



Andrew, photo.

MATAKĀPA'S PEOPLE DELIVERING ARMS TO THE "BADGER," APIA, SAMOA.

world pastime of the sail seas, there will be some at least to follow and enjoy them, and the big costly yachts and the stokers and engineers will not have the great sea altogether to themselves.

### DREAMS AS A CURE

An English physician claims to have discovered a new and efficacious cure for persons afflicted with nervous or mental maladies. If such persons, he says, can only procure pleasant dreams, they will soon regain their health, and his aim is, therefore, to furnish them with delightful dreams.

For this purpose he uses a soft leather cap, which covers the patient's head and ears and leaves only the face uncovered. Beside the ears are placed two metal plates, which are joined by a rubber tube to a phonograph. The patient rests on a divan in a dark room and in front of him is a sort of magic lantern, from which are projected at brief intervals various enjoyable pictures. In this way, it is claimed, the eyes of the sick person are delighted, while at the same time his ears are soothed by the vibrations of the phonograph.

As a result, weariness comes upon him and is soon followed by slumber, and it is while he is dosing in this manner that happy dreams are evoked, thanks to the phonograph and the stereopticon. After this slight slumber comes a deep sleep, which, we are assured, is always most beneficial.

Several tests of this kind have been made with success and it is said that not only are tired nerves refreshed by this method, but that the patient's body also rapidly increases in weight. That pleasant sounds and sights are soothing to the nerves we have all known for a long time, but that pleasant dreams have a tendency to make persons fat will certainly be news to the general public.

Last chapter of an up-to-date novel: "And so they were married and lived very happily together, not being divorced until the middle of the third year."

Sir Lancelot, which spread over an acres of canvas, her mainmast being just over 200 feet high; the Lillies, which often logged 365 miles a day; the Thermopylae, which ran on one occasion 380 miles in a day, an average of over 15.8 per hour, with the wind on the beam; and others whose names were synonymous for glory and speed. But only with a wind! In a calm, or when put to sleep by the doldrums, such noble hulls would lie paralysed for days and weeks; and caught on a lee shore or embayed, would go aground before a storm at which the Royal yacht would laugh while she gallily steamed to windward in the teeth of blast and billow. The gods, says the old Greek proverb, sell everything at a fair price. They have taken away the glory and beauty of the ocean along with the vanished "sails of silk and masts of sandal," which were so poetic and so perilous, and given us instead the power and safety of the steam vessel, the hideous massiveness of those mighty battle-ships which Lord Salisbury himself—whose diplomatic victories are notoriously founded upon them—has not hesitated publicly to describe as "ugly great whales imperfectly harpooned."

Yes, when he thinks of this lovely and majestic and palatial new pleasure craft of the Queen, the true sailor—the sincere yachtsman even—cannot but feel a little pang, as well as a great deal of pleasure and pride. She means—what all these great, expensive, powerful and commodious steam yachts mean—that, even as to the mere pastime of the sea, the engineer has conquered the sailmaker, and that the stoker has displaced the seaman. But whoever has felt the secret charm and mystery of the deep knows well how much has been lost as well as gained. It must be as it is. Time is too precious nowadays for whole fleets to lie in port waiting for a favourable breeze; and who would wish Her Majesty to beat across the Channel on board a fore-and-after against such a north-easter as delayed her at Cherbourg? Meantime, for those who will taste the deepest joys of the main, the winds are there still, and the wild free waves, and the sweet salt air untainted by smoke-shaft and oil-can. In a 25 ton cutter or yawl, let alone larger craft, the modest yachtsman can and will still take his sea pastime, as the Vikings and the old explorers took it—holding his little boat to her work as she dances down the wind, or glides and slides against it, beholden to nothing for her speed and safety except the breeze and her faithful build. With two or three hands to work his floating home he may still enjoy a pleasure impossible to these magnificent palaces of the

ocean, and, like the poet, may sing, "My beauty, my barque! at sea with the winds and the white clouds and me, the low shore soon will be down with the moon, and none on the waves but we." He can partake, as no opulent owner of the great modern yachts ever will, of that supreme delight, when, obedient to his touch upon the tiller, and close-hauled to the right

inch, his boat takes the leaping bow-waves in broken rainbows, and leaves behind her a long double creamy wake upon the green expanse, which has no fences, no boundary, no owner except the man who understands its ways and will and who knows how to reap its freshness and freedom and to escape its treacheries. While such delights are still to be had from the old-

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