

The Miscellany.

THE ESSAYIST.

"NOTHING TO SAY!"

The wail sounded by the historical young lady because she had "nothing to wear" merely voiced a common complaint of the "new woman," and not infrequently of the "old woman" as well. It would, however, be something startling if a public man were to openly confess that he had "nothing to say"—if not that he was, in fact, mentally bankrupt. Actually that might be the case; but even if the realization of his mental estate would yield only a farthing in the pound, he would be the last man to put up the shutters in the public view and "close down." There must, of course, be occasions when the most eloquent man—we are not writing of women—would prefer to be seen and not heard; when some modern Demosthenes possessed of a "nebulous grandiloquence of phrase" is invited to wax eloquent on a subject of which he has no knowledge, even if he may have sympathy with it. In such circumstances how many orators would be so candid as a certain Colonial Governor, who admitted that he was quite ignorant on the question which he had been asked to explain, and consequently would endeavour to say as little as possible? If politicians, lecturers, and preachers restricted their speaking on some such principle as this what a burden would be removed from a long-suffering people! Democracy is supposed to give every man the right to be his own oppressor, but the liberty of speech affords many people the opportunity of playing the part of tyrants towards their fellows. "I never think of what I am going to say," a speaker once boasted; and nobody who heard him questioned the truth of his assertion, or thought seriously of what he had said.

There is something pathetic in the spectacle of a Governor—or any other public man, for that matter—attempting to "spread himself," as the Americans say, on some topic which is as unintelligible to him as the Latin orations at Oxford and Cambridge were to the Premiers decorated as classical scholars. Such a sight recalls the scene "by the rivers of Babylon," where those in captivity hung their "harps upon the willows," and groaned—

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song—
"Sing us one of the songs of Zion."
And the question which troubled the captives was how they could possibly sing, especially in "a new land," where they had no inspiration! The demand made upon the representatives of Her Majesty to constantly produce "words" has seriously added to the responsibilities of the viceregal office; and it is not to be wondered at that a confession of "nothing to say" is wrung from them now and again, or that occasionally they wander dangerously close to the sacred circle of local politics. Controversial questions which agitate the public mind and call for the interference of Parliament are strictly taboo to Governors; and, whilst it is well that this should be the case, the ban has the effect of seriously limiting the scope for eloquence. Benjamin Franklin, or some other sage, declared that a man who had anything to say could say it all in ten minutes. But the art of condensation is not often an accomplishment of the platform speaker; and, humiliating though it must have been, the unintentional satire of the teacher who a few days ago told a number of children that they must remain quiet during the delivery "of these dry speeches" was perhaps necessary. Oratory is said to be a lost art, but if we have become too practical for the impassioned declamations and rosy sentences of a Curran, a Burke, or a Sheridan—to say nothing of the marvellous word-spinners and phrase-pelters of America—there still exists a demand for public speaking. Carlyle had a fine scorn for talking for mere talk's sake.

"A school for public speaking!" said he, "I wish we had a school for private thought!" And in scathing terms the tempestuous and rugged genius touched a weak spot in nineteenth century society. He wrote:—

If Christ were to come to London now He would not be crucified. Oh, no; He would be lionized, asked out to dinner, to hear the strange things He had got to say, and the bettermost people would wonder that a man who could be so sensible on some points should be so foolish on others—would wish He were a little more practical, and so on!

The increasing locquacity in the House of Commons has led to the tabling of a resolution in favour of a time limit for speeches, and this rule has operated for some time in New Zealand as well as nearer home. In Washington politicians are bound to time, but they manage by some means to wound, if not captivate, the public ear. The average member of Parliament is not only impressed with his own importance, but he thinks he will be heard for his "much speaking." Disraeli, himself somewhat of an authority on garrulity, found a joint in the armour of most legislators when in a famous passage he referred to a notable opponent as a "sophistical rhetorician intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity;" and Tom Moore was equally successful when he compared Lord Castlereagh with a village pump because both brought forth "a weak, washy, overbearing flow."

The appalling wordiness of some people—and the nuisance is not unfortunately confined to the public platform, for it assails one on the trancheur, in the train, and in the drawingroom, not to mention the editorial sanctum—

almost justifies the belief that the missing link of perpetual motion will one day be discovered in the maxillary organs of some empty-headed chatterer. Certain speeches revolve upon themselves like Coleridge's disquisition on transcendental philosophy. You cannot get away from the point, and neither can the speaker. Like a ferocious bull tied by the nose to a stake, he goes round and round and round, raising a great dust, but making no progress. Saadi, the Persian poet, told a story concerning a person who, in a sing-song voice, read the Koran aloud, when a passer-by asked what was his monthly stipend. He answered, "Nothing at all." "But why, then, do you take so much trouble?" He replied, "I read for the sake of God." The other rejoined, "For God's sake, do not read; for if you read the Koran in this manner you will destroy the splendour of Islamism!" Many a brilliant passage is murdered in the pulpit and on the platform, and many a good question is talked to death by those who have "nothing to say," but still persist in taking a long time in accomplishing the feat of saying nothing—in emulation possibly of a distinguished British statesman, who once delivered a lecture on "Nothing." Instead of relying too much upon their own resources, the politician, the lecturer—especially the shrieking type of new woman—and the street-corner orator might, with advantage to themselves and their audiences, follow the example of the man who wanted to deliver a discourse which would carry weight. He read up China under the letter "C" in the dictionary, and Metaphysics under the letter "M," and then, combining his information, proceeded to enlighten the world on "Chinese Metaphysics!" When dictionaries are so cheap and pocket editions abound there is no excuse for anybody having "nothing to say." "Eloquence," Emerson remarked, "shows the power and possibility of man." It also not infrequently makes a demand upon men's power of endurance and taxes their Christian spirit of forgiveness.

SCIENTIFIC.

NEW WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.

Marvellous developments are being recorded in nearly all the applications of electricity to useful purposes. In one direction the almost perfect vacuum obtained by Sir William Crookes in a glass bulb has been utilized by Professor Röntgen in the production of the X rays which have already proved so serviceable in surgery; and in another the same ingenious apparatus promises, as *The Observer* showed recently, to completely revolutionize the systems of electric-lighting. As a result of experiments towards the close of last year the celebrated Edison was able to assure an interviewer that the predicted electric-lighting revolution would be realized within a couple of years. Edison is said at one stroke to have reduced by 75 per cent. the quantity of electricity required to produce a given candle-power, and this he effected by simply coating the inside of a "Crookes tube" with a solution giving fluorescent crystals. In adopting this device he was evidently on the right track, but the coating of the glass of the bulb itself proved to be a mistake. As mentioned by us a few weeks ago, Puluj uses a separate glass screen for these crystals, and places it inside of the tube, so that it emits light in very much the same way as the carbon filament in an ordinary incandescent lamp. The basis of these wonderful improvements in the production of light and of other waves is, as we have said, the Crookes vacuum tube, invented by the veteran British scientific expert who was knighted on Jubilee Day for his eminent services to the world. The thought which enabled Crookes to make at one step such a marvellous advance towards the production of the perfect vacuum may well be characterized as a scientific inspiration.

Airpumps have been vastly improved, but they still leave within the bulb a quantity of the atmosphere sufficiently great to prevent a very close approach to the true condition of emptiness represented by the interstellar space. Strongly heated platinum, however, possesses the power of taking up gaseous constituents of the air to the extent of several hundred times its own bulk. By causing a sheet of this metal to glow with the electric current inside of the glass bulb Crookes managed to remove almost the last minute trace of air, and thus, for the first time in the history of mankind, he furnished an example of space affording a very close approximation to that of which consists almost the whole of the vast universe so far as it lies within mortal ken. The light from a star at a distance of untold millions of miles will be more obscured by traversing merely a few miles of atmosphere than by making its journey of some thousands of years through ethereal space; and of this impressive fact some degree of explanation is supplied by the surprising difference which the extraction of a slight additional quantity of air from a vacuum bulb has made in the problem of electric-lighting. Electric signalling also seems to be on the eve of extraordinary developments. One evening recently at the University Professor Bragg gave the members of the Teachers' Union an opportunity of seeing for themselves the wonders of the new art of telegraphing without wires. By means of a Herizian vibrator—supplying "course" electrical impulse to the ether of space—and a Marconi receiver—consisting of metallic filings in a glass bulb—he showed how a person in one part of the building could ring a bell at the opposite end of

the structure without having any wire or other solid medium through which to transmit the signals. Since Mr. Preece, the celebrated electrician to the London General Post-office, startled the scientific world by announcing that Mr. Marconi and himself had transmitted messages without wires for a distance of a mile and a quarter on Salisbury Plain, great progress has been made in practical applications of the discovery. The Company which has undertaken this part of the work is now securing patents in Australia as well as in other parts of the world, and we may expect soon to hear of the projects by which these mysterious electrical impulses of the ether are to be harnessed and pressed into the service of mankind. Numerous useful spheres for the invention will at once suggest themselves. It will, for instance, enable ships to communicate with one another in fog or darkness, and thus avoid the risks of collision. It will also supply a facile means of giving to fire brigades or the police alarms of fire or burglary.

In America the sending of messages from trains in motion to the telegraph wires beside the track, and so to the railway stations, has been intermittently practised for years past, and it is said that certain difficulties which have hitherto prevented the general adoption of the invention have now been overcome. It is clear that, in one form or another, telegraphy without wires will soon become as familiar a feat as speaking through the telephone. Meanwhile the art of transmitting to a distance not only signals, but energy and power, is progressing apace. In the United States manufacturing city of Cleveland, in relation to its supply with power from Niagara Falls, it is now an important question whether a larger proportion of loss is incurred in the transmission of the motive energy by means of shafts and belting in the ordinary method or through electric cables. Professor Benjamin has therefore instituted a series of experiments to test the amount of loss due to friction in shafting, and his conclusions show that in workshops doing heavy work the average is rather more than 62 per cent., while factories where the machines to be driven are of lighter construction lose about 55 per cent. of their power. In one place, devoted to the manufacture of materials for bridges, it was found that only 20 per cent. of the power given out by the steam-engine was really utilized in the work for which it was intended. In the light of such startling figures the losses incurred in electrical transmission appear by no means serious. Coming nearer home we find that an interesting test of the application of energy through the electric current is being made by the Launceston Corporation. Electricity for lighting purposes is already generated by a dynamo driven by the falls of the River Esk; and, as there is plenty of spare force left, the Corporation has decided to have its road metal broken by a 25-horsepower electrically driven crusher. In Australia one of the most ingenious ideas in electric-lighting enterprise is being carried out at distant Thargomindah, in Western Queensland, where a water-wheel is being erected to use the force of the water spouting from the artesian bore for the purpose of lighting the township. After that who shall dare to say that the "backblocks" are not up to date!

THE FORMATION OF CORAL REEFS.

A DARWINIAN THEORY EXPLODED.

Scientific doubt concerning Darwin's theory of the formation of the Barrier reefs and atolls has been set at rest by the scientific expedition under Professor David, of Sydney University, who for some months past has been labouring at the atolls of Nanafuti, in the Ellice Group. Darwin argued that coral reefs were built upon an area that was gradually subsiding, but his theory of late years has been extensively challenged. The object of the expedition was by use of the diamond drill to bore at least 500 ft., as was wished by Darwin, and to obtain slices of the formation in verification of his theory. Information regarding the work of the expedition has been received in a letter sent by Professor David from Apia, Samoa, to the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia and the officers of the Mines Department. In them, the Professor states that when he left Nanafuti the drill was down 537 ft. without touching bedrock. He modestly says that he ventures to think the expedition has been a decided success. Professor David and Mrs. David, together with Messrs. Poole and Woolnough, are returning to Sydney by the mission steamer John Williams, and are to be publicly welcomed on their arrival.

Professor David, in a letter to Mr. King, M.L.C., President of the Royal Geographical Society, gives some additional details of the work done by the Coral-boring Expedition at Nanafuti. He states that up to 487 ft. the results have been somewhat inconclusive, and nil from 487 to 537 ft. The drill-core provided evidence which in his opinion, provisionally, and subject to modification when he had an opportunity of examining the coral under a microscope in Sydney, was strongly in favour of Darwin's theory of the formation of the coral reefs being applicable to the Ellice and Gilbert atolls. At the time of his departure the foundation of the atoll, 800 ft. deep, had not been reached, but he had sought to have it tapped before the boring was discontinued, so that the work might be rounded off.

SHIERLAW'S

SUMMER

NATURAL WOOL UNDERPANTS AND SHIRTS,

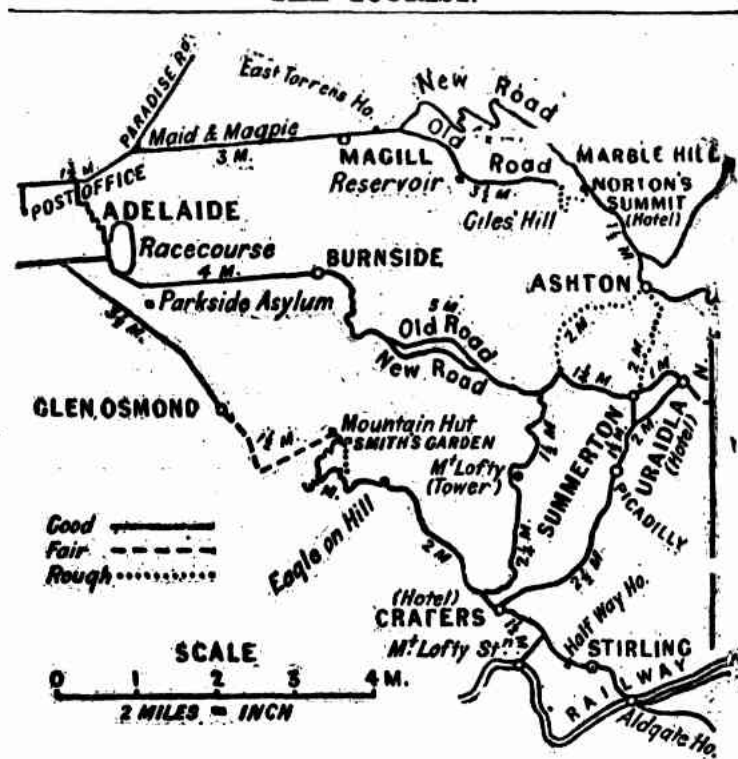
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CASHMERE SOX,

1/ PER PAIR.

16, Hindley-street.

THE TOURIST.



CYCLING ROUTE NO. 1.

POPULAR CYCLING TOURS.

THE SCENERY AND THE ROADS.

No. 1.

MOUNT LOFTY STATION TO ALDGADE AND BACK TO ADELAIDE BY VARIOUS ROUTES.
*Bright is the morning, and fair is the day
Listen to Nature's appeal:
Spring to your saddle, and let us away,
Whirled on the glittering wheel!
Envy a horseman his four-footed steed,
Triumph in passing him by:
Press on the pedal that woo's you to speed,
Cling to your handles and fly.*

[By HANDLEBAR.]

It is no idle boast to claim for South Australia a superb climate, good roads, and in many parts charming scenery—scores of places where the cyclist can, having in an hour or two passed beyond the city's busy thorough—find himself amidst Nature's choicest handiwork—so liberally displayed in the gullies and on the hills to the east of the city. Situated at the foot of the Mount Lofty Range Adelaide affords advantages to the wheeling fraternity that few other capitals possess, and the numerous attractive destinations account for the popularity of cycling in this colony. I am not in a position to state how many cyclists there are in the city, but the fact that there are twenty-four depots devoted exclusively to the sale and manufacture of wheels indicates that a large amount of business is transacted. Wholesale houses, most of which deal in cycles, are not included in this number. Presuming that each depot disposes of four machines per week it will be seen that every eleven weeks during the season over a thousand are added to the ranks. Strangely enough there are hundreds of riders who have but a remote idea of the splendid outings that can be indulged in during an afternoon within easy reach of the city; and, stranger still, many are frightened to negotiate the hills. Supplied with a proper brake there is nothing to fear, for on the whole the roads are in good order. With a view of assisting new riders and cyclists generally, I am under instructions to go over what should prove popular routes and report. These reports will be accompanied by sketches showing the best roads, the hotels, and points of interest en route. A map will be published every Saturday.

The first sketch embraces a number of outings that cannot fail to be popular with every class of the community. The route runs through some of the most picturesque localities in the colony. If the reader is not yet in sufficient form to climb long hills, he may take the train to Mount Lofty railway station and find his way to various localities over roads that are mostly on the down grade. The train fare for cycle is 3d. to Mount Lofty, and the passenger fare 2s. 2d. and 1s. 6d. Before starting note that your cycle is in good order, particularly that no nuts are loose, and that the brake sets proper. I managed to negotiate the journey from Magill through Norton's Summit, Uraidla, Piccadilly, Crafrers, Aldgate, and back via the Eagle, and then up and down the Greenhill-road without a brake, but it is a dangerous practice, and the back-peddalling really involves too great a strain. It is imperative for the beginner to have a strong hand-brake. I should advise also that foot-ropes be put on, so if need be the machine can be stopped by using the feet as a skid. Those remarks may imply that "coasting" is dangerous, but so far as the present route is concerned such is not the case provided ordinary care is exercised.

There is a most enjoyable downhill run of two miles from the Mount Lofty station to the Aldgate Hotel, the terminus of the present sketch. A good road takes the cyclist on to the main road, where on turning to the right a slight rise leads to the Halfway House, and then a rather steep gradient runs to the Aldgate Hotel. A quarter of a mile before reaching this point a pound will be noticed, opposite to which is a small plateau edged by a creek that is popular with picnic parties. On the hill behind the pound maidens and other ferns and wild flowers abound. The turn to the left of Aldgate leads through picturesque Bridgewater and on to Ambleside, Mount Barker, &c., whilst straight on there is a lovely ride to Rehunga, Meadows, and then to Port Victor, or to Strathalbyn and on to Port Victor, but of that more anon. Handsome residences and choice gardens are passed in the short stage to Aldgate, and numerous by-roads will be found leading to picturesque localities. The climb back to Crafrers may to some extent be avoided by taking the train to Mount Lofty, and then wheeling to the main road again and turning to the left. It is not a difficult task to accomplish the gradual ascent for a mile to the Crafrers Hotel, where there is a choice of three routes into town. The shorter stage is to continue the ascent for three-quarters of a mile to the top of Mowday's Hill, whence there is practically a down grade to the Eagle-on-the-Hill. Just before reaching this point, however, a beautiful scene presents itself, with the Waterfall Gully in the foreground and the city and sea beyond. The falls can be reached in a few minutes by a narrow winding footpath. From the Eagle take the new road over the bridge. On a clear day the Hummocks, sixty miles away to the north, and Kangaroo Island to the south, can be seen, and at every turn a set of lovely views is presented, embracing Yorke's Peninsula, the gulf, and the city and plains. It is a glorious sight, and well worth repeated visits. The road winds round what is termed the

"Devil's Elbow" to Smith's gardens, a charming spot that might aptly be described as the Garden of Eden; it is the cyclist's paradise during the season. Up to this stage the roads are excellent and the gradients easy. Past the Mountain Hut three steep pinches have to be carefully negotiated, as the road is sandy and rutty for a mile and a half into Glen Osmond, after which there is a good run to the city. From Aldgate the distance is twelve and a half miles, and can be comfortably ridden under two hours.

Leaving Crafrers again an excellent road nearly all the way leads to the tower on the top of Mount Lofty, and thence to the Greenhill-road. The hill scenery is magnificent; a splendid view may be obtained of Mount Barker and surrounding country. I take it, however, that the road opposite to the Crafrers Hotel, and leading to Piccadilly, is easier, and equally attractive. The gullies at the foot of the road present a lovely sight at this glorious spring time. To the left Mount Lofty towers boldly; ahead Little Mount Lofty and Marble Hill are prominent landmarks, whilst you pass on through gardens bright with blossoms gently waving in the breeze. Evidently one welcome to this idyllic spot. Pleasant watercourses are traced through the valley, whilst the roadside is bedecked with wild wallflower, heath, ferns, and foliage. Mrs. Hemans must surely have been similarly surrounded when she wrote:—

The airy upland and the woodland green,
The valley, and romantic mountain scene;
The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
The dell retired, or wildwood-shaded lane;
And every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
And every landscape charms my youthful breast.

Piccadilly is a trifle over two miles from Crafrers and offers a splendid downhill run; but at Castle's corner, a mile from Crafrers, a road liable to mislead branch-off to the right to Stirling. A finger-post is needed here as well as at Crafrers; also at Piccadilly Corner, between the Church and the old store, where one road leads to Summerton by the new deviation and the other to Little Mount Lofty. I understand the whole cost of timber, painting, and erection does not exceed £1 per post, a trivial amount for the Council to expend, seeing the convenience that would accrue. A new road will be available in six months leading from Piccadilly direct to the eight-mile post on the Greenhill-road above Summerton, and this will reduce the journey to Crafrers by that route to eleven and a half miles. At present the tourist has to go up a steep hill for three-quarters of a mile on the northern side of Piccadilly, and branch off to the right through Mr. Cobbleddick's property to Uraidla, another three-quarters of a mile away. A short rest at Host Francisco's Uraidla Hotel fits one for the three and a half miles, mostly climbing, through Summerton to a bend near the eight-mile post on the Greenhill-road. A splendid track leads from here to the city, past a winery, at which point it will be noticed there are two deviations. The lower one is the safer. Steepness is a characteristic of the Greenhill-road, but on the splendid surface the machine is not liable to jump and get away from its rider. Should the brake fail, however, and by a mischance a "bolt" act in the only alternative is to stop the machine with the feet, or else, trusting to luck, allow it to run its course to the bottom, something like five miles. On one side of the road wall-like banks rise high above the head; on the other are gullies of great depth. Were the authorities to make at every half-mile or so an upward slanting bank, say four yards wide, and long enough to enable the cyclist to run into it with safety, the gratitude of wheelmen would be secured. A runaway down that hill might lead to serious results, but the danger would be obviated if the above course were adopted.

Our sketch illustrates two routes from Summerton to Ashton and thence to Norton's Summit. The one branching off the Greenhill-road near the eight-mile post is to be preferred. The two miles leading to Ashton is rough, steep, and, it may be added, dangerous. The road is not a credit to the district. The inconvenience in walking most of the two miles mentioned, however, is more than repaid by the glorious ride from Ashton to the city by the new road past the Scenic Hotel. This hostelry is popular with the cycling fraternity. Under no consideration attempt to ride down Giles's Hill. The new road is only a mile further. It is in splendid condition, and has an easy gradient, and from it the long series of views are unexcelled. I shall not attempt to describe the lovely scene down the valley as the rear of the Scenic Hotel, the rugged beauty of the hills and chasm a little further down on the opposite side of the road, and through which the Morialta Falls winds its course, the glorious scene as the Thordon Park and Hope Valley reservoirs come into view, the gardens and plains, and the North Arm beyond them, like a huge silver snake glittering in the sun; seen to advantage; whilst a still further bend brings the gulf and southern districts into view. This is but an outline of the magnificent panorama presented at every turn. It is a trip that no one should miss. The East Torrens Hotel is at the foot of the hill, and from here the remaining 4½ miles is quickly negotiated.

From Aldgate to the city via Piccadilly, Uraidla, and Norton's Summit the distance is estimated at 23 miles, and is a splendid afternoon's run. Owing to its easy gradient and better scenery the Norton's Summit route is

preferable to the Greenhill-road, in spite of the walking necessary between Summerton and Ashton. A shorter cutting is to be made through Magill and along the old road to the foot of Giles's Hill, walk up the pinch, about half a mile, and return by the new road. This means a 17½-mile run that is remarkably easy.

Next Saturday the route to Waterfall Gully will receive attention. During the series tours extending from an hour to several days will be dealt with.

LITERATURE.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

"GROVER HIGGINBOTHAM ESQ.'S FABLES," also "OUR FISCAL LOVES" (by Orb) Melville, Mullen, & Co., Melbourne.—It is a disputed question whether parodies may strictly be classed as literature. A large amount of skill and humour is necessary to produce a good parody, and humour is needed also to appreciate them. But whether classed as literature or not, the smartly written and well-printed parody carries weight and conviction. Burlesque well done is attractive, and the writer with a mission has half-won the battle when he has secured the attention of those whom he wishes to reach. These "Fables" and "Our Fiscal Loves" have been written for a purpose—no less an object, in fact, than that of exposing protection, and showing to the people of Victoria, particularly the "falsehood of extremes" when applied to Customs duties. Here is a specimen fable:—

THE PROTECTIONIST AND THE WOMAN.
A down-trodden woman was at length turning when it noticed a Protectionist approaching. Thereupon it proceeded with some dignity to put daylight between itself and the Protectionist, and the Protectionist, who was not a little vexed, asked, "How are your poor feet?" The woman politely but firmly replied—"Quite well, thank you; I don't wear boots," and a wicked smile stole upon her as she saw that portion of its back that was visible to the naked eye.

"Moral—People who live in fiscal boots should not talk feet."
The "Laughing Jackass" and the Statistician might be taken as another sample. "One day a laughing jackass, who 'laughs while you wait,' and makes a princely income travelling with comedy companies, was told by a statistician how working men, upon whose shoulders Customs Duties ride like old man of the sea, believe that the burden increases not only Work but Wages, and also decreases the prices of commodities. This was too much for the poor bird. He replaced his diminutive copy of Homer's Odyssey in his vest-pocket and burst into the inextinguishable laughter of the satirists."

"Moral—Even a laughing jackass does not always laugh at nothing."

There are a number of other fables pointing excellent morals, whilst a dialogue "Socrates on Protection" is full of humour and sound political economy. The second portion of the booklet, which has been well got up and printed by Messrs. A. McKinnay & Co., Melbourne, is devoted to "Our Fiscal Loves," and here the author breaks into verse, Tennyson, Kipling, Longfellow, and others are parodied, oftentimes cleverly, and generally to much purpose. The individual aimed at in "The Alfred: a Poem in Pink and Black," is easily recognised—

Once upon a midnight, D—k—n—s,
I thought I heard you speak!
Many a quaint and curious argument
I'd often heard before.

As a skit issued on the eve of a general election in Victoria the book under notice cannot fail to prove attractive. Conceived in "lighter vein," it hits off neatly and smartly the fallacious doctrine which seeks to help people to progress by imposing a heavy burden upon their shoulders. Protectionists should obtain a copy of the book and take to heart the lesson wrapped up in fable and parody.

"BELLS AND POMERANIANES," by Robert Browning; Ward, Lock, & Company, London, per E. S. Wigg & Son.—A handy and comely edition of the most popular work of "The mysterious but thought-inspiring British puzzle poet" has been included in the cheap and yet superior "Ninth Century Classics," edited by Clement K. Shorter. This little volume is intended for the traveller's pocket, and should often occupy the place for which it was designed.

"PLEA FOR A SIMPLER FAITH," by George S. Keith, M.D., LL.D.; Kegan, Paul, Trench, & Co., London, per E. S. Wigg & Son.—In these temperately worded pages the author advances many arguments to show that the Christian faith has not been able to withstand without damage the attacks made against it during the last two or three generations. Dr. Keith urges that the story of the Fall of Man cannot be true, and that the varied and complex doctrines which have grown up in its train are therefore also unsound and without foundation. He, however, consoles us with the statement that if our chief religious dogmas must be given up, science—that is, real and ascertained knowledge—offers us something simpler and better to put in their place, while the high moral teachings of both the Old and New Testaments remain untouched. The author's views are clearly expressed and his arguments are closely reasoned—qualities which will commend themselves to the ordinary reader as well as to the theological student, to whom the work will doubtless prove of absorbing interest.

"PERFECTION CITY," by Mrs. Orpen; Hutchinson and Co., London, per Robertson & Co., Adelaide.—An American story of communism life as practised in Kansas. It opens with Ezra Weston bringing his girl Olive to the home he had prepared for her in Perfection City.

"Why, if you haven't gone and got a rocking chair?" exclaimed Olive.
"I made it for you in spare time," answered Ezra. "You see we have to work only five days a week for the community. All the rest of our time is at our own disposal; and by and by when we are flourishing four days for the community will suffice."

"Do you like working for other people and not being paid?" asked Olive.

"I do not consider it as working for other people without pay," replied her husband, with some quickness; "we each work for the general good, and if I happen to plant corn that some one else will eat, then some other member of the community raises potatoes that I shall eat."

"There, there; don't be cross," said the little wife, noting the flush that had risen to his brow as he spoke. "I am sure it is nice, and I shall like it when I understand it all, and I like my dear little house."

The next morning, as Olive was washing her potatoes for dinner, a visitor called, wearing a check blouse and a pair of zouave trousers fastened in at the ankle. "I am Mary Winkle; that's my house over yonder. . . . You don't wear the reformed dress yet, I see. Shall you?"

"I don't know; I have not thought about it. There is no fashion here, I suppose," said Olive politely.

"No; only the fashion of common-sense," said Winkle.

"Do all the ladies dress that way, Miss Winkle?" enquired Olive.

"Only my daughter and myself."

"I beg your pardon; I should have said Mrs. Winkle."

"No, you shouldn't," replied her visitor; "I am not Mrs. Winkle. Address me as Mary Winkle, and my husband as John Wright."

Olive stared at her. "Are you not Mrs. Wright, then?"
"No, certainly not, I scorn the title. It is a symbol of subjection. I did not lose my identity when I chose to marry. I am the same Mary Winkle that I was before. Why should I take a new name simply because I am married? Why should not my husband take your name, instead of its always being the wife who is absorbed?"

For a time things go on swimmingly. Olive has her own little garden, and is passionately fond of flowers. Mary Winkle, during Olive's absence, plucks the lot, in order to teach her a communistic lesson. Ezra tries to smooth things over, but Olive is not to be comforted. She could be communistic in many things, but she loved her flowers. "It wasn't that I had worked for them, and grudging the fruit of my labour," she argued; "I would work in a turnip field and let any one who liked have the turnips—nasty, watery, pulpy things—but I loved my flowers and tended them, and they were mine. I don't care about the philosophy of the question."

The book is lively reading, and—rather rare in a woman's novel—it contains many strokes of quiet humour. Perfection City was founded to teach the old and worn-out world how to banish evil from life. How the experiment succeeded the reader will be interested in finding out. The book should be welcomed by our village settlers, who are living under similar conditions to those here described.

POST-OFFICE DIRECTORY.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. H. Wise & Co., the 1897-8 edition of the Post-office Directory of South Australia, which is now quite a bulky volume although conveniently arranged. The town section contains separate street directories of Adelaide and suburbs, and alphabetical directories for every other town, township, and postal district in South Australia. Under the heading of each post-office or postal district are shown the various sub-offices and districts served by such centre, thus enabling any one to see at a glance the suburbs and the residents under any one postal district, making a complete directory in itself of each district. The alphabetical section contains the whole of the names for the entire colony, arranged under one alphabetical heading. The trades directory shows the traders of the colony arranged under their individual trade or calling. These three portions of the directory enable any one to find, with ease, first, the residents in each town or street; second, the residents in all or any part of the colony; and third, the trades, commercial, and professional people in the colony. Separate and complete directories of medical, ecclesiastical, legal, educational, banking, insurance, agricultural, local government, Customs and official, and postal and telegraphic are given. A full and complete alphabetically arranged Customs tariff will be found amongst the special sections at the end of the work. No extraneous matter has been inserted in the volume under notice, but, on the other hand, nothing has apparently been omitted which such a work should contain.

THE "PALL MALL MAGAZINE."—It is hard to resist the temptation to indulge in superlatives in writing of this periodical, the September number of which has just come to hand. One may, however, fairly express the opinion that it is in the front rank among English high-class and low-priced illustrated literary journals. The reader will have to go a long way indeed to find more perfect specimens of the pictorial printer's art than are supplied monthly, particularly in the frontispiece to this magazine. The sample this month is a sequel to that in the immediately preceding number. It represents the homecoming of the fishermen whose departure on a lowering day was so impressively depicted in the earlier companion picture. Among the varied selection of superior letter-press the chief interest attaches to A. T. Quiller Couch's continuation, from R. L. Stevenson's notes, of "St. Ives," the story upon which the genius-novelist was engaged at the time of his death. His successor has essayed a delicate and difficult task, but his achievement thus far warrants the expectation that he will perform it well.



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THE EXPLORER.

THE DESERT OF AUSTRALIA. EXPERIENCES OF AN EXPLORATION PARTY.

Mr. T. A. Braden, who was second in command of the Hon. D. Carnegie's exploration party which traversed the Great Desert portions of Western Australia during the latter part of last year and the first half of 1897, is now in Adelaide. The party left Coolgardie on July 9, 1896, and went to Kimberley across the desert country, and after a rest there returned to the starting-point, which was reached in August, 1897. Besides the Hon. Mr. Carnegie, who acted as leader, Messrs. Braden, G. Massie, and C. Stanmore made the trip, taking with them one blackboy, four camels, and six months' provisions. On Monday one of our reporters called upon Mr. Braden, and he made the following statement to him in reference to the trip:—

"This expedition was undertaken at Mr. Carnegie's own expense for the purpose of testing by observation the character of the unexplored portions of Western Australia. After leaving Coolgardie we struck out in a northerly direction to Doyle's Well, some 230 miles. From there we branched in a northerly direction towards Mount Worsnop, on Sir John Forrest's track. Eighty miles from Doyle's Well we entered on unexplored country, being portion of Great Victoria Desert. The character of the country crossed between these points was, after leaving the auriferous area, sandhills clothed with the usual vegetation of spinifex, with occasional tracks of desert gum, quondong, wattle, and other stunted bushes. We found no grass or herbage of any sort for our camels. Water was also non-existent here, and the party were thirteen and a half days without finding any, and were reduced for the last three days to an allowance of half a pint per diem. When matters were looking their worst and we had only about two gallons of water left in our tanks we had the good fortune to cut the fresh tracks of a native, and succeeded, after following them for a short distance, in capturing a fine stalwart aboriginal whom we requested to show us water. After we had cooled down and had a good meal of salt beef he took us to a dry rock-hole, where we camped, and as he was anxious to escape we watched him carefully all night. In the morning we found he was better prepared to show us water, and he took us straight to a fine hole about four miles distant. This water was situated in a limestone formation and was a remarkable well. The entrance was level with the surface and the mouth of the cave was about 3 ft. in diameter. From the surface we had to descend about 20 ft., which we did by means of mulga poles placed there by the natives. There we found a large chamber, and leading from it a passage trending downward, which we had to follow a distance of 24 ft. on hands and knees, and then we were gladdened by the sight of a small pool of water, which we found we could not materially reduce by baling. We succeeded in watering all our camels here, and spelled five days, as there was a patch of buckshorn and mulga which provided good feed for our animals. Situated as this fine well is in the Victoria Desert, Mr. Carnegie named it the 'Empress Well.' The native who showed us this water we immediately released, but he was by this time so content with our company that he could not prevail upon him to go away, and he stayed with us for three days. From there we bore north-east to Mount Worsnop, one and a half miles from which we found a fine lagoon containing fresh water, and surrounded by good pastoral country covered with salt and cotton bush and Mitchell and Flinders grasses. Mulga, acacia, and bloodwood trees were plentiful, and our camels had first-rate feed while we stayed. When crossing from Central Australia to Coolgardie earlier in the year I ascended Mount Worsnop, and saw this lagoon in the distance, but I had not actually been at it, as at that time I had water in plenty at the Mount. This lagoon was about one mile in circumference, varying in depth from 5 ft. to 2 ft., and we judged it to contain when full about eighteen months' supply of water. It was covered with wild ducks and water-hens, and we lived well at this spot. Mr. Carnegie named it Woodhouse Lagoon, after Mr. Alexander Woodhouse, who accompanied Mr. Carr Boyd on his trip along Sir John Forrest's track. There we spelled three days, and located Alexander Springs, named by Sir John Forrest. We also saw a trig-point that had been erected by him—a tree marked W. W. Mills, and the same tree bore Mr. S. G. Hubbs's mark. From there we went north, and entered thick mulga, rough stony ironstone gravel, and found no water for eight days. Then we struck a native well by following a native track. This was the first sign of natives we had seen since leaving Woodhouse Lagoon. Here we found the parakilla or waterbush, and our camels were quite independent of the well supply. Thence we passed on to the Alfred and Marie Range, named by Mr. E. Giles, and passing on the west side of it we found a small rockhole, the water in which had been rendered useless by natives. Continuing northerly we passed over open undulating desert covered with ironstone gravel, vegetation, spinifex, and a few stunted bushes. After ten days we saw a distant smoke, and on going to it picked up tracks which led us to an apparently good soak, but after watering seven camels the water gave out. We at this time had no water in the tanks, and two of the camels had not been

watered. After three days' hard work in sinking to a depth of 30 ft. through drift sand, we got about 10 gallons of impure water. Mr. Carnegie, in exploring, had discovered about 10 gallons more in another rockhole, and had also, after chasing a number of natives, secured an old one, whom he brought to the camp, but she resolutely refused to show us water, and we had to let her go. This soak was named Fatucini Soak. Leaving here our prospects were not bright with only 20 gallons of bad water in the tanks, and two of our camels with their thirst unquenched. I may mention here that these two camels went thirty-six days on 13 gallons of water each, which was a remarkable performance considering the dry character of the country, &c. The patch of parakilla before-mentioned was a very small one. We kept north-east, and in a few days arrived in very bad country, consisting of high barren sandridges, which were very trying to the camels to cross. Here by aid of natives we found a native well, which enabled us to give the camels a few gallons of water each. We then made a line to a point about seventy miles west of Termination Lake. We experienced great difficulty from want of water and feed. Helped by the natives we gradually worked our way over this belt of country, which is of the poorest class, consisting for the most part of sandhills and spinifex, with occasional outcrop of desert sandstone. Passing about twenty miles west of Lady Elith Lagoon we still had the same class of country as far north as lat. 13° 20'. We then came to good bush country, but had the ill-fortune to lose three camels by poison. Proceeding we struck Christmas Creek, where we found marked trees and other evidences of our having at last got out of the untravelled country. Northward from here to the Margaret we passed through good feed and plenty of water. We were at this time on short rations, having nearly finished our supplies. On the Margaret River we had the misfortune to lose Mr. Charles Stanmore, who accidentally shot himself whilst trying to shoot a kangaroo. This was a great blow to us, after all our hardships, which he had endured with the greatest fortitude. After burying him near the Ramsay Range we continued, and in eight miles struck the telegraph line from Hall's Creek—the centre of the Kimberley Goldfields—to Derby. We turned into Hall's Creek, where we had news of Mr. L. A. Wells's arrival at the Fitzroy. We found we had been travelling on a course parallel to his route, about 200 miles inward and eastward. We were most cordially received at Hall's Creek by the Warden, whose guests we were during our stay. Mr. Carnegie fully expected that he would be required to assist in the relief expeditions got up on behalf of the two lost men of the Calvert Expedition, and he waited several months for that purpose. He then decided to return and endeavour to find a stock route from Kimberley to the southern goldfields of Western Australia, and, having purchased three more camels from Mr. Buchanan, of Flora Valley, making up his team to eight camels, we again started at the beginning of April on our return journey. There were now only three of us and the black boy, and we had three horses, which it was Mr. Carnegie's intention to take as far as we could get them. From Hall's Creek we went to Flora Valley Station, about twenty-five miles distant, where we got a supply of beef. Thence we passed over fine open plains to Sturt's Creek, and following it down passed Denison Downs cattle station, and in due course arrived at Termination Lake on Mr. A. C. Gregory's route of 1856. We were much impressed by the character of the country along the greater portion of Sturt's Creek. It consisted of Mitchell and Flinders grass plains, bushland swamps, and good cattle bush country. The cattle seen here bore evidence of the suitability of this country for stock raising. Leaving Termination Lake and passing Lake White, we almost immediately got back into sandhills, which we had to cross without intermission as far as Lake McDonald, and we again experienced great difficulty in the matter of feed and water. The horses also were an additional anxiety, as we had to water them at the risk of leaving ourselves short. This was undoubtedly the worst patch of country traversed during our expedition. The sandhills were very close together, and of a great height with a loose sandy top that at times the camels could barely cross. On one day's travelling, during which we covered about ten miles, we crossed eighty-six of these sandhills or high ridges, running for the most part in an easterly and westerly direction. From Lake McDonald we passed to the west of the Rawlinson Range, named by Mr. E. Giles, and then to the Blyth Creek on Sir John Forrest's track, the country still being of the very poorest description. From the Blyth we went to Woodhouse Lagoon, where we crossed our outgoing track, and from there westerly to Lake Wells, which we had difficulty in crossing, but succeeding in getting over at the same spot as that used by Mr. L. A. Wells, of the Elder Expedition. From Lake Wells we journeyed to the Bonython Creek, thence to Lake Darlot, where we were again in settlements. We had been thirteen months from the time we left Coolgardie until we returned, and the net result of our trip was to prove that a very large area of Central Western Australia was of the very worst class, holding out no hope of being either of mineral or pastoral value."

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THE SKETCHER.

EMBARCKING THE AUSTRALIAN MAIL.

A SCENE AT NAPLES.

(By BERTHA L. GACE.)

FROM THE REGISTER, October 2.

Tier upon tier of twinkling lights from Posillipo round the great curve of bay to Castellammare and Sorrento are vying on this cloudless summer night with the myriad stars shining unintercepted forth. A blaze of light from the huge glass dome of the Arcade Umberto throws into relief the black massive walls of the old arsenal and the long line of the Palace roof, whilst on the right the tall tower of the Faro casts a beam which each minute briefly illuminates the spars of the shipping in the quiet waters of the Molo. Crowning the heights above the lamplit city, with its distant hum of life, silhouetted against the paler sky, St. Elmo stands—sentinel of the centuries, hoary and grim, linking medievalism with this age of steam. Here on board the great liner moored stern on to the Mole all reigns quiet. The last steamer-tender has arrived with its burthen of weary sightseers surfeited with Pompeian relics and powdered with the dust of lava roads. Deck and drawing and smoking room are equally deserted, and this floating home of near a thousand souls sleeps.

From the distant city across the silence of the waters steal the midnight chimera from campanile and tower, caught and echoed from ship to ship with an incisive ding-ding of their answering bells. With their final strokes the shrill pipe of the ho'sun is mingled, pre-facing the brief order "Watch away for the mail!" Man follows man through the open doors of the forecastle, some hastily donning their guernseys as they stealthily wend their way to the gangway and down the ladder into the launch, fussy blowing off her steam in her impatience to be off. An officer comes hastily along, and, after the query of "All aboard?" has been answered in the affirmative, gives the order "Cast off." A few brief words in Neapolitan from the skipper of the launch to his enquirer, and we glide off into the darkness, on, past the lashed forms of idle merchantmen to where in silent watchfulness the guardship lies. A momentary halt is made whilst a satisfactory answer is shouted forth by our brass-banded skipper to the challenge from the sentry at her gangway. A warning shriek from our whistle and we once more gather way, churning up the inky black shadows stretching from the sides of the huge unfinished battleships, which will be alive once more in a few hours with the rattle and clang of hammer and chisel of mechanic and artificer. Now weaving our track amongst mosquito-like torpedo boats and ranks of obsolete time-stained relics of former naval days, on to where the lamplit quay reveals a stream of sack-burthened figures busy in the unloading of the mail train which is drawn up some hundred yards away, our little throbbing engine is eased and stopped, and we slowly glide alongside the well-worn stone steps, where officers and men quickly disembark, wending their way through the heaped sacks piled on all sides—the former to confer with the little knot of Italian officials directing the unloading; the men, with amused expression, to watch the tireless energy of the "furnace."

The work of the "Fattocini" is now over; the big vans stand empty, and British Jack takes his turn at handling the stacks of sacks. In rapid succession men by man, they pass along to the edge of the quay and shoot in turn their shoulder-lance burden into the open hatch of the lighter, where ready hands quickly stow the constant stream of tumbling bags. Heap after heap is dealt with, and now the piles of Britain's correspondence are slowly melting. The perspiring "tars" see their task becoming lighter, and work at the remaining sacks with an increase of energy. "Last bag, sir!" from the bosun's mate in cheery tones of relief, which wake into life the two stalwart gendarmes in cocked hat and epaulettes, who throughout have sleepily watched the energetic "Ingleses" with the conscious superiority of Bumbledom, hallmark of its contempt for the civilian. Notes are compared as to totals between Italian officials and the ships' officers, who, with a parting handshake, take their places once again aboard the launch, and five minutes later, with the lighter in tow, we are heading straight for the blaze of light which streams from the liner's sides in anticipation of our return. A quarter of an hour's steaming and the massive outlines of the ocean liner grow out of the darkness, and with a warning hail from our whistle we creep alongside into the radiance of the big incandescent lamps and make fast under the temporary platforms tripped overside to facilitate the final handling of the sacks.

Soon the final task of unloading and restowage begins. From lighter's hold, from stage to stage, and from hand to hand the sacks flow in steady stream. They are grasped in quick succession as they reach the big ship's deck, and are shot down the yawning shoots by willing arms into the mailroom below. On reaching the bottom they are stowed away according to their destination on the steamer's route. This is facilitated by the display of the mailmen big type of the colony or city for which the sacks are intended. An hour or more goes by, only broken by the monotonous chant of the men who are told off to count the sacks as they pass in and the ceaseless tramp of feet bearing their burden of letters. The lighter's hold is at last empty, the final bag stowed safely away within the steel walls of its floating home, ropes are let go, gangway ladders hoisted, lights extinguished, and officers and men disperse to the several stations of their duties in getting under way. And now the steady suppressed roar of steam from the valves and rhythmic clank of the windlass give warning that this silent monster will shortly become alive with throbbing pulse, and will be thrusting her way through many seas, under sunshine and storm, to link the Britain of the west, east, and south.

"Anchor's aweigh, sir," comes in steady accents from the first officer on the forecastle to the alert ears of the captain, high up on the bridge, who, with a glance through his binoculars into the darkness ahead, gives the order "Slow astern." "Ding, ding," rings out from the engine-room telegraph, and the mighty ship, like a well-trained steed, slowly swings round till her bows point clear of the mole. Again the telegraph changes to "Stop." "Slow ahead." Resistlessly through the quiet of the water and over on into the gloom of the night she forges her way, lights after lights passing astern with momentarily increasing swiftness as she answers to the giant throbs of the pistons and revolution of the mighty screw. Three-quarters of a million worth of property and near 1,000 souls as freight—fit emblem of Britain's universality and man's genius.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be greatly surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Trochies." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," "a slight cold," or bronchial affections cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Trochies" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN L. BROWN & SONS, DISTRICT U.S. PATENT DEPT., 33, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

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LITERATURE.



CYCLING THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

[BY PROFESSOR IVES.]
 Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands
 reckon,
 Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume
 Dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan
 'Till the burn stealing under the lang yellow brook
 At one of the many dinners to which I
 Invited while in London I made the acquaintance
 Of a gentleman who requested me

company him on a cycling tour through the highlands of Scotland. Learning, however, that he was the President of one of the largest cycle-touring clubs in London, I hesitated, being dubious of my own ability to keep up with a champion; but when he further pressed, I weakly accepted his invitation. I arranged to meet my friend on an on a certain Saturday; and it was to keep me engaged that I tore myself away from Akakapapa's lovely birthplace, as mentioned in a former letter. Journeying northward, we made another halt at Stafford for the purpose of visiting Ashbourne and Dovedale—places so quiet rustic charm has been rendered famous by the late Walton, his friend and biographer. As I strolled through the country along the banks of Walton's favourite stream, and passed the many lakes, I remarked he has made familiar in his consistently charming and simple descriptions of scenery, I felt something of his own spirit of sweet contentment creep over me. The playful trout leaping at the flies and

the gentle gurgle, the sweet voice of the larks
singing as he mounted heavenward,
a low bleating of the lambs as they were
picked at picking dainty bits from the
e, the quiet stillness of Walton's favour-
hole, over which stood like sentinels
Twelve Apostles"—those curious pill-
rock, now almost hidden by the
and marmosets of creepers—all those scenes
harmonize with my contemplative
ood; and I sauntered on until
power of rain caused me to take refuge in
the many caves in the neighbourhood.
The firm was done by the shower, only that
under waters of the Dove changed to a dark
e, and the wet grass tried to wash my dirt
from the soles of my shoes. As I towered
at pleasant hostility, the frail Walton I
were in the dining-room mine host showed
ere the old pianoforte had scratched
tentials on a window-pane to walk away
me as he waited for his tankard of old br
n. Here, too, were to be seen the initials
many other celebrities who had
to visit Walton's favourite haunt
er satisfying with a frugal meal
thly appetite that my long walk ha
ren me, I hied forth to the car
diversion vehicle that was to convey me b
the railway station, some distance aw
I enjoyed that drive along sw
country lanes edged in with briars and h
mures, across which numerous rabbits skip
dly, and where the hedges sang, and a clump
of beautiful willows growing in a
waterside, and the thrush whistled fi
perch in the avenues of poplars that li
road! What titbits for the camera wa
vealed as we wound in and out amid
tower-clad hills, crossing and recrossing
the stream, by shallow fords, or fraile
ridges! And how content the good fo
remained in their hamlets'neath the hills as t
peeped out of the latticed windows of th
cattched cottages, from the chimneys of wh
a smoke lazily rose skyward! And he
outaneously those lines by the author
"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"
orth—

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts than
I shall not miss them much—

and as the iron horse hurried me toward Scotland I thought of the plain old shepherd who in the leisure moments of his simple life, had been able to give to the world a quaint book in which he remembered the names of the genuine folk with whom he had lived. His pages were told of in uneffectively simple and direct sentences, and I envied him the quietude of his life and the peace of his surroundings which enabled the writer to preserve, as only when a nice old lady sitting opposite called my attention to the violent oscillations of the carriage, and asked in tones of alarm, was anything wrong, that I awoke from reverie to a sense of mundane things.

and that the telegraph-posts were flying at a fearful speed, and that we were doing a mile in 52 seconds. What an easy thing it is over a dinner-table to make plans for a cycling tour through

Scottish Highlands! How nice it is to be going from this place to that, with nothing but a thought to hills, mountains, and good roads! I was never made for hard work. My friends tell me that where the big principles of labour are concerned I have a great genius for superintendence, but that my heart and soul are above the drudgery of details. It was a very weak moment when

have similar experiences, but whenever two courses do offer themselves for my selection I invariably get hold of the wrong one. One would think that the laws of chance would step in now and again and permit one to get hold of the right time. The road I have noted of right round the head of Loch Awe—not along the edge of the Loch; for that—should not have minded; but away back from the water through uninteresting gullies and over rough roads. As I plodded on I saw on a hill higher than the fellows making a prominent landmark amid my other wise surroundings, a large stone monument upon which, on climbing up, I found inscribed:—

Duncan Ran Macintyre, the Glenorchy Poet, born 1734, died 1812.

Now the hardest part of my day's work was over, the brightest point of my journey reached, and a sharp turn showed a welcome decline soon brought me to Dalmain. Continuing my journey after a short spell, I rode round the head of the loch, past the beautiful ruins of Kiechurn Castle, the fairylake falls of Cruchan, leaving Ben Cruchan on the right, and through the dark pass of Brouder, until I found myself at another sheet of water, which proved to be Loch Etive. Feeling hungry, I stopped at a cottage to ask if there was a hotel near, but a nasty little rough-coated, rather ferocious-looking fellow, who was a terrorer disputed my right of entry, and fastened upon my nether garments in quite an artistic fashion. Fortunately the good housewife, attracted by the noise, rushed outside to my rescue; and, learning that I was not far from the village of Tainnauld, I hurried off. A good luncheon, in which fresh salmon played an important part, helped me to forget my canine friend's close regards for my person, and after a smoke I was soon again skimming along the Oban - road. The afternoon passed pleasantly until I reached Connel Ferry, where I dismounted to get a cup of tea. Unlucky halt! So far my ride had been most pleasant throughout my riding machine - but as I lingered over my cup of good tea with a nice warm scones and butter, the clouds began to moisten the landscape with their tears. The dear old body which brought my refreshments told me that the rain would soon be over - twas only a sun-shine shower - but the longer I waited the worse things got, and in the end I had to down the remaining five miles and a half to downpour of rain and against a dead head wind. I arrived in Oban looking like a half-drowned rat and feeling as miserable as a bandicoot. Despite my now (guaranteed) waterproof cape, there was not a dry shred about me. And yet this was but the beginning of my troubles.

THE COMING ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

FRIENDS NO LONGER.

Song, by S. MILBURN, JUNR.
NEATH THE WATCHING STARS, LOVE'S VES-
PER HOUR; and OH, HONEY, WILL YOU
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"FOR QUEEN AND EMPIRE."—There is one view at Messrs. E. S. Wigg & Sons, a fine coloured copy of the picture by Mr. Catton Woodville, commemorative of the Queen's Jubilee review of her English, colonial, and Indian troops, who are all typically represented in spirited style. It is a significant pictorial, full of expressive forms and brilliant colours, rendering it historically valuable. In the picture are shown Her Majesty herself, her Consort, with the Princesses of Wales, Duchess of York, Princess Beatrice, and accompanied by three generations of heirs-presumptive to the throne—the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Prince Edward. There are also the Dukes of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Connaught, and Cambridge, Lord Wolsley, Lord Roberts and the military attaches from foreign legations, likewise the Indian aide-de-camp to the Prince of Wales, and the troops of the King's Own Mounted Infantry, all distinguished by their uniform, and the whole picture is artistically and historically interesting.

"THE PAPER BOAT," by "Palinurus," James Bowden, London.—This is a tastefully presented volume of yachting stories, related by a well known narrator with a little proximity and a scrupulous attention to detail which the landlubber reader will be apt to pronounce excessive if not tedious. The work, however, is less for such as these than for sea-dogs and yachtmen in particular, who will be able to derive a great deal of entertainment from "The Paper Boat."

"THE WHITE HERON," by W. C. Scully; Mothuen's Colonial Library.—There are many "thrills" in this volume of sketches by a writer who is evidently desirous of revealing to the civilized world in natural, unsubdued colours the almost incredibly barbarous practices to which some of the African tribes are incited by their medicine men under the influence of pagan bigotry and superstitious custom. In one aspect the book will be of really practical value to students of folklore, so that it is of more than evanescent interest; but it was apparently written with the main purpose of impressing the reader by its dramatic and tragic situations, and that purpose has been accomplished beyond all controversy.

"ACCOUNTS OF GOLDMINING AND EXPLORATION COMPANIES," by T. Donald; Edinburgh Wilson, Royal Exchange, London. This is not a book for the novel-reader. It is, in fact, drier than a sermon on a temptingly warm spring day with the bees buzzing and the flowers blooming outside the Church and the inclination to sleep exasperatingly strong upon one; but it belongs essentially to the workaday world. It is intended for the Secretary and Legal Manager of Mining Companies, to whom it furnishes explicit information concerning the way in which their accounts should be kept, and their other kindred business transacted.

"THE FRER LIBRARY, ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION," by John J. Ogile; G. Allen, London.—This is the first volume of a new "Library" series, edited by Dr. Richard Garnett, and though it is addressed especially to the official custodians of books intended for the use of the people it contains statements of historical facts of general interest. To the librarian, however, the possession of the series will be regarded as indispensable; and one may safely say that the initial volume does not omit reference to anything likely to be of value to him in an occupation which the senseless aggregation of tomes in this Age of Books is fast tending to elevate into a profession—ay, and one with a very small relative proportion of distinguished members. By the time the series is complete the Librarian will probably be able to command an income not inferior to that now at the disposal of a good solicitor.

"NOTES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY, FROM A COLONIAL POINT OF VIEW," by a New Zealand colonist; Macmillan & Co., London. The main object of this exceedingly clearly written little book seems to be to set forth the new political economy in contradistinction to the new State socialism which seeks to do despite to all rules of economies. The writer, however, is no crusted Tory. The same voice which warns the rainbow-chasers of their fallacious notions shows also that the doctrines of the extreme individualists ill consort with the advances and necessities of the times. With courage the author addresses himself, *inter alia*, to the task of indicating how to compass the production of goods and services for the use of the world without incurring terrible poverty at the end of the social scale and sickening superfluity at the other. As means to this and other academic ends kept in view in the volume the definitions are made easily understandable, and that in itself is a good deal to say for a work on what has been too lightly called the dismal science.

"THE DONE."—We have received No. 2 of this quaint, artistic, and scholarly magazine with the singular title, a quarterly containing examples of all the arts, and published at the Unicorn Press, London. It is almost unique in appearance and contents, and is doubtly interesting for that very reason. There is a queer deep philosophy in the story "The Frothing of the Waters," and much other moving matter in the rest of the Interpress, and the illustrations of the magazine, with the artwork, the drawings of the Unicorn Cathedral, Monnow Bridge, and Chateau de Vitre; also the crude, clever, old-fashioned woodcuts of Lucas Craucha, a German artist, who, born in 1472, was associated with Luther and Melancthon, and who was a noted man in his time. The "Seashell," from a painting in 1877 by Daniel Gabriel Rosetti; "A Fisher," by W. Nietsohn, "printed from four blocks; and a spirited example of W. van der Velde's work "Vessels in a Breeze" enhance the interest of the publication.

"THE HISTORY OF MANKIND."—Part 20 of "The History of Mankind," by F. Ratzel, has been forwarded to us by the publishers, Macmillan & Co., of London. In this number the author continues his description of the African negro, with interesting and instructive accounts of his peculiar life and manners. The work is exceedingly well printed and charmingly illustrated.

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The Miscellany.

GEOLOGICAL.

HOW ARE CORAL ISLANDS FORMED?

Dr. Murray, of the Challenger Expedition, in an article published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh about seventeen years ago, tried to overthrow the Darwinian theory of the origin of coral islands, and his attempt seemed to the scientific world like "a bolt out of the blue." The curious "atoll"—a ring of coral strand rising a few feet above sea level with a shallow central lagoon—formed a puzzling problem to the early geologists. Had a single island of this peculiar shape existed alone, it might have been considered a freak of nature; but they may be counted by hundreds in the tropical regions of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The theory of the older geologist was that the circular coral islands took their shape from being built upon the edges of volcanic craters below the surface of the sea, and this idea was based upon superficial analogy rather than scientific observations. Such an assumption demands that something like 300 submerged extinct volcanoes must exist at a uniform level, and not more than 150 ft. below the surface of the ocean—a combination of circumstances which must be taken as exceedingly improbable, judged by the law of chances. No better explanation than that just stated was offered by scientific men until Charles Darwin in his memorable voyage round the world in the Beagle carefully examined these curious islands, and propounded regarding their origin a theory which, in its simplicity of conception and apparent harmony with facts, satisfied all the requirements of the case. Indeed, the evidence gathered by Darwin, and subsequently confirmed by Dana, seemed to possess all the strength of a demonstration. The reef-building coral is a creature very sensitive to physical environments, and its habitat is limited by the conditions of temperature, clear water, and depth. An essential point in Darwin's theory is the fact that the reef-building polype cannot live at a greater depth than from 120 to 150 ft. At Keeling atoll, in the Indian Ocean, the plumb-line of the Beagle went down 7,200 ft. within 2,200 yards of the outer edge of the atoll without touching the bottom. This is nearly a perpendicular wall of coral rock, and for the reasons already stated the coralline structure could not have been built up from so great a depth. The only feasible explanation that presented itself to the mind of Darwin was that the original foundations of the coral reef had suffered a gradual subsidence, and that the coral had kept pace with the depression in continuing to build at or near the surface. This supposition was strengthened by the presence in the same area of a great number of coral islands in every stage of subsidence. The fringing reefs passing into barrier reefs, and the latter into atolls, appeared to supply a complete chain of evidence that the ocean floor where these features were present was slowly sinking. On such testimony it became apparent that the Central Pacific represents a vast area of subsidence extending 6,000 miles from east to west, and from 1,000 to 2,000 miles in a north and south direction.

For nearly fifty years this view of the matter was accepted without dissent or doubt, and since Darwin in 1847 expounded his opinion before the Geological Society of London it has been incorporated in every geological handbook. It therefore savoured of rank heresy when Dr. Murray called in question a theory so universally accepted, and attempted to replace it with another of his own. Stated briefly, Murray's explanation supposes that where sunken banks occur on the floor of the ocean they may become slowly raised by the accumulation on their summits of the remains of marine organisms. By such means the submarine banks may be so far elevated as to bring them within the coralline zone; then a reef is started, and is gradually raised to the surface of the sea. The precipitous face, which always exists on the outer side of a reef, is believed by Murray to arise from the fact that the reef is constantly building its outer rim seawards, whilst the central lagoon is caused by the presence in the waters of carbonic acid, which dissolves the lime, and the latter finds its way to the open ocean. There is, therefore, a direct antithesis between the positions of Murray and Darwin. The latter explained the atoll on the grounds of a widespread subsidence of the sea floor. The former says there is no subsidence, but an elevation at certain points until it is brought within such a degree of shallowness that the corals can find a footing and establish a reef. A few months ago we called attention to an expedition fitted out last year under the assistance of the British Government, by the joint action of the Royal Society of London and a local committee in New South Wales, with the object of setting this question at rest by means of direct demonstration. Charles Darwin, with characteristic candour, was open to conviction, and in a letter to Professor Agassiz he said—"I wish that some doubly rich millionaire would take it into his head to have borings made in some of the Pacific and Indian atolls and bring home cores for slicing from a depth of 500 to 600 ft." It was to accomplish such work that the joint expedition was sent to Funafuti last year.

This island, forming one of the Ellice Group, and situated about 700 miles north of Fiji, was selected as an atoll typical of

its class; but, although the enterprise was entrusted to an influential scientific staff, the boring proved a failure. In two attempts the greatest depth reached was only 105 feet. New South Wales has the credit of stepping in to redeem that failure. Following the bitter disappointment which was felt on account of such an unsatisfactory issue, several wealthy citizens—notably, Miss Edith Walker, who is celebrated for her public benefactions—subscribed handsomely to a fund for making a second trial on the same ground, and an expedition under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society of Australia started for Funafuti in June last. Professor David, who has had great experience in Government borings in New South Wales, was placed in scientific charge, and Mr. George Sweet, F.G.S., of Melbourne, was appointed as his second. The scientific zeal of the leaders of the expedition was proved by the fact that they went at their own charge. The drill was lent by the New South Wales Department of Mines, and the practical men were picked from those who in the Government service gained extensive experience in boring operations. The first tidings of the party reached Sydney a fortnight ago in the form of a letter from Professor David to the Royal Geographical Society announcing the success of the undertaking, a depth of 557 ft. having been reached. The Professor's leave of absence from his University duties having expired, he returned to Sydney by the John Williams on Thursday last, as announced in our telegrams, and was accorded a public welcome next day. In the meantime the work is proceeding under the charge of Mr. Sweet, and latest advices state that since Professor David left the island the drill has penetrated a further depth of 86 ft., making 643 ft. in all, without reaching the bedrock. The open and loose character of the stone penetrated necessitated the lining of the bore foot by foot to prevent choking, and thus the party had to surmount serious difficulties. A fuller statement of the nature of the rock passed through is awaited with much eagerness; and, as the whole of the core will—in the first instance—be sent to the Royal Society of London, we may expect an exhaustive examination of its contents by the ablest experts. Meanwhile it is understood that Professor David considers that the investigation of the platform on which the atoll of Funafuti rests supplies a direct confirmation of the Darwinian theory, though he declines to give any definite statement pending the examination alluded to. Here is a coralline deposit at least 500 ft. below a level at which the reef-building polype could live in the seas around Funafuti. The scientific experts must decide whether the coralline material taken from this depth in the bore bears evidence of having lived on the spot, or whether it occurs as a fragmental rock gathered in a steep talus around a cone of older rocks.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE MICROBE OF YELLOW FEVER.

The microbe of yellow fever has at last been discovered. The record of this brilliant service which Dr. Sanarelli has rendered to science and to humanity appeared in our telegrams several weeks ago, and further advices from Brazil show that the Government of that country is offering ample opportunity for the following up of the initial auspicious step towards attacking the much-dreaded malady. A sum of money equivalent to £66,000 has been voted by the Legislature, and of this one-third is to be devoted to the establishment of an Institute—on the lines of the Pasteur Institute in Paris—for promoting the study of the malarial and other diseases which are most fatal in South America. Another third is to be offered as a reward to the discoverer of a practicable method of applying bacteriological knowledge to the treatment of yellow fever; while the remaining sum of £22,000 has been set apart in general terms for the scientific expert who has identified and described the true microbe of yellow fever. It is understood that Dr. Sanarelli is the bacteriologist referred to, and that his claim to the money rests upon the facts disclosed in his valuable communication of last July. The Government of Uruguay has also honoured the doctor by a grant, accompanied by an appreciative vote of thanks from the Parliament.

It is remarkable that yellow fever should be much more prevalent in South America, Mexico, and the opposite African coasts of the Atlantic than in other tropical countries. The reason for this contrast is to a large extent involved in obscurity. The microbe, however, is perhaps the most deadly zymotic organism known to science, as it frequently kills its victim in less than twenty-four hours from the time when the first symptoms of fever appear. Strong, healthy, full-blooded persons are more liable to be carried off in this tragically sudden manner than those who are pale or comparatively weak in body. Yellow fever is dreaded in South America to-day with the same intensity of horror with which English people regarded smallpox in the early part of this century, when the scourge was spoken of with bated breath, and the utterance of its very name so shocked the listener that it was not considered polite to use the word "smallpox" in conversation. Moreover, the microbe breeds with fearful rapidity in low-lying districts near to the sea-coasts, and this fact renders almost all the ports and harbours of South America in the highest degree dangerous both to the local residents and to visitors. Great tracts of low land, although emi-

nently fertile, have to be left unoccupied and untillied on account of the risk of fever connected with them. To overcome this drawback will at the best be the task of years of patient labour and research; yet the Brazilian Government is going the right way to work in establishing an institution where enthusiastic bacteriologists may devote themselves entirely to the one object of destroying the power of the dreaded "Yellow Jack."

SCIENCE NOTES.

LUMINOUS STONES.—*Le Journal des Débats* records the discovery of a mysterious luminous pebble, the chemistry of which is being investigated in the laboratory of Philadelphia. A short time ago an Italian farmer in California went to bed having forgotten to turn off the supply of water from his irrigating appliance. He remembered his omission suddenly during the night, and proceeded to his fields, which he discovered had been converted into a perfect swamp. While endeavouring to repair the mischief he came to a hole made by the water, and perceived something shiny. He picked it up, and saw it was a luminous pebble, emitting light sufficiently strong by which to read the time on a watch. Other similar pebbles were lying near, and he took a stock of them home. The next day he told some friends of his experience; but as the pebbles were not luminous in daylight they laughed at him. At night, however, they began to shine again, and the friends were converted by ocular demonstration.

STRONGEST CREATURE THAT LIVES.—The common California black ant, says *Science*, is the strongest creature that lives—that is relatively to its size. It is about three-eighths of an inch in length, is smooth and polished like a bit of jet, and has legs as strong as steel. These legs are not tough, but are brittle like a fine needle. The ant's jaws are almost impossible to conceive of. They have been known to cut through a piece of brass with one movement, and cut it as clean as though they were made of hardened steel. It has been known to bore holes in granite boulders, and yet this creature is perfectly helpless if it falls into a molasses jug.

THE COMING MATCH.—We are promised a revolution in matches. There is a prospect, says *Science*, of the wooden match industry being appreciably affected by a new invention for manufacturing matches of paper, as the best wood for this purpose is constantly growing scarcer and more costly. The new matches are considerably cheaper than the wooden product, and weigh much less, which counts for much in exportation. The sticks of the matches consist of rolled paper immersed in a solution of wax, stearine, and similar substances. They are made in one operation, being turned by machinery into long, thin tubes; twice of the ordinary length of wood or wax matches being cut off automatically by the machine, after which they are dipped in the ordinary way.

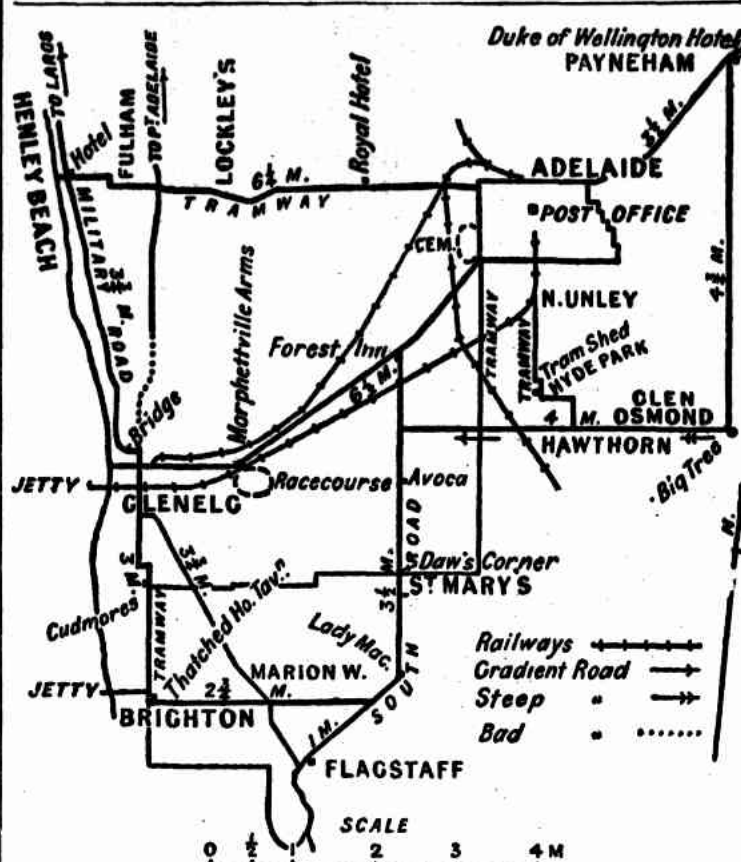
THE INVENTOR OF THE LUCIFER MATCH.—It was stated the other day that Sir Isaac Holden was the inventor of the lucifer match. This is disputed, and the honour is now claimed for Mr. John Walker, of Stockton-on-Tees. Mr. A. H. Bone, in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, tells how Mr. Walker, who was an apothecary, hit upon the discovery. "In the course of the experiments he was wont to make he one day discovered a mixture which ignited on being rubbed in the mortar. He conceived the idea of applying it to the ends of the old-fashioned sulphur-tipped spools of wood used in the tinder-boxes of that day. The result was the friction match. A few days after his discovery my grandfather was in his shop, and Walker showed him the new idea. My grandfather pointed out the importance of the discovery, and advised him to take out a patent. This he refused to do, saying that as he was not in need of money, he would make a present of his discovery to the public, being well aware, however, of the value of it. Walker started to make and sell matches, and Mr. Bone says that in his daybook can still be read the announcement of the first transaction in matches, an old coach-driver becoming the happy owner of fifty of these in a tin box for the sum of one shilling! This was in 1827, two years and more before Holden made friction matches, and it is said that some two years ago, when the matter was brought under Sir Isaac's notice, he honourably relinquished all claim to priority."

A NEW AERIAL MACHINE.—Is the problem of a flying machine ever to meet with a triumphant solution, as the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes, are a worthy inhabitant of this city, after devoting considerable time and money to the endeavour to conquer the air, arrived at the sanguine conclusion that he had won where others had failed. He secretly rented a flat at the top of a very tall house, and one evening when the street was deserted he put his "harness" on his back and made the perilous jump. His was, indeed, a rude awakening, as instead of soaring high above the town, as he had fondly hoped, he fell straight down with a too easy descent, and would inevitably have been smashed to atoms on the pavement if one of his "wings" had not opportunely caught in a balcony, from which he hung, terribly alarmed but happily unhurt, until some policeman arrived to release him. Will the issue prove that the project which a well-known engineer, who has already had some experience in this line, is entertaining is destined to a like fate? Hitherto his experiments have been confined to balloons and parachutes, but he is now engrossed with a plan for the construction of a metallic bird, which, according to his scheme, would scrupulously and faithfully imitate the evolutions of the genuine and feathered article. According to this design, this novel and original machine, after launching forth into space, would hover about, drop a little, then work up again, and finally advance to the right or the left, until the destination was reached. The apparatus of which this engineer contemplates the construction would not, of course, be an exact imitation of a bird with beak, wings, and tail all complete, but the principles referred to would be observed in the lozenge-shaped machine, to which he inclines as being the most practical form; and if he managed to carry out his idea in any degree, it would rise and descend in regular movements, and then spring forward with a sort of bound. He, indeed, expresses his conviction that he could steer the apparatus by adhering to the system which he has determined on adopting, and he declares that after all this is simply a question of construction and mechanism. He has consulted a number of authorities on this subject, and he has arrived at the conviction that he will only have difficulties of a purely technical character to surmount. "After all," argues the bold inventor, in conclusion, "even assuming that the experiment may be somewhat rash, it is worth making."

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THE TOURIST.



OYOLING ROUTE NO. III.

POPULAR OYOLING TOURS. THE SCENERY AND THE ROADS.—No. III. A CIRCULAR RUN.

[By HANDLEBAR.]

After our chats about the hills and beautiful scenery, let us talk awhile concerning the variety of trips suggested by this week's sketch and see if an outing cannot be discovered suitable for the learner, and extended far enough for the more advanced cyclist or cyclist-as Murf terms the gentler sex—or one found tempting enough to induce both sexes to journey together for a pleasant outing. To commence with, the beginner might paddle to Payneham as far as the Duke of Wellington Hotel (3½ miles), and then turn to the right and go along Kensington road and up a slight incline to the big tree (4½ miles) at Elder's corner, Glen Osmond; and then have a fine run down a fairly steep hill for a quarter of a mile, and along an easy gradient to Grove-street, Unley Park (about 2 miles), and return through Hyde Park and Unley, or continue to the Goodwood-road (another mile) and follow the tramline to West-terrace.

Those more advanced should get down to the seaside, however, on a pleasant spring afternoon or moonlight evening, and prove to our friends that after all twenty or thirty mile runs are quite easy to accomplish when time is no object, and the route is not altogether devoid of nice scenery. Turning southwards from the G.P.O., our prettiest course is to continue down King William-street south, and follow the Hyde Park tramline through attractive suburbs and neat gardens to the terminus, then turn to the left from West-terrace into North-road for about fifty yards, and thence to the right into Grove-street, through gumtrees on one side, with almond-trees on the other, and here and there briar hedges decked with blossom, a d forming a wall to fruit gardens. Grove-street continues for say three-quarters of a mile on to the Cross-roads—that is the road from the Big Tree, Glen Osmond. The path to the right leads past the railway line to the Goodwood tramroads, when there is a turn southwards again along the Gordon-road, the continuation, so to speak, of the Goodwood-road. Lanes here and there to the right lead to the South-road, but the most popular run is to continue to the foot of the hills—a mile and three-quarters—and then take the main road branching to the right and leading past Jordan Park and on to the South-road at Daw's Corner. The mile separating the two roads is the most picturesque along the route. To the right a miniature forest of gum saplings, edged with stately trees hanging placidly over hedges, forms a pretty landscape, their sombreness relieved on the other side of the road by fruit and flower gardens, blending harmoniously in dazzling spring costumes. There is a mile of this before Daw's Corner—a butcher's shop on the South-road—is reached. Daw's is ½ mile from town. The turn to the right leads on to the Forest Inn on the Bay-road, through Edwardstown, not forgetting Host Burt's Avoca Hotel; the turn to the left goes to the Flagstaff, with a road or two cutting off to Brighton; whilst the road straight on leads to Cudmore's Corner, between Brighton and Glenelg.

With the exception of a bad patch between Daw's and the Lady Macdonnell it is a nice run to proceed down the South-road past the hotel mentioned, turn to the right and take the first road to the right again at the end of a row of trees and over a bridge. This is the Sturt-road, and leads direct to the Thatched House Tavern, Brighton. The locality is a pretty one, with the river running through it, and windmills and orchards attached to most of the substantial houses of the village. The road is first class. It is worthy of note that ladies are especially catered for at the Thatched House, Hostess Rowe being cognizant of the fact that the gentle sex appreciate afternoon tea. Brighton needs no description. The rocks, a mile away, can be reached along the beautiful beach when the tide is out, or by the road leading to the corner works, and branching off to the right when halfway up the hill. The rocks extend for miles along the coast. Returning to the Thatched House, the route continues along the tramline for a mile and a half to Cudmore's Corner, when a turn to the right on to Heath-road leads back to Daw's Corner again, via Chad's-road and Camperdown-road. The running is over a beautiful surface, and mostly through wooded country and vineyards. To get to Glenelg we continue on from Cudmore's Corner and come out at the Gasworks on the Bay-road. A turn to the left and then to the right into Osmond-street leads on to the Military-road over a bridge. The road to the right goes to Port Adelaide, and can be identified by its disagreeable condition for half a mile after crossing a bridge. The Military-road is in good order just now. Wending its course behind the sandhills, the cyclist can spin along, shaded to a large extent from the wind whistling across the Gulf, the distance running into 3½ miles from Glenelg. The road runs behind the Henley Beach Hotel, and on to the Grange.

From Henley Beach there is a good road to town, and the 6½ miles is within the scope of the merest novice. Passing through wooded country and pleasant surroundings, the cyclist has an outing difficult to excel along the plains near the city, and for a moonlight run I would strongly commend it. On a hot summer's day I would advocate climbing the hills and seeking some shady nook beside a creek in preference to visiting the seaside, but of an evening—

When peace is brooding on the wave,
And from earth, air, and ocean rise
No sounds but plaintive melodies;
Soothed by their softly mingling swell,
As daylight bids the world farewell,
The rustling wood, the dying breeze,
The faint low rippling of the seas,
A tender calm shall steal upon thy breast
A gleam reflected from the realms of rest.

Our sketch does not go so far as the Grange. Those desirous of making the trip, however, might take a hint from Mr. A. Sawtell. He writes that with very little practice the cycle can be walked in the train-rail line. Attention is necessary to keep the front wheel in the rail, the other follows. He adds, "Do not fail to emphasize the cussedness of vehicle drivers and horsemen failing to give cyclists reasonable room in passing. I was a victim to a fellow planting his horse square on to me."

The fact that the Bay-road is in good order just now is worth a paragraph to itself. There are so many attractions at Glenelg that it is small wonder that the place is besieged with cyclists in the summer months, and now that the authorities have graciously improved the road the route will become a veritable wheel-land this season. Our sketch illustrates how the outing can be extended from Glenelg. There is a choice of continuing to Henley Beach by the Military-road; to Brighton and on through Marion West to the Lady Macdonnell, and then home by the South-road; or to Cudmore's Corner, and then branch off at Heath's road, and through to Daw's Corner.

Next week our chat will be about "The Gorge."

LITERATURE.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

"THE THIRD VIOLET," by Stephen Crane; William Heinemann, London.—This is a capital American love story, free from sensational incidents or mystery. Billie Hawker is a struggling young artist who meets the delightful heroine, Miss Fannell, on her way to a fashionable summer resort. Grace Fannell is heiress to immense wealth, and how Billie's wooing progressed is told in a deliciously humorous manner. The principal characters are drawn with much skill, especially that of Hollanden, the literary man, who is a clever and amusing creation. The conversations throughout are spirited and witty, and the sketches of American farm life are very happy, as are those of New York Bohemianism. There is not a cynical sentence in the book, and we recommend it as one of the healthiest and most pleasing novels which have appeared for some time. One rises from its perusal with a feeling of having spent a short but pleasant holiday in the company of delightful people.

"THE 'PARADISE' COALBOAT," by Cutcliffe Hynde; James Bowden, London.—One of the best collections of short stories published for many a long day. That which gives the book its title tells how Captain Ezra Pollard, to please the owners, drove his leaky old coalboat, well insured, at full speed through the blackest night and densest fog. "The King Diamond," told by the purser of the *Laconia*, is a lively and exciting yarn, whilst the "Orange-growers," which describes the adventures of a couple of "Varsity" men who took up land in Florida to grow oranges, is very humorous. One of the best things is "Captain Kettle's President," a tale of a Central American revolution as narrated by Don Pablo. The narrative of how the Captain, a little dried-up, red-headed Englishman, organized the movements of the two political parties by capturing the President and taking him for a cruise in his small, old ramshackle steamer, is funny and racy. There are fifteen stories in all, and not a dull one in the lot.

"THE FASCINATION OF THE KING," by Guy Boothby; Ward, Lock, & Co., London.—This volume is probably one on which its young South Australian author will not set the greatest value when he eventually shall reckon up and estimate the products of his pen. Yet it will be popular with the large class of readers who love to be thrilled with a well-told story of stirring adventure. In this way the volume has positive merit, and it also contains unmistakable evidence of the great imaginative power of the writer, who, by the way, has already reached the stage in literary lionship at which his countrymen are always making more numerous than he can always execute with convenience, if with justice to himself.

The Miscellany.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR AMATEURS.

[By H. SNOWDEN WARD AND CATHERINE WEED WARD.]

No. III.—THE DARK ROOM AND ITS FITTINGS.

The photographic dark-room, like many other things photographic, suffers from having a name which is misleading. It is a room that should not be dark, but as light as possible, always providing that the light is of the proper quality. The name dark-room, and the fact that few photographers know much about what is a "safe" light when working with dry plates, have led thousands of both amateurs and professionals to work in dingy, ill-ventilated places, where it is difficult to see; where minor accidents are constantly happening in the gloom; and where it is quite impossible to do best work. The proper plan is to have as much light as possible, and the most comfortable dark-room in which we have worked for any length of time has a window about 8 ft. by 6 ft.; it is so well lighted that one can easily read a newspaper in the corner furthest from the window. In such a place one can see perfectly to measure or weigh chemicals, there is no fear of accidentally upsetting bottles or graduates, and the development of the negative can be watched in comfort. Still, though all this light can be allowed in the "dark" room, it is absolutely necessary that not the smallest quantity of ordinary white light should be admitted. As the base of all photographic operations is the action of white light upon certain sensitive substances, and as the production of the picture depends upon the action of such light upon some parts of the sensitive plate more than others, any such light striking on a part of the plate where it is not wanted spoils the picture to a greater or less extent. If the light falls upon the whole of the sensitive plate it becomes more or less spoiled or "fogged" all over.

LIGHTING THE "DARK-ROOM."

Fortunately the red and the yellow rays of light have relatively little action on the plate, so that if we make our windows of orange or ruby glass, or cover them with similar coloured paper or fabrics, we can have plenty of "safe" light in our workroom, while the blue rays are absorbed by the coloured fabrics or glass. In our own work we decidedly prefer the light which passes through coloured fabric. One thickness of "canary" and one of "cherry" or ruby fabric, sold by the photographic dealers, should be placed closely over the whole window, leaving no chinks along the edges of the panes through which any white light can sift. It is well to use, if practicable, a window facing in a direction which will expose it to as little sun as possible. The light is then much more even at various parts of the day and the fabrics are not bleached by the sunlight. There should be an extra ruby blind to pull down whenever the sun shines on the window; and the outer sheet of fabric will need to be changed every few weeks if the window is shone upon by the direct rays of the sun. In any case the bleaching or discolouring of the fabrics by sunlight and the splashing of developers, &c., must be looked after, or the darkroom light will become unsafe, giving much trouble, and probably causing great perplexity. If daylight cannot be used, and whenever evening work is necessary, a good dark-room lamp must be provided, and for this we strongly recommend an incandescent gaslight, which can be surrounded by a lantern glazed with orange and ruby glass. If it can be placed in an adjoining room, with coloured panes in the partition, so much the better, and it will be an advantage to have the front of the lamp so that it will open very easily, as the full light is sometimes needed. If an oil lamp must be used, it should be as large and as luminous as possible, and should have a good arrangement for filling with oil and for regulating the flame without opening the lamp. So much for the light. Apart from the proper window or lamp, the room must receive no light down chimneys, under or over doors, or through cracks around the window-framing. The room should be well ventilated, and should have water supply with a convenient sink. If lighted by a large window, it will be well to have the sink at the opposite end of the room. If the lighting is by lamp, it should be behind the sink. A table, or good wide shelf, on each side of the sink, with two or three shelves, 6 or 8 in. wide, and 10 or 12 in. apart on the wall above the sink, will make a comfortable working place. Many convenient elaborations may be introduced by handy men, and suggestions for these may be gained from any complete catalogue of photographic apparatus or from some of the elementary handbooks. Perhaps the best of these for the beginner is "Early Work in Photography," by W. Ethelbert Henry, C.E., which contains useful methods of the dark-room's fittings.

NECESSARY APPARATUS.

As stated in the last article, the apparatus necessary in photography (in addition to the camera and its accessories) costs very little. For the dark-room will be needed:—Two porcelain dishes, one ebullient dish, two or three graduated glass measures (say 1 oz., 8 oz., and 12 oz.), one set of scales and weights (small), one or two glass stirring rods. The sizes of the dishes will be regulated by the size of the plates in use; and we are presuming that the sink will be one in which plates can be soaked or "washed." There are, of course, many conveniences and little luxuries that will be appreciated when you attempt a considerable amount of work, but the above-mentioned are all that are absolutely necessary. Amongst the conveniences may be mentioned a hypo solution jar—in which the "fixing bath" will be kept ready for use—plate-washing tanks, plate-drawing racks, &c. These things, however, are best bought when you have obtained some little acquaintance with photography and feel their need. Of the dishes, each should be kept for its own purpose and never used for any other. The ebullient vessel is best for developing; one of the porcelain for the clearing bath, and the other porcelain for "hypo." The porcelain dishes should be marked so that there can be no mistake. The chemicals for development are far from costly, as two or three shillings' worth will last the amateur a long time. We give no list of them, as such list would depend upon the developer chosen, and it is best to use the developer recommended by the maker of the plates, whose instructions will be found enclosed in each plate-box. For making prints the apparatus is also very simple, and consists of printing-frames, two dishes, preferably porcelain. As a number of prints will be toned and fixed together it is well to have dishes much larger than those needed for development; and for half-plate size we recommend deep deep porcelain, not smaller than 15 by 12 in. Sooner or later, no doubt, the amateur will wish to make lantern slides from his negatives, and also to launch into platinum, bromide, or carbon printing. In any of these cases instruction will be obtained from elementary handbooks of photography, and to enlarge upon these subjects is beyond our present purpose.

NOVEL SUGGESTIONS.
In addition to the pleasure which may be gained from the practice of photography itself, there is an immense amount of interest and occupation for the handy man in the making of a thousand-and-one little conveniences for rendering the work more easy or more perfect, and for increasing the capabilities of the purchased apparatus. This subject is large enough for a book in itself, with many diagrams and illustrations; but a few of the home-made pieces of the apparatus may be here mentioned. A tilting-head for the camera is easy to make and invaluable in practice. It consists of two small boards, hinged together at the front edge, and with adjustable struts so fitted as to allow of the free edges being fixed at various distances apart. One of these is fixed to the base of the camera, and the other to the top of the stand. By opening the tilting-head the camera may be pointed upward or downward at any angle, while the stand remains level. For details of construction in architectural work, for copying manuscript or books for photographing flowers, and a host of similar purposes, this simple fitting is most valuable. A camera-level is of great use, but a good substitute can easily be made of wire. A skewer-like piece of wire attached to the side of the camera back by means of a small screw-eye and with its lower end hanging in another screw-eye, makes a plumb-bob which will at once show if the back is out of the perpendicular in either direction. For long-focus lenses an "extension front" is often necessary to make the camera long enough. A box, four or six inches long, fitted light-tightly in the place of the front board, and carrying the lens-flange at its other end, is easily made, and greatly increases the camera's usefulness. These are but a few from many possible suggestions which the handy man will pick up from the text-books and from the journals, and it will do good to every amateur to realize the great extension of power he can obtain by the exercise of a little thought and with but a small skill in the use of tools.

SCIENTIFIC.

INVENTION AND PATENTS.

[Compiled for the Chamber of Manufactures and The Register by Messrs. Collison & Co., licensed patent agents.]

The report of the Select Committee on the Merchandise Marks Act, 1887, has been published by the Queen's printer, and it is probably worth the 3s. charged for it to those who desire to peruse the whole of the evidence given and the numerous documents handed to the Committee. The general conclusion of the report is that the present law for some time past, so that we need not go into them in detail here. Substantially, the recommendation is that the Act shall still stand good, there being abundant evidence that it has, to a great extent, stopped the fraudulent practices against which it was directed; thus, fully confirming our own ideas on the subject when the enquiry was first mooted. The question of the examination of goods in transit is debated at some length, and the conclusion arrived at "on consideration of the whole case" is that "the Committee recommend that the goods in transit shall be exempted from the operation of the Act." The administration of the Act by the Customs authorities is to be relaxed in the direction of requiring the exclusion of offending marks rather than of adding qualifying marks. The Committee are of opinion that the goods purchased abroad by British merchants and factors may be stamped with their own names and addresses, provided that some such word as "sold by" are added. Instead of requiring all imported goods to be marked with the name of the country of origin, it is suggested that it will be sufficient to mark them "made abroad." No further extensions of the Act are recommended, but all opportunities should be taken to induce foreign Governments to legislate on the lines of the Act.

What is claimed to be the first successful attempt to put to practical use an electric plant driven by a windmill has been accomplished by Mr. J. J. Feely, a lawyer, of Walpole, Mass., with a penchant for mechanics. With wind as the motive power, the inventor has constructed a private light plant, forces water all over his estate, operates farm machinery, and cuts wood. From an electrician's point of view, the greatest obstacle, and one which it was stated could not be overcome, was the variability of the wind and the consequent erratic fluctuations of the electric pressure, which rendered their utilization impossible by subjecting the ordinary mechanical connections to excessive and fatal strains. The whole secret of the success of his work is in the dynamo, which, in a number of ways, is said to differ from the usual form. By keeping the voltage it was found that substantially all the power of the windmill, however erratic, could be utilized by simply increasing the current in proportion to the increase of the speed of the windmill. Due to the most important features of this new contrivance is what is called a speed equalizer of special construction, by which the surplus energy generated by high winds is mechanically stored and delivered to the batteries in a comparatively uniform manner.

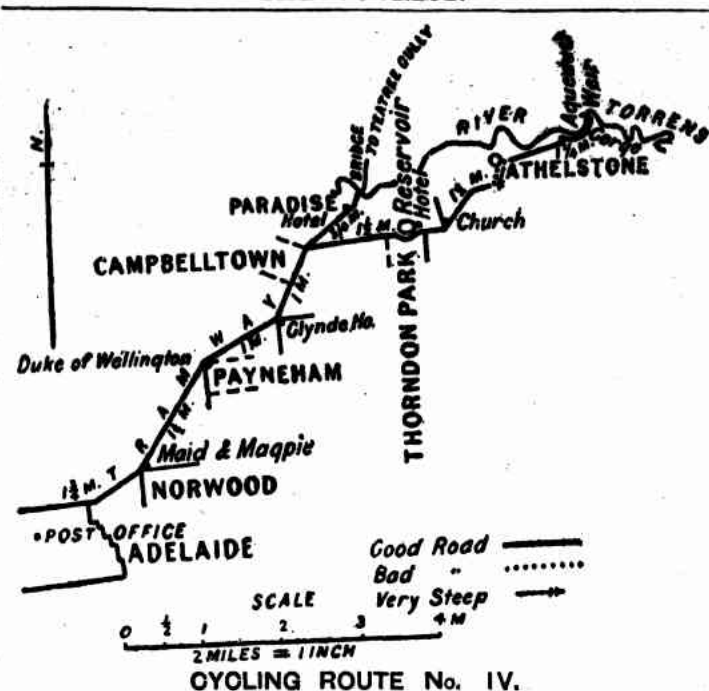
APPLICATIONS

for the week ending October 12.
5999. Aftizing and adjusting umbrellas, sunshades, and similar articles to cycles, Clarissa Evelyn Jay (provisional).
5991. Improvements in stamper batteries, G. Dunn (provisional).
5992. Improvements in apparatus for cooling and drying air to be used in storage chambers containing perishable produce, F. W. Lord.
5993. An improved nail for securing corrugated iron, J. Greenhill (provisional).
5994. An improved combined cooling chamber and filter, E. H. K. Crawford (provisional).
5995. Improved appliance for exterminating rabbits, and material to be used therewith, W. F. Boardie.
5996. Improvements in the preservation of organic matters and in apparatus for use in connection therewith, J. J. Harwood.
5997. Improvements in tobacco pipes, cigar and cigarette holders, J. Taylor.

SCIENCE NOTES.

ARTESIAN BORING.—Which is the deepest artesian bore in Australia is a question often asked. It is claimed that the deepest successful artesian bore is that of Ayshire Downs Station, near Winton, Queensland, though in actual depth it is beaten by one other bore in Queensland. The Winton Bore of September 22 says:—"Ayshire Downs bore has established a record in about half-a-dozen different ways, as the following particulars, supplied by Mr. F. C. Beauchamp, who was principally in charge of the drilling, will show:—To begin with, it is the deepest successful bore in Australia, viz., 4,438 ft., which is only 812 ft. short of a mile. Secondly, it contains the longest string of 6 in. casing in Australia, the longest being 3,706 ft. Thirdly, it has the longest liner ever put in a bore, viz., 1,700 ft. of 4 in. casing. Fourthly, 'fishing' scrapers were practically nil, and the hole was left in first-class order, not even a pin's head being left as an obstruction in the shaft. The flow amounts to 800,000 gallons daily, and the water is of splendid quality, being equal to rain water. The successful completion of the bore at such a great depth reflects the highest credit on the contractors, Messrs. Beauchamp and Little, not a serious hitch of any kind occurring from start to finish." At the same date the Manuka Station bore was 3,250 ft. deep, in sand formation. Apropos of artesian boring, the *Huenden Ensign* of September 23 gives news of a sensational flow of water having been struck in the bore on Ainslie's Block, near Richmond Downs, Queensland. The bore was down about 1,810 ft., and after water was first struck the flow continued to increase, until it reached the enormous height of flowing 52 in. over 6 in. casing. This is a remarkable flow, but it is not the record, the water at Quambetook bore rising 54 in. over the casing. Mr. W. Ford is managing the Ainslie's Block (or Clara Valley as he has christened it), and he is naturally very jubilant over the occurrence. Messrs. Knox and England were the borers. The flow is estimated at 3,000,000 gallons per day.

THE TOURIST.



POPULAR CYCLING TOURS.

THE SCENERY AND THE ROADS.—

No. IV.—THE GORGE.

[By HANDLEBAR.]

The made and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

So many reports were to hand concerning the condition of the roads to the Gorge that I proceeded thither expecting that perhaps after all theouting would not be worthy of recommendation in these articles. My friends could not, however, have been there lately, or else some kind fairy has been at work and transformed the wilderness into a sylvan glade, with pathways to it that are easy to negotiate and pleasant to ride upon. I am not referring to the Payneham-road, for until one turns to the left from the Glynde he is not enamoured of the dust and holes that bump him all over the place and cause unpleasant thoughts. Following the Paradise tramline for say a mile past the Glynde, a turn to the right is taken before reaching Paradise. The telegraph-line directs the course, and in another mile a sharp turn to the left reveals the Reservoir Hotel overlooking the Thordon Park Reservoir. This is rather a pretty place, and a pleasant destination for a moonlight run. In the old ordinary days it was most popular. By keeping to the main road it is impossible to miss the track to the Gorge. Half a mile past the reservoir a turn to the left round a Church, up hill and down dale, nothing difficult about it, leads through charmingly situated Athelstone to our destination. It is advisable to walk down the steep pinch through a cutting that brings Athelstone into view, as the two or three hundred yards is rough and dangerous. From here it is most picturesque. Gardens abound, and as you feel you gradually work into the gully wherein the Gorge is situated. Through two gates and along a track easy enough to ride you are soon amidst solitude and surrounded by immense hills and rocks that are impressive in their grandeur. Except by quoting the following lines I shall not attempt to describe the place. Go and see for yourselves:—

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream;
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.

It is possible to ride to within a hundred yards of the destination, though there may be just one or two wee pinches that the new rider may think rather hard. Next week our route will be from Aldgate to Strathalbyn via Mount Barker and Woodchester, and return to Aldgate via Echunga.

CYCLING THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

No. II.

[By PROFESSOR IVES.]

What a wet, stormy night that was! How the wind blew in gusts across Olan's beautiful bay, lashing the waters into great streaks of white foam; and how nice it was to snugly sit in my window and watch the poor natives going about in thick oilskins or wet jerseys making their boats secure, while the far-breasted gulls, uttering harsh cries, flitted to and fro in seeming exultation at the confusion! Thus I sat and watched and listened until, tired out, I was fain to seek my couch and "let fall the windows of my mind."

My friend turned up next morning. There was some satisfaction in learning that he, too, had had a good soaking the preceding night. Isn't it a nasty feature in our nature—this delight we take at finding that when we have been in trouble ourselves some one else has been there also? It is not a Christian spirit, and it ought to be suppressed, but then I am not speaking of what ought to be, but only of what is.

The first item in our programme was a trip to Staffa and Iona (not per bicycle, but by one of MacBraynes' steamers), and as rain was falling in a steady businesslike manner, this seemed a good way of filling in the day. But when we got on board, and found ourselves almost the only passengers, it occurred to Fitzjames to make some enquiries. Then he learned from a candid steward why we were likely to be honoured by having a big steamer to ourselves. Quite a hurricane was blowing outside the harbour, the glass was still falling, and there was every chance of passengers not only experiencing a nasty sea-sick trip, but of its being impossible to land at either of the islands. So we hurried back to the hotel to hold a consultation. After waiting an hour or two we decided to brave the rain and pedal to Ballochulish, then visit the pass of Glencoe, and rest the night at Fort William. On our way we took snapshots of Dunstaffnage Castle and the falls of Lora. At Shean Ferry we had a rough passage across Loch Creran, where a strong breeze from the mountain sides disputed our right of way, and, finding itself discomfited, took a mean revenge by soaking us with spray. Not satisfied with this wetting, Fitzjames tried to take a header into the lake as he walked up the slippery path from the landing-place, and he nearly succeeded. To warm our chilled blood we raced through the rains along the heavy roads until we were fain to rest for refreshments at the little cluster of cottages dignified by the name of Portnacroish. Here we met a wonderful specimen of the canny, knowledge-seeking Scotchman. As we sheltered in an open cowshed he introduced himself by some casual remark about our machines. Then, learning that I was from Australia, he commenced a series of questions

which would have done credit to an American interviewer. What was the country like? What was the system of government? How was the land held? What prospects did it hold out to a thrifty farmer? What did it cost to buy? What was the soil like? What crops did it yield? What was the best rotation of crops? What was the cost of sending produce to market? What were the land laws like? What security of tenure did they offer? These and a hundred other questions were put in quiet and persevering fashion. How amused we grew as the cross-examination lengthened, and how the man's face will change if he ever becomes acquainted with the true facts and compares them with the statements I made in reply! I am glad now that I did not tell him my name, or the exact part of Australia I came from. Finally, after several vain efforts, we managed to get away, preferring the wet roads to this village politician's string of enquiries; and we had no sooner got round a bend of the road than Fitzjames, who had behaved rather badly in leaving me to tell all the lies, spied the crumbled walls of an old castle, and—like an idiot—would insist on standing there in the wet, taking two or three photographs of the blessed place. He learned all the history of the old ruins next time we stopped, and tried to fill my mind with tales of war, sieges, and Covenanters, and other things with which the castle had been mixed up, but I wouldn't listen.

At last we reached Ballochulish, where there was a fine hotel, and we ordered tea of a waiter in evening dress, who spoke French, German, Gaelic, and I don't know how many other languages, while we dried ourselves at a big fire. The comforting heat caused our coolness to disappear, so we shook hands and made friends. Glencoe is only a few miles from here, so we resumed our journey, and soon reached the entrance to the pass. The scene of the massacre is about two miles up the glen. A more appropriately gloomy and desolate spot could not have been chosen for the inhuman deed whose records form a blot upon the pages of English history. The cottages formerly occupied by the poor Macdonalds are situated in the most lovely part of the glen. Here English soldiers came under the guise of friendship, and asked for hospitable shelter from the frugal Highlanders, by whom it was too readily given. And here in the darkness of early morn, without warning, the Macdonalds were cruelly butchered by those who had been made welcome guests at their family board the previous evening. Alas! that this cruel murder should have been allowed to go by without satisfactory explanations—that British justice should have been set aside in order that those responsible for the plucked pieces of leather, sad mementoes of this spirit-depressing place, and then rode out of the gloom. At the mouth of the vale we stopped to look at a large stone cross on our left, upon which we found rudely cut these simple words:—

Erected to the memory of Melan, chief of the Macdonalds, who with many of his followers was cruelly massacred in this glen.

February 16th, 1692.
It took some miles of pedalling to rid us of the gloomy thoughts called forth by these scenes. That night we rested at Fort William.

Fitzjames broke into my room next morning troling in a loud voice:—

"Awake my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course—"

He didn't get any further—I was only one pillow for sleeping purposes; the other stopped his song. But he would remind me that it was Sunday morning, and that the sun was shining brightly; so, after some discussion, I reluctantly arose. After breakfast we got out our machines. Our Scotch host said:—

"You're never goin' to break the Sabbath, are ye?"

We explained that we were bent upon a mission. He pointed out the evil of breaking the Lord's Day, so we told him that we were engaged upon a good work; but he didn't care for that—it was no justification. We argued that Christ went about doing good on the Sabbath, and that argument seemed to settle him for a moment, but at last he replied:—

"Ah, weel; a woud na think ony the more o' him for it!"

Then we fled through the one narrow street and past the numerous fine hotels which compose the little town, and out into the open country, made lovely now by the bright golden sunlight; and, after taking photos of bewitching Glen Nevis and something-or-another Castle, we crossed the Caledonian Canal at the first lock and sped swiftly along toward the Island of Skye. So delighted were we with the glorious views on all sides, and so busy discussing their charms, that we went on and on without noticing our guide-book's injunction to turn aside at some place or other, whose name I forget. At last we pulled up at the mouth of a dark glen of forbidding aspect. A hunt enabled us to discover a gamekeeper's cottage, whose occupier told us that we were at the Black Mile Pass, and that we ought to have turned off the road and crossed Loch Lochie, some miles further back. Then Fitz said it served us right for breaking the Lord's Day, and the gamekeeper said so too—not in these words, but by mentioning incidentally that he did not approve of bicycle-riding on Sunday, and was of opinion that no good could come of it. Just then I remembered that it was hereabouts that poor Prince Charlie hid himself in a tree, and I noticed that the man's conscientious scruples did not cause him to object to my bringing one of his little sons to guide us through Lochie's dark forest to where the hollow tree was. We both got

inside this—one of Prince Charlie's many hiding-places—and felt better, and then went back to the cottage and asked the father of our guide if there was not a way along this side of the lake. I don't know what cruel motives prompted the man's reply—perhaps he wanted us to be punished for Sabbath-breaking—but he said there was a road—not a very good one, but rideable, one that would save us going back. He pointed the way, and we left, delighted at the thoughts of our mistake turning out so well after all. For about a quarter of a mile we managed to ride our machines, over ruts and stones and watercourses; then we were pulled up by the track suddenly dropping away some feet. We carried our bikes down the one side and up the other, but found that we must now walk. This we did for some time on a narrow sheep-track beset with thorns and other items of interest to the cyclist. Presently, even this guiding line disappeared, and we were left to wander along the hillsides as best we could—over cliffs and crags, and down deep gullies through which the winter storms had forced their rugged ways, lifting our heavily laden bicycles over stone dykes, and carrying them with bare feet through rocky-bottom torrents of treacherous depths! Once, when tired of walking, Fitzjames tried to mount his bike to ride a few yards of level surface; he missed his pedal, and only by flinging his arms round a tree that hung over the cliff saved himself from being dashed into the lake some hundred feet below. How we blessed that idiot of a man are our eight miles of this sort of thing were covered! It took us six hours to do them; and all this to save going back a few miles on a good road.

Arrived at the head of Loch Lochie we prayed a good housewife to give us food and then rode on—past Loch Och, on the banks of which is the famous "Well of the Heads"—and its grim monumental record of the terribly speedy retribution which fell upon the murderers of a local chieftain; past Invergarry House, over the Garry River, through Glen Garry, amid most enchanting scenes of natural woodland, flowery braes, and perfect wildernesses of moss, fern, and wild flowers. Finally, as Loch Garry narrowed down to a river's dimensions, we found ourselves in front of the new Tomadon Inn, and resolved to put up for the night. And well that we did, for we were just in time to receive a true Highland welcome at a table laden with substantial fare, around which were gathered a company of people who annually seek this secluded spot for the sake of the excellent fishing in its vicinity.

How the tales went around that night! One man was a relic hunter, and boasted possession of the sword of Campbell, the heartless leader of the Glencoe assassins. He had also Roy Roy's dirk, and had been offered £500 for the former gruesome trophy. Another was an imitator of Job, and he had waited patiently for thirteen days in this out-of-the-way place for a fine day on which to go fishing. This afternoon the sun had shone for the first time, and he hoped to get his reward on the morrow. Then the fish stories began. One had caught sixty-eight trout in so many minutes, and using such-and-such a fly. Some one smiled at this record, and capped it with a better. Then the spirit of competition entered, and the lies grew in magnitude until the very atmosphere became sultry, and I began to look shudderingly towards the door, fearing that Satan himself might enter, ashamed of the lengths to which his disciples were going. So I said I was tired, and crept out to seek my room, and Fitzjames did the same. As we went up stairs I noticed that his face wore a pale, seared expression, and then he told me that he had once been a Sunday-school teacher, and he wished he had stayed at home, and not come away to mix in such company. And he really seemed to feel his position, so I told him to take whisky, which he did. Then we went to bed and slept.

Monday morning broke amid clouds. A perfect hurricane was blowing, and our pious friends had long faces. After breakfast a bit of sunshine lured us out, and we had a couple of miles' medium pacing with the gale in our favour. Then the road turned, and we faced the wind. The sun, having effected its fell purpose, disappeared; the clouds lowered, and rain began to fall, gently at first, but gaining in force as it continued. When it had thoroughly soaked us it grew spiteful; converted the roads into running torrents for the purpose of spoiling our new machines, and arranged with the clouds to come low down and form a dense mist so that we could not see, only hear, the myriads of waterfalls running down the mountains on both sides. When we had battled along some hours, and were obliged to stand at the top of a stiff hill to recover breath, it tried to drown us by pouring the water over us in sheets, but it had done its worst, for soaked and miserable as we were, we could not become worse. So we silently gazed at each other, and I asked Fitzjames if he called this bringing me out for pleasure, and then we just burst out laughing at our wretched plight. We plunged onward through the slush and water, down the road over which numerous rivulets now ran amid magnificent scenery—so our guide-book said—but we could not see it for the mist. Eventually a shadow appeared, darker than the rest of the gloom, and we found ourselves at Clunie Inn. Personally I disapprove of drinking, but a glass of hot toddy was prescribed medicinally, and after hesitating some time thoughts of what would become of my family if I died of consumption consequent on my soaking, induced me to take the obnoxious draught. Then the ride was resumed past Ben Atoy and along Loch Lochie, where Fitzjames' rough banks, until a long run down Glen Shield ended in our giving up the miserable contest with the elements, and putting up at the little inn. We were glad to creep into bed for warmth while our things were being dried and a meal prepared. I appeared at the table in a suit big enough for a Life-guardian. Fitz called me "a sight," and I called him another. Then we went back to bed and watched the rain through the window. We could see great torrents of water coming down the Glen, and myriads of fine waterfalls down the mountain sides. We lay there all day and all night, and when we got up next morning the wind was still howling and the rain still descending pitilessly. At breakfast a Cockney disciple of Isaac Walton told us that this was the wettest place on earth, that it rained 265 days in the year, and that if I cared to buy the district and take it out to some country where they were troubled with droughts I would make a fortune. Then I suspected he was a broker, and I told Fitz we had better get away, which we did.

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The only Cod Liver Oil entirely free from the decomposed fats which cause the "repeating" or "rattling" of the capsules. Absolutely pure.
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THE ESSAYIST.

THE PROGRESS OF CRICKET.

"Where is our real game of cricket? Gone!—changed inside out!" This was the lament of an old-stager, a veteran of the days when stovepipe hats adorned the players—days prior even to the advent of the kerotins-tin wicket and the picket-handle bat in Australia. The manner of indulging in cricket has changed somewhat since the period in which Nausicaa and her maids played at stool ball, and since Queen Elizabeth drank beer for breakfast and strolled out on some village green to watch her sportive subjects diverting themselves at the pastime of bat and ball. The evolution of the game, if not complete, has been truly remarkable; though some of the old hands probably believe that when science crept in at the front door of the fancied edifice of cricket enjoyment bolted out at the back. Not many years ago the spectators sat close up to the wicket and took an active part in the contest, doubtless giving numerous hints to the players as they do now, with the effect sometimes of provoking rejoinders in language which would have shocked Sir Joseph Porter. In the matter of advice-giving onlookers have not sacrificed any ancient privilege. This was shown by the sarcastic recommendation shouted to some "butter-fingered" fieldsmen on the Adelaide Oval last week that they should "get a bag"—a recommendation which the gentlemen apparently needed. Frederick Gale, "the Old Buffer," as he styled himself, has given an account of a match played on the Surrey Grounds in the sixties, in which the public participated to some extent, but in which a gipsy's dog interested himself a good deal more. The fieldman pursued the ball under a cart. "The ball was in the mouth of a fierce unmanly brindle bulldog in the tantrums; myself having to field it. What could I do? There was no committee to appeal to, and if there had been they might pass resolutions, but they would not have tackled that dog." The officials connected with the game, of course, in those older days hugged the wicket as closely as the advice-offering crowd; and the scorer, holding a piece of wood on which he made "notches," is depicted in sketches as seated on the ground near to the crease. But all this sort of thing has long been altered, and the distinction between the spectators and the players is now sharply defined; and it is well that the change has been wrought. What tragedy might not happen to a wicket-surrounding crowd with a Richardson or a Jones "making a crack in the air" with the ball.

In the seventeenth century a stick placed in a hole constituted the wicket; then, in the course of the evolution of the game, two stumps were used; and only in comparatively recent years have players employed three stumps with "tell-tales" now called bails. These remarks, however, apply to serious cricket, the playing of which has developed into very hard work. The schoolboy's wicket has undergone very little alteration. The trunk of a tree, a tin, or an old box still does service to-day, just as it did several hundred years ago for the lads who sported on the village greens of England, and who got more fun out of the game with primitive apparatus than can ever be extracted from it with the aid of scientific appliances. The evolution of the bat and the ball is referred to by Mr. Read in his "Annals of Cricket," and a curious story which he relates regarding a silver ball should carry its own lesson to some South Australian cricketers. This sphere was used by a club for the purpose of "catching practice," and any person failing to hold it when it was thrown round the ground was fined several bottles of wine. The adoption of such an arrangement here would speedily make fortunes for our vignerons and firmly establish the wine industry, and some such innovation appears to be urgently required in the interests of cricket, not of the wine industry. Bowling, of course, has witnessed many variations, but it is not generally known that the round-arm delivery was introduced by a lady, though the gentle sex is supposed to be denied by nature even the ability to throw stones at a haystack—at any rate with the remotest prospect of hitting the target. In playing with her brother, a member of the Kent team, the lady in question suggested to him the idea of the round arm, and his later proficiency in it enabled his county to achieve victory on many occasions. In former years it was the custom to play matches for some specific prize, and in country contests even recently a new ball was often thrown to the winning side with "three cheers" for the victors, while a like compliment was paid to the vanquished. Now the chief reward which inspires our players to do their best is, of course, honour. Some people suggest that, like certain federal delegates, a few cricketers think more of guineas than of glory; but we all ought to know that the charms of sharing a percentage of the gate-money are regarded as merely a matter of detail by such as may ever think of a consideration so sordid. In any case, how sensibly sarcastic would some old-time cricketers become over the system of awarding money prizes to the best individual players—a system which in theory, if not in practice, would encourage men to play for themselves, and not for their side. Fifty pounds in prizes! This solid metallic reward is apt to recall the suggestive story of the unenlightened umpire who excitedly

shouted—"Hout! and I wins my five bob." That "five bob" had been obscuring his vision all day. When £10 is offered to a man for playing his own hand instead of unselfishly working for his eleven what effect may it not have upon him? The local Cricketing Association have surely been caught napping in being a party to the offering of money prizes.

The pastime of cricket is one of the heritages of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the sun never sets on the cricket field any more than it does on the Union Jack of old England—or, rather, of old Great Britain, as some of our Caledonian friends might say. In Burma, among the South Pacific Islands, on the decks of ocean steamers, or on the saltbush plains of Australia—wherever a few Britons are gathered together and enough wood can be found with which to make a stick—the game of bat and ball is energetically demonstrated. No wonder, therefore, that some foreigners have characterized the national love of cricket as the secret of Britain's greatness. No wonder, either, that an up-to-date nation like the Japanese should have introduced it into their schools with the idea that it will add to the stability of the Mikado's dominions, just as they believe that the consumption of beef will cause their people to attain to the same stamina as that possessed by the Queen's subjects whom they envy and imitate. Certainly cricket makes for the "unity of the British Empire," and the influence of its votaries who shall estimate? The Pindar of the cricket field has declared that statesmen who devise and plot have less political influence than the batsman who with his graceful strokes delighted thousands of spectators on the Adelaide Oval:—

An Indian gentleman to-day
Has stated your tortoise policy;
And thousands cheer to see him play;
A splendid batsman, quick and free.
A gauge shall dwell on all your cares,
A clever catch and run a few!
A Parliament may fall indeed,
But not a band of Cambridge Blue!

The intensity with which the British game is taken up in some countries leads occasionally to serious consequences. Lady Jersey, in her sketch of Samoa, says that the people of that beautiful group are "inordinately fond of cricket." They would play a hundred a side and spend days over the match till these contests became an excuse for political gatherings, and were at length forbidden by the Government. When cricket was introduced into one of the other Pacific Islands by British sailors the natives took it up with such vehemence that concerns of State were laid aside for affairs of bat and ball. At last the King interfered, and restricted play to certain hours, but he had the greatest difficulty in preventing his Prime Minister from breaking the rules and playing the mischief with some opponent's "timber-yard." The umpire has been characterised as the chartered libertine of cricket, and many are the stories told regarding curious decisions by the arbiter of the players' fates. It is recorded, for instance, that a certain umpire, not wishing to admit his ignorance of the rules, took the bowler aside and asked him what he had to do. "Oh, it is simple enough," was the reply; "when I say 'How's that?' all you have to say is 'Out.'" That trundler secured a wonderful average—a fact which proves that an oily tongue may accomplish a good deal in the national game of cricket as well as in the national game of politics. At a school match—so runs another veracious story—the bowler, seeing that the non-striker was backing up too much, pretended to bowl, but turned round and knocked the wicket down, with a loud "How's that?" "Well, it's out really," said the umpire, "but its dirty snivelling, and you're a sneak, and I shall give it 'not out.'" But with its humour and its serious aspects, its qualities and its abuses, cricket is a recreation as well worthy of commendation as it was when the declaration was made that Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of England. Some people may carry fondness for it into a positive passion in its pursuit, but against the question whether the vogue of the game is not too extreme we may place the enquiry whether its popularity does not discourage many other amusements which would be infinitely less innocent.

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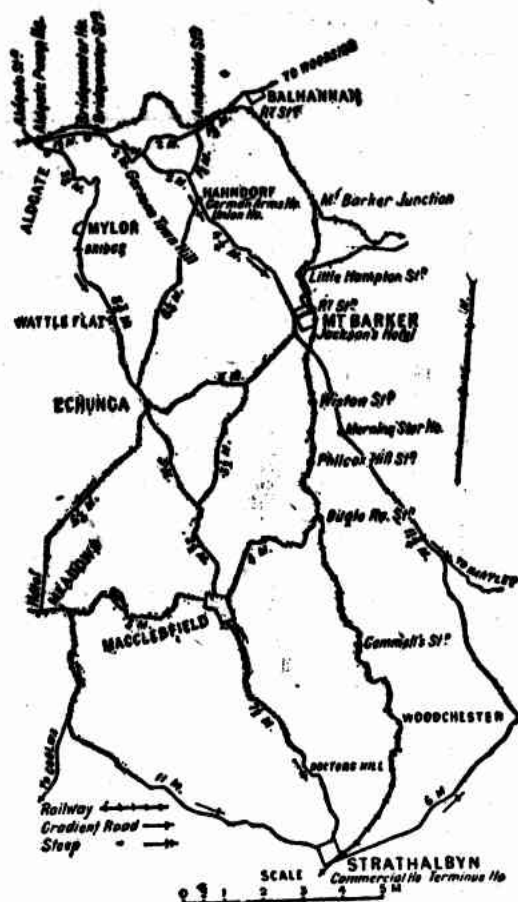
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THE TOURIST.



CYCLING ROUTE No. V.

POPULAR CYCLING TOURS. THE SCENERY AND THE ROADS. No. V.—ALDGADE AND BACK VIA BRIDGEWATER, MOUNT BARKER, WOODCHESTER, STRATHALBYN, ECHUNGA, &c.

[By HANDLEBAR.]
Envy no horseman his four-footed steed,
Triumph in passing him by;
Spring to your pedals that woo you to speed,
Cling to your handle, and fly.

Before commencing this week's sketch let me tell the intending tourist not acquainted with the localities dealt with that the trip is a capital one, but to attempt it without a brake is unwise, and may lead to unpleasant consequences. I know scores who never carry brakes through the hills, and not one of them has met with an accident so far as I am aware; but that does not alter the possibility that you, gentle reader, may fare worse. A brake is always handy, and becomes indispensable when you are descending a steep hill and in rounding a turn come face to face with a bullock team occupying the whole of the road. The experience is not a pleasant one. On this trip I used a patent pneumatic brake, courteously supplied by Messrs. James Hill and Sons, and I must sound its praises for the way it acted down Germantown Hill and other pinches along the route. The power is applied on the hind wheel, a bladder being inflated from a bulb on the handlebar. This secures an even pressure, and allows the hand to be free after inflating the tube. The wind is released by pressing a button. The only drawback to the novelty is its liability to get out of order, inasmuch as it allows an opportunity for the small boy to display his ingenuity by making a pinprick of the tube, and prodding a knife into the bladder, protected on the top though it be by an aluminium cover.

The lines quoted at the head of this column are applicable in a marked degree to the trip under notice, and by either proceeding direct to Strathalbyn through Echunga, or by going round through Mount Barker and Woodchester, the rider can spin along merrily, rattling off the miles at a rare speed, and skimming over the beautiful surface in a way that brings delight to the cyclist's heart. If you do not care about going the whole of the way Bridgewater will be found a most delightful place, though it is only a hop, step, and a jump from Aldgate, and almost too short a run after the ride in the train. Leaving Aldgate to the right a small hill has to be tackled, and then there is a beautiful run for a mile and a half down to Bridgewater. Presuming the intention is to go no further along the main road, we can find dozens of places round about that are perfect little havens for picnic parties, and I would strongly recommend strolling along the path at the rear of the hotel and leading past the old rustic mill, where a large waterwheel guides the inner workings of the establishment. Dunn's Dam, which resembles a miniature lake, and which supplies the mill with power, is fringed with mossy banks, weeping willows, and a wealth of wildflower; and in this sylvan spot, 'midst these shady nooks, many a happy party has appreciated nature's liberality. It may be asking too much to suggest that you should go about a mile further on to a gully opposite to Mr. Brodie's residence, and almost at the foot of Mount George; but if in search of beautiful maidenhair fern you can do much worse than follow these directions. The best plan is to take the road to the left past the barn, about a quarter of a mile before reaching the Bridgewater Hotel. This skirts the dam, but at the end of it deviates slightly to the left up a steep hill. Follow this for about a mile, and when over the rise you will notice some substantial-looking residences, with nice gardens. They overlook a gully, with Mount George beyond. On the rocks and along the creek there is fern in abundance, including the choicest maidenhair. To get back to Aldgate a good road is met with after wheeling the cycle over the hill at the back of Mr. Brodie's house. It is a new road, and leads to within a hundred yards of the Aldgate Railway Station.

Flying back to Bridgewater we must continue our merry downhill run for another two miles, which brings us fairly on to the Germantown Hill, and here just have a care until the bottom is reached. The hill, though steep, can hardly be described as dangerous, as it is scarcely more than a mile long, but watercourses that cross the road need to be carefully watched. A house will be noticed at the junction of two roads. A large board intimates quite a number of towns ahead, but I could not discern any directions as to which road to take. However, the left leads to Ambleside, Balhannah, &c., and the right to Hahndorf. This latter place is reached after a couple of miles, and at the two hotels—German Arms and Union—excellent accommodation is procurable. It is essentially a Teutonic locality, and all along burly

Deutschers and fair-haired damsels are encountered. There is a good run of 6½ miles from Hahndorf to Echunga, and you can also get to Ambleside from Hahndorf over good roads. Another four miles and Mount Barker is sighted, a thriving township, where Host Jackson bids you welcome. Of course you are still in the hills, but to this point the route runs mostly on a down grade, and is certainly not difficult to accomplish. It is a glorious run at any time, but particularly at early morn, when

from the woodlands and groves
Strains of mild melody flow;
The songsters warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow,
or in the cool of the evening when the twitter
of the birds chirps sweetly "good-night," and
the dew spreads its mantle and cools the air,
so that you speed quickly on, seeking a resting-
place, to dream of rustic surroundings and
home country folk.

A choice of two routes presents itself after leaving Mount Barker. One road leads to Echunga and thence to Strathalbyn, and the other to Woodchester and Strathalbyn. The latter route is preferable though it is about a couple of miles longer, but the good surface and less hilly country make amends for the greater distance. I did not go over the Echunga-road from the Mount, because it was impressed upon me that the roads were of a soft sandy nature that were in good order only after a fall of rain. So off I set through the Bugle Ranges, past the Morning Star Hotel, and on through Woodchester. At the hostelry mentioned roads branch off to Echunga, &c., but for the most part they are hilly, and it is best to continue and go round to Woodchester. There are one or two pinches to master, and in a few places the road is just a little bad, but there is scarcely a mile in all, and after that—well, there are no better roads in the country. Asphalt is not to be compared with the glorious track over which you fly, and for miles and miles you glide over comparatively flat country to the sound of the lamb's plaintive bleating in the rich pastures on each side, the scream of the parrots as they fly by in gaudy costume, the caw-caw of the crow as he sweeps round looking for prey, and the trill of the magpie perched jauntily upon a post, whilst the laughing jack joins in the welcome with his merry rorrelly. Woodchester is a dairy district. On entering the village, if the houses can be termed such, a turn to the right is taken, and no notice must be given to equally good roads that branch off to the left at two or three points. Strathalbyn is six miles away, nestling in the valley of the Angas, sleeping peacefully, and so charmingly situated that the visitor is entranced. As the reader is probably aware, it is a fairly large town with four or five hotels. Amongst "Hotels for Cyclists" the Terminus and Commercial hotels may be mentioned, and both places offer excellent accommodation. Good sport is obtainable in the lagoons within a few miles of the township. There are some big hills to climb to get back to Aldgate—in fact, it is practically a climb all the way—and to the cyclist whose experience in hill-climbing is limited I would suggest taking the train back to Mount Lofty. Certainly the roads are superb, and the stages are fairly short between Maclefield, Echunga, Myle, and Aldgate, through beautifully wooded country and picturesque scenery. From Maclefield to the Meadows is another stiff climb. From the Meadows there is a capital run on to Port Victor, which is certainly a preferable route to the Strathalbyn one; or a round trip can be made by ascending the hills between Meadows and Glarendon (10 miles), and on to town via Belair or Happy Valley.

Fifth Creek will form the topic of next week's sketch.

CYCLING THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

[By PROFESSOR IVES—No. III.]

Fitz had become possessed of a great yearning to reach Skye. The road, we were told, lay over two high hills, 1,200 and 900 ft. respectively. In addition to the rain we had still a strong head wind to face, so I suggested hiring a farmer's cart and lying down therein covered up with straw. But Fitz said that would not be manly, so we continued riding for a bit. Then the first hill was reached, and our slavery began. It was no use; we could not ride, so we walked. It was no use; at those machines over a road never made for cycling, while the wind increased in violence with every step we took, until, as we neared the top, its force absolutely stopped us, and a friendly shepherd, catching us up, good-naturedly hooked his crook on my machine, put his hand on the saddle of Fitz's, and thus, pulling one and pushing the other, assisted us over the crest. How it blew on that ridge, and how we hugged the inside of the track, afraid of being blown over the cliff! Worst of all, we had to walk down the other side, the road being quite unrideable. But the good shepherd trudged along with

us for some miles, and tried to cheer us by telling us how much worse the next hill would be.

Glenelg was reached at last, and we learned that there was a steamer leaving for Skye that afternoon, so we elected to go by it. In the meantime we sheltered in a crofter's cottage. What den—two rooms, nothing on the floor, one table, one bed, two broken chairs, an old clock (stopped), and an open post fire. Here, sharing the place with pigs and fowls, lived a man, his wife, and six children, who, on this wretched day, were going about barefooted, and on the faces of two of whom could be plainly seen the fingermarks of man's grim enemy, Death. How they existed I know not. Their food, we learned, was chiefly oatmeal porridge and such milk as a wretched cow, standing outside, could give. Oh, the abject poverty that everything bespoke! What a romance the novelist could weave out of the threads of the woman's life's story which she gave us—a story of a short life of service in a Scotch town, the atmosphere of which did not agree with her health; of a return to her native place; of a marriage that only added more burdens of want to both; and of a struggle with sickness and poverty in their worst forms, without hope of improvement in the future.

When the steamer arrived it was so stormy that the boatmen would not attempt to take us on board (there was no jetty), and it left us. So we wheeled through the rain to Kyle-Rhea Ferry, and at last got over to Skye, and through a valley whose desolate and dreary aspect made our hearts sink, and over that terrible hill—and well, I don't like to think of all we went through that day, and I'll say no more about it. Sufficient that we at last reached Broadford more dead than alive. And as this Skye trip was all Fitzjames's foolish idea, I didn't speak to him any more that night. As I lay awake next morning I framed a solemn resolution. Hitherto my easy-going, genial disposition had permitted my companion to have the plan of route just as he wished, and my good nature had been imposed upon in consequence. But "even a worm will turn." So when he addressed me at breakfast with a remark that if the rain stopped we ought to go to some place a few miles off, which Sir Walter Scott has thus described—

Many a waste I've wandered o'er,
Glenelg many a Craig, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my halloo, I never saw
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Never did my wandering footsteps press. . . .

Here, above, around, below,
No mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor sight of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken;

For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone.
—I told him that this folly had gone far enough; that we had seen enough of gloom and desolation; that it was quite time we gave up travelling in the direction from which came all this wind and wet, and turned towards civilized districts; that I, at any rate, had some taste for refinement and comfort left; and that we had better get across to the other side of Scotland, away from this wettest wind, and then we should be more likely to get fine weather and cheerful sights. I was glad to find that my arguments bore due weight, so we left Skye with well-concealed regret, crossed the Strone ferry on the steamer, and started to ride for Inverness, some seventy miles away. My meteorological predictions proved to be wonderfully correct. The further we went the clearer became the sky and less the rainfall. What beautiful spots we saw that day! Pretty little Pligton had been passed on the steamer, and on our bikes we passed cozy Strathcarron, chiefly inhabited by apparently comfortable crofters. We saw Auchnaslellach, a lovely little village hidden amid deep forests; Loch Luchart, of dreary, desolate position; and Loch Garve, where I got off my machine to unsuccessfully chase a pretty young squirrel, and nearly got caught trespassing by a game-keeper, which I suppose would have meant transportation for poaching. Strathpeffer, the Spa of Scotland, with its well-planted streets, its mineral springs, and its fine houses; busy Dingwall, near where we obtained a splendid view of Cromarty firth; and Kessock, where we took a wrong turning and went some miles astray, were also passed through. Finally Inverness was reached at 10 p.m. in broad daylight, with dry clothes, both of us feeling fit for further riding. I must not omit to mention the magnificent Rogie Falls near Garve, which we had stopped to photograph, and which, unlike many other so-called falls about which guidebooks raved, were really worth seeing. At supper Fitzjames said—

"The geological structure of the greater part of the country through which we have ridden to-day is of crystalline and metamorphic rock, consisting chiefly of gneiss and mica-slate, with granite, porphyry, and trap-rock."

I said, "I beg your pardon."

He repeated the observation. Then I looked at him in a pitying sort of manner, and mentioned that hitherto I had borne a blameless character, and that I wished to preserve it, and that I trusted that he would not use more language of that kind in my presence.

Inverness, capital of the Highlands, is composed of a gaol, a modern cathedral, a town hall, some fine Banks, hotels, and other buildings, and is beautifully situated on the River Ness. Macbeth, Queen Mary, Montrose, and other famous Scots are connected with its history. Six miles out we found the battle-field of Culboken, where the hopes of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" were finally extinguished—a bleak bit of moorland enclosed by a circle of dark firs. Our guidebooks told us that the ground was marked by mounds showing where the poor Highlanders were buried together in clans. But the mounds have now sunk to the level of the rest of the ground, and only rude stumps are to be seen amid the grass, upon which are carved "Glen Macintosh," "Glen Fraser," "Mixed Clans," and the names of other clans who now lie united in death. In a corner near a spring of water a larger stone bears the inscription, "The Chief of the Macgillivrays fell at this well," while in the centre of this sad ground of buried hopes is a very large cairn, on one side of which is written words somewhat like these:—"On this moor was fought the Battle of Culboken, where many brave Highlanders fell fighting for their prince and their country. April 27, 1746." For some time we wandered amid these sad memorials of bravery and devotion. Then we took photographs of the cairns, plucked some of the gorse, and went sadly on our way to Inverness, musing upon the strangeness of human nature. For though later history has shown Prince Charlie to have been unworthy of such devotion as his brave followers showed, I suppose each of those lying in that lonely spot, could he rise again, would still sigh:—

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as oft for Charlie.

That afternoon we went out to take views of the lovely little islands in the river above Inverness, and out to "Tom-na-hourish" (Hill of the Fairies), Fitzjames telling me on our way the origin of the name. It seems that in the old days of fairies the little folks took a strange fancy for this spot, and used to bring earth on their backs and pile it here until a great hill was formed, on the summit of which they delighted to hold their midnight revelries. The hill is now overgrown with

OUR FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

OUR FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

White his shroud as the mountain snow
Larded all with sweet flowers.
To plant flowering plants and evergreen

There is great mono-ony in the average landscape mainly owing to the amateur not giving proper attention to his point of view: for the change of a few feet by moving the camera, not swinging it round on the tripod, often makes or mars a picture. If one owns three or four lenses, and has them fitted into the Royal Photographic Society's standard flanges, only a single front board need be carried, and the possibilities for good work are much enlarged. Violent colour contrasts can be greatly controlled by the use of isochromatic plates and colour screens; and backed plates are useful to reduce halation, but all these had better not be used by the beginner until the managing of the fully developed plate has been mastered. Photographs should be like Alpine climbing—where the climber has to cut successive steps in the ice wherein to set his feet as he mounts ever nearer his

Yes, look at the clock, for Time wants watching; it seems to steal away so rapidly nowadays. And if anything has gone wrong with the clock, or with your watch either, it is to Stevenson Brothers, in Rundle-street, that you should repair. The repairs necessary to the watch or clock will be there attended to by the firm's skilled staff of workmen, and both reliability and moderate charges may be depended on. Nowhere else in South Australia will there be found such a dazzling collection of the best jewellery, precious stones, gold and silver plate and platedware, watches, clocks, &c., &c., as at Messrs. Stevenson Brothers' noted emporium. For those who seek further details of the expensive stock always on hand a reference to the firm's advertisement on the front page of this paper will be useful.

N44v

The map illustrates the road network around Adelaide. Major roads include the Fifth Creek Road (solid line) connecting Adelaide to Montacute, the New Road (solid line) leading to Magill, and the Old Road (solid line) branching off the New Road. Other roads shown include the road to Payneham, the road to East Torrens, and the road to Ashton. Landmarks such as the Corkscrew Church, Marble Hill, and Norton's Summit Hotel are marked. A legend in the bottom left corner defines road conditions: Good Road (solid line), Bad (dotted line), and Fair (dashed line). A scale bar at the bottom indicates distances up to 3 miles.

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"The fact is," he said to Aaron, "I am quite of your opinion, and I think your decision a wise one; I have heard a good deal of dissatisfaction expressed up and down the Circuit, and I think it best to allay it."

Mr. Priestly looked at the Rev. Theophilus in amazement. That gentleman had undoubtedly received a call to the ministry, but none to diplomacy, as the further conversation between the pair with its unconscious dry humour abundantly proves. What transpired at the next quarterly meeting it would be unfair to disclose. The breezy freshness of "Ned Thornbury's Love Story" makes it capital reading, whilst the narrative concerning "The Backslider" shows a rare knowledge of human nature. The named reader may be said of "The Following of Jesus," Stallard, "John Oakley's Christmas Box" is as pleasing as it is pathetic; in fact every story in the

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The Miscellany.

THE ESSAYIST.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AND SCOTSMEN.

The religious emblem of Scotland is the "cross decussate," or Saint Andrew's cross, which is to be seen on the Union Jack combined with the square cross of Saint George. The Scotch as a nation are not much given to dwelling on the memorials of saints. On their national holiday, however they may well review the racial character of their people in connection with the legendary history of the good Andrew, the practical and sedate apostle—his whose zeal for teaching is said to have been so great that, even when he was fastened to the peculiar cross afterwards called by his name, he continued to give religious instruction to the crowds thronging to witness his martyrdom. In the fourth century a certain Bishop conveyed to the Scottish monastery of Saint Andrew's some relics of the apostle, and around these were gathered during many years the chief educational influences which Scotland possessed; but John Knox was no admirer of relics. When requested to bow down before a wooden image he risked his head by calling it "a painted board" and tossing it into the sea. Even when rowing as a galley-slave after his capture in the fortunes of war he did not sink his individuality; but found occasion for asserting his beliefs, whatsoever they might be. "It is," says Carlyle, "an instance to us how a man by sincerity itself becomes heroic." A few weeks ago Lord Wolsey visited Glasgow and delivered a short address, devoted principally to a consideration of the position and conduct of the British army. He, however, paid a tribute of admiration to the Scotch character, and singled out one name for special and prominent reference. He has had serving under him many Scottish soldiers, whose courage and prowess he greatly appreciated. He is well aware of the stirring traditions of Scottish valour, both in remote and in recent history. Yet it was not to a military hero that he referred when he used terms of most enthusiastic praise; it was to the Puritan preacher, John Knox.

Not without reason has Knox been so often instanced as a type and illustration of certain very salient features in the Scottish character. His bravery was in the last degree undemonstrative—he had not a particle of braggadocio in his composition; but he had placed a fixed object before him, and in its attainment he took every risk as a mere matter of course, without even thinking of setting himself up as a hero. His purpose, in brief, was to prevent the Reformation from being made simply the pretext for a great onslaught by Court and nobles upon the property of the Church, and to ensure the devotion of that property to the advancement of education and worship. These were the relics of the old order of things which he valued far more highly than any material "relics," and Lord Wolsey was right in declaring that to this brave man's success in applying religious revenues to the establishment of the first British system of universal primary education is due in very large measure the prominent position taken by Scotchmen in every part of the civilized world where they may make their abode. "I think as you travel through Scotland," said he, "especially in the Highlands, where I have recently been, what strikes a stranger most is the intelligence of the people with whom you are brought into contact;" and then, concerning the reason for this national characteristic, he went on to say, "I cannot help feeling that it is because the Scotch have been, certainly for the last 200 years, a far better educated people than those in other parts of Her Majesty's dominions."

The same quiet determination which enabled John Knox to overturn principalities and powers, and to influence the careers of his countrymen for generations, may be observed in far-distant countries and in modern times. When Colonel Mathies, in command of the Gordon Highlanders on the Indian frontier, received orders that the enemy's position on the heights of Dargai was to be stormed, he simply told his men "the General says that position must be taken at all costs; the Gordon Highlanders will take it." Nothing could be simpler or more truly Scottish. It was practical and logical. As the men rushed over the terrible zone of fire, the crossing of which the Hill tribes imagined would never be attempted by any troops the British General had under his command, half of their number dropped; but what of that when duty had to be done? The others went on scaling the steep mountain side; and, charging with fixed bayonets up among the rocks, cleared the Hillmen out in splendid style. Back to their camp, amid the hurrahs of the army, these men showed not an atom of the desire to pose or court applause. They had attended to their own wounded, and now they went out and brought back the fallen among the Ghorkas, their brave little companions in arms. They were only doing their duty—they had done only their duty; why make a fuss about it? The true Scotchman, thoroughly brave in himself, is ever ready to recognise the same quality in others. It is significant, for instance, that General Lockhart, also a Scotchman, has highly praised the courage displayed by the Afriids and their marvellous skill as marksmen, which he declares to be unequalled anywhere else in the world.

Why, then, it may be asked, should men who mutually esteem each other be fighting at all? Merely because the Moslem has been induced to believe that it is his duty to destroy the frontier forts and to raid the borders of the Punjab. The British soldier has set before him the purpose of defending the millions of India from any invader, and he is showing that he does not shrink from it. The Gordons from the highlands of Scotland are summoned to meet in fierce conflict the Afriids of the highlands of the Chagru Kotul. Each is bound to do his duty according to his conception of it; and, as the victory lies with those whose mission it is to establish a stable peace, the world is the gainer by it. The force which makes for peace in all lands is that of education in its widest sense, and until brave men of wild races bordering upon the British dominions can see the true path of duty more clearly than these Afriids discern it there must be tough work for the British army. Scotchmen are justly proud of the part played by their compatriots in the wars undertaken by the British nation since the Union. Indeed, their historical reminiscences may occasionally go back to a period far anterior to the date at which the Cross of St. Andrew first adorned the national flag. September 11 last, for example, was the seven-hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Stirling Bridge, in which the brave Sir William Wallace routed the English army under Cressingham and the Earl of Surrey; but the references to bygone racial enmities in the speech delivered by Lord Rosebery on that occasion were intended only as an endorsement of the national admiration for the traditional character of a brave hero and a true patriot. There was no attempt to fan into a flame the embers of long-past international strife and bloodshed. In partnership with England, the Scottish people recognise that they have a worldwide mission to fulfil, and in this way they give evidence of that enlargement of mind which comes from a liberal system of national education. The capacity of nations for federal action in all countries may, in fact, be reckoned as being almost exactly in proportion to the measure of judicious instruction which the people have received.

CHRISTMAS.

THE GUILD OF ST. NICHOLAS.

A happy Christmas in the juvenile imagination must ever be associated with gifts of playthings. No gladness of maturer life is comparable with that experienced by the little child gazing on Christmas morning upon the toys thoughtfully displayed around its cot, or peeping with wondering eyes into the stocking hung conveniently to tempt the kind ministrations of Santa Claus. A boy or a girl with a toy needs no other amusement to keep away the demon of ennui. As Wordsworth says of his three-year-old friend—

Salute to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.

But there are painful contrasts in child life. In proportion to the happiness of the fortunate young people whose Santa Claus provides them with toys at Christmas is the blank sense of cruel deprivation which oppresses those who get no toys or gifts wherewith to mark the season; for, as the world goes, Father Christmas has to discriminate between rich and poor. On Christmas morning, probably more than on any other occasion, the pinch of poverty affects with relentless force the heart of the toyless child. Other girls are nursing their dolls—other boys are proudly blowing their trumpets; but to the toyless child these exhibitions of felicity serve only to accentuate the woe-begone condition of the families of the very poor. This fact impressed itself deeply upon the minds of the ladies and gentlemen who founded the Christmas Cheer Fund some years ago. Now "Uncle Harry," the guide, philosopher, and friend of the "Sunbeams," has evidently been deeply affected by it; and, kind, thoughtful man that he is, has determined to do something remedial in one respect at least. In an appeal published in *The Adelaide Observer* and *The Evening Journal* a fortnight ago he employed aphorisms which to the imagination of any ordinary boy or girl must sound as pathetically suggestive of misery as the mention of toothache or hunger or thirst—"A toyless Christmas!"

The object of the Sunbeam Society is "to be helpful to children and to teach them to be helpful to one another;" and our little folk may do a good work in the direction indicated so carefully by their kindly mentor. So far as may be possible, let there be no "toyless Christmas" for any wee son of Adam or daughter of Eve. Old gentlemen with long white beards and a capacity for getting down chimneys and performing all the other wonderful feats ascribed to the yearly bringer of the Christmas toys are already scarce, and they are becoming scarcer every year; but even the children, while they delight in talking about the legendary visitor, shrewdly suspect that the real Santa Claus is generally one whose touch is gentle and loving, and who knows far better what children prefer than any member of the sterner sex is likely to comprehend. "Uncle Harry" intends before Christmas week to collect numerous toys for poor children, and to enlist the co-operation of at least 100 ladies in the task of distributing the playthings in various localities within the metropolitan area. With this object, he is forming a "Guild of St. Nicholas," and he has quoted

the verified story of the good saint's first benefactions to children. The name of Saint Nicholas has been lisped by so many generations of little people that no one need wonder at its having been shortened by now to "Santa Claus." The Guild will doubtless be formed, and quite as surely will be a useful institution, especially as "Uncle Harry" intends to arrange that ladies even at remote distances from the city may be enrolled as honorary members. These cannot assist in active work, but may follow the example of one who has already sent a few shillings to be spent on toys "to help to make the little socks bulge out." To distribute toys will be the special mission of the Guild, and its members will presumably co-operate with the ladies and gentlemen who regard as their peculiar care the Christmas Cheer Fund and other similar sources of Christmas benevolence. Permanent gifts to public institutions and "good cheer" or medical comforts to the poor and the sick constitute in themselves a special field of Christmas philanthropy; but the "Guild of Saint Nicholas" will endeavour to make quite certain that on Christmas Day at least no child within their reach—however poor and however friendless—shall feel the desolating sensation of having been forgotten in the midst of the rejoicing which is almost universal in that joyous season of the year when the tender emotions stir the world more than at any other time.

ASTRONOMICAL.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR DECEMBER, 1897.

(Communicated by the Hon. Secretary of the Astronomical Section of the Royal Society of South Australia.)

The SUN crosses the meridian at 11.35 a.m. standard time on the 1st and at 11.40 a.m. on the 31st. On the 21st at 10 p.m. it enters the sign Capricorn (not the constellation, when our summer, astronomically speaking, begins, spots are still small and infrequent on the solar surface. One of the most interesting questions of solar physics is the presence of calcium in the Sun's surroundings and the interpretation of its spectral lines. Miss Agnes M. Clark, the clever author of *The Story of the Economy in the Nineteenth Century* and astronomical writer, has a most interesting article on calcium in the Sun in the October number of *Knowlidge*, in which she deals with some recent laboratory experiments by Dr. Huggins and others on this subject, and the question. The article will repay perusal. According to a recent number of the *Observer* all arrangements have been completed by the Eclipse Committee and the following programme laid out for the English expeditions to view the total eclipse in India next month—Sir Norman Lockyer and Mr. Fowler will be stationed at Ratnagiri, on the west coast. Their equipment will be chiefly spectroscopic, and will include two telescopes of nine and six inches aperture, furnished with objective prisms, an integrating spectroscopic having two 3-in. prisms of 60°. The method of observation with all three instruments will be photographic, a long series of exposures being made with the objective prisms, whilst an exposure of sixty seconds will be given with the spectroscopic. The second party, consisting of the Astronomer Royal, Professor Turner and Dr. Common, will probably be at Jeir or Murad, about 100 miles south of Poona. The Astronomer Royal will have the Thompson Photoheliograph arranged to give the image of the Sun in black and white, and Professor Turner will use a double camera. The sun will be reflected into these instruments by means of a plane mirror mounted as a Celestial. Dr. Common will use a 6-in. double lens for the purpose of giving an image of the Sun in diameter about 1/2 inch, with 2-in. lenses and two prisms of 60°, and a grating spectroscopic to be used without a slit. A third expedition will be at Wardha, on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway. Here Mr. Newall will use a large slit spectroscopic in which the spectrum is projected on a screen, and a camera with 2-in. lenses and two prisms of 60°, and a grating spectroscopic to be used without a slit. A third expedition will be at Wardha, on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway. Here Mr. Newall will use a large slit spectroscopic in which the spectrum is projected on a screen, and a camera with 2-in. lenses and two prisms of 60°, and a grating spectroscopic to be used without a slit.

The MOON is full on the 9th at 1.51 p.m., last quarter on the 17th at 1.22 p.m., new on the 24th at 4.55 a.m., and first quarter on the 31st at 4.27 a.m. There are no occultations of any planets or bright stars visible at Adelaide during the month.

THE PLANETS—Mercury is a evening star and will be readily seen during the greater part of the month in the western sky after sunset. It reaches its greatest elongation west (19° 29') on the 21st, and is at 8.4 p.m., or nearly an hour and a half after sunset, at its greatest distance from the sun. It will then be in opposition with the Sun on the 13th, but need not be large telescope to show it properly. The other planets are all morning stars. Venus is at its greatest elongation east (47° 30') on the 1st, and at the end of the month it is at 4.15 a.m. Mars, the two planets being in conjunction on the 31st at 8 a.m. An interesting article on Venus appears in the October number of *Knowlidge*, from the pen of M. Couille, illustrating by a series of sketches the changes in its appearance during the year at his observatory at Jarrys. Saturn at first will be too near the Sun, but later on may be seen in the morning twilight. Jupiter is drawing away from our horizon, and rises shortly before midnight at the end of the year.

THE SIDEREAL TIME at 9 p.m. standard time on the 1st is 14 h. 41 m. 55 s., and at 9 p.m. on the 31st is 14 h. 55 m. 17 s.

There is no lack of telescopic objects of interest this month, and the sky is well supplied with brilliants. The splendid constellation of Orion at once attracts attention, and is now in the best position for observation. To the west of this we have Tau, with the familiar milk-pail aggregation of stars known as the "belt" and "sword," and the "belt" stars. The belt stars of this constellation, Alnilam, is a good example of a star having the same type of spectrum as our Sun. The brilliant Sirius, easily found to the south-east of Orion, on the other hand, has quite a different spectrum, and is supposed to be an extremely luminous star. Many of the stars along the Milky Way are of this type, though they are probably not all so great as Sirius. As the year we have here overheard the bright star Sirius, and the Magellan Cloud (the cluster in Pavo) is near the horizon. At 9 p.m. on the 1st, the Cross is down at its lower culmination, just skirting the southern horizon.

NEW MUSIC.

"ROSE OF THE MOON" Waltz, by Henry Facki, composer of "My Polly" Waltz, "Tops and Bottoms," a right merry Barn Dance, by Facki, Bonheur, "La Gaiety," Mazurka, by Emilie Larky, "Fondle Wistful," Polka, by Benjamin Bonheur, Bonheur, Mazurka, Price, 6d. each, of all music sellers or the Publishers.

W. PAXTON & Co., 19, Oxford Street, London; and 123, Swanston Street, Melbourne. Catalogues post free of over 1,000 Songs, Dance Music, &c., at 3d. each.

THE TOURIST.



CYCLING ROUTE No. VIII.

POPULAR CYCLING TOURS. THE SCENERY AND THE ROADS.—No. VIII.—CLARENDON THE BEAUTIFUL.

[By HANDLEBAR.]

To omit this outing would be neglecting to realize the ambition in these brief sketches to supply a guide to cyclists bent upon exploring the beauties around Adelaide, for Clarendon is indeed a lovely spot, nestled amidst the hills, with the Onkaparinga running through it, and surrounded by some of the finest gardens in the colony. It is the starting-point, so to speak, of the Happy Valley Reservoir, and the visitor is proudly shown the great engineering feats that have been accomplished in connection with this work, notably the tunnel, three miles twenty-seven chains in length, leading from the lake—a few hundred yards from the hotel—through a hill and on to Happy Valley. Mr. Power, the genial Hibernian in charge of the weir, courteously does the rounds and explains the triumph of engineering. A hint to those contemplating a visit to Clarendon is worth noting, and that is to advise Host Rees of your proposal. There is only one hotel in the district, and being a first-class one it is more often than not besieged with visitors, with the result that late arrivals stand the risk of being left out in the cold, so far as a good dinner is concerned. The glorious scenery that is gradually unfolded as one ascends or descends any of the hills leading to and from Clarendon beggars description, and the richest language would fail to do justice to view after view—to the superb pictures of sea and city, and to the hills and plains in all their beauty, as in fleeting by the magnificent pictures are revealed with kaleidoscopic effect. Truly, it is a picturesque country this, and South Australians may well boast of their scenery.

Clarendon may be reached by three main routes—either by going through Aldgate to the Meadows and then cutting across for ten miles up some pretty stiff hills; by going through Mitcham and then up Belair and Chambers Hill, or by avoiding the former hill by taking train to Blackwood; or the alternative course of taking the South-road, according to Tapley's and Chandler's Hills, and past the Happy Valley Reservoir. As in another sketch I shall deal with the Meadows, and it being a long and roundabout trip, we have not shown it in this map; so I must be content in directing the course by the other route. Leaving the city the best plan for the experienced hill-climber is to make for Mitcham (six miles), when he will commence a rise of three and a half miles up the Belair Hill. The first few pinches are likely to discourage the rider not used to the road, as they are fairly steep, but a little perseverance wins the day, and after the first mile he will find himself upon a more comfortable, and prize himself upon getting over the most difficult part of the journey. Still, if it is a hot day, there is a sigh of relief when the top is reached and he joyfully turns to the right and commences the down grade towards the Belair Hotel, which, strangely enough, is much nearer the Blackwood than the Belair Railway Station. Cyclists should leave in mind that if they wish to avoid the Belair Hill on this route they must take train to Blackwood, and not Belair, unless they are prepared to go two or three miles further than necessary. As will be seen from our map, the Blackwood Station is just a hop and a jump from the road, about a mile from the Belair Hotel, and from here there is a glorious down run into beautiful Coromandel Valley, noted for its jams and fruits, and for the many happy trips cyclists have made to Mr. Murray's homely household. After the Valley, Chambers Hill has to be tackled with, and the two and a half miles generally proves a taster to those riding from town, but the road has a capital surface, and may be managed all right if the previous part of the journey has been taken quietly. When just about on the top of the hill a finger-post directs the course to Cherry Gardens, which are just now in their prime, and are well worthy a visit, though there is no locality in the locality. Returning to the main road again, there is a rattle downhill, and shortly afterwards the tourist strikes the junction where the Happy Valley road joins, and the one road goes to Clarendon, three miles away, and on to the Meadows and Port Victor. The roadside, thick with hawthorn and rose hedges in full bloom at the time of my visit, made the run down the terrace-like slopes the more enjoyable, and created the most favourable impressions of this charming spot. By the time this is in print the gardens should have cast their snowy garb in favour of luscious fruit, and "Cherry, oh!" and "Strawberry ripe!" are now probably the orders of the day. Onward past the hotel the glorious scenery continues, and the cyclist wanders dreamily

enjoying the balmy atmosphere and lovely walk, when his meditations are disturbed by the surging waters over the river, and there he pauses—for the lonely scene. Towers in such dread magnificence of mien, And, mingled oft with some wild songster's cry, From rock-built eyrie rushing to the sky, So deep the solemn and majestic sound. Of forests and of waters murmuring round. That woe in wondering awe his heart forgets Its fleeting struggles and its vain regrets. What earthly feelings unabashed can dwell In Nature's mighty presence? 'Midst the swell Of overland hills, the roar of floods And from rocks and pomp of waving woods, The ether's own grandeur on the soul impress, And bid each passion feel its nothingness.

A few hours pass altogether too quickly in visiting the numerous attractions of the district; but with time fleeting onward there is no alternative but to commence the homeward journey of eighteen miles. To a rider fresh after the rest, the climb for three miles back to the junction of the roads referred to above is a simple matter, and by taking the route to the left the top of Chandler's Hill is soon an accomplished fact. At every turn the Happy Valley Reservoir is gradually developed, and down, down one goes for two and a quarter miles until at last one is on the very edge of the gleaming lake as it shimmers in the sunlight. There is a short pinch to get over after this; then for a mile and a quarter there is a nice run to the top of Tapley's Hill, and from there a fine slope down for two and a half miles to the Flagstaff and onwards along the South-road to town. Or you may improve it by branching off at Daw's Corner and reaching the city through Jordan Park and Goodwood or Hyde Park.

SCIENTIFIC.

A CURIOUS POINT ABOUT EARTHQUAKES.

"An Old Prophecy" writes:—The petroleum springs at the Glenelg River have been a mystery to a great many. They have been increasing in volume for the past two years, and three weeks before the earthquake they were getting stronger. They were always noticed at the time of the new moon and at the latter end of the old moon. There was a small earthquake in April, which was felt at Cape Banks Lighthouse, and on May 10 it was in the sand hummocks between South End and the Beachport Railway, when a shock occurred. It came from the south-east and went north-west. Petroleum being of a gaseous and fiery nature no doubt caused this earthquake, for all the swamps as well as the sea showed an indication of some eruption. The Blue Lake and the spring rising at Mount Gambier all showed that there must be some subterranean disturbances. Some people contended that the shock had come from the west, but there at the lighthouse hardly felt it, proving that it did not come from that direction. About two miles out of Beachport the ground showed cracks from the south-east. I followed the line towards Robe, and found these cracks within a few miles of that township. Most of the damage was done outside of that radius, and it seemed as if the shock had turned towards Mount Benson and Tilley Swamps. Reports of shocks have since been received, but I have felt only two since May 10. This line of earthquake running north follows through the mineral country, for no coal or oil and coal are to be found in the South-East. All the shocks I felt I noticed were at the time of the new moon, and at the same time as the petroleum springs were observed.

INVENTION AND PATENTS.

(Compiled for the Chamber of Manufactures and The Register by Messrs. Collyer & Co., Licensed Patent Agents.)

It is said a little while since a great stir was made in the United States over a certain mechanical engine invented by a gentleman named Beahm, who resided in, and now lives in the neighbourhood of Sleepy Eye. Now our American friends are presenting us with particulars of another engine of the same class, the inventors of which are Messrs. L. Wallace, of New Sharon, Iowa, and George Bump, of Lynville, in the same State. It is reported that the two ambitious inventors have completed a 20-horsepower engine, which is now said to be doing satisfactory work in a local mill at New Sharon, that the engine is only 14 in. high, 5 in. wide, 2 1/2 in. from the tips of the shaft, which is 1 in. in diameter and uses a 4 in. pulley, and weighs only 100 lb. It is fed with steam through a 1-in. pipe. This little piece of mechanism, occupying no more space than a common bucket, was said to be running at the machinery in a mill which ordinarily requires 45-horsepower. Further statements are made respecting it as follows:—In outward appearance the engine has a square base which expands into an arch with flat sides. Other than the pulley there is nothing visible, not even a flywheel. The interior consists of a 3 in. cylinder, containing a motor in which a plate of steel fits steamtight, yet works readily. On the ends of these wings a steel roller, about the size of a lead pencil, is fitted in a groove, thus making it steamproof and

The Miscellany.

LITERATURE.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

GIFT BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—In this age of promiscuous literature, parents and guardians of children are weighed with a real responsibility when they have to select reading material for their little charges. Many a handsome dress of gilt and calfskin covers a pernicious interior, and nothing is more deceptive than the judgment of a book by its appearance. In these circumstances a great deal of trouble is saved to the selectors who can have recourse to the productions of publishers of established reputation. Prominent amongst these is the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. This institution issues periodically numerous and highly presentable publications, the manuscript of which is invariably supervised and edited under the direction of the General Literature Committee of the Association. We have received some goodly examples of the results of the co-operation between discreet Editors and artistic printers and bookbinders. In the multitudinous works issued by the Society nearly every wholesome taste seems to be catered for, and the volumes now before us indicate this pleasant variety on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*. No better presents for children than those could be obtained or desired. "By Santa's Sausage" is a work by Edward N. Hoare, M.A., which tells briskly and brightly of the adventures of a band of smugglers in the early part of the century. Incidentally South Australia is brought into the narrative, and on the whole the Australian references are fairly true in local colour, though the figures in the tale are evidently those of a better class of aboriginals than are commonly found in the colony. Either this hypothesis must be accepted, or else one must conclude that the author was not content to allow his blackfellows to talk like blackfellows. This, however, is a small matter—especially as blackfellows ought to talk better than they do—to the average youthful reader, who will find in "Santa's Sausage" a fair supply of the thrills which so delight the healthy boy's soul. "The Homeward Voyage," by Harry Collingwood, is another wholesome and exciting book. A ship called the *Flory Cross* sails from Melbourne for England with a consignment of gold worth two million pounds sterling, and under the spell of this dazzling treasure many sensational dramas are enacted before the vessel can finish her voyage. Not a dull moment—no break in the sustained interest of the yarn—can be experienced by the young reader of this volume. The coming woman—that is to say, the present-day girl—is catered for by the publishers with success similar to that achieved in the case of the boys, in such works as "Miss Carr's Young Ladies," "The Parting Ways," "The Carrier's Cart," "Wild Gown," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," and a number of others all pervaded with highly moral lessons conveyed in a straightforward fashion which will not warrant even the censorious in complaining of the slightest tendency to cant. We can confidently recommend the books of the S.P.C.K. The name remark may be applied without any reservation to the publications of Blackie & Son, of which a few specimens have been sent to us. This eminent firm of publishers also exercises strict supervision over the letterpress accompanying the striking illustrations which diversify the pages of its books. The principal contributor to the Christmas issues of Messrs. Blackie & Son this year is Mr. G. A. Henty, one of the most popular of writers who have ever devoted themselves to the entertainment and instruction of boys. In addition to his ever-attractive style of story-telling Mr. Henty evidently possesses a copious profusion of knowledge and information upon almost every conceivable subject; and this year, as usual, he has applied himself to furnishing his young readers with brightly presented historical incidents. For instance, he tells them in one volume about "Mozart at Corunna," and in another, under the title of "A March on London," he narrates the stirring adventures incidental to Wat Tyler's insurrection. The character of these books suggests that of nearly all the others which have been sent to us as specimens. The authors of some of them may not be men of such celebrity as that which Mr. Henty has gained by his fertile imagination and his prolific pen, but they all have done their work extremely well and have united to gain fresh credit for the publishers with whom they are associated.

"HERE AND THERE—MORE STORIES BY J. L. SULLIVAN." Longman's Colonial Library Christmas Volume; from George Robertson and Co.—This is a charming, racy, and clever book, eminently readable. The writer is his own illustrator, and one hardly knows whether to commend more highly the work of his pen or that of his pencil. The conception of some of the stories indicates enviable originality, and this thoroughly presentable production will be highly esteemed alike by boys who have just begun to read and children of a larger growth who have long since crossed the rubicon represented by the compulsory standard of the State Schools.

"ESSAYS OF SCHOPENHAUER." Walter Scott, London.—The publisher has judiciously included in his natty little "Scott Library" a selection of the works of the dismal philosopher. The involved and somewhat confusing writing of the German sage Schopenhauer has been well done into English by Mrs. Rudolph Dircks, who prefaces the main body of the letterpress with a sympathetic introduction and biographical outline. This is a characteristic anecdote:—

"When Schopenhauer was asked where he wished to be buried, he answered, 'Anywhere; they will know where to find me; and the stone that marks his grave at Frankfurt bears merely the inscription 'Arthur Schopenhauer,' without even the date of his birth or death."

The translator does not claim too much when she says that this incorrigible pessimist, who died in painless loneliness in 1860 after having spent seventy-three years of life, has exercised and still exerts in a slowly increasing degree a distinct influence upon the thinkers of the world. Personally he was a sort of over-ballooned philosophical Oliver Goldsmith; at any rate, he reproduced certain of the eccentricities of that somewhat grotesque genius. If the student wishes to get in the shortest possible compass an accurate indication of the nature of Schopenhauer's philosophy he cannot do better than read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the *Essays on "Love"* and on "Suicide."

"LAZY LESSONS AND ESSAYS ON CONDUCT," and "LILLIPUT LECTURES," by W. B. HANDS, James Bowden, London.—These are two pocket-size handy books by a modest and retiring litterateur, W. Brightly Hands, who was born in 1823 and died in 1882, after having devoted most of his active career to the work of a shorthand reporter on Gurney's staff in the House of Lords. The last seven years of his life and the leisure time of the earlier portion he applied to writing stories, verse, and other matter especially addressed to little folk. The "Lazy Lessons" have not

previously been collected for publication in book form, but, scattered over leading magazines, they have generally earned for their genial author the title of "the Laureate of the Nursery," and he was fairly allotted a place in literature between the fanciful creator of fairy tales and the more sober philosopher. He possessed a power which is lacking in too many people who attempt with the best of motives to secure the attention of a juvenile audience. He never talked over their heads, and he never attempted to "talk down to them." His vocabulary was that of a wiser and older child addressing his younger and less experienced fellow-children, in such a way as not only to engage their interest, but also to improve their minds. Indeed, he always kept in view the fact that children had hearts as well as heads, and bodies as well as both. In the book first mentioned there is a characteristic diversity of theme, varying from "How to Tell the Clock," to advice on academical subjects, and including the presentation of rules of moral conduct in every relation of life. The "Lilliput Lectures" are too well known to require commendation, but in this edition several improvements upon the original pattern have been introduced. A characteristic example of the rhythmic faculty of Mr. Hands is given at the close of the essay on "Character," and the moral is one which might well be suited even to children old enough to have forgotten most of the things learnt at school:—

I saw a new world in my dream,
Where all the folk alike did seem:
There was no child, there was no Mother,
There was no Chance, there was no Other;
For everything was Same, the Same,
There was no praise, there was no blame;
There was neither Need nor Help for it;
There was nothing fitting or unfit;
Nobody laughed, nobody wept;
Non grew weary, a d no one slept;
There was nobody born and nobody wed,
The world was a world of the living—lead.

The narrator grew tired of this monotony, and on waking from his dream found that he was in the old world again with its endless mutations—

And I thought to myself how nice it is
Forms to live in a world like this,
Where things can happen and clocks can strike,
And none of the people are exactly alike;
Where Love wants this and Pain - ants that,
And all our hearts want fit-for-fat.
In the jumbles we make with our heads and our hands—
In a world that nobody understands,
But we work, and we think, and we try to call
Upon Him who sees it, and knows us all.

"LAYS OF THE RED BRANCH," the new Irish Library, edited by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; T. Fisher Unwin, London.—This cheap little work by the late Sir S. Ferguson, with an introduction by Lady Ferguson, will be much appreciated by all Irishmen and Irish women, particularly those with some scholarly attainment. The martial, heroic, and romantic exploits which are narrated in verse are well calculated to appeal to the nation-pride of the impulsive Celtic people.

"THE VICTORIAN ERA READER," by Robert E. Anderson, M.A., &c.; George Newnes, London, from George Robertson & Co.—This comely and very cheap little volume is not inaptly termed a graphic record of a glorious reign. All the principal events which stand out in the history of the country since the Queen's accession to the throne are represented in an attractive form, as well as the characteristic features of the Diamond Jubilee celebration last June. The narrative runs briskly, and the arrangement of the letterpress tends to compensate in some degree for the omission of an index, a lack which in reference to all books in these days of rapid reading requires an explanation if not an apology. While the book as a whole has attained a high standard of excellence, it is not so perfect as to make the aid of a critic a sin in relation to it. For instance, the people of New South Wales will hardly like to be informed, through the author's references to colonial expansion, that Victoria is "the richest and most populous of the Australian Colonies." The people of the Victorian capital, however, will readily accept this characterization, and will not be disposed to cavil at the statement that Melbourne is one of the best built and most handsome cities in the world. We may, however, experience a little surprise at the fact of Western Australia and New Zealand being excluded from the list of self-governing colonies. South Australia pays the penalty of its negligence in the matter of advertising by having next to no reference in this book, which is bound on its merits to secure a very wide circulation. It is a great mistake not to advertise the advantages of our country, even though public men may have occasionally to pay their own cab-hire, in order to enable the Treasury to provide money for making public throughout the world the colony's capacities and its opportunities for the use of brain, and muscle, and money.

"HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER," by S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.; T. Fisher Unwin, London.—The author has chosen a quaint, old-fashioned style of writing which suits admirably the time and the people he writes about. The story is historical, and covers many years, beginning with the boyhood of Hugh Wynne, and comprehending in its course all that led up to the rupture between America and England, the war of Separation, the Declaration of Independence, and the end of Hugh's love affairs after the war. Written from the rebel point of view, it makes at times sad reading, and brings back the old regret for England's hideous blunders. Historical characters, notably George Washington, are judiciously introduced, and the descriptions of the Quaker's life and old colonial days are very interesting. There is a somewhat conventional plot of love, war, and intrigue well carried out, with a wicked cousin and a protesting genius in the shape of a spinster aunt—quite the most lifelike character in the book—who has a slight flavour of Beatrix Bonnet in her later days. Altogether the work makes excellent and profitable reading, though at times a little wanting in life.

"NIOBE," by Jonas Lie; William Heinemann, London.—In the preface to this book Mr. Edmund Gosse speaks of Jonas Lie as locally the most popular of the northern novelists. He also says:—

"It is characteristic of the later and greater works of Jonas Lie that in them he has presented to us clearer and simpler aspects of Norse life than any other author. Without reaching the intellectual passion of Ibsen or the romantic tenderness of Bjornson, Lie comes really closer than either of these more-inspired poets to the genuine life of the Norwegians of to-day."

To the casual reader of "Niobe" this is somewhat of a shock; for, like other Norwegian stories which filter through translations to us, it is gloomy and pessimistic, resembling some long-drawn fatalistic dirge, which ends in a final discordant crash. And if the grim pictures of Norwegian people there must be something rotten in the state of Norway. The story is one of provincial life. The interest is aroused at once, and fairly sustained. The plot is very strong and well carried out, but the main interest centres round the working out of the characters and the way in which they are themselves their fates. Dr. Borvig and his wife Bente have six children, and the novel is principally concerned with the fates of the four eldest. There is something inexpres-

sibly pathetic in the picture of Bente, the faithful wife and over-anxious mother—the "Niobe" of the story, whose children withdraw their confidence from her, and go their own ways, while she foresees the evils which will overtake them and tries to avert them, only making matters worse, until at the end a dreadful catastrophe occurs. Endre, the eldest, is a sort of weak Hamlet, with a touch of genius, an over-wrought imagination and disordered nerves, for ever making new beginnings which shall lead to fame, but without the will to carry them on. Minka, the eldest daughter, is pretty, and with possibilities for goodness, but falls under the power of a hypnotist, and in the end is going away as his medium. Kjel, the second son, the pivot round which the story moves, is a speculator with vast schemes, which he tries to carry out with other people's money, and his character and designs are wonderfully shown, gradually working up to his final overthrow and disgrace. The book is powerful and interesting, but the reader closes it, wondering—if this be really Norway—what has become of religion, duty, honour, and the old-fashioned virtues.

"THE SCHOLAR OF BYGATE," by Algernon Gissing; Hutchinson & Co., London, per George Robertson & Co.—The characters in this remarkable story of life among the people of the borderland between England and Scotland are drawn in an admirably lifelike manner, while the plot is striking and original. The book opens with Lina Brett seeking a home with her uncle, Old Crozier, the sheep-farmer, after the bankruptcy and death of her father. Brett at the time of his demise owed the man of sheep a large sum of money. Crozier firmly believed that Brett's death was a hoax, and that he was in hiding to escape the consequences of a fraudulent insolvency. It is difficult to tell which is the most interesting personality in the story—the fervent but strictly honourable old man Crozier, or his high-principled, strong-minded son Sibbald, the scholar of Bygate. The word pictures of borderland scenery are full of colour, and the many exciting situations are depicted with a graphic realism which carries the reader along with breathless interest.

SCIENTIFIC.

INVENTION AND PATENTS.

(Compiled for the Chamber of Manufactures and The Register by Messrs. Collison & Co., Licensed Patent Agents.)

When any one has aluminium coins in his pockets instead of copper and nickel, especially copper? The United States Government has gone far enough in its investigations to demonstrate the entire feasibility of the substitution. Aluminium for coin is a highly desirable for sanitary reasons, as well as for lightness. The matter of aluminium coinage has been reported upon by the Committee on Coinage, and in view of its report it is very likely that some action will be taken at the next session of Congress.

One of the French Railway Companies has introduced a postal motor car or "automobile" on some of its lines for carrying the mails more quickly than the ordinary trains. It is driven by a petrol steam engine. It is expected that the new locomotive will be used for light passenger and goods trains. Such an invention might be useful on our own hills and on lying railways. It is said that it can do over forty miles an hour.

APPLICATIONS.

For the patent ending November 30.

5181. An improvement in the cyclic process of extracting gold and silver from ores or compounds containing the same. A. McLean Camron.

5182. Improvements in apparatus for treating fats and oils. C. G. Hepburn.

5183. Improvements in affixing and adjusting the handles of cycles. W. A. Murray.

5184. Improvements in or connected with strippers or harvesters. G. W. Grant & W. Kirkland (provisional).

5185. Improved manufacture of explosives. The British and Colonial Colliery Supply Association, Limited.

5186. An improved composition for use in connection with pneumatic tires for preventing puncture. D. W. Bruce, H. J. Baik, and J. L. Lob.

5187. Improvements in extracting precious metals from minerals containing them and apparatus therefor. Boda Becker.

5188. Improvements in or relating to devices or appliances for use in domestic or like fireplaces or stoves. E. Waters.

5189. An improved duplex gear for bicycles and the like. W. J. Thompson.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A LOCAL INVENTION.—At Messrs. A. W. Dobbin & Co.'s showrooms, Gawler-place, is to be seen a useful invention that is the outcome of the ingenuity of the wife of a well-known medico. A cycle sunshade holder is attached to the handlebar by an adjustable clip, and is so hinged that it holds the parasol in almost any position required. The apparatus can be folded to lie lengthways across the handlebar, and is light, and beautifully finished. There are possibilities in the invention that augur success, and various trials have proved most satisfactory.



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bilitating days
are with us,
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gish system.
It sweeps away
the dullness,
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ite, languid-
ness, and pain,
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sweeps away
cobwebs. It
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is lasting. Do
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THE TOURIST.



CYCLING ROUTES.—No. IX.

POPULAR CYCLING TOURS. THE SCENERY AND THE ROADS.— No. IX.—YORKE'S PENINSULA.

(By HANDLERBAR.)

To many city cyclists the route represented by this week's sketch will open up new ground, though there are few who have not heard of the splendid roads and the records that have been accomplished on Yorke's Peninsula. From the fact that the winds blow more from the south across the Peninsula than from the north the best plan undoubtedly is to cross the Gulf in the Warooka to Edithburg, a matter of 5s., and cycle 1s., and proceed thence to any or all of the places specified in our illustration. Leaving Port Adelaide in fine weather say at 9 a.m., the rock-bound coast and dilapidated jetty of Edithburg are reached in five hours. Then you can ride over a magnificent road for nine and a half miles into Yorktown. By following the telegraph line it is impossible to miss the way. Home-codes are met with all along the route, and here and there salt lakes cause the visitor to meditate upon the strange phenomena. Some of the salt is a foot deep, and presents the appearance of a beautiful silver lake. There are dozens of these within a radius of a few miles of Yorktown, and they are the means of providing employment to a large number of people. If you are not desirous of proceeding further into the boot of the Peninsula the best plan is, of course, to make direct for Minlaton, but if bent on a nice quiet holiday, and you have a weakness for shells and fishing, Corney Point is to be recommended. This is reached via Warooka, which lies on the top of a hill fourteen miles from Yorktown. Thence it is really superb. A genial Scot in Host McKenzie studies your comfort, and you will probably feel inclined to stay the evening rather than attempt the additional twenty-three miles to the Point. An early start is recommended for the reason that it will take you to your destination before Old Sol gets too warm in his attentions, for though the country is of an undulating character there are no big hills or shady spots in which to rest. Two miles from Warooka, and at the second cross-road, the route branches off to the right. Leaving the telegraph line to the left, in another four miles you come upon Mrs. Hannay's Orrie Cove Station, with Mr. Angus Johnson in charge. This gentleman is an authority on cattle, and a generous host. Every few miles the cyclist passes a farmhouse or station, and about fifteen miles out he travels through rather pretty scrub country, with the sheoak predominating. Further on the road deteriorates, though beyond a patch of sand for 100 yards in two or three places there is nothing to complain about. A drawback to the trip is that you do not view the sea until you are actually at the Point, which is rather disappointing to the uninitiated rider who wonders when his destination will be reached. He is told to look out for the signboard with "Port-office" printed on it in plain figures, and quite unexpectedly this welcome announcement flashes before him. The building is really a school, however, and in a shed at the back there is a tank of beautifully clear water. With not another house in sight, where all the children come from—for there is a large master-under the wing of an obliging schoolmistress—is a puzzle. The lady will direct the wanderer to the few residences in the immediate neighbourhood—that is, within three or four miles—or, should it be holiday time, the best plan is to take the turn to the left for half a mile, where a windmill and a gate will be noticed. Go through the gate and follow the track for half a mile, which will take you to Mr. Klein's substantial homestead, that is hidden behind a clump of trees. I cannot say too much in favour of this warm-hearted household, all the members of which seem determined to make a visit as enjoyable as possible. There is no hotel at Corney Point, and visitors are compelled to call upon the generosity of the residents for a "shake down," which in country parlance means most comfortable quarters. Let me here state that it is unfair to leave without recognising their kindness. Corney Point is one of the coolest places in the colony, for the hot winds that are the terror of the northern parts of the Peninsula lose their effect before reaching this neighbourhood. As an instance I might quote November 10, when there was such a sensation in Adelaide over the heat, and the thermometer registered 106°. At Corney Point it was 92°, and I experienced little inconvenience in exploring the country. Conchologists reap a rich harvest from the beautiful shells found on the beach, which is said to be the only part of the world where a sweet little shell termed the *Dunax* is found. On the beach here, which is three or four miles long, this variety is met with in thousands. The *Nautilus* also could at one time be found here, but it has disappeared during the last three seasons. To get to the lighthouse a short cut may be taken from Klein's, or one may follow the road past the school above referred to, and through a gate about twenty miles away. The track continues for, say a mile and a half to two miles, over sandy

country to the beach and lighthouse. Mr. Wobling, the head keeper, courteously explains the manner of working his establishment. It is a grand sensation standing here and watching the sea in its fury, lashing against the rocks, with the wind howling round and almost strong enough to take you off your feet. To be compelled to live year after year in such a lonely spot is not too pleasant, and a visit will show strangers how the lighthouse-keepers appreciate good literature. A curiosity near by is an eagle's nest on the rocks, which must have taken years to build. It is nearly 3 ft. high.

Hioing back to Warooka, there is the option of continuing to Yorktown, or taking the turn to the left for a mile, and then to the right for seventeen miles by the road that leads through Brentwood to Minlaton. You save fourteen miles by the latter route, but if it were twenty miles I should rather go to Yorktown first than plough through the sandhills between Warooka and Brentwood. A more desolate waste I have never crossed. Sand and boulders characterize the eleven miles, and as the place is infested with snakes and adders one does not appreciate tramping mile after mile. It is therefore advisable to get back to Yorktown, and spend a day or two running to Stansbury (fourteen miles) for oysters and fishing, or else make north-west to Minlaton (eighteen miles). This is a busy little township in the midst of a farming district. Mount Rat is the next station, nine and a half miles away, though it would be interesting to know where the mountain is located. From here you can go down to Port Vincent (sixteen miles) via Koolywurtie and Curramulka, or to the opposite side of the Peninsula to Wauralte, and along to the Mission Station at Point Pearce. Back to Mount Rat again, we go on to Maitland (eighteen miles), which is recognised as the highest point on the Peninsula. Conversing with Host McLeod we soon realized that the good crops on the Peninsula this season are attributable to artificial manures. Ardrossan lies fourteen miles to the east and Wauralte the same distance to the west. A description of the country:—"undulating, with magnificent roads" applies to the greater part of the Peninsula, and there is a wind behind you the amount of ground you cross in a few hours is wonderful, with the monotony relieved by the up and down from end to end. Our map shows the distances from town to town, and beyond strongly recommending the run from Maitland to Ardrossan and from the latter place to Arthurton, I must pass on to Moonta and Kadina. Arriving at either of them on a Saturday evening the visitor is impressed by the size of the places and the thousands of people whom he meets promenading the principal streets. The shops are brilliantly illuminated, bands of music charm the ear, every one appears to be on the business establishments drive a merry trade, the Salvation Army is surrounded with a large crowd—in fact the scene is almost comparable with Adelaide on a Saturday night. Walk round on Sunday morning and you will see a small city with fine buildings and Churches of almost every denomination. Wait until the service commences and you will hear some of the finest music in the colony. Cornishmen are noted for their talents in this direction, and they give them full play in sacred selections. As a boy in Kadina I can well remember how Christmas was celebrated with carols and music. There is no place in the colony, I think, where the festival is more strictly observed than on Yorke's Peninsula. Both Moonta and Kadina boast of extensive suburbs in the mines a mile from each township, and the visitor misses one of the sights of a lifetime if he fails to obtain permission to explore the vast underground workings. In an old suit with a candle stuck with clay in your helmet, there is something novel in being hundreds of fathoms underground midst the copper ore. It is only a journey of ten and a half miles from Moonta to Kadina, and six miles from Kadina to Wallaroo, the latter place being noted for its gigantic smelting works. Some of the best cycle tracks outside of Adelaide are seen in these towns. Apart from the mining industries, the district is largely interested in farming; and go where you will, you come across tillers of the soil busily at work.

Having got so far, the cyclist can make his way back to town either through the Peninsula again, or on through Port Wakefield, as indicated on our map, which will be completed by showing the route from Adelaide to Port Wakefield. My trip took me from Clare to Kadina via Blyth, Lochiel, and through the Barunga Range to Paskeville, but the running is so rough from Blyth to Paskeville that it can hardly be classed amongst popular tours. There is practically no easy matter to accomplish the journey. The road can hardly be missed by following the telegraph line. Every ten miles or so turns are met, which is of some consideration about the cyclist be unfortunate enough to strike a day when the northern blasts scorch over the plains. The Peninsula trip is, however, a capital one, even if only for the purpose of visiting the mining centres.

CYCLING.

POPULAR CYCLING TOURS.

THE SCENERY AND THE ROADS.

No. X.

PORT WAKEFIELD.

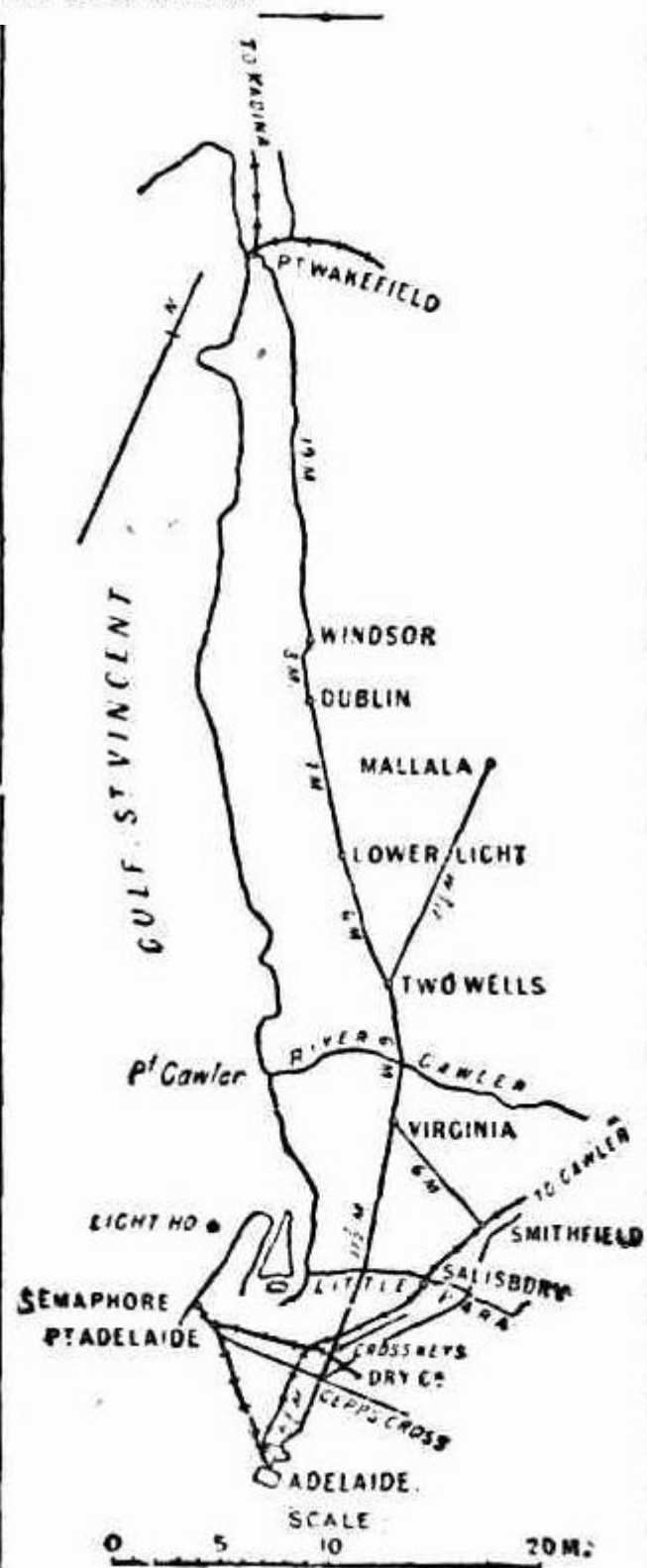
Railways ———→

CYCLING ROUTES NO. X.

[BY HANDLEBAR.]

Last week our sketch represented Yorke's Peninsula and up to Port Wakefield, so with the object of completing the trip the above illustrates the route from Adelaide to Port Wakefield. It is an outing that requires really no description, and from our map it is a simple matter to find the way. The best course to pursue is to go through Enfield and on to Gepp's Cross (6½ miles) in preference to the Ovingham Hill and through Islington, for at present the latter route is fairly rough. A stage of eleven and a half miles leads to Virginia, and another six miles to Two Wells, where the road branches off to Mallala, lying eleven miles away. Not heeding this, however, the cyclist passes to Lower Light, six miles further on, then Dublin, seven miles, and Windsor, another three miles, all the while going over roads that offer very fair travelling. The last stage, to Port Wakefield, is the longest, being nineteen miles, and through scrub country that may be found sandy. At no stage of the journey, however, is walking necessary, and some fair times can be accomplished. After travelling amidst the beautiful hills around the city the run to Port Wakefield may seem uninteresting so far as scenery is concerned, but unless one is harassed by the cruel north wind the outing is not to be despised. The worst roads are from the city to Virginia. A point worth knowing is that there are no hotels between Dublin and Port Wakefield, and it will be advisable for those who look upon the wine when it is red to carry a flask with "just a wee drap" to take one over the twenty-two miles stage. Most of our large dealers in fancy goods stock supply a little hamper basket which can be strapped on to the handles, and which contains a flask, pannican, and sandwich tin. The route runs through a farming district, and after crossing the line at Dry Creek is about as straight as we can make it.

the line at Dry Creek is about as straight as we can make it.
Next week the more picturesque route from the Meadows to Port Victor, and thence to Cape Jervis and back to town via Willunga, will be considered.



The Miscellany.

SCIENTIFIC.

INVENTION AND PATENTS.

(Compiled for the Chamber of Manufactures and The Register by Messrs. Collison & Co., Licensed Patent Agents.)

South Australian letters patent have been granted to Mr. J. D. Walsh, a New Zealand inventor, for "an improved wire-strainer." One end of the wire to be strained is secured to a jaw-shaped frame, in which is secured a roller and a pawl having a toothed or serrated face, and the other end is passed around such roller and secured by the pawl mentioned. A lever having a pivoted bridle, adapted to enclose the roller and its frame, engages by slots in both bridle the extended pin of the roller, and by its curved and serrated end is made to grip the wire and pull it taut against the roller. By imparting to the lever when thus in position a reciprocating motion the wire, being alternately gripped by the pawl and lever, is passed around the pulley until a sufficient tension is obtained.

The most conspicuous bicycle exhibit at the American Institute Fair is that of the Bayvel-gro machine, one of the new type of chainless wheels which is likely to compete strongly with the chain-driven type during the coming season. The exhibit is somewhat historical, as it contains one of the earliest bicycle wheels put upon the market, and one or two of the experimental machines made by the Bayvel-gro Company, among which is one that has several thousand miles travel to its credit and shows surprisingly little wear as the result of it.

A remarkable engineering feat has been accomplished. The Pennsylvania Railway Company removed the old bridge over the Schuylkill River, and simultaneously replaced it with a heavier steel structure 242 ft. long and 25 ft. wide. The moving operation was completed in 2 min. 28 sec., and a train crossed the new bridge within 12 min. from the starting of the work.

The Paris Omnibus Company has put a scheme before the Municipal Council for using mechanical power instead of horses on all the lines.

At the Great Western ticket-printing office a very ingenious automatic machine for printing railway tickets while you wait and registering them as issued has just been exhibited.

The amount of power available from the Niagara Falls for electrical power has been estimated and stated, but the mere mention of "6,000,000 or 7,000,000 horse-power" conveys no definite idea. Here is a familiar illustration of what would be required in the shape of plant or human energy to pump the water back again:—If a man exerts a force of about 25 lb. per stroke, and works at a fair rate for eight hours a day, it would take about ten times the population of the United States to pump the water back as fast as it is falling over the Falls.

A new and interesting use of graphite has been discovered in connection with the bicycle factories. It is found that by mixing a certain quantity of graphite with water or turpentine to the consistency of a thin paste and applying it to those parts of a steel tube which it is desired that the melted brass shall not adhere to, the graphite effectively prevents this adhesion, and thereby does away with much filing and other work formerly necessary to remove the brazing material. This seems to result from the fact that the graphite has a strong affinity for the metal surface, and at the same time is not affected by the heat, thus it simply keeps its place upon the tube during the heating, and prevents adhesion of the brass.

APPLICATIONS.

For the week ending December 7.

5188. Improvements in or relating to devices or appliances for use in domestic or like fireplaces or stoves, E. Waters.

5189. An improved duplex driving gear for bicycles and the like, W. J. Thompson.

5190. An improved apparatus for compressing wool, hay, and the like substances, W. H. Herbin.

5191. Improvements in and connected with cycle rambouettes, W. C. Baxter & E. Baxter (provisional).

5192. An improved arch for promoting the combustion in the furnaces of locomotives, &c., A. F. Hack (provisional).

5193. Improved process for the extraction of alcohol by saccharification and fermentation, A. Collette and A. Boidin.

5194. Improvements in galvanic batteries, C. N. Collison.

5195. Improved stopper for bottles, W. G. McKinley, Jun. (provisional).

5196. Improvements in tanning skins and hides, J. H. Cooke (provisional).

5197. Improvements in and relating to electrolytic process and apparatus for the separation of metals from their ores and solutions, E. Motz and H. F. Welch.

5198. Improvements in feed-water heaters and economizers, J. M. Keller.

5199. Improvements in and apparatus for the treatment of ores or the like containing gold or silver or both gold and silver for the obtaining of the precious metals therefrom.

5200. Improvements in pipe valves for pneumatic railway trucks, A. K. Gwynne.

5201. An improved artificial stone and method of manufacturing same, Oakley Stone Company, Limited.

5202. A honeycombing attachment for sewing machines, A. A.

5203. An improved process and apparatus for concentrating zinc, lead, and certain other ores and separating the constituents thereof, W. J. Sisson (provisional).

5204. Improvements in and relating to enumerating machines, H. Hudson.

5205. An X-ray telescope, J. Hart and G. O. Duncanson (provisional).

5206. An improved bath-heater, H. S. Mozart.

5207. Improvements in or relating to detachable joints for frames for cycles and other vehicles and other tubular structures generally, H. Bolcher, E. Eason, and F. Westwood.

5208. Improvements in brakes, H. Morrison.

5209. Improvements in chain-driving wheels, H. Morrison.

5210. An improved process for the production of embossed or bas-relief photographs, L. Paris and F. W. Mason.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PNEUMATIC TIRES FOR VEHICLES.—A decided novelty in the shape of pneumatic tires for vehicles has made its appearance in Adelaide. Mr. R. Holtz, Manager of the Austral Cycle Agency, Limited, has imported a couple of wheels fitted with Dunlop tires, which are now fitted to his dog-cart. The appearance of the whole turnout is considerably improved by the air tires, and their absolutely noiseless running should speedily make them favourites with the driving public. Neither the roughness of roads nor the greatest speed causes the slightest rumble, and vibration is reduced to a minimum. In spite of the heavy expense incurred by the first outlay they are said to repay the owner by their advantages, and they must be tried to be appreciated. Pneumatic tires on all sorts of vehicles are commonly used in England. Needless to say the tires save a lot of wear and tear, and the horse also feels the benefit of lighter draught.

WITH THE HEAD TO THE NORTH.—The supposition that human beings should sleep with their heads to the north is believed by the French to have for its foundation a scientific fact. They affirm that each human system is in itself an electric battery, the head being one of the electrodes, the feet the other. Their proof was discovered from experiments which the Academy of Sciences was allowed to make on the body of a man who was guillotined. This was taken the instant it fell and placed upon a pivot free to move as it might. The head part, after a little vacillation, turned to the north, and the body then remained stationary. It was turned halfway round by one of the Professors, and again the head end of the trunk moved slowly to the cardinal point due north, the same results being repeated until the final arrestment of organic movement.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MILK-PAIL.—Sir E. Vornoy has published in the *Contemporary Review* a powerful article on the dangers which lurk in the milk-pail. This is a suggestive reference to bacteria:—"The microscope is only now beginning to reveal to us the potent effects of the various forests of bacteria which are found actively growing in milk, producing rapid and startling changes, and yet so

minute in themselves as to require the highest microscopic powers to discern them; the longest are about the three-hundredth part of an inch, and the smallest about the twenty-thousandth part of an inch; it is difficult at once to grasp the fact that such minute plants exist at all, and yet, not merely do they exist, but they play an important part in the life of each of us. About 700 different species have been named and studied, of which about 150 are dairy bacteria. The number tends to diminish, as some that have been taken to be different species are found to be the same species in a different stage. They vary greatly in shape; some are short rods, like a constant staff; others are globular; others, again, are spiral, or are attached to spiral threads. Some of the rods are joined end to end, forming a chain, and some of the round bacteria adhere in clusters.

BREADMAKING FROM UNGROUND CORN.—A company has been formed in England (according to an exchange) for the purpose of acquiring and working an English patent for a new method and machine for converting whole grain into dough in one operation. The process contains the following:—"The new process, which involves a revolution in the manufacture of bread, consists in the transformation of the whole grain into a very fine dough. For this purpose the best wheat or rye is first washed, then soaked for some time in water, and afterwards put into the patented machine, which looks like a big coffee-mill, where it is changed by means of a process of crushing, rolling, and dissolution into a dough so fine that there is not to be found a trace of fibre or bran. The bread made from this dough contains all the albumen and the phosphates of the grain, all which are stored up in the grain by nature, and is prepared so that they can be absorbed and assimilated by the digestive organs." The prospect is held out of a dividend of 20 per cent., the public being invited to subscribe the share capital in £1 shares.

LITERATURE.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

"THE HISTORY OF MANKIND."—We have received from the publishers parts 21 and 22 of the "History of Mankind" by F. Ratzel. The author continues his entertaining and graphic description of the people of Africa, both numbers being taken up with an account of the history, life, and manners of the negro races of the interior of the continent. At the close of part 22 the author begins to deal with the negroes of Western Africa, people who should provide a good deal of interesting material for a book. The information is given in a chatty style.

"AN ALPHABET."—This is the title given to a highly attractive series of characteristic sketches, which are the work of William Nicholson, London. Mr. Nicholson is the "new artist," whose peculiar portraits have attracted so much attention in the *Art Review*. They displayed unconventionality and originality. There can be no doubt about this, or that Mr. Nicholson is extremely deft with his brush and pencil, and remarkably clever. Critics, however, are wrangling over the intrinsic quality of his performances; some terming them a perfect revelation, and others regarding them rather as an exasperation. In this little "Alphabet" he has applied his method in *cartes*, and the general effect is good, though quaint.

"PENNY 1898 ALMANAC."—We have received from Messrs. Alex. McKinnell & Co., 10, Melville Chambers, *Penny Almanac* for 1898, a capital publication printed in Melbourne, and published in Adelaide. The illustrations are a feature of the number. On the front page is a characteristic picture of a swagman holding a copy of the almanac in each hand, while his "bluey" is represented as being full of them. The studies "Fauna of Australia" and "Flora of Australia" are works of art, while the aerial figure suspended in "Auro bright" and representing "an Australian constellation, the Southern Cross," is decidedly beautiful and appropriate. The allegorical representations of "Adelaided Australia," "the cross of the seas and lands," "The Spirit of the Bush," "An Australian Product"—a female form, entwined with the clustering grapes; "The Queen of Jewels," and "The Sovereign Sex," a prophetic picture, presents a variety of charms. The supplement is also decidedly good.

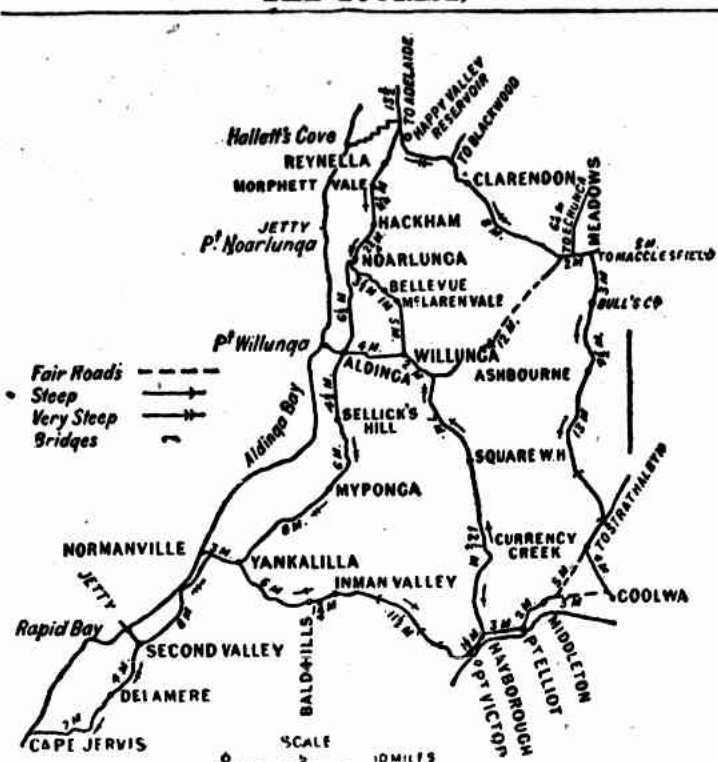
A WORK OF ART.—We have received from Mr. H. M. Cubitt, the Adelaide representative of Messrs. Alexander Gowan & Sons, Limited, a copy of their presentation calendar for next year, which is by no means inferior as a work of art to its predecessors. This time it is a large steel etching of the celebrated picture of the Hon. Mrs. Graham, by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., in the National Gallery of Scotland. The reproduction is admirable. "The Critic," which is issued this week, contains a number of special illustrations and capital short stories. Amongst the writers of the latter are such well-known and popular Australians as Alex. Montgomery and Edward Dyson. The illustrations include a coloured frontispiece, reproductions of Adelaide society belles, views of picturesque spots in the country and at the seaside, and several humorous sketches.



LOOK AT THE CLOCK!

Yes, look at the clock, for Time waits watching; it seems to stand away so rapidly nowadays. And if anything has gone wrong with the clock, or with your watch either, it is to Stevenson Brothers, in Rundle-street, that you should repair. The repairs necessary to the watch or clock will be there attended to by the firm's skilled staff of workmen, and both reliability and moderate charges may be depended on. Nowhere else in South Australia will there be found such a dazzling collection of the best jewellery, precious stones, gold and silver plate and platingware, watches, clocks, &c., &c., as at Messrs. Stevenson Brothers' noted emporium. For those who seek further details of the extensive stock always on hand a reference to this firm's advertisement on the front page of this paper will be useful.

THE TOURIST.



CYCLING ROUTE No. XI.

POPULAR CYCLING TOURS.

THE SCENERY AND THE ROADS.

No. XI.—A GLORIOUS HOLIDAY.

In carrying out the programme of providing interesting tours for the benefit of the cycling fraternity it has been my good fortune to visit many charming places, but none of them can excel the attractions of the localities indicated in the above sketch. We have purposely refrained from publishing it before, so as to bring it more closely before the attention of those planning a Christmas tour. It is almost superfluous for me to commend Victor Harbor, Port Elliot, Middleton Beach, and Goolwa. The three first-mentioned localities are charming places of resort, whilst the last is every season besieged with sportsmen and holiday-makers. There are easy nooks amongst the rocks and numerous places of interest in the localities well worthy of a visit.

As we have previously presented a map embracing a route to The Meadows our present sketch begins at that point, but to aid those who may have missed the article I would suggest taking the train to Aldgate and starting from there. It is not a bad idea to leave by the Melbourne express at 4.30 and have tea at Aldgate, starting fresh for the couple of miles uphill into Mylor, and thence up and down into Echunga, and a glorious downhill run on to The Meadows. In the cool of the evening there is something so fascinating in whirling through the fresh crisp air, passing along an avenue of big timber, with the leaves rustling in the breeze, and the gullies and gardens glistening with their green ananle, and the birds chirping merrily as if happy at the thought of the closing of the day. When going through Echunga be careful not to take the first turn to the left past the second hotel, as that leads to Strathalbyn; but continue for, say a couple of hundred yards, when the road you are on branches off to the left and leads to The Meadows. The down gradient is so gentle and the roads are so good that it is difficult to resist the impulse of scorching through the beautiful glades, more particularly if the shades of night are commencing to assert their claims to possession. I passed through fair Luma east the shadows of the trees across my path, and as here and there an opossum or bird sprang from limb to limb startled at my whizzing past, fairy tales were recalled to mind, and I almost expected to meet an elf king with a colony of hobgoblins dancing on the green. This riding through the hills is glorious, and one is not to be blamed if he dismounts here and there at more than usually picturesque points and stands a while to meditate upon the beauties around him. Let me tell those unacquainted with the route that it is a simple matter to reach the Meadows from Aldgate, and the merest novice can get there with little exertion. In a previous article I dealt with the road leading to Clarendon, and if the reader feels equal to scaling the hills leading to this charming destination he will find the remaining ten miles to The Meadows equally as interesting. There are still some hills to tackle, but the road is excellent, and some lovely coasting can be indulged in down the gradients.

Good accommodation is obtainable at The Meadows unless the little hostelry is overcrowded, and if the visitor can only rise with the sun he will travel over some of the prettiest country in the colony as he proceeds towards Ashbourne. The route lies in a valley with Bull's Creek bubbling at one's feet, and in various parts the opposite side of the road highly banked with overhanging trees offering a shade about 100 ft. in some too energetic in his attentions. At early morn, however, there is no occasion to complain, as invariably the mountain breeze holds sway, and

Rich in charms is that romantic climate

With streams and woods and pastoral valleys fair, And walled with mountains naughtily sublime. A crop of hay at Ashbourne is said to have returned 4 tons to the acre, which is indicative of the rich soil and fertility of the country. The district is a dairy-farming one more particularly, however, and the thirsty traveller need not go short of milk as he passes through. Unfortunately the good roads and picturesque surroundings soon give way to a desolate state of things when two or three miles out of Ashbourne. There is a sandy patch of about five miles in extent which is anything but pleasant to travel over, and in a spell of dry weather is nearly as bad as that between Brentwood and Waroska, on York's Peninsula. The road is dotted here, inasmuch as you get on to a good patch for a couple of hundred yards or so, and as it is downhill you set sail to make up for lost time, when all of a sudden you are plunged into a sandy drift and topple over. Several times I came to grief, though it is scarcely possible to get hurt in the soft going. It was annoying, however, and more so when an old sombre-looking laughing jack burst into a merry trill as I was in the midst of misfortune. In the five miles about a mile has to be walked. This country is known as the Square Waterhole, and is a desolate swampy-looking place. Tourists must expect to rough it occasionally, and after all there is certainly nothing in this trip to deter any one from accomplishing it. The road takes a turn for the better when the first house is reached, and a sudden turn to the left is taken.

A bridge is crossed, and a little further on another one, where a finger-post is supposed to direct the way to Strathalbyn, but is undecipherable. For Goolwa the turn to the right over the bridge is taken. I may mention that at several places along this route there are crossroads leading to Strathalbyn and Finniss on the one side and Willunga on the other, but on the whole they are in bad condition. Leaving the bridge which spans Currency Creek, the township is reached after a mile or two of nice riding, and at this stage the cyclist will appreciate a rest and a chat with some of the courteous residents. A short pinch requires climbing, but once over the hill Goolwa looms forth, and on the beautiful road you are soon in the pretty little town on the banks of the Murray.

With sportsmen there are few more popular places in the colony than Goolwa, and cyclists will find that a week passes all too quickly in sailing down the river on shooting and fishing excursions in the company of the good folk of the district. The hotels advertised in our columns provide excellent accommodation, including baths, and I must confess that the proprietors spare no effort in making one's visit as enjoyable as possible. In fact, the whole of the townspeople seem to combine to lead one with favours. Guns and ammunition are readily obtainable, whilst scores of sailing boats and steamers can be secured with crews at moderate rates. I had heard something concerning the pleasures of boating down the river, but I was hardly prepared for such an enjoyable trip as I experienced with the Mayoral party on Monday last. Leaving the wharf at about 11 o'clock and favoured with a good wind we were soon amongst game of all descriptions, including pelicans, swans, ducks, and geese. The swamps at the back of Towallgery are simply thick with the feathered tribe, whilst over the way and in fact on all the islands some remarkable apies. A surprising phenomenon is the difference in the colour of the water as one reaches the Murray mouth—when one gets from fresh into salt—and it looks almost as if a line has been drawn across the river with the junction that the salt water can come thus far but no further. It is glorious seeing the breakers rolling in at this point. Jacob's Light, Pelican Point, the Mission Station, Point Sturt, Lovelock Bay, Mud Islands, and dozens of interesting places come under notice as one goes along under full sail, and passes through a part of the Goorgon and Lake Alexandrina, around to the eastern side of Hind mark Island, and into the Murray again. Then you pass Rankin's Ferry, Clayton, the mouth of the River Finniss, and Currency Creek. We encircled Hindmarsh Island and covered the forty-three miles in seven hours. It is magnificent sport, and no cyclist should miss an opportunity of making the trip. A pretty beach lies a mile and a half from Goolwa, where there are superb bathing grounds and thousands of cockles. There is a first class road right down to the beach. A large number of boating excursions—not forgetting the annual regatta—are arranged to take place during the holidays, and altogether an enjoyable time is in store for Christmas excursionists.

The road continues good right on to Port Victor—eleven and a half miles—passing by the way Middleton and Port Elliot. I am at a loss to describe this trio of lovely resorts. Rustic-looking Middleton is noted for its sublime beach and shells, and very few visitors to Port Victor fail to patronise it most liberally. It seems just a place where one could hide from the world for a week or two, and thoroughly enjoy oneself exploring the beach and gazing upon the great waves splashing merrily in. Another two miles and the tremendous rocks at Port Elliot come into view, with the town shaded in a hollow and full of visitors seeking health and rest. What a beautiful little place it is, to be sure, with its fortress of rocks in all shapes and sizes, representing elephants, couches, aborigines, and in various other designs. Tourists scale these rocks for hours at a stretch, never seeming to tire of exploring the recesses and filling their lungs with the ocean's breezes. A carriage drive is now made on the top of the rocks. The attractions of the place are so manifold that the hotels and boarding-houses have as much as they can do to accommodate visitors during the holiday season, though this year so many new houses have gone up that the task will not be so difficult. Four and a half miles further comes Port Victor, with the bluff standing boldly out like a pyramid, and the waves tossing, foaming against the breakwater, whilst within the sea is almost stately calm. Out at sea great rocks are seen, and after visiting the three places mentioned Byron's words came forcibly to mind when he wrote—

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast, With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore, Guarded by steep rocks as by a host, Overlaid and then a creek, whose aspect wore A better welcome to the tempter's post;

And rarely ceased the mighty billows' roar, Save on the dead long summer days, which make The outstretched ocean glitter like a lake. From Granite Island some splendid views are obtainable, and it is a glorious sensation lounging about the rocks watching the breakers throwing up their spray. The mighty power of the sea can be realized here on a stormy night, and a feeling of awe creeps over one as he gazes on the angry waves thundering against the rocks. Visitors

should not fail to make an excursion up the Hindmarsh River, which is navigable for two miles from the town. It is only a narrow strip of calm water, running through the hills, but the scenery passed through is lovely, whilst the banks are smothered with foliage, and there are dozens of delightful camping grounds en route. There are tea gardens at the terminus, with shady summer-houses, and in a most picturesque locality. The bluff, lying four miles from the town, should also be visited.

Space will not allow me to deal in detail with the homeward route. If the tourist has the time I should advise him to go through the Inman Valley and on to Cape Jervis, for though there is some stiff climbing, the scenery is superb and the roads good. An alternative is to go through the Hindmarsh Valley to Willunga. The only drawback to either of the routes is the rather long stage without water. Both ways will take you to Aldinga, the Horseshoe, McLaren Vale, Noarlunga, Morphett Vale, Reynella, and on to town. The scenery is something beautiful. A point worth remembering in this trip is that you can enjoy a dip at Goolwa, Middleton, Port Elliot, Victor Harbor, Cape Jervis, Normanville, and Port Willunga. There are some steep pinches at Cape Jervis and right along the route to Noarlunga, and cyclists will do well to have a strong brake.

Next week the South-Eastern trip will receive consideration.

THE JOURNEY TO MOUNT KOSCIUSKO.

Mr. Bernard Ingleby, who recently went to Mount Kosciusko, in company with Mr. Clement Wragge and others, to take charge of the observatory to be established there, has written to us giving a graphic account of the journey, which was not without incident. Writing on the ground, with the temperature at 27°—a contrast to that experienced here recently!—Mr. Ingleby says:—"Our party, consisting of G. L. Wragge (Superintendent), Captain Cliff (observer) and Pocock, and Messrs. Wilkinson (newspaper representative), Korry (photographer), Fowles, and C. Egerston Wragge (observer at Murrumbidgee, a sea-coast station) Bay dog Zoroaster, and yours truly, left Sydney for Cooma by special boudoir carriage, kindly provided by the New South Wales Government. On reaching Cooma we were met by an influential committee, headed by the Mayor, and driven to the Prince of Wales Hotel, where compliments and good wishes were exchanged, and success to the Mount Kosciusko Observatory was drunk with cheers. After dinner we started for Jindabyne, en route to Kosciusko, amid the 'godspeeds' of the crowd which had assembled in front of the hotel to see us off. The road is very level for about five miles out of town, but soon we began to ascend, and in the distance the Australian Alps could just be distinguished with their mighty snow-capped summits towering into the sky.

Next morning (November 3) we started from Jindabyne. A more imposing cavalcade it has seldom been the lot of the Jindabyneites to see. As we crossed the Snowy River we numbered twelve horsemen, six packhorses, and a dray. With the guide, Spencer, in the lead, we travelled for some distance along the banks of the river, turning the mountains on our left. We then turned off sharply and got right among the mountains, with the huge guns, which in these altitudes grow to an enormous size. A few miles further on we forded the Crookwell, or Throatwater River, a stream of considerable size, being fed by the eternal snows on Kosciusko and neighbouring peaks. Here luncheon was partaken of, hunger, as the host said, enabling us to dispense with many of the little refinements of life. In truth, only surface deep—and using in place the knives and forks with which Nature has provided us. At night we collected around a huge camp fire discussing the events of the day and our future movements. "Lights out!" was the order at about 9 o'clock; and, notwithstanding the fact that the thermometer stands at 15° or 17° F. below zero, we soon slept. On the morning there was no sign of a break in the weather, and we had perfect reason to remain in camp, for with the thick fog it would be the wildest folly to attempt a forward movement. We christened our resting place Wragge's Camp out of respect to our honored chief. Our guide was duly apprised of the fact, and a big "W" is carved on one of the gumtrees. When during the day the sun would shine by fits and starts, the camera were turned out, and a *rendezvous*. On Saturday morning we were all up betimes, the weather being beautiful and clear. I had the good fortune to observe the most sublime sunrise that I feel assured either painter or poet in his wildest ecstasy ever imagined. In the valley below lay, like a huge sea of snow, the heavy cumulus clouds, with just here and there the peaks of the neighbouring mountains peeping through the mass of vapour, the whole being tipped with golden flame from the rising luminary. To say that we were entranced at the sight would be but weakly expressing our emotions. All one could do was to stand and gaze in awestruck wonder at this most superb limning from the hand of the Great Master. The country soon became more rugged and alpine, patches of snow occurred at intervals, until we got well into the higher country, with Kosciusko lying some few miles in front of us. Thus the last stages were soon got over, and with many a cheer the summit was reached and congratulations were exchanged."

FOR LASSITUDE, TORPIDITY, SOUR STOMACH, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, &c.,

Take a couple of Fletcher's Pills every second night; they are a prompt and sure cure and give certain relief. FLETCHER'S PILLS are a quick, sure, and reliable remedy for all complaints arising from torpid liver, indigestion, weak stomach, and impurities of the blood. They are prepared on rational and sensible lines, and do not contain a particle of calomel, gamboge, or any drastic purgative, but operate by perfectly natural means, by stimulating the liver and increasing the flow of bile, and thus producing easy evacuations and natural exhalations without the annoyance and pain of griping and purging.

Beware of the many harmful substitutes on sale in many shops. None are genuine unless they bear the signature of F. Moore Clements on the outside wrapper. FLETCHER'S TONIC and FLETCHER'S PILLS have become such household words that imitations are frequently offered. We contend that this imitation is the sincerest proof of their virtue, so sure that you always get the genuine, bearing the name and address of F. M. Clements, Newtown, Sydney.

SEND YOUR SKINS TO H. LAWRENCE, Furrier, Rugmaker, Tanner, and Dyer, 124, RUNDLE-STREET. To be Tanned and Made up into Rugs or Furs. Charges moderate. Work best. Country order prompt attention.

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People Patronize that Prince of Preparations,

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— 100 —

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Dr. G. H. Goodman, engineer,
ANGE, N.S.W., writes on 28th July,
1921: "I have very much pleasure in
giving my testimony to the efficacy of
Clements Tonic. I have been a sufferer
from liver and kidney complaints
for a general debility, for the past two
years. I have been treated by our best
doctors, and also in Sydney, but I was
not cured; so much so, in fact, that I
nearly gave up my position. At last I was
led to try Clements Tonic and I may
safely add that from the first dose I rapidly
improved, and in a few days my illness
was completely cured. I can safely recom-
mend Clements Tonic to sufferers from
the terrible disease. Most gratefully
G. H. Goodman
Engineer,
Orange."

W. H. Smith, Lucknow.
 Sir: Written July 29th, 1904. I have
 much pleasure in recommending Cleon's
 Tonic as a certain cure for influenza and
 other lung and other complaints. I have
 used Cleon's Tonic at the Lewis Hotel,
 Swamp Oak, and I still stock it and
 use a very fair share of it at Lucknow.
 Fresh and vigorous since it has given
 me satisfaction and aided the purpose
 of it was taken out of the system of
 customers have assured me that
 Cleon's Tonic has effected cures when
 other and other medicines have failed to
 do so. Yours faithfully,
 W. H. Smith
 (with J. Davis),
 General Store-
 owners, Lucknow,
 N. W.

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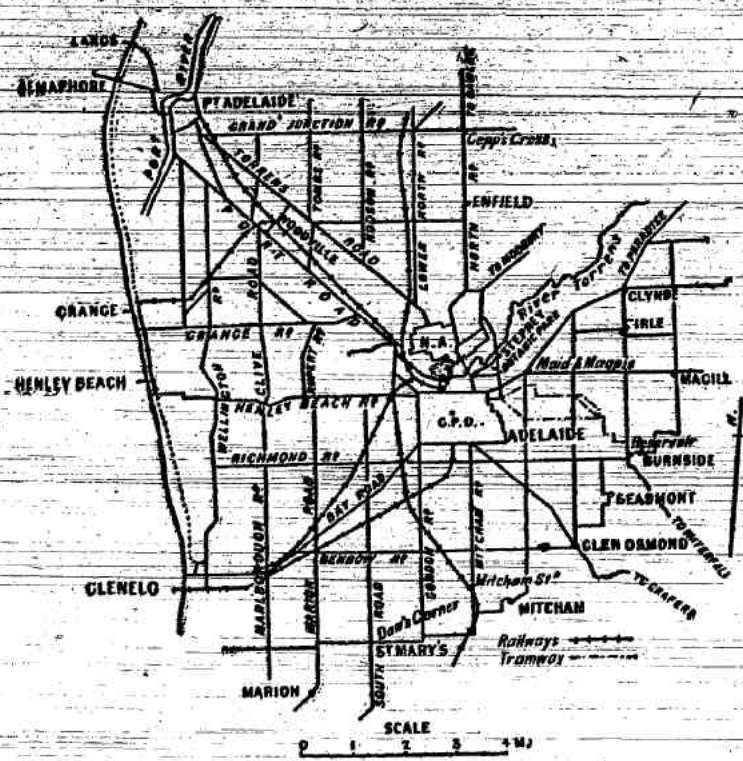
LAW AND CRIMINAL

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For hens, and up to 2a. 9d. for prime ro-
ducks from 1s. 9d. for small birds to 2s. 6d.
prime heavy; geese worth 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.;
from 7d. to 11d. per lb. live weight.

Printed and published daily by ROBERT K. V.
THOMAS, at the *Office of The South Australian*
Advertiser, The Arcade, J. R. G. and The Adelaide
Gazette, Grenfell-street, Adelaide, where all
subscriptions, orders, and communications are
received.

THE TOURIST.



CYCLING ROUTE No. XVI.

POPULAR CYCLING TOURS.
THE SCENERY AND THE ROADS.—
No. XVI.—AROUND THE TOWN.

[By HANDLEBAR.]

The beauties of Adelaide and its environs are comparatively unknown to cyclists, the tendency being to get over as much ground as possible in the least amount of time; consequently the rider notes little else besides the condition of the road over which he is speeding. Adelaide and suburbs offer exceptional facilities to the votaries of the wheel for pleasant tours that, if desired, may extend over many miles, and at no time of the journey need the tourist be more than fifteen or twenty minutes' ride from the General Post-office. Starting from North terrace, the cyclist should go past the Government Domain, turn to the right along the river bank, going by any of the shady paths through the Botanic Park, through East Adelaide by way of the avenues, always taking as a general rule first turn to the left and then first to the right. By this means a zigzag course will be shaped through this suburb after Payneham. Continuing the same route after Payneham is passed, by first turn right and then left, and so on, a course will be taken that will eventually lead to Magill, near to the Reformatory. Here a bee-line past the tramways brings the rider into some open country, where natural roads are the order of the day. A well-defined track leads across the fields at the back of Pitt's Paddock, and we emerge near to Stonyfell. Continuing we pass along to Burnside, and by applying the same rule of taking every turn possible, following the general direction we wish to go, we skirt the foot of the hills and come out first at Glen Osmond, then at Mitcham, then at Goodwood South, and later at Edwardstown. Traversing the South-road past Jordan Park, we run through Marion to Brighton, on to Glenelg, away to Henley Beach, back to Fulham, and across the Roadstead to the Gange, and by the Wellington-road to the Semaphore and Large, finally continuing back to the Semaphore, on to the Port, and back to town by the old road. To those who have never been along the intermediate roads—that is between the route specified above and the city, and there are dozens of them—the plan should be to take every corner possible, keeping the general direction in mind, and by shady nooks pass lovely homes, through leafy lanes. Side roads will be found which will lead the way where beautiful glimpses may be obtained, now at some valley standing as the background to a pretty piece of landscape, and now at the waters of the gulf, with a white-winged vessel speeding along with the wind on its errand of commerce. The roads in the vicinity of Marion and Duneed, and near to Morphettville and Marion, are comparatively unknown. A run through Hilton, past many vineyards and fruit gardens, by fine residences and over good roads, will open up new country and give a pleasant outing to many cyclists who continually putter over the same old tracks. One of the most beautiful runs of all is to take the road out through Medindie and then to ride through the suburbs, Walkerville, and on to North Adelaide, where some of the best houses around Adelaide are situated, finishing up with a run around the terraces, from which splendid views of the city, the river, and the parks may be seen. Lefevre or Pennington terrace especially being remarkable for their beautiful outlook. If the cyclist will only use this general direction as a guide to his whirling wheel he will speedily discover what a picturesque place Adelaide is and will take a pardonable pride in showing it to others.

SCIENTIFIC.

MOTORS UP TO DATE.

A YEAR'S RETROSPECT.

[From the Daily News.]

Rather more than a year has passed since last November 14, when the famous run of the Motor Car Club to Brighton took place. The memory of that occasion will not soon fade from the minds of those who took part in that procession, which proceeded, in all the majesty of mud, along the historic Brighton-road, and reached Brighton—some of it—in the evening of a miserable day. There was not one electric car in the whole of the procession. On the other hand, there were steam and petrol and benzine motors, among which some few reached Brighton in excellent time, despite the horrible conditions of the weather and the road. They were not, however, pleasurable vehicles to travel in, for they buckled, and jumped, and smelt to heaven with burnt steam and the vile odours of mineral oils, and being endowed with a peculiar kind of machinery, which of necessity had to be kept working even while the cars stopped, kept up a perpetual oscillatory motion alike to that of a jelly on a table in a room in which people are moving about. Affairs a year later, however, are very different. For the last twelve months little has been seen or heard of motors, and the public has some sort of an idea that automatically propelled carriages will never be. You can see this temper in the streets, for whenever one of the infrequent cars is drawn up by

of sixty miles along the road, but they must, equally with all other batteries, be then recharged. Because we have not yet reached that pitch of civilization in which recharging stations will be found at every one of the old posting houses on the roads, it will not for a few years yet be possible to run one's private electric carriage for long distances into the country unless a duplicate set of batteries is dispatched by rail. In London and the suburbs and large centres like Birmingham, or even the big seaside towns like Brighton, Hastings, Scarborough, or any others where there are electric generating stations, electric cars will be immediately possible, although it must be no means forgotten that for some little time to come one will not be able to go to the carriage-builder and select one's electric carriage and take it away at once. The industry is just beginning to move, and cannot yet keep pace with the orders pouring in.

INVENTION AND PATENTS.

[Compiled for the Chamber of Manufactures and The South Australian Register by Messrs. Collison and Co., Licensed Patent Agents.]

A novel improvement has been introduced into the trade by some of the bakers in Berlin. Rolls have long been delivered in paper bags to customers, but it has always been the rule to handle these with the fingers, each roll being wrapped in a number of hands before it is delivered at the customer's door, thus to be received by the baker, often not too clean, fingers of the servant. The recent improvement, which has been covered by patents, consists of using paper bags the exact shape of the various sizes of bread turned out by a baker. They are open at both ends, and being slightly longer than the loaf—the ends are turned together with a twist as the loaf is shoved from the oven straight into the bag. This cover will protect the bread from any pollution after it leaves the oven, for it is kept in the paper bag, not only while being handled in the bakery and by the delivery man, but it can be kept there while the loaf is being used, being cut at one end as the loaf is wanted. The merits of the system were at once recognized, and the bakeries that introduced the new improvement gained by its adoption. Since the name of the baker can be printed on the outside of the bag without interfering with its usefulness, the advertisement repays the small outlay.

Steel and concrete in combination are being tried as foundations in San Francisco. A very thin, slight sheet steel is slit perpendicularly in short lengths, and the ends of the slits are straightened, line clear down the sheet, each new slit beginning about 1 in. from the point where the preceding slit ended, and the lines of the slits being about 1 in. apart. This leaves the sheet of steel cut into long strips 1/2 in. wide, but connected together every 1 in. or thereabouts. The sheet is then placed in a machine on two opposite sides and pulled apart, so that all the openings appear in diamond shape. The sheet then looks like a wire grating. It is not ready for use until it has been covered with a bed of sand, and on this is laid the sheet of expanded steel. Over the steel is then laid a layer of concrete. The concrete is tamped into the meshes of the metal, forming a perfect matrix. This makes a foundation that will never give way. Upon it can be laid asphalt, bituminous rock, basal blocks, wood blocks, brick, or any kind of surface pavement desired; the permanency of the entire pavement depending entirely upon the character of the top work.

APPLICATIONS.

For the week ending January 11.

- 5231. Improvements in propelling and braking mechanisms for cycles, G. Bosman.
- 5232. Improvements in and connected with pneumatic tires, E. Leach.
- 5233. An improved starch mixture, E. R. Dinmore.
- 5234. Improvements in and relating to the manufacture of gas, W. H. Russell and G. E. Russell (provisional).
- 5235. Method and apparatus for mixing plaster, W. P. Lay.
- 5236. An improved composition for the treatment of footrot, R. A. J. And.
- 5237. An improved leaf-stemming machine, F. H. Snow.

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE BRAND OF CAIN.

[By JACK RUGBY.]

They were a party of four—mates who had joined company as strangers and worked up a good claim on the fields. They were all illiterate bar one, and to him had been entrusted the business arrangements of the firm. But, like many another man placed in a position of trust, he had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. So also was a considerable quantity of gold, of which he could give no satisfactory account. A meeting had been called at the house of the three to discuss the matter, and Billy Andrews, the hot-blooded one of the party, vowed death to the traitor. He was very young, almost a lad, and had been brought up by a pious mother, who had tried her best to subdue his fiery passions.

The three were seated together in deep convulsion over their wrongs, Andrews was the most excited, and his voice rang out the loudest in angry threats when Moss, the cause of it, stepped into their midst smiling out defiance on them and protesting his had never taken an ounce that was not lawfully his.

"You're a liar and a cheat," cried Andrews. "Am I?" he answered. "I couldn't expect to hear you say much else; nothing suits your vile mouth but abuse."

"You're a cur and a coward as well as a thief; stand up and fight like a man and I'll forgive you."

"You think I would cross fists with the lowest blackguard in the camp?"

"I am, am I? Take that from the lowest blackguard then, and see how low it makes you."

A hot and cry rang out together, and the man fell forward as a peace-offering in the midst of the little party. The passion went out of Andrews as completely as if it had never existed, and he stood looking down on the result of it with indifference. A horror and loathing of himself, his face more ashen-white than that of the dead man. If he had had ten thousand at that moment he would have given it all cheerfully to have brought life back to that inanimate form. The report had brought a crowd of men to their tent-doors, and Dan, recognising the danger and thinking only of the young man's safety, stepped heavily on the shoulder, saying in a hoarse whisper—

"You've done it, mate, and I won't say he didn't deserve it; but you've hundreds to witness again you, if you take my advice you'll run an' try an' save your neck before the beaks come."

But this advice seemed to fall on unheeding ears. Andrews just looked up in a stunned, dazed way, till, chancing to glance down the far end of the gully, he caught sight of a man running full speed in their direction. Another joined, and another till the whole camp seemed astir. With a cry like that of a hunted animal he turned and fled towards the gully towards the hills, leaping over mounds and heaps of clay and mullock, winding his way in and out of deep open shafts till he disappeared amongst the interfering trees and disappeared. Unheeding that he had passed the bend in the gully, never pausing to turn or look back, he still sped on with the fleetness and terror of one pursued. He had neither coat nor hat on, and the sun beat down pitilessly upon him. The sweat rolled off him in heavy beads, his breathing grew thicker and thicker till it sounded like a hoarse whistle, his mouth was parched, and his tongue protruded, but he still sped on.

The long cool shadows of the morning were growing shorter and affording less shade as the sun mounted higher. Up hill and down he had run till at last he instinctively felt himself to be quite alone amongst the solemn stillness of the mountain passes.

Exhausted nature could struggle no longer. He planned back, leaning against a tree. There was no one in sight, not a sound. From the leaning posture he slipped to his knees, and from that he sank full length on the ground gasping and panting.

A purring stream ran a little distance away, but he was too exhausted to reach it. Wherever he looked he seemed to see the still, white face, the outstretched hands, and the pool of blood near by. He closed his eyes to shut out the sight; and, instead of one, he seemed to see a hundred still, white faces turned accusingly upon him. His hands felt sticky and moist. He looked down with a shudder, but it was only perspiration. He could hear it no longer, and, seeing he struggled on, though his limbs almost refused the office of locomotion. Night came and found him still tottering on weak and faint, and chill with the evening dew.

With the ground for a bed and a log for a pillow, he lay and slept through his first awful nightmare. In the morning he awoke to the song of birds and the sweet dewy scent of flowers, and looking round he groaned aloud and dropped his head in his hands. He found some green berries and ate them, and drank some water and went on again.

He travelled so for days till about the fourth or fifth he came suddenly on a new mining encampment. A few weather-beaten tents were dotted here and there; evidently a small party of prospectors.

An old man at one of the tents was busy with some cooking operations, and turned enquiringly as he saw the wild, fugitive figure come across the open space towards him; something in the hunted expression of the man kept him from putting his looks of wonder into words. For already Andrews had every appearance of a man on the alert for fear of an ambush, glancing furtively from side to side as he came up, giving quick furtive glances before and behind to ward off a surprise, for he was once more in the presence of his fellow-men—his sworn enemy henceforth.

"You look done up, mate," said the old man, straightening his back with difficulty, and feeling more apprehension than he cared to display at sight of this bare-headed, half-dressed man.

"You're right; I am done up," he answered, looking hungrily at a large damper just cooking off.

"Can you do a feed?" said the old man, moving hospitably towards the tent.

"I guess I can. Haven't had a bite of bread for nigh a week."

"How come that, mate?"

"Misfortune," he answered, and then lapsed into sullen silence as he watched the other bring forth pannions, tinplate, and horn-handled knife and fork. There was a lump of corned beef and a slice of the new damper. He grasped the lump of meat and commenced to eat voraciously. The other, not seeing the wolf-like hunger, said—

"Never mind the tea, mate; just go ahead. I'll soon have the billy boiling." There was a look about the old man that gave confidence to the younger as he ate and drank; but as his hunger diminished his fear of capture increased.

"It's nigh weather to travel without a hat, mate," ventured the old man as he noticed more humanizing looks come into the other's face as his appetite became satisfied.

"It is. But misfortune never comes singly."

"Sometimes we make our own misfortunes," said the old man, philosophically.

"You're right there," he answered. "At any rate, I made mine. I'll go now," he said, rising as if to intercept a bar of confidence.

He felt near at hand.

"Hold on," said the old man, rising quickly. "I believe I've got a stray hat somewhere about."

A look of gratitude came into his face as the old fellow came back with a soft felt in his hand, evidently his Sunday best.

"It ain't for me, is it?" he asked, forbearing to stretch his hand for it.

"Yes, mate, it's for you, and God keep you from leaving it behind for the same wild flight as you left this last."

Their eyes met, and Andrews's face turned as pale as it could under dirt and sunburn.

"Then you know?" he said in a voice that scarcely sounded like his own.

"Aye; I heard of it this morning."

"Are the heaks out?"

"They are a dozen or more. They haven't been this way yet; but—What's that?"

The sound of distant horn beats sounded down the valley that with every instant sounded louder and nearer. The two men gazed blankly at each other, and something in Andrews's face touched the old man as it had touched Dan.

"It's them," he cried "they're on your track. Run, lad, run down there by the rushes, and I'll save your life if I can." Waiting for no second bidding he turned and fled in the opposite direction from which the horses were coming. The old man stood watching till his Sunday felt hat had disappeared among the rushes, and giving a furtive glance down the valley, he took up a long stick, and began poking at the fire as if getting it in readiness for a fresh damper, the heat and exertion having the desired effect of making his face red. Two troopers rode sharply up to him from among the trees; but he did not seem to hear them till they stood beside him, when he looked up suddenly with a start and slight cry of alarm.

"All alone here?" they asked, looking around suspiciously.

"Dampier," he cried. "Yes, I'm getting ready to make a fresh one, but there's plenty here if you like a feed."

"Oh, dampier be hanged. Are you all alone?" they yelled.

"You must speak louder," said he, putting his hand up to his ear. "I'm a bit deaf. Is it license you've come about?"

"No," said one dismounting and coming up, "we want to know if you've had any strangers in the camp this week."

"No," said the old man, shaking his head stupidly. "Never see a stranger here since we come, 'cept yourselves."

"We are after a man—that shot his mate last Sunday morning. He is supposed to have come this way."

"The black villain. What'd he shoot him for?"

"Oh, just fighting over their share. Moss, the one that Andrews shot, cheated his three mates out of between five and six hundred, and Andrews shot him in his blood. In case he does put in an appearance here," said the trooper, mounting, and looking sternly down, "I warn you against harbouring him."

"No fear, no fear," said the old man, with a look of simplicity and horror blended on his face, and expressing a decent hope that the second would not come his way, while his mates were away. The troopers, completely deceived, rode away, and after waiting some time he made his way down to the tall rushes where the fugitive lay concealed.

"Look here, mate," said he, accosting him. "I don't hold with what you've done. I consider it one of the worst crimes a man can commit to take the life of another. But I ain't your judge, thank the Lord. I know you had great provocation, though no worse than the rest of your mates. Now, I'll tell you what. You see my mates are out prospecting. I'm not any enough to go, so I just stay in camp. They may not be back for a couple of days—at least, they took tucker enough to last that long. Now, the best thing you can do is just to stay where you are for another day and I'll feed you. Give the beaks a chance to get on a bit, anyway. Some of them are like a lot of blubberheads for track-

ing, so I had better go back now for fear I'm watched."

Andrews lay there that day and till the nightfall of the next, the old man being as good as his word fed him all the time.

"And which direction do you mean to take?" he asked, as Andrews stood ready to leave, with an extra shirt on in lieu of a coat, and a bag of tucker in his hand.

"I think I'll make for the Border; my friends are there, and perhaps they may help me to get away."

"Then you'll have to walk through the Ninety-mile Desert?"

"Oh, yes. I tramped it coming over, and I suppose I can tramp it back. It's safer than the coast." He turned to go, looking pitifully at the old man as he did, half extending his hand, and drawing it back with a flush.

"Oh, I am afraid," said the old man, interpreting the action, and grasping the reluctant right hand he pressed it hard saying,

"Good-by, mate, and God be with you."

It was near the dinner hour on a hot October day when a young man, decently clad in a dark tweed suit with a straw hat drawn well over his eyes, came up to a party of hay-makers. He carried a small neatly-rolled awag on his shoulders, and accosting the man asked if there was any change of a job.

A tall thin man with a stern face answered him, inviting him through the fence to see if he knew how to swing a scythe; and after a few strokes it was plain to be seen he could cut a swathe with any of them. He worked on with them till dinner, when they dropped rakes and scythes and went home.

The house was an irregularly built unpresiding wooden structure, the stern-faced man was the overseer, and the woman presiding over the loom was his wife. She was a sharp-faced woman, with a bitter-melodious tongue, that earned her the name of "lusty body," none of their neighbours cared for them, though they were known to be scrupulously honest and upright in all their dealings.

"Who's this you've got?" the woman asked sharply, as she came into dinner.

"A fresh hand," her husband answered shortly.

"A fresh hand. A new chum, you mean," she said, as she put a steaming dish of meaty potatoes down.

"Mind your own affairs, and let the man have his dinner," her husband commanded with a voice as stern as his face; but she seemed to heed neither, as she clattered down a frolic knife and fork.

"Have you come far," she asked handing him his tea.

"From Sydney," he answered, in a quiet voice.

"From Sydney! Oh, that's a long way to come looking for work. I should think there was plenty to be had between here and Sydney. Didn't you try the diggings?"

"No."

"Dear me! All the young fellows hereabouts have the gold fever."

He did not answer, but moved uneasily in his seat, keeping his eyes fixed on his plate.

"What's the matter with your face—have you had an accident?" after trying her best to get him to look up.

"No; that's a birthmark."

"A birthmark! Well, it's branded you pretty well, anyhow."

Before the yokew was out he had got used to her questioning, looking forward to mealtime with a kind of dread. Morning, noon, and night she had something fresh to ask or some remark to make.

"What were you prowling about so late last night for?" she asked, as she came in one morning to breakfast.

"Prowling about," he answered somewhat huskily, looking up, without taking his hat off.

"Yes, prowling about. You frightened the ladies up at the big house."

"I'm very sorry. I was just taking a walk, and didn't mean to frighten any one," he answered humbly, seating himself and taking up the paper.

"I notice you're a great man for reading the paper," she went on.

"It was an utter impossibility for this woman to be in the presence of any one and not talk."

"Yes, I like to see the news," he answered, giving her a further nervous glance as he rustled the sheet.

A few days after this on coming in he found that he and she were the only ones to sit to dinner. She turned round as he entered, giving him a keen scrutinising glance.

"Have you seen yesterday's paper?"

"No," he answered in a thick, husky voice.

"What is it?"

"My description," he gasped, turning pale and drawing his hat lower over his eyes, while the dark powder patch went a purple black.

"Yes," she answered boldly, "your description down to a T. And you stand there condemned. You're the man that shot the man on the Melbourne side. He came a step nearer to her, the white of his face turning a dusky red."

"Do you know what you are saying, you venomous snake? Do you know that you are here at my mercy, and deserve strangling?"

He came a step nearer, with a look on his face that made her own turn a shade paler. "You wretched woman, is it for this that strangers have shottled me from the law? For this that I have come by byway, and desert, and scrub, to be denounced by my own flesh and blood?"

"My God, you're not Andy!" she cried, rising with wild staring eyes.

"Yes, I'm the same unfortunate Andy. She threw her apron over her face with a wild cry, saying—

"What have I done? What have I done? Why did you change your name, foolish boy that you were, and now I've betrayed you! My poor sister! My sister's only son!"

"Yes, it was to get one glance of my poor mother the other night when I went to the big house, and you accused me of prowling about and frightening the ladies." She rocked herself back and forth crying bitterly, her face still covered with her apron, and his anger died away as he looked down at her compassionately. Neither of them heard a sound till a stern voice said—

"Throw up your arms, William Andrews, I arrest you in the Queen's name," and turning he saw a policeman at the open door covering him with a revolver. Andrews came forward saying—

"I have no need; there are no firearms about me, and I am only too glad to welcome you as a relief to my troubled mind and an end to all my misery." And he held his hands out colourfully for the cold steel bracelets they snapped on.

FOR

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DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL

The Miscellany.

LITERATURE.

A FRENCH VIEW OF BRITISH COLONIES.

M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu recently made an extensive tour through Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and he has written a book of travel. In this volume he conveys to the public his "impressions" and the results of his investigations concerning various matters of public interest, not forgetting an enquiry into the reason why British colonization has succeeded so much better than that of France. It is not, of course, the first time that a Frenchman has visited these colonies, and regarded his opinions of the country and its people as worthy of being put into a book. But M. Leroy-Beaulieu, unlike a certain compatriot of his, makes no attempt to palm off old jokes or indulge in literary caricatures of colonists, and he evidently had eyes for something else than intoxicated members of clubs and rabelais story-tellers. Our recent visitor remarks, *inter alia*: "From the example of the bold young countries which form for her a veritable laboratory of social science, old Europe can draw the most useful lessons, if she will take the trouble to examine the experiments which are being made there; and, as the *Spectator* writes in an appreciative review of his work, it is with the object of conveying instruction by example that M. Leroy-Beaulieu has set about his task. There has always been a distinct and remarkable contrast between the origin and the methods of management of British and of French colonies, and the success which has been achieved by the English-speaking races in their efforts to plant the map of the world has been the envy of all other nationalities.

France has aimed at combining colonization with commerce; and, having planted the Tricolor, she seeks to dictate the religion as well as the government of the colonists. Monks are supplied to attend to the former, whilst conscript soldiers are used to enforce the latter. Great Britain, on the other hand, has been careful—at any rate since the blunder-crime in North America—to grant a large measure of self-government to colonists whilst allowing them absolute civil and religious liberty. It is only necessary, in passing, to note that all British colonies have the right of determining their own fiscal policies, even to the detriment of the trade and commerce of the mother country, whilst France permits no such privilege, but seeks at every turn to enrich herself at the expense of her colonists. The spirit of progress which has characterized British colonization has not been the monopoly of any one party so much as the consequence of the operation of a principle, and that principle a French writer some time ago defined by the axiom that without liberal institutions in the mother country no liberal colonial system is practicable. M. Leroy-Beaulieu does not fail to observe the liberty of thought and action which prevails in the colonies, and he seems to have been impressed, equally with Mark Twain, by the number of Churches and the variety of religions claiming adherents. Even at Coolgardie he found evidences of advanced civilization—Churches "with Gothic windows cut in the corrugated iron, a theatre, and cricket clubs," and two newspapers, "from which I learnt quite exactly a change of Ministry in France and the names of the new Ministers." It was also at this lively mining town that M. Leroy-Beaulieu met with a striking example of the "respect for the opinions of adversaries and the freedom of discussion" which in his travels he found to be "universally diffused" among the Anglo-Saxons. He writes:

I had occasion at Coolgardie to be present at a public meeting gathered to protest strongly against the actions of the Western Australian Government with regard to the mining population and the insufficiency of its political representation. Several speakers held forth; one declared that he was neither Democrat nor Socialist; another that he was a Democrat but not a Socialist; a third at last professed himself a Socialist. Sometimes groans, sometimes applause, undisturbed certain phrases; but in the midst of these gold-miners, in this town but three years old, in spite of the relaxing influence of a torrid heat, the most perfect order reigned throughout. Thanks were voted at the end of the meeting to all the speakers without distinction of opinion; a motion of protest was adopted, and the crowd retired in the greatest tranquillity. I thought, not without shame, of the manner in which meetings of this kind are often conducted in France.

If the traveller had visited our House of Assembly, for example, or the Law Courts, he might have heard adversaries denouncing one another in the strongest possible Saxon one moment, and eating sweets together the next, or going out arm-in-arm for a refreshment. But he would probably not have been surprised. The French, as well as British colonists, have hypocritical controversies.

The observant critic from Paris carefully noted the socialistic tendencies of the Australasian Colonies, and he remarks that the excessive size of the urban population "is one of the most striking characteristics" of Australia. But our visitor appears to have been unduly influenced by the visible signs of State socialism and the "half-latin" talk of Socialists. A longer residence among us would have convinced him that a good deal of energy in Australia is expended in more rattle-trap gabbles signifying nothing substantial; that the progress and prosperity of these colonies still depend upon individual initiative and private en-

terprise; and that the "socialistic tendency" is more apparent than real. He describes the attempts to put into practice the beautiful theories of the Communist by the starting of Village Associations on the banks of the Murray, and he quotes from the evidence of a member of the Pyap Settlement given before the Select Committee:

"Were you a Communist when you came here?"
"I was a keen adherent of the land for the people." I believed that we were going to be like brothers and sisters."
"Did it succeed?"
"No; I saw that it could not succeed."
"Do you believe now in the land for the people?"
"No; I believe in land for myself."

M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu met Mr. Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, and speaks of him as "the great statesman, a rival of the founders of the Indian Empire," whilst he recognises that the Boers, "so much suspected and even labelled, have been the pioneers of South Africa, and have opened up the country." Altogether the French traveller appears to have been very favourably impressed with all that he saw and learnt concerning the material advancement of the outermost fringes of the great Empire "upon which the sun never sets." It is estimated that every year Germany loses 100,000 of the flower of her population, and the bulk of them are absorbed by British colonies. A German writer has stated that no people lose their national character sooner than his countrymen; and, he adds, "the children of the German emigrant speak nothing but English, chaff their parents for clinging to their mother tongue," and are proud of being regarded as loyal to the Crown of Great Britain. Be that as it may, the British colonies, with all their shortcomings, seldom fail to convince the foreigner that if he wants liberty of action, and opportunities for the exercise of his energy and ability, he cannot do better than seek these blessings under the protection of the Union Jack. Whilst Mark Twain, that prince of humourists, has issued a book dealing with some of our idiosyncrasies, M. Leroy-Beaulieu has attempted a serious and practical analysis of our good qualities and of our defects. Between the fiction of the American and the facts and conclusions of the Frenchman the student abroad ought to be able to form more correct views than are generally held regarding the British colonist and his country.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

"WITH BAT AND BALL."—Twenty-five Years' Reminiscences of Australian and Anglo-Australian Cricket, by George Giffen, with Hints to Young Cricketers on Batting, Bowling, and Fielding; Ward, Lock, & Co., Melbourne and New York, through Messrs. E. S. Wigg & Son.—The publishers have issued this handy volume at a most opportune time, and it is well worthy the perusal and study of all interested in "the grand old national game." The work is dedicated by permission to the Cricketing Associations of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia; and luminous letterpress is charmingly illustrated with remarkably clear and well-selected portraits and other pictorial productions. Mr. Giffen remarks in his preface:

"The writing of these reminiscences and reflections has been an intense pleasure to me, for it has enabled me to fight over again many stirring contests, and if the perusal of them should give the reader one-half as much satisfaction then will the labour expended in my task not have been wasted."

As one does not know the exact measure of gratification which Mr. Giffen has enjoyed in the rule of proportion which is suggested, but undoubtedly those who consult the book will find much diversion and instruction in the process. The nominal author's genius impels him to play cricket and not write about the game, and it is no disparagement of him to express a doubt whether some of the well-turned sentences in his volume were of his own manufacture. Indeed, in the most emphatic and generous way possible Mr. Giffen acknowledges his indebtedness in this connection to Mr. Clarence Moody, "whose cricket writings in *The S.A. Review* under the nom de plume of 'Point' are well known." Relative to the volume before us a detailed criticism is not necessary. We need only say that its pages are bristling with figures and facts pleasantly interspersed with anecdotes and humorous anecdotes. One good thing only the book lacks—it has not an index.

"AUSTRALASIAN DEMOCRACY," by Henry De R. Walker, T. Fisher Unwin, London.—This volume gives from an outsider's standpoint a fairly accurate sketch of the broad aspects of Parliamentary government in the colonies. The author was in South Australia during the general election of 1896, and he seems to be a clear-headed and discerning man. His book contains indications that attempts were made to "stuff" him in the interests of what is called "Democracy" as represented by the Ministry; but Mr. Walker was not so much deluded as he might have been reasonably expected to be in the circumstances. His descriptions of the governmental systems of the colonies epitomise the leading principles which are supposed to characterize responsible government. To his local references little exception can reasonably be taken if regard be paid to the fact that his principal sources of information were evidently Ministerial. His literary style is commendably clear, and apparently he possesses what an old-time recorder was accustomed to call "a pretty wit." There is, for instance, more than a suspicion of sarcasm in his allusion to the Kingston Ministry as an Administration which came into office to put the finances straight. He does not add that instead of accomplishing its self-imposed task that Ministry has introduced further coils into the financial tangle, but he does significantly comment upon the fact that these who were supposed to be the administrators of the law of the country broke that law in general and in detail in connection with the village settlements. The author does not lay any such stress as he might upon the gross misrepresentations which were so frequently made to Parliament in relation to the foredoomed experiment of political amateurism on the Murray banks, but his attention was arrested by the extent to which the Ministerial squandering of public money was carried. Still with more than a suspicion of sarcasm Mr. Walker alludes to the Ministry as "Liberal," and leaves the public to decide for themselves whether he intends any reference to liberality with the taxpayers' money as applied to impossible Socialist enterprises. It is rather amusing and significant that he makes a special point of explaining that when he says "Liberal" and "Conservative" he does not

mean Liberal and Conservative in the sense in which the terms would apply in the old country. "Australasian Democracy" is worthy of a place in the library as a succinct and generally trustworthy summary of the political position as it is in Australia to-day. The general interest of the work is increased by the addition of a special chapter descriptive of a visit to Coolgardie.

"BUSHYRAMS," by Guy Boothby; Ward, Lock, & Co., London and Melbourne, through E. S. Wigg & Son. A presentable book of short stories, some dramatic, and all interesting, and showing more literary finish than is displayed in some others of the author's works. The scenes in nearly all cases are distinctly Australian, whence perhaps the rather mystifying title of the book. It is a capital volume for desultory reading on a holiday.

"DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE," by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett; George Bell & Son, London, through Messrs. E. S. Wigg & Son. The graphic sketches which the restlessly energetic Mr. Fitchett contributed to the *Melbourne Free Press* some time ago have now been reproduced in a neatly setting, and with suitable illustrations. As is only natural in the case of a man of the Church, the author half-apologetically explains that "the tales he tells were written not to glorify war, but to nourish patriotism." His vivid and attractive style, however, will probably lead to one result as much as to the other. With which double-barrelled compliment we leave to the reader a highly interesting and entertaining volume which he should purchase and cherish.

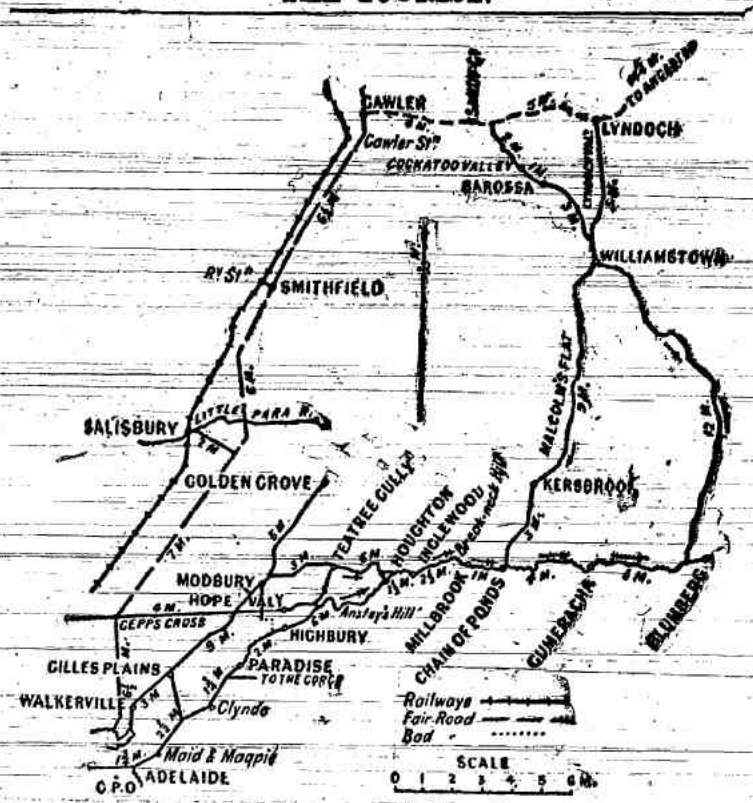
THE EXPLORER.

LIEUTENANT PEARY ON ARTIC EXPLORATION.

Lieutenant R. E. Peary, of the United States Navy, gave an address before a very large and distinguished audience at the Royal Geographical Society, descriptive of his explorations in the north of Greenland. Sir Clements R. Markham presided.

Lieutenant Peary began by observing that Arctic exploration was a subject in which British minds had been interested for centuries. He proceeded to give a resume of his experiences and discoveries in the course of the series of expeditions which he has carried out in Greenland during the last eleven years. There were very few, he said, who had a realized sense of what Greenland was really like. To-day Greenland had no interior—it was simply a great white snowfield, an African Sahara, compared with which the African was insignificant. On the surface of that frozen surface the traveller sees but three things in all the world outside his own party—an infinite expanse of snow, an infinite expanse of sky, and the stars. He gave a graphic account of the difficulties and privations the party underwent in the attempt to push northwards across the ice in connection with the expedition of 1893, and mentioned how they returned to headquarters with one dog alive. There were three or four days' march left in them—with the assistance of the dog (Laughter). One thing of interest to dog-lovers which he mentioned, was the transportation of snow by the wind, which was almost always blowing there. Coming to more recent expeditions, he referred to his location of the famous iron mountain of Sir John Ross, with their nuggets of iron, one weighing about 1,000 lb. and another about 6,000 lb. In one case the size of the nugget could not be determined, because it was buried in the ground. The Eskimo legend in regard to these was that they were originally an Eskimo woman and her dog which were thrown out of high heaven and landed in that inhospitable region. A woman, 6,000 lb. in weight, was the source from which the Eskimo obtained their iron supply for generations. However that might be, by means of this treasure of iron an entire tribe had been enabled to pass from the stone to the iron age. They were able to distinguish these masses of iron from steel, to know what their capabilities were, and they devised the means of utilizing them. In regard to the result of these expeditions, on his return in 1895 it came to be driven in upon him that the capabilities of Greenland ice as a means of getting north were exhausted, and he then formulated a plan for further work in case the problem of the north had not been solved by the time he returned. With the return of Jackson and Nansen he felt the time had arrived to present his project for the continuation of Polar exploration. The fact that there seemed to be no land of considerable extent anywhere in the southern segment of the Polar basin seemed to eliminate that region from further consideration as a possible means of reaching the Pole. Accordingly, he had formed the plan of advancing to Sherard Osborn Fiord, in 82° north latitude, in a ship manned by the smallest possible crew, and, having taken on board eight or ten picked Eskimo who had promised to accompany him on the enterprise, he would land the provisions and send back the ship. He knew, he said, every man, woman, and child of the entire tribe. He would take the most effective young men in the tribe, the most loyal and energetic drivers, with their sledges, their canoes, their weapons, all their belongings, and transport them to the furthest possible point. There he should establish a colony, a settlement which should be normal, just like an ordinary settlement, only 200 or 300 miles further north than ever they had been before. Slogging parties would advance supplies north-eastward along the coast by short, comfortable distances of 25 or 30 miles, distances if possible that could be made in a day. He should continue that operation until the most northerly point of land was reached, wherever that might be. They knew that there was land there up to within 350 miles of the Pole. He felt there was a probability of land in one shape or another extending to 85° N., with the possibility that it extended further. Having wintered at this most northerly point, he would then, perhaps in February or March, start with two or more still further selected people, and endeavour to make the distance to the Pole and back again by what some might call a dash. If there was unbroken sea ice from that most northerly point to the Pole, the journey might be accomplished in three or four months. Men could travel in that region and keep in good condition for a length of time. Suppose the ice was impassable, what then? In that case he would return to his Eskimo colony, spend the winter there and wait for the spring. If the conditions were not favorable the second year he would come back and start again the third, and so on. He was prepared to wait four or five years if necessary. He believed that at one season or another the door was open or could be opened, and the man who was in a favourable position to open it would get where he wanted. (Cheers.) The subject was illustrated by a large number of photographic views, thrown on a screen, conveying a vivid idea of the physical features of the country both in summer and winter, vegetable and animal life, the dress and so forth of the natives, and the life of the explorers. On the motion of the President, a most cordial vote of thanks was given to Lieutenant Peary for his exceptionally successful lecture.—Times.

THE TOURIST.



CYCLING ROUTE NO. XVII.

POPULAR CYCLING TOURS. THE SCENERY AND THE ROADS.—NO. XVII—GAWLER TO GUMERACHA.

[By HANDLEBAR.]

In this sketch we have given the much-despised Gawler-road, and can only add that though it is rideable the trip is none too pleasant. Leaving Gawler, flux-carting has cut up the track to Sandy Creek, but on turning south-east an improvement sets in, and the cyclist passes through interesting country mostly in its native state on to Williamstown. Crossing a bridge the surroundings are most picturesque, being undulating and wooded on to Kersbrook. A glorious downhill run follows through gardens and well cultivated holdings that are in marked contrast to the unsightly Gawler-road. Three miles takes you to Chain of Ponds, when you are amongst the hills with a vengeance. The roads are good, and the accommodation ditto. The map shows that you can go on to Lyndoch and then branch off to the Williamsdown track. It was good travelling when I passed through. As the rest of the route is described in the sketch dealing with "Around the Hills," further comment is needless.

OLD-TIME MEMORIES.

SOME OLD LANDMARKS. SIXTY YEARS OF SHIPPING AT PORT ADELAIDE.

[By AN AUSTRALIAN.]

And yet they tell that once the wind To music here was wed,
Made lullies of lovely bouquets, and thinned
The green leaves from the dead;
That here the flower came and went,
The wild bee hummed at noon,
The curlew's lonely life was spent
From morn to evening moon;
The white-winged bird sought the rim
Of yonder pool untroubled;
And here the waves were used to swim,
The warrials were heard.

Sixty years have rolled away since the pioneer trading ship entered the stream now known as the Port River. No sign is left to indicate that the now spacious harbour was once half swamp and half creek, and the St. Vincent-street of to-day a mud pool. The growth of the Port itself has been so rapid that within the memory of living men the town which rose on the land reclaimed at such great cost has in turn vanished so completely that scarcely one old landmark remains to which we can point and say "There is a relic of the days gone by." One by one the rude but useful appliances erected by our fathers to assist in landing and storing cargo have been swept away to make room for the splendid wharfs, stores, warehouses, mills, and factories which now adorn the chief port of the colony. The only old landmark worthy of the name now to be found is a wooden house facing St. Vincent-street, and not far from the Town Hall. The frame of this was imported from England, and the structure did service for some years as the headquarters of the old "Trinity House and Harbour Trust Board" which afterwards became the Marine Board of South Australia. Could the old house be made to relate the changes effected since it was first set up—a mansion amongst huts—what a tale would be unfolded for the gratification and possibly the instruction of young Australia. That weather-beaten, ant-eaten old house has stood there whilst a great harbour and a thriving town have been evolved from a muddy creek and a collection of huts—to say nothing of the transformation from the old-time sailing ship to those floating palaces which have reduced the voyage to the old world to a pleasure trip combined with comforts of which our fathers never dreamed.

THE OLD PORT.
In 1836 Colonel Light, to whose wisdom and foresight South Australia owes so much, arrived in the Gulf, and after carefully inspecting the various localities suggested as suitable for the capital, decided—in spite of much opposition—to fix the site upon the banks of the Torrens. The presence of a good supply of fresh water had something to do with the choice, and so had the natural drainage and quality of the surrounding land and the nearness of the hills, which formed a splendid background. The shallow arm of the sea which runs inland from the eastern shore of the Gulf attracted the attention of Colonel Light from the first. In an official report dated February, 1837, he wrote:

I have no hesitation in saying that when the entrance is properly buoyed—ships drawing 16 ft. of water may go in with ease; and when in there is not a safer or more commodious harbour in the world for merchant ships.
A ship of 400 tons was considered above the average in those days; but, even so, the experiment was a daring one. About a mile further up the creek than where Jervois Bridge connects Port Adelaide with Lefevre's Peninsula the mangrove swamp was only 400 yards across, and this was the spot where Port Adelaide was first formed. The marvel is that owners and mas tolerated the place at all. Ships could lie only in mid-stream, and a ditch was cut through the swamp, 30 ft. wide and 3 ft. deep at high water, to the sandhills on the Adelaide side. At the end of this pilos of pinewood, capped with quaternary, formed an embryo jetty, and boats were used to lighten the ships. As the ditch was dry when the tide went out, and three or four crews were often waiting at one time to use it, the delay and irritation

became very serious, and fights often took place owing to the rush for first place when the tide rose. On this rude wharf, without any shelter, would be stacked flour, vegetables, timber, general merchandise, and emigrants' luggage of all kinds. Horn, too, cattle, sheep, and horses had to be landed. Ships often arrived so rapidly that the bullock teams used to convey the goods to Adelaide at £3 per ton could not cope with the traffic. If the tide rose very high it flooded not only the jetty and goods, but also the road close by, and the language of the bullock-drivers was often more forcible than classical as they found the loaded dray sink to the axle in slush. All fresh water required by ships had to be carted from the Torrens, and an interesting letter addressed to the Governor, dated February 1, 1837, runs thus:

"We beg to suggest the removal, so far as it lies in your power, of one serious evil under which we labour, namely, the want of a regular supply of fresh water. So far all wells dug have been failures, and the only alternative now left us is to employ our crews in carrying, under a scorching sun, a very insufficient supply, when they should be engaged in landing cargo. We suggest that two or three yokes of oxen be employed daily in carrying water from the Torrens to the ships."

This memorial was signed by owners and masters then in port. Later on fresh-water springs were struck close at hand. Even more serious was the total absence of outward cargo of any kind. Even good ballast could not be obtained at this port, and some vile stuff, well tintured with curious botanical specimens, was thrown into the ships' holds at 10s. per ton to enable them to proceed to India or China in quest of freight. These vessels carried mails with them, and it was considered lucky if an answer to letters was received from England within twelve months after the ships left Port Adelaide. The Port also secured a bad name for desertion, the high wages for land labour being a great temptation to sailors to leave their ships and turn farmers. On the whole the old Port was neither a credit nor a means of grace to the young settlement, and in 1839 it was agreed—the South Australian Company having cleared and drained the land—to shift the Port to its present site.

THE NEW PORT.
The first attempt to mark the channel was confined to the erection of a few "baskets" and "diamond" buoys, which some years later gave way to a proper system of buoys, lit at first by gas. This form of illuminant proved a failure, and kerosene was used until a few months ago, when the electric light was fitted up, and the Port Adelaide channel is now one of the best-lighted harbours in the world. The entrance was guarded for many years by a lightship, which in turn was superseded by the present lighthouse. Although there have been several more or less serious groundings on the various shoals surrounding the mouth of the river, there has been only one total wreck—that of the Grecian, which was stranded on the inside bank near to the lighthouse, and about half a dozen people were lost from the rescue barges.

The Corporation was proclaimed during 1855, and in the same year telegraphic communication with the city was established by private enterprise. In 1856 the railway was opened, and the foundation-stone of the Town Hall was also laid in the same year. How great has been the progress made during the last forty years may be gathered from the fact that the Press of that time refers to a "wonderful record" constituted when "120 tons of cargo was landed at MacLaren Wharf in ten hours" from a schooner. Ships then had to complete loading in midstream, as there was not sufficient water at the wharf. Dredgers, steam cranes, and railways have altered all that, and the Port is to-day a monument of wise and far-seeing enterprise, taking its place among the harbours of the world.

SHIPPING PROGRESS.
Let us glance at the comparative tonnage of ships arriving in our waters to-day, and then at those of half a century ago. Our pioneer trading ship was the Duke of York, which touched land on July 28, 1836. She was followed by the Lady Mary Pelham, 206 tons; Rapid, 162 tons; Cygnat, 239 tons; Emma, 164 tons; Africane, 316 tons; Jam o' Shanter—the first ship to run aground in the Port River—and the Buffalo before the end of the year. Any one of these tiny craft could be stowed away on board one of our modern liners, yet they were a fair sample of the ships of that day. Living in the age of steam, passenger liners, fitted up with state-rooms, municipal halls, ice and bath rooms, promenades, artificial ventilation, and electric lamps, we can form no conception of the horrors endured by immigrants stowed away for six months in the mere truss—dark, foul, and evil-smelling—of half a century ago. The first works at sea, when the human beings, who were crowded like sheep, suffered from sickness, must have presented a scene akin to Milton's "lazar-house," while to lay becalmed in the tropics would be like a descent into Hades. Those who saw the crowds of gold-seekers packed on westward-bound steamers a couple of years ago may form some faint idea of the state of things when 250 souls were packed into a ship of 350 or 400 tons for a voyage round the Cape.