

ENGLAND



THE CHARM
OF ENGLAND

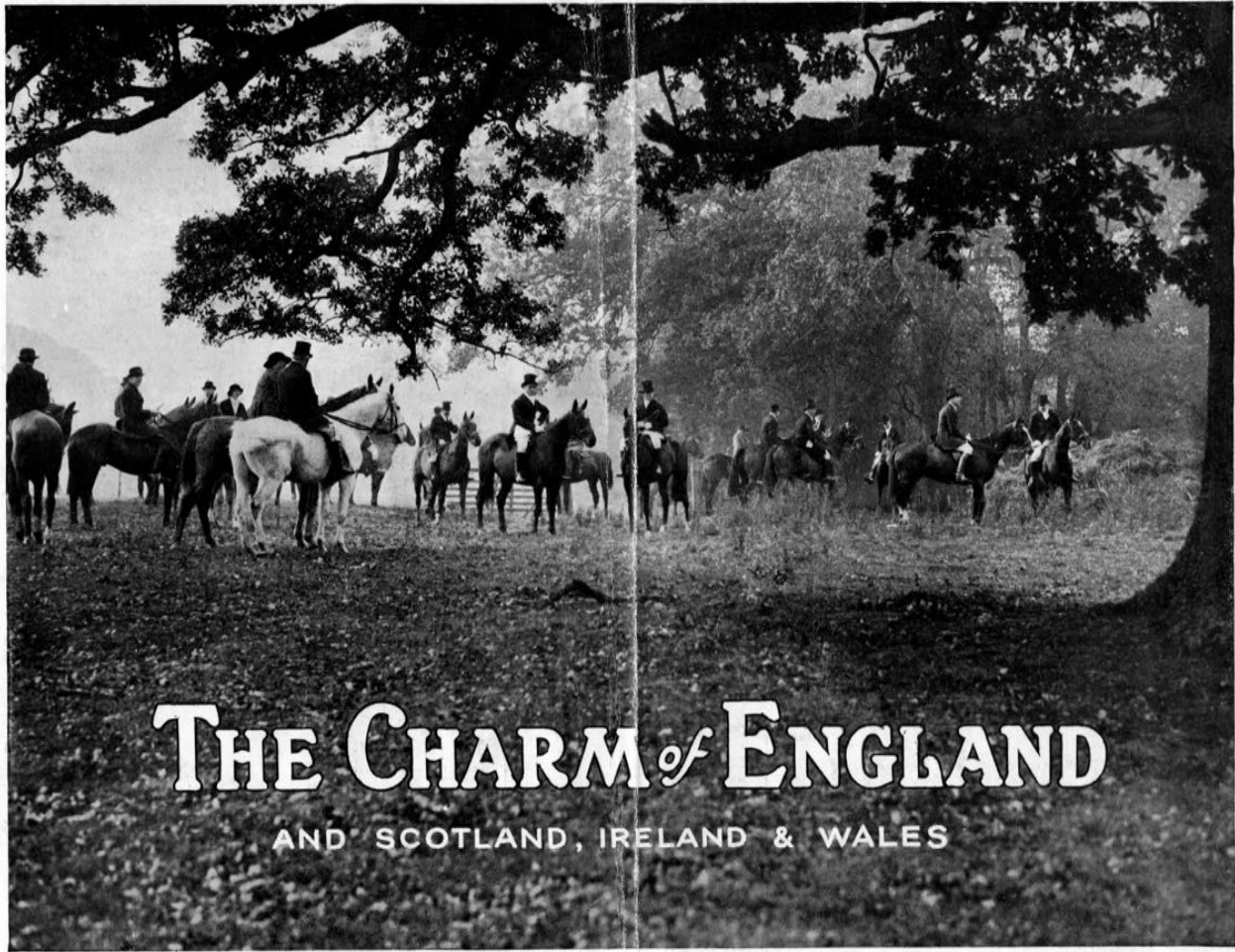
LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY

ENGLAND



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THE CHARM *of* ENGLAND

AND SCOTLAND, IRELAND & WALES

(S. & G.)

To help the visitor make the most enjoyable use of his time in the British Isles, this booklet presents a brief description of some of their chief attractions. In particular, the following regions are covered:—

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The Village Green, Little Brington, The Washington Country.

The Charm of England

IF I had been asked to define the charm of England after my first short visit, I should not have hesitated. Who wouldn't welcome the opportunity to pay tribute to her cathedrals and castles and cottages, her fascinating old cities and rustic villages, her serene and leisurely atmosphere? These things have lost none of their appeal, but they no longer seem to sum up the charm of England. With closer acquaintance it has become more complex and intangible—and more personal. Much of it is too elusive to be expressed in words.

The descriptions and interpretations of other writers do not satisfy me; nor can I hope that mine will satisfy other Americans who know England as well as I do. Fortunately, I am writing chiefly for those who are planning their first visit here. To them I say: *your* England will not be *my* England, perhaps, but it will probably be just as charming. Certainly it can be, for the attractions of the British Isles—and when we say England, we mean the British Isles—are varied enough to meet any normal demand. You have only to choose wisely, according to your own tastes, to be able to say, as so many have said before you, that here is the ideal vacation land.

The degree of our enjoyment, of course, depends partly on our own attitude. Here, as elsewhere, we can find most easily the things we seek—things to criticise as well as to admire. Some travellers abroad—Americans are not alone in this—seem to derive their chief pleasure from discovering respects in which the foreign country is inferior to their own. We all like to gloat over our neighbours a little; it is one of our human weaknesses. Besides, we should feel almost disloyal if we admitted too many

superiorities. Nevertheless, I am convinced that the great majority of Americans come to England with the genuine desire to enjoy and appreciate the features in which she excels.

One feature that can scarcely be missed by even the fitting transient is the beauty of the countryside. Whether you land at Liverpool, at Southampton, or at Plymouth, you are bound to catch some glimpses of it on the way to London. You notice the softness and harmony of the coloring, the striking contrast between the freshness and youth of Nature and the age of man's handiwork, and the bits of landscape that make you over-work the adjectives "quaint" and "picturesque" in your letters home.

Even the hasty passer-by feels the charm of rural England. But to know it fully, you must live in it and with it. You must smell it and hear it and feel it with your feet. Those who spend their nights in big city hotels and their days on pavements or in cushioned seats miss something of the fine flavour. Far better to stay for a part of the time at a cottage or inn with its own garden, in some unspoiled country village.

Yes, there are plenty of villages that are unspoiled from any view-point, and plenty of others that look unspoiled to American eyes. Paradoxically enough, some of the most fascinating are those that have suffered from the despoilment of military warfare or religious fanaticism in past centuries. The Preservation Societies are doing a valuable and necessary work in safeguarding some of the famous beauty-spots, but the villages that owe their present condition wholly to natural evolution are quite as interesting to many visitors.



A Hunting Scene near London.

(S.&G.)

We may also safely discount the complaint that is occasionally made regarding crowds. It is not a new complaint. A century ago Wordsworth declared that he could not properly appreciate Fingal's Cave because of the crowd. His "crowd" was a single boat-load, and a single boat-load a-day is about all that the Cave receives now—and this only in the summer. For the rest of the time, the Island of Staffa remains in magnificent isolation, unseen by a living soul.

The famous beauty-spots that are more accessible naturally attract their throngs of visitors. We must expect to share our enjoyment of them with others. But if we cannot find solitude in Stoke Poges churchyard, we can find it in other country churchyards that are just as true to the spirit of Gray's Elegy.

If your time does not permit a stay in some country village, the next best thing is to stop for a day or two at a time in some of the delightful resorts that offer good facilities for tourists. These resorts are most numerous along the coast, but they are to be found inland also, wherever hills or lakes or rivers add their attractions to the universal charm of meadow and hedge-row and garden. Many of them are surrounded by the haloes of historic associations left by great men or events of the past.

On your first visit you will naturally want to see as many of them as possible. Each county has its individual features of landscape. No two are alike. Devon differs from its neighbor Cornwall, and Lancashire from Westmorland. Add to these the differences in their people, their racial history, and even their architecture, and it is easy to understand how so small a country can offer such amazing variety.

In a single summer you can get a very fair sample of the attractions of rural England, if you do not spend too much of your time in the cities. Few of the large cities demand a lengthy stay; London, of course. The only difficulty here is to tear yourself away. Edinburgh, by all means. It is more impressive than London at first sight, and almost as fascinating upon closer acquaintance.

London and Edinburgh are cities of universal appeal; I cannot imagine anyone not enjoying them. Few of the other large commercial and industrial centres are worth visiting for their own sake. More interesting, as a rule, are cities whose progress has been arrested in some previous stage of commercial development, such as Chester, near Liverpool, and Shrewsbury, near the Welsh border.

Among the smaller cities and towns, the choice is a matter of taste. It depends upon the kind of thing that interests you. Objectives of travellers are infinitely varied, but perhaps the most common are art and architecture; ruins and relics of past civilisation, literary and historic associations, scenery, and health and sports (notably golf). With these as a basis, we can roughly classify most of the places worth visiting in Great Britain.

Near the head of the list on the first three of these counts we must put the University towns of Oxford and Cambridge. All the cathedral cities are interesting for their architecture, and many of them have historic associations as well. In the territory north of London, the cathedral cities of St. Albans, Lichfield, Carlisle, Peterborough, Lincoln, York and Durham are especially notable.

Ruins and relics are everywhere. It is a poor locality, indeed, that cannot boast its Druid stone or bit of Roman wall, or its castle or abbey. Many of these ancient structures are closely connected with our own natural history. All of them that date back to the 16th century, before the settlement of the Colonies, may justly inspire in us the same proprietary pride that is felt by the native-born Englishman, for they played the same part in our heredity. This is most conspicuously illustrated by the houses associated with the name of George Washington. His ancestors are connected with several counties, but the so-called Washington country is around Northampton.

With the possible exception of Washington, the heroes of history do not attract so many pilgrims as the authors. Perhaps

it is because we feel more at home with the literary men ; perhaps because their shrines are more often in beautiful country ; perhaps because we can trace some connection between their work and their environment. Whatever the reason, every famous British author has his coterie of admirers who delight in paying their respects to his birthplace or home.

The Shakespeare country doubtless will always be the most popular literary pilgrimage. North-west of London, within easy reach, but far enough away to preserve its distinctive characteristics, it has the further advantage of being so close to the famous castles of Warwick and Kenilworth that they can easily be combined with it in the same tour.

The Burns' country probably ranks second only to the Shakespeare country in popularity. Properly speaking, Burns' country is Ayrshire, on the west coast of Scotland, but Dumfries, near the border, is also rich in Burns' associations, and a score or more of other Scottish towns and villages have their memories and relics of the poet. The Scott country embraces Edinburgh and the region directly south, with the famous ruined abbeys, of Melrose and Dryburgh.

All these regions offer beautiful scenery as a secondary attraction. With the Lake District the reverse is true ; the Lakes were sought for their beauty before they became the literary shrines of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and others.

Although the scenery of England is so varied that no one district can be said to typify its charm, still the pictures that come most readily to memory are from Lakeland. It is at least typically English in that it is friendly scenery. Even the rugged mountains and rough crags are never too awe-inspiring to be comfortable.

For inland scenery, the Peak District of Derbyshire is the closest rival of Lakeland, but every cluster of hills, from the Devon tors to the Yorkshire fells, has its warm admirers. No mountain scenery in England, of course, can be compared with the Highlands—and when we speak of the Highlands with a capital "H," we mean the Highlands of Scotland. Nature compensated for their material barrenness by lavishing on them her treasures of form and color.

Any discussion of the sea coasts would be merely a statement of personal preference. The British Isles have about 5,000 miles of sea coast, and perhaps every mile is beautiful. I have never happened to see any that was not. Certainly no one could help being charmed by the coasts of Devon, Cornwall and North Wales. Yet, here again, the western coast of Scotland, with its numerous isles, reaches a height of grandeur beyond anything I have seen elsewhere.

If I had but a month to spend in Great Britain, a week of it would be in the Highlands and the Western Isles. Personally, I should want at least another week for golf in Scotland. St. Andrews on the east coast, Gleneagles in the central Highlands, and Turnberry on the west coast would be my choice. Other courses in Scotland and England are equally good, but no others give me quite the same thrill. Few others do quite so much to make the overseas golfer feel at home. It is only fair

to say that he is cordially welcomed almost everywhere, but arrangements for play sometimes require a little more formality.

Ireland, too, deserves more of our time than it usually gets. Certainly it should have at least two weeks. That would enable us to visit old Dublin, which yields only to Edinburgh for picturesqueness and historic interest, and the Lakes of Killarney, which yield to none in the world for loveliness. Perhaps we could take in Cork and Londonderry, or better still the medieval city of Galway. We should certainly want to view the northern and western cliffs, and enjoy the colorful luxuriance of the southern inlets. In Ireland, too, we can find ancient structures and relics enough to satisfy the most critical tastes.

So far I have merely touched upon the obvious features that make the British Isles such a delightful vacation ground for Americans. A large part of the charm, however, lies in the things you discover for yourself—perhaps a rustic village where the newest cottage is over a century old ; perhaps a folk dance festival in a market town ; perhaps a colony of fishermen still using the pre-historic coracles.

I cannot promise that you will discover such things, but they are here to be discovered. Many of them are not on the beaten paths of tourists. You need to seek the by-ways. In the by-ways, too, you are more likely to find those fascinating bits of human drama that reveal something of the character of the English people. Most of them are of a kind that make us proud to acknowledge the bonds that link our history with that of Great Britain. But wherever you go, whether in highway or by-way, you will find that old traditions are jealously maintained ; none more so than the priceless tradition of English hospitality.



On the Yorkshire Moors.

(S. and G.)

A WELCOME

from the

London Midland and Scottish Railway.

It is impossible, within the limits of this booklet, to include all the places reached by the London Midland and Scottish Railway that deserve the consideration of the overseas visitor. Those briefly described in the following pages are representative of the chief elements that constitute the charm of the British Isles, but scores of others are almost equally interesting.

Even if it were possible to include everything, it would not be desirable. Foreign travel should be a constant voyage of discovery. The best guide is a chart to direct the exploration, rather than a catalogue of facts. No matter how much you know in advance about the places you plan to visit in England, you will find surprises—and all the more delightful because of that fact. This is especially true if you come a little earlier or leave a little later than the popular summer season.

HOW TO TRAVEL.

Those who are accustomed to rely upon their own motor car for touring may not realise how little they will miss it in Great Britain. The railways come into remarkably intimate contact with the country, and the landscape views are generally equal to those from the highroad. In addition, travel by rail affords greater comfort and security and a saving of time and money.

A study of the maps (pps. 40-41) will show how completely the net-work of lines of the London Midland and Scottish Railway covers its territory. Supplementary service by motor car and steamer gives access to practically every place that you would care to include in your itinerary.

SPECIAL TOURS.

For the convenience of visitors, a large number of circular tours have been arranged by the London Midland and Scottish Railway and its connections. A few examples of these are shown in pages 70-75. Some are by rail exclusively: others combine rail with steamer and motor: an innovation is the institution of the L M S "De Luxe" tours, combining Travel with accommodation at L M S Hotels. Combinations of these tours as well as individual tours may be booked.

HOTELS.

The London Midland and Scottish Railway Company owns and operates first-class hotels in practically all the important cities on their lines. These are conveniently situated and are experienced in catering to the needs of guests from overseas. Its magnificent resort hotels at Stratford-on-Avon, Gleneagles and Turnberry are ranked among the finest in the world. At all the hotels you may be assured of the same courteous, careful service from the staffs that you have become accustomed to expect from the employees of the Railway. (See list, page 78.)

FURTHER INFORMATION.

Visitors are always welcome at any of the main or branch offices of the Railway, either in the United States, Canada, in Great Britain, or on the Continent of Europe. Detailed information will gladly be given regarding any matter connected with the planning of a tour. Special booklets dealing with some of the localities covered in this general booklet and a brochure of tours are obtainable on request. Attention is also directed to pages 76 and 77 of this booklet, where information of general interest to travellers is given.



Piccadilly and Constitution Hill, London.

London.

If you are like most visitors to England, you will go directly to London, not only because it is the heart of the British Empire and one of the great cities of the world, but also because you cannot begin to know England until you know London.

Your first impressions may be disappointing. The charms of London do not lie upon the surface. You cannot even see its bigness. There is no imposing pyramid of buildings, no lofty skyline, no one dominant architectural feature. Even the high dome of St. Paul's is so well concealed that some visitors from overseas have been in London for weeks without a glimpse of it. No wonder they have difficulty in finding the Temple, or the Palace of St. James.

Then, too, London can scarcely be called beautiful. Whatever beauty it may once have had is pretty well concealed under a coating of grime. Its sooty greyness is only accentuated by the occasional patches of white that suggest a half-hearted attempt to clean it up.

When you know London more intimately, its very ugliness is fascinating. Like a wrinkled but sprightly old Lady, who has lived through scores of amours and political intrigues, and has stored up a wealth of reminiscences, London has a charm that cannot be rivalled by cities of fresher youth and more regular features.

How to see London is as difficult a question as what to see. It depends upon your own personal tastes. You can see it from a touring bus or private car, from a boat on the River, from an aeroplane, or from the sidewalk. You can see tiny bits of it through a telescope at a penny a look. This is not such a bad way, either, for it symbolises the method by which you must see London in any case. You will perceive only a

small section at a time and must afterwards piece together your own complete picture.

If time is limited, you may save something by planning your expedition. London is composed of many sections with rather indefinite boundaries, but with definite characteristics of their own. With or without the help of a map and guide-book, you can explore the section round your own hotel, and then visit other sections.

THE "CITY."

You may be surprised to learn that the City of London, properly speaking, occupies only about a square mile, with St. Paul's Cathedral as its centre. Here is a good place to begin your sight-seeing. This territory, in the original City of London, was bounded on the south by the Thames, and its main roads, leading east, north and west, were barred by gates. The principal ones from east to west were Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Aldersgate and Temple Bar. The names remain, although the gates are gone and their sites to-day are merely marked by obelisks.

The "City" is the heart of financial London. A good starting place, therefore, is Bank Station, which is situated right beside the Bank of England. Bank Station is easily reached by tube from all parts of London.

Emerging from it, you come to an open space. Directly before you is the equestrian statue of Wellington, and a new Monument to soldiers and non-commissioned officers who fell in the Great War. Behind this is the classic, but dingy facade of the Royal Exchange: beyond, on the corner, sits "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the Bank of England is sometimes called. She is a squat, unlovely creature, and blind besides, but her reputation is spotless. This windowless structure has recently been rebuilt within.

The other prominent structure, diagonally across the street, is the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor of London. If you are lucky, you may happen to see his arrival or departure in a crested coach of state, with his splendidly uniformed retinue of guards and footmen.

Turning southward towards London Bridge, you are on King William Street. Not far down stands the statue of King William on the site of the old "Boar's Head" Tavern, immortalised by Shakespeare in connection with Falstaff and Prince Hal. Beyond this you see, looming above the buildings, the gilded top of the Monument. This tall pillar was erected to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666, which destroyed the City from Pudding Lane to this spot which, curiously enough, was called Pye Corner.

You may remember that when the City was rebuilt after the Fire, Sir Christopher Wren was the chief architect in charge of the planning. He made St. Paul's Cathedral the central structure in the new plan. Before going to the Cathedral you may care to visit another of his churches, St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside. Popular tradition has it that a "Cockney" is one who is born within the sound of the bells in its tower.

ST. PAUL'S.

St. Paul's is the only English Cathedral in the classic style of architecture. It replaced the Gothic Cathedral destroyed by the great Fire of London, and is one of the few Cathedrals that have been completed in the lifetime of the architect. Among the illustrious men buried here is Sir Christopher himself. His epitaph, inscribed above the north door, reads, "Si Monumentum Quaeras, Circumspice" (if you seek a monument, look around you).

Northward from St. Paul's is the General Post Office and the Sessions House, surmounted by a huge emblematical figure of Justice, with sword and scales. This structure stands on the site of the historic Newgate Prison. Opposite is St. Sepulchre's Church, whose bell used to toll for prisoners condemned to death. Beyond St. Sepulchre's lies Smithfield, the scene of many Protestant martyrdoms during the persecutions of the reign of Mary.

THE TEMPLE.

London streets have the happy fashion of changing their names frequently—sometimes without any visible reason. Thus you approached St. Paul's on Cannon Street, but you continue westward on Ludgate Hill, and after passing through Ludgate Circus, you are on Fleet Street. Later, Fleet Street will become the Strand in the middle of a block, but the reason is visible in the dragon-crested pillar, marking the site of Temple Bar.

Fleet Street has many associations, happy and unhappy notably with debtors and writers—sometimes with both in one person. It is now the heart of newspaper London. A short distance along on the right is the old "Cheshire Cheese," Dr. Johnson's favorite resort just off the street on a little alley.

On the south side of the street, if you watch carefully, you may notice a small archway beneath a quaint, overhanging timbered house.

This archway leads to the Temple. Passing through it, you discover the interesting old Temple Church, one of the four round Churches in England. It was formerly the property of the Knights Templar, and some of them are buried here. Wandering beyond this, you become lost in a maze of houses, somewhat resembling college dormitories, devoted entirely to the chambers of members of the legal profession. You will find plenty of famous names on the sides of the doorways. If you will, you may penetrate beyond the Inner Temple Library, with its cloistral air, to tree-shaded greens and the Thames Embankment. The Englishman will have his bit of country even in the heart of the City. The Temple is only one of several similar sanctuaries or "Inns" in London.

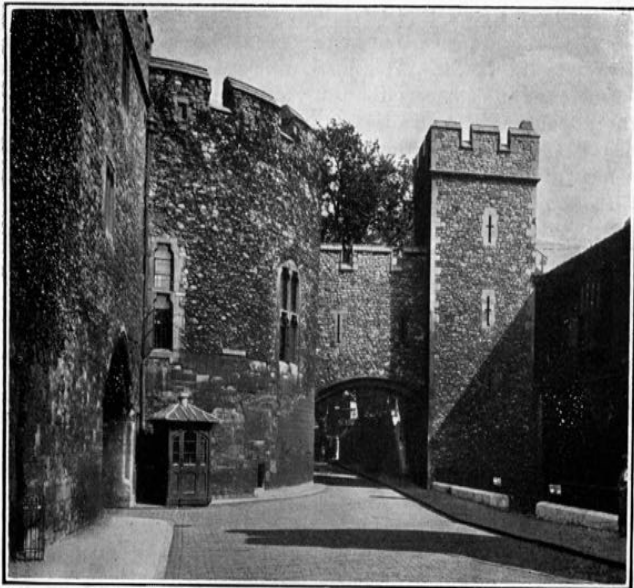
It is a temptation to continue your explorations by following the Embankment towards the Houses of Parliament—and no harm if you do. But suppose you return to Fleet Street and continue westward to the Strand. Shortly, you reach the High Courts of Justice which, from their Gothic appearance, might easily be mistaken for a monastery. Then you come to a church, seemingly planted in the middle of the road. This is St. Clement Danes: the one further on, similarly placed, is St. Mary-le-Strand.

At this point, business London of to-day is intermingled with play-time London of yesterday. At St. Clement Danes is the fine, modern semi-circle of Aldwych and the broad, new Kingsway, with buildings of real impressiveness in material and design. However, the visitor from overseas is likely to find more fascination in Drury Lane and the old theatres, notably the Lyceum, so long identified with Sir Henry Irving.

Along the Strand you pass some fine modern hotels and shops, and then the famous Charing Cross—far less impressive than its fame, because of its dinginess and its ugly setting.



L M S Express, "The Royal Scot."



Wakefield Tower, Tower of London.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Soon you are in Trafalgar Square, with the lofty pillar of Nelson's Monument and its Landseer lions, its fountains and its fluttering pigeons. On the north side is the National Gallery of Art, with its priceless collection of old masters.

Trafalgar Square is another very important hub for explorations. You have your choice of turning southward towards political London, or north towards the modern play-time and shopping London. South, along broad Whitehall, you find a number of Government Offices. In Downing Street, turning off to the right, is the official residence of the Prime Minister. In Whitehall Place is the United Services Royal Museum. This is well worth visiting, not only because of the splendid collection of naval and military relics and trophies, but because it was the scene of the execution of Charles I. The window is still pointed out through which he stepped to the scaffold.

London is full of monuments, many of them not particularly beautiful; but in Whitehall stands one that should receive the homage of every visitor, not only for its simple beauty, but for what it symbolises. This is the Cenotaph, erected as Britain's "Imperial Memorial of all those citizens of the Empire, of every creed and rank, who gave their lives in the War"—869,000 of them altogether. The inscription—as simple and beautiful as the design itself—reads, "The Glorious Dead."

Below the Cenotaph the broad avenue of Whitehall becomes Parliament Street, which ends at Parliament Square. All the world comes here at some time or other to view the Houses of Parliament and listen to Big Ben strike the hours in the tall clock tower. Then all the world troops through Westminster Abbey, treading reverently or flippantly above the honoured dust of kings and statesmen and poets. At one tomb where the crowd is densest all voices are hushed and all

heads bowed. This is the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The little grey-haired woman in the circle there knows that it may be her son who was chosen to lie among the kings, and in her heart she believes it is he.

The human elements that help to make London one of the most fascinating of cities are much in evidence in Parliament Square and on Westminster Bridge. This is one of the favorite vantage points for a view of the city. Residents as well as visitors linger here to gaze up and down the Thames with its conglomerate of the old and the new, the sublime and the trivial.

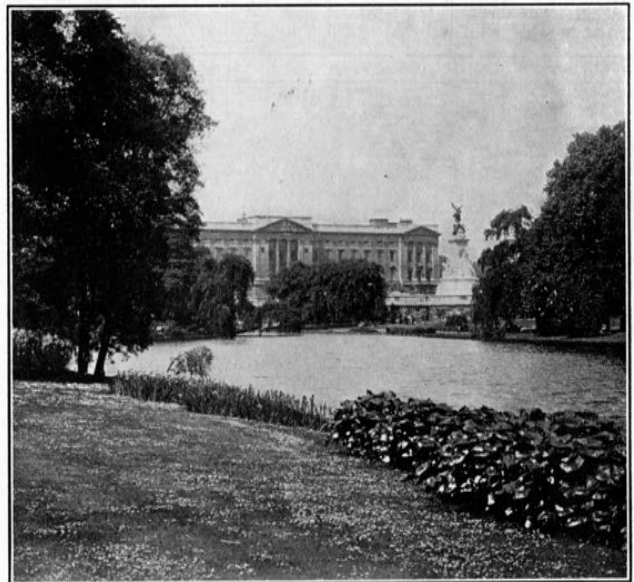
From Lambeth Palace, the residence of Archbishops of Canterbury for over 700 years, and Cleopatra's Needle, of even greater antiquity, to the newest of industrial buildings and advertising signs, the whole range of London life is represented in the panorama. The river itself is a symbol that helps to explain the winding pattern of London streets.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

You may reach Buckingham Palace by way of Birdcage Walk along the south side of St. James' Park. A more effective approach is by the Mall, which begins with the Admiralty Arch at Trafalgar Square, passes along the north-west side of the Horse Guards Parade and St. James' Park, and ends at the Queen Victoria Memorial Statue just in front of the Palace.

On the right you pass the steps leading to Waterloo Place, the Duke of York's column and, farther along, Marlborough House and St. James' Palace. The former is the birthplace of King George V (June 3rd, 1865); the latter is the official residence of the Prince of Wales.

A short distance beyond Buckingham Palace you come to Hyde Park, with its Serpentine, Rotten Row, Kensington Gardens, and other features that appear in history and fiction



Buckingham Palace, London.

again and again. More perhaps than the statues of soldiers and statesmen, the Peter Pan statue is a magnet for thousands of visitors—grown-ups as well as children—who are admirers of Sir James M. Barrie.

South of the park is the Royal Borough of Kensington; the Albert Memorial, Albert Hall and various museums are situated here.

PICCADILLY.

At Hyde Park Corner is the end of Piccadilly. Piccadilly, the street that is as characteristic of London as Broadway is of New York or the Rue de la Paix of Paris! You can saunter—no other action would be appropriate—up this famous thoroughfare to Piccadilly Circus. Perhaps you will see little in its architectural appearance that justifies its reputation as the synonym for male sartorial elegance. Neither its residential end nor its commercial end show much evidence of conscious planning. But if you don't like it, you probably won't like London.

Regent Street, the feminine counterpart of Piccadilly, has evidently been built with an eye to architectural effect. It sweeps away from Piccadilly Circus in a bold arc, lined on both sides with handsome and substantial looking stores all the way to Oxford Circus. This region, with Oxford Street, Bond Street, and their neighbours, comprises one of the finest shopping districts in the world.

Piccadilly Circus is reached from Trafalgar Square by way of Cockspur Street and that short but famous street, the Haymarket, or by Pall Mall and lower Regent Street. About it and above it, particularly along Shaftesbury Avenue to the north-west, are many of the newer theatres and restaurants. Near-by is the cosmopolitan section of Soho, more fashionable in the 18th century than it is to-day, but certainly no more fascinating to the visitor who is looking for "local color."

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

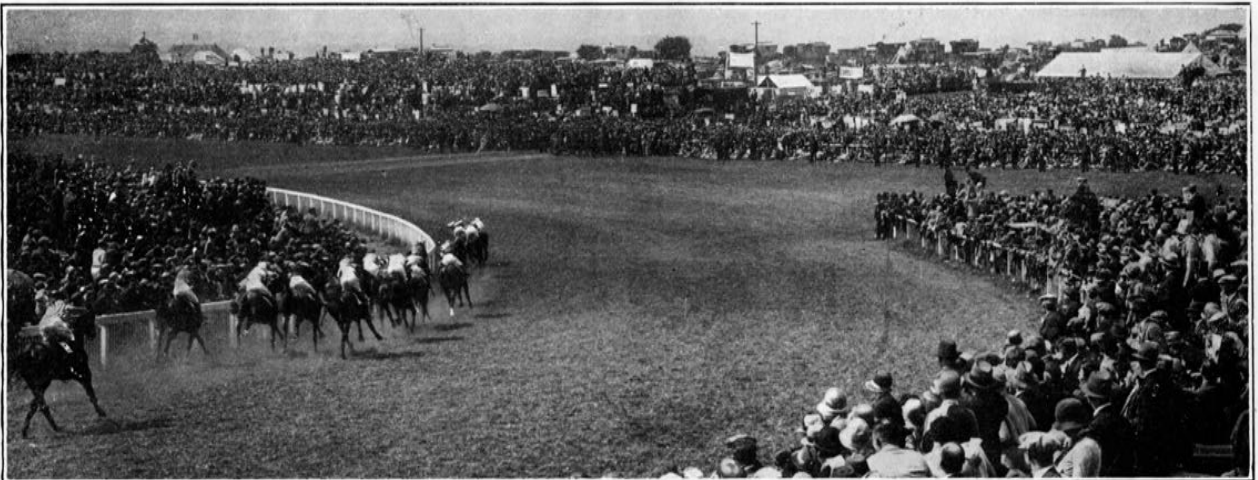
To dip into the earliest history of London, you naturally pay a visit to the Tower. This justly celebrated fortress and castle attracts more sightseers than any other place in London, with the possible exception of Westminster Abbey. Among all the historic structures in the British Isles, only Edinburgh Castle compares with it in natural interest and tragic associations. The Tower does not now resemble what its name implies, but is supposed to stand on the site of an old Roman tower. Parts of the Roman work are still visible. The oldest portion of the present structure, however, was built by William the Conqueror in 1078. This and each of the later additions that comprise the buildings within the 13-acre enclosure, is full of fascinating stories. The very names of the White Tower, the Bloody Tower and the Traitor's Gate, whisper of crime and romance.

To the attractions of the castle itself have been added priceless collections of armour and arms, jewels and trophies. The medieval atmosphere has been preserved in many ways, notably by the Beefeaters who dress in the same kind of uniform their predecessors have worn for over three centuries.

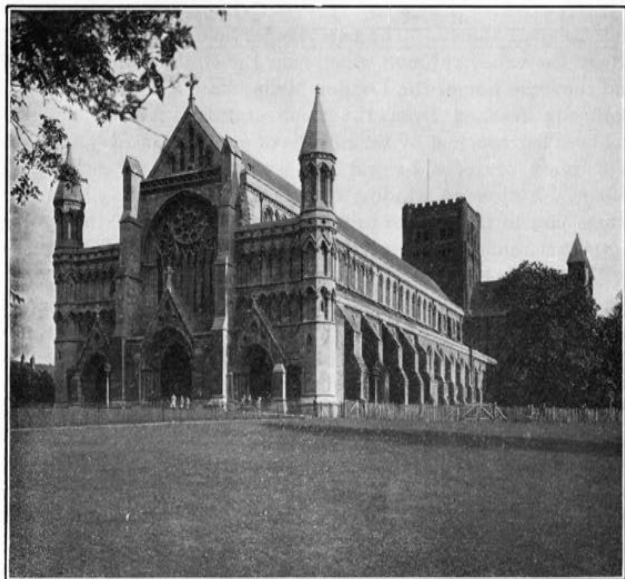
To enumerate all the interesting sections of London that invite the visitor is impossible. Billingsgate, famous for fish and for language, Southwark, with its cathedral older than Westminster, and dozens of other places, are well worth seeing.

Best of all perhaps is to ramble away from the beaten paths. Particularly in the older sections of the City, you are sure to come unexpectedly upon a quaint little church or a house that has been hallowed by some hero of the past. And you are sure to run across some of the bits of human drama that seem to be so numerous in present-day London, and that explain why it has so large a place in the literature of the world.

From London, also, there are short journeys that are delightful. Excursions to Richmond with its Royal parks, to Kew with its famous botanical gardens, to the Crystal Palace, and many more make a fine day's outing.



Derby Day, rounding Tattenham Corner.



St. Albans Abbey.

Ancient and Medieval England.

England has literally hundreds of towns and villages of great age and historic interest, with ruins and relics to delight the antiquarian. It would be idle to claim precedence for any one of them. But among the most charming as well as interesting are those situated north-west of London, in the counties of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire (better known as Herts. and Bucks.). Within an hour's ride from Euston or St. Pancras Stations you reach towns whose history goes back to the distant days before Romans set foot on the Isles. Here you see evidences of the part they played in the later times of the Danes, the Saxons, and the Normans; in the Wars of the Roses and of the Commonwealth.

And in spite of its accessibility, you find here unspoiled country scenery of unusual charm. Walk just beyond the village limits, and you are in a fertile valley, with streamlets and meadows, or on one of the Chiltern Hills, with its fine old trees and its sweeping view.

ST. ALBANS.

(From London 19½ miles. To Nottingham 103½ miles.)

Probably the oldest town in England. See St. Albans Abbey; Monastery gateway; old "Fighting Cocks" Inn (oldest inhabited house in England). Visit pre-Roman causeway and ruins of old Verulam and St. Michael's Church, with tomb of Lord Bacon.

A half-hour's ride from St. Pancras Station brings you to St. Albans, one of the oldest towns in England. It may justly claim to be the oldest of all, for it is the only one that the Romans dignified by the name of *oppidium*. Until their coming, it was the capital of Cassivelaunus, King of the Trinobantes. After his defeat by Julius Cæsar it became a Roman post, and was named Verulamium, from its situation on the River Ver.



Ye Old "Fighting Cocks," St. Albans.

In the year 60 A.D., when Queen Boadicea revolted against Rome, she sacked and burned the town. Subsequently it was rebuilt and rose greatly in importance. Though Verulam continued to be an important centre of civilisation for many centuries, little trace of it is now visible. Even its name would be almost forgotten, except for its connection with Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. Some of the bricks and other materials, however, form parts of structures now standing in St. Albans, notably the Abbey.

The Martyrdom of St. Alban.—The present name is derived from Alban, a Christian martyr during the Diocletian Persecution. Alban was a young Roman soldier, who in the year 303 A.D. gave shelter to a Christian priest named Amphibalus, and was by him converted to the Christian faith, Alban went out in the clothes of Amphibalus to enable the priest to escape his pursuers, but was himself seized by the Roman soldiers and haled before the magistrates. Upon his refusal to offer sacrifice to the gods of Rome, he was beheaded.

A few years later, when Constantine had accepted the Christian religion, a small chapel was erected on the hill where Alban was executed. This chapel was destroyed by the Danish invaders. In the year 796, when King Offa of Mercia determined to erect an Abbey in expiation of the murder of his neighbour, King Ethelbert of East Anglia, he chose for it the original site of Alban's chapel. The present church succeeded Offa's in 1077. Thus the ground has been consecrated to Christian worship for 1,600 years.

St. Albans Abbey.—The present Abbey church was designed by the Normans on a grand scale. Its length, 543 feet, is exceeded by only two other ecclesiastical buildings in England. Roman brick was used mainly in its construction. Aside from all historic interest, the Abbey is worthy of inspection purely on its own merits. Cruciform in shape, it exhibits a large variety of architectural styles. Its square

Norman tower and rather barren nave are very impressive, and within it you find the shrine of St. Alban, which was destroyed during the Reformation, but successfully pieced together when the Abbey was restored in 1868-72. You see also the "Watching Loft," where the monks guarded the shrine night and day. Here also is the tomb of Humphrey, the "good" Duke of Gloucester, and some frescoes of very early design. Since 1875 the Abbey has been the cathedral church for the new Diocese of St. Albans.

Near the Abbey is the great gateway of the monastery erected in the reign of Richard II. This is still in an excellent state of preservation, in spite of the troubled times through which it has passed. It was besieged during the Peasants' Revolt in 1381, and was used as a Liberty Prison in 1553. It ended its public career by housing French prisoners during the Napoleonic Wars.

The Oldest Inhabited House in England.—In St. Albans you will see an unusual number of quaint old houses and inns. The Clock Tower is unique. The "Fighting Cocks" is the oldest inhabited house in England, having been continuously occupied for 1,100 years. Originally the mill-house and boat-house for the Abbey, it was licensed as an inn in 1543.

St. Michael's.—From the "Fighting Cocks" Inn, a pretty walk of about a mile takes you to the village of St. Michael's. On the way you pass over an ancient British (pre-Roman) Causeway. Here you are following the very path that St. Alban trod on his way to execution. The Causeway served later as a dam for a Roman lake, which subsequently became the Saxon fishpond of the Mercian Kings. The depression at the bridge was made by Abbot Ælfric of St. Albans, who drained the lake in the year 970. On the right you see traces of earthwork and part of the town wall of old Verulam. Presently you come in sight of the square tower of St. Michael's rising above the trees. The tower is the only modern feature of this ancient and picturesque edifice. For the rest, you find Saxon arches, Norman arches in early Gothic settings, and windows in the late Decorated and Perpendicular styles. Some of the building dates back to the 9th century.

Among the interesting relics of St. Michael's is an old and curious mural painting of the Doom or Last Judgment, a favorite subject of monastic artists. There is also a carved oak Tudor pulpit in a perfect state of preservation.

Bacon and Mandeville.—In the chancel of St. Michael's is the tomb and monument of Francis Bacon, the great philosopher and essayist, who was also known as Lord Verulam.

St. Albans was the seat of learning and culture from very early times. The first translation of the Bible in English is said to have been made here, and the third oldest printing press in England was set up in the Abbey in 1471.

ABBOTS LANGLEY.

(From London 21 miles. To Carlisle 278½ miles).

See 12th-century Norman church, Tudor cottages and unique spreading chestnut tree. Visit Breakspeare's Farm, reputed birthplace of only English Pope.

On the main line from Euston (easily reached from St. Albans via Watford Junction) is the station of King's Langley

and Abbots Langley. The two villages lie on the hills on either side of the valley through which runs the Grand Junction Canal and the main line of the London Midland and Scottish Railway. Both are reached from the same station. Abbots Langley has been less touched by the inroads of modern industry, and has kept more of its old-world atmosphere than its companion village. A pleasant winding road through fields and old groves brings you to the village proper and its beautiful 12th-century Norman church. Within it you see some splendid examples of Decorated Norman arches.

Abbots Langley is interesting to many pilgrims for its connection with Nicholas Breakspeare, who became the only English Pope. His reputed birthplace is a house known as Breakspeare's Farm in the village of Bedmond, about a mile from Abbots Langley proper. He became a monk of St. Albans, but his stay there was brief. Abbot Gorham (whose name lives in Gorhambury) refused to keep the young man in the monastery. One explanation is that Breakspeare was unable to pass some trivial examination; another states, with more probability, that he was a disturbance in the community. At any rate, he went to the Continent and ultimately to the Papal Court. He was created a Cardinal in 1146, and was chosen as Pope in 1154. He conferred many favors on St. Albans Abbey, in spite of his unfortunate experience there.

KING'S LANGLEY.

See Norman church, the ruins of Langley Palace and Langley Priory. Visit villages of Chipperfield and Sarratt.

The main highway passing through King's Langley has somewhat disturbed its seclusion, but you still find some interesting relics here. The beautiful old church contains the tomb of Edward de Langley, fifth son of Edward III, who died at the royal palace on the hill near-by. The palace itself has almost entirely disappeared. However, it was the residence of at least two English kings. Seized by Edward II from the original owner of the manor, it served him, and certainly Richard II, as a royal palace. Several scenes in Shakespeare's Richard II are laid in this palace and in the near-by garden of Langley Priory—the garden of "apricocks." You may see a considerable part of Langley Priory, which was a monastic foundation dating from some time previous to Edward I. A portion of the old building has been adapted to use as a school.

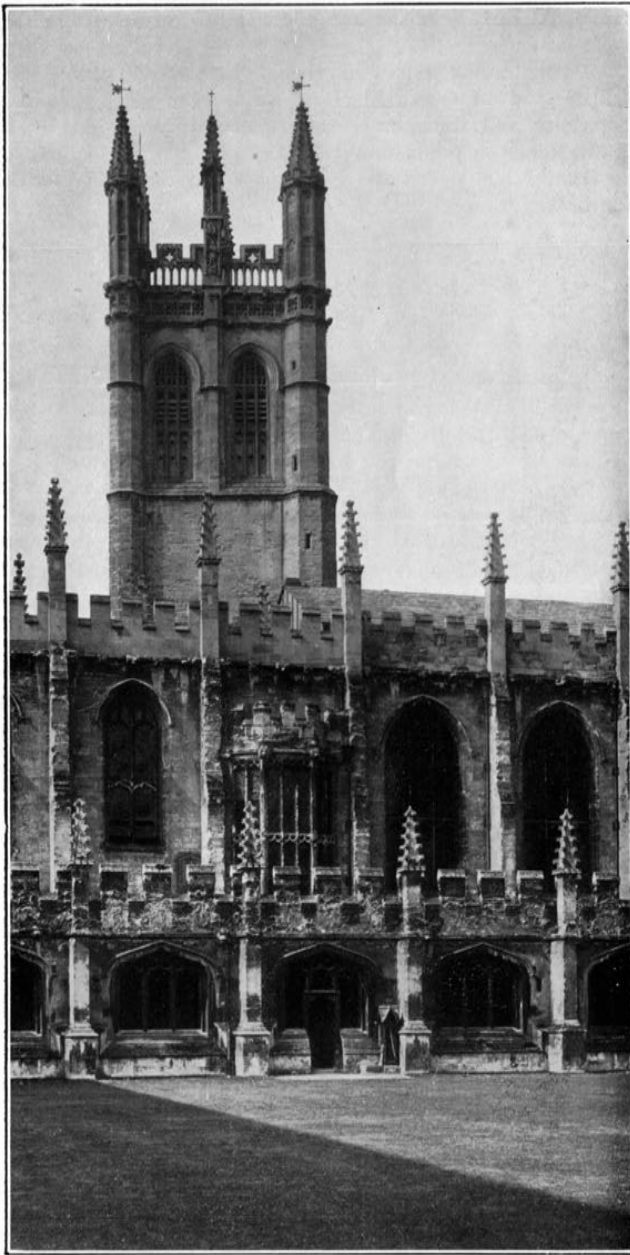
CHIPPERFIELD AND SARRATT.

(Road motor from King's Langley.)

Quaint old-world villages of unusual charm.

A short walk or drive beyond Langley Palace ruins brings you to Chipperfield, an old-world village that has almost completely escaped the bustle of modern civilisation. The village itself and its surroundings have the characteristic peaceful loveliness of the Herts countryside.

Not far beyond is Sarratt, another village that is mellow with age, but green with the perpetual youth of trees and foliage. Sarratt is almost unique in being a rectangular village with a central green enclosed on four sides. The ancient and beautiful cruciform church is built on a Roman cemetery, and probably dates from the time of Offa, who gave the manor of "Syret" to the Abbey of St. Albans.



Magdalen Chapel Tower, Oxford.

BERKHAMSTED.

(From London 28 miles. To Carlisle 271½ miles.)

Ancient Saxon town. See ruins of Saxon Castle and Elizabethan houses.

Berkhamsted was for a time the residence of the Mercian kings. After the Battle of Hastings (properly called the Battle of Senlac) Berkhamsted was the scene of the meeting of William the Conqueror with the Archbishop of Canterbury and

other prominent Saxon leaders, who had come to negotiate the surrender of London and their own submission.

The ancient landmarks have been largely obliterated by modern growth, but you may still see the impressive ruins of the old Saxon castle of Berkhamsted, as well as some well-preserved Elizabethan houses.

TRING.

(From London 31¾ miles. To Carlisle 267½ miles.)

Market town. See 15th-century village church and Tring Park, with natural history collections. Visit Aldbury and other old Hertfordshire villages near-by.

Tring is of great antiquity. Alfred the Great mentioned it as "Treung." To-day the ancient has been swallowed up by the modern, for Tring is a prosperous town and a market centre for a large section of Hertfordshire.

Present-day visitors to Tring are chiefly interested in Tring Park, the imposing mansion built by Charles II for Nell Gwynn. The estate is now owned by Lord Rothschild, who houses here a fine natural history collection which is open to the public.

In the surrounding villages are many relics of medieval times. In Aldbury you see the village stocks still standing beside a picturesque pond, which delights the artist as much as it scandalises the sanitary engineer. This and other villages near Tring have a delightful situation with splendid views of the Chiltern Hills all around.

AYLESBURY.

(Branch from Cheddington Main Line Junction.)

(From London 43¾ miles.)

Ancient fortress of early Britons. See Parish Church and "King's Head" Inn.

In the days of the Ancient Britons, Aylesbury was Aeglesburge, a stronghold of the Mercians. William the Conqueror made it a royal manor, and granted lands here on the extraordinary tenure that the owners should provide "straw for the monarch's bed, sweet herbs for his chamber, and two green geese and three eels for his table, whenever he should visit Aylesbury."

In "King's Head" Inn, off Market Square, is a remarkable window with oak mullions and ancient stained glass. This Inn was formerly the guest house of a 15th-century monastery.

Oxford and Cambridge.

You need not be a college graduate to enjoy Oxford and Cambridge. Merely as pictures they are wholly satisfying, and unrivalled by any others of their kind in the world.

If you are a university man or woman, so much the better. You will appreciate these towns all the more. However loyal you may be to your own *Alma Mater* and proud of its handsome "plant," you will pay homage to Oxford and Cambridge. They were seats of learning before the birth of John Harvard or Elihu Yale. Age and weather and the endless procession of wisdom have added to them something that is not within the reach of architects—an atmosphere of dignity that is at the same time mellow and friendly. Your own University may be beautiful, but Oxford and Cambridge are different. They can only be compared with each other.

The comparison between them is being made continually, and the palm is still to be awarded. Oxford adherents point to the vista of High Street, "the finest street in Europe"; to the splendid beauty of Christchurch Cathedral; to the Tower and Bridge of Magdalen. Cambridge supporters sound the praises of the winding Cam, with the "backs" of the colleges; the gatehouses of St. John's and Trinity; the peaceful rural surroundings, as contrasted with the more commercial aspects of Oxford's environment.

The truth is that both have their individual elements of beauty. The choice between them depends on your own preference. By all means see them both. They are only 2½ hours apart by the London Midland and Scottish Railway, via Bletchley Main Line Junction.

You can "do" either Oxford or Cambridge in a day, although it is wicker to suggest it. Much better to remain for at least a night at one of the fine old inns, or, during holidays, at a Students' Boarding House. It is an experience to wander through the dim streets of Oxford in the twilight and hear the bell in Tom Tower boom its 101 strokes at 9 o'clock, or to float lazily in a boat along the Cam, with the lawns and elms of the colleges on one side and the open meadow country on the other.

OXFORD.

(Branch from Bletchley.)

(From London 77½ miles. To Cambridge 77½ miles.)

University town with recent commercial developments. See the 24 colleges, the Bodleian Library, Oxford Castle and pre-historic mound, St. Michael's and St. Mary's Churches.

At Oxford you will, naturally, make your way at once to Carfax, the centre of the town, formed by the junction of High Street, Queen Street, St. Aldate's and Cornmarket. Then stroll the whole length of High Street and verify the claims of picturesqueness that have been made for it. Along it you see five of the colleges. Note the diversity of their architecture and yet the harmonious effect of their blending.

On the right is University College, frowning in 13th-century gloom. On the left Brasenose, with its charming old-world quadrangle. Beyond is Queen's, with the semi-classic elegance of the Renaissance. Finally, at the end is the glorious tower of Magdalen. The view here is world-famous.

Down St. Aldate's you reach Christchurch, the only college of the world with a cathedral for a chapel. And what a cathedral! You will go far before finding its equal. Both the ancient stained glass and the newer windows by Morris, Rossetti, Burne-Jones and others are of rare beauty.

Fine as it is, Christchurch Cathedral is not alone in its glory at Oxford. Merton Chapel, St. Mary's Church and St. Michael's are all highly noteworthy for architectural beauty.

Oriel College is as charming as its name, and many of the college gardens should on no account be missed. In the gardens of New College (which, as it happens, is one of the oldest) are parts of the old wall of Oxford.

The Bodleian Library ranks among the leading libraries of the Kingdom, and its tower commands a fine birdseye view of the city. In fact, if you were to compile a list of all the features of Oxford that you positively *must* see, it would contain the

names of nearly every college and nearly every street in the older section.

Before leaving Oxford you should visit Oxford Castle, down a little lane off Queen Street. This is even older than the University and dates from the 12th century. Beside it is Castle Mound, a pre-historic relic, and the modern buildings of the County Gaol, which have given to the name of Oxford Castle a grim significance.

CAMBRIDGE.

(Branch from Bletchley Main Line Junction.)

(From London 83 miles. To Oxford 77½ miles.)

University town. See colleges, River Cam, Church of St. Sepulchre and St. Beñet's Church.

Cambridge is less fortunately situated than Oxford in some respects, but this has not been entirely to its disadvantage. Since the town has had less commercial and industrial development than that of its rival, the University has kept its air of rural seclusion. And although it affords at a first glance less noteworthy architectural and scenic attractions, it has a charm of its own that grows upon you irresistibly as you know it better.

The best way to become acquainted with Cambridge is to take a car from the Station and drive to the Pitt Press (the rival to Oxford's Clarendon Press) in Trumpington Street. From there you can walk through the streets of the town. The first colleges you will see are Peterhouse and Pembroke; next are Corpus Christi on your right and St. Catherine's on your left. As you proceed, the colleges cluster thick together. In the King's Parade are King's College, the University Library, the Senate Gonville and House and Caius; further on in Trinity Street are Trinity College and St. John's.



Trinity Bridge, Cambridge.



Shakespeare's House, Stratford-on-Avon.

Trinity is the greatest of all the Cambridge colleges. Among its attractions you see a splendid gateway, three fine quadrangles, a chapel containing statues of Sir Isaac Newton and other famous scholars of the College, and an admirable library and dining hall designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

Cambridge has a number of buildings that do not suffer by comparison with those of Oxford. The Chapel at King's is considered the finest example of the later English style of architecture in the country. This is the "chapel beyond compare" of Kipling. The round Church of St. Sepulchre is the earliest of the four round churches in England and was built about 1100. St. Benet's Church is of Saxon construction.

Having visited the colleges by land, a delightful way to enjoy their peaceful serenity is from the water. You can take a boat from the gardens of Queen's College and row leisurely along the placid winding stream beneath the quaint and picturesque bridges. Among the most famous of these are Clare Bridge, the Bridge of Sighs, and the Mathematical Bridge, supposed to have been designed by Sir Isaac Newton. From this point of vantage it is easy to believe that there is something in the atmosphere of Cambridge which contributed to the making of such poets as Milton, Gray and Tennyson.

Both Oxford and Cambridge have such a medieval air that it is difficult during the holidays to picture them as being inhabited by any but grave and reverend grey-beards. But if you visit them in term time you discover that youth abides here, and even in academic robes it is not wholly awed by its surroundings. Not the least fascinating thing about the old University towns is, that in spite of their venerableness they are not relics for the antiquarian, but are being utilised as completely for the functions of education as they were when they began centuries ago.

The Shakespeare Country.

Stratford-on-Avon is one of the "must" places for tourists in England. For that very reason some Americans—including genuine lovers of Shakespeare—avoid it. They visualise it as over-run with an army of irreverent sight-seers and exploited by the purveyors of bed and board and picture-postcards. Rather than be a party to the desecration of a shrine, they prefer to stay away, and hope for the unique distinction of being the only Americans who do so.

If you have this feeling it does you credit. But do not let it keep you away from the Shakespeare country. True, Stratford-on-Avon does attract an enormous number of pilgrims, but they generally approach it with reverence. Probably no place that so many people visit is so carefully preserved.

If anything, Stratford-on-Avon is too carefully preserved. It is too good a picture of what it was in Shakespeare's day to be literally true. Nevertheless, it is most impressive, and if you have a grain of sentiment you feel an instantaneous response to its appeal. If the town itself seems a little too artificial, you can find in its vicinity a number of quaint and delightful villages, that have been neither restored nor modernised, but have merely suffered the natural changes of the years.

Less than a mile from Stratford, on the Warwick road, is Welcombe Hotel, England's latest Country Guest House, opened recently by the London Midland and Scottish Railway. Situated in delightful grounds, with Tennis Courts available for visitors, and with Boating and Fishing on a two-acre lake, Welcombe combines the amenities of a modern hotel with the charm of an English country house. The terms are reasonable, and the hotel is admirably situated for the exploration of the surrounding country.



The L M S Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon.



Trinity Church and River, Stratford-on-Avon.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

(Branch from Blisworth Main Line Junction or 12 miles motor drive from Leamington.)

(From London 101 miles.)

Typical old English town, well preserved. Birthplace of Shakespeare. See his house and garden, Harvard House, Holy Trinity Church. Visit Ann Hathaway's cottage, at Shutterly. Season of Shakespeare Plays at the Memorial Theatre twice a year.

Considered merely as a typical old English town in a beautiful English country region, Stratford-on-Avon would be well worth visiting, though not more so than scores of others. But it has a special distinction that has made it better known than any other country town in the world. It was here that William Shakespeare was born and died; so it has become the shrine for pilgrims from every nation.

Shakespeare's Birthplace.—Naturally, you go first to the house where Shakespeare was born in 1564. One part of it was then used as a wool-shop; the other as a residence. After the premises passed out of the hands of the family they had several changes in ownership and use. At one time the wool-shop was an inn and the residence was a butcher's shop. In 1857-8 they were restored to the condition presumed to have existed in Shakespeare's time. As a matter of fact, they are probably neater than they were then, as Shakespeare's father is known to have been fined for having a muck-heap in front of his door and for not keeping the gutter cleaned. The house has a valuable museum of Shakespeareana. The garden contains specimens of the plants mentioned in his plays.

Shakespeare's own house, New Place, on Church Street, where he died in 1616, was unfortunately demolished in 1755. The site is now occupied by a garden. Next door is the house of Thomas Nash, who married the poet's grand-daughter. This

has been partially restored by a new front in the original style of architecture, and is now an additional Shakespeare Museum.

Nearly opposite is the "Harvard" House, where lived Catherine Rogers, who married John Harvard, of Southwark, father of the founder of the Harvard College. This is the finest of the late 16th-century houses in the town.

Holy Trinity Church.—As you approach the town you first see the early English tower of the Church surmounted by a more modern spire, peeping above the trees. Then you have a view as you approach through a narrow avenue of limes. Closer inspection reveals it as a truly fine example of the Perpendicular and Decorated styles. An American window has been added, the gift of Shakespeare lovers from overseas.

Within the church you find near the south door a glass case containing ancient record books of the church, open at the pages showing the birth and baptism of William Shakespeare. The broken and discarded baptismal font in use at his time has been restored to a position of honor. Now you approach the final resting place of the great poet, where probably more persons have bowed in reverence than at any other tomb of King or Saint in the civilised world.

You read, as many have done before you, the old inscription placed upon his gravestone by his will; perhaps you wonder, as many others have done, at the motive which inspired it.

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbear,
to digg the dust enclosed here:
Blesse be ye man yt spares thies stones
and curst be he yt moves my bones,"

After this, all else in Stratford-on-Avon, is anti-climax. Yet you may wish to visit the curious old houses in Rother Street, the Shakespeare Hotel, and the "Five Gables"; the Guild Chapel and the Grammar School, where the poet received the rudiments of education; the Clopton Bridge and Clopton House.

The "Red Lion" Inn has some mementoes of Washington Irving's visit, including a poker with which he stirred the fire, carefully and rather comically preserved. However, it must be remembered that Irving visited Stratford-on-Avon before it had become a pilgrim's shrine for Americans, or even for many Englishmen. Quite possibly the inn-keepers have reason to remember him gratefully as a pioneer.

The new Memorial Theatre, taking the place of that unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1926, was opened on April 23rd, 1932, Shakespeare's birthday, with a Festival series of performances of the great poet's plays.

Ann Hathaway's Cottage.—A Shakespearean pilgrimage would not be complete without a visit to Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shutterly. The ideal way to approach it is by walking from Stratford-on-Avon, as Shakespeare must have done many times in his courting days. If possible, go in the early morning, while the dew is still on the grass, and before other visitors have begun to arrive. Then you will understand more fully the peace and restfulness that are among the priceless charms of English country life.

You will recognise the cottage at once. However much you expect of it, it will fully live up to your imaginings, inside

as well as outside. More easily here than at Stratford-on-Avon you can fancy yourself back with Shakespeare in the days of good Queen Bess.

The Eight Villages.—In spite of the number of tourists who flock to this region, it still contains a number of quaint and unspoiled country villages with features that never fail to surprise and delight. The cottage of Judith Shakespeare, at Wilmcote, is scarcely less beautiful than Ann Hathaway's.

Then there are the Eight Villages mentioned in the verse ascribed to Shakespeare:—

Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
 Haunted Hillborough, Hungry Grafton,
 Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
 Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford.

It may not be easy to discover the features which prompted their nicknames, but it is obvious that the villages are not much bigger than they were in Shakespeare's day, and probably they have changed comparatively little in other ways.

Charlcote.—Charlcote, one of the finest Elizabethan mansions in England, should be visited, not only because of its attractiveness, but because it was the seat of Sir Thomas Lucy. It will be remembered that Shakespeare's quarrel with him, which grew out of an accusation of poaching, led to the poet's journey to London, without which the greatest dramatic masterpieces of literature might not have been written. Hence it is only fair to pay some tribute to the scene of this early trouble.

Compton Wynyates.—Another extraordinarily interesting mansion, though without the same literary associations, is Compton Wynyates, the seat of the Marquis of Northampton (some 7 miles from Kineton Station, via Blisworth). This is a marvellous Tudor red-brick mansion, wonderful in general design and equally wonderful in detail. The stately lines and mellow color of the structure produce an effect that you will not easily forget.



Ann Hathaway's Cottage, Shottery.



Sulgrave Manor.

The Washington Country.

Although Northamptonshire is not among the famed beauty spots of England, this is merely because its natural attractions are somewhat overshadowed by other districts. However, it has a beauty of its own and historic associations that make it doubly interesting. It was the home of George Washington's ancestors in the 16th and 17th centuries, and in two of its villages you may see old houses that are intimately connected with his name.

George Washington, as you may recall, was the great-grandson of John Washington, who settled in Virginia in 1657. The great-grandfather of John Washington was one Laurence Washington, a prosperous wool merchant of Northampton and Mayor of that city in 1532 and 1545. Apparently, the family had come here from Warton, near Carnforth. (See page 32.) His residence in the latter years of his life was Sulgrave Manor, in the village of Sulgrave, about 16 miles from Northampton.

After his death the property was sold, and his son Robert settled in Little Brington, about seven miles from Northampton.

Both in Sulgrave and in Little Brington, with its companion village, Great Brington, you find noteworthy records of the Washington family, as well as other features of more than passing interest.

SULGRAVE.

(Station, Helmdon. Branch from Blisworth Main Line Junction.)
 (From London 74½ miles. Sulgrave to Little Brington by road, 17 miles.)

Historic seat of Washington family. See Manor with family coat of arms, and Church with Washington Memorial.

If you go directly to Sulgrave from Stratford-on-Avon you have an excellent opportunity to compare the Shakespeare birthplace and the Ann Hathaway cottage with an entirely

different type of residence that dates from the same period. Sulgrave Manor is a fine example of the 16th-century Manor house of moderate size, substantially built of stone. It is admirably proportioned to blend with its surroundings and might well be taken as a model for building a modern country home. The noble Tudor doorway is surmounted with the family coat of arms, a shield with stripes and three stars. This device, together with the crest showing a raven perched upon a crown, is said to have been the source from which the present emblem of the United States of America was derived.

Sulgrave Church.—Sulgrave Church is not remarkable for architectural beauty, but it possesses some curious and interesting features. You note the hagioscope (a device to enable the congregation in the south aisle to see the altar), a leper window whereby lepers could participate in the services without mingling with the other worshippers, and two carved heads on each side of the chancel, representing Edward II and Philippa, his Queen.

The church also has an enormous treasure-chest, designed originally for the valuable vestments of the Roman Church. Towards the end of the 18th century this chest was used for a less sacred purpose. With the connivance of the parish clerk a band of highwaymen, who operated in this vicinity, used it as a hiding place for their stolen goods.

The Washington Memorial in the church consists of a brass plate sacred to the memory of "Laurence Washington, Gent., and Anne his wyf." The date of the wife's death, 1564, is engraved, but that of Laurence, who survived her by some years, is omitted. This omission is presumably due to the removal of the family to Little Brington soon after his death.

LITTLE BRINGTON AND GREAT BRINGTON.

(Station, Althorp Park, Branch from Rugby Main Line Junction.)

(From London 72 miles. To Northampton 6 miles.)

Birthplace of Laurence Washington, great-great-grandfather of George Washington. See Washington House and Althorp House. Visit church at Great Brington.

Following in the footsteps of the Washington family to Little Brington, you come to a delightful little village green, quite picturesque enough to justify the migration. Several quaint old cottages are grouped about a venerable yew tree, beneath which is the village pump sheltered by a cone-shaped roof.

The "Washington House" itself, however, suggests that financial rather than æsthetic reasons were responsible for their residence here. It is a much less imposing structure than Sulgrave Manor, though rather better than many of the village houses of its period. Above the door is the appropriate inscription: "The Lord giveth; the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Constructa 1606." An old sun-dial bearing the Washington arms was found near by, and is supposed to have had a place in the garden. At any rate, it is sufficient evidence of the presence of the Washington family in this vicinity.

The Washington who lived here was a second Laurence, grandson of the Laurence who owned Sulgrave Manor. He in turn had a son, Laurence—one of 17 children—who became a clergyman. The Rev. Laurence Washington at one time had a rich living in Essex, and later a somewhat smaller living supposed to have been near Tring. His son, John, migrated to Virginia in 1657 and founded the American line of Washingtons.

GREAT BRINGTON.

The Church of Great Brington, about half a mile away, contains a brass memorial plate to Elizabeth and Robert Washington, 1622. It also contains the burial records of Laurence (the second of that name), who died in 1616, the same year as Shakespeare. An epitaph to his memory, together with the family coat of arms, is carved on a slab in the pavement of the Chancel.

Aside from its interesting memorials, the church is worth visiting. It is mostly in early English style, but some of it is Perpendicular. The tower and clerestory are remarkably fine.

ALTHORP PARK.

Althorp Park, from which the Station derives its name, was the seat of Earl Spencer. His stately home, Althorp House, at one time contained a splendid Library, of which Dibden wrote, "It is perhaps the finest collection of books in Europe." You can form some idea of its value as a private collection from the fact that it was sold to Mrs. Rylands, of Manchester, for £225,000. She then presented it to the great Cotton City as a memorial to her husband.

Another famous estate in the vicinity is Holdenby or Holmby House, where Charles I was imprisoned after he was surrendered by the Scotch to the Parliamentarians.

ECTON.

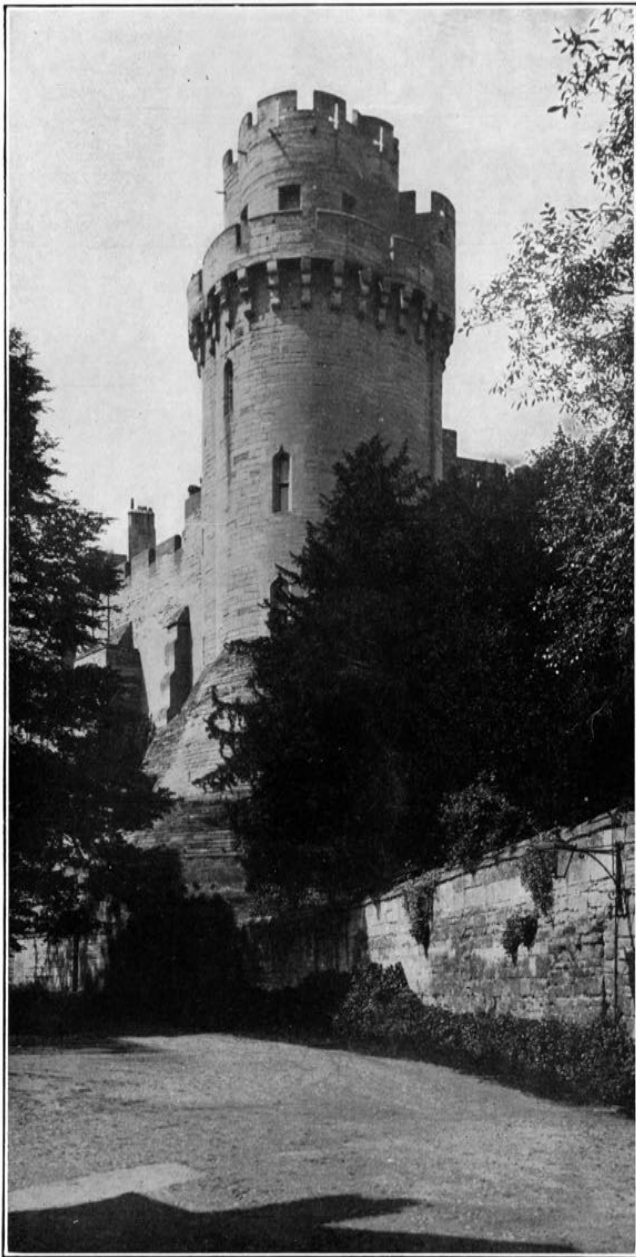
(Station, Billing.)

(From London 70½ miles. To Northampton 4 miles.)

Ancestral home of the Franklin family. See Manor Farm and "World's End" Inn. Near by visit Earl's Barton and Yardley Chase, home of the poet Cowper.

A pilgrimage to the Washington country should be continued by a short journey from Northampton, in order to pay respects to the memory of Benjamin Franklin's ancestors. The Manor Farm, Ecton, appears to have been their home. The village of Ecton has a Franklin well, and the Franklin name appears frequently in records of the Parish as well as on the tombstones in the churchyard. The church is undistinguished architecturally, but has interesting relics, and the old "World's End" Inn in this village makes the proud boast that its sign was painted by the famous painter, Hogarth. Time and weather have destroyed the sign, but the engraving of the artist's work has, fortunately, been preserved.

Near Ecton you may visit two other villages of more than ordinary interest—Earl's Barton has a fine Saxon church tower, and Yardley Chase was the home of the poet William Cowper.



Caesar's Tower, Warwick.

NORTHAMPTON.

(From London 65 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To Rugby 19 miles.)
Ancient and historic city, now centre of the Boot and Shoe industry. See St. Peter's Church and the Church of St. Sepulchre's, and Queen Eleanor Cross.

Industrial and commercial developments in modern times have tended to submerge the early characteristics of Northampton. However, it played an important part in early English

history, and is closely identified with the Father of Parliaments, Earl Simon de Montfort. Most of the earlier landmarks have disappeared. Little is left of the castle, built about 1080, but St. Peter's Church of the same date is remarkably well preserved. It is possibly the finest specimen of Decorated Norman architecture in England to-day.

Northampton has one of the four existing round churches of the Knights Templar (St. Sepulchre's). St. Giles and All Saints' Churches are also noteworthy. About a mile south of the town stands the finest of the original Eleanor Crosses, erected to mark the places where the body of Edward's Queen rested on its journey from Holmby to Westminster in 1290.

BANBURY.

(From Bletchley Main Line Junction.)

(From London 77 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To Northampton 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles.)

See Banbury Cross and Roman ruins.

Who has not heard of Banbury Cross and the fine lady who had "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes"? You may not be able to find the old woman nowadays, but Banbury has plenty of other attractions besides its Cross to compensate for her absence. You find here many Roman remains, including traces of an open-air theatre, and relics of Saxon and Norman times as well.

Romantic Warwickshire.

A pleasant ride of less than two hours from Euston Station gives access to one of the richest districts in England. Warwickshire is rich in the material sense, with its fertile farm country and its prosperous cities. More important to the visitor, it is rich in romantic beauty and historic associations.

Even if the famous castles of Warwick and Kenilworth were not here, the towns of Warwick, Coventry and Leamington would still attract thousands of visitors. Rugby, Nuneaton and Lichfield, all on the Main Line, less than 20 miles apart, also have their features of unique interest.

For the benefit of those whose time is limited, the London Midland and Scottish Railway has arranged a delightful one-day tour, taking in Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon.

RUGBY.

(From London 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To Carlisle 216 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.)

See Rugby School; visit Bilton Hall, home of Joseph Addison.

Rugby is one of the few Railway Junctions at which the calamity of missing a connection might turn out a blessing. Since this misfortune is not so likely to happen nowadays as when Dickens wrote of the town as "Mugby Junction," it would be safer to plan in advance for a stop-over.

Though the town is very old (called Rochberie, and later Rokeby) and has many delightful old streets, your chief interest will probably be in the great Public School—probably better known than any others in the country, except Eton and Harrow. (Harrow is also on the Main Line, about 12 miles from Euston.)

Rugby School was founded in 1567 by Laurence Sheriffe, but its fame is due mainly to three other factors: first, the administration of Dr. Arnold; second, "Tom Brown's

Schooldays," the most popular classic of schoolboy life in the English language; and third, the game of Rugby football that originated here. A tablet on the wall of the playground commemorates the breach of the rules by William Webb Ellis in 1823, that inaugurated the new game. Probably he is the only schoolboy who received a memorial tablet for breaking rules.

COVENTRY.

(Branch from Rugby.)

(From London 94 miles. To Birmingham 19 miles.)

See the Cathedral Church of St. Michael's, the Church of Holy Trinity, St. Mary's Hall, Ford's Hospital, and old houses.

The famous "Three Spires" of Coventry have to-day a hundred rivals in the form of smoke-stacks, for the City is an important centre of the automobile industry, but these modern rivals stand at a respectful distance, and the older part of the town (within easy walking distance from the Station) retains much of its medieval air. In it you find many picturesque old buildings, notably Ford's Hospital, a quadrangular half-timbered structure with overhanging upper stories.

Of the three lofty spires, two belong to old churches. St. Michael's, with its western spire 312 feet high and seating 2,000 formerly boasted of being the largest and loftiest parish church in England. It is now the Cathedral of the new Diocese of Coventry. The smaller church near by, Holy Trinity, dating from the 14th century, is perhaps even more interesting for its ancient fresco and stone pulpit and its admirable proportions.

In the very shadow of the Cathedral stands St. Mary's Hall, dating from 1340, a fine example of civil architecture, that fascinates some visitors more than the ecclesiastical. Formerly belonging to one of the Guilds, it contains many quaint relics, such as a knave's whipping post, and some interesting tapestries and stained glass of mellow coloring.

The statue of Lady Godiva naturally occupies a position of honour in the hall, as the lady herself does in the history of the town. Several kings have lived here, but she remains its most celebrated resident. Historically, she was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia in 1043. There seems to be some basis for the legend of her riding through the town naked, in order to persuade her husband to repeal an oppressive tax.

LEAMINGTON SPA.

(Branch from Rugby Junction or road motor from Coventry.)

(From London 92½ miles. To Warwick 1 mile.)

Mineral Springs and Health Resort. Centre for visiting Warwick and Kenilworth.

"Leafy Leamington" was one of the most fashionable of Spas when Spas were the height of fashion. The Pump Room remains the centre of the town, but the huge map on its front is a tacit admission that popular interest to-day is outside rather than inside. For overseas visitors, at least, the chief function of Leamington is to provide excellent hotel and living accommodations, and a central base of operations for excursions to other interesting places.

The town itself was almost entirely built during the past century, and is well laid out, with broad avenues lined with stately trees. The neighbourhood, moreover, is just as charming as when visited by Washington Irving.



Shutterly Village.

WARWICK.

(Branch from Rugby or road motor from Coventry to Leamington.)

(From London 93 miles. To Kenilworth 3¾ miles.)

See Warwick Castle, St. Mary's Church, Leicester's Hospital, and old houses. Visit Guy's Cliffe with old mill.

Warwick Castle.—Old Warwick, with its crooked streets and quaint timbered houses, has many attractions that invite the visitor to linger. But if you are like most others you will want to hasten at once to the Castle. Other English castles are as impressive from a distance, but this is one of the few that gain from closer inspection. Perhaps better than any other, it satisfies your idea of what a medieval castle ought to be, from the loop-holes in its battlements to the peacocks in its gardens. Sir Walter Scott called it, "the fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which yet remains uninjured by time."

Although Roman and Saxon fortifications are said to have existed in this place from very early times, the earliest parts of the Castle date from the 13th and 14th centuries. The two main towers, Guy's Tower and Cæsar's Tower, were built by the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick in the 14th century. Richard Neville, the famous "Warwick the King Maker," acquired it in 1445, and here he brought King Edward IV a captive in 1469.

The present condition of the Castle is due in the main to Sir Fulke Greville, who acquired the estate, but not the Earldom, in the reign of James I. He spent the equivalent of \$1,500,000 in restoring it. His successors have held it ever since.

The important rooms are generously opened to the public under reasonable restrictions, and are full of objects that delight the art-lover as well as the historian. The drawing-rooms house one of the finest private collections of pictures in

the country, with some of the best work of Vandyck, Holbein, Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others.

The armoury and hall glitter with implements of warfare of all periods. Here also are such historic relics as Cromwell's helmet and Isaac Walton's dowry chest. The enormous two-handed sword and the giant-sized armour, once attributed to "Guy of Warwick," are exhibited, but have lost some of their romantic appeal, now that their legendary hero is regarded as purely mythical.

The Castle, from its balcony on one side, commands some charming views of the peaceful Avon from the old mill and the ivy-covered ruins of the bridge almost directly beneath, to the newer bridge in the distance. That bridge, naturally, is a favorite vantage point for viewing the Castle.

Before leaving you should inspect the famous Warwick vase in the greenhouse. This fine specimen of Grecian art, presumed to be of the 4th century B.C., was found in 1770 near Hadrian's villa at Tivoli. It is of elaborately carved marble and has been skilfully restored.

St. Mary's Church.—Additional chapters of the story of the Warwick earldom may be read in the magnificent Beauchamp Chapel at the Parish Church of St. Mary. The tombs repay careful study, particularly that of the founder, with its mourning effigies representing members of his family. The Chantry Chapel adjoining is notable for the delicate fan tracery of its groined roof.

The Parish Church itself is impressive, although much criticised as a conglomerate of styles. The east window is beautiful and the choir contains some fine Perpendicular work. The crypt beneath, largely of 12th-century Norman construction, contains the "Ducking Stool" anciently used to punish scolds in the town.

Leicester's Hospital.—For more than three centuries the worshippers at St. Mary's have seen a parade of 12 old soldiers in blue livery cloaks with silver badges showing the Bear and the Ragged Staff of the house of Warwick. These are the 12 brethren of Leicester's Hospital, founded by Robert Dudley in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The home of the brethren at the west end of High Street is a quadrangular building of half-timbered construction, curiously carved. The buildings are open to visitors at a small fee and amply repay inspection. They were originally used by the united Guilds of St. George and Holy Trinity and date from the 15th century. The large banqueting hall, where "King James I was right nobly entertained at a supper" by Sir Fulke Greville in 1617, now serves humbler functions as a laundry and place for storing coal.

In the Hospital garden is a Norman arch of great beauty. This has survived from the original Chapel of St. James. The present Chapel stands over the West gate of the town. Its terrace commands a fine view of the Cotswold Hills.

Scarcely less interesting are the many other fine specimens of half-timbered construction and other historic buildings that may be seen on a ramble through the town. The Museum is worth a visit for the valuable relics of pre-historic times.

Guy's Cliffe.—About a mile from the town is Guy's Cliffe, so called from its traditional associations with the mythical

Saxon champion. According to the legend he lived here as a hermit. There is some evidence at least that a hermit did occupy a cave in this vicinity. The Cliffe makes a very picturesque setting for the mansion of Lord Algernon Percy and for the old mill just opposite. A Saxon mill originally occupied this site and the present structure has a simple Saxon beauty.

KENILWORTH.

(Branch from Rugby Junction or road motor from Coventry or Leamington.)

(From London 96½ miles. To Coventry 5 miles.)

After the living splendour of Warwick Castle the ruins of Kenilworth may seem a little drab. In their present state they disclose the noble proportions of the original. The Banqueting Hall measures 90 by 45 feet. If you have recently read Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Kenilworth," you can easily reconstruct the picture of that magnificent Fête at which the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth.

The best preserved part and the most impressive, through its very ugliness, is the Norman Keep known as Cæsar's Tower.

Between Warwick and Kenilworth you pass near Blacklow Hill, where Piers Gaveston, the favorite of Edward II, was executed in 1312, after his trial at Warwick Castle. A monument erected on the spot recalls the circumstances.

LICHFIELD.

(From London 116½ miles. To Carlisle 182½ miles.)

See Lichfield Cathedral and Dr. Johnson's birthplace.

Lichfield was a stronghold of Christianity from very early times. Bede called it Licidfeld, meaning "Field of the Dead," from the fact that a thousand Christians were slaughtered here during the Diocletian persecution. This event is commemorated in the seal of the City. From early Saxon times the people were converted to Christianity and remained steadfast in the faith. For a short time in the 8th century the Bishop of Lichfield was Primate of England.

This and subsequent history gives special interest to its Cathedral, if special interest were necessary to attract one to a structure so beautiful. Though the Cathedral is not large, it is probably the most graceful in England, and is the only one with three spires. It is an admirably proportioned example of Gothic work. Although it suffered much at the hands of the Cromwellians, it has been successfully restored. Recently the Chapel of St. Chad, built in 1230, was restored, and can now be seen by visitors.

Admirers of Dr. Samuel Johnson will want to visit the house in the market place where he was born, and next door the "Three Crowns" Inn where he and Boswell sometimes stayed. The annual dinners of the Johnson Society are now held here. Near the Station you may see some unusually picturesque almshouses of red brick that were built in 1495 by the founder of Brasenose College, Oxford.

Shrewsbury, the Welsh Border and Central Wales.

Only recently have visitors from overseas begun to appreciate the attractiveness of the Welsh Border and Central Wales. Their comparative neglect of these picturesque regions may have been due partly to the belief that they were somewhat inaccessible. Actually they are quite easily visited by the branch of the L M S Railway from Crewe, and the fact that the main tide of tourists flows around rather than through them, helps them to maintain their distinctive old-world characteristics.

SHREWSBURY.

(Branch from Crewe Main Line Junction.)

(From London 162½ miles. To Ludlow 27½ miles.)

Historic city of Welsh Border. See Castle, Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury School. Visit scene of Battle of Shrewsbury near by.

THE WELSH MARCHES.

"High the vanes of Shrewsbury gleam,
Islanded in Severn stream;
The bridges from the steeped crest
Cross the water east and west.
The flag of morn in conqueror's state
Enters at the English gate;
The vanquished eve, as night prevails,
Bleeds upon the road to Wales."

From "A Shropshire Lad," by A. E. Housman.

Shrewsbury has preserved its air of great antiquity better than any other large English city, with the possible exception of Chester. Its atmosphere is frankly and proudly old-fashioned.

Shrewsbury has a good right to its proud dignity, even though it may never again hold the position of strategic importance it occupied for so many centuries. Situated on a peninsula formed by a loop of the Severn River, it was easily defended against hostile visitors, and it commanded a vital sector of the Border Line. Hence it played a leading part in times of war from the days of the Romans to the days of Cromwell.

Medieval Remains.—In the town itself, relics of Roman days are mostly in the Museum, but five miles away, at Wroxeter, the remains of the great Roman town of Uriconium are carefully preserved. Later the Britons occupied the place until driven out in the 8th century by King Offa.

Near the Railway Station you see a splendid fragment of the Abbey Foregate Church, a part of the Abbey founded about 1094. St. Mary's Church, with its lofty spire and fine old stained glass, dates from the 12th and 13th centuries. In this church is a memorial to Admiral Benbow, a native of the city.

Reminders of border warfare are numerous. The Castle, part of the town wall, and even two stone bridges, still called the English Bridge and the Welsh Bridge, tell plainly enough the story of attack and defence. Near by is the scene of the famous Battle of Shrewsbury, immortalised in Shakespeare's Henry IV. Here it was that Falstaff boasted that he had "fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" and here Hotspur was slain.

Coaching Days.—In Shrewsbury, however, the most interesting structures are neither military nor religious. The narrow curiously-named streets are lined with ancient houses, many of them Elizabethan or earlier. Those along the steep Wyle Cop (meaning hill top) are particularly interesting. Note the "Lion" Inn with its archway and imagine the famous

London-Holyhead coach being toiled in here after its rush up the hill. The ballroom of this inn is described by De Quincey in the "Mail Coach" and remains much as he described it.

At Shrewsbury is one of the most famous of the Public Schools, founded by Edward VI in 1553. The early buildings are now used as public library and museum and the School is housed in buildings outside the town.

CHURCH STRETTON.

(Branch from Crewe Main Line Junction.)

(From London 175 miles. To Ludlow 14½ miles.)

Situated among wooded knolls that are really of very considerable height, Church Stretton invites the traveller by its picturesqueness as well as by its historic associations. Many of the structures are modern, but the church and some of the more important houses are exceedingly venerable. Among the hills around the town is Caer Caradoc, which derives its names from Caractacus. On this hill the British chieftain, early in the first century, carried out extensive defence work, the remains of which can be seen plainly to-day.

LUDLOW.

(Branch from Crewe Main Line Junction.)

(From Shrewsbury 27½ miles. To Hereford 23½ miles.)

Welsh Border city. See Castle, Market Square, "Feathers" Inn. Visit Ludford.

At Craven Arms the Railway divides into two branches. The Eastern route passes through Ludlow and Hereford; then loops around to the coast at Cardiff. The Western Branch, or Central Wales line, climbs over the hills to the Welsh Spas and then goes down the Towy Valley to Carmarthen and Swansea. This is the more enjoyable tour.

However, the attractions of Ludlow and Hereford deserve consideration. As border cities, they rank close to Shrewsbury in picturesqueness and in historic interest.

Ludlow may impress you as one of the quietest of towns, but it has not always been a peaceful place. Beautiful Ludlow Castle was once the strongest fortress that guarded the Middle March of Wales, and it witnessed many changes of fortune. It played a part also in the Wars of the Roses. The little Princes of the Tower were sheltered here for a short time, but were removed by order of Richard III to the Tower of London, where they met their pathetic end.

Of the many fascinating old houses, the "Feathers" Inn is especially notable, not only for its quaint architecture, but also for the fact that it was one of the eight inns to be licensed in 1521, the year in which licenses were first granted.

HEREFORD.

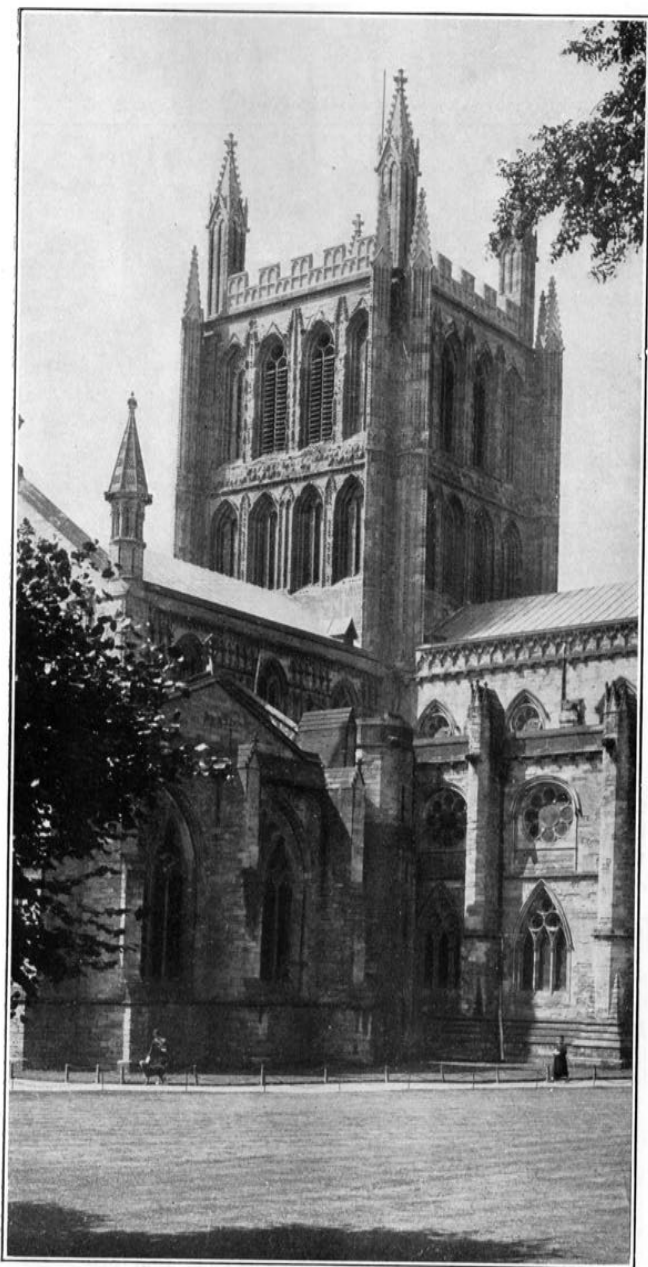
(Branch from Crewe.)

(From Shrewsbury 51 miles. To Cardiff 53½ miles.)

See the Cathedral.

Hereford dates from early Saxon times. It was practically destroyed by Welsh raiders in 1055; for this act they were severely punished by King Harold, the hero of Senlac. These experiences were typical of the early history of Hereford, though there is little to remind you of them now, except the condition of the Castle.

The outstanding structure of the town, of course, is the Cathedral. While this is not generally regarded as among the



Hereford Cathedral.

leading edifices of its kind in the country, it is nevertheless, an extremely interesting building with some details of exceptional beauty. Parts of it date from 1107. The windows in the Decorated style are much admired, as is the Stanbury Chapel with its wonderful fan tracery roof. The Cathedral boasts a remarkable collection of rare manuscripts, including the Anglo-Saxon Gospels, a piece of Mercian writing completed in the 9th century and curiously illuminated in red, yellow and purple.

THE FOUR WELLS.

(From Crewe to Llandrindod Wells 84 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.)

Llandrindod Wells, Builth Wells, Llangammarch Wells and Llanwrtyd Wells.

After leaving Craven Arms, the Central Wales line runs up a valley enclosed by dome-shaped, thickly-wooded hills to the pretty little town of Knighton. From here the journey continues upwards, crossing the Knucklas Viaduct with its marvellous views, to Llangunllo Summit. Thence the road descends rapidly till you reach the four Welsh Spas.

Of these the best known is Llandrindod Wells, an excellent centre for exploring the Central Wales District. Each of the Wells, however, has its special advantages and its loyal admirers. The mineral springs are no doubt as efficacious as they ever were—and some remarkable testimonials to their virtues were written over a century ago—but most present-day visitors are more interested in the healthful air and the delightful scenery. They have, of course, the other attractions that are common to the well-appointed health and pleasure resort, including two golf courses 1,000 feet high.

Beyond Llanwrtyd Wells the Cynghordy Viaduct affords an exceptionally fine view of the curiously shaped Sugar Loaf Hill. After this the scenery becomes more peaceful, but the whole valley is very beautiful, culminating in Llandilo, a town whose houses are picturesquely grouped on the side of a wooded hill.

From Llandilo to Carmarthen you drop down through a valley flanked with wooded hills, from which the striking ruin of Carreg Cennen Castle peeps out. The Towy River, flowing through the valley, adds to the beauty of the landscape and provides fine sport for the fishermen.

CARMARTHEN.

(From Crewe 138 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.)

Sea-coast town of great antiquity. See St. Peter's Church. Visit Merlin's Hill.

There is no doubt about the great age of Carmarthen. Recent excavations have shown that it was a Roman seaport of prime importance; moreover, it was mentioned by Ptolemy as an important post on the Via Julia, the Roman Road connecting West Wales with civilisation. By some it is thought to have been the capital of a British kingdom in pre-Roman days. It is a curious fact that both the Celtic name, Carmarthen, and the Roman name, Maridunum, mean "Sea Fort."

To the modern visitor the chief charm about Carmarthen lies in its beautiful situation. River, forest and hill contribute to its charming impression, and the views from the town, looking either up or down the vale of Towy, are remarkably fine. The appearance of a world of earlier times is heightened by the curious stone bridge, which plainly shows its three successive widenings, and by the presence on the river of coracles of the same pattern as those used 500 years before the Christian era. The Castle on the river side presents an imposing appearance, but has not been well preserved.

Within the town the most interesting structure is the old church of St. Peter's, which dates from 1100. It contains memorials to a number of eminent people. The monument to



Malvern from Beacon Hill.

Sir Rhys ap Thomas is striking. Sir Rhys was the owner of all the more important castles in South Wales; his support of Henry VII before the Battle of Bosworth was of paramount importance to that Monarch's success. More interesting still, perhaps, is a brass memorial tablet to the great Sir Richard Steele, essayist, playwright and the prime mover in the famous partnership of Steele and Addison.

While at Carmarthen you should visit Merlin's Hill, near Abergwili, two or three miles away. This is the reputed place where Merlin, the wizard of Wales, had his famous cave.

SWANSEA.

(From Crewe 148½ miles.)

Modern sea port of commercial importance. Visit Mumbles.

Another branch of the Railway from Llandilo runs down to Swansea, one of the great industrial ports of South Wales. Swansea itself offers little to attract you, but the Gower Peninsula contains some rare bits of scenery. Here you travel through woodland dells thickly covered with fronds of fern, until at Mumbles Road you suddenly emerge on the rocky coast of Swansea Bay. From Swansea you should by all means take the journey by one of the oldest Railways of the world (the Swansea and Mumbles Tramroad dates from 1802) to Oystermouth, with its picturesque castle, and Mumbles Head, with its memories of shipwrecks and heroic rescues.

If a golfer, you will find interesting sport at any one of several courses near Swansea. The Pennard links, where Pennard Castle formerly stood, present a scene of lonely grandeur. Though difficult of access and therefore little known, it is considered by some critics the most wonderful natural golf course south of Scotland. Not everywhere can you hole out in the courtyard of a ruined castle with no other sign of human habitation in sight.



The Roman Bath, Bath.

England's Western Spas and Resorts.

The delightful hill and dale country of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire is not well known by tourists, but is well worth knowing. The Cotswold and Malvern Hills, and the Severn River are the most pronounced elements in forming a landscape of scenic beauty that is generally mild, but never monotonous.

The London Midland and Scottish Railway line from Birmingham down to Bristol reaches the most attractive centres and the most popular resorts of this region.

BATH.

(From Birmingham 93¾ miles. To Bristol 15 miles.)

Famous and fashionable Spa. Visit Bath Abbey and Pump Room. See Roman Bath.

Bath possesses the only hot Springs in all Britain. The water rises at a natural temperature of 120° and the springs yield half a million gallons daily of the most radio-active waters in the country.

The Romans knew the Springs, and built the huge Roman Bath. In the 18th century Bath's popularity made it a fashionable centre, and the austere Georgian beauty of many of the streets will delight every visitor of taste. To-day there is a splendid system of modern baths, in which all kinds of treatment are administered. Bath itself is a delightful blending of town and country. Chief of the many interesting churches is Bath Abbey, a magnificent example of Perpendicular architecture. There is ample provision for amusement, varied theatrical or musical entertainments being provided throughout the year.

DROITWICH.

(Branch from Birmingham.)

(From Birmingham 20½ miles. To Bristol 71 miles.)

Mineral Spa and pleasure resort.

The Romans mined salt at Droitwich, and may also have enjoyed the hot brine baths here, as the present generation does. Perhaps they, too, were admirers of its sylvan beauty; but its growth to the position of an important resort centre is comparatively recent. To the natural attractions of the mineral springs, the sheltered situation, and the pure air, have been added all the refinements that modern science has devised for health and recreation. Sufferers from rheumatic troubles and convalescents generally find it ideal, but it is equally attractive to the young and healthy.

MALVERN WELLS.

(Branch from Birmingham.)

(From Birmingham 37 miles. To Bristol 62½ miles.)

Mineral Spa. Centre of Malvern Hills region.

The increasing popularity of Malvern Wells in recent years seems to be due quite as much to the hospitality and progressiveness of its inhabitants as to its natural attractions, although these are by no means inconsiderable. It is pleasantly situated beneath the Malvern Hills, whose bold outlines promise delightful walks and drives—a promise that is more than fulfilled. These hills have their literary associations also, for it was here that William Langland, the pre-Chaucerian poet, saw his vision of Piers Plowman. Malvern Wells is an ideal centre for exploring the Severn Valley region, with its many pretty villages.

CHELTENHAM SPA.

(Branch from Birmingham.)

(From Birmingham 45½ miles. To Bristol 43½ miles.)

Old Market town, now a prosperous pleasure resort. Centre for the Cotswold Hills.

The health and pleasure seeker may have difficulty in making a choice between Malvern Wells and Cheltenham Spa. Both have picturesque situations; Cheltenham lying at the foot of the Cotswolds, as Malvern Wells does at the foot of the Malverns.

The town itself has both the advantages and disadvantages of its greater age and size. The Promenade is a pleasant survival of the days of the Regency, when Cheltenham first came into prominence as a fashionable resort.

Both Malvern Wells and Cheltenham Spa are wholly satisfying places to rest and loaf, to play tennis or golf when the spirit moves you, and to use as a base for exploration of the surrounding region. Within the twenty-mile radius of Cheltenham you can easily visit Chedworth with its Roman relics, Tewkesbury, Gloucester, Birdlip Hill, Cleeve Hill and Cirencester.

TEWKESBURY.

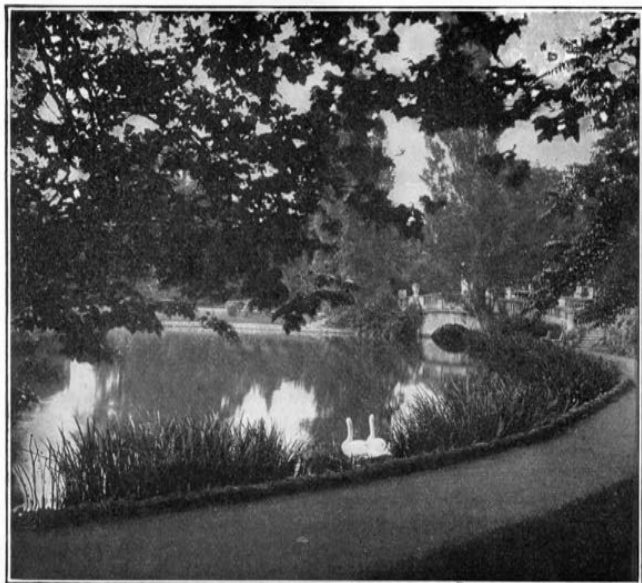
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(From Birmingham 40 miles. To Bristol 52½ miles.)

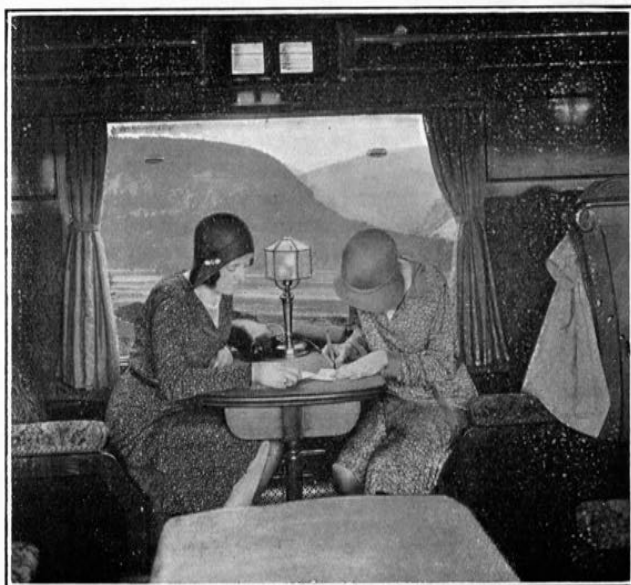
Old town famous for quaint houses. See Abbey Church and "Hop Pole" Inn, and visit Tewkesbury battlefield near by.

If you like the quaint houses of bygone days, you should by all means visit Tewkesbury. No place in England has more of them than this sleepy town at the junction of the Avon and Severn Rivers. "Hop Pole" Inn, immortalised by Dickens, is perhaps the most famous, but there are others quite as fascinating.

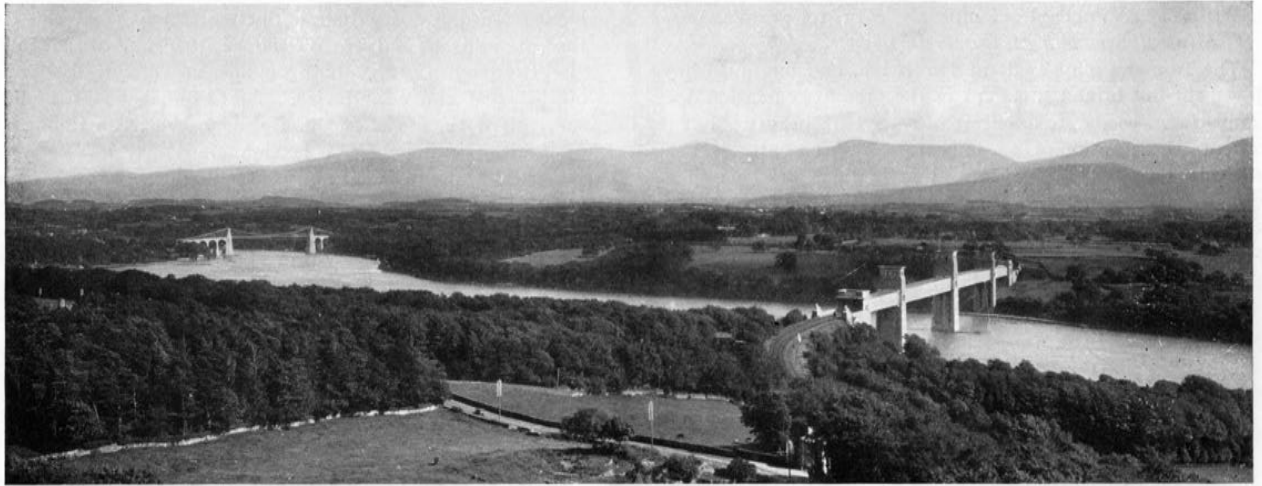
The Abbey Church is a grand example of Norman architecture, dating from the 12th century. Its cathedral-like proportions are reminiscent of the time when Tewkesbury was a far more important place than it is to-day. This church, though only a parish Church, is not unworthy of comparison with the cathedrals of Gloucester and Worcester, which you should also visit while in this vicinity.



In Pitville Gardens Cheltenham.



L M S First Class Coach.



The Menai Straits, North Wales.

Chester and North Wales.

Everyone who has visited North Wales is amazed—and perhaps a little gratified—to find that it is not overrun with tourists. Certainly it has everything to attract them—magnificent feudal castles and other historic structures, quaint and distinctive country folk, and the very climax of coast scenery. No other place within equal distance of London unites the rival charms of mountains and shore so completely and harmoniously. Not the least delightful feature of the journey to North Wales is that it naturally includes a visit to Chester.

CHESTER.

(Main Line from Crewe.)

(From London 179 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To Liverpool 27 miles.)

Gateway to North Wales, and border city of great antiquity. See city walls, the "rows," and Chester Cathedral.

Chester is the perfect specimen of the medieval English city, miraculously preserved. Miraculously, because its position as the Gateway to North Wales might easily have led to the destruction, or at least the disfigurement of its structures, as happened with most other Border cities. But time is the only enemy that Chester has been unable to defy. Even time has, perhaps, helped Chester more than it has harmed. Many visitors who have been indifferent to other old cities have found that at Chester they were unable to resist the charm of its antiquity.

Among English cities, Chester is unique in having its town walls still complete. They comprise a circuit of about two miles and form a pleasant walk from which to survey the rest of the City.

Another vantage point for viewing the town is the old bridge across the Dee. Here you can readily imagine how the

town must have looked in Roman days, when it was known as Deva, from the River Dee. Here, too, you can visualise King Edgar, who was first to be recognised King of the English, being rowed along this very stream by his eight subject kings. You can look out towards Wales, against whom Chester was fortified and defended by William the Conqueror and his successors. In fact, in every war it has been a strategic point of attack and defence. Its last appearance in a military capacity was in 1745, when it was garrisoned against Bonnie Prince Charlie.

The military history of Chester is filled with striking incidents. Its ecclesiastical history has been no less brilliant. The present cathedral is a magnificent pile of red sandstone on the site of a church that was erected in the latter part of the Roman occupation. The structure is partly Norman, but chiefly in the later Gothic styles. Among the details that should be specially noted are the 6th century Font, the mosaics in the Nave, the Arms of Cardinal Wolsey in the North Transept, the remains of the shrine of St. Werburgh (10th century), and the colors of the Cheshire Regiment borne at the taking of Quebec in 1759.

The ancient commercial aspects of the town are represented by many interesting structures, including a number of old inns, one of which was formerly the residence of a noble family. Another fascinating feature is the series of "rows" on some of the principal streets. These are covered passage ways, like cloisters, on the first floor of the shops (what in America would be considered the second storey) lifted from the traffic of the streets, and protected from adverse weather. According to George Borrow, the prime object was to protect the merchants from the depredations of Welsh marauders.

From Chester you have a choice of many delightful excursions. Either on the River to Eccleston Ferry, or to the inland beauty spots of Delamere Forest and Gresford.



Chester Cathedral.

RHYL AND THE NORTH COAST.

From Chester, North Wales is but a step. There is no channel to cross. A branch of the London Midland and Scottish Railway from Chester hugs the coast of North Wales all the way to the Isle of Anglesey. From the moment you cross the Dee and look out over the sandy wastes where "Mary called the cattle home," the journey is a constant succession of unforgettable pictures.

All along the route little resort towns and villages tempt you to linger. Here is Holywell, where many pilgrims still come every year to bathe in the celebrated Well of St. Winefride, a 6th-century martyr. Now comes Rhyl, a popular shore resort, where a line branches off to St. Asaph, with its tiny Cathedral—the smallest in Great Britain—and Rhuddlan, with its castle over nine centuries old. Next is Abergele, where the Castle looks impressive until you learn that it is a modern structure, not to be compared with the Castles of Conway and Caernarvon, which are among the chief glories of Wales.

You will make no mistake if you accept the invitation of any of these places; but even greater attractions await you further on. The most famous of these is Snowdon, and its surroundings, of which George Borrow wrote: "Perhaps there is no region more picturesquely beautiful than Snowdon."

Within 20 miles of Snowdon are three shore regions, each of which has special charms of its own.

First is the group of shore resorts that includes Llandudno, Colwyn Bay and Conway. These are clustered about the Cape, where Great Orme's Head rises 600 feet from the water's edge.

Second is Caernarvon and the Menai Strait, with the Lley Peninsula below.

Third is the Isle of Anglesey, with Holyhead and Beaumaris as the favorite stopping places.

CONWAY, LLANDUDNO AND COLWYN BAY.

(From Chester to Colwyn Bay 40½ miles.

To Llandudno 47¾ miles.)

See Conway Castle and Great Orme's Head. Visit Penmaenmawr.

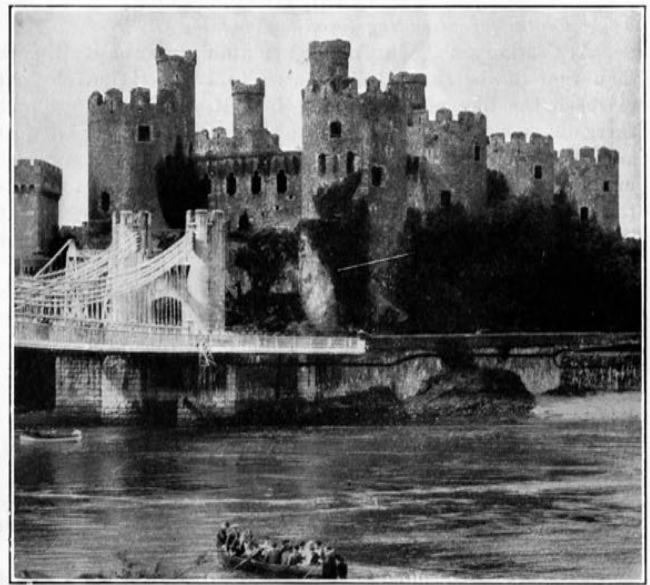
Conway deserves first consideration because of its age and historical associations, although it may not appeal to you as a residence so much as the younger and livelier resorts of Llandudno and Colwyn Bay. The magnificent Castle, with its 21 towers, has few rivals anywhere for a combination of beauty of situation and romantic appeal.

Two bridges cross the Conway River—the loveliest river in Wales—detracting only slightly from the medieval appearance of the Castle, because they have been constructed to harmonise with it. Besides the Castle, Conway has several places of interest; a beautiful old church, a fine old Tudor mansion, and some quaint black and white houses in its ancient streets.

From Conway a steamer will take you up the river as far as Llanrwst, with its fine three-arched Bridge by Inigo Jones. Or you can journey along the coast a short distance to Penmaenmawr, with its conical hill 1,500 feet high, crested by a pre-Roman fortification.

Llandudno and Colwyn Bay are rival resorts of unusual appeal. Llandudno is sheltered by Great Orme on one side and by Little Orme on the other, and boasts an exceptionally mild winter climate. The view from Great Orme's Head is breathtaking. Westward across the blue waters of the Menai Straits lies the ancient Isle of Mona, now Anglesey. To the south-west rise the misty peaks of Snowdon and the Glyders. Northward, on clear days, you can make out the thin purple outlines of the Isle of Man and the Cumberland Fells.

Colwyn Bay also has these attractions within easy reach, and its sea-side promenade is only a stone's throw from the lovely wooded dells that lie inland.



Conway Castle.

CAERNARVON.

(Branch from Menai Bridge Junction, 8½ miles.)

(From Chester 68 miles. To Llanberis 9 miles.)

Ancient Welsh capital. See Caernarvon Castle.

Caernarvon, the ancient capital of Wales, is not only picturesque itself and a convenient centre for exploration, but is of great historic interest. In Roman times it was called Segontium and was the seaport terminus to the road from Chester.

The Castle is perhaps the most imposing in the kingdom. Less beautiful than Conway, it was even better calculated to impress the Welsh rebels with the power of the English throne. Here Edward II was born and, according to the story, his father fulfilled his promise of giving to the Welsh people a Prince who could not speak a word of the English language by bringing forth the infant and saying, "Here's your man." Ever since that time (1284) the eldest son of the King of England has borne the title Prince of Wales.

It will take you some time to explore this enormous structure, with its walls eight to ten feet thick and its 13 towers. The top of the highest towers command a remarkable stretch of land and sea. Though the Castle successfully resisted Glendower, it was taken later by the Cromwellian forces, but for some reason escaped the "slighting" that was the fate of most other castles.

From Caernarvon you can easily visit the little known peninsulas to the southward—a land of solitude and pristine loveliness. Here you will find placid fishing villages with their white-washed houses and tiny churches. St. Beuno's Church, Clynog, is worth a long journey for its simple beauty and its ancient relics.

Along the coast are three or four small villages that are gaining favor as quiet and restful places for a vacation.

LLANBERIS.

(Motor Bus Caernarvon 9 miles.)

Centre for ascending Snowdon and the Glyders.

At Caernarvon the lure of the mountains is perhaps stronger than that of the shore. The buses to Llanberis enable you to reach the foot of Snowdon. Here, if you are strong and energetic enough, you can climb this mountain and the Glyders and other more difficult, if less lofty, peaks. Or if you consider mountain climbing merely a means to an end, you can reach the summit of Snowdon by the light railway. Of the view it is enough to say that however much you expect, you will not be disappointed.

Nearly as awe-inspiring as the views from the mountain tops are the walks and drives through the dark, narrow passes with the steep cliffs and slopes looming overhead. One road from Llanberis leads to the villages of Capel Curig and Beddgelert.

BETTWS-Y-COED.

(Branch from Llandudno Junction.)

(From Chester 59 miles.)

Inland resort. Famous for beautiful scenery. See Swallow Falls, the Fairy Glen and old churches. Visit Nant Gwynant and Festiniog.

Bettws-y-Coed sounds like a college girl's nick-name, but it really means "Church in the Wood." The old church is still

there, as well as other interesting structures, but the chief attractions of the place are Nature's handiwork. Below, above, and in every direction are hills and glens, ravines and cascades, forest and dells, of such wild beauty and mystery that you could almost accept the legends of fairies and ghosts that are current in the neighborhood.

It is a marvellous place for walkers. Among the favorite trips are those to Swallow Falls and to Conway Falls in the Fairy Glen. The curious old stone bridge was built here in 1468 by a mason, at his own expense, in order to relieve himself from inconvenience caused by the floods. A longer trip leads through beautiful Nant Gwynant, "the valley of waters," to Beddgelert.

From Bettws-y-Coed the Railway passes through picturesque country to Festiniog, a slate quarry centre. Here you will want to travel on to the coast by the toy railway of two foot gauge. The road from Bettws-y-Coed to Llanberis permits a delightful circular tour, taking in Caernarvon and the coast.

ANGLESEY, BEAUMARIS, AND HOLYHEAD.

(From Chester to Holyhead 84½ miles.)

Holyhead to Dublin 70 miles.)

Whether you like Anglesey or not is a question of taste. Some people see it only as a barren and lonely island on the way to Holyhead and Ireland. "There is nothing there," they will tell you; and it is true. Nothing but green fields, black cattle and white cottages; boulders and farms; pigs and geese, and here and there a tiny village. One or two of these are deserted. The others look ancient and sleepy and Welsh.

But if you find pleasure in little things and old things and mysterious things, Anglesey is a land of enchantment. Here you will find old relics of the Druids, there a Wishing Well or a Cursing Well; here is an ancient church and there a monument



Llandudno.

to some forgotten king. At Plas Pen Mynydd you may see the birthplace of Owen Tudor, from whom Queen Elizabeth was descended. And if you have found Welsh names a little difficult, you should visit the village called Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandsiliogogoch, so that you can pay deserved respects to its people, for their courage, patience and tenacious memories.

Beaumaris, on the shore of the Menai Straits, is the most popular vacation resort, and is a beautiful and restful place. All along the ragged coasts, however, you will find smaller resorts with little inlets and coves where you can lie basking in complete solitude, with not a moving thing in sight but the waves and the distant sails, and the clouds and sea-birds overhead.

At Holyhead you may well pause before taking the steamer over to Ireland. Holyhead Mountain, a bare rock even higher than Great Orme's Head, commands a view of the Isle of Man and of Ireland. Directly below, the sea beats round those two perilous crags, the South Stack and the North Stack—the one with its light-house proclaiming the dangers of the southern shore, and the other with its countless flocks of sea-birds warning you that here are caves which they alone can reach.

The Lancashire Coast and Isle of Man.

With all the wealth of England's scenic attractions and the host of historic places that claim a share of the visitor's time, it is a temptation to cram your days too full of cathedrals and castles and cottages. You may find it wiser to take at least a few days for pure relaxation and recreation. England has many resorts that will give you these, but probably none better than the Lancashire coast resorts. They have little to offer in the way of natural attractions, except wonderfully wide beaches and the salty breeze from the Irish Sea—two important exceptions. But what Nature has failed to do in the way of providing enjoyment, man has done. All the way from Southport to Morecambe the coast has been developed into a playground where tired bodies are rested and refreshed.

BLACKPOOL.

(From Preston Main Line Junction.)

(From London 225 miles. To Carlisle 105½ miles.)

Popular seaside resort, famous for bathing and amusements. See Blackpool Tower.

Blackpool has been described as the greatest and most successful experiment in the world of the art of organised pleasure. This might seem a challenge to either Atlantic City or Coney Island, and no doubt Blackpool would be ready to accept a challenge from either. Certainly it is planned upon a grand scale, with its sweeping sea front of 5 miles. Since it is all modern, due provision has been made for all sorts of modern traffic, foot passengers, trams and other vehicles.

Having no mountains or cliffs comparable to those of North Wales, the builders have provided a lofty tower, with elevators to spare their guests even the toil of making the climb. At its top you can appreciate to the full the immensity of Blackpool and also the freshness of the breeze which gives it its

remarkably healthy climate. From this point of vantage your view extends from the Welsh mountains on the south to the hills of the Lakeland on the north, and if the air is clear enough you may perceive, far to the west, the outlines of the Isle of Man.

Blackpool claims a better average of weather than most seaside resorts, but in addition, boasts that in case of rain it can house and shelter over 200,000 people in its places of amusement. These include almost everything the pleasure-seeker can demand, from Opera to Vaudeville and moving picture houses. Even in the Winter its palaces of amusement are occasionally open for dancing or other forms of entertainment. Naturally, Blackpool attracts many seasonal entertainments and pageants, in addition to the ordinary amusements it furnishes.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES.

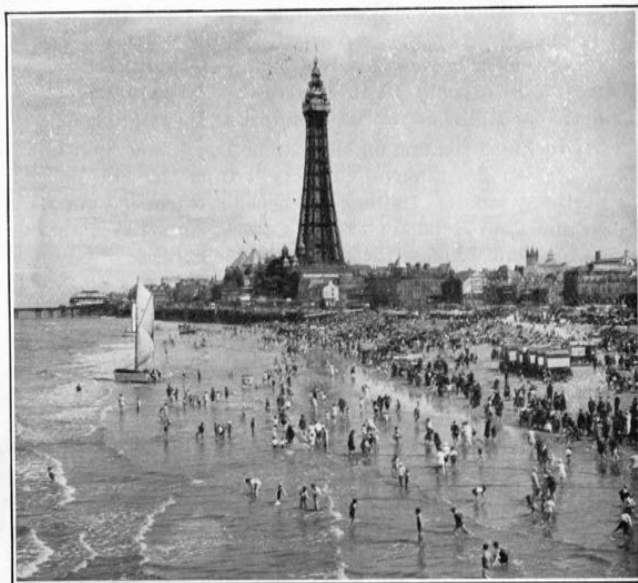
(From Preston Main Line Junction.)

(From London 222¾ miles. To Carlisle 102¾ miles.)

Seaside resort and golfing centre.

Lytham St. Annes comprises the old parish of Lytham and the more modern parish of St. Annes, which were combined and created a Municipal Borough in 1922. Lytham is the oldest of the Lancashire coast towns, and although it has been surpassed in growth by its modern neighbours, it does not seem to mind it in the least. It prefers to remain a somewhat more dignified and old-fashioned coast resort with less violent forms of amusement.

St. Annes, between Blackpool and Lytham, was only a row of sandhills half a century ago. To-day it is not only a watering place, but it is, perhaps, the most important golfing centre south of the Scottish border. Here the devotees of the Ancient and Royal game can play on a different course every day of the week. Three of them are of such calibre that even the experts can feel a glow of achievement when they make a score that is close to the par figures.



Blackpool Sands.

SOUTHPORT.

(Branch from Preston.)

(From London 211¼ miles. To Liverpool 18½ miles.)

Seashore resort. See Lord Street and Hesketh Park.

Southport occupies the southern shore of the Ribble estuary, almost opposite Lytham St. Annes. Because of its proximity to Liverpool, it has been developed into a residential city of considerable size and proudly calls itself "England's Seaside Garden City." This name it abundantly justifies by its profusion of parks and gardens, which link their attractions with the natural ones of its splendid stretch of beach.

Among the many fine Boulevards, Lord Street is most famous, and invites comparison with the finest streets in Europe. Like Princes Street in Edinburgh, it has its shops and buildings on only one side, with lawns and gardens on the other. As projecting verandahs have been erected over the side walk, it affords a long sheltered promenade in rainy weather.

Hesketh Park possesses a conservatory and greenhouses, astronomical and meteorological observatories, many gardens devoted to different classes of flowers, a lake of considerable size and a "carpet garden" whose intricate patterns are a never failing source of attraction. The Recreation Grounds provide ample accommodation for sports. Southport is a great place for Tennis and has about 100 Courts in the public Recreation Grounds.

The annual Flower Show about the end of August is one of the outstanding horticultural exhibitions in the country, with prizes aggregating about \$15,000.

MORECAMBE.

(Branch from Lancaster.)

(From London 233¾ miles. To Carlisle 68¾ miles.)

Modern seaside resort and centre for exploring Morecambe Bay and the Southern part of Lakeland.

A list of Morecambe's attractions reads much the same as that of the others on the west coast. Fine sea air and beach, spacious promenade with floral gardens, golf and other sports, theatres and dancing. Yet Morecambe is in many ways distinctive and in some, at least, surpasses its neighbors.

Its sheltered position on Morecambe Bay (Sinus Moricambe of the Roman geographers) protects it from the full force of the northerly winds. Its long promenade, reaching from Bare Village almost to Heysham, affords a scenic view that is hard to equal elsewhere. Across the sparkling blue expanse of bay you see the dark ridges of the Furness Peninsula; to the north and east, green hills and rocky crags encircle you, seemingly very close, though in reality from one to four miles away. Still further in the distance loom the peaks of Lakeland and Yorkshire. To the north you can make out such giants as Coniston Old Man, Helvellyn, the Langdale Pikes, Saddleback and others; toward the east, Ingleborough, Whernside and Penyghent and the Yorkshire Fells; to the south the mysterious bulk of Pendle Hill.

If you desire a nearer view of these hills, Morecambe, with its L M S Railway Hotel, is a good centre for exploratory tours in either direction. From Heysham, also, you can get a boat to the Isle of Man or to the north of Ireland.

THE ISLE OF MAN.

(Sea trip from Fleetwood 56 miles, or Heysham 60 miles.)

Unique and picturesque island 200 square miles in area, near centre of Irish Sea. Visit Douglas, Peel, Port Soderick, Castletown, Port Erin and Ramsey.

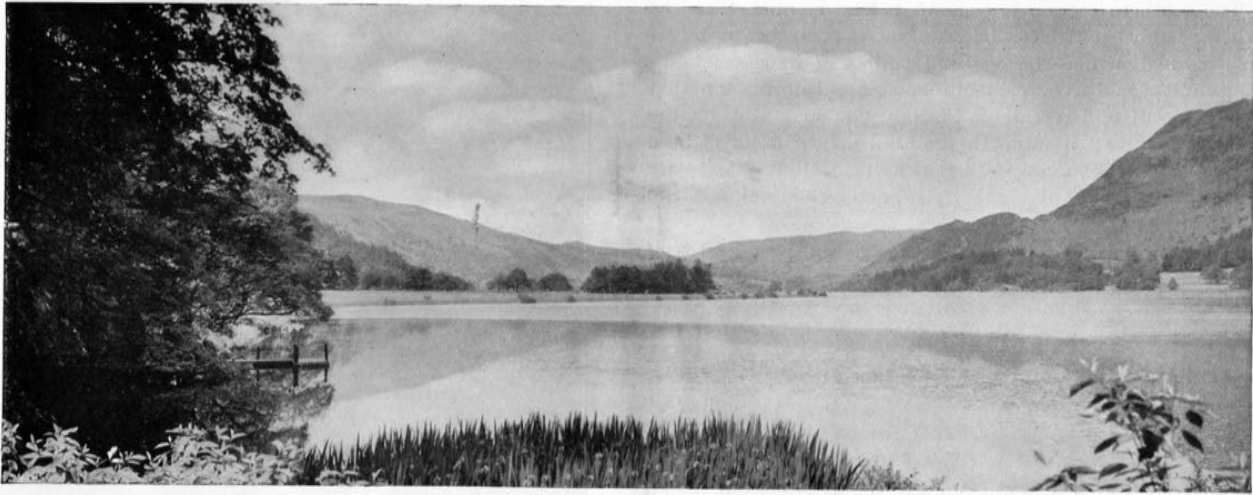
While on the Lancashire coast you should not neglect the opportunity of visiting the Isle of Man, if only for a day or two. If you decide to stay there for a few weeks you will not regret it, for in spite of its relatively small size, its attractions are inexhaustible.

Politically, the Isle of Man is a little world in itself, with its own Parliament and laws and its own distinctive individuality. Its inhabitants are not Englishmen or Scotsmen or Welshmen or Irishmen, but Manxmen. They live their own lives, but they welcome visitors cordially and give them excellent accommodations at surprisingly low cost.

Scenically also, the Isle of Man is a world in itself, with mountain and plain, rocky coast and sandy beach, rivers and glens, castles and cathedrals—in fact, almost every element that delights the eye of the traveller. True, it is all in miniature. But since the eye is not an accurate yardstick, it is all very impressive. Though the tallest mountain peak, Snaefell, is barely 2,000 feet high, it looks much higher, and, indeed, the whole island looks mountainous, because it rises so abruptly from the sea.

Its towns and villages have such varied attractions that it is difficult to say which are best worth visiting. Douglas, the capital, has a commanding situation, and the road from here to Port Soderick, along the cliffs, opens up a series of wonderful views. At Castletown you find the formidable castle of Rushen with its tower keep 70 feet high and its enclosing walls 9 feet thick and 25 feet high. Peel has its wonderful Bay and sea fishing and its ruined Cathedral. Ramsey, too, has a fine bay with beautiful stretches of sands for bathing. St. John's has its famous Tynwald Hill where each year, on July 5th, thousands of visitors go to see the Laws promulgated with impressive ceremonies. Port Erin and Port St. Mary, with their bold, rugged scenery, have developed into modern seaside resorts with special attractions for younger people. Along the coast, numberless other "ports" offer facilities for a quiet and happy vacation.

Time never lags in the Isle of Man. Golfing on one of the eight courses, picnics in one of the innumerable glens, bathing in the sheltered pools, explorations along the coast or inland, fishing in the bays—these and many more activities compete for a share of your daytime hours. The evening entertainments are as varied as in most cities of the mainland, for Douglas especially prides itself on keeping abreast of the times.



Ullswater.

Lakeland.

Nothing that could be said in praise of the English Lake District is so eloquent as the fact that it has always been a favorite of poets and painters. Many of them have chosen it as their home. To quote Mrs. Humphrey Ward, "Here you are on the edge of a country—a famous and beautiful country—which has given a school of poetry to England, and to which crowds of visitors come every year; where Wordsworth lived and died, and where all at one time Southey, Coleridge, De Quincey, Arnold of Rugby, his poet son (Matthew Arnold), and Miss Martineau lived and worked, drawing their inspiration from the quiet beauty of the mountains and building up work that England has not let die."

To this list should be added the name of John Ruskin, one of the greatest of art critics. He knew Europe well and wrote as understandingly about her scenic glories as about her painters, but he lived and died in the English Lakeland.

The public does not always agree with the critics, but on the question of Lakeland beauty opinions are unanimous. Year after year increasing numbers of visitors enter this magic region and surrender themselves to its charm. Perhaps you need to have a little of the poet or artist in you to appreciate it fully, but all who have eyes to see can enjoy it.

Only two groups of people are disappointed in Lakeland: those who form their impressions from statistics, and those who fail to see it because of adverse weather. Lakeland is not a good place to ask "how big" or "how high." The lakes are not immense and the hills are not nearly so high as they look. However, they are quite high enough to command your respect, especially if you try to climb them.

As for the weather, it can be shown that Lakeland has its share of rain, no more and no less. It merely seems more frequent here, because it is more of a calamity when there is

so much to see and so little time to see it. The remedy is to plan for an extra day or two. If the weather proves continuously fine, you can still make good use of the additional time to widen your field of exploration. Probably no one has ever yet exhausted all the beauties of Lakeland.

Location and Main Roads.—The English Lake District comprises a tract about 50 miles long and 40 miles wide, in the north-west corner of England between Lancaster and Carlisle. Within this area are the highest hills in England (Scafell, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn), and 16 lakes of varying sizes and diverse attractions. Here also are Roman remains, ancient castles and churches, and other relics of earlier civilisation. In spite of the thousands of travellers who pass through here yearly, the landscape remains fresh and unspoiled. Except in the few populous resort towns and along the main highways, you can be alone with Nature almost anywhere.

Nevertheless, the district is easily accessible. From three points on the main line of the London Midland and Scottish Railway branches lead in to some of the most celebrated of the beauty-spots. From Carnforth Junction, six miles north of Lancaster, you can reach Furness Abbey and the southern parts in an hour; from Oxenholme Junction you can go direct to Windermere and Bowness; from Penrith you can reach Ullswater and Keswick.

If your time is limited you can take one of the loop trips leaving the main line at Oxenholme and proceeding thence by rail, steamer and bus to the heart of Lakeland, rejoining the main line at Penrith. Such a taste of Lakeland is far better than to miss it altogether. Much more satisfactory, however, is to devote several days to a more thorough exploration. Each of the sections has its own distinctive attractions of natural scenery and associations. Nearly every lake has its admirers who proclaim it the loveliest of all.

FURNESS DISTRICT.

The southern section is somewhat less favored than the northern, but what it lacks in grandeur, it compensates by its romantic isolation and the age and variety of its associations. To reach it you leave the main line at Carnforth Junction six miles north of Lancaster. Possibly you may stop on the way at Lancaster; it is not a beautiful city, but its historic gateway and the Castle—"Gaunt's embattl'd pile"—are imposing memorials of its distant past, and recall the long strife of the Wars of the Roses.

From Carnforth, an hour's ride over as pretty a stretch of line as there is in England, takes you to Furness Abbey. This is a convenient headquarters for the region.

CARTMEL.

(Branch from Carnforth Main Line Junction.)

(From London 249 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. To Furness Abbey 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.)

Old village. See Priory Church.

Within easy distance of Carnforth Junction is the little village of Warton, where the Washington family lived before their migration to Northampton and Sulgrave (see page 17). The church is said to have been built by Sir Robert Washington in 1483 and bears the Washington coat of arms. Behind the village and overshadowing it is the picturesque limestone hill known as Warton Crag, noted for its fort and its circles of neolithic or early Celtic foundation, and for its "Bride's Chair" and robbers cave.

Shortly after leaving Carnforth the Railway crosses the river estuary at Arnside by a 1,300-foot viaduct and then follows the western shore of Morecambe Bay. Among the shore resorts along here, the most important is Grange, a sheltered and restful place. From Grange Station, a journey of two miles inland takes you to the old-world village of Cartmel, whose history stretches back to 677. In the tiny square you find an ancient cross and a gateway of the old Priory founded in 1188.

The Priory Church here is fascinating. The Chancel dates from the 12th century, and later parts of the structure are remarkably fine, notably the rich Norman doorway and the unique tower with its lantern set diagonally. The carved woodwork of the choir stalls is, perhaps, the best in Great Britain.

Some old stained glass bearing the Washington coat of arms was originally in this church, but has been moved to the church at Bowness.

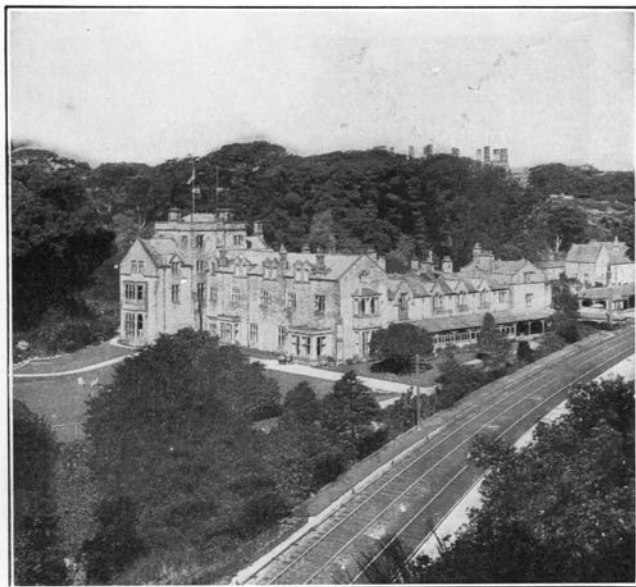
FURNESS ABBEY.

(Branch from Carnforth Main Line Junction.)

(From London 261 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To Windermere 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.)

Site of one of the largest Cistercian Abbeys in England. See ruins of old Abbey. Visit Ulverston and Dalton.

It is easy to see why Furness was chosen as the site of one of the largest monasteries in England. This promontory (Furness means Further "Ness" or "Nose") is isolated by Morecambe Bay and the Irish Sea on three sides and the Cumberland Hills on the other. The Abbey is further isolated by its location in a sheltered valley, "The Vale of Deadly Nightshade." Two twigs of this poisonous weed are embodied in the arms of the Abbey.



The L M S Hotel at Furness Abbey.

The air of religious seclusion that must have prevailed in the early centuries (the foundation dates from 1127) is not lessened now that only ruins remain. These ruins, of red sandstone, are extensive and are sufficiently preserved to give a good idea of the noble beauty of the edifice. The Chancel contains a fine sedilia in the enriched Perpendicular style. The stately nave, the north and south transepts, the gorgeously ornamented Norman cloisters, and the Chapter House, are among the other features that repay a visit. However, it is the combined effect of beauty of situation and of architecture that makes Furness Abbey worthy of comparison with Tintern Abbey and Fountains Abbey.

The L M S Hotel within the Abbey precincts does not seem incongruous. It has been converted from an old Manor House, and in it are preserved many mementoes of the Abbey in the shape of old woodwork and stained glass.

From Furness Abbey you can easily reach Ulverston, another town of great antiquity, with a fine old church, and also view Conishead Priory near by. From Ulverston a branch of the Railway continues to Newby Bridge and Lakeside Station at the foot of Windermere. The steamer plies up and down the lake, stopping at Bowness (the Station for Windermere) and at Waterhead (the Station for Ambleside).

THE WINDERMERE SECTION.

The most popular road into Lakeland is from Oxenholme Junction through Kendal, to Windermere Station, near the largest of the lakes. From here a bus line runs north along the main highway of Lakeland, through Ambleside to Keswick, and another bus connects with the steamer at Lake Ullswater for Penrith. These two routes enable travellers to obtain reasonably satisfactory views of the Lakeland in a single day, and then continue their journey to Edinburgh or Glasgow.

KENDAL.

(Branch from Oxenholme Junction.)

(From London 251 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To Windermere 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles.)

Famous for cloth of Kendal Green. See Castle and Levens Hall.

On the branch from Oxenholme to Windermere you pass through Kendal, a town as aged as its greyness indicates. In the old days it was famous for its cloth of Kendal Green, mentioned humorously by Falstaff in Shakespeare's "Henry IV." A walk through its curious streets will permit you to view some extremely quaint houses. The ruined Castle is interesting, chiefly because it was once the home of Katherine Parr, the courageous lady who became the wife of Henry VIII and lived to tell the tale; in fact, she married again, her fourth husband.

On the southern side of the Parish Church, which is one of the largest in England, you will find a Saxon Cross and the date of the foundations, A.D. 850. Near the town is the great Tudor house of Levens Hall, where on certain days visitors are admitted to the wonderful topiary gardens laid out by the gardener of James II.

WINDERMERE AND BOWNESS.

(Branch from Oxenholme.)

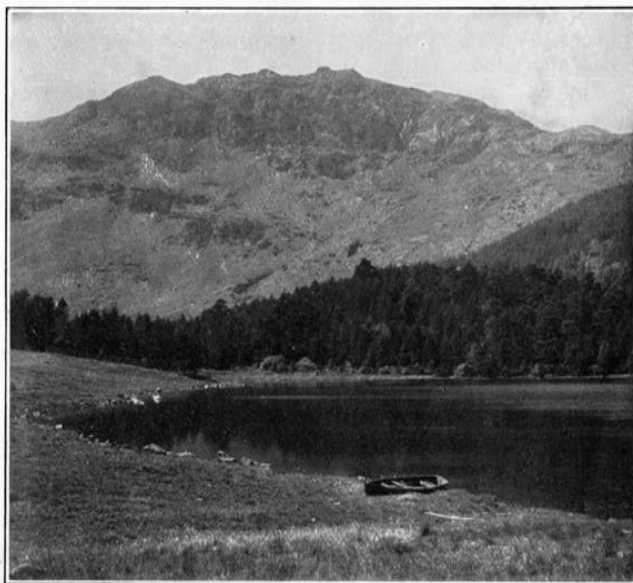
(From London 259 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To Carlisle 60 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles.)

Important Lakeland resorts. See old church with Washington window. Visit Orrest Head, with panoramic view.

Windermere, with its companion town Bowness, by the side of the lake, constitutes one of the best strategic points for exploring Lakeland. It has many good hotels and is a starting point for road tours in several directions. It offers a variety of sport facilities, including a golf course which makes up in sportiness and in the splendour of its views what it lacks in length. From Orrest Head, near the town, you obtain one of the finest views in Lakeland, and certainly the most comprehensive.



Langdale Pikes.



Blea Tarn, near Conistone.

Bowness is naturally pre-eminent as a yachting centre, but it has the other usual entertainments and amusements of a modern resort. The chief structure of interest here is the church. This was built in 1483 to replace a Saxon church, the floor of which was found under the present building. The church font, about 1,000 years old, shows traces of the fire that destroyed the early church.

Among the many fine windows, you will note the one previously mentioned as containing the arms of Washington. There are reasons for supposing that it was brought here from Cartmel after the dissolution of the monasteries in 1536. Along the highways which skirt the shore of Lake Windermere to Ambleside, you pass many points of scenic charm and interesting association among them Dove's Nest, the residence of Felicia Hemans.

AMBLESIDE.

(From Windermere Station 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles by road motor.)

Centre for walking tours and rides. Visit Rydal with Wordsworth's House, and Grasmere with St. Oswald's Church.

Ambleside is near the centre of Lakeland and a favorite headquarters for walking tours. The town itself is in a sheltered vale about half a mile north of Lake Windermere, and only a short distance from some of the most cherished places of Lakeland. A few minutes' walk takes you around Loughrigg Fell and out to Wansfell, past Fox How, the residence of Dr. Arnold.

Rydal, on the beautiful little lake of the same name, is a short distance north. Rydal is for ever linked with the name of Wordsworth. His house, Rydal Mount, is on the slight rise above the lake, while on a tiny promontory that juts out

into the calm waters is the romantic looking rock known as Wordsworth's Seat. Close by is Nab Cottage, once occupied by Thomas de Quincey and by Hartley Coleridge.

You may think that nothing could be lovelier than this peaceful spot, until you reach Grasmere, a mile further north. The quaint old village nestles under the hill as if it eternally belonged there, and is mirrored in the lake, with its single mysterious-looking island. Grasmere is as old-world in its life and customs as in its appearance. Both here and at Ambleside the annual Rush-bearing ceremony, when churches are strewn with fresh rushes, is kept up. During August the famous Grasmere Sports are held, when the dalesmen compete in the famous race over the fells and exhibit the noted Cumberland wrestling.

In the graveyard around the old Church of St. Oswald, you may see the grave of Wordsworth, and near-by those of Hartley Coleridge and Dorothy Wordsworth. The Wordsworth Museum is filled with relics of the poet and his famous associates.



Head of Derwentwater.

HAWKSHEAD AND CONISTON.

(Branch from Carnforth via Furness to Coniston 49½ miles, or road from Windermere Ferry.)

See *Wordsworth's School, Ruskin's home and tomb, and Coniston Church.*

At Hawkshead, a village as quaint and picturesque as its name, you see Wordsworth's School. The best way to reach it is by walking or driving from the ferry on Windermere, for the road winds along the hill-sides and past Esthwaite Water, with picturesque views at every turn.

Coniston is but a short distance farther, between the tranquil lake and the scarred cliff of Coniston Old Man. In the churchyard a cross of antique design marks the tomb of John Ruskin.

His home, Brantwood, may be seen across the lake. It was here he described the view:—

"Morning breaks as I write, along those Coniston Fells; and the level mists, motionless, and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods and the sleeping village and the long lawns by the lake shore."

From Coniston the Railway back to the coast passes through some delightful and comparatively little-known country. Before returning, however, you would do well to visit Seathwaite, where once lived the "Wonderful Walker," who, besides taking care of the duties of a parish parson, kept an alehouse where he himself served the customers, taught full time at the village school, worked as a labourer in the fields, and put in his spare hours at the spinning wheel. More interesting still is a visit to Hard Knott with its Roman camp.

At Hard Knott you have three excellent routes from which to choose. The first leads down through Eskdale. This is worth while for the sake of a trip on the toy 15-inch gauge railway that connects with the coast at Ravenglass, a once famous Roman harbour, now merely a fishing port. The second takes you through the Nether Wasdale beneath the lofty Scafell Pike: then along Wast Water, the wildest of the lakes, and to many the most fascinating. Here are the Red Screes, curious rocky formations on the lakeside with gorgeous coloring. The third, which is available only to good walkers, leads over Bow Fell and down to Ambleside. The difficulties of this tramp are more than compensated by the sublime views.

KESWICK AND DERWENTWATER.

(Branch from Penrith, or by bus and steamer from Windermere.)

Home of Southey and Coleridge. Visit Borrowdale.

Keswick, the largest of the lake towns, vies in popularity with Ambleside as a centre for exploratory tours. Situated beside one of the most beautiful of the lakes—"lovely Derwentwater" it is usually called—with some of the tallest of the hills in the vicinity and the others looming on the horizon, it gratifies your appetite for beauty at your very door-step. If you have antiquarian tastes also, you find plenty of material, and it is one of the most important of the literary shrines.

Keswick was the home of Robert Southey. He was buried at Crosthwaite Church, a time-mellowed structure of the 15th century. Samuel T. Coleridge also lived at Keswick, and Shelley spent his honeymoon near by. The memorial on Friar's Crag records the circumstances of Ruskin's first visit.

Below Friar's Crag you may find Southey's Falls of Lodore. You may well pray for rain before your visit, for otherwise you may feel that the poem used more of a poet's licence than even a poet is entitled to.

Just south of Derwentwater lies Borrowdale, perhaps the most perfect piece of natural beauty in Britain. The rocks and woods and stream form a series of pictures that command you to halt again and again. You must linger over them, for no camera can capture their glorious coloring. This is the pedestrian's paradise. He alone can truly see and appreciate the whole of Borrowdale. Walks from here over the Stake Pass into Langdale and over the Sty Head Pass into Wastdale are experiences to be remembered.

Road excursions in the vicinity are plentiful. One of the best is to that charming trio of lakes, Buttermere, Crummock and Loweswater. From here you may push on to the coast near Whitehaven and St. Bees. Comparatively few visitors to Lakeland reach this region, but it is by no means virgin soil to Americans. One of their earliest appearances in Whitehaven was the unwelcome visit by John Paul Jones, who raided it during the Revolution.

St. Bees has an old Priory, a 6th-century foundation, and near-by are Egremont Castle and Calder Abbey.

Another road from Crummock Water leads to Cockermouth, with its fine old castle and memories of Mary Queen of Scots, who found sanctuary here. From Cockermouth the Railway returns to Keswick, passing along the shores of Bassenthwaite Lake, with the dome-shaped mass of Skiddaw dominating the horizon. The Railway continues on to Penrith where it joins the main line.

PENRITH AND ULLSWATER.

(From London 281½ miles. To Carlisle 17½ miles.)

Historic border town and Lakeland resort. See Castle and Churchyard. Visit Ullswater and Hawes Water.

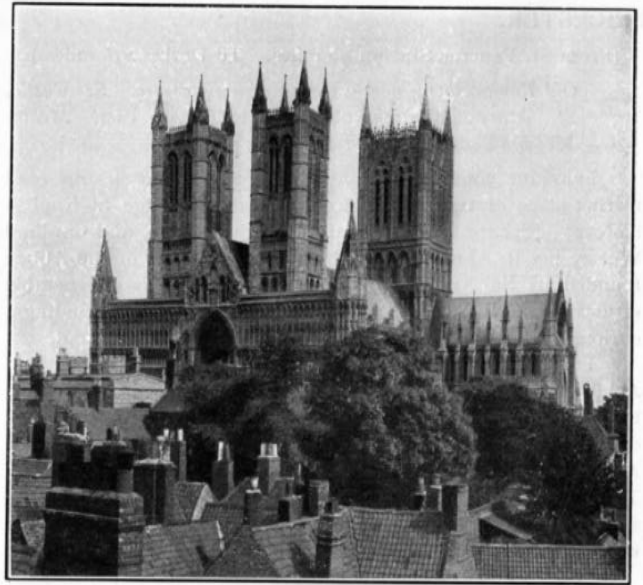
Because of its position on the main line, Penrith is a convenient centre for visiting Lakeland. The town itself is old and has a prominent place in the history of the Scottish Border. It contains an interesting castle and a house where Prince Charlie stayed in 1745. Note in the churchyard the remarkable Giant's Grave, said to be the burial place of Ewen Caesarius, an early British man of might. King Arthur is said to have held his first "Round Table" at a circular rock to the south, and Druidical remains may be seen close by at Mayburgh.

From Penrith a short drive takes you to Pooley Bridge at the foot of Ullswater, the second largest of the lakes, called the English Lucerne. A steamer trip by the lake is delightful. In its seven miles of length you get an ever-changing panorama of scenery, with the climax of grandeur at the lower end. On the way you pass the national park of Gowbarrow, in which is Aira Force, the scene of Wordsworth's "Daffodils." Farther on is Lyulph's Tower, with its sad legend of Sir Eglamore. The head of Stybarrow Crag stretches out into the lake with a beauty more impressive even than Friar's Crag at Derwentwater. Patterdale, at the head of the lake, connects with Ambleside by motor bus line over Kirkstone Pass.

From the bay of Howtown on the east side of Ullswater the pedestrian can reach Hawes Water, the loneliest of the lakes.

The village of Mardale, built at the imposing lakehead of Hawes Water, is a restful place, with a tiny church and old-fashioned inn.

Roads lead from here to Penrith and to Shap, a curious weather-beaten town on the main line. The Shap Fells near here are famous for their wonderful coloring and bracing air. The ruins of Shap Abbey present mute evidence that this was once a place of far greater importance than it is to-day.



Lincoln Cathedral.

The Midlands and Peak District.

In addition to the well-known route from Euston, the London Midland and Scottish Railway offers an alternative route northwards from St. Pancras, through Bedford, Leicester, and Derby. This is the best method of reaching the famous Peak District, which is second only to the Lake District in scenic charm. On the way, you pass through the heart of "Merrie England," with its memories of Robin Hood and King John and other personages celebrated in history and legend. Although the cities and towns are primarily industrial and, therefore, not pictorially attractive to tourists, some of them contain individual features of beauty and interesting associations.

BEDFORD AND ELSTOW.

(From St. Pancras Station to Bedford 49¾ miles.
To Derby 78¾ miles.)

Bunyan's Birthplace and home. Visit Elstow Church.

Bedford is an ancient place with a long history of strife, but is best known as the birthplace of John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress." He was born in the little village of Elstow, a mile away. The church here, with its detached tower, and the old timbered Moot Hall are well worth seeing. Bunyan was imprisoned in Bedford for his itinerant preaching during the reign of Charles II, and during his 12 years' imprisonment wrote his masterpiece. Though the prison is gone, his home and some of his favorite haunts are pointed out to present-day admirers. The Museum contains various relics, including his jug and his staff, and the church exhibits his chair and an old door from the gaol.

LEICESTER.

(From St. Pancras Station 99 miles. To Derby 29½ miles.)

Old Roman town, now a manufacturing centre. See Castle, St. Mary's Church and Abbey Park. Visit Melton Mowbray and Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Leicester contains many Roman relics and is the final resting-place of two men whose names bulk large in English history. Richard III is buried near Bow Bridge, and Cardinal Wolsey lies in Abbey Park, which contains ruins of the Abbey founded by St. Augustine. St. Mary's Church is a venerable structure containing both Saxon and Norman work, including a curious and beautiful font and an exquisitely carved roof.

From Leicester you can easily visit Melton Mowbray and Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The former is well known to sportsmen for one of the most famous of the hunts, and is familiar to everybody in the names of Melton cloth and Melton pies. Ashby-de-la-Zouch is the scene of the tournament in "Ivanhoe." Though the village is in the mining region, it is a neat and unspoiled market town, with a pretty and interesting church and noble castle ruins.

NOTTINGHAM.

(From St. Pancras 123½ miles. To Lincoln 33 miles.)

Centre of medieval England. See Nottingham Castle. Visit Newstead Abbey, Southwell and Newark.

The modern industrial development of this great city has obscured its ancient history. About the only survival of medieval custom is the Goose Fair held annually in October. The city, however, is full of historic associations. Nottingham Castle was originally built in Norman times and was owned by Robert Peveril, the hero of Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." It was the favorite residence of King John, who liked to hunt in Sherwood Forest near by. The old Castle was destroyed in the riots of 1831, only a few fragments remaining. The present structure is used as a museum and is open to visitors.

From Nottingham you can easily reach Newstead Abbey, a beautiful structure that was once the home of Lord Byron. Not far away is the ancient Castle of Newark, where King John died in 1216. Southwell has a famous Minster and the most beautiful Chapter House in Europe.

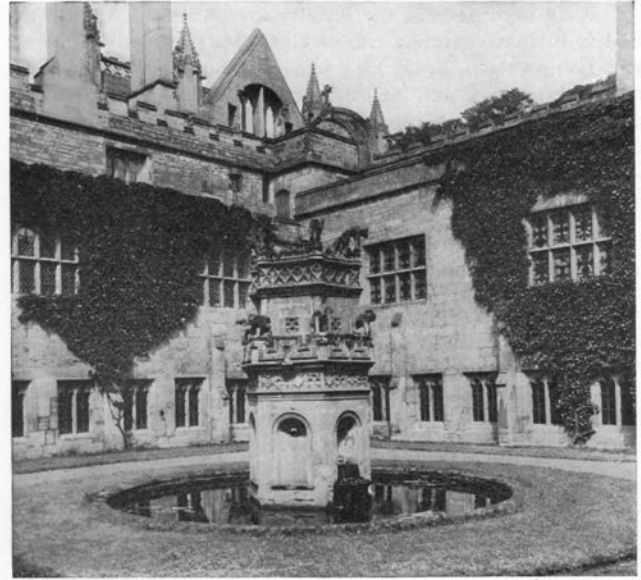
LINCOLN.

(Branch from Nottingham.)

(From St. Pancras 156 miles.)

See Cathedral.

Though Lincoln can no longer be ranked as William the Conqueror ranked it, "fourth city in England," it is still among the most interesting. It gains its precedence from its situation on a hill in a level fen country, and the Cathedral at its crest is a landmark for miles. Of the Cathedral itself it may be enough to say that Ruskin considered it the finest all-round Gothic Cathedral in England. The Angel choir and the two circular windows called the "Dean's Eye" and the "Bishop's Eye," are details in themselves sufficient to warrant a visit.



Newstead Abbey.

(Photochrom)

THE PEAK DISTRICT.

Within the Peak District of Derbyshire the mountainous backbone of England reaches its climax in a group of rugged hills and cliffs, interspersed with deep ravines and gorges. Along with these are valleys of a poetic beauty that justifies such names as Dovedale and Vale of Hope. The whole region is a delightful place for walks and drives, with a beautiful panorama unfolding itself at every turn.

The London Midland and Scottish line from St. Pancras Station leads to the favorite resorts of the Peak District, including the celebrated mineral spas of Buxton and Matlock. Many of the smaller villages also have ample accommodation for visitors, as well as their individual features of scenic beauty and historic interest.

DERBY.

(Main Line from St. Pancras.)

(From London 128½ miles. To Matlock 17¼ miles.)

Ancient city, now industrial centre. See All Saints' Cathedral.

Derby, the *Derventia* of the Romans, has played its part in British history from the earliest days, but few ancient relics are now visible. Some of the churches are interesting. All Saints', the Cathedral of the new Diocese of Derby, has a fine Tudor tower and some curious tombs and monuments. For most tourists Derby is important merely as a base for exploring the Peak District.

MATLOCK AND MATLOCK BATH.

(Main Line from St. Pancras.)

(From London 145 miles. To Buxton 19¾ miles.)

Mineral Spa and resort towns of Derwent Valley. See High Tor and Via Gellia.

The waters of Matlock Bath appear to have been first used in 1698. Their virtues, together with the bracing air and scenic beauty of the region, have been responsible for the growth of whole series of towns along the valley. The hydropathic



Dorothy Vernon's Steps, Haddon Hall.

establishment here is, perhaps, the most extensive in the country. The atmosphere contains a very low average of moisture, and the high hills about are a protection against the northern winds.

The most picturesque feature of the landscape is the High Tor, which rises 400 feet sheer from the river, midway between Matlock Bath and Matlock Bridge. Its summit commands a wide view of the hills and dales. An equally sublime view is obtained from the Heights of Abraham across the valley.

You have your choice of many walks and drives, some of them leading to curious grottoes and caves and other freaks of nature. The Via Gellia, an old Roman road, as its name suggests, is a dale of great loveliness, running parallel with Derwent Valley, which it enters at Crossford, a mile to the south.

At Darley Dale, the next Station beyond Matlock, you can see an interesting Parish Church and the oldest yew tree in England, said to be 2,000 years old. Its girth, four feet from the ground, is 33 feet.

HADDON HALL AND CHATSWORTH.

(From Rowsley Station or by road from Matlock or Buxton.)

Famous residences and show places.

Haddon Hall is the most celebrated example of a medieval baronial residence in England, and in some respects the finest. It is worth visiting for its impressive appearance and the objects of interest contained therein. The mansion is the residence of the Duke of Rutland, and is generally closed to the public.

Chatsworth, the "Palace of the Peak," is a perfect example of the "stately homes of England." Its appearance is enhanced by the Derwent Bridge in the Park, which harmonises architecturally with the mansion itself. Visitors are admitted on certain days from May to the middle of August, and have an opportunity of viewing its priceless collection of sculpture, paintings and oak carvings.

BUXTON.

(Branch from Miller's Dale.)

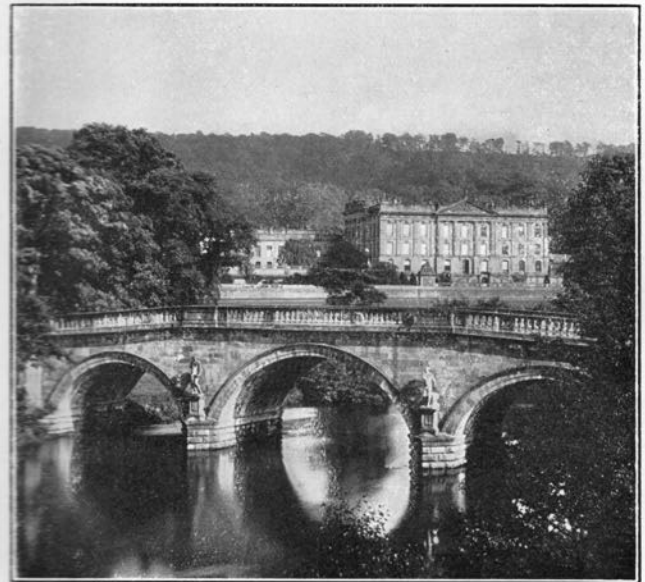
(From London 164 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. To Manchester 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.)

Famous mountain spa. See the Crescent. Visit near-by dales and peaks for picturesque scenery.

Buxton is one of the oldest and most famous spas in England. Its thermal waters, rising from the earth at a temperature of 82 degrees F., were known to the Romans, and have been sought by sufferers from rheumatism and kindred disorders for the past four centuries or more. It was here that Mary, Queen of Scots, found relief after her long confinement in draughty castles.

Modern visitors make considerable use of the hydropathic establishment, with its 90 different treatments, but relish quite as much the pure invigorating air. Situated on a tableland 1,000 feet high, encircled by sheltering hills, Buxton has every natural advantage for promoting health. To these have been added such conveniences as covered promenades for use in wet weather, and a variety of outdoor and indoor sports and entertainments. The Crescent is a striking architectural feature.

Buxton is an excellent centre for excursions by foot, road or rail, to the beauty-spots of the Peak District. Among the places to be visited in the immediate vicinity are Poole's Hole, the great cavern where pre-historic and Roman remains have been found, and the Lover's Leap. Only a short distance away, you can reach the "Cat and Fiddle" Inn, on its high and lonely moorland, and Chapel-en-le-Frith, with its wild romantic scenery.



Chatsworth House.

GRINDLEFORD AND EYAM.

(Branch from Sheffield or Chinley.)

(From London 165½ miles. To Manchester 35¾ miles.)

Famous village, scene of Mompesson's heroism.

Every year, in the latter part of August, hundreds of visitors flock to the little village of Eyam, about three miles from Grindleford Station, to do honour to the heroism of its inhabitants nearly 300 years ago. It was in 1665 that the Plague broke out in the village, and under the inspiration and leadership of the Rector, William Mompesson, the villagers isolated themselves from the world for over a year. Though the majority of them perished, they prevented the spread of the disease to other sections. The village is worth visiting for its interesting memorials, as well as the caverns and Druidical relics in the vicinity.

HOPE.

(Branch from Sheffield or Chinley.)

(From London 171 miles. To Manchester 30¼ miles.)

At Castleton, a short distance from Hope Station, are the ruins of Peveril Castle, built in 1068 by William Peveril, son of William the Conqueror. Near by are the weird and wonderful caverns which so delighted Queen Victoria upon her first visit that she returned a second time. The most notable of these are the Speedwell Cavern, with its bottomless pit, the Peak Cavern, the Blue John, which is the only place in England where fluor-spar is obtained, and finally, Bagshaw's Cavern, the "wonder of the Peak."

The whole journey from Sheffield to Manchester along this line reveals a series of delightful landscapes, and almost any Station is a good starting point for further explorations among the hills and dales.



Plague Cottages, Eyam.



Carlisle Cathedral.

The Scottish Borderland.

CARLISLE.

(From London 299 miles. To Edinburgh 101 miles.
To Glasgow 102 miles.)

Historic border city. See Castle and Cathedral.

From Lakeland or Peakland, Carlisle, "The Gateway to Scotland," is logically the next step. Or you may go direct to Carlisle from London by one of the famous Scottish Expresses. Whether your trip be speedy or by slow and easy stages, you will eventually stand in that great Station whence so many visitors depart every year to cross the Scottish border.

Carlisle Castle.—As you look out from the Station you can see, a short distance away, the ugly tower of Carlisle Castle. It is a grim reminder that a few centuries ago other visitors to Scotland started from Carlisle, with less friendly intentions than yours and less expectation of a cordial welcome.

If you walk around and inspect the castle, you see plenty of evidence that Carlisle has passed through a stormy history. The structure is not beautiful; it was not designed for ornament, but for the stern business of warfare.

Next to the formidable tower, the most interesting feature is the dungeon. Here are stones that bear mute witness to the sufferings of the victims imprisoned here, most of them for pitifully brief terms. Some were Scots, some were Jacobites. The Castle has had its Royal prisoners, too—Mary, Queen of Scots, for one. King David I of Scotland died here.

Not always did the tale of imprisonment have a tragic ending. When the border free-booter, William Armstrong—Kinmont Willie of the old ballad—was captured by the English and confined here, the "bald Buccleugh" set out to rescue him. At the head of 200 men he broke into the Castle on a dark night of wind and rain, and carried off the prisoner, without the loss of a single life.

Carlisle Cathedral.—While the Castle was the starting point of many raids, the Cathedral shows that the battle was not altogether one-sided. The very smallness of the Cathedral—it is the smallest in England—tells us of its suffering at the hands of hostile raiders. When built originally in Norman times it was of noble proportions, but in 1645 the Scots, who besieged Carlisle, demolished a large part of the nave. Fortunately, the beautiful Decorated choir was unharmed, with its great east window, considered the finest in England. Enough is left, also, of the older structure to show the character of its architecture.

Except for the Castle and Cathedral, Carlisle offers little in the way of scenic attraction for visitors. It does offer excellent hotels, and a good place to pause and plan your visit to Scotland. Some little planning is necessary, for Caledonia, with its surrounding isles, offers much to tourists of every kind.

It is difficult to decide where to go first. Shall it be westward through Ayrshire and the land of Burns to Glasgow, or northward to Edinburgh through the Borderland and Scott country? It is comforting to reflect that the choice of one route does not eliminate the others, for you can return by one of them. It is also comforting to know that Glasgow and Edinburgh are not far apart, and that in going from one to the other, you may take that incomparable trip along Loch Lomond and through the Trossachs that no visitor to Scotland would willingly miss.

GRETNA.

(From Carlisle 8½ miles. To Edinburgh 92½ miles.)

Border town. Famous for runaway marriages.

Shortly after leaving Carlisle northward you cross the Esk River, and a little later the Sark. Between them you are in the old neutral land or "No Man's Land," claimed by both English and Scottish. Its appearance seems to justify its name, but the ruins which dot it are modern and a product of the

co-operation of the two countries. They date from the Great War, when this was the site of great munition factories.

Just after crossing the Sark, you reach Scotland, and Gretna. Gretna was the centre of the munitions district, but is better known for another short-lived industry—that of performing marriages for eloping couples from England, about a century ago. A formal declaration before Magistrates was all that was necessary to make a marriage legal in Scotland; hence it appealed greatly to couples who had reasons for avoiding a more elaborate and formal ceremony. Gretna reached its greatest eminence as a marriage centre in the coaching days.

THE GALLOWAY COUNTRY.

Beyond Gretna a branch of the railway turns off toward Dumfries and the "Galloway Country." This term covers, roughly, the whole of the south-west corner of Scotland, including the counties of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright and Wigtown. The coast is deeply indented with bays and inlets; the inland contains much wild country. Yet it is not all barren moorland; it has beauty-spots to compare with any in Scotland; in fact, everyone who has sung Annie Laurie has—perhaps unknowingly—sounded the praise of Galloway country in the lines:—

"Maxwelton braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew."

The most interesting towns, with a few exceptions, lie along the coast. They are not as well known as they deserve to be. If you elect to spend some days in this region you will pass the time most enjoyably, either viewing the picturesque scenery or prowling among old historic ruins, or playing golf on one of the typically Scottish courses.

At all events, you should stop off long enough to visit Dumfries, particularly if you are heading for Ayrshire and the Burns' country.



Gretna Green, The Forge.



Burns' Mausoleum; Dumfries.

DUMFRIES.

(From Carlisle 33 miles. To Glasgow 82½ miles.)

Venerable city of historic and sentimental interest. See Burns' house, Burns' mausoleum and other Burns' shrines and relics. Thirteenth century bridge. Visit near-by ruins of Lincluden Abbey (1 mile), Sweetheart Abbey (7 miles), Caerlaverock Castle (6 miles).

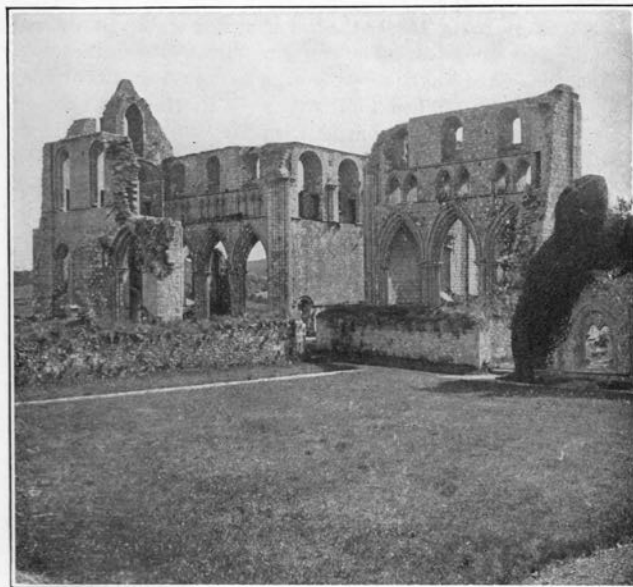
Dumfries is a fine place to get your first taste of Scotland. It is very old and very Scottish. It contains samples of many of the qualities you will find in the cities farther north. It has something of the bustling energy of Glasgow, and something of the proud dignity of Edinburgh; a bit of Sir Walter Scott and a great deal of Robert Burns. But, most of all, Dumfries is Dumfries, with a distinctive character of its own.

What its character is you can best discover for yourself. Surely you will find its hospitality as warm and comfortable as Smollett found it away back in 1770. And sentiment! Dumfries is a living refutation of the libel that the Scots have no sentiment. The people have not allowed the commercial development of the town to destroy its ancient landmarks. Even High Street, with its modern shops, still has an old-world aspect. Ancient structures, like the 13th-century bridge, are still preserved, even though their practical usefulness is ended.

This old bridge was founded by Lady Devorgilla, wife of John Baliol, and mother of another John Baliol, who became a Scottish King. The tale of her wifely devotion is for ever preserved in the name of Sweetheart Abbey, the ruins of which may be seen about seven miles from the town. They are beautiful enough to be worth visiting, even without the sentimental story associated with them. Another ruined Abbey, Lincluden, in the ornate style of the 15th century, should also be seen nearer the town.

Sir Walter Scott gathered here his inspiration for the story of "The Heart of Midlothian." Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans, is buried in Irongray Churchyard, with a tombstone bearing an epitaph written by Sir Walter himself. Caerlaverock Castle, a magnificent ruin on the southern shore beyond the lofty peak of Criffel, is well-known to every reader of Ivanhoe, for this was the original of the castle that figures in the famous siege.

These and other relics of history and religion would be enough to bring many pilgrims to Dumfries. But a larger number are drawn by the magnetism of Robert Burns. Here he lived the last 10 years of his short life. Here you see, at the "Globe" Inn, his chair, punch-bowl and toddy glass, and you read the verses of his poetry inscribed on the window pane. Here you visit the house where he spent his last hours, and the splendid mausoleum erected to his memory in St. Michael's churchyard where he lies with his bonnie Jean. The Dumfries Burns Club has carefully preserved the records of his life here, and if you stay long, you may discover that something of his warmth and human sympathy still lives in the townfolk.



Dundrennan Abbey, Kirkcudbright.

CASTLE DOUGLAS.

(Branch from Dumfries.)

(From Dumfries 19¾ miles. To Stranraer 34¼ miles.)

See Threave Castle.

To most visitors, the greatest attractions of the Galloway country are in the southern regions along the shore, with their histories of raids and their legends of smugglers and pirates. This region is made accessible by the L M S branch line running out to Portpatrick and Stranraer.

The first important village is Castle Douglas, which derives its name from the Black Douglas. This line of Earls (not just one Earl) held the region and often defied the power of the Scottish throne. Threave Castle, their stronghold, stands on an island about three miles from the town. Massive though it is, it yielded to "Mons Meg," the famous canon now exhibited on the battlements at Edinburgh Castle. A stone projection over the main entrance of Threave is known as the "Gallows Knob," and is a grim reminder of the days when the Douglas hanged his victims here.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

(Branch from Castle Douglas.)

(From Dumfries 30 miles. To Stranraer 44¾ miles.)

A quaint and romantic old sea-port.

This famous old town is as fascinating as its name (pronounced Kirr-coo-bri). No wonder it has attracted to itself a colony of artists. At one time it was an important port, and it still has a salty flavour. Round about it are old forts and smugglers' caves, and all sorts of romantic things. While here, you should visit Dundrennan Abbey, and also journey up the Dee to Tongland with its Abbey. At the Tongland Bridge the river is at its grandest, a deep dark foaming flood between rocky wooded banks.

TOURIST DISTRICTS SERVED BY THE LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY.

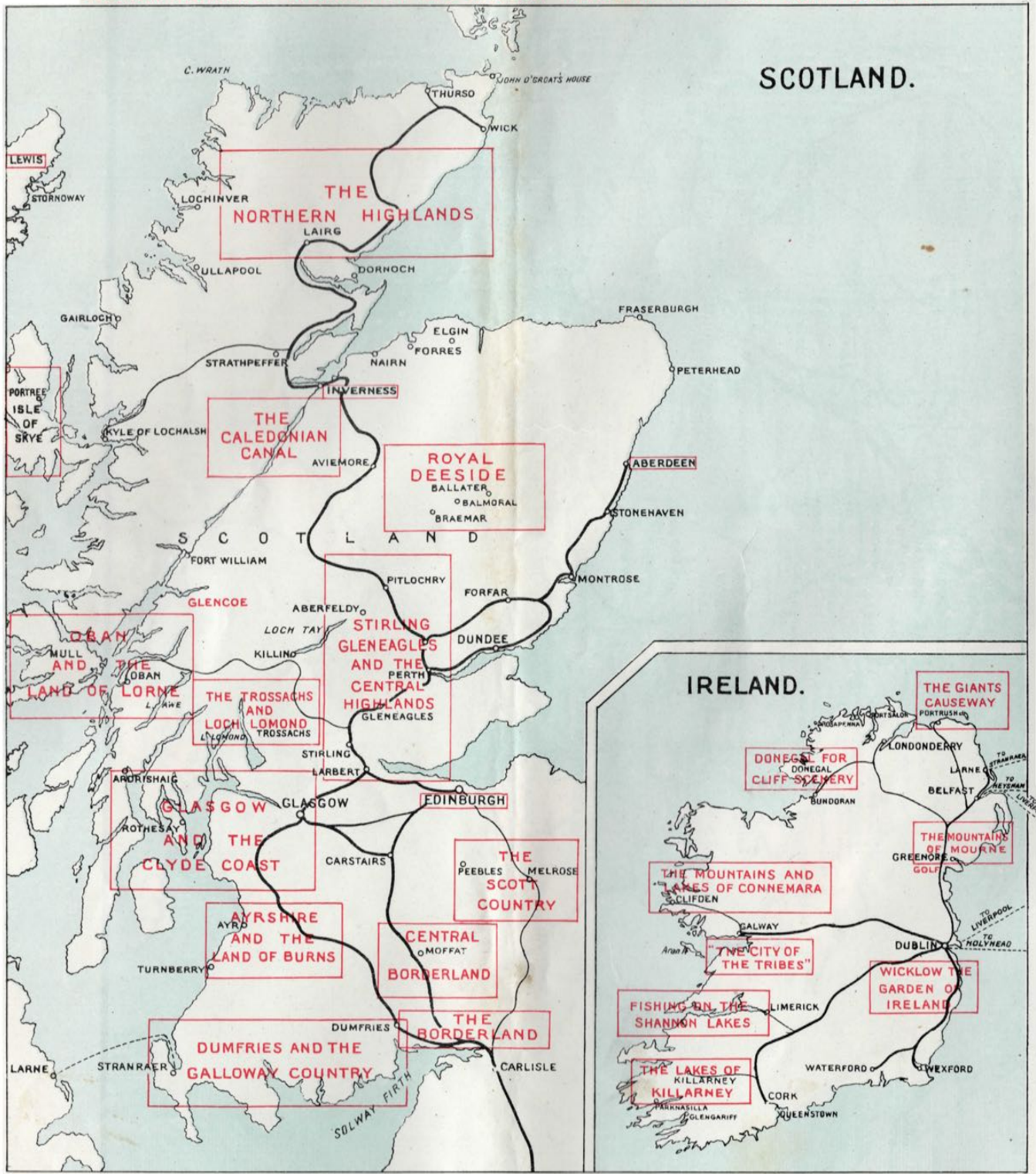
ENGLAND & WALES.

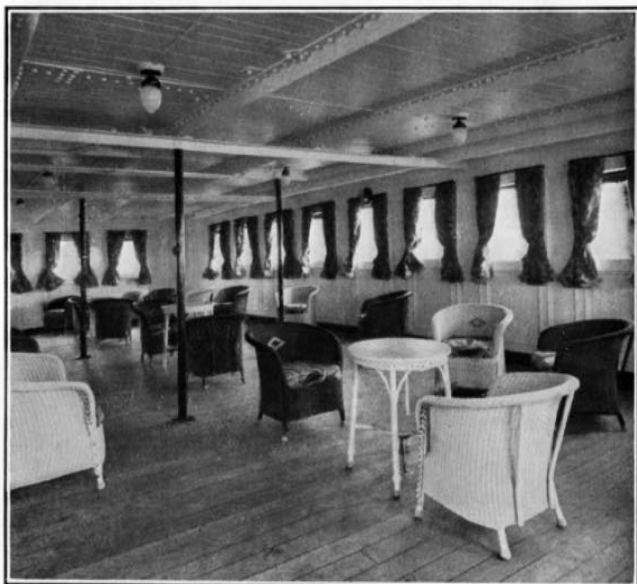


LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY



TOURIST DISTRICTS SERVED BY THE LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY.





Sun Lounge on L M S Steamer, Stranraer to Larne, Ireland.

STRANRAER AND PORTPATRICK.

(Branch from Dumfries to Stranraer.)

(From Dumfries to Stranraer 53½ miles.)

To Glasgow, via Ayr, 99½ miles.)

Resorts with fine cliff scenery. Port of departure for Ireland.

Along this southern coast and its deep ragged inlets are at least a dozen other small villages, each with attractions that bid you pause. But possibly the most delightful place for tourists are out on the rugged promontory at the end. Here the coast stretches southward in a long cape, not unlike an elephant's trunk. This is the Mull of Galloway. Portpatrick nestles in a little cove of its rocky western shore, and Stranraer lies along the sheltered bay called Loch Ryan, to the east.

Stranraer, because of its splendid harbour, has become an important commercial port for Ireland. However, it has good qualifications as a vacation place, because of its hotel accommodations and sports facilities. Castle Kennedy, three miles away, is famous for its beautiful gardens.

Portpatrick is more exclusively a resort, boasting a splendid modern hotel and a golf course that wins praise, even from Scotsmen, who know what good golf courses should be. The scenery in its vicinity is highly spectacular, for here the waves foam in the deep gorges and dash against the cliffs in a manner that is sufficiently terrifying for even the blasé younger generation.

Ayrshire and the Land of Burns.

Ayrshire, which lies along the west coast, south of Glasgow, has many features to attract the visitor, but two of them are more potent than all the rest. These are Robert Burns and golf. Probably no birthplace, except Shakespeare's, lures more pilgrims than Burns'. Certainly none is more impressive than the little white-washed cottage, with its stark simplicity.

As for golf, who has not heard of Prestwick, Troon, and Turnberry? These are but three of the many courses that are strewn thickly along this shore. One need not be a Scotsman to believe that the Almighty designed the Ayrshire coast with a view to the needs of the golfer. The irregular sand dunes, exposed in some places, and at others thickly covered with grass and reeds, are natural hazards of the finest sort, and the turf behind them is old and firm and springy. From the sea come breezes that vary in strength and direction and change the nature of the holes from day to day. Roundabout are bits of delightful scenery and ruins with historic associations. Those who are not golfers can enjoy Ayrshire, but only golfers can appreciate it to the full.

AYR AND ALLOWAY.

(Branch from Kilmarnock.)

(From Carlisle, 93½ miles. To Glasgow 39½ miles.)

See Burns' Cottage and Brig o' Doon. Visit Tarbolton and Mauchline.

"Auld Ayr" is the centre of the Burns' country. Here it was that he was born and spent the early years of his life, and here he wrote the poems that first brought him fame. Before visiting the many places of interest associated with his name, you may well refresh your memory of his life history.



Burns' Birthplace, Alloway, Ayr.

Robert Burns was born in the little thatched cottage at Alloway on January 25th, 1759. He was one of the seven children of William and Agnes Burness. As they were poor and of the struggling crofter class, he received little education beyond the school kept at the cottage next door, and this he left before he was 12 years old. His knowledge of poetry and his love for it came almost entirely from his own reading. He was 21 when he wrote his first perfect lyric "Mary Morison," which still ranks as one of the finest ever written.

His poetic gifts found further expression when misfortunes began to pile up against him. His father died a bankrupt. He was compelled to work as a labourer in the farm fields. In 1786, however, the first volume of his poems was published. The edition of 612 copies, published at Kilmarnock, was intended to provide funds for a trip abroad. It was sold at 3d. a copy, and the poet netted about \$100. A single copy of that first edition would command more than ten times that amount to-day.

Nevertheless, the poems brought Burns instant fame and led to his stay in Edinburgh, where he took a position in the literary world.

Burns returned to farm life in 1788, settling at Ellisland, near Dumfries, with his wife, Jean Armour. In the following year he accepted an Excise appointment, and shortly afterwards sold his farm and removed to Dumfries. From earlier life, he had suffered from heart trouble and rheumatism. Finally, fever prostrated him, and he died in 1796, at the age of 37.

Burns' Cottage and Brig o' Doon.—Even during this short life, Burns had made his fame secure, and the years since have only added to it. He is still the best-loved son of Scotland. If you need more evidence of this than the monuments and memorials, you may find it in the well-thumbed volume of his poems in every home.

Though Burns is pre-eminently the poet of the common people and his work is almost universal in its appeal, some of his poems gain by being read in their proper environment. The country, likewise, is far more impressive when viewed through the poet's eyes.

The cottage at Alloway, his birthplace, was for a time used as an inn, but has been restored with loving care to its original simplicity. Many of the furnishings used in the poet's childhood have been brought back to their old places. Standing in the little rooms you can easily visualise the scene Burns described in "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

When you visit the old kirk of Alloway and the Brig o' Doon, take "Tam O'Shanter" as your guide-book. The tea gardens, near the bridge, are an ideal place for reading his songs of "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

TARBOLTON AND MAUCHLINE.

To find a proper setting for some of his ardent love lyrics, you should follow his footsteps to Tarbolton and Mauchline. The former was the scene of his betrothal to "Highland Mary"; the latter of his marriage to Jean Armour.

The house where he lived at Mauchline after his marriage may be visited, as well as some of his favorite haunts in the village. The churchyard is the resting place of many of his old friends of this struggling period. From the Burns' Memorial Tower you command a magnificent view of the surrounding country, much of which is hallowed by memories of the poet.

TROON AND PRESTWICK.

(Branch from Kilmarnock.)

(From Ayr to Troon 6½ miles. To Glasgow 35 miles.)

Championship golf centres.

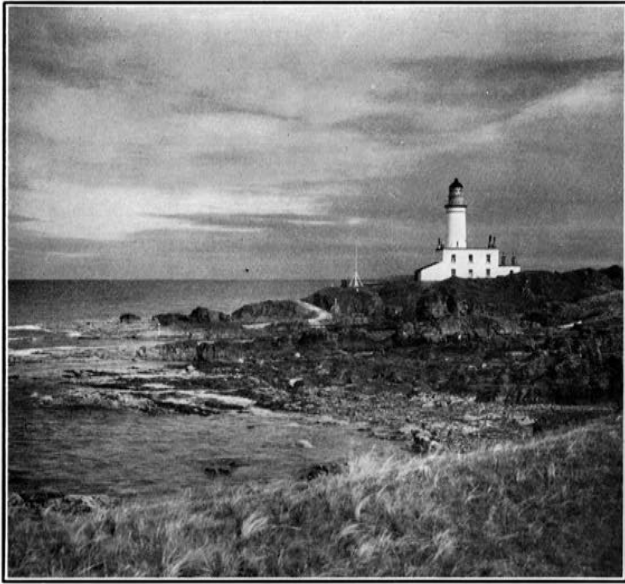
Troon has many features to commend it as a vacation place—fine air, broad sandy beaches, good shopping districts, pleasant walks and drives, and "a' that," as the Scots say. But the soul of Troon is golf. Unless you play, or are willing to begin, you might better seek other pastures. You need not be an expert for, although Troon boasts a Championship Course, it has four others that welcome everyone who will pay the tiny green's fee and will replace the turf.

Prestwick, next door, is slightly more exclusive, as is proper to a club that held the first Open Championship. Perhaps this is just as well for the duffer. He might find the hazards of this famous course, with its terrifying "Cardinal's bunker," and "the Himalayas" a little more than he bargained for. Visitors introduced by a member may play on the Championship Course, and two other courses almost as good are open to visitors with less restriction.

Besides the courses of Troon and Prestwick, the whole shore, from Ayr to Irvine, is literally lined with golf links, all of which are easily reached by the railway and electric trams.



On Prestwick Golf Course.



On Turnberry Golf Course.

TURNBERRY.

(By Bus from Ayr.)

One of the premier golf resorts of Scotland. See ruined castle of great historic interest.

The golfers' paradise of Ayrshire is Turnberry. Not that its courses are finer than those of Troon and Prestwick, for this would scarcely be possible.

Turnberry is a paradise for golfers because their needs have been carefully studied in the construction of the splendid hotel overlooking the links. From the moment you enter, you find the last word in modern appointments. Like the Gleneagles Hotel, the Turnberry Hotel is owned and managed by the London Midland and Scottish Railway, and has recently been enlarged to meet the demand for accommodations.

What is more, Turnberry has historic and romantic associations. The ruined castle, which you pass (unless you are unfortunate enough to drive into it), was the scene where the Earl of Carrick's widow made her famous conquest of the young Lord of Annandale. Later, when Robert the Bruce was driven out of his ancestral home by the English and retired to Arran, a beacon fire on the mound near-by signalled his return. The later history of Turnberry is recalled by a monument to the memory of the gallant lads who died while in training for aviation here during the Great War.

Though Turnberry appeals to golfers primarily, it offers plenty to occupy the time of golf widows. There are concerts, dances, bridge, and other indoor entertainments, as well as the usual outdoor sports. There are delightful walks in the vicinity, and drives to a little fishing village called the Maidens and the delightful beauty-spots inland. Turnberry is famous for its sunsets.

GIRVAN AND AILSA CRAIG.

(Branch from Ayr.)

(From Ayr to Girvan 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. To Stranraer 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.)

Girvan is a pleasant summer resort of quiet character further down the Ayrshire shore. It offers special attractions for families. From here a little steamer makes trips to Ailsa Craig, that symmetrical mountain that looms up on the horizon. If you visit it, you find an island about 1,000 feet high and two miles in circumference, composed mainly of solid rock. It is unusually good rock—a Scotsman would disdain a curling stone unless it came from Ailsa Craig. The features of interest include the Lighthouse with its 7,500 candle power lamp, some picturesque crags, and above all the myriads of sea birds—guillemots, razorbills, puffins, herring gulls, lesser black-backed gulls and kittiwakes, and almost every other variety.

Moffat, Peebles and the Central Borderland.

No one can be blamed for hurrying to Edinburgh. If your stay in Scotland is to be brief, a large share of it should be given to Edinburgh, not only because it is the capital, but because it most completely contains the chief elements of Scottish life, Scottish history and Scottish character.

By taking the central route from Carlisle, you can reach it in less than two hours. Short as this journey is, it will seem even shorter because of the charms of the country through which you pass. After leaving Carlisle, you go north through lovely Annandale, gradually climbing among the hills until you cross the Lowthers, at a height of over 1,000 feet; then you descend through the Upper Clyde Valley, where glimpses of the river are the one constant feature of an ever-changing landscape.

You pass through no large cities and see little indication of industrial life—not even a factory or advertising sign. It is all fresh and unspoiled country, with here and there a quaint old village of typical Scottish aspect.

One of the first you reach is Ecclefechan, where Thomas Carlyle was born. His birthplace, on the bank of the little stream that runs through the centre of the village, is now used as a museum for Carlyle mementoes. His grave, in the churchyard, is marked with a simple headstone bearing the characteristic inscription:—"Humilitate."

Not far beyond is Lockerbie, a great centre for walking trips through mid-Annandale. The Railway branch connecting it with Dumfries passes through Lochmaben, with its seven lochs and its ancient castle.

The villages along the Upper Clyde tempt you to step off for the fishing and golf. Crawford, Abington, Lamington and Symington all have their special attractions, and for those of simple tastes they are as delightful vacation places as could be asked. The most important resorts of the region, however, Moffat and Peebles, lie a little off the main line, and are reached by branches from Beattock and Symington respectively.



On the Scottish Moors.

(S. & G.)

MOFFAT, ETRICK, AND YARROW.

(On short branch line from Beattock.)

(From Carlisle $41\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To Edinburgh $63\frac{1}{4}$ miles.)

Celebrated mineral spa and pleasure resort. See the Devil's Beef Tub, Gray Mare's Tail Waterfall, St. Mary's Loch. Visit the lovely regions of Ettrickdale and Yarrow.

Comparatively few visitors from overseas are acquainted with Moffat and the hill-and-dale country surrounding it, but the Scots—who should be the best judges of their own country—have held it in high esteem for centuries. The mineral spring was originally responsible for making Moffat a holiday resort but this certainly is not its chief attraction to-day. It is a convenient entrance to some of the most delightful beauty-spots of the Borderland.

Motor excursions leaving Moffat daily take you through the dusky glens and rolling hills to various scenic features that have attained a more than local renown. Here is the Devil's Beef Tub, a curious freak of nature, mentioned in the notes to Scott's "Redgauntlet." There is the "Gray Mare's Tail," as picturesque as its name. And when you reach St. Mary's Loch, you may be captivated, as Scott and Burns and Hogg have been, by its peaceful loveliness. Like them, you may want to stop awhile at that famous old hostelry, Tibbie Shiels' Inn.

And then Ettrick and Yarrow! Pronounce these names aloud—or better, have some true Scot with a burr on his tongue pronounce them for you. Are there any names more musical or more appropriate for valleys of pastoral beauty, filled with poetry and romance? From Moffat you readily enter "the dowie dens of Yarrow," and near the kirk you see two standing stones that mark the traditional scene of the story related in the fine old Scots ballad. The old tower of Dryhope; Bowhill, the hunting seat of the Duke of Buccleugh; Blackhouse, associated in historic records with the "Douglas Tragedy"; the roofless

tower of Newark, where the aged bard recounted "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—these are but a few of the celebrated landmarks of this wonderful district. Then Mountbenger Farm, the home of Hogg, the shepherd poet; here are the pastures where he tended his sheep and gained inspiration for his poetry.

LEADHILLS AND WANLOCKHEAD.

(On branch line from Elvanfoot.)

(From Carlisle to Leadhills $58\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

To Edinburgh 54 miles.)

Originally gold-and-silver-mining villages. Now quiet mountain resorts, among the highest in altitude in the Kingdom. See old kirk. Visit near-by mountain passes, Enterkine, Mennock, Dalveen.

Those whose taste is for the ancient and curious rather than the beautiful may enjoy a journey to the lonely plateaux of the Upper Lowthers. A little narrow gauge line from Elvanfoot runs up to the villages of Leadhills and Wanlockhead, each of which claims the distinction of being the highest in Scotland.

Once prosperous mining villages, where gold and silver were worked in quantities, they are now in a sort of suspended animation, frankly and unashamedly behind the times. The curfew still tolls from the old bell-tower, and the old customs are still maintained. It is hard to imagine the activity that must have flourished here in the days of James V, when—tradition says—£100,000 worth of gold was mined by skilled German labour.

Leadhills and Wanlockhead are convenient centres for exploring the mountain passes, Enterkine, Mennock and Dalveen. Their lonely grandeur is all the more impressive when you remember that they were hiding places in the days of the Covenanters.

PEEBLES.

(On branch from Symington.)

(From Carlisle 85½ miles. To Edinburgh 53½ miles.)

Picturesque resort town, famous for "pleasure" and quiet. See 14th-century bridge. See Neidpath Castle near-by.

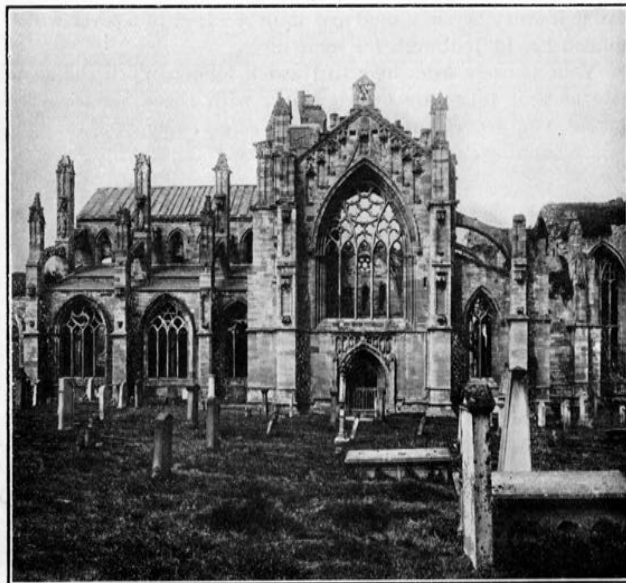
Peebles has been immortalised in two classic descriptions. "Peebles for pleasure" was the verdict of a worthy Scot who had sampled the charms of London and Paris and found them somewhat lacking. "As quiet as the grave, or Peebles," was Lord Cockburn's less flattering contribution. Which of these views is the truer is for you to decide. Quite possibly you may find a grain of justification for both. Certainly, Peebles is not a place for boisterous revelry; neither is it merely a refuge for old ladies and gentlemen. Plenty of young people flock there during the season, and seem to find its golf, tennis and other diversions of satisfying quantity and quality. The picturesque surroundings invite walks and drives, and the wooded hills reward the easy climb to their summits.

Within the town are some interesting and historic structures, including a bridge that dates from the 14th century. The Cross Keys Inn and the Chambers Institute are worth visiting. Not far away is Neidpath Castle, commanding the valley of the Tweed. This strong old fortress was once besieged by Cromwell and partly destroyed, but it is still habitable. From the castle itself and the near-by hills you get a truly glorious view of the kind that is found only in Scotland.

Peebles, like Moffat, is the centre for many delightful excursions to Ettrickdale and St. Mary's Loch, and also to Tweedale and Melrose. Biggar, on the Railway branch from Symington, is interesting for its old castle and for the ancestral home of the Gladstone family.



Grouse Shooting in Scotland.



Melrose Abbey.

Melrose and the Scott Country.

The Waverley route from Carlisle to Edinburgh finds favor with some tourists, because it permits a stop-off at Melrose to visit the Scott country. The chief towns on the route, Hawick and Galashiels, are centres of the woollen industry, and not particularly attractive to tourists. However, they are situated in pleasant surroundings, with the varied scenery of the hill-and-dale country.

Some miles beyond Carlisle the Railway enters Liddesdale, the valley of the Liddell River, a part of which serves as a border-line between England and Scotland, with the usual historic and tragic associations. Here you pass the peaty bog where the battle of Solway Moss was fought. Here is Cannobie Lea, celebrated as the scene of the chase in Scott's "Lochinvar." You get a glimpse of Netherby Hall, from which the bride was stolen. The poem, of course, has no historical foundation, at least in this region; Scott took the story from an old ballad connected with another part of the country.

Now you pass through wild and lonely moorland, notorious for its cattle raiders in the bygone past. In the wildest and loneliest part of it, reached from Steele Road, stands Hermitage Castle, one of the most interesting of the border strongholds, because of its black history. Its squat appearance is evil enough to make you credit the grisly legends in which it figures.

One legend tells how the misdeeds of a 14th-century tyrant here led to his being boiled in lead by his subjects. Another declares that one of the Douglases starved Sir Alexander Ramsay to death in the dungeon. Mary, Queen of Scots, came here on one memorable occasion, in October, 1566. Bothwell had been wounded in a border affray, and the Queen rode 20 miles to visit him as he lay on his sick bed, and then rode back. This

terrible journey through mud and mire resulted in a fever which confined her in Jedburgh for some days.

Your journey from here to Hawick follows much the same route as that taken by Queen Mary, with the difference that whereas you travel in comfort and safety, she had to fight against countless difficulties and dangers.

HAWICK.

(Waverley Route to Edinburgh.)

(From Carlisle 45½ miles. To Edinburgh 52½ miles.)

Visit Branxholm Tower.

Hawick is a thriving town with few evidences of its antiquity. The "Tower" Inn embodies the remains of an ancient Baronial home. Behind the church stands a prehistoric mound 30 feet high, an object of speculation by antiquarians.

A pleasant journey of three miles along the Teviot River brings you to Branxholm Tower, the stronghold of the Scotts of Buccleugh. This is the Branksome Hall of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

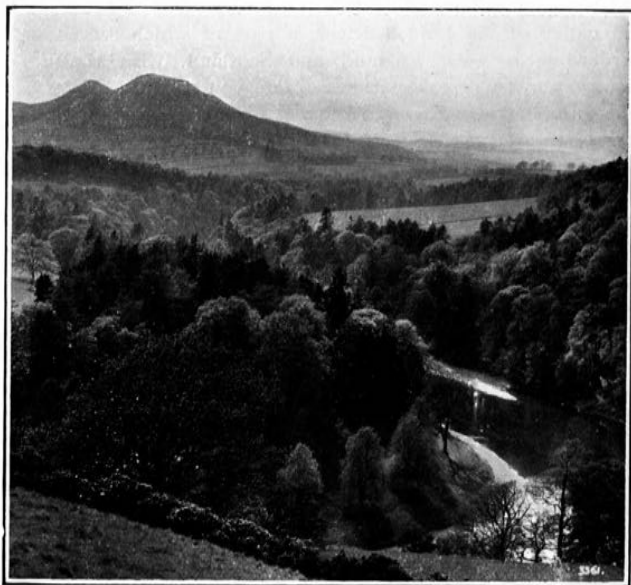
MELROSE.

(Waverley Route.)

(From Carlisle 61 miles. To Edinburgh 37¼ miles.)

See Melrose Abbey, Dryburgh Abbey, and Abbotsford.

The approach to Melrose is signalled by the curious and prominent Eildon Hills. The three peaks are not high, but they dominate the landscape of this region, and are reputed to be the Tremontium of the Romans. Scott declared that from the summit of the highest peak he was able to pick out 43 places famous in history and legend. Melrose is a favorite centre for exploring the Tweed Valley and Scott country.



Scott's View, River Tweed.

The greatest glory of the town is the ruined Melrose Abbey. So highly has this been praised that the visitor is sometimes disappointed. It would be well to take Scott's advice and see it by moonlight. It is kept open on moonlight nights until 11 o'clock for this purpose. Even in daylight the connoisseur finds much in its details to marvel at, and admire. The novice can at least appreciate its delicate tracery and rich ornamentation, especially in the transepts. The heart of Robert Bruce is said to be buried here, and some other memorials are of unusual interest, notably that of John Murdo, the Master-mason.

From Melrose you can easily visit Dryburgh Abbey. Simpler in style than Melrose, it is scarcely less interesting, because so large a part remains intact. A St. Catharine's wheel window is still perfect. The abundance of vines and trees, including a fabulously old yew, adds much to its picturesqueness. Sir Walter Scott is among those buried here.

A three-mile drive through beautiful country takes you to Abbotsford, the magnificent home that Sir Walter had built for himself, on a site he had chosen in boyhood. The house is open for inspection on week-days from March to October. Looking at this palatial residence, and comparing it to the humble cottages that were the abode of Burns, you find it difficult to remember that Scott, too, had his financial troubles, and that his struggles to extricate himself shortened his life.

Abbotsford is a treasure house of relics and antiques. Here you see Napoleon's pistols, Queen Mary's seal, Prince Charlie's drinking cup, and Rob Roy's sword. Here also are water colors by Turner, and rare books and furnishings presented by Kings and other admirers.



Dryburgh Abbey.



Princes Street and Castle, Edinburgh

Edinburgh.

(From London 399 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To Glasgow 48 miles.)

Now you are in Edinburgh. As you emerge from the Station you may blink and rub your eyes. All the pictures you have seen, and the descriptions you have read, have not completely prepared you for the reality. Even now it has a dream-like quality that makes you hesitate to credit your own senses. And it all dawns upon you so suddenly! The long vista of Princes Street stretching before you, the green gardens below, the cliff rising abruptly above to the castle perched on its crest, the majestic piles of granite, with here and there a soaring Gothic spire, and finally the rugged horizon of hills, together form a picture unlike any other in the world.

There may be lovelier cities than Edinburgh—though no Scotsman would admit it. Certainly there are none that make a more immediate impression; none that have more of what we call character. Sir Walter Scott's phrase, "Mine own romantic town," comes naturally to your mind, if not to your lips. Perhaps you search your heritage for some trace of Scottish blood that would justify your feeling of proprietorship. Whether you find it or not is immaterial; a spiritual kinship is about all any stranger can rightly claim, because Edinburgh is of the Scots, Scottish.

It is true that Edinburgh is sometimes referred to as the "modern Athens." New Edinburgh, to the north of Princes Street, may justify this claim by its structures of classic architecture and its spacious streets. Some visitors are inclined to regret this imitation of the Greek and are quite well satisfied that the twelve pillars of the unfinished monument on Calton Hill never became the complete replica of the Parthenon that was planned.

But whether you admire new Edinburgh or not, you will be fascinated by old Edinburgh up on the southern ridge, cramped and dingy and Gothic. The ancient street called "The King's Mile" that runs down from the castle to the gates of Holyrood Palace has probably seen as much history as any street in the world. Princes Street, down below, has been called the finest street in Europe. "The King's Mile" might be called the most interesting.

The Castle.—The Castle naturally claims your attention first. Before you enter it you will circle the spacious Esplanade, which commands the magnificent view over the city in all directions. Then you will pass through the frowning gateway that has survived so many centuries of strife. Even to enumerate the interesting features of the castle would require pages. From the 11th-century Chapel of St. Margaret to the recently opened National War Memorial, every wall and room has its history. The pensioned veterans who act as guides can hold you spell-bound for hours with the stories of heroic and tragic events that have occurred here.

"The King's Mile."—On the way from the Castle to Holyrood Palace, you pass a dozen structures that demand a visit. These huddled groups of tenements with their narrow doorways and little courtyards are the "Closes"—Writer's Close, Anchor Close, White Horse Close, Covenant Close, and many more. Here is St. Giles Cathedral, with its memorials of warfare and its stories of religious strife. Near-by is the site of the old Tolbooth, or prison, marked by a heart engraved on the stone pavement. Here, too, is Parliament House, with its priceless books and manuscripts, and here the old Canongate.

Holyrood Palace is more celebrated for its historic associations than for its beauty, though its situation beneath the Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat is most impressive. Within the old part of the palace, you are carried back to the days of

Mary, Queen of Scots. Visiting her apartments, Lord Darnley's room, and the chamber where Rizzio was murdered, you scarcely need the words of the guide to see the drama re-enacted before your eyes.

With all its tragic and romantic memories, Holyrood Palace has also a few touches of the comic. The portrait gallery of Scottish Kings contains some early specimens at which even the most patriotic Scot can afford to smile. It is said that a few score of them were painted by a Dutch artist, on a contract basis, and that he repented of his bargain.

As Edinburgh is so closely associated with Sir Walter Scott, it is fitting that a prominent place should be occupied by the Waverley Memorial. Not far away, in Princes Garden, is another Monument of special interest to Americans, the Scottish-American War Memorial.

These famous structures are only a beginning of the glories of Edinburgh. A drive around the city reveals hundreds of others. The University, the National Gallery, the Royal Scottish Museum, St. Anthony's Chapel and Wall, Greyfriars Churchyard—the list could be extended indefinitely. It is enough to say that your first impression of Edinburgh as a city of romance is borne out by all you discover in your later explorations. However long you remain here, you will wish it might be longer. Whether you stay at the Caledonian Hotel, owned and managed by the London Midland and Scottish Railway Company, or at one of the other excellent hotels, you will agree that it is a city of fine hospitality.

Finally, Edinburgh is an ideal base of operations for visiting other parts of Scotland. From the Princes Street Station you can readily go to Glasgow and the west, Aberdeen and the north-east, Perth and the Highlands, Inverness and the north, and all the other important scenic regions of the country.

Glasgow and the Clyde Coast.

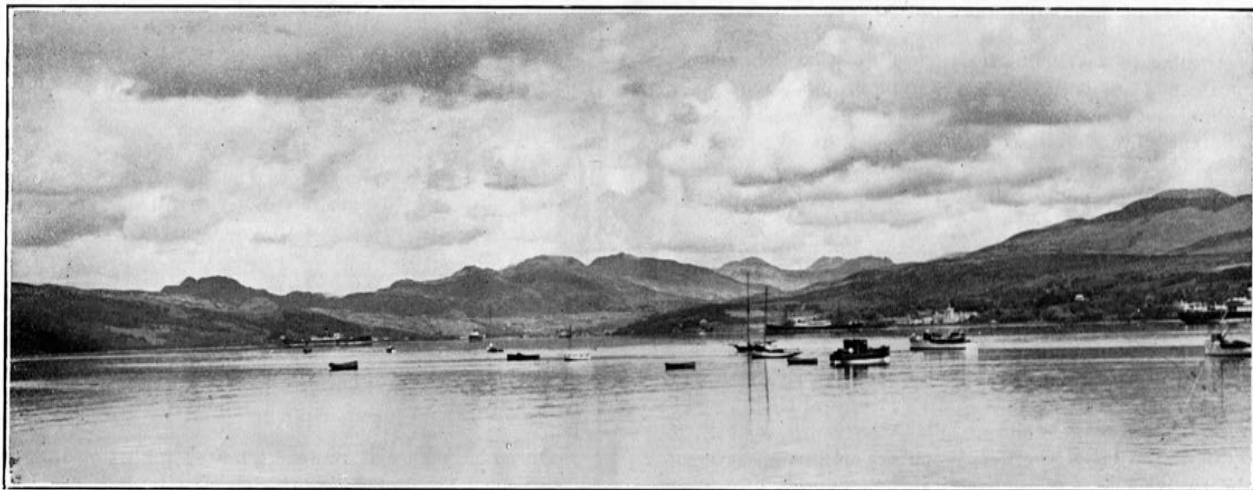
(From London to Glasgow 401½ miles.)

Tourists are generally advised that Glasgow is "a good place to get away from." Do not interpret this as a warning to avoid Glasgow. The real meaning is that the city is the starting point for excursions to places of superior attractiveness. Supreme attractiveness, one might almost say, for they include the highest mountain, the largest fresh-water lake, the most majestic islands. The scenery in north-west Scotland can only be described in superlatives.

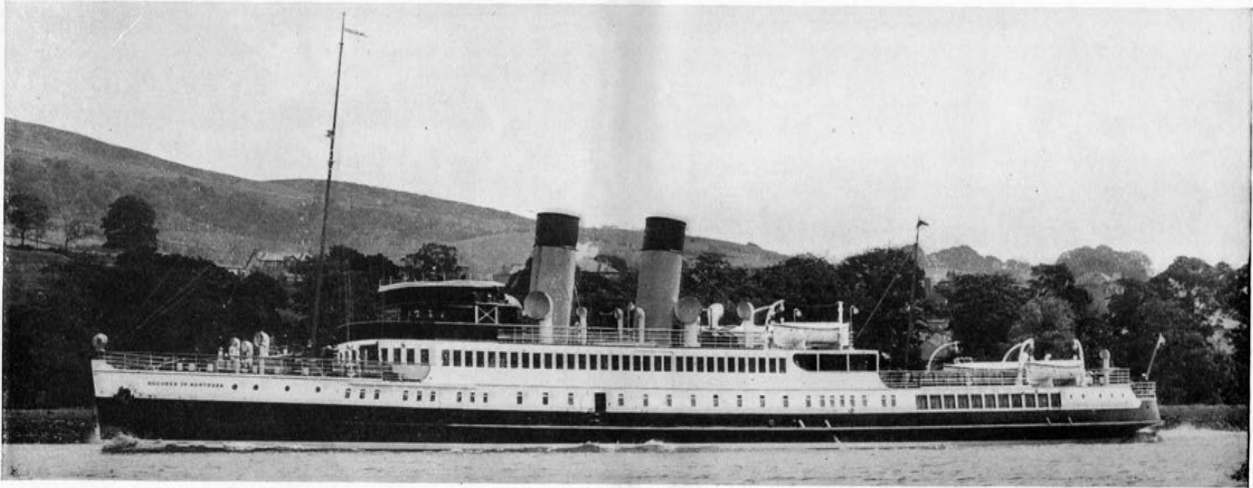
Even if Glasgow were as beautiful as a big city can be, it would still be a point of departure. Glasgow is not beautiful except to those who consider Pittsburg beautiful. It does not inspire affection as Edinburgh does. However, it deserves your respect and admiration as a living monument to the dour persistence of Scottish character. Out of very unpromising material, the Glasgow Scots have created "the second city of the Empire."

Remember the Clyde as you saw it in the hills some 30 or 40 miles away—a little winding mountain stream. This is the same Clyde at Glasgow, with great ocean liners lying at the quays. It was not always like this. A century ago the water was only three feet deep at low tide at Broomielaw Pier, and the shores were covered with golden broom. Now the depth here is 25 or 30 feet. "Glasgow made the Clyde and the Clyde made Glasgow."

Naturally the transformation of Glasgow could not be accomplished without some sacrifice of beauty. The city as a whole is dingy, smoky and often rainy. Nevertheless, some of its structures are worth visiting. The Cathedral, despite its



Gareloch.



L M S Steamer, "Duchess of Montrose," Firth of Clyde.

dull exterior and uninviting surroundings, is the finest un-mutilated Gothic in Scotland. The early English crypt is extremely beautiful. The municipal buildings and art galleries are excellent, for Glasgow takes better care of her citizens than almost any other large city in Great Britain.

FIRTH OF CLYDE.

For some miles below Glasgow the man-made Clyde passes through a forest of masts, funnels, and chimneys, but beyond Dumbarton it broadens out into the Firth of Clyde. Here the smiling waters and rugged green shores give promise of charming pictures beyond. Though the scene is tame compared to the wild beauty of the kyles and lochs further north, still it is a satisfactory sample of bonny Scotland.

Dumbarton, like Glasgow, has gone industrial. One landmark which the modern inhabitants have been unable to utilise commercially, though it was the most precious piece of real estate in medieval days, is the Dumbarton Rock. This lofty twin-peaked crag is a natural stronghold, and the castle situated there has had an eventful history. The rock appears inaccessible, but in 1571 it was scaled and the castle captured rather easily.

GOUROCK.

(Railway from Glasgow, 26½ miles.)

Unless the industrial district has some special interest for you, the best way to reach the Firth of Clyde is by taking a 40-minute train journey to Gourock. This popular resort town lies at the bend of the main channel, facing the entrance to Loch Long, Loch Goil and Holy Loch, with the rugged hills of Argyll outlined against the horizon. All these beckon alluringly for a nearer view. You find the realisation fully equal to your

anticipation, when you embark on one of the L M S pleasure steamers and penetrate deep into the mountain fastnesses.

Loch Goil and Loch Long give much the same impression as the Norwegian fjords. The former leads to Lochgoilhead—a picnic paradise. Loch Long ends at Arrochar, only a mile by road from Loch Lomond. And what a mile! Another road, famous for its scenery, leads to Inveraray through Glencroe (not to be confused with Glencoe). However, it is not necessary to leave the boat to have a splendid view of the picturesque "Cobbler" and the jagged range facetiously known as "Argyll's Bowling Green."

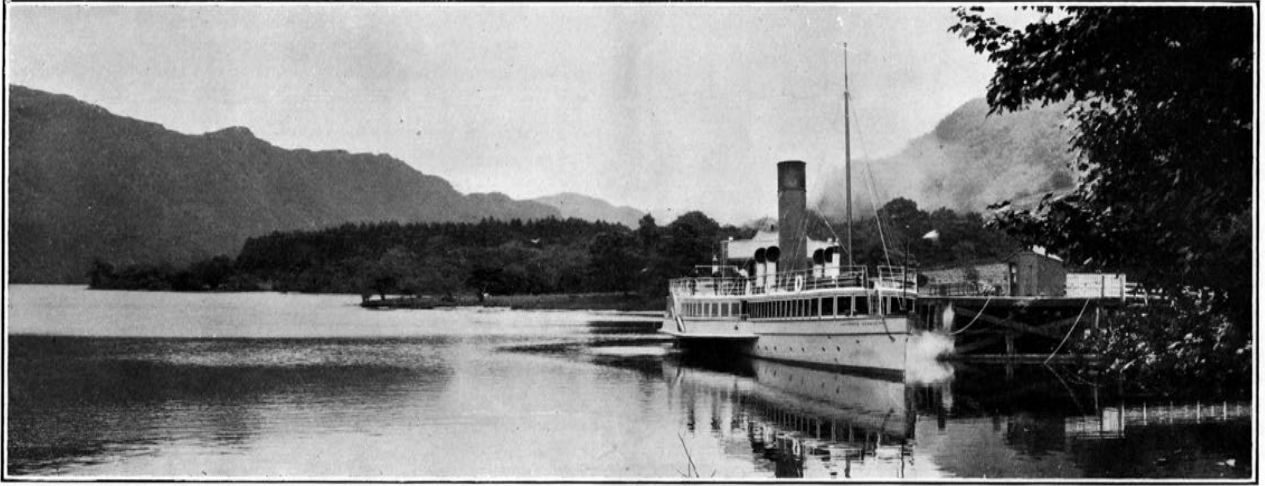
ROTHESAY AND THE KYLES OF BUTE.

(Steamer from Glasgow or Gourock.)

Rothsay, on the Isle of Bute, has everything to make a vacation delightful. Sheltered situation, picturesque scenery, healthy climate. To these the hospitable inhabitants have added golf, sports, and a variety of entertainments. Their predecessors on the island did their part by building a castle, the ruins of which are made more interesting by the legend of the "Bloody Stair," and other stories of romantic flavour.

The Kyles of Bute! Even Scotland cannot furnish a name more suggestive of the picturesque, and these narrow passages separating the island from the mainland deserve their name and their fame.

The steamer on this popular tour enters between wooded shores, that draw closer and closer until the channel seems to be blocked with little islands impossible to pass. But the water is deep and the steamer threads its way through. You pass some tiny resort villages, and the curiously painted rocks known as "Maids of Bute" before you finally emerge into the broad stretch leading to Loch Fyne.



Loch Lomond Steamer waiting at Ardlui Pier.

The Trossachs and Loch Lomond.

The tourist's only complaint with the Scottish Highlands is that he never has time enough to see all their scenic glories. He might spend the summer in sight-seeing here; and still at the end of it be told, in all sincerity, that he had missed the most beautiful place of all.

Whether your time is long or short, there is one tour you cannot afford to miss. This is the one-day tour through the Trossachs, including Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. Starting and ending at either Edinburgh or Glasgow, you get a fair sample of the glories of the Highlands—their heathery hills, their shimmering lochs, and their colorful forests of aromatic pines and shining birches. All this between sunrise and sunset, and combining the joys of travelling by railway, by road motor, by coach and by steamer.

No wonder the Trossachs tour is the most popular in Scotland, if not in the British Isles. Yet so well conducted is it that each day's pilgrims find the scene almost as fresh and natural as if they were the first to pass through it. The grizzled shepherd with his dog, and the quaint old women on the doorsteps of equally quaint old cottages are not bits of stage scenery. The flow of visitors through here has no more affected them than it has affected the lofty summits of Ben Lomond and Ben Venue.

CALLANDER.

(From Edinburgh 52½ miles. To Oban 70¾ miles.)

Gateway to the Trossachs. See Falls of Leny.

The tour can be begun at either end, but for convenience it is assumed that you start at Callander. The centre of interest here is the Station, which presents a lively scene when the

Trossachs Express arrives, and the travellers gather round the motors waiting to take them to the land of desire. Nevertheless, Callander has considerable reputation as a resort, because of its hotels and sport facilities, and its charming surroundings. The artists who gather here every summer find plenty of subjects made for their hands. The Pass of Leny and the Falls of Leny are especially worth visiting.

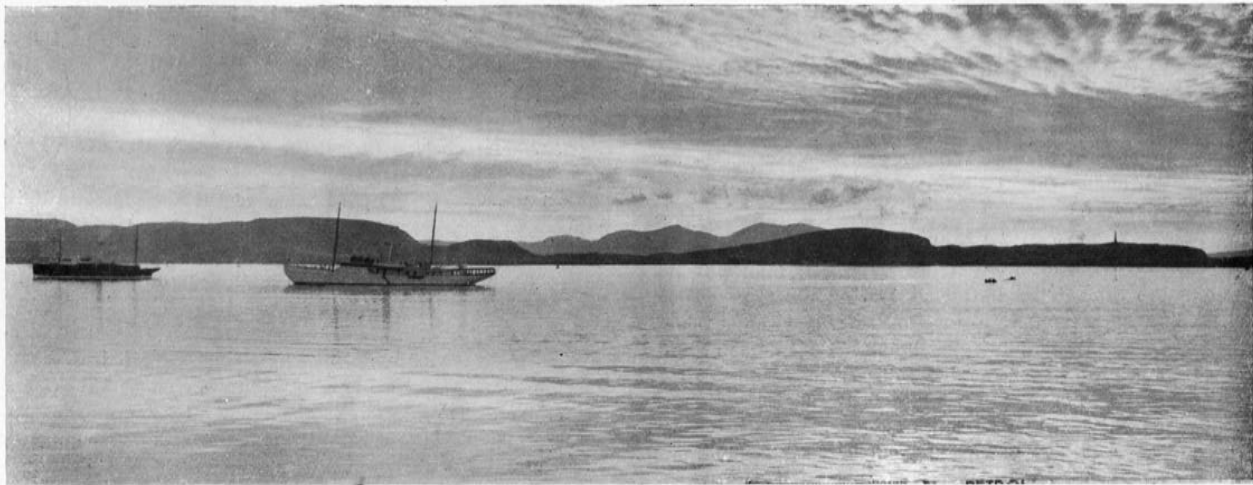
At Callander, Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is a perennial best seller. This is the perfect guide book to the Trossachs tour. The whole action of the poem takes place in the vicinity, and Scott's descriptions are painstakingly accurate. It would be hard to say whether the scenery is more enjoyable because of the poem, or the poem because of the scenery.

From Callander the first part of the trip leads out across the River Leny, and then along the shore of Loch Vennachar. On the way you notice "Samson's Putting Stone" and Coilantogle Ford, the scene of the combat between Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu. Beyond Loch Vennachar you reach Brig o' Turk, another favorite resort of painters.

The Trossachs.—Shortly you reach the Trossachs Hotel, an imposing structure in the Scottish Baronial style, situated in a deep and shadowy glen. Here a halt is made for luncheon. The Hotel commands a view of Loch Achray, a small but lovely sheet of water, bordered with foliage to its very edge.

Between the Hotel and Loch Katrine you pass through the Gorge of the Trossachs, and see the "Bristled Land" which the name Trossachs signifies. It is a labyrinth of rugged mounds and rocks, with a fascinating variety of vegetation, including dark pines, shaggy oaks, and graceful birches. The winding road presents an ever-changing view of this shadowy woodland and of the overhanging mountains above.

Loch Katrine.—The sail up Loch Katrine is to many the surprise of the whole journey. Loch Lomond has been praised so often that its name is as familiar as Killarney or Como.



Sunset in Oban Bay.

Somehow you have not heard so much about the little gem of Loch Katrine, with its cliffs fringed with heather, its dark wooded island, and its glorious contrast of sunshine and shadow. If you pronounce it to be the most beautiful lake you have ever seen you will not be alone in your opinion.

The voyage up this lake is far too short. At Stronachlachar you disembark and mount the high coaches—no motor-cars are allowed to enter this magic region. Each coach has a boy clinging to the rear. When you begin to descend the steep pitches you will discover what his job is.

This stage of the journey crosses high ridges, for the most part barren, but with wide expanses of air and sky, as a contrast to the deep glens that have preceded. Finally, a steep descent takes you down to Inversnaid and Loch Lomond.

Loch Lomond.—Though Inversnaid, situated near the head of the lake, commands only a fraction of its 23 miles of length, that fraction is enough to tell you that Loch Lomond has not been over-praised. Before embarking on the steamer you have time to view the Inversnaid Falls from a rustic bridge. Here it was that Wordsworth got the inspiration for one of his most charming poems, "To a Highland Girl."

The voyage down Loch Lomond is a fitting conclusion to the tour. After the close contact with hills, the sensation of floating along quiet waters beneath their shadow gives a feeling of utter peacefulness. Towards the end the lake broadens out, the black hills withdraw to a respectful distance, and a dozen friendly little islands poke their green heads out of the water. From Balloch Pier a short trip by train to Glasgow ends the tour, and gives you time to compare it with others you have experienced. Quite likely you will join the vast number of those who use it as a standard for future comparisons. "As fine as the trip through the Trossachs" has long been the highest praise that one could give to a drive.

Oban and the Land of Lorne.

You can find no better way to realise the distinctive glories of the Highlands than by taking the through night train from London to Oban. To close your eyes upon the fertile green meadows of the Midland country and open them in the morning upon the wild grandeur of Scottish hills and lochs is an electric experience. From it you gain a full appreciation of the wide variety of scenic beauty in Great Britain.

Even from Callander to Oban the scenery is full of variety, but every part of it is characteristic of the Highlands. Towns are few and small; human habitations scattered; much of the land too barren to support anything but the hardy sheep. But everywhere stretch the colorful hills, looming directly overhead or off in the misty distance. And nearly everywhere you skirt the shore of a dark loch or follow a brawling stream.

Loch Earn, Loch Dochart, Loch Awe, Loch Etive, all present their attractions in turn. You plunge from the sunlight into the gloomy Pass of Brander, beneath the towering bulk of Ben Cruachan; then out into the saltier atmosphere near the western shore, down which you curve to Oban.

OBAN.

(From London 503 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

From Glasgow 117 miles. From Edinburgh 122 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.)

Tourist centre for Western Highlands and Isles. See Dunolly Castle; visit Dunstaffnage Castle.

Oban is often called "The Charing Cross of the Highlands." The name aptly suggests its bustling activity during the summer season, when swarms of tourists are arriving and departing. From it radiate steamship and motor tours leading to the varied attractions of island, mountain, glen, and loch.

Of the many expeditions the following are most notable:—

1. Westward around the Isle of Mull to Staffa and Iona (steamer).
2. Southward through the Pass of Melfort (motor).
3. Northward to the Pass of Glencoe (railway or steamer and motor).
4. Northward to Fort William and Ben Nevis, thence through the Caledonian Canal to Inverness (steamer).

For its growth as a tourist centre, Oban owes much to the little green island of Kerrera that lies across the mouth of its bay and makes a sheltered harbour. During the season it is gay with vessels of every description. At such times, every bed may be occupied in the numerous hotels that line its shore front. Usually, however, accommodations are plentiful, and of every degree of luxury and price.

Primarily a base of operations, Oban, nevertheless, has pictorial attractions of its own. The hills rise sharply in a crescent around the bay, with houses clustered here and there along its wooded terraces. On the highest summit stands a gaunt and roofless circle of stone. Not a Druid circle or an ancient ruin of any sort, but merely the unfinished dream of an eccentric citizen. Ugly and pathetic though it may be, it is, nevertheless, a picturesque feature of the landscape and a good vantage point for views of the distant mountains and seas.

By far the most interesting structure in Oban is the ivy-clad ruin of Dunolly Castle, on a rocky knoll at the north entrance to the harbour. This castle was once the chief stronghold of the Lords of Lorne, who dominated this region, but only the square tower and some walls are left standing. Time and weather have softened their militant aspects and blended their color with the surrounding landscape.

Dunstaffnage Castle, about three miles north of Oban, is far less beautiful than Dunolly, but has even more interesting associations. The seat of the Scottish Government was here for several centuries, beginning about 500 A.D., and the Coronation Stone, now at Westminster Abbey, was used here before it was carried to Scone. The ruins show the massiveness of the original structure. Here, too, you obtain a magnificent view over hill and sea, with the dim purple outlines of Ben Nevis on the far horizon.

IONA.

(Steamer from Oban.)

See Cathedral, Nunnery, St. Oran's Chapel, crosses, and burial ground with "King's Ridge."

Iona, "the blessed isle," is a mecca for Christian pilgrims because of its precious associations. It is sacred soil, and has been sacred more than 1,300 years. Here St. Columba and his associates landed about 563 A.D. and founded their religious colony. Here the flame of Christian faith was kept burning brightly when it was dim or extinguished elsewhere in Britain. Here for centuries was the burial ground of kings—40 of Scotland, two of Ireland, two of Norway, and one of France (a larger number, by some accounts).

Iona is a place to be approached with reverence. The relics to be seen here, scanty though they are in comparison to

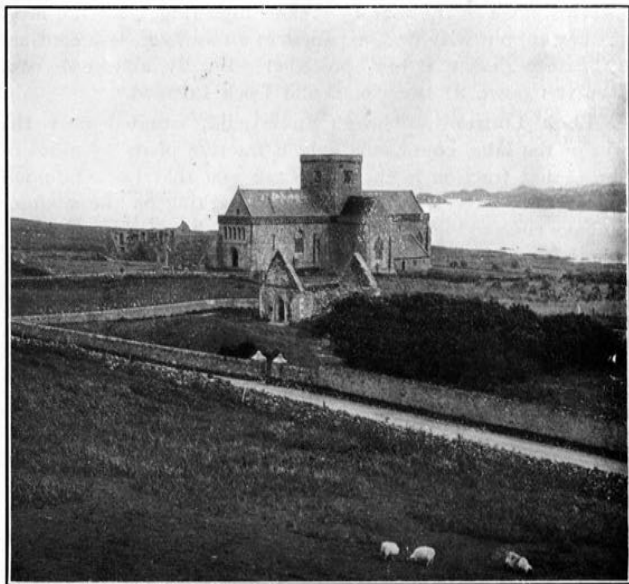
its glorious past, are worth a long journey. Out of 360 memorial crosses that were once here, only two remain intact. A third has been restored. McLean's cross is thought to be the oldest in Scotland. St. Martin's, by the Cathedral, has a fascinating Runic design. Fragments of other memorials testify to the art as well as the piety of those who carved them long ago.

The larger structures—the Cathedral, the Nunnery, and St. Oran's Chapel—are all interesting, apart from their hallowed associations. The simple beauty of the Cathedral is far more appealing than greater and more ornate edifices. Lately it has been reverently restored and protected against further damage.

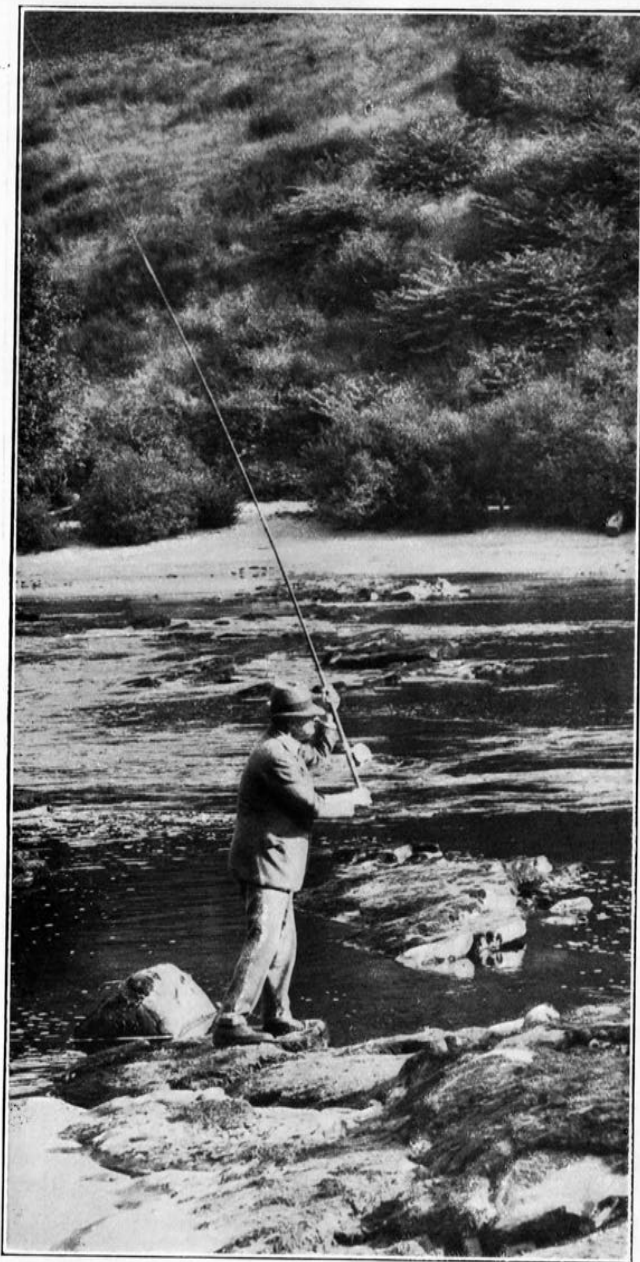
All this is merely to touch upon some of the more obvious and objective elements of Iona. To list them all and recount their history would require pages. Even then the secret of Iona's charm would not be completely revealed. About this barren island somehow is a mystic aura that sets it apart from other lands. Perhaps it is the blue water lapping its shores; perhaps the sunlight that warms it oftentimes when its neighbouring islands are shrouded in grey mist. You may sense it without being able to trace its source, but you may be sure it is not purely imaginary.

Although the legend tells us that Columba chose this place because it was the first from which he could not see Ireland—the land he had left—it seems not improbable that he found Iona the most harmonious atmosphere for a holy and peaceful life. So strongly do some visitors feel its spell that, in spite of its remoteness, they elect to remain here for their vacation. The village offers simple but comfortable accommodation. The bronzed boatmen and their families are delightful folk; so likewise are the artist craftsmen.

Even though your stay in Iona is but the hour allowed on the usual steamer trip, the memory of it will be cherished long afterwards.



Iona Cathedral.



Fishing in Scotland.

(S. & G.)

STAFFA.

(Steamer from Oban.)

See Fingal's Cave, Boat Cave, Clamshell Cave and Causeway.

The usual trip to Iona includes a visit to Staffa, that strange black-pillared structure rising lonely from the sea. Unknown to civilisation until 1772, it is now ranked among the greatest natural wonders of the world, almost as famous as the Niagara Falls or the Rock of Gibraltar. Who has not heard of Fingal's Cave, the noblest of several remarkable caves on this island?

Seen from a distance, Staffa is no more impressive—except for its isolation—than any one of the dozen other islands that break the Atlantic near by. But when you approach close enough to discern the stately architecture of its sharply-chiselled columns, the effect is awe-inspiring. Viewed from the south, where the lofty arched portal of Fingal's Cave seems to promise an entrance to the island's inner mysteries, it is unique among the sights of the earth.

A landing on the island is not always practicable. At such times the visitor has ample compensation in seeing the waves lash against the black pillars and hearing them thunder in the hollow caverns. In good weather, visitors have the opportunity of exploring the wonders of the island more intimately, entering several of the caves and inspecting the Causeway and the Wishing Chair.

Sometimes the sea is calm enough to permit an entrance to Fingal's Cave by boat. Then you get the full effect of its architectural grandeur, with its vaulted roof high overhead hung with many colored stalactites, and supported by parallel rows of basaltic columns. Great writers have confessed their inability to do justice to this cave in a description, but all agree that no man-made cathedral can rival its awful sublimity.

THE ISLAND OF MULL.

(Steamer from Oban.)

See Duart Castle, Tobermory, and cliffs and mountains.

Less has been heard of the scenic glories of Mull than strict justice would demand. This may be partly because of the greater fame of Iona and Staffa. It may be partly because the island provokes comparison with Skye, which excels it in grandeur.

Nevertheless, the island, as seen by the voyager who circumnavigates it, is always picturesque and in many places extremely beautiful.

The passage through the Sound of Mull at the north is a constant succession of delightful views. They include not only the mountains of Mull, but the rugged cliffs of Morven, with cataracts so high that much of the water is blown into smoky mists before it reaches bottom. You pass the ruins of several feudal castles, of which the most formidable is Duart Castle, the lonely stronghold of the Macleans.

Where the Sound of Mull opens into the Atlantic the crags are of strange, fantastic shapes. Below Iona the shore is broken, and a line of rocky islets stretches out to sea as far as the eye can reach. Through this perilous maze the little steamer threads its way unconcernedly.

But the grandest features of Mull scenery are the cliffs on the southern side, which in several places rise for a thousand feet, almost sheer from the sea. The coloring here is rich indeed, particularly when a slanting sun sculpts the ground with shadows.

Iona, Staffa and Mull are merely the chief features of a voyage that has justly been called "the finest one-day sail in the world."



Glencoe.

PASS OF MELFORT.

(By road motor.)

May be combined with steamer trip on Loch Awe, via Ford.

Southward from Oban a favorite motor trip is to the Pass of Melfort. The road to this unique and beautiful glen follows a winding mountain stream up into the high plateaux. At every turn your eye takes in wide stretches of rugged hills, lonely and barren, but saved from bleakness by their wealth of coloring. Their marblings of green and bronze and purple are as rich as any in the Highlands.

Presently you lose sight of the little stream, but join another one. This moves along, black and sedate, until reaching a narrow long gorge, it churns itself into foaming cataracts and rapids, and disappears in a tangle of woods and underbush.

Then, with startling suddenness, you find yourself above a deep valley filled with pines of incredible height and slenderness, through which you catch occasional glimpses of black and white that mark the course of the stream below. The beauty of the glen seems all the more ethereal by contrast with the sternness of the rocks and hills above.

Beyond the Pass the valley opens into the Loch of Melfort, with a fine view of the pointed mountains of Jura. For a circular tour you can continue by motor to Ford and thence by steamer up Loch Awe to the Railway, and so back to Oban.

THE PASS OF GLENCOE.

(Railway or steamer to Ballachulish; thence by road motor.)

Many of the mountain passes in the Highlands are tinged with melancholy, but in none is gloom more absolute or more oppressive than in Glencoe. Here the hills rise steeply on either side, with scarcely a tree or bush of any size to relieve their

starkness. The grey rocks at their crests are tortured into grotesque shapes. Time and weather have not softened their harshness, but have merely worn deep furrows which gleam with cold white rivulets during and after a rain. This, as it happens, is most of the time, for Glencoe competes with Mull for the distinction of being the rainiest place in Scotland.

It is fortunate that rain only heightens its dark impressiveness, for Glencoe is by name and by history a "glen of weeping." Here, in 1692, occurred the terrible massacre of the Macdonald Clan, one of the blackest incidents in Scottish history. Here you may still see the pathetic piles of rocks that mark the sites of the cottages from which the surviving women and children were driven out in the dead of winter. In vain you look about you—as they must have done—for any places that might have afforded shelter from the weather.

Glencoe is one of those sights you would be sorry to have missed seeing, but you may not be sorry to escape from it. After its terrible bleakness, even the dwarfed and twisted trees in the entrance to the glen seem like a respectable forest, and the humble cottages of the slate quarrymen on Loch Leven appear almost luxurious.

FORT WILLIAM.

The chief magnet drawing visitors to Fort William is Ben Nevis. This is the highest mountain in Great Britain (4,404 feet), and is the most frequently ascended of Scottish mountains. The climb is not difficult, and has been made by motor-car.

On the summit is an inn for those who wish to spend the night here. If the atmosphere is clear, the view extends for a hundred miles in every direction, except north-east, where the Cairngorm Mountains block the way.

All along the steamship route up Loch Linnhe, from Oban to Fort William, the scenery is remarkably beautiful. Dunolly and Dunstaffnage Castles are passed in turn; then the low-lying garden island of Lismore and the entrance to Loch Leven, leading to the Pass of Glencoe. Mountains tower on either side, with occasional gaps revealing dark, mysterious glens. Ben Nevis looms nearer, and after passing Ardgour, where the channel narrows, you see the mountain in all its glory.

Fort William has a wealth of historical associations. All about it are places connected with the ill-fated attempt of Prince Charlie and the romantic circumstances of his flight and concealment. Glen Nevis has remarkable scenic beauty, with a picturesque waterfall and an old Fort, commanding a superb view.

CALEDONIAN CANAL.

Fort William is the most convenient stopping place for those who are travelling from Oban to Inverness via the Caledonian Canal. This journey is frequently taken as a part of the grand circular tour of Scotland. The other half includes the railway journey from Inverness to Edinburgh or Glasgow, via Perth. The two routes combined give an impression of the grandeur of the Scottish Highlands that can be obtained in no other way.

Canal is a somewhat misleading term for this remarkable waterway. By reference to the map you will see that Scotland is seemingly split by a deep crevice, running north-east from Loch Linnhe to the Firth of Moray. Along it lies a series of lochs almost end to end. It merely remained for the engineers to link these natural waterways by artificial channels. This task was completed in 1847. Of the 62 miles of waterway, only 24 are actually canal. In this are 29 locks, but not all of these are passed through by the tourist steamer. The famous series at the south-west end, known as "Neptune's Staircase," is avoided by a short railway journey to Banavie, from which the

voyage proper begins. From here all the way to Inverness a constant succession of interesting scenes present themselves.

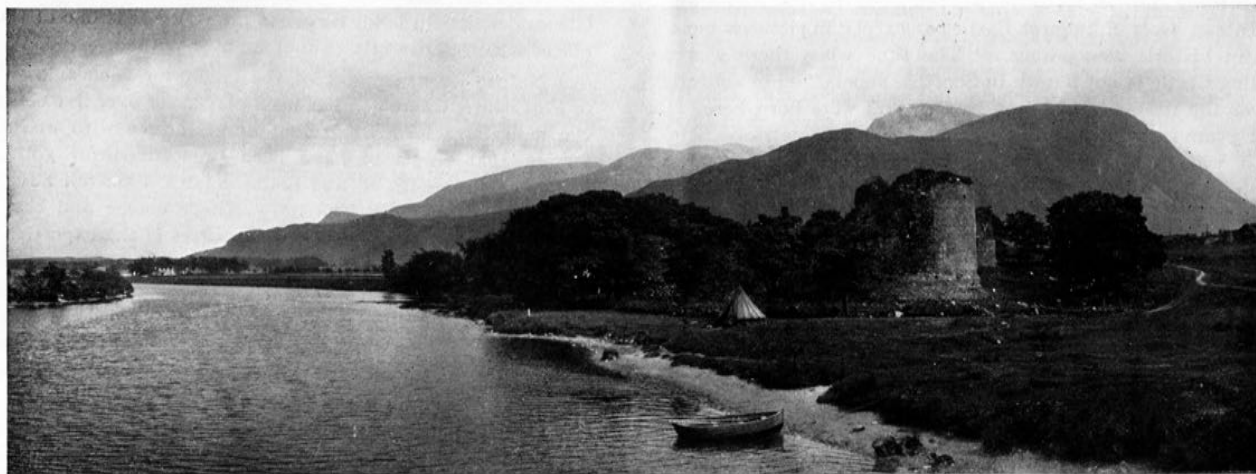
Tor Castle, Glenloy, Gairloch, in the very heart of the last Jacobite rebellion, are passed in turn. Kinloch-Lochy recalls the battle fought between the Frasers and the Macdonalds—called the "Battle of the Shirts," because the clansmen, almost overcome by the heat of the day and of the fighting, stripped themselves "to the buff" and wearing only their kilts, decided the issue. It is written that only 10 of 500 Macdonalds escaped alive, and only four Frasers out of a somewhat similar number.

At Laggan, entrance is made to Loch Oich, as picturesque a stretch of green-isled water as one could wish to see. "The Well of the Heads" is a landmark in this district. It is unique among monuments, with its apex of seven heads carved in stone to recall the death of seven murderers, the tale of whose crime and the subsequent retribution is told in the inscription in Gaelic, English, French and Latin.

Shortly you reach Fort Augustus on Loch Ness. Fort Augustus was originally a military stronghold, built by General Wade to keep the Jacobite clansmen in submission. The remains of the old Fort are still to be seen, along with the handsome modern buildings of the Benedictine Monastery.

Loch Ness is one of the handsomest of the Scottish lochs, with its magnificently wooded shores, gorgeously colored in all seasons of the year. Local superstition has surrounded it with an air of mystery, because it is 900 feet deep in some places and has never been known to freeze. What is perhaps more interesting to the visitor is the fact that it is famous for its salmon.

The latter part of the journey contains some of the best of its scenic attractions. At Foyers a stop is made to permit a view of the Fall of Foyers, the finest of all Scottish cascades. It is sometimes called "The Fall of Smoke," from the impression made by the silvery spray arising from the larger cataract. Castle Urquhart claims attention for its impressive appearance and its historical associations with Edward I.



Old Inverloch Castle.



Gleneagles Hotel from the Air.

The Central Highlands.

STIRLING.

(From Edinburgh 35 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To Perth 33 miles.)

City of great beauty and historic interest. See Stirling Castle, Field of Bannockburn, Wallace Monument and old bridge.

When the Highlands are calling, no ordinary city can offer enough to detain you. Stirling is no ordinary city. You sense that fact the moment you glimpse its gloriously situated castle. Even in the dusk of evening its profile against the sky sends a quiver of anticipation through you.

Stirling Castle is quite as romantic as its appearance indicates. Only Edinburgh Castle can excel it in picturesqueness and in historic associations. "The time when there was no Stirling Castle is not known in Scottish annals." For centuries it was the residence of kings, and several were born here. In later years it acquired unhappy associations for patriotic Scots, for it was held by the English against them. In every war involving the two countries it held a strategic position as the "key to the Highlands." From its ramparts seven battlefields may be seen.

Of these battlefields, Bannockburn is best worth visiting. Here you may see the Borestone where Bruce planted his standard on the day of victory. The Wallace Monument on Abbey Craig is a noble pile and its rooms contain many historic relics, notably Wallace's sword. The old bridge of Stirling, built about 1400, has probably witnessed more stirring episodes than any other in Scotland.

Five miles from Stirling, at Dunblane, is the cathedral that Ruskin described as "the loveliest ruins in Scotland." The Gothic interior is superlatively fine.

GLENEAGLES.

(From Edinburgh 53 miles.

From Glasgow 48 miles. To Perth 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.)

Famous golfing resort, where the scenery is as fine as the golf, and the golf as fine as the scenery.

What golfer has not heard of Gleneagles? Wherever you find a gathering of pilgrims who have returned from the golfing shrines of Scotland, you hear talk of Gleneagles. Some praise the architecture of the courses, some the grandeur of the distant mountain views, some the brilliance of the near-by coloring. And some—material-minded, perhaps, but after all bodily comfort is important to a vacation—praise the palatial hotel, its rooms, cuisine and service.

With all you have heard and will continue to hear of Gleneagles, it still holds surprises for you. It is one of the few places which apparently cannot be over-praised.

Nature deserves most of the credit for Gleneagles. Here in Perthshire, where golf has been played for over five centuries, the mountains form a spacious amphitheatre with undulating terrain that seems to have been predestined for golf. The genius of James Braid, and his associates, took full advantage of the opportunities. The braw King's course and the more subtle Queen's test the skill and resources of the expert.

British golfers who accept the superiority of seaside golf courses as axiomatic, agree that Gleneagles is the finest *inland* golf in the world. Overseas visitors, who have less respect for the seaside tradition, sometimes omit the qualifying adjective. Among the taciturn Scots the stock comment is that "Golf is golf at Gleneagles."

For all that Gleneagles is a supreme test of skill, it inflicts no misery upon the erring duffer. A score in three figures here does not provoke curses. Indeed, you have some new alibis—that the distant mountains tempted you to look up, or that the



Gleneagles Golf Courses.

golden broom and purple heather in the rough lured you from the fairway. Gleneagles may have hazards that are not found on ordinary courses, but they are of the sort that leave happy memories.

Of the Hotel itself it is enough to say that the London Midland and Scottish Railway, which owns and manages it, has spared no pains to make it the finest resort hotel in the world. How well they have succeeded is for the guest to decide. A word of warning, however, is in order: make your reservation well in advance, for the demand during the season taxes its capacity. You need not fear over-crowding on the golf courses. A third course, designed by Gordon Lockhart, was opened in 1928, to guard against congestion at the busy week-ends.

While Gleneagles was intended primarily as a golfers' paradise, it offers every facility for indoor and outdoor sports and entertainments. In addition, it is an ideal centre for exploring the Central Highlands. The Trossachs, Loch Tay, the Pass of Killiecrankie, and other beauty-spots are within easy reach. Yet some who plan these excursions defer them indefinitely, feeling that no time can be too long to revel in the marvellous beauty of Gleneagles.

PERTH.

(From Edinburgh 68½ miles.

From Glasgow 65 miles. To Inverness 118 miles.)

Ancient and historic city. See Kinnoull Hill and visit Scone Palace.

Perth has a distinctly modern appearance and flourishing industries. Except for its sentimental associations it has little to detain the tourist, for most of its old structures have disappeared. The sites are plainly marked, however, and those who know Scott's romance, "The Fair Maid of Perth," have no difficulty in tracing its scenes.

The beautiful surroundings of the city may be seen most advantageously from the height of Kinnoull Hill, overlooking the Valley of the Tay.

The present Scone Palace, two miles from the city, is a modern mansion not open to visitors. The grounds are worth seeing for their splendid old trees, and the remains of the ancient Abbey. At Scone the Scottish Kings were crowned until the days of James IV. The Stone of Destiny, said to have been taken from Dunstaffnage, was removed from here to England by Edward I in 1296.

PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE, PITLOCHRY, AND BLAIR-ATHOLL.

(From Perth to Pitlochry 28½ miles. To Inverness 89½ miles.)

Popular summer resorts, with much beautiful scenery.

Perth, Oban and Inverness are the three points of the triangle that constitutes the grand tour of the Highlands. The road from Perth to Inverness is celebrated for the grandeur of its mountain scenery.

On the way you pass through the deep wooded gorge of Killiecrankie, equally interesting for its beauty, and for the great victory won here by the Highland forces under "Bonnie Dundee," in 1689. From the railway bridge you have what many consider the finest view of the Pass. If you wish to explore it more fully you can do so by stopping-off at Pitlochry or Blair-Atholl, which are situated a few miles on either side of the Pass. Both have a healthy bracing atmosphere, and inspiring views of the mountains, as well as ample hotel accommodations, ranging from the simplest to the most luxurious.

The region offers an exceptional number of picturesque waterfalls, notably the Falls of Tummel, the Falls and Salmon Leap of Garry, and the Falls of Bruar. The last named owe



Loading the Stag; near Blair Atholl. (S. & G.)

something of their beauty to Robert Burns. He visited them in 1787, and wrote a verse petition that they should be shaded by trees and spreading bushes; consequently, the fourth Duke of Atholl planted the region with firs. The forest here now is the sort of monument that Burns would have appreciated.

KILLIN, LOCH TAY, AND ABERFELDY.

(Combination tour by Railway, Steamer and Motor. Railway from Killin Junction or Ballinluig Junction.)

Only slightly inferior to the famous trip through the Trossachs is the tour from Killin Junction on the Oban-Callander route via Loch Tay to Ballinluig Junction on the Perth-Inverness route. This tour presents the varied charms of Killin, Loch Tay, Kenmore and Aberfeldy, and has the merit of not being too well-known or too crowded for complete enjoyment.

KILLIN.

(Branch from Killin Junction.)

See Falls of the Dochart and McNab's burial ground.

Killin, at the western end of Loch Tay, is an unspoiled town of considerable charm. It boasts only one important beauty-spot, but that one has possibly been painted more often than any other scene in Scotland. Rarely, indeed, can you cross the bridge above the village on a fine day without seeing one or more artists working at their easels.

Here the river is a mass of white water foaming down over rock ledges and through the old stone arches of the bridge. Above and below, two islands divide the torrent. The upper is densely wooded; the lower, fringed with old firs, is the historic burial place of the Clan McNab. They once owned all this district, but years ago were crowded out and migrated to America.

LOCH TAY.

(By Steamer.)

Loch Tay is next in size to Loch Lomond among the inland lakes of Scotland. Practically no islands break its 14-mile stretch of deep blue waters and few boats disturb its ripples. A few small villages, quaint and quiet, are along its shores, but for the most part you see only scattered farmhouses and the mountains rising above.

As you speed along it on the swift little L M S steamer, a half-dozen lofty peaks succeed one another as the predominant features in an ever-changing panorama. The climax is Ben Lawers, whose majestic bulk begins at the water's edge, about midway on the north side of the loch. If you are interested in botany this is the mountain for you to climb, for it has a greater variety to offer than any other mountain in Scotland.

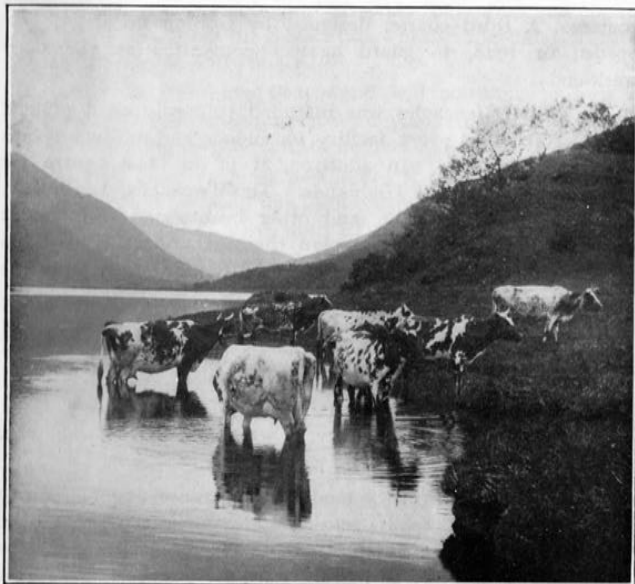
KENMORE.

(Steamer from Killin or road motor from Aberfeldy.)

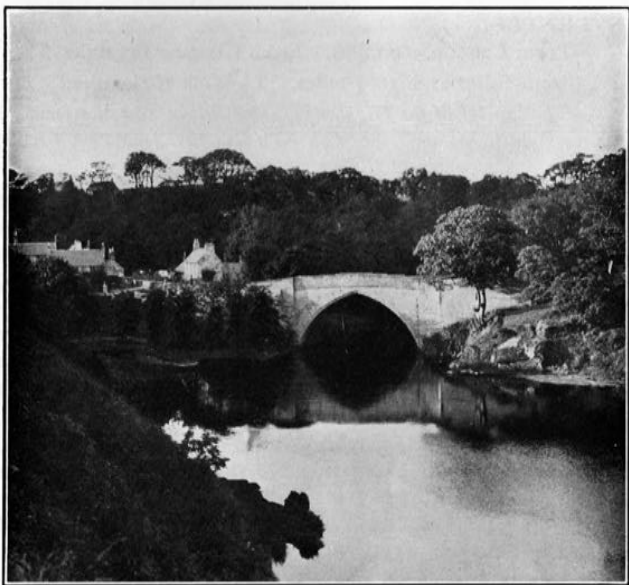
Kenmore, at the other end of the lake, is a neat and pleasant village, but is quite dwarfed by the size and magnificence of the Taymouth Castle grounds, which it adjoins. The Castle is interesting because of its association with Queen Victoria. When she was 23, she and the Prince Consort were entertained here "by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style," and ever afterwards it occupied a warm spot in her affections. In recent years the Castle has been used as an hotel.

In the Castle Park, and all along the six-mile drive from Kenmore to Aberfeldy, you are amazed at the size and the variety of the splendid trees.

Very likely it was this feature that struck Burns so forcibly when he wrote his song about "The Birks of Aberfeldy." The falls and their over-hanging birches are pretty, but owe much of their fame to the help of the poet.



Loch Doine, Balquhider.



Brig o' Balgownie, Aberdeen.

Aberdeen and Deeside.

For pictorial effect, the east coast of Scotland can hardly be compared with the west. The hills and cliffs do not dip down so abruptly into the sea, and the wild grandeur of the islands is missing. But the scenery is not monotonous, for the fine stretches of sandy beach are broken by rocky headlands and the mountains are never out of view.

EAST COAST RESORTS.

Along the route of the London Midland and Scottish Railway, from Perth through Dundee to Aberdeen, you find a number of pleasant shore resorts, each with its individual attractions. One attraction they all offer is golf. Carnoustie, in particular, ranks only a little below St. Andrews as a golfing centre, and equals any place in the world in the number of famous professionals it has trained and sent to America. If every player who owes his skill to a Carnoustie Scotsman were to make a pilgrimage to this place, it would be as popular a shrine as St. Andrews itself. (St. Andrews, like Carnoustie, is easily reached from Perth or Dundee.)

Arbroath, Montrose and Stonehaven are also notable for good golf and picturesque scenery. Near Stonehaven stands Dunnottar Castle, where the Scottish Regalia were once hidden. This stronghold has a romantic history and some even more romantic legends.

Kirriemuir, though an inland village, draws many visitors who are admirers of Sir J. M. Barrie. He was born here, and the town is "the Thrums" of his stories, just as quaint and characterful as he pictured it.

ABERDEEN.

(From London 540 miles.

From Glasgow 154 miles. From Edinburgh 158½ miles.)

Old city, famous for stately appearance and for Scottish sagacity. See St. Machar's Cathedral, King's College, and Fish Market.

The most interesting city on the east coast is Aberdeen, sometimes known as "The Granite City," because it is largely built of this material, and sometimes known as "The Silver City by the Sea," because of its shining appearance. Its quarries are famous and its other commercial activities have made it a thriving modern city.

Like Edinburgh, however, it has its old Aberdeen, which is the most fascinating part to the overseas visitor. St. Machar's Cathedral deserves a close inspection. This fine building of red granite contrasts strongly with the majority of the buildings of the local white granite weathered grey. King's College is conspicuous for its impressive crown tower. The Brig o' Balgownie is a grand old structure, with traditions that appealed to the poet Byron.

Commercial activities, as a rule, are uninteresting to the tourist, but the Fish Market at Aberdeen is an exception. It is the most interesting in the world, and at the hour of sale is a fascinating sight, with its incredible thousands of fish of all sizes and varieties and its colorful fisher laddies and lassies.

ROYAL DEESIDE.

(Branch from Aberdeen.)

The Highland home of Their Majesties the King and Queen.

Aberdeen has features that make it a pleasant place for a vacation, but the average tourist will prefer to go deeper into the valley of Dee. Deeside has come into high favor since Queen Victoria established the Highland home of the Royal Family at Balmoral. All the way up the picturesque valley to Balmoral and beyond, the villages have become resorts offering good tourist accommodations. Each of them has special charms of its own.

You may be tempted to stop at Banchory, with its salmon leap near the Bridge of Feugh; at Aboyne, with its delightful stretch of the river fringed by thick woods; or at Ballater, surrounded by lovely mountain glens. Beyond the Royal residences at Balmoral is the little village of Braemar. The Highland Games here in Autumn have become the most popular gathering of the kind in Scotland because of the Royal patronage. Here, as at Inverness, Oban and elsewhere, the pipers and dancers share the honours with the athletes. The mustering of the clans in their Highland dress is as brilliant a sight as can well be imagined.

West and north of Braemar the country is wild and mountainous, with some passes that challenge the hardiest of walkers. The scenery is surpassingly beautiful.

Inverness, The North and The Isle of Skye.

No one can feel completely satisfied with his knowledge of the Highlands until he has penetrated to Inverness. Here the glories of Scottish scenery reach their climax. This does not imply that what lies beyond Inverness is an anti-climax. The regions north and west have scenery which, in some respects, is the finest that Great Britain can offer. To the west is the Isle of Skye, with its soaring mountain peaks and wild majestic glens. To the north is John o' Groats, and those unique chains of islands, the Orkneys and the Shetlands. Only travellers with limited time should consider Inverness a turning-point. Others should take it as a starting-point for journeys to places as fascinating as any they will ever be privileged to visit.

A word must be said about the approach to Inverness. Either by the Caledonian Canal or by the Railway, you pass through scenery of sublime grandeur. Beyond the Pass of Killiecrankie the Railway climbs higher and higher into wilder and lonelier country, until it enters the shadow of the Cairngorm Mountains. Several of these peaks are only slightly lower than noble Ben Nevis, and their color in the sunlight defies the skill of the painter.

At Aviemore, a splendid resort which commands a fine view of the mountains, the Railway divides. The old route passes down Strathspey to the coast and through Nairn to Inverness. The newer route cuts directly through the mountains. By either route the picturesqueness of the country makes the journey all too short, were it not for the beautiful view awaiting at the end.

INVERNESS.

(From London 569 miles. From Glasgow 183 miles.

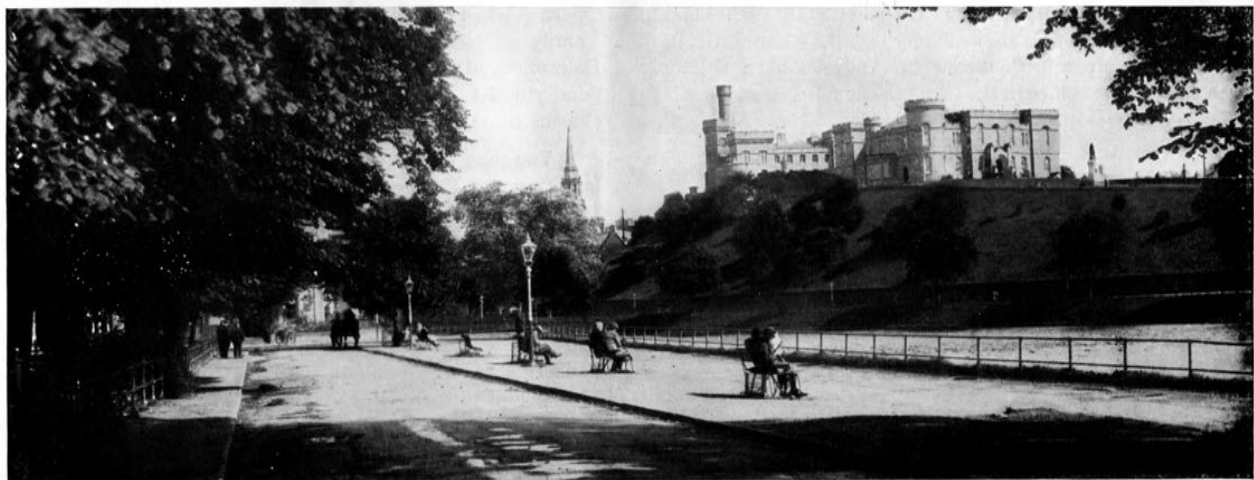
From Edinburgh 186 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To Wick 161 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.)

The capital of the Highlands, beautiful in situation and of romantic history. See Clach-na-Cuiddin, Inverness Castle. Visit Battlefield of Culloden.

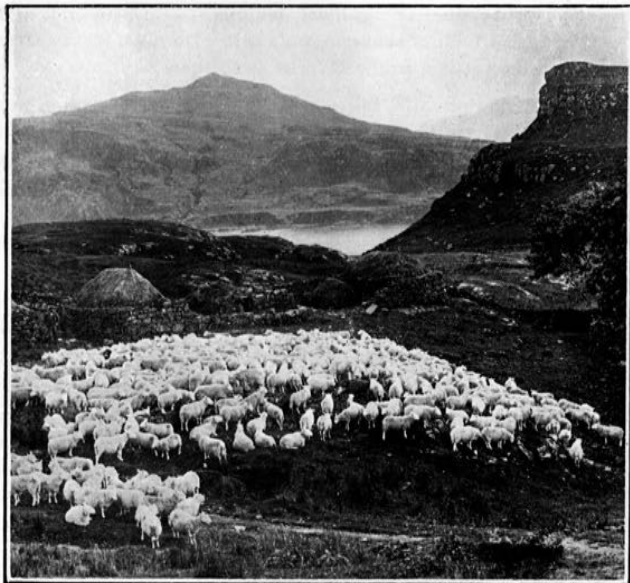
Few cities have inspired as many eulogies to its beauty of situation as has Inverness. Ruskin's poetical tribute describes the town as "Placed by the shore of one of the loveliest estuaries in the world, placed between the crests of the Grampians and the flowing of the Moray Firth, as if it were a jewel clasping the folds of the mountains to the blue zone of the sea." More prosaic-minded persons are content to express their admiration by gazing for hours at the manifold charms of river and sea and island, of green fields and lofty mountains.

The city, though largely modern in construction, has some interesting relics. Notice particularly the rough boulder at the base of the Town Cross. This is the "Clach-na-Cuiddin" or Stone of the Tubs, so-called because for generations the good housewives, on their way from the river, rested their tubs and pitchers on it, while they gossiped.

As might be guessed from the beauty of its surroundings, Inverness is the centre for many delightful excursions. Loch Ness and the Falls of Foyers, the Firth of Beaully, Fortrose and Fort George are all interesting. The place of greatest historic and sentimental interest is the Battlefield of Culloden, the last battle to be fought on British soil. Here, in 1746, Prince Charlie saw his hopes of a throne finally disappear, while 2,000 of the Highland clansmen gave their lives in their desperate charge. The memorials and other landmarks enable us to visualise the scene, and they still have power to kindle the imagination as few others can. Scotland has witnessed greater events, both before and since, but Prince Charlie's "lost cause" remains the most romantic chapter in its history.



Inverness.



Among the Hills of Skye.

ISLAND OF SKYE.

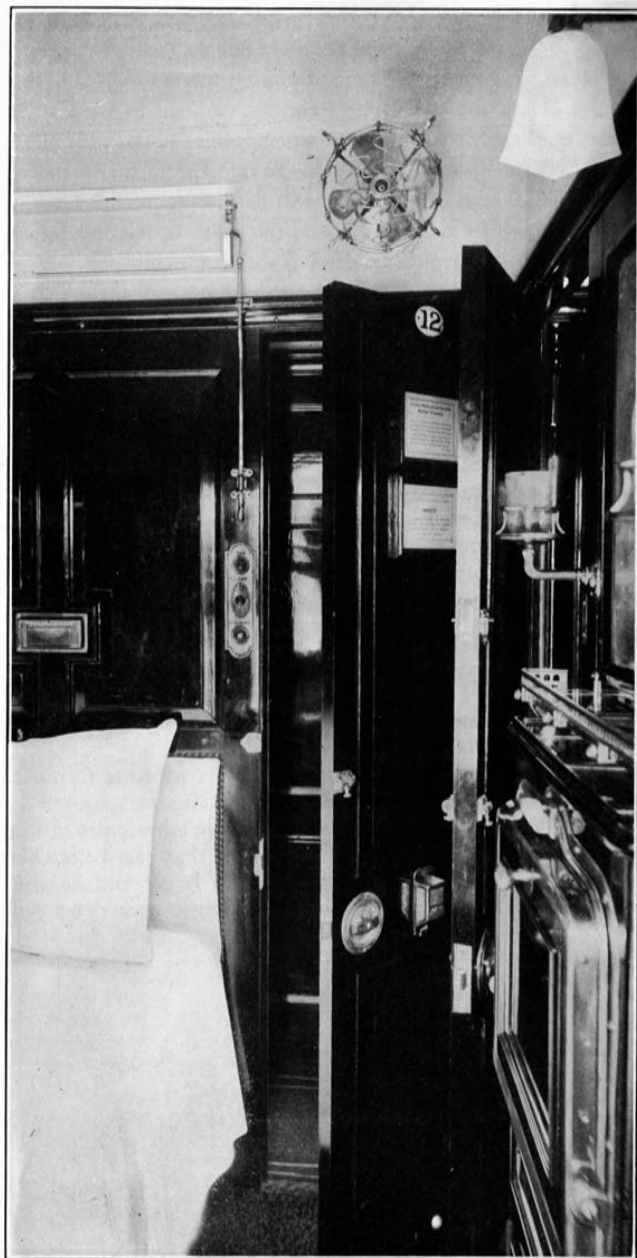
(Railway, via Kyle of Lochalsh ; then ferry or steamer.)

(From Inverness 82½ miles.)

Prince Charlie supplies an added reason, if reason were needed, for a journey to the marvellous Island of Skye. For here he fled, disguised as a female servant of Flora Macdonald, and here he remained hidden for some months, while no Highland clansman could be found who would betray him. Caves are still pointed out that he is said to have occupied.

Skye hardly needs the help of these romantic associations to make it interesting. Wildest and grandest of all the western isles, it offers some of the most sublime scenery in the world. In the north is the Quiraing, a wonderful group of castellated cliffs with strange pinnacles, needles and other curious rock formations, through which you may look down to the sea 1,500 feet below. In the south is the Coolins, a group of jagged peaks as spectacular to view as they are perilous to climb. At the foot of these mountains is Loch Coruisk, the majestic solemnity and grandeur of which made Turner declare it to be "one of the wildest of nature's landscapes."

Of the structures built by man, the most interesting is Dunvegan Castle, the seat of Macleod for centuries. Its romantic appearance is in harmony with its surroundings. The Keep was probably built in the 13th century. The drawing-room in this part of the castle contains the "Fairy Flag," said to have been taken by a Macleod from a Saracen chief during the Crusades.



First Class Sleeping Berth, L M S Railway.

Skye has many other historic relics and interesting legends. It is most easily reached from Inverness, and the railway journey to the coast is a fitting prelude to the scenic glories beyond. The final stage of the journey, down through Strathcarron, discloses glens almost as awe-inspiring as those of Skye itself.

THE ISLAND OF LEWIS.

(Steamer from Kyle of Lochalsh.)

There is something romantic and adventurous in the thought of visiting the Outer Hebrides. A trip to Lewis, the largest of the islands, is indeed worth while, but it is well to know what to expect. If you hope to find spectacular scenery, comparable to that of Skye, you will be disappointed. Except for some fine cliffs at the north and the peaks in the deer forest of Harris to the south, the scenery is rather tame.

Much of the land is boggy, with many small lakes. The climate is mild, but damp, and violent storms are not infrequent. Several efforts have been made to colonise the island and develop it commercially, but these have met with little success.

For this very reason, perhaps, the life of the island is distinctive enough to be interesting. The fishing industry of Stornoway is highly picturesque. During the herring season as many as 500 boats may be engaged. To geologists the islands have special interest. They represent the earliest type of land formation, and numerous relics of early civilisation exist here, including a notable Druidical circle and ruins of early churches and hermits' cells.

THURSO AND WICK.

(From Inverness to Thurso 154 miles.

To Wick 161½ miles.)

Northernmost towns of Scotland. See cliff scenery and ruined castles. Visit John o' Groats.

North of Inverness the Railway pursues a rather tortuous path in avoiding the difficulties of mountains and sea-inlets. The traveller has ample compensation for the extra miles in the succession of sea views and mountain views that pass before his eyes. At several points he is tempted to linger and he will find, either on the main line or on its branches, some delightful

resorts. Strathpeffer is the most famous spa in Scotland, and has every sport facility that one could ask. Dornoch is primarily for golfers, and it is a prime favorite with them.

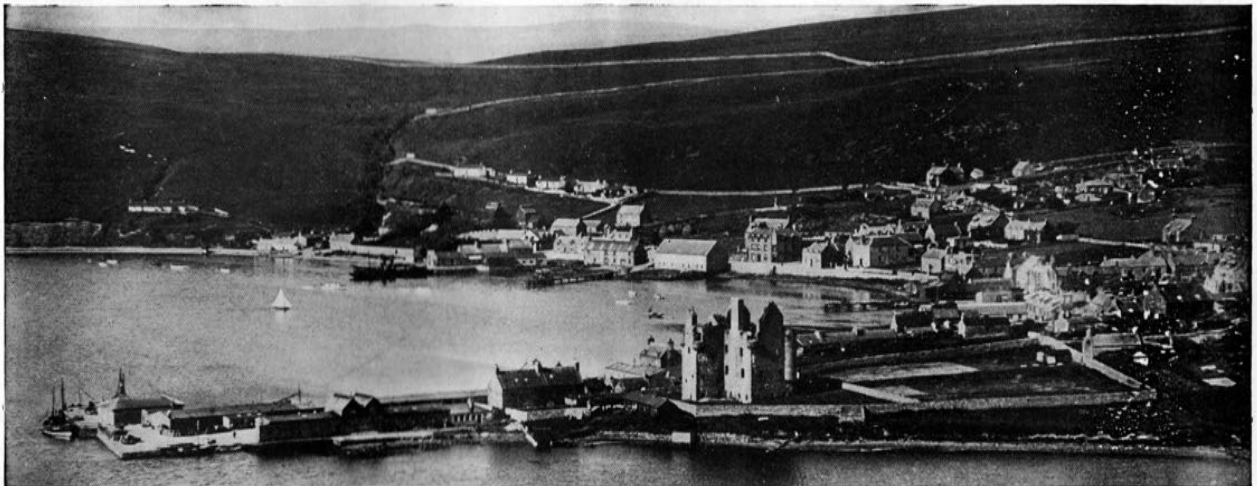
The attractions of Thurso may be imagined from a study of the map. Here the coast is torn with deep inlets, from which rise precipitous cliffs. Near Thurso the great bluffs of Holburn and Dunnet Head rise perpendicularly more than 300 feet; yet at times the Atlantic waves throw spray to their very tops. The visitor will be sure to view the huge stack known as the Clett and the mighty sea-chasm spanned by the Deil's Brig. He will also visit Thurso Castle, overlooking the sea.

Thurso is a fine town, but Wick is somewhat larger and has better accommodation. Here, too, are some fascinating cliffs and ruined castles, with romantic histories.

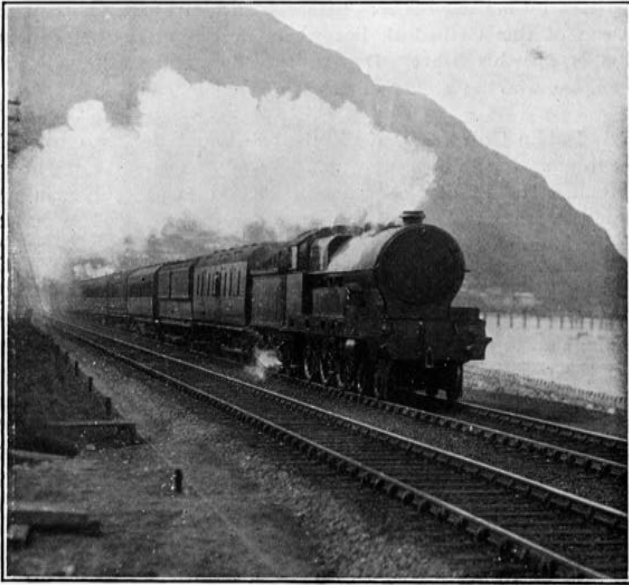
North of Wick a good road along the coast leads to John o' Groats, which is coupled in the popular mind with Land's End, at the southern extremity of Great Britain. Because of this connection, the road has seen some strange wayfarers. Along it have come record-breaking pedestrians—some trundling wheel-barrows, as well as cyclists and innumerable motorists.

The old octagonal house of John o'Groat is no longer there but a well-equipped hotel stands in its place to welcome pilgrims and to recount again the well-known tale of the house with eight doors and the table with eight heads. You have several versions of the story from which to choose.

The Orkneys are most easily reached from Wick or Thurso and are well worth visiting. They contain some of the most interesting relics of early civilisations, including Druid relics, second only to Stonehenge. Some extremely modern relics are also to be seen at Scapa Flow, where the German Fleet was interned and sunk. The climate of the Orkneys is delightful in summer time, and hotel accommodations are as surprising for their low price as for their excellent quality.



Scalloway, Shetland.



The Irish Mail at Penmaenmawr, North Wales.

Ireland.

Time was when American tourists, except those of Irish descent, scarcely considered the possibility of visiting Ireland. If they gave it a thought, they dismissed it on the ground that it was too inaccessible, and poorly provided with facilities for travel and entertainment. Worse still, they sometimes felt that Ireland did not welcome strangers.

These misconceptions are gradually being removed. All well-informed people to-day know that the Irish are hospitable folk and welcome overseas visitors cordially. Travel is speedy and easy, at least to most places you would care to visit. The voyage across the channel is short and pleasant and, together with excellent train service, has made Dublin and Belfast merely an over-night trip from England. In less than 18 hours from leaving London you can view the Atlantic from the coast of Kerry, Galway or Donegal, travelling via Holyhead, Heysham, Stranraer, or Liverpool.

The reasons for visiting Ireland are the reasons for visiting any foreign country. For its scenery, its history and civilisation, its sports and health facilities, and its art and architecture. In most of these Ireland is richer than other countries of its size. It may be somewhat deficient in architectural masterpieces, but it has unique and picturesque structures, the like of which are to be found nowhere else. And its natural charms make artificial aid unnecessary.

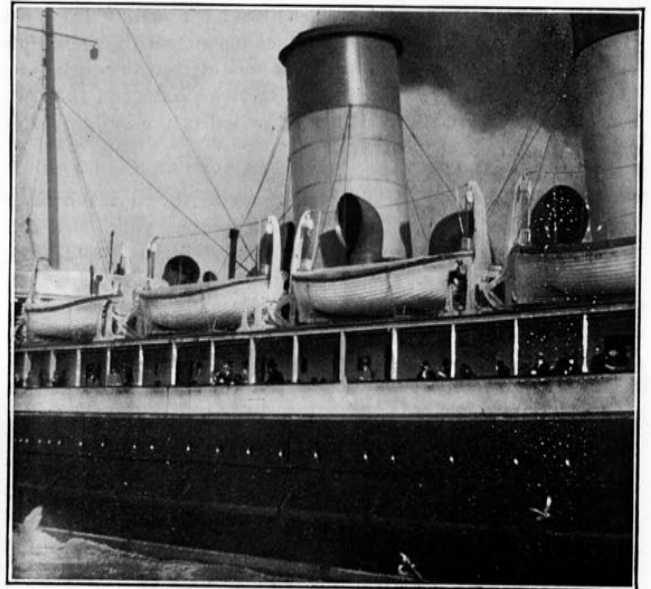
Anyone who is at all sensitive to beauty should certainly not fail to see Ireland. Make allowance, if you will, for the fact that the Irish are gifted with eloquence and are proud of

their land. Even so, you will find that they have not exaggerated the charms of Killarney, Glenmalure and Connemara, and other places celebrated in song and story. Their very names are songs and suggest their character.

You could almost map out your itinerary by ear, choosing the places with the most musical names. Unfortunately, there are so many of these that you could not see them properly in a single visit; hence it is a necessary, if thankless, task to make a selection.

The combined judgment of many who know Ireland well agrees on the following list of places as yielding the most enjoyment to the overseas visitor:—

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| <i>East :</i> | Dublin and its environs.
Wicklow highlands and coast. |
| <i>South-west :</i> | (Kerry County) Killarney, Kenmare, and Parknasilla.
(Cork County) Glengarriff. |
| <i>South :</i> | Cork and Youghal. |
| <i>Middle west :</i> | (Galway County) Connemara. |
| <i>North-west :</i> | (Donegal County) Bundoran, Portsalon and Rosapenna. |
| <i>North :</i> | (Derry County) Londonderry.
(Antrim County) Portrush |
| <i>North-east :</i> | Belfast.
(Down County) Newcastle. |



Irish Mail Steamer leaving Holyhead.



O'Connell Street, Dublin.

Dublin and Eastern Ireland.

DUBLIN.

Dublin, the capital, is a good place to begin your acquaintance with Ireland. The first view of its superb situation between sea and mountain reveals something of the scenic attractions of the Emerald Isle. If the city appears less beautiful upon closer inspection, it does not become less fascinating.

Dublin has a long record as the most important city of the country. There was a time when it ranked among the most cultured cities of Europe. Few relics of ancient days are now visible, but plenty of them are to be seen within an hour's ride. Dublin itself, as it now stands, is largely a product of the 18th century. The best survival of that period is the building now used as the Bank of Ireland.

You need no very definite plan for seeing the city. Wherever you go you will find something that piques your curiosity. Local guides can supply you with historic facts—and fiction, too, if the facts are not romantic enough. Many spots here are sacred to the memory of Irish patriots, such as Robert Emmet and Lord Edward FitzGerald. Monuments commemorate others; among these is the monument in memory of Parnell, by the American sculptor, St. Gaudens.

Dublin Castle, for centuries the seat of authority, is now the temporary home of the Law Courts, and not open to sight-seers. St. Patrick's Cathedral and Christ Church Cathedral are both of early foundation, but are now largely restorations. The crypt of Christ Church Cathedral is probably at least nine centuries old, and contains some valuable treasures. St. Patrick's Cathedral recalls memories of Dean Swift, who lies buried beside his beloved Stella. A translation of the epitaph

written by himself reads: "Here Jonathan Swift, for 30 years Dean of this Cathedral, lies where fierce indignation can no longer tear his heart. Depart, traveller, and imitate, if you can, one who did a man's utmost in the defence of liberty."

Dublin University, of Elizabethan foundation, is a magnificent pile of buildings, of which any city or country might be proud. The library contains priceless treasures of Irish art and literature, including the monumental book of Kells, wonderfully illuminated. This was the lifework of one 6th-century scribe.

Howth and Dalkey.—Coming out from the City, you plunge abruptly into country of surprisingly rustic appearance. In the immediate vicinity is Donnybrook, famous for its fairs in the old days, at which the merriment is reputed to have been somewhat unrestrained. Another near-by village is Chapelizod, so named from the chapel founded here by La Belle Isoud, daughter of a long-distant Irish king, and heroine of several dramatic poems.

Howth and Dalkey are uncommonly delightful towns, occupying two opposite points of the bay. Howth is situated at the base of a lofty headland—Howth Head—and from its summit you have a sweeping panoramic view of the coast. The small island close by is called "Ireland's Eye." Dalkey, south of Dublin, is almost as picturesque.

Killiney and Kingstown.—Killiney, just round the point, has a fine bay with excellent bathing. Kingstown (now Dun Laoghaire), just north of Dalkey, has good golf. Dublin, in fact, is unusually favored with sport facilities, with 20 golf courses within a range of 20 miles. Portmarnock is one of the finest in the island, and even Scotsmen give it a good word.



The Choir, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.



Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.

TARA.

Old as it is, Dublin is a mere infant compared to the Hall of Tara, the residence of Irish kings for more than 20 centuries. Tara is about 28 miles north-west of Dublin. Only stones and mounds remain to mark the site of the halls celebrated in song and legend. These bits, however, give some idea of the ancient splendours, notably of the banqueting hall, 750 feet long, in which 7,500 men were said to have been seated.

Near by, at Donaghpatrick, the Tailteann games were formerly held by Irish kings. They were recently revived after a lapse of 700 years. Toward the coast at New Grange and Dowth are mounds of very ancient construction, presumably used for burial purposes. The mound at New Grange is nearly an acre in extent and 70 feet high. The central chamber is 20 feet high, with a ceiling of enormous stone slabs. How it was constructed without the aid of modern mechanical contrivances is still a mystery.

GLENDALOUGH AND GLENMALURE.

(9 miles from Rathdrum Station to Glendalough
or road motor from Dublin.)

Even if you have only a slight interest in the ancient relics of Ireland, you should not fail to visit Glendalough. Its romantically-situated valley, with its two little lakes mirroring steep wooded hills, is a treat to the artist as well as the antiquarian. For the latter, it has the remains of seven small churches, and the perfectly preserved stone house known as St. Kevin's Kitchen. It may have been the residence of St. Kevin, who founded a community of monks here in the wilderness.

Two of the finest specimens of the round towers are in the valley. These are three centuries later in date than St. Kevin's Kitchen, and are now believed to have been used partly as look-out towers and partly as places of escape, when lawless

raiders visited the coast. There are about 70 of these round towers in Ireland.

Seaward from Glendalough lies Glenmalure, a wild and savage ravine with precipitous cliffs. You can easily see why it proved a safe retreat for the O'Tooles and other untamables of the region. The military road built to keep them in subjection in 1798 is now available for the peaceful incursion of tourists.

Equally picturesque, but less terrifying valleys in the Wicklow Highlands are the Dargle, the Devil's Glen, and the Vale of Avoca. The Dargle River flows through a deep wooded glen, and then dashes down Powerscourt Waterfall 300 feet. The Vale of Avoca has been made famous by Thomas Moore.

THE WICKLOW COAST.

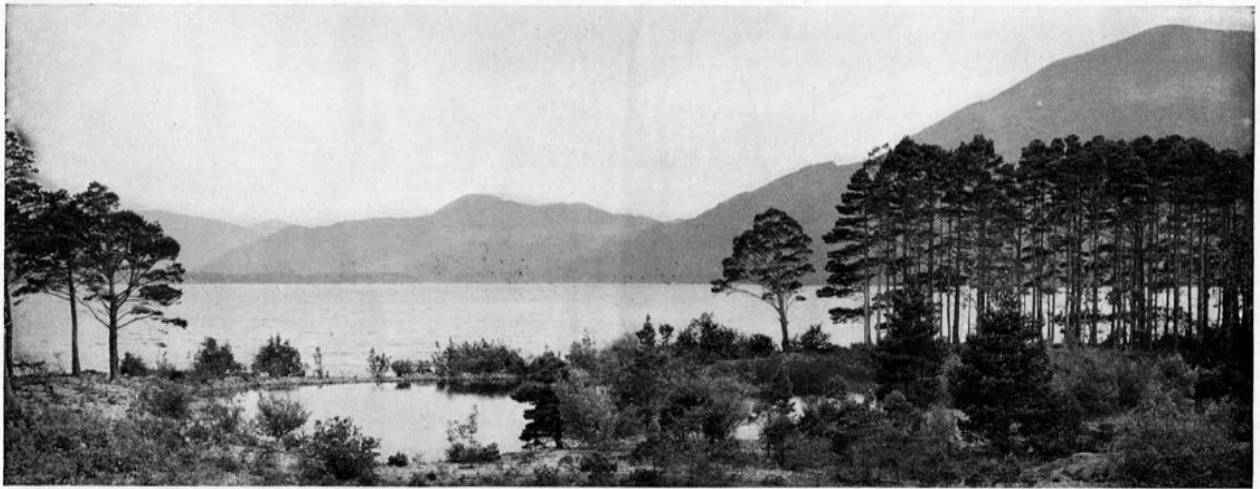
(Railway from Dublin.)

The West Highlands of Wicklow can easily be reached from the Stations along the coast. Even without these attractions, the shore resorts of Wicklow would have much to offer the visitor.

Bray, a half-hour's ride from Dublin, is the most popular centre, because of its fine curving bay, with good sands, and its mild and equable climate. It is protected from the north by the noble eminence of Bray Head, which here reaches out to the very edge of the sea.

Enniskerry, three miles inland from Bray, nestles at the foot of the Sugarloaf Mountains, and is the chief entrance to Dargle and Powerscourt.

Greystones, further down the coast, is less modern in development than Bray, but all the more attractive to some tourists on that account. Beyond Wicklow the Railway turns inland to Rathnew and Rathdrum, the most convenient Stations for reaching Glenmalure and the Vale of Avoca. Both Wicklow and Bray, and other shore resorts, benefit from the unusual amount of sunshine that this part of the British Isles receives.



Killarney.

Killarney and Southern Ireland.

KILLARNEY.

(From Dublin 185 miles.)

Every tourist has heard of the lakes of Killarney, unanimously ranked among the most beautiful in the world. Not every tourist knows where they are. They are in County Kerry, in the south-west corner of Ireland. There is no trouble in finding them; the train from Dublin runs direct to the town, and the town exists only because of the lakes. You have only to choose your guide; the sight-seeing tours are all planned.

Some visitors have felt that the elaborate conveniences for seeing the lakes were an inconvenience. It is no more true here, however, than at other famous "sights," and no one complains that the experience is not worth the price.

Probably to most visitors the greatest surprise is the brilliance and variety of the foliage. One accustomed to woods elsewhere is scarcely prepared for the vegetation of this part of Ireland, and is likely to gain from it a new interpretation of the term "The Emerald Isle."

Of the three lakes, the lower is largest, the middle most historic, and the upper most picturesquely beautiful. They are connected by a rushing stream, and framed by wooded mountains, including the MacGillicuddy Reeks, with Carrantual (3,414 feet), the highest peak in Ireland.

Along the lakes you visit Ross Castle, the Weir Bridge and Muckross Abbey, all with interesting histories. A multitude of other features are pointed out, accompanied by stories that are interesting, if true. Boats land on Innisfallen Island, which has some slight remains of a 6th-century Abbey. Of the many excursions in the lake region, the most popular are to Aghadoe, with its round tower, and to the Gap of Dunloe. This is a deep, dark mountain pass, where formidable cliffs overhang a few scattered cottages and little lakes—a desolate but impressive scene.

KENMARE AND PARKNASILLA.

(From Dublin to Kenmare 198 miles. To Killarney 27 miles.)

Health and scenic resorts.

The Kerry coast south of Killarney has deep inlets, all of which are interesting, and some of rare beauty. An inlet called the Kenmare River is the most charming. Some travellers consider it the most beautiful and characteristic region of Ireland.

The town of Kenmare is a good centre for delightful mountain excursions. You may easily be following the footsteps of Dan O'Connell, for his home was near by, and he often hunted the mountains with his beagles.

Parknasilla, besides its wealth of scenic beauty, has an exceedingly mild climate. Palms and other exotic plants flourish here, and all the foliage has that remarkable brilliance that is one of the glories of Killarney.

GLENGARRIFF.

(Road motor from Kenmare or Bantry.)

(From Dublin to Bantry 223 miles. To Cork 57½ miles.)

Glengarriff, though in County Cork, should be considered along with Parknasilla, since it has much the same attractions. Many think it surpasses Parknasilla in these respects. It has no direct railway communication; but this is not a real drawback, for the drive from Kenmare is considered one of the most glorious in Ireland or in all Britain for that matter.

Glengarriff lies so deeply within a circle of mountains, open only at the south, that it is sheltered from every harsh wind. Semi-tropical vegetation grows at the water's edge, and presents a surprising contrast to the rugged hillsides behind, with their crags jutting out from the masses of oak and holly.

A view across the island-studded Bay towards Mount Gabriel is wholly satisfying. Thackeray admitted that if Glengarriff were in England it would be "the world's wonder."

To these natural attractions, which make it a suitable resort for Winter as well as Summer, have been added hotels with a rare brand of hospitality. It would be hard to imagine a better place for a rest cure.

CORK.

(From Dublin 166 miles.)

Cork, the third city in Ireland, has natural advantages of location that might have made it a far greater city, but for the unfortunate difficulties that have stunted its growth. In more than one civil war it has been a storm centre, and in the days of famine and emigration it witnessed the most pathetic scenes.

Some visitors like Cork for its picturesque situation, with the business centre between the two channels of the Lee, and the fine residences on the steep slopes of the hill. Others like it for its romantic history. Still others are drawn by the reputation of its people. They may not be pure Irish strain in blood, for the Danes and the Normans of long ago settled and intermarried here, but they are pure Irish in spirit. The good looks and wit and charm of the Irish race are well represented here.

BLARNEY.

(From Cork 6 miles.)

Cork is the starting point for many excursions. The favorite is to Blarney Castle with its famous Blarney Stone. Perhaps the gift of speech which many people in these parts possess may have started the legend that the stone has magic properties. At any rate the castle is worth seeing, for its romantic appearance, even if you are not willing to risk your neck in order to kiss the stone.

COBH. (Queenstown.)

(To Dublin 176½ miles.)

All travellers who have landed at Queenstown (now Cobh), or have stopped here on their voyage, know the charm of this harbour town. It is much favored as a summer resort, and its mild climate entitles it to be considered a winter resort also. St. Colman's Cathedral is its dominant architectural feature.

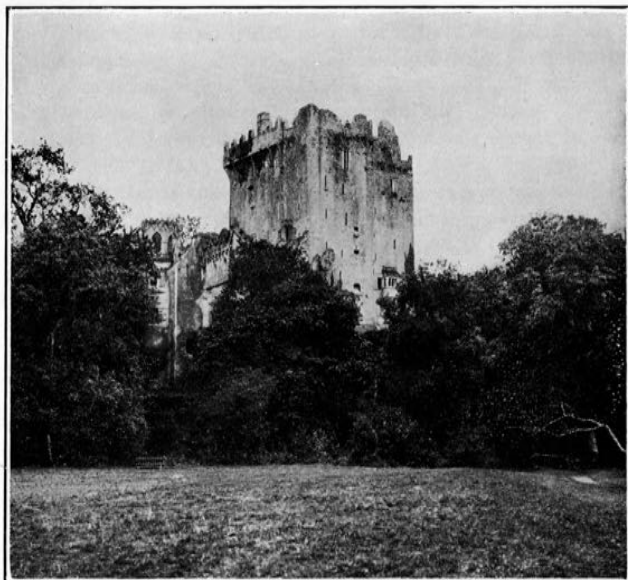
YOUGHAL.

(From Cork 27 miles.)

From Cork eastward, the coast is deeply indented with inlets and coves; a good centre for visiting them is Youghal. This town once ranked as an important borough, and is one of the few in which the ancient aspects are still preserved. St. Mary's Church and the curious Clock Tower should certainly be seen.

The greatest attraction of the town, however, is Myrtle Grove, the home of Sir Walter Raleigh, when he was Mayor of Youghal. Here he is said to have grown the first potato seen in Ireland. This has not been preserved, but some of its descendants will be shown to you at your request.

Youghal is the usual starting point for a trip up the Blackwater River, generally agreed to be the loveliest in Ireland. The only difference of opinion is regarding the best places to see it. Some say that the most picturesque stretches are above Lismore. Besides the beauty spots of the Blackwater Valley, Lismore boasts a magnificent castle, residence of the Duke of Devonshire, and one of the show places of Ireland.



Blarney Castle, Co. Cork.

Galway, Donegal, and Western Ireland.

In Ireland, as in Britain, the scenery reaches its climax of grandeur along the north-west coast. There is this difference: Ireland has no outlying islands of any size to break the force of the Atlantic. Here the waves and wind beat against the shore with undiminished violence. At some points, as at the Cliffs of Moher, in Clare, the headland cliffs drop 650 feet sheer to the foaming breakers. The inland mountains and glens and moors, and countless lakes, all add their share to the sum total of majestic beauty.

GALWAY.

(Railway from Dublin.)

(From Dublin 126½ miles. To Clifden 49½ miles.)

See *Lynch's Mansion, Church of St. Nicholas and Claddagh.*

Although Donegal is accounted by many the finest of all places for a summer vacation, Galway offers at least three attractions the visitor will find it hard to resist. These are the City of Galway, Connemara, and the Aran Islands.

Three centuries ago the City of Galway was a proud seaport and its inhabitants boasted a rich trade with Spain. To-day it is a quiet place, but has many relics of its ancient greatness. Lynch's Mansion is the most interesting, because it recalls not only the luxury of the Galway "Tribes," but their inflexible justice. It was the home of James Lynch, Mayor and Chief Magistrate of the City, who condemned his own son for the murder of a friend, and as no one else would execute the sentence, he hanged him with his own hands. This was in 1493.

The atmosphere of the town carries you back to the days when Spain was a great sea power and Columbus was making



The Claddagh, Galway.

his voyages. Another sort of primitive life is represented by the community of fishermen called the "Claddagh"—a picturesque and fascinating place.

ARAN ISLANDS.

(Steamer from Galway City 40 miles.)

To see primitive life in its most primitive state you need to visit the Aran Islands. These masses of limestone rock stretch across the mouth of Galway Bay, and are occupied by fishermen, descendants of fishermen for many generations. The garden patches have been made by the slow and laborious process of carting up seaweed and sand from the beach. People have lived here for untold centuries, as is clearly seen by the ancient fortresses and remains of other early structures.

CLIFDEN.

(Branch Railway from Galway 49 miles.)

See Ballynahinch Castle and Killary Bay.

The greatest glory of Galway scenery is Connemara, but it is not one that can easily be described. A catalogue of its features—ragged coast, rugged hills, treeless moorland, tiny lakes—sounds barren indeed. Even the painter, try as he will, has not been able completely to capture its majestic beauty of line and coloring. Those who have been there are somewhat inarticulate in their praise, but they all say "go and see."

The railway from Galway to Clifden passes through the inland regions, and Clifden is a good centre for coast exploration. Some miles inland is Ballynahinch with its famous castle, the home of the equally famous Martins.

Killary Bay, reached by road motor from Clifden, is a true fiord. Long and narrow and hemmed in by high steep mountains, it is deep enough to float a battleship with its sides rubbing against the shore.

ACHILL ISLAND.

(Railway—Dublin to Mallaranny 179½ miles,
or road motor from Clifden 62 miles.)

Achill Island, though in County Mayo, should be mentioned here, as it is often combined with Clifden in a road tour. Separated from the mainland only by a narrow sound, it ends in the highest cliff of all, and the view is one that can never be forgotten.

BUNDORAN AND KILLYBEGS.

Of the western resorts in Donegal, Bundoran is most popular because of its fine bathing and golf, and the wild shore scenery close by. Killybegs has comfortable accommodations, and is a convenient place for visiting Slieve League, which rivals Achill Head in height, and is equally magnificent. The knife-like edge of its cliff known as "One Man's Walk" is not a place for faint hearts or unsteady nerves.

ROSAPENNA AND PORTSALON.

Rosapenna, on the north shore of Donegal, is ideal for a vacation of any length. It has fine scenery of its own, and is close to Horn Head with its curiously shaped cliffs and myriads of sea birds. Further inland you may reach Mount Errigal, an unusual sight because of its curious white color.

Portsalon, the chief rival of Rosapenna, is delightfully situated on Lough Swilly—a most unfortunate name for an inland sea that rivals the Scottish lochs in beauty. Both Rosapenna and Portsalon have unusual sport facilities, including fishing and golf on courses of more than local reputation.



Connemara Scenery, West of Ireland.



City Hall, Belfast.

Belfast and Northern Ireland.

BELFAST.

(Railway from Dublin 112 miles,
or steamer from Heysham, Stranraer or Liverpool.)
Prosperous City. Visit Downpatrick and Lough Neagh.

In marked contrast to other Irish cities, Belfast has had a rapid growth in modern times. A century ago it had only 50,000 inhabitants; now it has nearly ten times that. On this very account, perhaps, it is less interesting to overseas visitors than some cities that have declined in importance. However, it receives many visitors because it is a comfortable, hospitable city, and very easily reached from the mainland.

Although Belfast is the capital of Ulster and predominantly Protestant, it must not be thought of as anything but Irish. The only distinction is that Ulster people are Irish in their own way. Strangely enough this vicinity contains some of the most precious shrines of St. Patrick. Twenty miles south of Belfast is Downpatrick, where St. Patrick first landed in 432 A.D., and where he died and was buried some 60 years later. The reputed grave of the Saint may be seen in the Cathedral Yard.

The vicinity of Belfast has many scenic attractions. Lough Neagh, 16 miles away, is the largest fresh water lake in Britain, and is an unbroken stretch of water 18 miles long and 11 miles wide. As a whole it is too big to be beautiful, but its shores are pretty and it is a wonderful place for fishing.

South of Belfast, in County Down, the Mourne Mountains are the dominant feature of the landscape. They reach their highest peaks near the shore, and here Newcastle is situated along a fine long sandy beach. Naturally, it is much favored as a shore resort. So likewise is Rostrevor, which has nearly as mild a climate as South Devon and Cornwall.

PORTRUSH.

(Branch Railway from Belfast.)

(From Belfast 67½ miles. To Londonderry 40½ miles.)

See Giant's Causeway, Dunluce Castle and cliff scenery.

The fame of Portrush was established by the Giant's Causeway, an unusual freak of nature too well known to need description. Looking at it you cannot blame the primitive people who attributed it to some supernatural man. One legend says that Finn McCoul built it in order to cross to Scotland.

The Causeway itself may be a little disappointing to those who expect too much of it. Even if you agree with Dr. Johnson's blunt opinion, "It is worth seeing, but not worth going to see," you will find enough other things at Portrush to justify your visit. Dunluce Castle is a most romantic ruin. The sea caves are impressive and the walk along the shore is a constant delight.

LONDONDERRY.

(Branch from Belfast.)

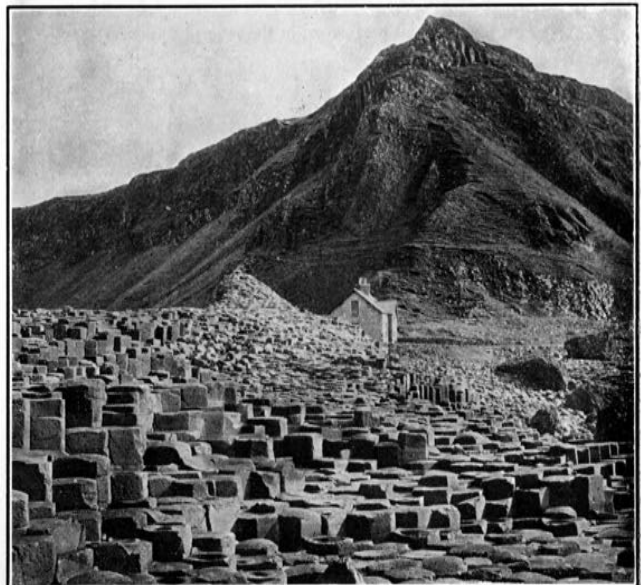
(From Belfast 95½ miles. To Dublin 162 miles.)

See city walls and Cathedral.

By all means visit Londonderry, if you are interested in history and historic remains. Here, as in Chester, you find the complete city walls carefully preserved. These are the same walls manned by the townsfolk during that famous siege in 1689.

Standing in this historic place, you can readily picture the army of James II patiently waiting outside until the inhabitants should be starved out, and the stubbornness of the defenders, who held out for 105 days, until the English ships arrived to break the blockade.

Nor is this the only struggle in which Londonderry has figured. It has always had the luck of a border town. Aside from this it is the gateway to regions of scenic beauty not much inferior to those of Donegal and Galway.



The Giant's Causeway, near Portrush.

For particulars of L M S Circular Tours see Overleaf.

Circular Tours *by* London Midland and Scottish Railway.

The fares quoted in these tours are SUBJECT TO REVISION and should be confirmed when planning itineraries. It should also be noted that the tours are restricted as to the dates between which they operate. Full particulars can be obtained when booking.

English Lake District.

Lakes Windermere, Grasmere, Thirlmere, and Ullswater.

Tour No. 1.

Rail ... To Windermere Station, via Kendal (from London 7½ hours).

Road Motor ... Windermere to Keswick, via Ambleside, Grasmere and Thirlmere (Day Trip).

Rail ... Keswick to starting point (to London 8 hours).

This tour may be performed in the reverse direction.

From	FARES.			
	1st Class.		3rd Class.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
London (Euston or St. Pancras) ...	113	3	68	0
Liverpool (Exchange or Lime Street) ...	34	0	21	6
Glasgow (Central or St. Enoch) ...	50	3	31	3

This tour may be completed in three days.

Tour No. 2.

Rail ... To Windermere (Lake Side Station), via Grange (from London 7½ hours).

Steamer ... Windermere (Lake Side) to Ambleside, via Bowness (1½ hours).

Road Motor ... Ambleside to Keswick, via Grasmere and Thirlmere (Day Trip).

Rail ... Keswick to starting point (to London 8 hours).

This tour may be performed in the reverse direction.

From	FARES.			
	1st Class.		3rd Class.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
London (Euston or St. Pancras) ...	113	3	68	0
Liverpool (Exchange or Lime Street) ...	36	0	23	6
Glasgow (Central or St. Enoch) ...	54	9	35	0

This tour may be completed in three days.

Tour No. 3.

Rail ... To Windermere Station, via Kendal (from London 7½ hours).

Road Motor ... Windermere to Penrith, via Kirkstone Pass and Lake Ullswater (Day Trip).

Rail ... Penrith to starting point (to London 6½ hours).

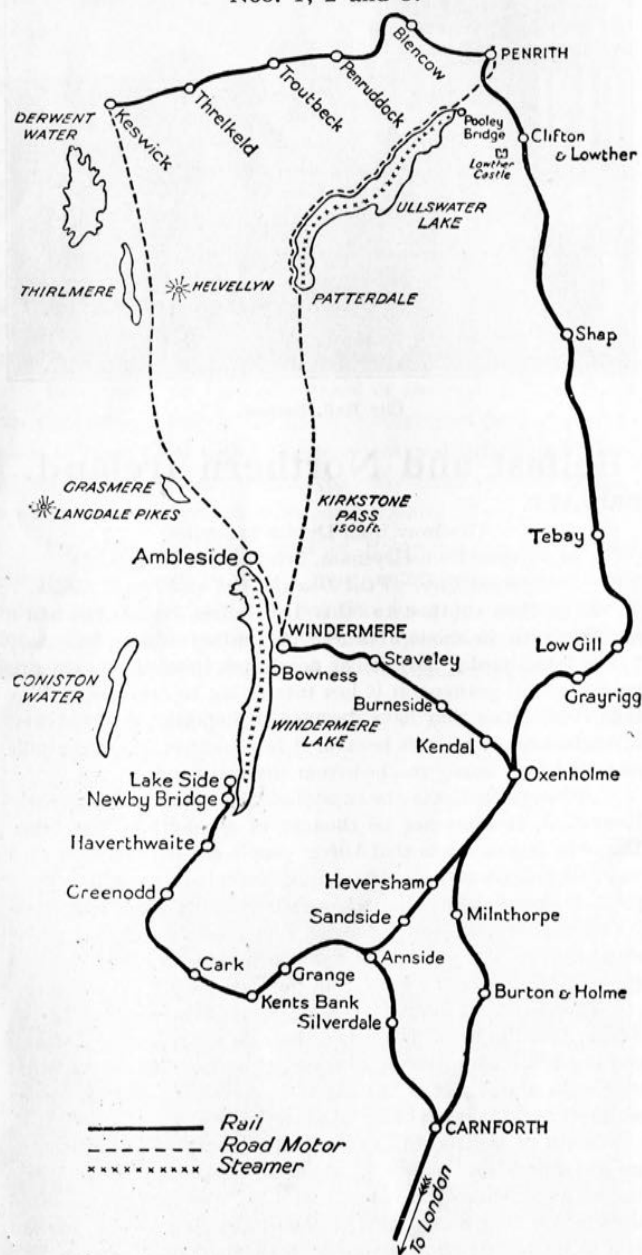
This tour may be performed in the reverse direction.

From	FARES.			
	1st Class.		3rd Class.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
London (Euston or St. Pancras) ...	106	6	64	0
Liverpool (Exchange or Lime Street) ...	34	0	23	0
Glasgow (Central or St. Enoch) ...	50	3	32	6

This tour may be completed in three days.

Tickets may be obtained in advance.

ROUTE of the LAKE DISTRICT TOURS Nos. 1, 2 and 3.



RESTAURANT CAR TRAINS.

A BROCHURE CONTAINING PARTICULARS OF ALL TOURS CAN BE OBTAINED ON APPLICATION.

Circular Tours *by* London Midland and Scottish Railway.

The fares quoted in these tours are SUBJECT TO REVISION and should be confirmed when planning itineraries. It should also be noted that the tours are restricted as to the dates between which they operate. Full particulars can be obtained when booking.

Shakespeare Country and English Lake District.

Tour No. 7.

- Rail London (Euston) to Coventry (2 hours).
 Road Motor ... Coventry to Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Leamington and back to Coventry (Day Trip).
 Rail Coventry to Windermere Station, via Kendal (6½ hours).
 Road Motor ... Windermere to Keswick, via Ambleside, Grasmere and Thirlmere (Day Trip).
 Rail Keswick to London (Euston or St. Pancras), via Penrith (8 hours).

This tour may be performed in the reverse direction.

From	FARES.			
	1st Class.		3rd Class.	
London	s.	d.	s.	d.
...	118	9	73	6

This tour may be completed in four days.

Tour No. 8.

- Rail London (Euston) to Coventry (2 hours).
 Road Motor ... Coventry to Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Leamington and back to Coventry (Day Trip).
 Rail Coventry to Windermere (Lake Side Station), via Grange (5 hours).
 Steamer ... Lake Side to Ambleside, via Bowness (1½ hours).
 Road Motor ... Ambleside to Keswick, via Grasmere and Thirlmere (Day Trip).
 Rail Keswick to London (Euston or St. Pancras) (8 hours).

This tour may be performed in the reverse direction.

FARES.—First Class, 118s. 9d. ; Third Class, 73s. 6d.

This tour may be completed in four days.

Tour No. 9.

- Rail London (Euston) to Coventry (2 hours).
 Road Motor ... Coventry to Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Leamington and back to Coventry (Day Trip).
 Rail Coventry to Windermere Station, via Kendal (5½ hours).
 Road Motor ... Windermere to Penrith, via Kirkstone Pass and Lake Ullswater (Day Trip).
 Rail Penrith to London (Euston or St. Pancras) (6½ hours).

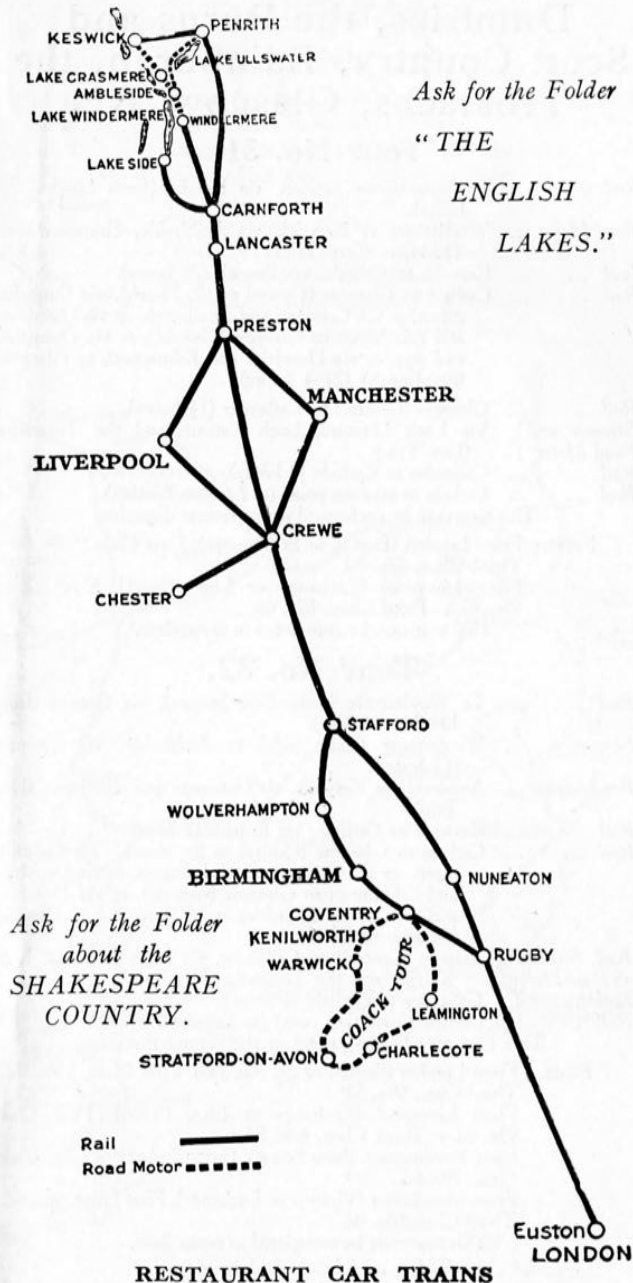
This tour may be performed in the reverse direction.

FARES.—First Class, 112s. 0d. ; Third Class, 69s. 6d.

This tour may be completed in four days.

Tickets may be obtained in advance.

ROUTES of the SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY and ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT TOURS Nos. 7, 8 and 9.



A BROCHURE CONTAINING PARTICULARS OF ALL TOURS CAN BE OBTAINED ON APPLICATION.

Circular Tours by London Midland and Scottish Railway.

The fares quoted in these tours are SUBJECT TO REVISION and should be confirmed when planning itineraries. It should also be noted that the tours are restricted as to the dates between which they operate. Full particulars can be obtained when booking.

English Lake District, Dumfries, the Burns and Scott Country, Edinburgh, the Trossachs, Glasgow, &c.

Tour No. 31.

- Rail ... To Windermere Station, via Kendal (from London 7½ hours).
 Road Motor ... Windermere to Keswick, via Ambleside, Grasmere and Thirlmere (Day Trip).
 Rail ... Keswick to Carlisle, via Penrith (2½ hours).
 Rail ... Carlisle to Glasgow (Central or St. Enoch), via Carstairs direct, or via Carstairs and Edinburgh, or via Dumfries and Edinburgh to Glasgow (Central), or via Dumfries and Ayr, or via Dumfries and Kilmarnock to Glasgow (St. Enoch) (2½-4 hours).
 Rail ... Glasgow (Central) to Callander (1½ hours).
 Steamer and Road Motor } Via Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and the Trossachs (Day Trip).
 Rail ... Callander to Carlisle (4 hours).
 Rail ... Carlisle to starting point (to London 7 hours).
 This tour may be performed in the reverse direction.

FARES.—From London (Euston or St. Pancras), First Class, 158s. 9d.; Third Class, 97s. 3d.
 From Liverpool (Exchange or Lime Street), First Class, 91s. 9d.; Third Class, 62s. 0d.
 This tour may be completed in seven days.

Tour No. 32.

- Rail ... To Windermere (Lake Side Station), via Grange (from London 7 hours).
 Steamer ... Windermere (Lake Side) to Ambleside, via Bowness (1½ hours).
 Road Motor ... Ambleside to Keswick, via Grasmere and Thirlmere (Day Trip).
 Rail ... Keswick to Carlisle, via Penrith (2 hours).
 Rail ... Carlisle to Glasgow (Central or St. Enoch), via Carstairs direct, or via Carstairs and Edinburgh, or via Dumfries and Edinburgh to Glasgow (Central), or via Dumfries and Ayr, or via Dumfries and Kilmarnock to Glasgow (St. Enoch) (2½-4 hours).
 Rail, Steamer & Road Motor } Glasgow (Central) to Callander, via Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine and the Trossachs (Day Trip).
 Rail ... Callander to Carlisle (4 hours).
 Rail ... Carlisle to starting point (to London 7 hours).
 This tour may be performed in the reverse direction.

FARES.—From London (Euston or St. Pancras), First Class, 158s. 9d.; Third Class, 99s. 3d.
 From Liverpool (Exchange or Lime Street), First Class, 93s. 9d.; Third Class, 64s. 0d.
 From Birmingham (New Street), First Class, 119s. 6d.; Third Class, 79s. 6d.
 From Manchester (Victoria or Exchange), First Class, 96s. 6d.; Third Class, 66s. 0d.
 This tour may be completed in seven days.

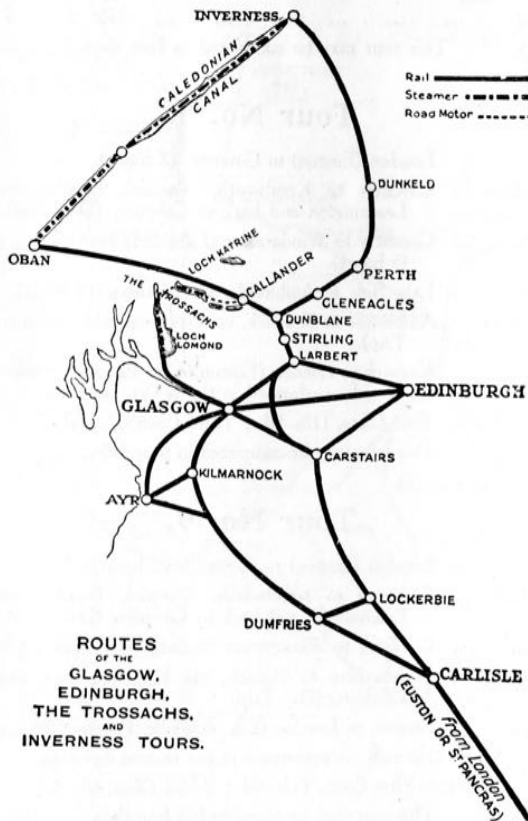
Tickets may be obtained in advance.

Tour No. 59.

- Rail ... To Carlisle (from London 7 hours).
 Rail ... Carlisle to Glasgow (Central or St. Enoch), via Carstairs direct, or via Carstairs and Edinburgh, or via Dumfries and Edinburgh to Glasgow (Central), via Dumfries and Ayr, or via Dumfries and Kilmarnock to Glasgow (St. Enoch) (2½-4 hours).
 Rail, Steamer & Road Motor } Glasgow (Central) to Callander, via Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine and the Trossachs (Day Trip).
 Rail ... Callander to Oban, via Loch Awe (8 hours).
 Steamer ... Oban to Inverness, via Caledonian Canal (10 hours).
 Rail ... Inverness to Carlisle, via Dunkeld, Perth, and Gleneagles (8 hours).
 Rail ... Carlisle to starting point (to London 7 hours).
 This tour may be performed in the reverse direction.

		FARES—1st Class.		3rd Class.	
From		s.	d.	s.	d.
London (Euston or St. Pancras)	...	213	3	129	9
Liverpool (Lime Street or Exchange)	...	157	9	96	3

This tour may be completed in four days.



RESTAURANT CAR TRAINS.

A BROCHURE CONTAINING PARTICULARS OF ALL TOURS CAN BE OBTAINED ON APPLICATION.

Circular Tours *by* London Midland and Scottish Railway.

The fares quoted in these tours are **SUBJECT TO REVISION** and should be confirmed when planning itineraries. It should also be noted that the tours are restricted as to the dates between which they operate. Full particulars can be obtained when booking.

Ireland.

County Wicklow and Killarney.

Tour No. 128.

- Rail ... London (Euston) to Holyhead, by the Irish Mail (5½ hours).
- Steamer ... Holyhead to Kingstown (3 hours).
- Rail ... Kingstown to Dublin (Westland Row) (½ hour).
- Rail ... Dublin (Harcourt Street) to Rathdrum (1½ hours).
- Road Motor ... Rathdrum to Glendalough, via Vale of Clara (Day Trip).
- Road Motor ... Glendalough to Rathdrum, via Vales of Glenmalure and Avoca (Day Trip).
- Rail ... Rathdrum to Cork (6 hours).
- Rail ... Cork to Bantry (2½ hours).
- Road Motor ... Bantry to Killarney, via Glengarriff (Day Trip).
- Rail ... Killarney to Dublin (Kingsbridge) (5½ hours).
- Rail ... Dublin (Westland Row) to Kingstown (½ hour).
- Steamer ... Kingstown to Holyhead (3 hours).
- Rail ... Holyhead to London (Euston) (5½ hours).

This tour may be completed in nine days.

FARES.

From London (Euston)	1st Class		3rd Class		3rd Class Rail and Steamer.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	
Tour No. 128	210	6	140	9	127 0
Tour No. 129	189	0	133	9	120 0

Passengers may travel by the Road Motor from Glengarriff to Macroom, thence by Rail to Cork, instead of Road Motor Glengarriff to Bantry, thence Rail to Cork.

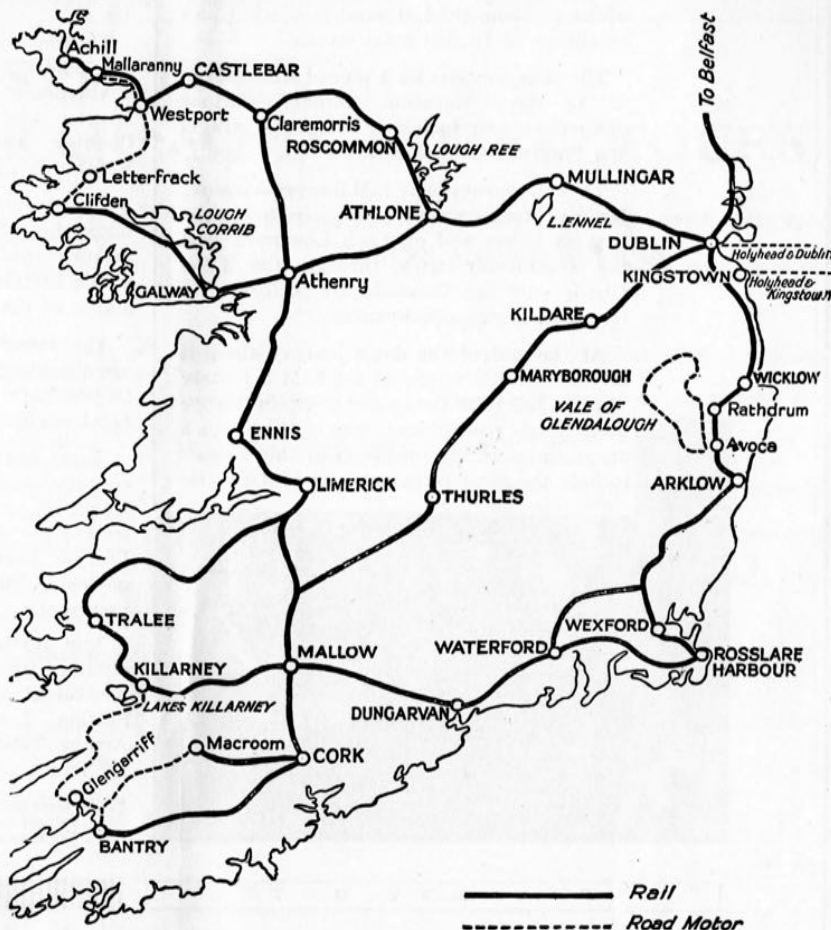
Either of these tours may be performed in the reverse direction.

Achill, Mallaranny, Westport, and Clifden.

Tour No. 129.

- Rail ... London (Euston) to Holyhead by the Irish Mail (5½ hours).
- Steamer ... Holyhead to Kingstown (3 hours).
- Rail ... Kingstown to Dublin (Westland Row) (½ hour).
- Rail ... Dublin (Broadstone) to Mallaranny (6 hours).
- Road Motor ... Mallaranny to Clifden (Day Trip).
- Rail ... Clifden to Dublin (Broadstone) (6 hours).
- Rail ... Dublin (Westland Row) to Kingstown (½ hour).
- Steamer ... Kingstown to Holyhead (3 hours).
- Rail ... Holyhead to London (Euston) (5½ hours).

This tour may be completed in six days.



OVERLEAF WILL BE FOUND PARTICULARS OF L M S COMBINED RAIL AND HOTEL TOURS.

Unfolding Britain

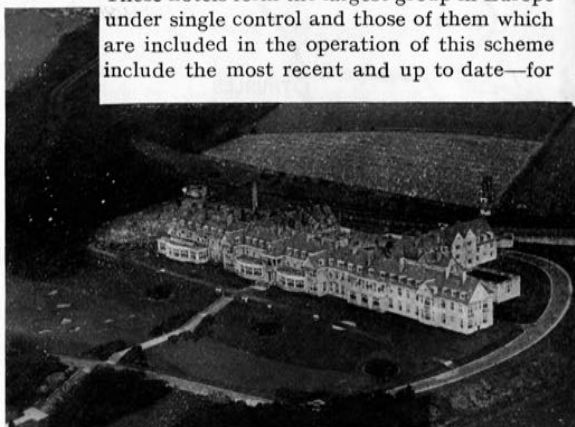
THE London Midland and Scottish Railway Company have pleasure in presenting the L M S "All-in" de luxe rail and hotel tours.

These tours afford an opportunity of visiting all that is best in British scenery whilst enjoying the last word in comfort and excellence of British hotel service.

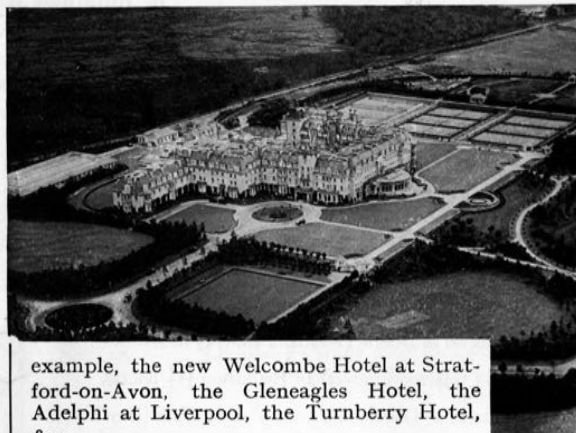
The plan provides for a tour of either seven or 14 days' duration, through various districts, at an inclusive charge for travel and hotel accommodation.

The rail journey is by L M S express trains; Railway steamers convey the traveller on the English Lakes and on Loch Lomond; and the spectacular trips through the Lake District and the Trossachs are performed in luxurious motor conveyances.

At the end of the day's journey there is accommodation at one of the L M S Hotels. These hotels form the largest group in Europe under single control and those of them which are included in the operation of this scheme include the most recent and up to date—for



T U R N B E R R Y H O T E L



example, the new Welcombe Hotel at Stratford-on-Avon, the Gleneagles Hotel, the Adelphi at Liverpool, the Turnberry Hotel, &c.

The tours have been very carefully planned, and embrace such favorite centres as the Shakespeare Country, the English Lake District and Furness Abbey, the Burns Country, the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, Edinburgh and Inverness.

The purchase of a ticket automatically books hotel accommodation at the appropriate points; there is no worry, and there is the certainty of complete comfort at all stages of the tour.

The rates* are extremely reasonable and are considerably below those which it would be possible to obtain were the rail travel and hotel accommodation booked separately.

Tours operate from various parts of the country, and overseas travellers landing at Liverpool or Glasgow will find that several start from these places and terminate in London, thus providing an admirable means of seeing Britain before proceeding to the metropolis.

Any further particulars desired may be obtained from Mr. Ashton Davies, Chief Commercial Manager, L M S Railway, Euston Station, London, N.W. 1; or from Mr. Arthur Towle, Controller, L M S Hotels, St. Pancras, London, N.W. 1.

* The rates quoted on the opposite page are, necessarily, subject to revision; they should be confirmed at the time of booking.



L M S Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon.

SPECIMEN L M S DE LUXE RAIL AND HOTEL TOURS.

SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY, LIVERPOOL, LAKE DISTRICT, DUMFRIES, AYR (THE BURNS COUNTRY), GLASGOW, TROSSACHS, GLENEAGLES, INVERNESS AND EDINBURGH.

Tour No. 5.

1st Day	Rail	London (Euston) to Stratford-on-Avon via Blisworth (stay overnight at Welcombe Hotel).
2nd Day	Rail	Stratford-on-Avon to Liverpool via Chester or direct (stay overnight at Adelphi Hotel).
3rd Day	Rail	Liverpool to Furness Abbey (stay overnight at Furness Abbey Hotel).
4th Day	Rail	Furness Abbey to Windermere (Lake Side). Boat—Lake Side to Ambleside. Road Motor—Ambleside to Keswick. Rail—Keswick to Dumfries (stay overnight at Station Hotel).
5th Day	Rail	Dumfries to Ayr (stay overnight at Station Hotel).
6th Day	Rail	Ayr to Glasgow (St. Enoch) (stay two nights at St. Enoch Hotel).
8th Day	Rail, *Steamer & Road Motor	Glasgow to Callander via Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine and Trossachs.
" "	Rail	Callander to Gleneagles (stay two nights at Gleneagles Hotel).
10th Day	Rail	Gleneagles to Inverness (stay two nights at Station Hotel).
12th Day	Rail	Inverness to Edinburgh (Princes Street) (stay two nights at Caledonian Hotel).
14th Day	Rail	Edinburgh (Princes Street) to London.

* Service ceases on September 30th.

CHARGES.

(Including Rail, Road and Steamer conveyance and Hotel.)

1st Class.	3rd Class.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.
24 0 0	20 10 0

So far as the Hotels are concerned, the charge includes Dinner, Bed and Breakfast only, with both and attendance.

TURNBERRY, GLASGOW, TROSSACHS, GLENEAGLES AND EDINBURGH.

Tour No. 29.

1st Day	Rail	To Turnberry (stay two nights at Turnberry Hotel).
3rd Day	Rail	Turnberry to Glasgow (St. Enoch) (stay overnight at St. Enoch Hotel).
4th Day	Rail, *Steamer & Road Motor	Glasgow (Central) to Callander via Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine and Trossachs.
" "	Rail	Callander to Gleneagles (stay two nights at Gleneagles Hotel).
6th Day	Rail	Gleneagles to Edinburgh (Princes Street) (stay overnight at Caledonian Hotel).
7th Day	Rail	Edinburgh (Princes Street) to starting point.

* Service ceases on September 30th.

CHARGES.

(Including Rail, Road and Steamer conveyance and Hotel.)

FROM	1st Class.	3rd Class.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Birmingham (New Street)	14 5 0	12 0 0
Derby	14 0 0	12 0 0
Leeds	13 0 0	11 5 0
Leicester	14 10 0	12 0 0
Liverpool	13 0 0	11 5 0
Manchester	13 5 0	11 5 0
Nottingham	14 0 0	12 0 0
Sheffield	13 10 0	11 10 0



The Doric Arch, Euston Station.

INFORMATION FOR TRAVELLERS.

FOR all information regarding TRAVEL in Great Britain, ask the representatives of the:—

**LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY
LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY**

They will be pleased to give you the fullest information.

IN NEW YORK.

T. R. DESTER (London Midland and Scottish Railway, Passenger Traffic Manager in the United States), 200, Fifth Avenue.

H. J. KETCHAM (General Agent, London and North Eastern Railway), 11, West Forty-second Street.

IN LOS ANGELES (Cal.).

D. W. FERGUSON (L M S Railway Representative), 800, So. Spring Street.

IN CANADA.

FRANK STOCKING (Stocking Travel Agency), L M S Canadian Representative, Dominion Square Buildings, St. Catherine and Peel Streets, MONTREAL.

OR ASK YOUR LOCAL TOURIST AGENT

IN FRANCE.

GENERAL AGENT FOR FRANCE, L M S Railway, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine, PARIS.

IN BELGIUM.

W. H. HARPER, L M S Representative in Belgium, Hansa Huis, Canal au Sucre 5, ANTWERP.

IN GREAT BRITAIN.

When in Great Britain information regarding passenger services, fares, excursions and all other travel facilities can be obtained upon application to:—

MR. ASHTON DAVIES

Chief Commercial Manager of the London Midland and Scottish Railway; or the District Passenger Manager for the London Division, Mr. J. A. Milligan (both of whom have their offices at EUSTON STATION, LONDON, N. W. 1); or from any of the District Officers of the Company throughout the Country.

Of the 40 counties of England, the London Midland and Scottish Railway penetrates no less than 32; a glance at the maps (pages 40 and 41) in this booklet will give some idea of its ramifications.

Numberless places of historical and archæological interest to tourists are served by the L M S—the Castles of North Wales, Robin Hood's Merrie England, the English Lake District, the Shakespeare Country, Scotland and Ireland, &c.

The London Midland and Scottish Railway is the largest railway steamship owner in Britain. Its vessels provide the principal services between Great Britain and Ireland via Holyhead (the Royal Mail Route), Heysham and Stranraer.

Pleasure steamers are also operated on the Firth of Clyde, the English Lakes, &c., &c.

The Company is the largest owner of Railway Hotels in the world, controlling some 33 establishments, many of which, such as the **Gleneagles**, **Turnberry** and **Welcombe** Hotels, are the most up-to-date examples of modern hotel equipment and comfort.

INTERAVAILABILITY OF TICKETS.

An important arrangement has been come to between the **LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY** and the

LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

whereby passengers holding ORDINARY RETURN and TOURIST tickets covering points served by both the L M S and L N E Companies' Lines (including Joint Lines owned by these Companies) are allowed to travel on the return journey between such points by the routes of either Company.

Break of journey is allowed at intermediate stations on the alternative route.

WEEK-END and other descriptions of REDUCED FARE tickets (except Excursion) are also interavailable on the return journey.

Thus, not only are the whole of Scotland's principal tourist resorts brought into connection with London and the ports of arrival from America and the Continent, but passengers have the advantage of travelling on the outward journey by the service of one Company and returning by the other. Thus the journey to Scotland becomes a sightseeing tour in itself, embracing Roman Chester, the English Lakes and the Border city of Carlisle, by the West Coast route; Robin Hood's "Merrie England" and the Peak District by the Midland route; and visiting Durham Cathedral, York with its lovely Minster, Peterborough Cathedral, &c., by the East Coast route. And remember, *you can break your journey at any point you wish.*

FAMOUS TRAINS.

When in Britain, travel on the crack expresses of the L M S—trains famous in British railway annals:—

The Royal Scot	London-Edinburgh-Glasgow.
The Royal Highlander	London-Perth-Aberdeen.
The Midday Scot	London-Edinburgh-Glasgow.
The Night Scot	London-Glasgow.
The Thames-Forth Express	London-Glasgow-Edinburgh.
The Thames-Clyde Express	London-Glasgow.
The Irish Mail	London-Holyhead-Dublin.
The Ulster Express	London-Heysham-Belfast.
The Merseyside Express	London-Liverpool (for Belfast and Dublin).
The Lancastrian	} London-Manchester, &c.
The Mancunian	
The Lakes Express	London-English Lakes District.
The Welshman	London-North Wales Resorts.
The Manxman	London-Liverpool (for the Isle of Man).
The Yorkshireman	London-Leeds-Bradford.

REFRESHMENT CARS.

Breakfast, luncheon, tea, dining and light refreshment cars are attached to the principal trains. These cars serve over four million meals a year. Excellent food is supplied at moderate charges, and the wines carried come from the L M S Hotel cellars.

REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

Refreshment Rooms have been established at upwards of 100 of the Company's stations. At most of these luncheon or tea baskets can be supplied for the convenience of passengers travelling by trains on which restaurant cars do not run.

SLEEPING SALOONS.

The Company run on their principal night trains comfortable first and third class sleeping saloons. The first class saloons have spacious compartments which are either private for a single passenger, or two can be thrown into one, as desired. These compartments are equipped with the most up-to-date toilet requisites, and light refreshments can be obtained from the attendant on duty.

The third class saloons are of corridor type, each compartment accommodating four passengers. The berths are well sprung, making a comfortable bed.

The charges are:—

	1st Class.	3rd Class.
	s. d.	s. d.
Between places south of Carlisle (exclusive)	15 0	6 0
Between places in Scotland, including Carlisle and Berwick	15 0	6 0
Between places south of Carlisle and Carlisle, and places north thereof ...	20 0	7 0

RESERVATION OF SEATS.

First and third class seats may be reserved on main line trains at the principal stations on payment of a booking fee of 1s. Seats in restaurant cars are reserved without charge. Compartments are reserved at a charge of 5s., subject to the following number of tickets having been taken:—

Corridor trains	4 first class or 6 third class.
Other trains	6 first class or 8 third class.

BAGGAGE.

The free allowance of baggage on British railways is 150 lbs. per passenger, first class; 100 lbs., third class. Overseas visitors are permitted excess baggage over that weight, and this is charged for at rates varying according to the distance travelled.

In Great Britain the American system of baggage checking is not in force. On arrival at destination the passenger should present himself at the luggage van to claim his property, and instruct a porter as to its disposal.

Baggage can, however, be sent on in advance, by arrangement, at a charge of from 1s. to 2s. per package, provided a passenger ticket for the journey is taken.

Travellers may insure their baggage against theft or pillage, on payment of a small premium, at all stations on the London Midland and Scottish Railway.

TELEGRAMS.

Telegrams may be addressed to passengers or their friends c/o Station Master at any L M S Station, to be called for.

Telegrams reserving accommodation at L M S Hotels are transmitted free of charge.



An L M S Express.

WHEN IN BRITAIN

Stay at the Hotels Owned and Managed

BY THE

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY COMPANY

ENGLAND.

LONDON (St. Pancras) ...	Midland Grand Hotel.	LONDON (Euston) ...	Euston Hotel.
BIRMINGHAM ... Queen's Hotel. (New Street Station)	FURNESS ABBEY Furness Abbey Hotel.	MANCHESTER ...	Midland Hotel.
BRADFORD ...	Midland Hotel.	MORECAMBE ...	Midland Hotel.
CREWE ...	Crewe Arms Hotel.	PRESTON ...	Park Hotel.
DERBY ...	Midland Hotel.	STRATFORD-ON-AVON Welcombe Hotel.	

SCOTLAND.

AYR ...	Station Hotel.	GLASGOW ... Central Hotel. (Central Station)	INVERNESS ...	Station Hotel.
DORNOCH ...	Dornoch Hotel.	GLASGOW ... St. Enoch Hotel.	KYLE OF LOCHALSH	Station Hotel.
DUMFRIES ...	Station Hotel.	GLENEAGLES ... Gleneagles Hotel.	STRATHPEFFER	Highland Hotel.
EDINBURGH ... Caledonian Hotel.			TURNBERRY ...	Turnberry Hotel.

IRELAND.

BELFAST ...	Midland Station Hotel.	GREENORE ...	Greenore Hotel.	PORTRUSH ...	Northern Counties Hotel.
		LARNE ...	Laharna Hotel.		

Tariffs and full information can be obtained at any of the Hotels, or for Hotels in England, Wales and Scotland,
on application to

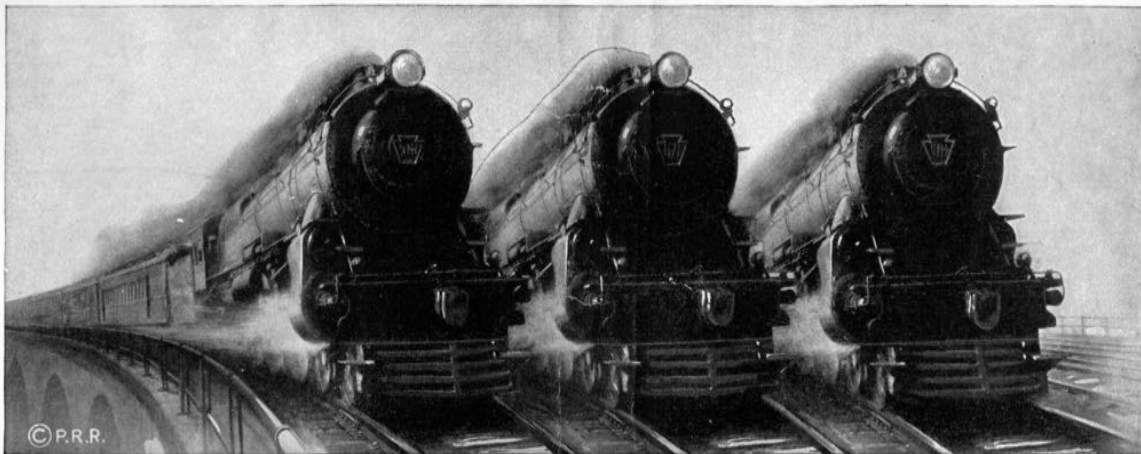
ARTHUR TOWLE, Controller L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W. 1.



DIRECT LINE

BETWEEN

New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Baltimore,
Washington, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cincinnati, Cleve-
land, Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Chicago



The Pennsylvania Limited

Broadway Limited

The Golden Arrow

3 Twenty-hour Trains BETWEEN New York and Chicago

lead the largest fleet of trains in America, including the
fastest trains between New York and St. Louis, and set a
high standard of travel East and West through "The States."

Optional Route via Washington

Full information at any office of
THOS. COOK & SON
General Foreign Passenger Agents

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD