



FEW days ago a voluble and much-travelled American gentleman arrived at the "Hermitage." He was accounted something of a genius at description; was never known to be at loss for words. . . .

The sun was sinking in a flood of glory, bathing the snow-mantled mountains in colours which only God can blend. The gorges were filled with delicate purple mist, as though the mighty hills were draw-

ing a veil around them in preparation for the clear, star-spangled night.

The American stood—and gazed—and gazed. Then—from the depths of him broke two words—"Oh—boy!"

This is a true story, told because it demonstrates the magic of these mountains—these appealing, irresistible Southern Alps. A Hermitage holiday seems to cast a spell of happiness over those who take it; seems to get into their hearts, and—and—"Oh—boy!"

A Holiday beyond all comparison!

PACK your bag for the "Hermitage" this Christmas holiday. Why stay on the dust levels, with that flying visit to "keep things going at the office" always beckoning round the corner?

Come up "thousands of feet above worry level," to the merriest, jolliest, most wonderful holiday spot in New Zealand. The "Hermitage," Mount Cook.

You will revel in sun-brilliant, sparkling days. You will motor, climb, shoot, ride—worries forgotten and youth awake in your heart. Sundown and the fascination of great welcoming log fires, a dinner that rouses more than a suspicion that you are a gourmand (not forgetting a quite unnecessary appetiser!), billiards, gleaming floors, music that tempts your feet, and proves the world a good place to be alive in.

Magical, mystical nights, when a thousand brilliant stars press down to gleaming white, silent peaks—brooding stillness of mountain air—mystery—peace.

"By jove! old man," greets one from the Dust Level a week later, "what have you

been doing to yourself? You look ten years younger!" And at her first early morning glimpse out of a "Hermitage" window, a little child says in ecstasy:

"Oh, Mummy! Look at the mountains covered with snow, *poking right through into God's house!*"

It gets us all—young and old, all kinds and classes—and leaves us—Oh!—boy!

You can have two thrilling weeks for £30! (You'd probably spend more in town!) Full particulars, illustrated booklet, details of reduced terms for parties, etc., will be sent free on request to

The Manager (Dept. L.M.),
Mt. Cook Motor Coy. Ltd.
TIMARU.

REDUCTION IN FARES TO THE "HERMITAGE"

33½ % permanent reduction for fare from Timaru to "Hermitage".

Old fare . . . £9

NEW FARE £6

20 % permanent reduction Timaru—"Hermitage"—Queenstown—

Old fare . . . £15

NEW FARE £12

The "HERMITAGE" MOUNT COOK

Illustrated Booklets from Government Tourist Bureau, Thos. Cook & Son, or Mt. Cook Motor Co. Ltd. (Dept. L.M.), Timaru

ELOTT, W.