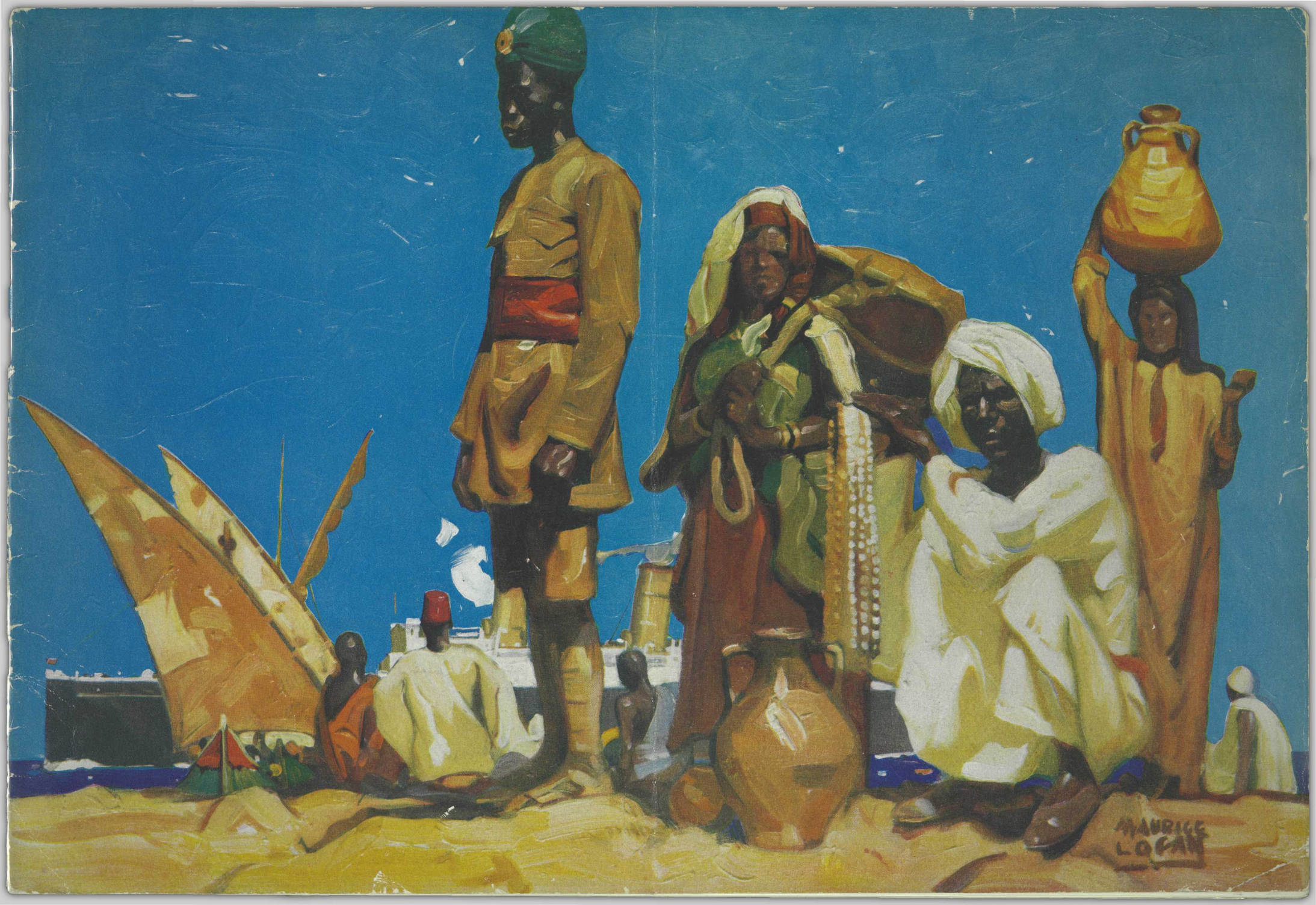
South America ~ Africa Cruise

SOUTH AMERICA AFRICA CRUISE

JANUARY 24 1928

CANADIAN PACIFIC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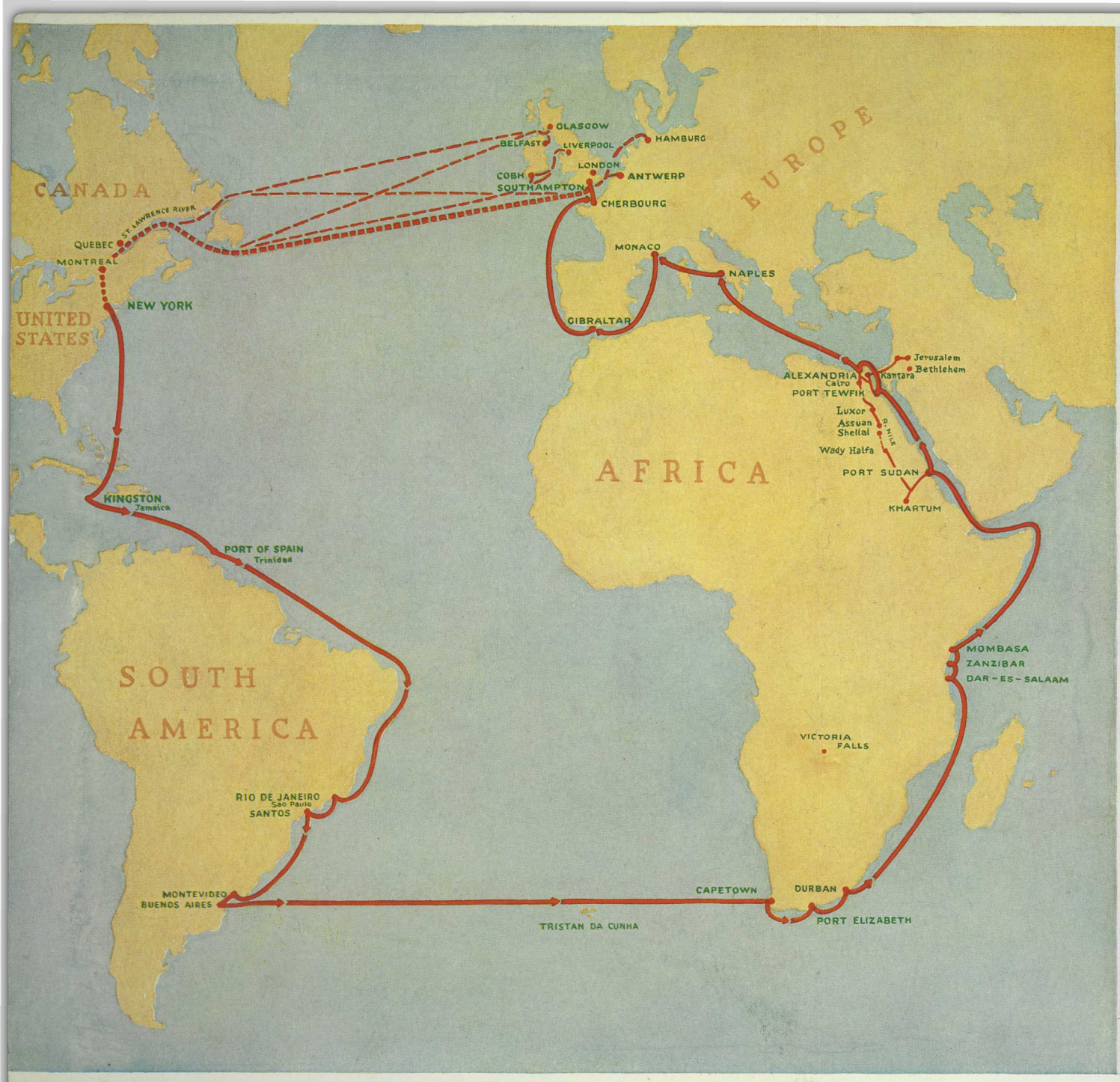


South America – Africa Cruise

Empress of France 1928

Canadian Pacific

World's Greatest Travel System

Foreword

MOORINGS are let slip—and it's then "Southward Away" on the Cruise of Contrasts!

"—down the wide latitudes the great Empress goes flying—flying—"

Winter tumbles over the stern. The Ice King is dead, and not a mourner! Away with his wraps and woolens! On deck with music and laughter! Cold days have turned to warm, grey skies to blue, and there's a tonic in the breezes as the ship sails stately through seas that dimple in welcome. The bleak vistas of the North are gone for a hundred glorious days. These are the storied South Seas. The sands are palm-fringed on the edge of turquoise oceans, mountains are crowned with a purple haze and the horizons blaze with a thousand entrancing colors. Time turns backward on the Spanish Main, and derring-do and wild romance come alive. As the Empress threads the quiet sea beneath a star-painted sky, one does not have to listen hard to hear the creaking of ghostly riggings to starboard and port. A timid glance over the rail and one looks down on treasure-freighted galleons bearing away from Eldorado with grandees and ladies of Spain walking the high poops; and pirate sloops running before the wind, the Jolly Roger whipping black and grim at the mastheads.

A fig for the home-land! Here is lovely Kingston in exchange. One would linger with its fair beauty a week, a month, a year, but Port of Spain calls from the south. Sight of it is recompense for loss of Kingston. One would linger..... and so it ever goes on the Cruise of Contrasts. The strange, the queer, the odd, the interesting, at each port of call; wonders piling on wonders, beauties on beauties, until further variety of scenery, people, architecture, arts, crafts, delicacies, seems impossible, *is impossible*—and the next port o' call presents the bizarre and unusual in new garb and shape! Indeed a Cruise of Contrasts with North America, South America, Africa, Europe, North Atlantic, Caribbean, South Atlantic, Indian Ocean, Mediterranean, white, black, yellow and brown races and all the shades between; all placed side by side to be remembered forever.

Canadian Pacific

1928

SOUTH AMERICA — AFRICA CRUISE

Empress of France

OF THE large Canadian Pacific fleet of passenger ships there is none more admirably suited for a cruise than the *Empress of France*. She is one of the largest, finest and steadiest ships in the Atlantic service, and is the holder of the speed record between Quebec and Cherbourg—5 days, 14 hours, 15 minutes.

The following details are of interest:—

18,350 Tons Gross Register	Quadruple Screws
27,500 Tons Displacement	Speed, 19½ Knots
Length, 600 Feet	Cruiser Stern
Breadth, 72 Feet	7 Decks for Passengers
Oil Fuel	Elevator
Turbine Engines	Gymnasium

Only four decks will be used on the cruise, and these are served by an elevator.

The rooms are handsomely furnished and the majority have regular beds. Not more than two persons will be placed in a room, except by request.

There are many rooms with only one bed for those who prefer to be alone.

Rooms with private bath and toilet are provided in abundance, and there are suites consisting of bedrooms, sitting room, private bath and toilet. Plenty of bathrooms are available for members occupying the regular staterooms.

All rooms have electric fans, and the ship is equipped with the most modern apparatus for forced ventilation.

THE DINING SALOON is 60 feet long by 72 feet wide, and is oak-panelled in Jacobean style, the central portion being open, with a spacious gallery all round and a balcony at one end for the orchestra. Seating is provided at small party tables. Eight alcoves arranged along the sides of the room give an additional charm and coziness to the apartment.

THE LOUNGE—BALL ROOM is in the style designed by Sir Christopher Wren for the Royal Apartments at Hampton Court Palace. The centre of the room is 18 feet high. At either end are paintings by George Lambert, the Australian artist, under which are fine carvings in the style of Grinling Gibbons, the well-known wood-carver. A handsome fireplace is situated at the forward end, and a specially fine mirror at the opposite end of the room. A carved trophy at one end is by Mark Rogers, one of the most celebrated wood-carvers in England. A special charm is given to this beautiful apartment by six large bow windows and a magnificent skylight extending its full length.

THE LIBRARY—WRITING ROOM follows the decoration in vogue in the reign of William and Mary, and is reminiscent of some of the apartments in Kensington Palace. The book-cases in the room are copies of those in Pepys' Library, Magdalen College, Cambridge, which contain the celebrated Pepys' Diaries.

THE DRAWING ROOM is a splendid reproduction of the decorative art of the Brothers Adam, who flourished at the end of the eighteenth century. The marble mantelpiece is a beautiful example of antique stone-work. The room is 20 feet long by 30 feet wide.

THE SMOKING ROOM, of King James' period, is one of the most handsome rooms on any ship. It is in two tiers, and a special feature is the staircase leading to the gallery. The fireplace is copied from the celebrated example at Old Place, Linfield, Sussex. The furniture is copied from the well-known originals at Knole, Kent, the seat of Lord Sackville.

The staircases and corridors are also in the early Jacobean style.

THE GYMNASIUM is fitted with the latest appliances for affording health-giving exercise. There will be classes for ladies and gentlemen and private appointments may be made with the instructor if desired, also appointments for fencing instruction.

FACILITIES—The *Empress of France* has every facility of the modern hotel; stenographer, barber, ladies' hairdresser, manicurist, masseur, masseuse, surgeon, professional 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.

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 and moving pictures.

The library contains 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.

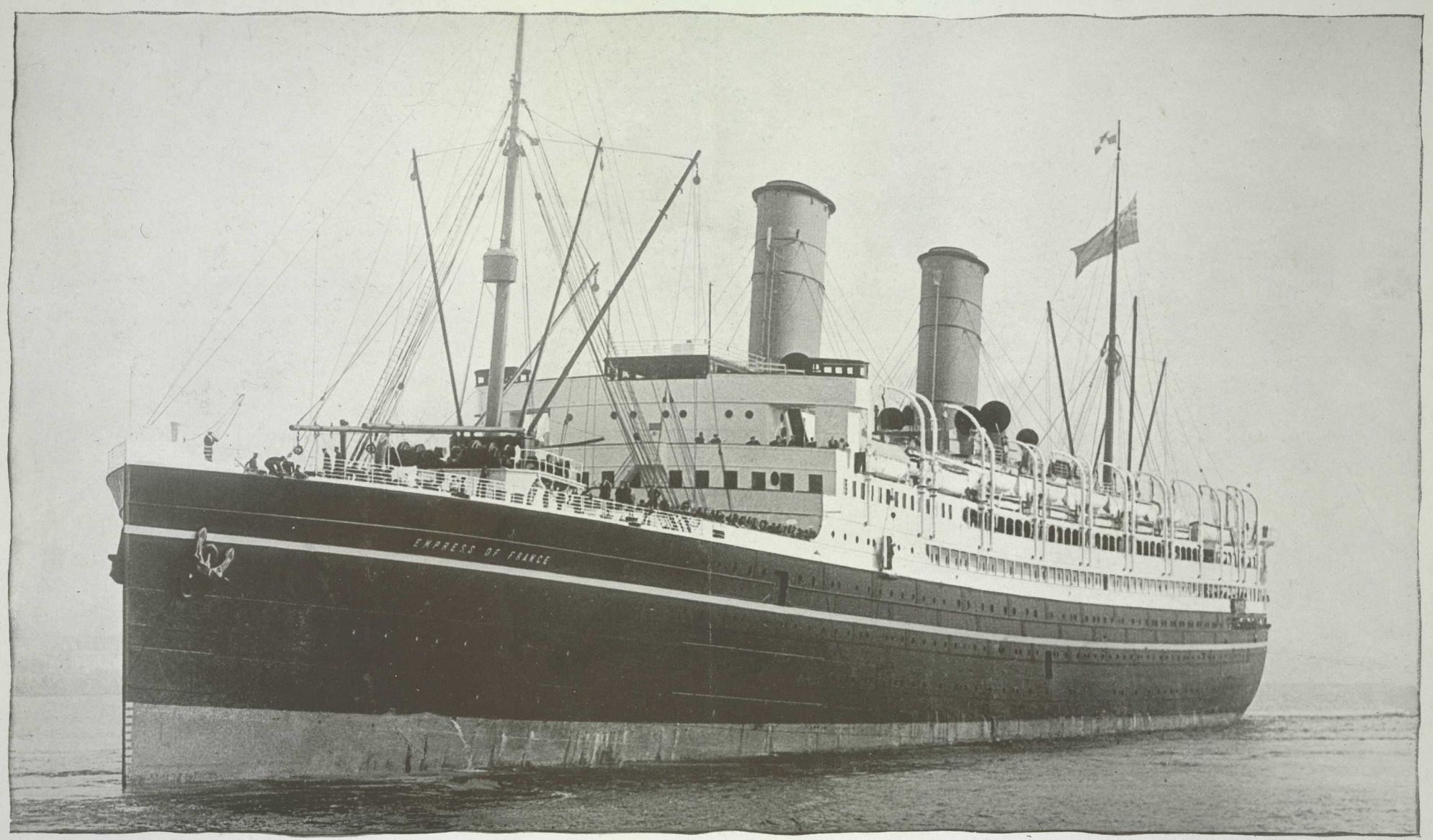
There will be two high class orchestras, one for classical music and the other for dancing.

The Organizer of Entertainment and Staff Captain will assist passengers 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.

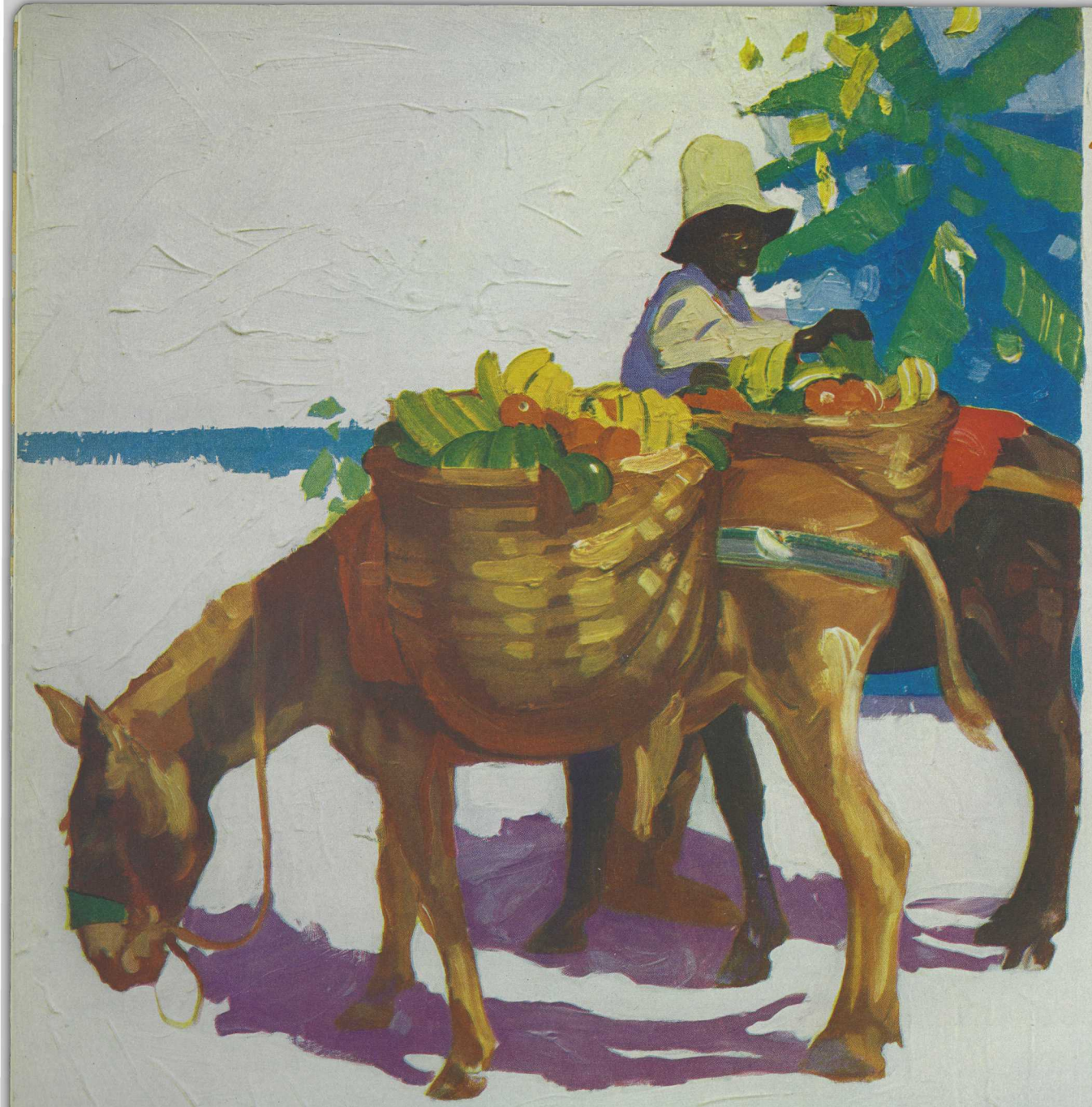
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

Canadian Pacific



THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE

18,350 Tons Gross Register. 27,500 Tons Displacement. Length, 600 feet. Cruiser Stern. Oil Fuel. Turbine Engines. Quadruple Screws. Speed, 19½ knots.



Kingston

KINGSTON is the capital and chief city of Jamaica, "the island of springs." In touch with Europe since the island's discovery by Columbus in 1494, Kingston has its romantic memories of the clash of Spain, France and Britain in these waters. Spanish Town is nearby, the capital when Spain sent her dons here to rule the Caribbean: nearby, too, is Port Royal, the chief resort in long-gone years of the buccaneers who combined piracy with their activities ashore as merchants and planters, making Port Royal, by the loot they poured into its strong-boxes, the richest city in the world. Spanish rule gave way to British in 1655, but wars still went on along the Spanish Main; a marble shaft commemorates Admiral Rodney's victory over the French Admiral, de Grasse, in 1782.

Besides the extraordinary beauty of its suburbs and the splendid land-locked harbor, the chief attraction of Kingston lies in observation of the blacks who make up almost the entire population; in a library, museum, and art gallery devoted to Jamaican subjects; in the luxuriant Botanical Gardens, the Gorge of the Rio Cobre, Bog Walk, and historic edifices like the old church on King Street dated 1692.

Ninety-eight per cent of the inhabitants of Jamaica are colored in some degree or other; maroons, descended from slaves of the Spaniards who waged guerilla warfare upon the British conquerors for years from mountain-fastnesses; negroes, the offspring of slaves black-birded for the American trade when Kingston was the big slave mart of the world; mulattos, half-African, half-British; East Indian coolies; and Chinese; British officials, planters and traders, making up the dominant white minority.

Largest of the British West Indies and yet only one hundred and fifty miles long by fifty wide, coral-reefed Jamaica has a hundred rivers pouring down its backbone of mountains. Extraordinary depressions in the limestone structure of the Cockpit country rival in interest the beautiful plateaus and varied flora, seeds of which have been carried to Jamaica from North, South and Central America by winds, waves and birds.

Blue Mountain Peak, over 7,000 feet high, rises above the lovely, tranquil island. Roads run out from Kingston winding up hill and down, by wide plantations of cocoanut and banana trees; farms, fields and groves where oranges, mangoes and limes, grape-fruit, pineapple and sugar-cane, and squat rows of tobacco grow almost violently to ripeness beneath the alchemy of the tropic sun. Everywhere are the black man, the Hindu, the Chinese, working and playing, breaking stones by the wayside, toiling in the copra-yards, slashing at banana trees with keen, long blades. Streams sing in the forests, Kingston basks in the sun, and the turquoise waters of the sea are rolling, ever rolling in on the bleached sands of Jamaica, the smiling island.

Trinidad

TRINIDAD, called "The Magnificent" by its former Spanish owners, and the richest of the British West Indies, is a small island lying off the Venezuelan coast at the north-east extremity of South America.

Port of Spain is the island capital, and a city of astonishing contrasts. Hindu women, clad in gay-colored cottons, glide along the streets, wearing golden nose-rings, the flesh of their bare fore-arms hidden by masses of silver bracelets, and anklets of silver, gold and brass clink musically above their bare, brown feet. Chinese merchants rub shoulders with French, Americans, British, Venezuelan, Portuguese, and Spaniards, as well as men and women of the most primitive negroid races, almond-eyed negroes and unclassifiable hybrids in whom the blood of Hindu, negro, Chinese and white mingles. Clad in red fezzes, European gowns, gay turbans and bright queer costumes, the natives crowd tiny donkey-carts and grunting little pack-burros to compete with smart motor-cars for room on the streets, the stone fences of which gleam golden with orange-peels drying in the sun for the later making of the famous Angostura Bitters, that essential of the white man's cocktail. Under the hot sun, in fashionable Queen's Park, the European district, human derelicts in breech-clouts snore asleep on the stone pavements of Marine Square under the walls of exclusive clubs. Bell-shaped domes of snow-white Hindu temples are side by side with the wattled huts of coolies and the imposing structures of the Europeans. In the Botanical Gardens all the varied flora of the island is on view; but every way one turns outdoors color meets the eye; in the red hibiscus hedges, in masses of multi-colored flowers, roses, poinsettias, crotons, rare orchids, and tropical climbers hiding the spreading branches of great trees—the air heavy-sweet with jasmine and patchouli . . . . . .

St. Joseph, the ancient Spanish capital, Gasparee and its unexplored stalagmitic caves, Blue Basin and its associations with Nelson, the famous Saddle-back Drive, Maracas Falls, 312 feet high, San Fernando, the Hindu city, Montserrat where in the shade of the Bois Immortelle the statue of the Black Virgin and her Child plead dumbly against the color line, and the great lake of pitch near La Brea, 110 acres in area; are all of transcendant interest. In Alligator Village naked Hindus propel rafts of woven palm-fronds to hunt the Cascadura, that cross between a lizard and a turtle which is so delicious a delicacy that he who once tastes it must, in the native belief, return to end his days in the one place it can be procured—in Trinidad . . . . . The Land of Humming-Birds.

Rio de Janeiro

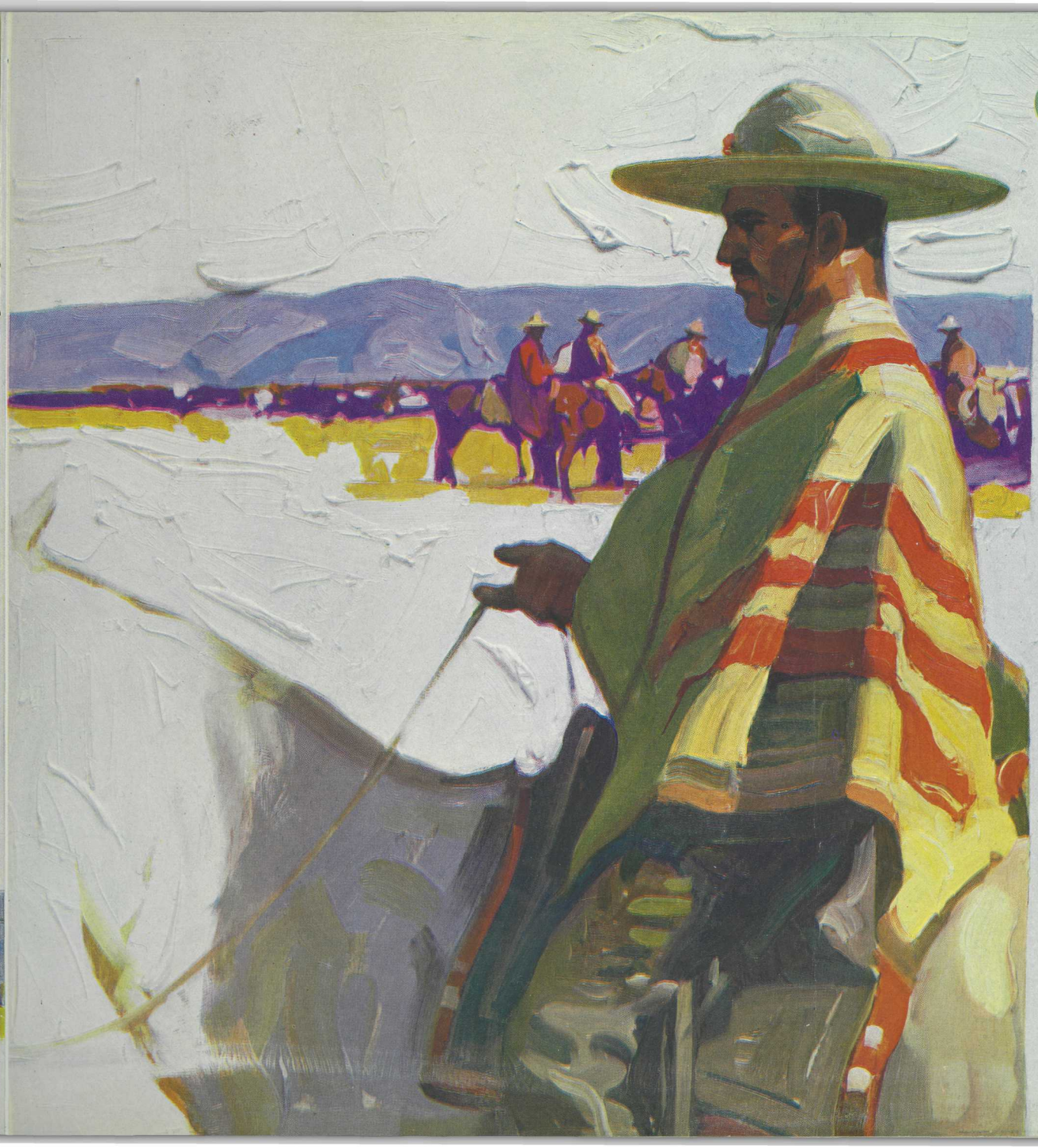
THE UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL, larger by some 200,000 square miles than its North American namesake, is a land filled with romantic interest, its climate ranging from the temperate of her high plateaus through sub-tropic to torrid, a land of great distances; of awe-inspiring flooding rivers, flowing from practically unexplored country inhabited by unknown native tribes; a land of faintly known tropical regions; a land of great fazendas, the homes of wealthy planters; a land of coffee, tobacco, cotton and rubber; a land of precious stones; of gold and of splendid cities.

Portuguese is the official language of Brazil, but English, German and Italian and the aboriginal native tongues vie with one another amongst her peoples.

Rio de Janeiro, named by the discoverer who thought the great bay the mouth of a mighty river and called it the River of January, is a great modern city of well over a million inhabitants, lying like a jewel in its setting of luscious green, embowered in mountains of fantastic shape, the great bald monolith of the Pao de Assucar or "Sugar Loaf," like a slumbering mammoth, guarding her beautiful harbour, the up-pointing finger of Corcovado, "the Hunchback," the higher range of the Tijuca backed by the distant blue of the Organ Mountains. Rio, incomparable city, beautiful by day with her splendid tree-lined avenues and magnificent buildings, more beautiful by night when her wide avenues and squares and the long sweep of the Avenida Beira Mar are laced and hung with a myriad lamps, jewels of the dark, flung as by a prodigal hand. Beautiful, luxurious Rio, surely of the fairest of earth!

Rio is a city of magnificent buildings, of splendid private residences and fine hotels. Her streets are crowded with a truly cosmopolitan throng, her shops offer a thousand wares. The atmosphere of Rio is Latin, unmistakably so; the animation of her streets is continental, even the State Lotteries, almost universally patronized, tell us we have come to another land than the cold north. The very prodigality of her architecture, Moorish, Gothic, Italian, the sweep and range of her great thoroughfares, the lavish beauty of her parks and squares, tell of a New World conception of ancient ideals, the work of a long-established people born anew in freedom to work out a destiny afresh.

Santos, the World's greatest coffee port, is the Capital City of the State of Sao Paulo, called the most progressive if not the most important State in Brazil. Situated on the Island of Sao Vicente, three miles from the sea, nestling in the elbow of the Santos River, Santos presents to us a business-like stretch of wharves dotted with hydraulic and electric cranes and spider-like conveyors for handling the never-ending stream of coffee sacks, the life stream indeed of the Port and of untold thousands of people.



Montevideo

THE RAILWAY from Santos to Sao Paulo, 50 miles long, built by experienced British engineers, ranks among the world's remarkable engineering achievements. Endless steel cables of enormous strength haul the trains up the step-like "serras," attaining an elevation of 2,600 feet in the short distance of seven miles.

Sao Paulo, the second of Brazilian cities, is a bustling progressive town of well over three-quarters of a million people and boasts of many fine buildings and new and modern hotels. The new Municipal Theatre is scarcely excelled anywhere. Here also lies the famous snake farm of Butantan whence are sent the anti-toxins that have saved thousands of lives endangered by snake-bite.

MONTEVIDEO, the most "American" city in South America, is not only the capital of Uruguay but from December to March the fascinating social capital of a continent. Although the youngest and smallest of South American republics, Uruguay is the most densely populated and is notable for divorce laws which have made Montevideo the South American Reno.

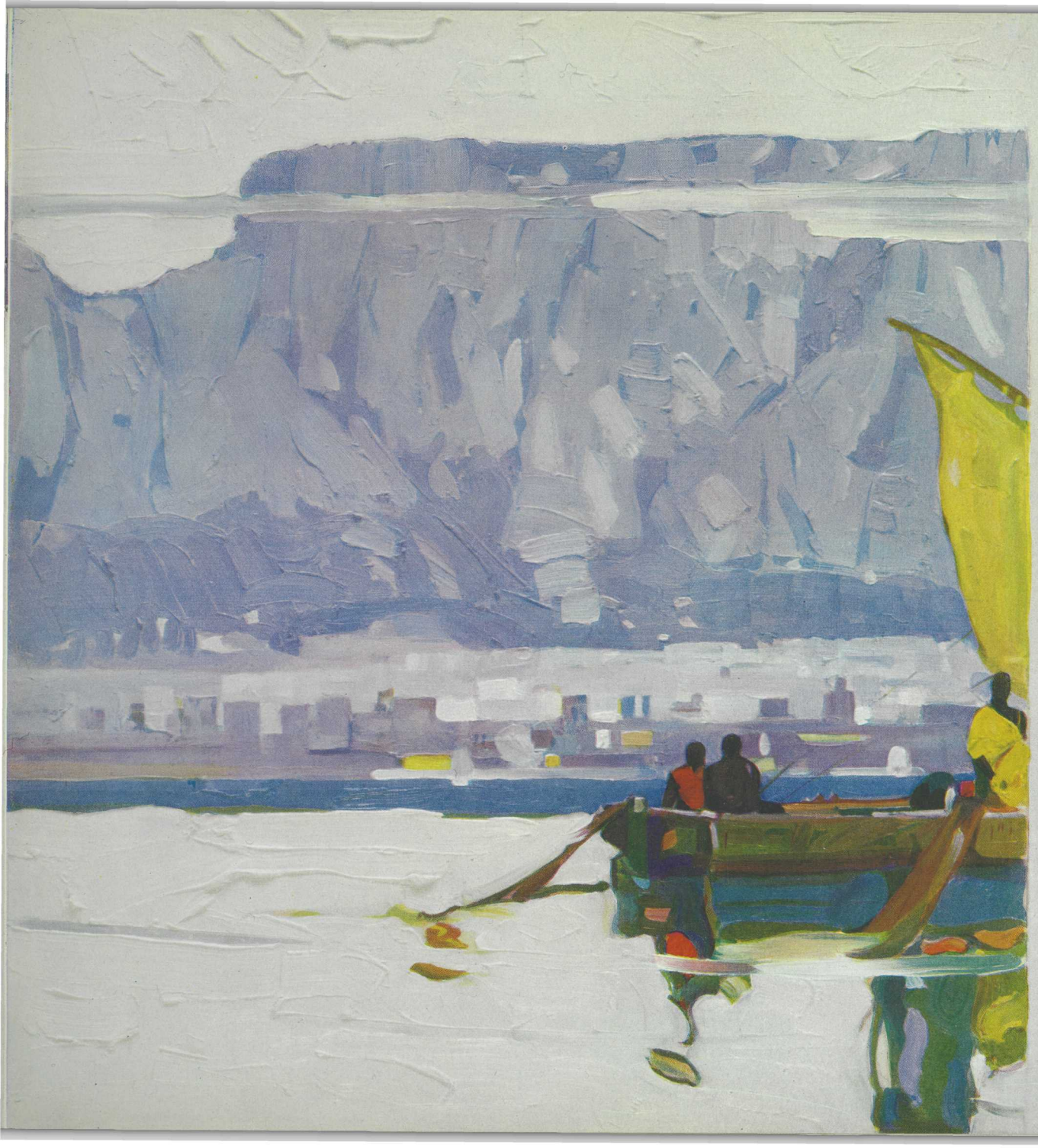
Uruguay's first settlers came from the Canary Islands and the romantic Basque country of Spain. From the latter the Uruguayans derive their picturesque national game of *Pelota*, and from both, the distinctive traits which make their sturdy, self-reliant and liberty-loving character a visitor's most outstanding impression of Montevideo.

Sitting on "The Cerro," a rocky little hill where once was a fort, the city is the pride of all Uruguayan hearts. Distinctive in appearance, it is yet restful in atmosphere and no scar is allowed to mar its beauty long. Even the utilitarian is made beautiful in this city where hospitals look like palaces and every vacant lot must be fenced artistically; where decorative iron grill-work is seen on all sides and brass-lined peep-holes in ponderous doors remind one of other and older days. Life gay and carefree prevails out on the bathing-beaches at Los Pocitos, Carrasco, Playa Ramirez and other resorts; the delightful climate and the many facilities for pleasure, including a government-run casino, drawing the pleasure-loving from other South American cities. Excitement and pleasure reach their zenith at carnival-time each year. Ardently fond of art and like all South Americans devoted to the opera, the Montevideons have in the Solis one of the great theatres of the world; and springing as they do from races born to the free and adventurous life of mountains and ocean, the Montevideons express that origin in their architecture and landscape-gardening. Wide boulevards, great parks and stately plazas space the lovely city, and formal and informal gardens add masses of riotous color to the perfection of public buildings and residences. Exotic trees form swaying backgrounds for hedges of lilac, guelderrose and cineraria, and for fences, walls and houses draped in wistaria, honey-suckle, and bougainvillea; slumbering pools of lilies alternate with great beds of pansies, carnations, marguerites and roses. In the Prado there are eight hundred varieties of roses growing, falling in exquisite showers over railings of iron and stone walls, and ladening the wind with a thousand perfumes to blow across this "City of Roses."

Buenos Aires

BUENOS AIRES is next to Paris the largest Latin city in the world and ranks quite as high as the lovely centre on the Seine as a paradise of the dilettante and pleasure-seeker. Not by accident did Ibanez lay the early scenes of the "Four Horsemen" here when he needed to contrast a prodigal, sophisticated society with its foundations of grazing herds and ranchos in the back-country. Life runs with dizzying speed by day and night in Buenos Aires, rich capital of Argentina, as the volatile *estancieros* pursue the colorful pleasures of theatre, lottery, race-track and casinos. Streets come alive with brilliant lights as dusk falls and at midnight the round of gayety has just begun. There is no middle class in Buenos Aires; one is either of the elect or beyond the pale, and nowhere in the world are the lines of caste drawn so sharply. Intensely Latin, for it was founded by Spaniards, Buenos Aires has engulfed the Irish and other immigrants of the past century, and having even fewer negroes than some Canadian cities it is emphatically a "white man's town." The Basque game, *Pelota*, vies with the races, and the opera with both, as the national diversion. Paris gowns are seen here as often as in Paris itself. The "season" brings to the city the great prima-donnas and maestros of music and song, and throngs of music-lovers from all over South America. Buenos Aires—the Paris of the new world—laughter and abandon and luxury—above as efficient a business structure as Chicago or New York—limitless herds and swaying square miles of wheat in the background.....

Captious ones say Buenos Aires is overbuilt; the Argentinos will tell you it is built for a glorious future. It is laid out in squares on the North American plan, and its thoroughfares are modelled after Paris. Its Avenida de Mayo and its Calle Florida are vaunted institutions; along with the Hippodromo Nacional, the spectacular track of the Argentine Jockey Club. There are no sky-scrapers in Buenos Aires, for sky-scrapers are forbidden, but each year a prize is awarded to the architect of the best-designed building and the owner's taxes are cancelled. The Plaza de Mayo, at the end of the avenue of the same name, frames the magnificent Government Palace with its fine statuary and rich furnishings, the Banco de la Nacion, the Cathedral famed for its murals and as the resting-place of St. Martin, and the Municipal Buildings. Scattered in the city are the National Gallery with its famous paintings, the Historical Museum, the Opera House, the Colon and other great theatres.



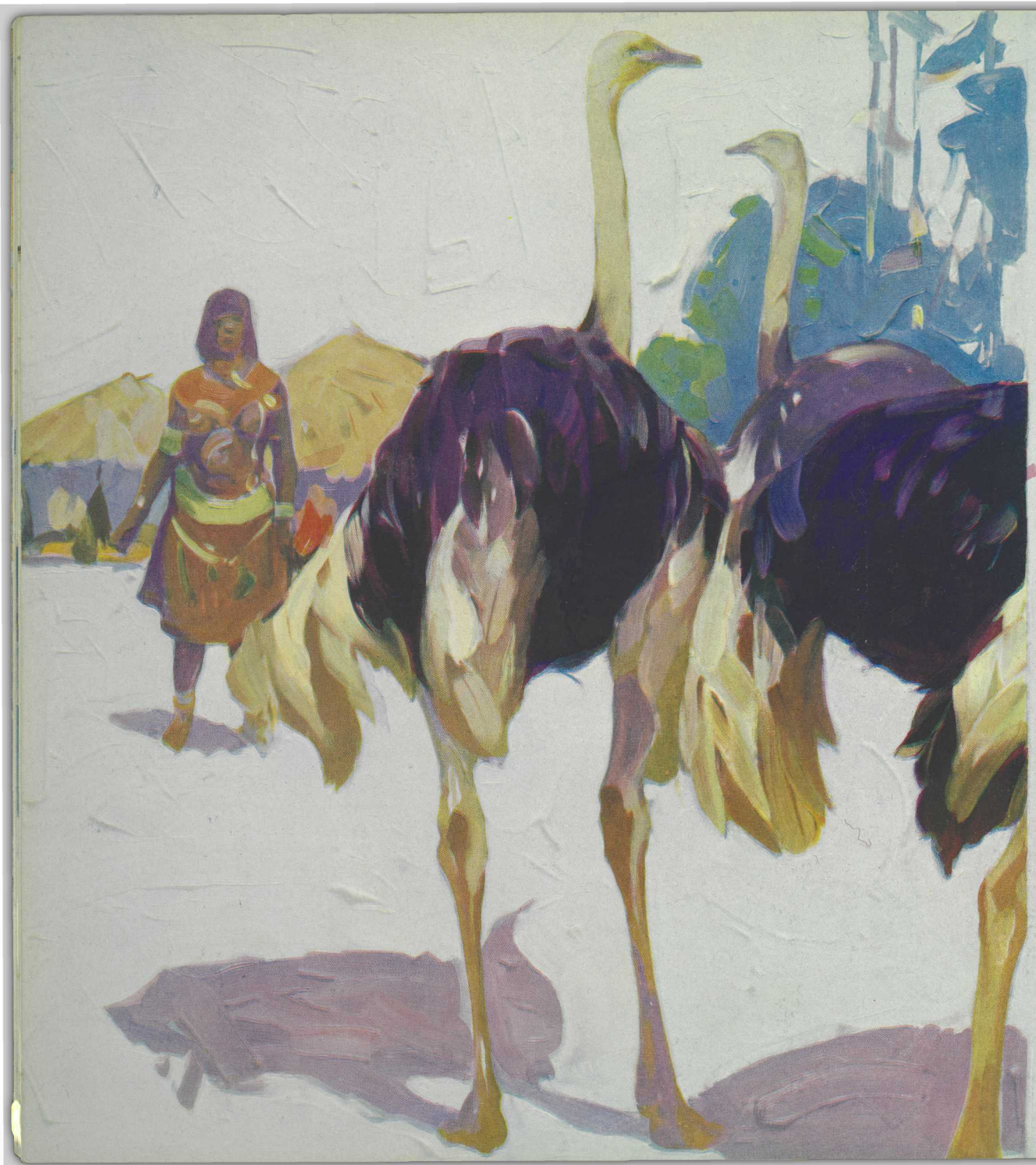
Capetown

CAPETOWN, the chief port of the Union of South Africa, lies close to the Cape of Good Hope, the southmost point of the vast, mysterious continent. "The Cape" is bilingual, by its laws' decree; but on its streets one hears the languages and dialects of twenty races. Half of Capetown's two hundred thousand inhabitants are of Malay or negro descent. Nonchalant British, stolid Boer, Malayan women, fragilely beautiful, Kaffir girls in silk frocks, spruce black dandies just a step away from the kraals; all races, the queer, the ordinary, the unbelievable, meet and pass on Capetown's pavements and roadways. But Europe, the smart and ultra-fashionable, dominates of course; and golf-clubs, lip-sticks and walking-sticks, Paris gowns and tailored riding-habits, marcel-waves and the other requisites of society the world over are here as everywhere else.

"Out in the blue" the Africander calls it when he leaves "The Cape." "Into the blue" indeed, in a land where blue mountains sleep beneath a cobalt-blue sky and the sunlight drips blue on the vast semi-desert of the Karoo.

Table Mountain towers above Capetown, the stately, a city rivalling Rio in serene loveliness. Mountain ranges reach to dim horizons in the background and seaward Table Bay stretches away blue as any Pacific lagoon. One of the famous marine-drives of the world leads to Groote Schuur, now the home of the Prime Minister, once that of Cecil Rhodes, financier, statesman, Empire-builder, founder of the Rhodes Scholarships, who dreamed of an All Red Route by rail from Cape to Cairo. A bronze statue of "Physical Energy" dominates the Rhodes Memorial, a temple, white-walled and sun-splashed on a mountain-slope that looks down on the Cape, the Indian Ocean on one side, the Atlantic on the other, standing imperturbable and immaculate above the Cape and its medley of races to-day as when the great Rhodes brooded of carving a new empire for his loved England out of darkest Africa.

Capetown's climate is as mild as the Riviera. Sunshine eternal lies across pavements and walls in warm, rich splashes. Flowers bestrew this happy land from garden and woodland back to the sheer precipices of Table Mountain. Capetown, her suburbs, and the immediately surrounding country rank amongst the world's most beautiful spots. Forest and mountain, sweeping sands and blue seas, cultivated valleys and splendid fruit farms, make a composite picture that will long linger in the memory as one of the favored spots of earth.



Port Elizabeth

PORT ELIZABETH rises in terraces three hundred feet above the unruffled blue waters of the Bahai Lagoa, "The Bay of the Blue Lagoon"; named so by Diaz in 1486. To-day as then the sunlit sea seems to stain the white sands it laves on the beaches below the city. The most entrancing view of the Bay is had from the famous Settlers' Monument which commemorates the arrival of the first settlers in 1820.

Port Elizabeth is the exporting point of a vast pastoral and agricultural region, and one of the chief industrial cities of the Union, with a population of fifty thousand, half of which is white.

Ranges of mountains a score of miles away hem in the city. Behind these lie the farms which send ostrich feathers to the market in Port Elizabeth. From the same district merino and mohair wool come to the city's wool mart to be auctioned off to buyers from all parts of the world. The entire Eastern Coast lies low along the Indian Ocean, the back-country rising in steps to the great central plateau of Africa far in the interior. Here the plateau is the "Karoo," lying between the Swartbergen Range on the south and the main mountain range of Africa on the north. The "Karoo," a violet and grey land of warm days and cool nights, is mainly a pastoral semi-desert country, the famous veldt of South Africa, awaiting only water to come to plenteous life. Sight of most of it leaves one with an impression of a stark, gaunt land levelled smooth by erosion except where barren kopjes lift the horizon; no sign of man or his works but lonely far-spaced farms and the drowsing kraals of Kaffirs; its heavy silence broken by the humming of krantz bees and the shrill "creek" of the cicada, the only animation supplied by ostriches startled into sudden flight, a scampering buck, or a solitary rider cantering away in the distance. But near Port Elizabeth the old veldt is changing; a great irrigation development is transforming the country. In the frequent valleys, orchards and vineyards grow alongside fields of wheat, tobacco and lucerne. The moors flame with color; from mountain-slopes drift down the scent of buchu and wild tea; great gums and oaks shade the white-gabled homesteads of a past age, and after one visits the stalactite caves, on these old houses' *stoeps* one may quaff the good white wine of the Cape, the art of whose making was bequeathed to the Dutch of yesterday by the early French settlers.

On the southern edge of the "Karoo" are the beauty spots of South Africa, Oudtshoorn, George, The Wilderness, Knysna, all part of the Garden Route. South Africa for the most part is sparsely wooded, but here are great woodlands, State Forest Preserves, where wild elephants roam free. The soil of the Oudtshoorn district is so fertile and well-watered it supports some of the most prosperous farms in all South Africa.

Kimberley

KIMBERLEY, on the edge of the Karoo plateau, four thousand feet above the sea, is reached from the Cape by the South African Government railways which form part of a continuous system fifteen thousand miles long, stretching from Capetown to Bukama in the Belgian Congo. On the Vaal River is the famous "Valley of Diamonds" from which over a billion dollars' worth of the shining stones have been taken in forty odd years. Diamonds were originally found in the gravelled beds of the streams, but these had been exhausted when the chance discovery of diamonds by children led prospectors into the interior to Kimberley. Here are great diamondiferous pipes of "blue ground." Strife for the concentrated wealth of these hard pebbles has shaped careers, brought about failures, produced success. Oom Paul and Rhodes loom large in their story, as do De Beers and Barney Barnato; the Boer War also. Each car of "blue ground" is subjected to extensive processes in what is known as the "direct treatment" method of diamond recovery. No longer are the forces of the elements the only method used; on the contrary, from the great hungry "grizzlies" (crushers) to the final operation on the grease of the pulsator tables, a vast amount of powerful machinery is invoked—almost the labouring of the mountain and the birth of the mouse, so small is the physical result from the thousands of tons of material handled. Kimberley is no longer the roaring, wide-open camp of thirty years ago. Mining is carried on as methodically here as in a coalmine, and the marketing of the diamonds is the last word in monopolies, for the powerful De Beers syndicate, the brain child of Cecil Rhodes, controls the output with utter efficiency. The black miners are guarded as carefully as the diamonds themselves; all stones must be registered and all dealers licensed; and the Government collects a sixty per cent royalty.

Not far away is Johannesburg, in the sixty-mile long Rand where four billions in gold have been taken from the ground and half the world's annual output is produced yet. Pretoria, capital of the Boer Republic in bygone days, and now the capital of the Union of South Africa, is nearby with its beautiful Government buildings. Here in Pretoria, Oom Paul Kruger ruled as President of the Boers, drinking black coffee and smoking strong tobacco in long pipes on his modest verandah in the early morning hours, while he held informal democratic levees, adjusted the troubles of his people and stolidly managed to upset the world for a time. Twenty-five miles from Pretoria is the famous Premier Diamond Mine, the largest of all. Here was found the great Cullinan diamond, about 1⅓ lbs. in weight.

Close to Kimberley are places linked tragically with the Boer War: Elandslaagte, Colenso, Spion Kop, Magersfontein, Mafeking and Paardeburg. Savage battles these, but now nothing remains to tell their story except Kitchener's crumbling block-houses, fast going.

Victoria Falls

VICTORIA FALLS, in Southern Rhodesia, is reached by rail from Kimberley by traversing almost the whole length of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, which with the Transvaal, Orange River Colony and Southern Rhodesia forms the south portion of the great African plateau. Our knowledge of this part of Central Africa comes from a man whose memory is still alive among the natives, "the Dittori," David Livingstone, who went up the Zambesi in 1853 and on a later journey in 1854 discovered the Falls.

The Zambesi, river of restless charm, remains as when Livingstone first saw it. Sombre cypresses, eucalyptus, baobabs, and solitary palms still line its banks. Savage creatures still inhabit its waters. Purple and white convolvuli still festoon the gnarled trunks of twisted gigantic trees throttled and slowly dying in the snake-like coils of parasite-vines. The languorous scent of orchids deep-hidden in the forest still persists, and all the baffling odors of the tangled tropic growths. The broad placid river approaches its terrific descent unhurriedly. Almost to the brink of the Falls little evidence appears on the river surface, then a slight acceleration, then a seemingly endless jump into roaring space filled with flying spray that mounts in smoke to the very heavens. The final crash cannot be seen though it shakes the very ground beneath our feet. Across the narrow Gorge is the Rain Forest upon which descends a never-ending, breath-robbing mass of spray. The view from the Knife Edge holds the observer in thrall, chained and shaken by the exhibition of a force monstrous in its power. Victoria Falls, the Falls of the Zambesi!—over a mile of white foamed grandeur flung 400 feet into the roaring maelstrom below. Gargantuan thunder that shakes the universe, rainbows trembling in the mighty blasts over the smoking depths, Mosi-ao-Tunya, "The smoke that thunders," "End of the World," the Falls of the Zambesi!

Durban

DURBAN, most British of all the South African cities, is the chief centre of the Province of Natal. Natal rises from the sea in terraces of waving sugar-cane to the six hundred mile long rampart of the Drakenberg Range which divides it from Basutoland and the Free State. The Boers won Natal from the Zulus and the British from the Boers. When the white man was painfully advancing north from the Cape, the Bantu tribes through dangers even more terrible, were pouring southward. The two forces met and there was war.

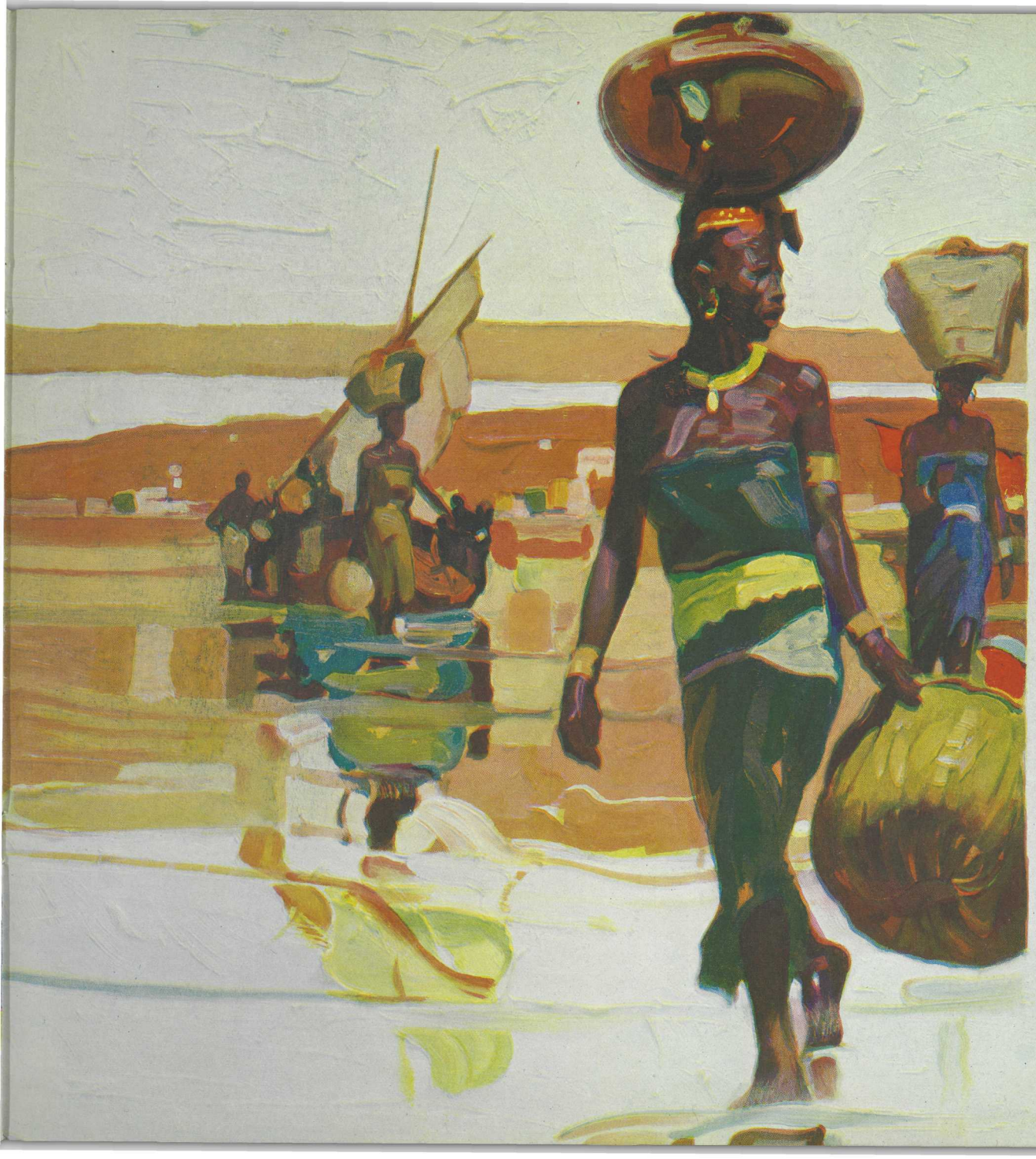
In colorful, cosmopolitan Durban every phase of African life is present. The shifting picture of the streets shows ricksha "boys" wearing feathered head-dresses, symbolic of speed, and wide-spread horns of oxen, signs of surety; Kaffir girls in beads and blankets; Mohammedans, Parsees, Hindus, Sikhs, and Arabs; East Indian coolie-women clad in rags and golden ornaments; veiled and richly garbed women of rank; sturdy Zulus; the ubiquitous white man. Ships and peoples of all the nations pass through from Japan and India, Australia, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Europe and America, the Argentine and Brazil; freighters, rust-bitten tramps, palatial liners, whalers, barquentines, and schooners, and the white, skimming yachts. To the panorama of ships passing on the palm-fringed bay where Durban, in green and gold, sits, is added the sight of the Beira, as unique as anything one could see, the musical tinkle of ricksha bells, picturesque mementoes from the "old Fort," Indian flower-sellers with their wares stretched bright on the wayside kerbs, night-bathing in a vast shark-proof pool, the Borough Market, and brilliant sunshine flooding the city, warmed as is all Natal by the warm Mozambique current. Gorgeous flowers bloom outdoors in Durban as lustily and as unconcernedly as cabbages; along with the native fruits, guavas, pawpaws, mangoes, grenadillas, tangerines, and pineapples. Pervading the city is a tropic languor; adding the last perfect touch to the delights that are Durban's.

Dar-es-Salaam

DAR-ES-SALAAM is the capital and chief city of Tanganyika Territory and the coastal terminus of the German-built railway which runs from Kigoma, or Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. Dar-es-Salaam is the port for supplies and products going to and from this part of British East Africa and the Belgian Congo which lies on the lake across from Kigoma.

The Germans seized the territory here in 1889 and held it until South African troops under Boer Generals captured it during the Great War. Typically East African in its racial mixture, the town's population of twenty thousand includes only a small European element of planters, prospectors, soldiers and missionaries; some other foreigners, wealthy Arabs, East Indian merchants and planters, and Goans from Portuguese India. The bulk of the population is Swahili, of a race which is the result of negro and Arab intermarriage through centuries. The atmosphere of the town is Arabian, with a native market the chief contributing feature. To appreciate Dar-es-Salaam, one should visualize Tanganyika as a whole. It takes in the coastal islands from the northern boundary of Portuguese East Africa to the river Umba, just south of Mombassa and opposite the Island of Pemba. In the interior it adjoins Kenya and Uganda on the north and slopes back from the coast to the central plateau where the Great Lakes form its rear boundary.

Vegetation grows rank and care-free in Tanganyika. After the rains every plant is seized with an ambition to outgrow and overwhelm its neighbour. The mountain Tanganyika, on the Equator, is 18,715 feet high, with snow on its summit all the year round; the natives believing it to be topped with silver. Ruwenzori, the legendary "Mountain of the Moon" whose existence was first proved by Stanley, is covered all year except at dawn on a few days by the mists that rise from the Great Lakes and tropical plains. Back in the hinterland, which had never been ruled by white or black until our own times, Swahilis, pastoral Somalis, Gallas and people of Bantu origin, who till the soil, make pottery and do metal-work and other handicrafts, live close to or far from the Highlanders of the lake region, the war-like Masai, and the pygmies, aboriginal dwarfs similar to the Bushmen of Australia. Arab blood marks the people everywhere. Dar-es-Salaam is the gateway to Tanganyika, and in it are all the elements of the Territory, fusing, mixing, clashing, achieving,



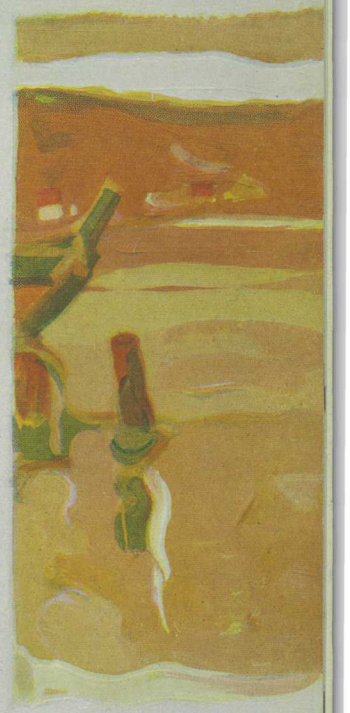
Zanzibar

ZANZIBAR, the capital of the island of the same name, is intimately tied up in history with Dar-es-Salaam and Mombasa. The slave-trails of the Arabs from the Mediterranean led to it for a thousand years before Livingstone came. From time immemorial it has been the key of equatorial Africa and the starting-point of all expeditions into the interior.

The island is fertile and intensively cultivated. Its 150,000 population and 640 square miles of area with Pemba and the coastal strip are ruled by the Sultan under the British Protectorate. Zanzibar, the city, has been described as "Oriental in appearance, mahogany in its religion; ..... a fit cap for negro Africa." It is important for its trade and as a coaling-station, and exports ninety per cent of the world's cloves, vast quantities of ivory, clove stems, copra, rhinoceros horn and gum.

Zanzibar is interesting although not beautiful, except in spots. Narrow streets straggle along without rhyme or reason, apparently going nowhere and arriving there. Quaint houses of timber and lath, plastered with thick layers of mud so old the houses look built of stone, border them; along with mosques, into the palm-lined courtyards of which Arabs, black and white, come to perform their ablutions and pray to Allah; the "Stone Ship," the disused water-tanks of Arab days with fronts carved in semblance of a ship; white-topped houses with carved, massive doors, black with age and studded with spikes, their gardens resplendent with scarlet acacias; and government buildings, bazaars, frequent fruit-markets, barracks, forts, round towers; a bewildering, picturesque medley unlike anything on earth. Papau trees, palms, and cocoanuts are everywhere. Out in the harbor, British warships swing near Arab dhows with tall, clumsy brown masts and sails, thick rigging and hulls gaudy in pink and black. The principal thoroughfare is N dai Kun, in "Shanghai," where the Resident British Agent lives in a beautiful castellated dwelling adjoining the negro Sultan's palace, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Anglican Cathedral, the former of Renaissance, and the latter of Gothic architecture, built of coral on the site of the old slave market.

The Arabs, with their erect bearing, sensitive faces, their white sleeveless garments, orange-colored waistcoats and shawl sashes from which peep the silver-chased hilts and scabbards of business-like daggers, form a powerful contrast to the negroes scarcely clothed at all..... everywhere on the streets of Zanzibar.

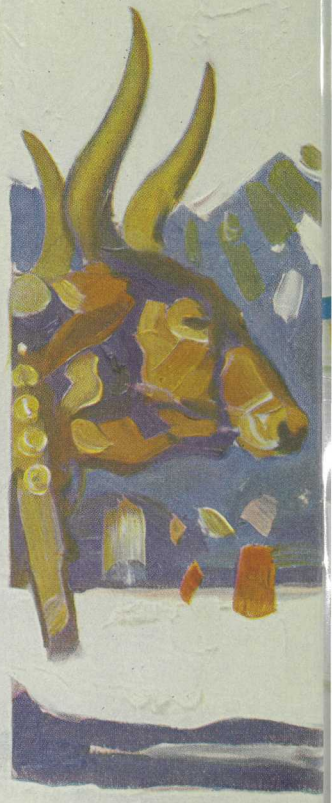


Mombasa

MOMBASA, situated on a small island of the same name, is off the coast of the Kenya Colony and north of Pemba. It is a town of twenty-seven thousand population, the chief port of Kenya and administrative centre of British East Africa. Mombasa is old, very old; no one knows exactly how old. At the end of the fifteenth century it was a flourishing town, sending ivory and slaves into the north. Negroes, Turks, Arabs, Portuguese, Germans, Italians and British all had a hand in its history, and from the ancient Portuguese fort of Jesus now flies the flag of the black Sultan of Zanzibar. Its fine harbor to-day holds liners, tramp steamers and dhows coming and going against a brilliant back-drop of foliage amid which red roofs and balconies of tall, white-walled houses look down on wholly Arab scenes, frequent mosques and the motley life of the streets. The local Swahilis belong to the strict sect of the Sunnis, jealous and ready to fight for the honor of their prophet, Mohammed. Arabs are everywhere, white, black and shades between; some in loin-cloths wrestling with cargoes of yellowing ivory; some treading lordly through the streets with all the aloofness of great landed proprietors, which they are. Native booths offer "halwa," a Turkish Delight, made fresh while one waits, "mkekas," palm-leaf mats, beautiful native embroideries, and the ivory, enamel, ebonies and silks of the Orient; monkey skins of blue and the handicraft of inland tribes.

Back in the Kenya Colony the Arab is predominant. Swahili is the lingua franca, and the Bantu dialect is understood by nearly all tribes; the Masai, the fiercest of present-day Africans, the Wakambas, still making their fires with rubbed wooden sticks; people living in trees, the Kavirondas wearing strange high head-dresses made of basketry, covered with white kaolin, mud-striped and feathered; the Gang tribe in Uganda, who dance and dance and dance; the Tesos, whose women plaster their hair with cow-dung and mud and decorate it with masses of drooping feathers.

Kenya is the greatest game-preserve in the world, and safaris go inland one after the other. Mount Kenya, over seventeen thousand feet high, is easily accessible. Tobogganing, skating, and ski-ing are popular sports, for between Nairobi and Kisumu there is Arctic cold. The white man is everywhere with his golf-clubs even in Nairobi, far inland though it is.



Port Sudan

PORT SUDAN is the chief commercial port of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. It lies half-way up the Red Sea, just around the corner, as it were, from Italian Somaliland and beyond the Aden of Suleiman the Magnificent. The ancient Egyptians conquered the Sudan in 1500 B.C., to be conquered in turn by its tribes seven hundred and fifty years later. To-day, the Sudan is a great producing state, sending cotton, grain, oil-seeds and gum-arabic all over the world. Six million people live and prosper here under the protection of Britain, counting their herds of cattle and sheep and camels by the hundreds. Its peaceful progress dates from the death of General Gordon and Kitchener's resulting campaigns against the Mad Mahdi and the Khalifa.

Port Sudan dates back to 1909, but for centuries old Suakim sat here, a busy town, on an inlet called by the Arabs, "Sheikh of the Sea." Port Sudan, for all its modern harbor and railway, is still at heart Arab. Proud Arab houses with overhanging balconies stand stately along the streets, and European residents find it convenient to learn the native language, so Semitic in type that arms, legs and shoulders must be used in lively fashion to bring out the real meanings of its words.

The Blue Nile and the White meet at Khartum and down the joined stream the colored waters flow side by side. In Omdurman, tom-toms throb and white-clad dervishes whirl and gyrate to the wild, pulsing music. Other things are still unchanged in spite of irrigation works and the imposed order and peace of the white man. Lean white camels recline as of old on sands hot enough to blister any skin not so leathery tough. Siroccos blow across desert sands riotous-colored in saffron, burnt orange and sienna. When the day begins, the sun, a brassy disk, slides upward; when day ends, it drops as quickly below the sands; a soft haze one minute, the heat of noon-day anywhere else the next; brilliant light and then dusk with a high moon shining down on the golden heaving billows of the sands of Sudan.

Bee-hive shaped grass huts of native villages lie on the banks of the Nile. Above Khartum the Arabs grow few and the country becomes that of the negroes where cattle is currency. Hippopotami, crocodiles and river-birds are everywhere. On the west bank live the Shilluks, across the waters from them the Dinkas, seven feet tall, who stand like cranes on one leg and carry knives handily strapped to the upper arm.

Cairo

PORT TEWFIK..... then on to Cairo, capital of Egypt, largest city of Africa, and "Mother of the World," resting on the edge of desert and Nile in command of the trade-routes of North Africa. Cairo is young as cities go in Egypt; Arabs first settled on its site in the seventh century, and not until 969 did the great Saladin establish here his fair City of the Caliph's Palaces. To-day Cairo has nearly a million inhabitants pulled by its various lures from every part of earth. Broad open squares in the newer section, lined by modern European structures, contrast oddly with Old Cairo's twisted alleys and time-rubbed houses.

Cairo is Egypt, old, middle-aged, and new. The Museum of Antiquities houses relics of the Pharaohs who ruled on the Nile's flooding banks when there was no Christendom and even Israel was young. The marvels so lately taken from the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen are there. Near the ruins of the ancient fort of On was the university wherein Moses and Plato studied. Everywhere, everywhere, are the mosques of Allah, with rounded domes and minarets slim as giant pencils; Mohammed Ali Mosque, built around Joseph's Well in the Citadel overlooking the city; El Azhar, oldest of Cairo's mosques, built in 868 from the plans of a Christian slave; Amr, opened but once a year to worshippers; Tulun, Kalaun, Kait Bey, and literally hundreds of others.

In the native bazaars merchants never stop crying the virtues of their embroideries, exotic perfumes, brass and filigree-work, inlaid furniture, pottery from Assiut, odds and ends, tinsel and rare products brought to Cairo in feluccas, by caravan, ship and rail, by all the hidden and open roads of the East. On mosque-steps old greybeards intone the wisdom of the Koran to the children who sit solemn around them; snake-charmers in the streets make cobras stiffen and tilt to mesmeric fluting; water-carriers vend their precious water; red-aproned sellers of sherbet carry their ornamental jars, and brazen-faced urchins beg for baksheesh.

So enthralling in itself, Cairo is yet the portal to other scenes as magic with human interest, beauty, legend, and history. "The Nile is Egypt and Egypt is the Nile" to-day as yesterday and to-morrow. Dahabiyehs float down its heavy waters as in Cleopatra's time and before. The patient fellaheen farms in 1927 as he farmed three thousand years ago, ploughing with forked sticks and having bullocks tramp out the grain on hard, clay floors. A short distance from Cairo are the Pyramids of Gizeh and the Sphinx; up the Nile are Luxor and the Valley of Kings, the way to them a veritable journey through the centuries of Egypt's history.

Egypt

Alexandria is 130 miles down the Nile Delta. From its Royal Palaces, long sunk with the river-silt they rested on into the sea, the Ptolemies and Caesars ruled Egypt for five hundred years.

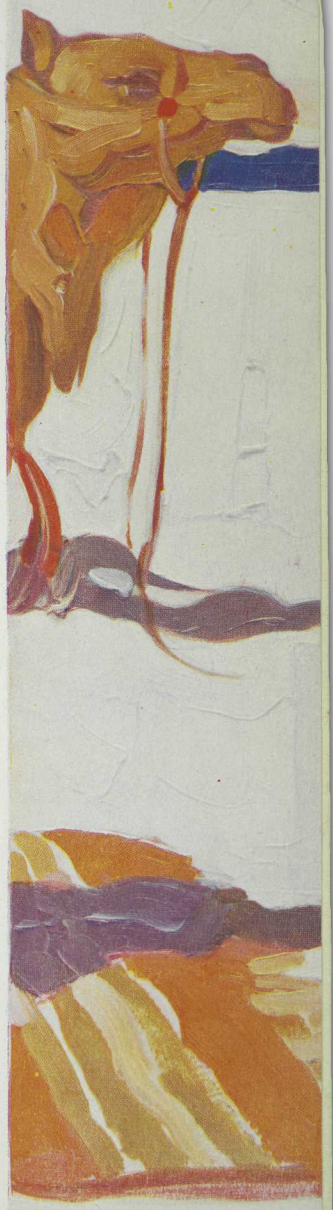
ROME OF OLD took Naples from the Greeks and now the whole world seems bent on taking it from the Neapolitans. One sight of it and you see why. Naples rests on a gentle slope between dark mountains and the bluest of bays, a white, semi-circular city of beautiful public buildings, even more beautiful churches and palaces, hemmed-in meandering streets, ancient tall houses, great squares, and bits of the art and craft of centuries placed for everyone to see. The green groves on Ischia and Capri stand sentinel at the entrance to the curving bay, and Vesuvius looks down on the graceful sky-line of facade and spire. The city suits its happy, smiling inhabitants; one can pay it no higher compliment.

For Neapolitan joy surpasses all others and not even the constant menace of Vesuvius can dim it. The streets are infectiously gay with swarming children, excitable women and men, cajoling pedlars, flower-sellers and news-vendors, all olive-skinned and smiling with a flash of white teeth; melodious songs echo from old walls, through ancient archways.

Pompeii is not far away with its monuments, baths, amphitheatres, houses, temples and taverns, even the ruts of chariot-wheels in the roadways, all to remind one of the daily life of this city of fifty thousand people buried by Vesuvius in 79 A.D.

Naples' pride to-day is the wonderful National Museum, a treasure-house of Greek and Roman sculptures and bronzes and wall-paintings from Pompeii and Herculaneum; but this is only one of Naples' attractions. The famous San Carlo Theatre, the Palazzo Municipale, the Aquarium, the Villa Nazionale, in whose adjoining park one sees Neapolitan life at its gayest, St. Gennaro's Tomb, and San Francesco Cathedral are others. Many of Naples' three hundred churches are very old and contain marvellous paintings and frescoes preserved here since the heyday of Neapolitan art and artists in the Middle Ages.

Amalfi, whose wonders Longfellow sang, Sorrento, Solfatara, Herculaneum and the Blue Grotto of Capri are all close to Naples; Rome, the Holy City, lies northward within easy travelling distance.



Naples

MONACO is on the French Riviera, land of flowers and sunshine, and is the winter playground of Europe. Monte Carlo is a mile and a quarter from Monaco. To its gaming-tables everyone comes at least once to seek the thrill that comes from watching—and wagering on—the vagaries of its rapid-spinning wheels. But Monaco entrances without Monte Carlo's lure. The late Prince of Monaco, a devotee not of the gaming-tables but of oceanography, left to his toy principality one of the world's greatest museums of ocean-life. This Museum, the beautiful Renaissance Palace, the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, and countless white villas rest, bathed in the Mediterranean sun, on a hill overlooking a charming bay where slim yachts chase in and out between palatial liners.

Nice, with its flower-market, Promenade des Anglais and Battle of Flowers, is approached over the Corniche Road, reputed the most wonderful drive one can take. Past Roman monuments it goes, around hair-pin bends and the edges of terraced, flower-covered hills, hundreds of feet above the shimmering waters, with the Alps rising in the distance.

Gibraltar is commonly called "Gib" or "The Rock" by the soldiers of Britain who have occupied it for over two centuries. Hercules threw up the mighty rock, they say, when he clove a path between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and it was the Pillars of Hercules to the ancients, the western end of the world. The name Gibraltar is derived from Jebel Tarik (mountain of Tarik); Tarik was a general of the Moors who held Gibraltar for centuries.

Three miles long, three-quarters of a mile wide, and fourteen hundred feet high on the side facing Spain, the Rock is honeycombed with great caves, some of which have never been fully explored. Very little flora and fauna grow on Gibraltar, but as some compensation it is able to boast of having in its Barbary apes the only monkeys native to Europe. Its chief interest is of course historical. It has been besieged fourteen times; captured by a British fleet in 1704 and held ever since by Britain. Europa Point is the most southerly bit of Europe and across the Straits lies Algiers, the ancient stronghold of Barbarossa, above the harbor he built to shelter his long black galleys. In an old graveyard in Gibraltar, the graves of men killed at Trafalgar may be seen, and in the city, ancient Moorish baths, some of them stables now. On the beach below the Rock is an interesting Catalan fishing village.

ITINERARY OF THE CRUISE

PLACES VISITED	COUNTRIES	SHORE EXCURSIONS	MILES	ARRIVE	LEAVE	TIME IN PORT Days	TIME IN PORT Hours
NEW YORK			....		12.00 noon Tue. Jan. 24	..	..
KINGSTON BOG WALK	Jamaica	Included motor drive around the city and through the Gorge of the Rio Cobre to Bog Walk	1,474	5.00 p.m. Sat. Jan. 28	5.00 p.m. Sun. Jan. 29	1	..
PORT OF SPAIN	Trinidad	Included motor drive around the city and environs	1,010	7.00 a.m. Wed. Feb. 1	7.00 a.m. Thu. Feb. 2	1	..
RIO DE JANEIRO TIJUCA CORCOVADA SUGAR LOAF	Brazil	Included motor drive around the city, and included excursions by motor car to Tijuca; by motor car and rack railway to Corcovada; and by motor car and aerial railway to Sugar Loaf	3,136	7.00 a.m. Fri. Feb. 10	5.00 p.m. Sun. Feb. 12	2	10
SANTOS SAO PAULO	Brazil	Included excursion by special train to Sao Paulo, with sightseeing by motor car in Sao Paulo	210	7.00 a.m. Mon. Feb. 13	5.00 a.m. Tue. Feb. 14	..	22
MONTEVIDEO POCITOS CARRASCO	Uruguay	Included motor drive around the city, thence along the seashore to Pocitos and Carrasco	884	9.00 a.m. Thu. Feb. 16	11.00 p.m. Thu. Feb. 16	..	14
BUENOS AIRES TIGRE	Argentina	Included motor drives, four half-days, to points of interest in and around Buenos Aires; included special train excursion to Tigre	130	8.00 a.m. Fri. Feb. 17	3.00 p.m. Mon. Feb. 20	3	7
CAPETOWN STELLENBOSCH KIRSTENBOSCH CAPE POINT PORT ELIZABETH	South Africa	Included motor drive around the city; included excursions by motor car to Stellenbosch and by motor car to Kirstenbosch; included full-day motor excursion to Cape Point. Optional excursion to Kimberley, Victoria Falls, Mafeking, Johannesburg, Pretoria, P'Maritzburg, rejoining the ship at Durban. Optional excursion to George, Knysna and Oudtshoorn, rejoining the ship at Port Elizabeth	3,763	9.00 a.m. Thu. Mar. 1	4.00 p.m. Wed. Mar. 7	6	7
FRAME'S DRIFT WALMER SCHOENMAKERS KOP HUMEWOOD	South Africa	Included motor drive to Frame's Drift, Walmer, Schoenmakers Kop, Marine Drive to Humewood, thence through the city and to the Snake Garden. Optional excursion to Oudtshoorn, George, Knysna, Bloemfontein, Kimberley, Pretoria, Johannesburg, P'Maritzburg, rejoining the ship at Durban	432	10.00 p.m. Thu. Mar. 8	6.00 p.m. Fri. Mar. 9	..	20
DURBAN UMKOMAAS KARRIDENE NATIVE KRAALS VALLEY OF 1000 HILLS DURBAN HARBOR	South Africa	Included motor drive around the city and suburbs; included excursions by special train to Umkomaas, by motor car to Karridene and the Native Kraals, by motor car to the Valley of a Thousand Hills, and by launch around the harbor	385	8.00 a.m. Sun. Mar. 11	4.00 p.m. Tue. Mar. 20	9	8
DAR-ES-SALAAM	Tanganyika	Included ricksha drive around the city	1,778	7.00 a.m. Sun. Mar. 25	3.00 a.m. Mon. Mar. 26	..	20
ZANZIBAR BUBUBU	E. Coast Africa	Included sightseeing around the city; included motor drive to Bububu and the clove gardens	48	6.30 a.m. Mon. Mar. 26	6.00 p.m. Mon. Mar. 26	..	11½
MOMBASA	Kenya	Included motor drive around the city	155	7.00 a.m. Tue. Mar. 27	6.00 p.m. Tue. Mar. 27	..	11
PORT SUDAN	Sudan	Short call to land members for optional excursion to Khartum and Luxor, rejoining at Cairo	2,253	6.00 a.m. Tue. Apr. 3	10.00 a.m. Tue. Apr. 3	..	4
PORT TEWFIK CAIRO PYRAMIDS SPHINX RIVER NILE BEDRECHEIN ALEXANDRIA	Egypt	Included excursion to Cairo, with six nights at hotels, drives through the city and motor trip to the Pyramids and Sphinx; included Nile River trip to Bedrechein. Optional excursion to Luxor. Optional excursion to Jerusalem and Bethlehem	708 243	10.00 a.m. Thu. Apr. 5 As arranged	As arranged 2.00 p.m. Wed. Apr. 11	6	5①
NAPLES POMPEII	Italy	Included motor drive around the city, also included excursion to Pompeii. Optional excursion to Amalfi and Sorrento. Optional excursion to Solfatara. Optional excursion to Vesuvius. Optional excursion to Rome. Optional Overland Tour to Paris	1,000	8.00 a.m. Sat. Apr. 14	8.00 p.m. Tue. Apr. 17	3	12
MONTE CARLO CORNICHE DRIVE NICE	Monaco and France	Included motor trip to Nice via the Grande Corniche Road. Visit Monte Carlo Casino. Optional Overland Tour to Paris	365	8.00 p.m. Wed. Apr. 18	1.00 a.m. Fri. Apr. 20	1	5
GIBRALTAR		Included drive around the town and to Europa Point	767	6.00 a.m. Sun. Apr. 22	4.00 p.m. Sun. Apr. 22	..	10
CHERBOURG PARIS	France	Members have the choice of an included excursion to Paris or London with three days' hotel accommodation and meals (no sightseeing), connecting with the Empress of Scotland from Southampton and Cherbourg, April 28. See Shore Excursion and General Information Book regarding stop-over in Europe and Return Atlantic Passage.	1,059	7.00 a.m. Wed. Apr. 25	9.00 a.m. Wed. Apr. 25	..	2
SOUTHAMPTON LONDON	England		84	3.00 p.m. Wed. Apr. 25		..	..
		①6 days 4 hours plus 1 hour gained account difference in time between Port Tewfik and Alexandria = 6 days 5 hours.	19,884 2,923 556	 Southampton to Quebec Quebec to New York			
		Total mileage, exclusive of shore trips	23,363				

DURATION

At Sea	53 Days
In Port	39½ Days
Difference in Time	½ Day
London or Paris	3 Days
Westbound Atlantic	7 Days
Rail to New York	1 Day
Total	104 Days

CANADIAN PACIFIC AGENCIES

NORTH AMERICA

Atlanta, Ga.	E. G. Chesbrough	49 North Forsyth St.
Boston, Mass.	L. R. Hart	405 Boylston St.
Buffalo, N.Y.	H. R. Mathewson	160 Pearl St.
Calgary Alta.	R. W. Greene	C.P.R. Station
Chicago, Ill.	R. S. Elworthy	71 East Jackson Blvd.
Cincinnati, Ohio	M. E. Malone	201 Dixie Terminal Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio	G. H. Griffin	1010 Chester Ave.
Detroit, Mich.	G. G. McKay	1231 Washington Blvd.
Indianapolis, Ind.	J. A. McKinney	Merchants Bank Bldg.
Kansas City, Mo.	R. G. Norris	723 Walnut St.
Los Angeles, Cal.	Wm. McIlroy	621 South Grand Ave.
Minneapolis, Minn.	H. M. Tait	611 Second Ave. South
Montreal, Que.	D. R. Kennedy	141 St. James St.
Nelson, B.C.	J. S. Carter	Baker and Ward Sts.
New York, N.Y.	E. T. Stebbing	Can. Pac. Bldg., Madison & 44th.
North Bay, Ont.	L. O. Tremblay	87 Main St. West
Omaha, Neb.	H. J. Clark	727 Woodmen of World Bldg.
Ottawa, Ont.	J. A. McGill	83 Sparks St.
Philadelphia, Pa.	J. C. Patteson	1500 Locust St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	C.L. Williams	338 Sixth Ave.
Portland, Ore.	W. H. Deacon	55 Third St.
Quebec, P.Q.	C. A. Langevin	Palais Station
San Francisco, Cal.	F. L. Nason	675 Market St.
Seattle, Wash.	E. L. Sheehan	1320 Fourth Ave.
Saint John, N.B.	G. Bruce Burpee	40 King St.
St. Louis, Mo.	G. P. Carbrey	412 Locust St.
Tacoma, Wash.	D. C. O'Keefe	1113 Pacific Ave.
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