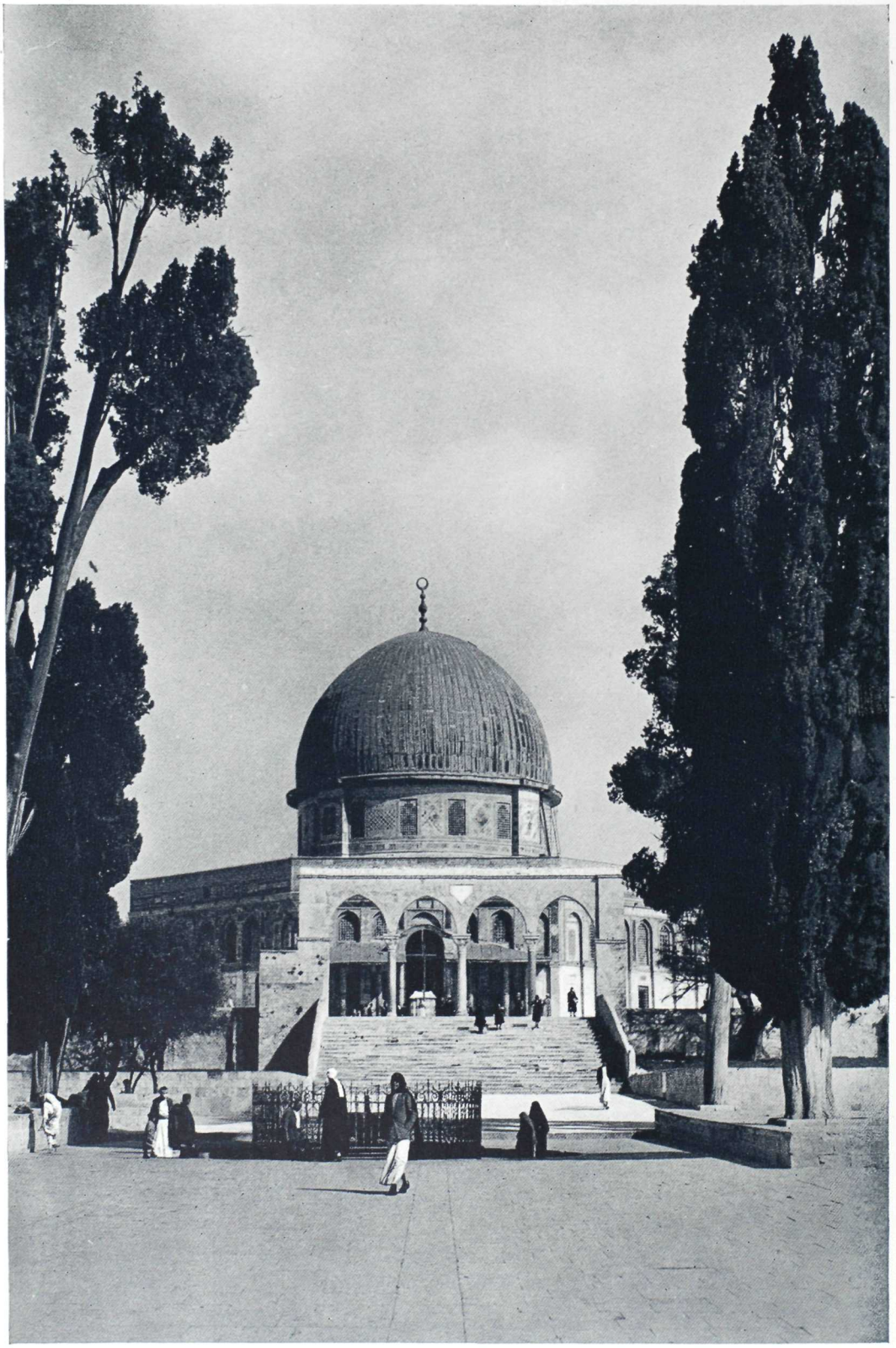
SYRIA *and the* HOLY LAND

ALONG the shores of St. George's Bay lies Beirut, old city of the Phoenicians, backed by the gorgeous mountains of Lebanon. Here are dark swarthy Maronites and the tall fairer Druses in their loose fluttering garments so truly Eastern. Full of life and color is this strange city—thriving, businesslike—the bazaars swarming with people and lined with shops filled with treasures of the East—swords, pistols, furniture inlaid with ivory, silks, carpets, and delicate filigree work. We drive through the mountains of Lebanon, wild and majestic, where the cedars—descendants of those Solomon used to build his temple—raise lofty heads to the skies. Ruined towers dominate the towering heights, beautiful homes shelter in the valleys. Far off lies Baalbek with its splendid ruins, a glorious mixture of Phoenician, Roman, and Byzantine work. And Damascus, truly a city of the Orient, where caravans of laden camels come from Baghdad and Mecca, where we may buy the famous Damascene work and traverse the "Street called Straight."

Keyed up to concert pitch, we disembark at Haifa to travel through the Bible Land, winding between hilly country and through orange and olive groves.

Jerusalem itself is a revelation. Though the name means "abode of peace" it has known less of peace than any other city in existence. Opposing armies have laid it in ruins time and again, but it is still the Holy City of Christian, Jew, and Moslem. Its narrow winding streets lead to spots revered all over the world. Through a crooked way we find the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where pilgrims from every corner of the earth come to worship. Set in an open square is the Dome of Rock (Mosque of Omar) sacred to the Mohammedans, and almost lost in a maze of turnings and alley-ways, the Wailing Wall of the Jews where the prayers of the Children of Israel float up to the four winds of Heaven. The city itself is a labyrinth of confused shadowy ways, filled with Arabs, Greeks, Jews, Turks—in fact every nation under the sun is represented here. That man in the purple velvet cloak and heavy

HOLY LAND



Mosque of Omar
Jerusalem
©A.S.N.

HOLY LAND

fur cap is on his way to the Wailing Wall; that tall bearded patriarch is a Greek of the Orthodox Church; that black-robed priest is on his way to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and that group of stately Arabs are making for the Mosque of el Aska. Queer little shops line Jerusalem's streets; beggars cry for alms; flocks of sheep and goats block the way; oranges, apricots, grapes, and nectarines spread their color in huge piles. There's a water-seller with his bulging goat-skin and his echoing cry of "water, water, oh ye thirsty ones"; there's a porter with a grand piano on his back, and there another with a little load of fifty five-gallon gasoline tins. We follow the route of the Via Dolorosa to the Ecce Homo arch where Pilate said: "Behold the Man." We visit the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Pool of Bethesda. Our trip to Bethlehem amounts almost to a pilgrimage. Over winding roads the way lies through pleasant though rocky country. On the hillsides shepherds graze their flocks even as they did when the Star beckoned to the Three

Wailing Wall
Jerusalem
©A.S.N.

HOLY LAND

Wise Men of the East to journey forth to find Him who is born King of the Jews. Groups of pilgrims, spurred on by religious fervour, even as they were in the times of the crusades, traipse wearily over the dusty roads; a huge Arab astride a mite of a grey donkey trots along nonchalantly; olive trees raise their twisted arms to the sky. Through the fields of Boaz we drive; stop a few moments at Rachel's Tomb; catch a fleeting glimpse of the spot where David slew Goliath; then on to Bethlehem. We halt at last in a stone-paved courtyard, take a few steps, bend low to pass through the tiny doorway and are there—the mecca of all Christendom. The little Church of the Nativity is crowded; pilgrims from the four corners of the earth kneel in reverence before the star which marks the spot where the Saviour was born; lamps burn dimly, candles flicker smokily; priests and nuns chant softly; prayers and broken sobs fill the air—

Not far off lies the Sea of Galilee, beautiful and colorful, surrounded by flowers and luxuriant grasses, and the Dead Sea, grim and deathlike, set in barren hills and shores encrusted with salt crystals. There's Bethany on the slope of a hill and basking in the southern sun; the River Jordan, and the Kingdom of Bashan, Tiberias, Jericho, and Nazareth where Christ spent his childhood days. In the bygone ages these journeys took days, but we can flash from one to another by motor and in a few hours the scenes pictured in the Old and New Testaments live for us.

Mount of Olives
Jerusalem
©A.S.N.

HOLY LAND

Along the Via Dolorosa Christ wended His way to Calvary

©A.S.N.

Temple of
Karnak
©A.S.N.

EGYPT

CAIRO! At last! Years of anticipation and now realization! For many pleasure-filled days this will be our headquarters. Like everyone else, we immediately fall victims to the spell of this city on the edge of the desert. Brilliant! Sparkling! Charming! Surprising! Great comfortable hotels, wide palm-lined streets, fascinating mosques, palaces, fountains! The very sunshine seems different—hazy, spell-binding. And the moonlight! But who could describe Egyptian moonlight! We sit on the hotel terrace and watch the world go by. We traverse the streets—dragomans dog our footsteps, peddlers importune us to buy their wares, golli-golli men perform their magic tricks. On Citadel Hill memories of the great Saladin arise; from here we gaze out over the fairy-like city, across the green of the Nile, to the Pyramids and on, on, on, over the limitless desert which outspreads before our bewildered eyes. With a start we come back to "earth" and go on to see and marvel at the exquisite beauty of the alabaster Mosque of Ali, and the Mosque of Sultan Hassan. In forgotten byways unique bits of architecture delight us, beautiful latticed windows and intricately carved stone. At home these would be things to marvel at but here they receive scarcely a second glance. The labyrinth of narrow streets which is old Cairo still retain the Oriental charm of the old days of Mamelukes and Caliphs. In the Bazaars all the undiluted color of the East greets us and we stop to bargain for beadwork, brassware, glass, and mummy models. The Zoological Gardens, formerly an old Royal Garden belonging to the Gizeh Palace of Ishmail Pasha, fulfils our idea of what a Zoological Garden should be. In the exquisitely lovely Blue Mosque of Ibrahim Agha built by the Emir Aksunkor in 1346 we find that quiet calm of Oriental peoples and the unsolvable dignity of Islamic worship. In the Museum we try to fathom some of the mystery of this mysterious land, but are lost in amazement at the wonders which unfold

EGYPT

before our eyes. Particularly superb are the treasures of Tut-Ankh-Amen. Just outside Cairo are the mosque-like Tombs of the Caliphs where lie the old Arab conquerors.

We motor out to the edge of the desert, mount one of those supercilious camels we have met so often and go swaying out to the changeless Pyramids, to glory at their antiquity and gaze in awe at the half-smiling wholly contemptuous Sphinx. The desert enthralls us and we take advantage of the opportunity to sleep out under the stars, awakening at dawn to see the sun come flooding out of the East. A memorable experience — one we shall not soon forget!

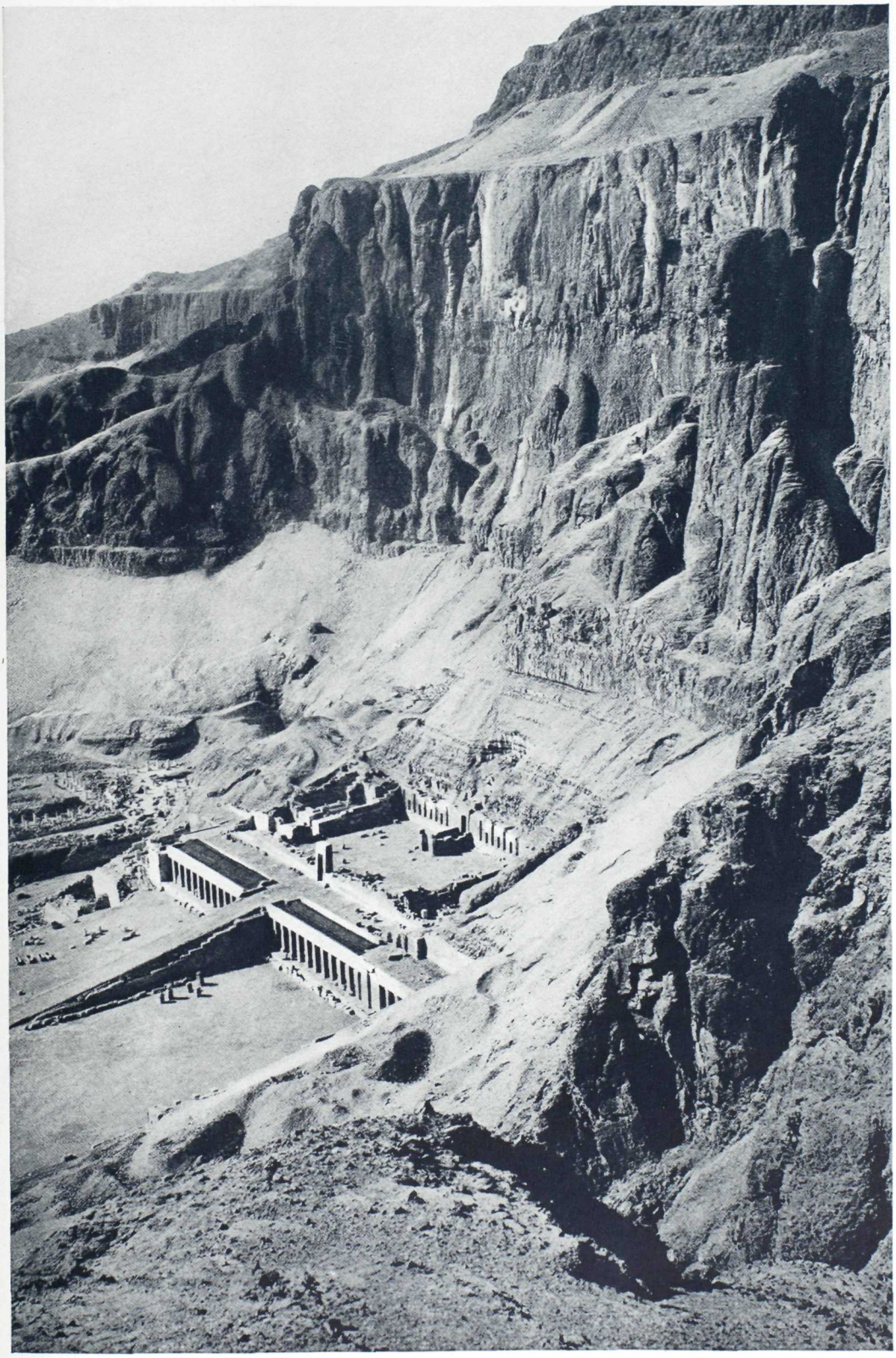
Along the banks of the Nile near Bedrechein are the mud-walled villages of the agriculturists, farmers at work in their fields with antediluvian plows hauled by a great stately camel and a mite of an ass, and using irrigation methods unchanged since the time of the Pharaohs. The women labour as hard as the animals—from daylight to dark, year in and year out, just as they have done for centuries, uncomplainingly, without hope of reward—"Malea'ash" they say (It is destiny).

While in Egypt we must see everything. The mysterious city of Thebes, that wonderful Egyptian Imperial city which was at the height of its glory before the story of Athens commenced, with its stupendous relics of the Pharaohs, gigantic temples and Pylons; the Colossi of Memnon, towering giants of the plain which Amenhotep said 3,000 years ago would "last as long as heaven"; the Temple of Luxor with its marvellous colonnade, the work of three great Pharaohs; the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, Egypt's great treasury of the ages, and the Assuan Dam—Keystone of Modern Egypt, for since 4514 B.C. irrigation has been an object of national importance.

Many of these, and other equally entrancing places, are covered by the shore excursions.

Ships of the Desert
©A.S.N.

EGYPT



Temple of Thebes
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MONTE CARLO

Empress of Australia off Monte Carlo

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MONTE CARLO

ON our second visit to Naples we see the sights we missed on our former visit. Then our last port—Monaco, one of the brightest jewels on the Riviera chain. Pale cream houses with attractive red roofs stand out like precious stones from among the verdure and tropical plants which flourish wherever the roots can gain hold. In the harbour splendid yachts swing at anchor among fishing yawls and coasting boats. At the great Casino at Monte Carlo we may watch the players, fascinated by the click of the balls and the recklessness of the gamblers. The Museum of Anthropology with its 50,000 year old skeletons from the Red Cliffs will prove of interest to many, while the Oceanographic Museum, the best of its kind in the world, is absorbing in the extreme. Over the Grand Corniche, past La Turbie built round the giant monument of Caesar Augustus, we drive to Nice, the Paris of the Riviera, to lunch and dance, and flash back by tiny towns dreaming away the years.

For many of us the cruise ends at Monaco, others will debark at Cherbourg or Southampton, but one and all will agree it's been the cruise of cruises. For the last two months we've been happier than ever before. We've seen everything—met strange peoples, observed odd customs, seen some of the most marvellous places in the world, wandered along some of the oldest roads, and come face to face with things we never really believed existed. And above all we've formed friendships that will last for ever. Farewell parties are given, the last Good-byes said . . .

. . . and on many a future morning we shall waken, rubbing our eyes, wondering if it was all true, and not really composed of "the stuff that dreams are made of."

Amalfi from the Monastery
©A.S.N.

Empress of Australia

GENERAL INFORMATION

FARES

From New York and return to New York, fares are from $595, according to location of stateroom. Ship's plan and details of fares for each room will be sent on request—see agency list on inside back cover.
Children over one year and under ten years, half the adult fare for accommodation occupied; infants one year and under, $50.
Servants accompanying employers, $595 when berthed and served with meals in special accommodation set apart for their use. When berthed in other than servants' accommodation tariff rate will apply.

DEPOSIT

To secure reservation, a deposit of $100 per member is required at time of acceptance of accommodation offered. A second payment to bring the amount to 25% of the passage money, is due on or before November 10, 1933, and final payment on or before January 10, 1934.

CANCELLATION

Accommodation cancelled after deposit receipt, passage order or ticket has been issued will be placed on sale, and, when resold, refund will be made of the amount paid, less expenses incurred.

THE FARE INCLUDES

First class passage with stateroom accommodation and meals from New York through the Mediterranean to Southampton, as per itinerary; landing and embarkation facilities by tender; maintenance on board at Haifa and Port Said; return Atlantic passage and rail ticket from Canadian port of landing to New York, as outlined below.

THE FARE DOES NOT INCLUDE

Government Revenue Tax on tickets issued in the United States; French Debarkation or Embarkation Tax at Cherbourg; landing or embarkation taxes if leaving or joining the cruise at an intermediate port; personal items, such as beverages not ordinarily served on board steamers, trains and at hotels without charge; laundry; baggage insurance; passport and vises; gratuities to stewards on the ship; or shore excursions.

SHORE EXCURSIONS

All shore excursions are optional. This arrangement allows cruise members the privilege of participating in the excursions in which they are interested and saving the cost of those in which they are not interested. Full details are shown in separate publication.

PASSPORTS AND VISES

Passports are necessary. Married couples may travel on one passport. Most countries still require passports to be vised by their consulates or representatives. Full information regarding passports and vises will be furnished well in advance of sailing day and every assistance rendered by Canadian Pacific representatives in completing necessary details.

SAILING HOUR AND PIER NUMBER

The *Empress of Australia* will sail from New York at 12 noon, January 30, 1934, embarkation commences at 10 a.m. Pier number will be announced later.

LIMITED MEMBERSHIP

Membership will be limited, which ensures comfort for all, aboard ship and ashore. There will be no crowding or confusion, and the facilities at the various ports, which in some instances are limited, will not be overtaxed.

STOP-OVER IN EUROPE

The cruise ends at Southampton and members will be furnished with:
1. Passage by any Canadian Pacific steamship from Liverpool, Southampton, Glasgow, Belfast, Cherbourg or Hamburg. This will permit members to combine a European Tour with the Mediterranean Cruise. See note below regarding return Atlantic passage.
2. First class railway ticket from Canadian port of landing to New York (members to pay for sleeping car berth, parlor car seat and meals on train) or the value of the railway ticket may be applied on ticket to final destination of member. If value of railway ticket furnished is less than the fare to New York, the difference will be refunded.

RETURN ATLANTIC PASSAGE

Return Atlantic passage will be provided by any Canadian Pacific steamship *including the 5-day Atlantic Giantess—Empress of Britain—42,500 Gross Tons.* Cruise members will be furnished, as far as possible, with accommodation similar to that purchased for the cruise, whether returning by Empress or Cabin Class ships. Return tickets are valid until December 31, 1934.
No refund will be made to members not availing themselves of the return Atlantic passage.

DECK CHAIRS, RUGS AND CUSHIONS

may be rented for the cruise at: Deck Chairs, $4.00 each; Rugs, $4.00 each; Cushions, $2.00 each.

CLOTHING FOR THE CRUISE

Warm winter clothing will be required for the first and last days of the cruise, also frequently for evenings both on ship and ashore. Clothing appropriate for spring or fall wear will be required for the rest of the trip. Sultry days will not be encountered, except possibly in Egypt. An overcoat or wrap should be kept handy for use at sundown, especially in Egypt, where the temperature takes a sudden drop at nightfall. Gentlemen will find a dinner jacket will meet all ordinary requirements. Sport clothes and appropriate costumes for the fancy dress parties, which will be given aboard ship, will be found useful.
Shoes, rubbers, sweaters and raincoats should be taken from home, also an adequate supply of clothing, but the latter may be replenished at most of the ports. An automobile duster will be found useful occasionally.

BAGGAGE AND BAGGAGE INSURANCE

Although there is practically no limit to the amount of baggage which may be carried on the steamship, it is inadvisable for members to burden themselves with too many trunks and bags. Large trunks and other baggage not regularly needed or which cannot be conveniently accommodated in the stateroom, will be placed in the large, well appointed baggage room which will be accessible throughout the cruise. Trunks for staterooms should not exceed 14 inches in height.
On inland excursions baggage will be limited to suit cases, hand bags and other portable baggage.
Every care is taken in connection with baggage, but on board the liability of the Canadian Pacific is limited, and we assume no responsibility ashore. Members are recommended to protect themselves by insuring their baggage against loss, damage or pilferage. This may be done at very reasonable rates.

1934 Mediterranean Cruise

GENERAL INFORMATION

STORAGE OF BAGGAGE IN ENGLAND

Cruise members may arrange with the Baggage Master of the ship for storage of their baggage at Southampton or Liverpool, at a nominal charge of $1 per month or fraction thereof for each piece. This charge will include delivery to the westbound ship on which member is returning, also transportation charges from Southampton to Liverpool in the case of those sailing from the latter port.
The baggage of members sailing from Southampton, Hamburg or Cherbourg will be placed on board at Southampton.
Trunks and all heavy baggage of members leaving the ship at Naples, Monaco or Cherbourg, will be taken to Southampton on the ship free of charge.
Cruise members should procure their westbound labels, from the Baggage Master before leaving the cruise ship, and communicate with the Agent of the Canadian Pacific at Southampton, or Liverpool if sailing from there, a reasonable time in advance of the sailing, quoting the numbers of the baggage checks issued as receipt and requesting him to have their baggage placed on board the westbound ship by which they are returning.

LAUNDRY

The *Empress of Australia* is equipped with a modern laundry and members' work will be given special attention.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

Canadian Pacific Express Travellers' Cheques are recommended for the cruise. They are issued in denominations of $10, $20, $50, $100 and $200, and may be obtained from any Canadian Pacific Office at the regular rates.

POST OFFICE—MAIL—CABLES

To ensure the safe delivery of mail matter at the various ports of call, a Post Office has been installed in the ship, in charge of a staff of experienced postal clerks.
Members of the cruise will be furnished, when tickets are issued, with full instructions regarding the addressing of mail and cables to reach them en route.

MESSAGES TO RELATIVES AND FRIENDS AT HOME

The offices of the Canadian Pacific will receive cable advice of the arrival of the Empress of Australia at each port and will notify relatives and friends of members by mail if list of names and addresses is left with them.

THE SHOP

The Empress of Australia has a modern and well equipped shop at which may be purchased a variety of articles, such as books, candy, toilet requisites, photographic films, souvenirs, post cards and fancy goods.

PHOTOGRAPHY

As a cruise offers exceptional opportunities for photography a staff of expert photographers is carried for developing and printing. Films will be on sale at The Shop at regular prices. Ciné-Kodak films are also available at The Shop, but must be developed on shore.

FACILITIES

The Empress of Australia has every facility of the modern hotel: stenographer, barber, ladies' hairdresser, manicurist, masseur, masseuse, two surgeons, trained nurses, laundry, valet service, photographer, novelty shop, daily newspaper, etc. The ship is equipped with long range radio capable of maintaining communication with land at all times.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Divine service will be held on Sundays, when the ship is not in port. An altar set is also provided for the celebration of Holy Mass. There is usually a Roman Catholic priest among the members.

ENTERTAINMENT

The hours aboard ship will pass all too quickly, as there will be so many interesting things to do—deck tennis, quoits, shuffleboard, sports tournaments, bridge, concerts, birthday parties, fancy dress and masquerade balls, dancing, gymnasium, lectures, fraternal meetings, camera club and moving pictures.
The library will contain a special collection of books on travel, adventure and foreign countries. In addition a representative collection of all current literature will be placed on board, thus ensuring the latest publications being available. The Paris editions of American and English newspapers will be placed on board at various ports.
Two high-class orchestras will be carried, one for classical music and the other for dancing.
The Directress of Entertainment and the Staff Captain will assist in arranging the various functions.
Lectures will be delivered before arrival at many ports, by an interesting globe-trotter, who is thoroughly familiar with the history and customs of each country visited.

MANAGEMENT

The Empress of Australia is owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific, the shore excursions are arranged and executed by the Canadian Pacific—one management ship and shore—one standard of service—the best.
Canadian Pacific representatives, experienced in cruising, will accompany the cruise to attend to the comfort of members aboard and sightseeing arrangements ashore.

GENERAL CONDITIONS

The Canadian Pacific acts only in the capacity of agent for the passenger in all matters relating to travel away from the Empress of Australia, whether by steamship, railway, automobile, or any other means, and as such holds itself free of responsibility for any delay, loss, accident or sickness occasioned by fault or negligence of any person or company, or from whatever cause.
The right is reserved to withdraw the cruise subject to refund of the net fare received by the company. Should it be deemed necessary or desirable by the management on any account to make changes in the itinerary or arrangement, or to omit any section of or port named in the programme, such change may be made, and no passenger shall be entitled to compensation on such account.
The right is also reserved to decline to accept or retain any person as a member of the cruise, at any time, but in such cases where money has been received the full or a proportionate amount will be returned, according to circumstances.
In the possible contingency of quarantine, any additional expenses, living or otherwise, must be defrayed by the passenger.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EUROPE

ST. LAWRENCE SHORT SEAWAY

Take this most direct, most scenic, shortest route to Europe. Fully two days cut from open ocean and spent in the sheltered waters of the St. Lawrence.

Led by the size-speed-SPACE marvel, Empress of Britain, Canadian Pacific's modern fleet offers "Empresses" for First Class; regal "Duchesses," combining luxury with economy, and popular lower cost Cabin Liners. Tourist and Third on all Ships.

Frequent sailing each week from Montreal and Quebec (trains direct to ship-side) to British and Continental ports.

ALL EXPENSE conducted tours through Europe.

ORIENT

HONOLULU—JAPAN—CHINA—MANILA

"Go Empress" for size, speed and unsurpassed luxury. Choice of two routes:

DIRECT EXPRESS is the shortest Trans-Pacific crossing . . . Yokohama in 10 days flat. Empress of Asia and Empress of Russia are the largest, fastest liners on this route.

Going via Honolulu gives us a charming break in the voyage, yet is only 3 days longer. Take Empress of Japan, largest, fastest liner on the Pacific, or her running mate, Empress of Canada. Los Angeles and San Francisco sailings connect at Honolulu.

All Empresses sail from Vancouver (trains to ship-side) and Victoria.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

CANADIAN AUSTRALASIAN LINE

Size, speed, luxury and every device—including spacious swimming pools—for perfect sea-going comfort in tropic waters.

Take the luxurious, high-speed motorship Aorangi, or her sister-liner, the Niagara. They sail from Vancouver and Victoria via Honolulu and Suva. Los Angeles and San Francisco sailings connect at Honolulu for Australia and New Zealand.

Visit those picturesque lands under the Southern Cross. Enjoy Canadian Australasian's veteran travel experience in South Pacific waters. Ask about South Pacific and South Sea Island Tours.

RAILWAY SERVICES

22,000 MILES OF RAILWAY

Serving all the important industrial, commercial and agricultural sections of Canada as well as many parts of the United States. It reaches large cities, famous historic spots, wonderful vacation and sporting resorts, and some of the most magnificent scenery in the world including Banff, Lake Louise and Emerald Lake in the Canadian Rockies, "fifty Switzerlands in one."

SIXTEEN HOTELS

On the Pacific Coast, in the Rockies, on the Prairies, in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes. A chain from Coast to Coast. Also nine delightful Chalet-Bungalow Camps in the Rockies and Ontario.

ALWAYS CARRY CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES — Good the World Over

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Empress of Australia Mediterranean Cruise

CANADIAN PACIFIC—WORLD WIDE

Traffic Agents in Canada and the United States for Canadian-Australasian Line
General Agents in Canada for Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Company (P. & O.)

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

ATLANTA	Ga.	K. A. Cook	404 C. & S.N. Bank Building
BOSTON	Mass.	L. R. Hart	405 Boylston Street
BUFFALO	N.Y.	W. P. Wass	160 Pearl Street
CHICAGO	Ill.	E. A. Kenney	71 East Jackson Boulevard
CINCINNATI	Ohio	M. E. Malone	201 Dixie Terminal Building
CLEVELAND	Ohio	G. H. Griffin	1010 Chester Avenue
DALLAS	Texas	H. C. James	1212 Kirby Building
DETROIT	Mich.	Canadian Pacific	1231 Washington Boulevard
EDMONTON	Alta.	R. W. Greene	106A Canadian Pacific Building
INDIANAPOLIS	Ind.	P. G. Jefferson	Merchants Bank Building
KANSAS CITY	Mo.	R. G. Norris	709 Walnut Street
LOS ANGELES	Cal.	Wm. McIlroy	621 South Grand Avenue
MINNEAPOLIS	Minn.	H. M. Tait	611 Second Avenue South
MONTREAL	Que.	D. R. Kennedy	201 St. James Street, West
NEW YORK	N.Y.	E. T. Stebbing	Can. Pac. Bldg., Madison & 44th
NORTH BAY	Ont.	R. Y. Daniaud	87 Main Street West
OMAHA	Neb.	H. J. Clark	803 Woodmen of World Building
OTTAWA	Ont.	J. A. McGill	83 Sparks Street
PHILADELPHIA	Pa.	J. C. Patteson	1500 Locust Street
PITTSBURG	Pa.	W. A. Shackelford	338 Sixth Avenue
PORTLAND	Ore.	W. H. Deacon	626 S.W. Broadway
QUEBEC	Que.	C. A. Langevin	Palais Station
SAN FRANCISCO	Cal.	F. L. Nason	152 Geary St.
SASKATOON	Sask.	G. R. Swalwell	115 Canadian Pacific Building
SEATTLE	Wash.	E. L. Sheehan	1320 Fourth Avenue
SAINT JOHN	N.B.	C. B. Andrews	40 King Street
ST. LOUIS	Mo.	G. P. Carbrey	412 Locust Street
SPOKANE	Wash.	E. S. McPherson	Old National Bank Building
TACOMA	Wash.	L. N. Jones	1113 Pacific Avenue
TORONTO	Ont.	J. B. Mackay	Can. Pac. Bldg., King & Yonge
VANCOUVER	B.C.	J. J. Forster	Can. Pac. Ry. Station
VICTORIA	B.C.	L. D. Chetham	1102 Government Street
WASHINGTON	D.C.	C. E. Phelps	14th & New York Ave., N.W.
WINNIPEG	Man.	W. C. Casey	Main St. & Portage Ave.

OVERSEAS

ALGIERS	Algeria	Atwater Shipping Co.	5 Boulevard Carnot
ANTWERP	Belgium	E. A. Schmitz	25 Quai Jordaens
ATHENS	Greece	Crowe & Stevens	Piraeus, Greece
AUCKLAND	New Zealand	A. W. Essex	32-34 Quay Street
BARCELONA	Spain	Agencia Maritima, (Wm. H. Muller, S.A.)	Paseo de Colon, 24
BELFAST	Ireland	F. Bramley	14 Donegall Place
BEIRUT	Syria	Henry Heald & Co.	Steamship Agents
BERLIN	Germany	A. W. Treadaway	Unter den Linden 17-18
BRUSSELS	Belgium	G. L. M. Servais	98 Blvd. Adolphe Max
CADIZ	Spain	H. W. Sanderson	17 Isaac Peral
CAIRO	Egypt	Anglo-Am. N. & T. Co.	2 El-Manakh St.
CASABLANCA	Morocco	Atwater Shipping Co.	6 Rue Nolly
CHERBOURG	France	Canadian Pacific	45 Quai Alexandre III.
COPENHAGEN	Denmark	M. B. Sorenson	Vesterbrogade 5
DUBROVNIK	Jugo-Slavia	Jugo-Slavia Exp. Agency Ltd.	Steamship Agents
GIBRALTAR	Gibraltar	The London Coal Co.	72 Irish Town
GLASGOW	Scotland	C. L. Crowe	25 Bothwell Street
HAIFA	Palestine	Palestine Shpg. & Trading Agcy.	Steamship Agents
ISTANBUL	Turkey	W. F. Van der Zee	Steamship Agent
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LONDON	England	W. H. Powell	62 Charing Cross
LONDON	England	C. E. Jenkins	62 Charing Cross
MADEIRA	Madeira	Blandy Bros. & Co.	Funchal, Madeira
MALTA	Malta	Lambert Bros.	38 Lascaris Wharf
MESSINA	Sicily	Santi Lisciotto	Steamship Agent
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NAPLES	Italy	Wilmink Borriello Ltd.	62 Via Depretis
PALMA	Majorca	Gabriel Mulet e Hijos	62 Av. Antonio Maura
PARIS	France	A. V. Clark	Blvd. des Capucines 24
PORT SAID	Egypt	Port Said & Suez Coal Co.	Steamship Agents
RHODES	Rhodes	E. Perkins	Steamship Agent
ROME	Italy	A. R. Owen	130-131 Via Del Tritone
SOUTHAMPTON	England	H. Taylor	Canute Road
SYDNEY	Australia	J. Sclater	Union House
TUNIS	Tunisia	Atwater Shipping Co.	59 Avenue Jules Ferry
VENICE	Italy	Guiseppe Guetta	1474 S. Moise
VIENNA	Austria	F. King	6 Opernring

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†Wm. BAIRD
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Empress of Australia
Mediterranean Cruise

CANADIAN PACIFIC