

A TRAMP ABROAD.

By AJOR.

MOTUEKA AND RIWAKA

ONE of the most beautiful seaside boroughs in the province of Nelson is that of Motueka, and if I add that it is also one of the healthiest I but echo what many have already said. Motueka's streets are all broad and straight, and the greater portion of its buildings new and prettily painted, whilst its schools and churches, and other public places are all creditable enough. The orchards of its environments are the largest and most prolific I have seen in the province. Lastly, its climate is, perhaps, better than that of the city of Nelson itself. But, notwithstanding all of these blessings, the people have long had a serious grievance, and it is this—The fruitgrowers, who form the major portion of the population, and are the backbone of the place, have long reckoned they do not get anything like the real marketable value for their produce, and they are holding a "monster public meeting, convened by His Worship the Mayor at request of many ratepayers, to urge upon the general Government the necessity for

Riwaka, abound in trout. Visitors to Riwaka always experience difficulty in tearing themselves away from its attractiveness. But nine miles northwards, over the hills towards Takaka, the tourist has special attraction in the Riwaka limestone caves. Mr Lane, a Riwaka gentleman of artistic tastes, has these beautiful caves under his care, and it his capital photos which we reproduce in the "Graphic."

These wonderful caves lie along the Riwaka-Takaka main road, between the sea and the road at an altitude of some 1,000ft. above sea level, distant from Riwaka about nine miles. There, through an opening in the face of a terrace, which immediately overlooks the historical island of Astrolabe in matchless Blind Bay, we enter upon a perfect wonderland of limestone palaces, with natural statuary, wonderful ceilings, chandeliers, candelabra, bric-a-brac, and rare looking vases. Here is one cave 25ft. high, and 50ft. wide. In the centre stands a capital representation of a mythological god, gravely viewing the

statue of Britannia. No. 3 represents an angel in dazzling purity, weeping over the tomb of some fallen hero, whose mangled body lies upon the edge of a black, apparently fathomless, gulf. No

is in the vicinity of 100. The staff consists of Mr. Robert Irwin, headmaster (formerly of South Canterbury), Miss Salmon, who has been assistant mistress for 15 years, and Miss Jordan, pupil tea-



THE MOTUEKA HOTEL, MOTUEKA.

establishing in the Empire City a public fruit and produce market, for reception, classification, and sale of fruit and produce grown in the Dominion.

Amongst other attributes of civilisation, Motueka enjoys the benefits of a High School under the very able management of Mr. Griffen and staff. The number on the roll—about 150—is steadily increasing. The High School building, which is a rather handsome structure, is about to be increased by the addition of a laboratory for technical education in farming and fruit culture.

Riwaka.

Riwaka, charming suburb of the borough of Motueka, may be truly said to be the garden and orchard of Nelson. Surrounded by hills topped by the higher mountains behind, which form a jagged outline against the higher horizon, this vale of Avoca smiles up at the sun through clear skies, and o'er the calm waters of Blind Bay, which lave its shores to the North-East. The land all around appears to be excellent, and produces marvellous crops in fruit, hops, and vegetables, which, season after season, it gives forth. Riwaka has its miniature port of call, its public school, and sweet intelligent children, under the able tuition of Mr. Irwin; a post and telegraph office, a church, a public hall, and a capital hotel, under capable management of Mr. Goodwin. The gardens, and orchards you require to see to fully appreciate. The folk of Riwaka are as genial as their sun, and as generous as their soil. Its rivers, the Motueka and

doings of a Bacchanalian group in alabaster, whilst a maid in modern attire peeps shyly down between the stalactites overhead. No. 2 cave represents a crystal palace, hung with slender alabaster pendants, some of which nearly touch the floor of the cavern. Well up towards the left wall is a startling



LOOKING EAST OVER MOTUEKA.

4 represents the mausoleum of an Egyptian monarch, with hundreds of silvery crystalline candles, and draped figures stand mourning silently around. No. 5 represents a modern hall, with a mosaic floor, and grotesque ceiling. No. 6 represents the sword of Damocles—two men and a boy seated calmly under a great sword suspended over their heads by the thinnest of silver threads. No. 7 represents a weird cavern of dazzling lights and uncanny shadows, wonderful pillars, and arches, slender pendants of alabaster, and great dark bunches of grapes and clusters of flowers hanging down. The stalagmites are shaped like the American spread eagle, storks, cranes, vultures, lions, and tigers panthers, and other shapes.

A Pretty Rural School.

The Riwaka School, shown in our illustrations, is one of the prettiest rural schools we have yet seen. The school gardens, consisting of four departments—flower, fernery and pot plants, vegetable and native division—is a striking feature of the playground. Teachers, committee and pupil, evidently take a pride in their school, which is a pattern of neatness, both internally and externally. The school possesses an excellent piano, a stereoscope and views, a powerful microscope, and a good school library. Everything is done to make school life pleasant, and evidently with good results, the attendance for last year being 92 per cent of the roll number. The number of pupils on the roll

cher. The summary of the report of the school for last year was—Organisation, good; efficiency, good; order, tone, and discipline, good to excellent.

Sweden's Monarch.

Not only is King Gustav the only monarch who habitually wears glasses, but he is one of the few rulers in the world who is a total abstainer. During his Crown Prince days he did much by the force of his example to further the cause of temperance. On one occasion, during some manoeuvres, he invited a large number of young officers to his tent to luncheon and placed pom-puril, a weak apple wine, and hot beef tea before them. It is said that the young fellows—sniggered a bit when his back was turned, but they drank of the fluids in quantity and entirely to their own and their hosts' satisfaction.

A characteristic story is told of the King's way of meeting awkward questions. He was once asked what his opinion was of the Socialists and the democratic movement generally. "Well," he answered, "in other countries I am quite inclined to Socialism and democratic ideas, but you can hardly blame me for feeling a little royalist in Sweden." The motto which he assumed when he ascended the Throne was "With my people for the Fatherland."



THE RIWAKA SCHOOL.