

What is a good Eye Lotion?

First of all it is a Lotion—that is, a LIQUID medicinal preparation.

Secondly, it is a Lotion which is prepared, not in the factory, not even in the home, but in the aseptic conditions of the laboratory.

Thirdly, it is a Lotion that is kind to the eye—like its own natural fluid.

Fourthly, it is a Lotion that can safely be used for all eyes of all ages, at all times, whatever their state of health or sickness.

Fifthly, it is a Lotion that your eyes can go on using, however frequently or copiously it is applied.

Five good reasons for using



EYE LOTION

Obtainable from all chemists, at 4/3, triple size 8/-.

Dptrex (Overseas) Ltd., 17 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex, England.

TROLLEY WHEELS



Strong Iron Trolley Wheels, two sizes. Price per pair, complete with 18in. axle, 44in. 6/-; 5in. 6/6. Postage on one pair, 1/3d; postage on two pairs, 2/-.

Skeates & White Ltd., 48 Fort St., Auckland.

Mistaken Journey

VIII.

ON the second day McLeod took me to visit Walter Hill, the chief cattle hand, who was temporarily established with his outfit about 15 miles away in the campo. It was my first experience on horseback, and a deuced hard introduction to the art it was, too! McLeod had chosen for me the quietest mount available, which was thoughtful of him, and we set out soon after breakfast.

The trail led out past the Indian huts and straight into the swamp, so that within five minutes of sitting astride a horse for the first time I was plunging through three feet of water. There is nothing like getting the worst over straight away, so I hung on with all I had got, and hoped for the best. Mac, always a silent one, led the way without looking back, although once he stopped and pointed to a V-shaped ripple in the water a few feet away. His horse had seen it too, and was laying back her ears, while mine showed a distinct inclination to keep going; an opinion quickly shared by myself, for if, as must happen sooner or later, I had to fall off my horse, I had no wish to do so on top of a beastly alligator. Now and again we came to stretches of dry land where we made faster progress and at such times I clutched the pommel of the big Mexican saddle with both hands.

After nearly three hours we reached the camp, and for the first time my preconceived notions of wild life in Matto Grosso were substantiated. Mac had told me that Hill had about half-a-dozen men with him in his outfit, and that most of them were pure Indians. "Pretty good boys, too," he added. Good boys! In the following weeks I came to appreciate the fact for myself, but just then the description seemed about as apt as calling a man-eating tiger a nice, little pussy. Believe me, they were tough, and looked it. The crew of the launch had seemed well able to take care of themselves, but this bunch were different stuff altogether. There were seven of them; three straight Indians, two Brazilians, one who was half-and-half, and Hill.

WALTER HILL'S colourful personality stands pre-eminent in my mind. Every adventure at Descalvados was shared with him, and he made them all possible. Yet at our first meeting, until he spoke, I could not pick him out from the rest of the gang. Like them, he was bare-footed, and like them, too, his only garments were a pair of trousers and shirt, or rather the remnants of those articles. He was tall and skinny, with very blue eyes, cadaverous features crowned with straggling wisps of long, fair hair, and his whole person liberally bespattered with mud. As he explained, roping horses in a slushy corral was a dirty job. Maybe it seems rude to laugh at a person when one is introduced, but

there was a whimsicality about that man which compelled a smile at all times, and from the first handshake a bond of friendship was struck between us which never weakened.

In all ways I had been singularly lucky since leaving London, particularly in the chance meeting which resulted in my going to Descalvados, but in nothing, surely, was I more fortunate than in finding there two such grand fellows as McLeod and Walter Hill. Gentlemanly Mac, quiet and thoughtful, commanded the respect of all and must have been worth his weight in gold to old



"... Two such grand fellows as McLeod (left) and Walter Hill."

Ramsey. As for Hill, well, you will hear plenty about him as this tale goes on. He swore he would make me a real rip-snorting cowpuncher before I left.

The first lesson commenced right away, for we went into a corral and one of the Indians threw his lasso over the head of a small calf. This was driven out into the open, and another lasso thrown across his hind legs. The two ropes were drawn tight and hitched round convenient posts, tumbling the calf to the ground and holding him there a secure prisoner. Then one of the outfit drew his long knife and plunged it hard into the back of the calf's head just behind the horns, severing the spinal column and causing instant death. Next he cut the jugular vein in the neck, causing the blood to flow and stopping the spasmodic kicking of the limbs, and in just five minutes there was a side of veal ready for roasting, while the hide was pegged out in the sun to dry. It did seem rather a grim way of providing a dinner, but it was all done with a neatness and

An account of adventures in Central South America by an English "Innocent Abroad." He has now reached the Matto Grosso.

dispatch which commanded admiration, and if it were any consolation to the calf, his end was a speedy and painless one.

Long sticks were skewered through the meat and poked into the ground so that they inclined over the fire; in this manner the meat received full benefit from the flaming logs and was quickly roasted. When it was ready we all gathered round, the whole crowd of us, and in turn cut off any portion we fancied. My own particular choice was a sizzling piece of liver, and from that moment my vegetarian principles began to weaken, for it tasted delicious. Salt was added to cold water in a bowl and we constantly dipped our hot meat into the brine, thus serving to cool it and to flavour it at the same time. There was also a sack of farinha, the flour made from mandioca root, and the others each took a handful of this and tossed a little into their mouths before each bite. But that, I discovered, was a trick that required practice, for mine went mostly in my hair, or down my neck.

There were no tables, chairs, plates, forks, or other artificial aids to feeding, except the long, razor-sharp knives which the outfit always wore in their belts. We simply sat on the ground, held our strip of meat with both hands, and took a bite at it. And a perfectly good, natural way of eating it was, too, the only drawback being that it necessitated washing behind the ears after every meal.

We sat and talked, and it was decided that I should come back the following afternoon to spend a couple of days with the boys before they returned to headquarters. So our horses were saddled and Mac and I started off home again. But long before we got there I had other things to think about besides the scenery, for six hours in the saddle on a first ride is no mean performance, and besides my aches and pains I had acquired as many mosquito bites as a leopard has spots.

NO football match ever left me as stiff and sore as I was the following morning, and it took an herculean effort to stoop and put my boots on.

The children fished in the river after breakfast, and soon caught sufficient for lunch. All they did was to hook a piece of raw meat on to the end of a string and throw it into the water from the garden steps. The fish bit continuously, and as soon as the line tightened one of the kids gave a quick jerk. Nearly every time they either lost the bait or else hooked a fish, though several of these proved to be piranha, which are full of bones—and teeth!—and are not good to eat. When a catch was landed the youngsters took it in turns to kill it by knocking it on the head with a stick. Some of the bigger fish took a deal of killing, too,

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