

of alpine underbush. And thence for a distance of 2½ miles there are obtained swiftly succeeding glimpses of waterfalls, fissured cliffs, and plunging rapids. The coach-road twists down the canon, sometimes bunched out of the rock and overhanging the foaming river 200ft. below; at other places the traveller is carried along on timber buttresses almost level with the water, crossing and recrossing the stream on single-span bridges of 120ft. clear, which appear dwarfed by the surrounding magnitudes, until, sweeping round a bush-clad spur, the stage of Otira is reached at the junction of the Rolleston River. This small settlement consists of the hotel, roadman's cottage, and Cobb and Co.'s stables. The telephone and post-offices are located in the hotel, which commands an extensive outlook on the surrounding mountains.

### CHRISTCHURCH. "THE CITY OF THE PLAINS."

Christchurch, the capital city of the rich Canterbury province, which we illustrate this week in our supplement, is situated on the plains about seven miles from Port Lyttelton. It is practically level, the original portion of the city being laid out in rectangular form, two miles by one and a quarter, and intersected diagonally by a street. All the principal streets are 60ft wide, and the city has consequently a fine open aspect. This effect is increased by several open spaces, such as Cathedral Square, right in the centre, where the Cathedral, Government Buildings, and other substantial buildings give an air of well-built appearance to the place. We give two views of the Cathedral, which is, perhaps, the finest ecclesiastical building in the colony. It has a lofty spire which dominates the city. At very infrequent intervals Canterbury has been visited by earthquakes, and on two occasions this spire has suffered considerable damage, and it is not so long ago since its restoration was completed. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, of which we give a picture of the exterior, is another fine pile. It was finished last year. In the year 1903 three adjoining boroughs were amalgamated with the city, and were known as Greater Christchurch. This increased area, together with the suburbs, has a population of about 60,000. Christchurch is rich in its parks, such as Hagley Park, 400 acres in extent; Domain and Botanical Gardens, 79 acres; and Lancaster Park; but it is particularly fortunate in the river Avon. The Avon makes the town from a scenic point of view, and the citizens are naturally very proud of their river. It meanders right through the city, and its willow clad banks are spanned by handsome bridges at frequent intervals.

Christchurch is particularly interesting at the present time in view of the great preparations being made for the International Exhibition, which is to be opened there in November next.

### RHEUMATIC WRECK.

**Mrs. S. A. Bowie, Dunedin**  
Twenty Years a Cripple  
Best Doctors Baffled.  
Water-Logged with Dropsy.  
Dying of Heart Failure.  
To-day Strong and Healthy  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Rheumatism took me in the prime of life," said Mrs. S. A. Bowie, wife of Henry Bowie, caretaker of the Otago Rowing Club Sheds, Jetty-st., Wharf, Dunedin. "For twenty years it did not let me have one single solitary day free from pain. For five years I was an absolute cripple with it. No words can tell the agony I went through. Many a time I prayed for death. Four doctors agreed that I could not stand the torture for more than two years at the outside. The pain alone would kill me. I thanked heaven with all my heart when dropsy and heart disease came to put a stop to my terrible sufferings without waiting all that time. I had given up all hope when Mr. Bowie read about a case nearly the same as my own which was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tried them—and here I stand to-day completely cured. It is a positive miracle. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills snatched me from the very edge of the grave.

When rheumatism first attacked me I was then living on the West Coast, at Colden, near Greymouth," said Mrs. Bowie. "My ankle suddenly swelled up and the pain was frightful. The doctors treated me for a bad sprain but I got worse and worse. At last I was a confirmed invalid. The swelling spread up one leg and then began in the other. That showed it was no sprain. It must have been in my blood. I cannot find words to describe what I suffered. The pain broke down my nerves and undermined my whole health. I had no appetite, and my back was always aching. But, worst of all, was my heart. The least noise made it jump and thump like mad for a few minutes—and then it seemed to stop beating altogether. I never knew when I might drop dead with it.

"All this time I was growing worse and worse. I hated the sight of food, and began to lose all strength. I used to wake up in the dead of night in a cold sweat. Often the bedding was soaked through. Somebody had to keep wiping the sweat away. I was so weak from it that I could hardly lift my head. All this time I was suffering untold torture from rheumatism. For five years I drifted on in this low weak state, and the doctors told me I could not live another two years.

"They ordered me away to a better climate, so Mr. Bowie brought me over here to Dunedin, where he soon built up a business in shipping circles. But the change did me no real good. I was a hopeless case. My legs swelled bigger and bigger. It must have been dropsy. My flesh was as soft as dough. When I pressed my finger on my legs, I could actually bury them in the flesh. I could not get my boots on. Walking was out of the question. I could only crawl at best. My life was one miserable round of pain. I saw nothing to live for, and often prayed to God that life pain would kill me.

"By this time I had given up all hope." Mrs. Bowie went on. "Of course, I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I only smiled at the thought of using them. Then, one day, when suffering more than ever, Mr. Bowie read of a case almost exactly like my own. He read it over and over again to me, and it gave me fresh hope every time.

"It was in November, 1903, that I sent to the grocer's for my first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I fancied that even that first box did me good. Certainly it gave me an appetite. I got more, and kept taking them till February, 1904. Little by little, the dropsy in my legs went down. The piercing rheumatic pains eased up in my joints and muscles. My heart became sound and strong. My nerves were braced up wonderfully. In a few weeks, instead of looking like a corpse, I got a clear skin and fresh colour. As my strength came back, I was able to get up and walk. Now I am in the best of health, and just delirious to keep going all day with my housework. There's no doubt but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills worked a miracle when they cured me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills worked this miracle by actually making new blood for Mrs. Bowie. They do just this one thing—but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They just strike straight at the root of all blood diseases like anaemia, skin trouble, biliousness, indigestion, liver complaint, headaches, migraines, kidney troubles, lumbago, rheumatism, saltiness, nervousness, neuralgia, general weakness, decline, consumption (in its early stages), locomotor ataxia, and the secret ailments that come to girls and women when their blood becomes weak, impure, or irregular. Through the blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all these just as surely as they cured Mrs. Bowie. But, of course, you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all retailers, and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, at 3/ a box, six boxes 16/6, post free.

### Tactful Quaker.

Some time ago there lived a gentleman of indolent habits who spent his time visiting among his friends. After wearing out his welcome in his own neighbourhood he thought he would visit an old Quaker friend some twenty miles distant.

On his arrival he was cordially received by the Quaker, who, thinking the visitor had taken much pains to come so far to see him, treated him with a great deal of attention and politeness for several days.

As the visitor showed no signs of leaving the Quaker became uneasy, but lured it with patience until the eighth day, when he said to him:

"My friend, I am afraid thee will never come again."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said the visitor. "I have enjoyed my visit very much and shall certainly come again."

"But," said the Quaker, "if thee will never leave, how can thee come again?"

# MUSIC AND DRAMA.

## OPERA HOUSE.

Under the Direction of J. and N. TAIT.  
Manager ..... P. STEPHENSON.

A HIGHLY INTERESTING AND EDUCATIONAL TREAT.

Commencing FRIDAY, 6th APRIL.  
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The Greatest Living Picture in the World, showing LIVING LONDON.

In all its Pomp and Poverty, its Costers, Hawkers, its Bond-st., and its Mile End Bungs. That no detail may be lacking, no phase of life overlooked, our Pictures have been selected by our artists, who have an intimate knowledge of the subjects allotted to them. Many of the places are household words in the literature of the day. All have loyally borne in mind the particular purpose of our task. That purpose is to present for the first time to the English speaking public a complete and comprehensive survey of the myriad human atoms which make up this ever changing kaleidoscope, the mightiest capital of the world—Living London in the reign of King Edward the Seventh. The London of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Pitt, of Gladstone, of John Bright, of John Ruskin, of Chamberlain.

Prices of Admission—3/ 2/ 1/.

A Synopsis of the Scenes given away at Wildman and Arey's.  
Day Sales at Grove's and Carter's.  
MATELSE, SATURDAY, 7th APRIL.  
Children, half price to all parts.

Touring Manager ..... G. D. PORTUS.

In their usual strenuous way Mr Geo. Lauri and his associates of the Royal Comic Opera Company, are now working up the open air carnival in aid of the Sydney Distressed Actor's Fund.

Misses Madeline Webbe and Gertrude Spooner, of the Webbe School of Music, Auckland, have acceded to the request of a number of Wellington musicians to give a pianoforte recital, which is to take place in the Wellington Town Hall on the 10th of April. The recital will have the patronage of the Right Hon. the Premier, and his Worship the Mayor of Wellington.

Mr Charles Frohman has another novelty in store for London playgoers, in the production during the current season of an American play, in which English actors will appear in the first act, the scene of which is laid in England, while American actors will be engaged for the other acts, which will have American scenes, representing life among the cowboys and Indians. The play, which is entitled "The Squaw Man," has been given nearly 150 times at one theatre in New York, and is still running.

The anniversary of the birth of the late Sir Henry Irving was reverently marked recently, when a number of wreaths were placed over his grave in Westminster Abbey. One of them bore a cord on which was written, "In affectionate and ever-loving remembrance of his birthday, from his old and sorrowing friend, J. L. Toole." Another wreath was sent by "Six Old Lyceum Pittites," and a third of laurel leaves bore the inscription:

I shall remember while the light lives,  
And in the darkness I shall not forget.

Mr J. L. Toole, by the way, has been presented, at his house at Brighton, with the watch-chain, seal, and combined sovereign purse and matchbox which the late Sir Henry Irving was wearing when he died. The sovereign purse and matchbox were given by Mr Toole to his old friend as a birthday present on February 6, 1894, and the contents remain as they were on the night Sir Henry passed away. The presentation was made by Mr Laurence Irving on behalf of himself and his brother, Mr H. B. Irving.

The first general meeting for this year of the Auckland Society of Musicians took place at the Society of Arts rooms on Monday night, when there was an exceedingly large attendance of members and their friends. The president (Mr. W. H. Webbe) occupied the chair. In his opening address he stated that the society never was in a better condition numerically and financially than at the present time. He strongly urged members to use their utmost endeavours to also make it an artistic success, and trusted that the Council would be able to devote more time to the society's work than had been the case hitherto. He explained the objects of the society, one of which was the admission of duly qualified professional musicians, who were thus enabled to meet together and discuss matters of common interest, and, of course, do all they could to promote musical culture. He earnestly advised the musicians generally to become better acquainted with the works of modern composers, such as the music of E. Macdowell, Foote, Mrs Beach and other of the leading American composers, Graham P. Moore and other representative English composers, as well as of the leading modern composers of other countries. Mr. Webbe drew attention to the great tendency of the performing of the same works over and over again. The Associated Board and other examining bodies would also derive considerable advantage from musicians taking up with more modern composers instead of adhering so much to the well-worn paths. The following short but interesting programme was evidently much enjoyed: Duo, two pianos, "Valse (Arnavalesque)" (Chaminade), Misses M. Webbe and G. Spooner; song, "Trumpeter," Mr. R. Farrar; piano solo, "Nocturne in F Sharp" and "Ballade in A Flat" (Chopin), Miss G. Spooner; song, "Good-bye" (Posti), Mrs. Sutherland; violin solo, "Romance" (H. E. Light), Mr. de Willimoff; piano solo, "In Changing Moods" (E. Macdowell) and "South Sea Rhapsody" (Graham P. Moore), Miss M. Webbe. At the conclusion of this programme Mr. R. Leslie Hunt (vice-president) took the opportunity to make reference to the approaching departure from Auckland of two young members of the society, Misses Madeline Webbe and Gertrude Spooner (pupils of Miss M. Spooner), who are to give a pianoforte recital at the Wellington Town Hall next week. Mr. Hunt felt sure the members would join heartily with him in wishing these young ladies a most successful recital. For his part he had no doubt whatever that they would do the society great credit. After a few more remarks from the president refreshments were served, and closed one of the most successful meetings the society has had.

There is always a remarkable unanimity of opinion observable in actors who, having once visited Australia return again to these shores; or, indeed, one might go further and say that every actor who has played here is anxious to play here again. Mr Andrew Mack, for instance, gave a Kansas City paper a most glowing account of his season here, and declared his unalterable intention to come here again; while Mr Thomas Kingston, who arrived here at the end of last week gave vent to the usual expressions of sincere gratification at finding himself again among his many friends of five years ago. He has come back with a much enlarged experience, which has, however, he says, taught him that few places are better supplied with theatrical attractions than Australia, while as far as the production of the pieces go, Mr J. C. Williamson in particular, can give points to most if not to all the managers on the

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