

we got our first glimpse of Rotorua, and Nancy and I rushed on to the platform to get an uninterrupted view. The sun was setting. Lake Rotorua, faintly blue under a pink glow, reflected from a brilliant sky, looked beautiful. At the back the hills showed rich purple shadows, through the rosy glow of the sunset. As the sun sank behind the mountains, we reached the township, a pretty collection of red-roofed buildings nestling on the shores of the lake. Nancy and I were staying with relatives, and as soon as we could conveniently leave, we went down to see Cousin Hilda at her boarding house. To our surprise and dismay we found her ill in bed. Fortunately, though the illness was severe at the time, it did not last long, and two days later we brought her up to our house, to stay for the rest of her holiday. The morning after our arrival, full of eager anticipation, we rose early, and by six o'clock were moving down the pretty avenue of sycamores in Arawa-street, Rotorua's principal thoroughfare, on our way to the Sanatorium grounds. Oh, everything looked so fresh and beautiful in the early morning sunlight, the green, velvety lawns, the pic-

turesque little lakelets, gleaming with rainbow trout and gold fish, with creamy water lily buds, as yet unopened by the sun, floating on the surface, the winding walks, the flowers with their dewy petals scintillating in the sunlight. Our pulses leapt with pleasurable expectation as every turn brought something fresh into view. Following the main drive from Arawa-street, we found ourselves on the shores of the lake. That particular corner was quite hot, and in some parts the water boiled up against the shore, and clouds of steam rose up from the lake. About the shore and in amongst the treetops were pools of boiling water, steam holes, and boiling sand and mud. This was our first glimpse of the thermal wonders, and very weird they seemed. They were, however, only a mild preliminary to what we were to see. Further into the grounds we saw boiling mudholes, weird and repulsive, and deep blue green pools of boiling water.

We returned to breakfast, hungry, and delighted with what we had seen. About half-past ten we set out to service at the quaint little Maori church at Ohinemutu. The church is built on a

sort of small peninsula, and through the open casement windows on either side we could see Lake Rotorua, pearly grey, and placid, and a glimpse of grey hills beyond. The service, of course, was conducted in Maori. The choir sang beautifully, and the voices were rich, harmonious, and plaintive. The Maoris certainly understand the art of singing naturally.

On Monday morning we had a dip in the Rachel swimming bath, and afterwards had morning tea at the picturesque kiosk in the sanatorium grounds, to the accompaniment of delightful music from an orchestra on the veranda. Our trip to Whakarewarewa was full of charm and wonder. As it is only two miles from Rotorua, we often walked out to "Whaka," to use the popular abbreviation. It is a place one can visit more than once. The little Maori children diving from the bridge were very amusing. We had, of course, provided ourselves with pennies, and to see those children jump from a height of 30ft from the bridge, into 3ft of water, made us catch our breath at first. When we threw the pennies, they all made a dive for the spot, their brown legs wav-

ing frantically, and then one would come up, holding the coin aloft in his hand; then, placing it in the side of his mouth, he, with the others, would clamour for more, crying, "Trow a penny." "Trow a penny." It seems wonderful to us that the children do not catch cold. For the most part of the day they go about amply attired ready to follow their "profession," when a party of visitors comes along, and when they are not diving in the cold stream they are bathing in a hot pool in their reserve. But they were all healthy, and strong looking, with beautiful shapely limbs, and firm, smooth skins.

Our guide was Miriam, the daughter of old Sophia, the famous Maori guide, and she conducted us round the various sights, explaining everything in the most beautiful English. We were charmed with her, and with the whole race, too. Why, the manners of the average Maori are above those of the average European. Their voices, particularly the women's, are soft and musical. They are always courteous and affable, and the purity of their English is delightful to listen to after the twang of the colonial, the cock-

ACHING, BURNING RHEUMATISM.

THERE IS A WAY TO CURE THE COMPLAINT.

THIS WOMAN HAD RHEUMATISM BADLY, BUT WAS CURED AFTER SUFFERING FOR YEARS.

A remarkable instance of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in Rheumatism is shown in the case of Mrs. Betsy Crisp, Manukau-road, Parnell, Auckland, who says: "I suffered acutely from three severe attacks of Rheumatic Fever, and was left with Rheumatism in my system for years. It started first in the hips and spread to every joint. My arms got affected in the muscles, and three years ago I couldn't close my hands. I had to have flannel always next to my skin and slept on blankets and even had flannel pillows. The least chill would bring on an attack, even dipping my hands in cold water. Often at night I couldn't close my eyes for hours with the pain, and in the morning it took about an hour for me to get out of bed. Sometimes I had to raise myself in bed with a rope tied to the end. My knees would get so sore and sore and swollen that my hands were useless. My knees would go stiff so that I couldn't bend them, and my arms the same. I couldn't raise them to do my hair. I used to cry with the pain that seemed to get each joint and muscle on fire. I tried all sorts of liniments and embrocations; they eased me at the moment, but the rheumatism would get about itself, and I knew that it couldn't be reached that way. Some nights I dare not move in bed to ease one joint for fear I'd get it in another. At times I couldn't get my boots on. Then I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and tried them about two years ago. They began to ease me from the first. I kept on with them, and found my joints getting much more supple. The attacks did not come on so often, and passed away more quickly. With every box I felt more at ease and had less pain, till at last I was able to leave them off. Now my health is excellent."

EVERY STEP WAS TORTURE.

WELLINGTON MAN CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM.

HAD TO CRAWL UPSTAIRS TO BED, OPEN IN BED, AND GET UP TOILE PAIN, CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

"I became subject to attacks of rheumatism some time back," said Mr. John Christopher, 14, Parnell-street, Wellington, New Zealand. "The pain first showed itself in the left ankle, and presently spread up the limb as far as the knee. A little while after the right leg became affected in the same way. The pains increased, and I felt twinges in my arms and fingers, those as severely as in my lower limbs. The attacks would last fully a week at a time, and I'd have to stay in bed at least two days in each of those weeks suffering acutely. I couldn't put on my boots, I had to have the easiest of slippers while the pains were in my system. I had to often take a spell from business and come home. I'd have to walk with a stick or rather hobble along slowly, and every step or movement caused me pain. As to getting upstairs to bed it was torture. I'd have to crawl up on my hands and knees sometimes. I used to rub the parts with vasoline and medicated spirits to get a little temporary ease. At times I simply couldn't put my feet to the ground, the agony was unbearable. The ankles were so stiff and swollen that I couldn't. Sharp twinges would dart up each leg, as if every muscle and nerve were red hot. At night I'd be awake for hours, trying to keep my knees almost up to my chin. I couldn't put my legs out straight. After perhaps a week of these tortures the pains would ease off, and I might be free for a couple of months and then be attacked again."

"I dreaded a cold windy day, I was always in fear of another attack coming on. I used to notice my ankles were very swollen, would dread anyone bumping up against me, and, as to the pain being worse, that wasn't to be thought of. If I were resting I dreaded the least movement, as

even rising out of a chair was difficult, and the pain would trouble itself. After a little exercise in the day time the pains might lessen, but never went away. I felt thoroughly pulled down with it. I fell off in looks and weight, and the attacks began to come on more often and last longer and get more gentle. At last, seeing that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured rheumatism, early this year I tried a box. Before that was finished I felt the pain lessening. I bought another and after that, and gradually the rheumatism left my system. The twinges lessened with each dose. After the first box was empty the stiffness and swelling went away, and the inflammation lessened. I got about much easier, and could put my feet to the ground and walk freely and without pain, and, of course, sleep much better at night. I shall always be glad to recommend this medicine, it has been of the greatest benefit to me."

INFLAMED & SWOLLEN JOINTS

CHRISTCHURCH WOMAN'S BAD TIME WITH RHEUMATISM.

COULDN'T BEND HER KNEE OR DO UPHER HOUSEWORK, HORRIBLE ABOUT WITH A STICK, CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

"I used to do a good deal of laundry work, and I suppose my hands being all-ways in the water and my getting wet often brought on the rheumatism," said Mrs. John Corke, 28, Brougham-street, St. Albans, Christchurch, New Zealand. "It appeared first in the right hand, and then the left began to suffer, though never quite as acutely as the other, and gradually the poison spread through my system. I got worse and worse. My right knee got very bad, it swelled up tremendously, and became inflamed and angry looking. I couldn't bend it and to kneel was out of the question. I rubbed the parts with every liniment I could hear of, but the pain all-ways came back. I felt so sore, I'd scream if anyone came near me. I'd feel as if the muscles and nerves were being drawn up my right knee, as if they were being pulled, and pain would dart through each limb. I couldn't do any housework; my daughter-in-law had to help me, and often I had to get in my next door neighbour, who knows how much I suffered. It perhaps cost me my dress, or do a little trade, for I couldn't put my arms behind me, or raise them to do my hair. I couldn't walk outside, and I could only hobble about the house by means of a stick, or by taking hold of the furniture. I didn't try my pills, but I could easily have done so, as on some days I was quite helpless. At night I sometimes wouldn't close my eyes till daybreak with the pain. It was always worse when I got warm, and I'd be in torture, and often have to call out for some one to lift me into a fresh position, and in the mornings I'd have to be helped up. I could not dip my hands in cold water for fear of getting another attack. My fingers got knotted up and the knuckles swollen. I couldn't close my right hand. It was a bother to hold a needle. This attack lasted several months, and then became less acute. I came back from a holiday at Gisborne. I felt better while I was there, but the rheumatism returned when I got back to Christchurch, and I was always subject to attacks of it, and especially in cold weather. I'd have twinges all over my body in my shoulder blades, then it would go up my arms, then on my shoulders till, really, I was quite a martyr. Some days my feet would have an attack, and I'd be afraid to put them to the ground, and I'd have to take my slippers. I got no lasting benefit from the doctors' treatment, so I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My son had tried them as a tonic, and found them so good he asked me to give them a trial. I found I was a-s little better when I had finished the first box, so I got some more. I took three pills a day at first, then I doubled the dose, and gradually got the poison out of my system. I began to be cheerful and stronger. The swelling and inflammation slowly left my knee, and the limbs got more supple. I could sleep much easier and get about and do not without trouble. If ever I felt another attack coming on I could take another course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with confidence."

RHEUMATISM.

Have you ever heard of a person with Rheumatism curing himself with a liniment, or something to rub on. Candidly have you? Think of all the people you know who have ever had Rheumatism. Of course you haven't. By cure we don't mean mere relief. The friction and heat of rubbing sometimes eases the pain, but rubbing can't drive out the Rheumatic poison.

This doesn't mean that Rheumatism can't be cured. Hundreds have been cured, but they took something to drive out the acid that causes the complaint. That's why there have been so many cures of Rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reported in the Newspapers. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood and tone the whole system, enabling it to cast out the Rheumatic impurities through the regular channels. That's the way to cure Rheumatism. When this is done the Rheumatism is permanently cured, and as long as the blood is kept pure and rich, the patient will be free from attacks of Rheumatism.

Shopmen only try to sell imitations to people they think easy to gull. If you are asked to take something else it is no compliment to you. The price is 3s. per box, six boxes 16s. 6. of dealers, or from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Australasia Ltd., Wellington.

Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS