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huts. We formed a circle round the fire, the three senior men of the village and our own mixed party of four, and waited for the water to get hot. But it must not boil, as that golden rule does not apply to maté. Every Indian or peon in a cattle district has a drinking-horn made from a cow's horn, and Walter had given me one on our first trip together. However, only one horn is used, that of the host, when maté is served in this fashion, and only one bombilla too. The bombilla is a tube, either of metal or cane, through which the maté is imbibed and is fitted with a small strainer to prevent the grounds from being drawn up into one's mouth. Our host put a small handful of maté into the horn, added hot water, and slowly sucked his tea through the bombilla. This was not bad manners, for the first lot is supposed to be an inferior brew, and the headman showed his politeness by drinking it. He then filled the horn with water again and handed it, with the bombilla, to the man on his left. That was Walter, and he slowly sucked the horn dry before handing it back to our host. Again the latter filled it up with water and gave it to the next man on his left—in this case, myself. I duly obliged, being careful to make suitable smacking noises with my lips, which is a sign of appreciation. And so it went on, round and round the circle, the same bombilla going into everybody's mouth until the drink was finished. I was well used to the practice by that time, though I always contrived to sit on Walter Hill's left and to give the mouthpiece a surreptitious rub between my fingers as I took it.

When riding out in the campo our maté was taken cold without even dismounting from our horses. Whoever happened to be carrying the bag of maté on his saddle put some into his horn, and it was passed round with his bombilla, each man dipping it into the swamp to fill it. When you are following in the track of four or five hundred head of cattle there is usually a fair amount of mud and manure floating about, and this method has probably even less to commend it than the other.

Walter talked to the Indians, and presented them with a few strips of tobacco. They, in turn, prepared an evening meal of corn-cob and mandioca root, and after slinging our hammocks in an empty hut we turned in.

* * *

THE following day's programme was much the same as the last. Leaving the little Indian settlement, we made for another one, a day's ride to the west, and at no great distance from Walter's home. Again we rode through heavy rain, and twice we saw herds of deer without being able to get a shot at them. Other animals we might have seen included tapir, or South American elephant, wolves, and ant-eaters, as well as the wild pig, tigers, and birds already mentioned. But hunting is neither a very pleasant nor profitable pastime, and a party could stay out for a fortnight and still not see a tiger, or anything else worth their trouble. "Tiger" is the common name given to all members of the big cat family in South America, though it would be more correct to speak of them as leopards or jaguars.

Our reception at the next Indian community was as cordial as the one on the previous day, and we had another

maté drink to celebrate the occasion. Here, too, all was well. The Indians had not seen any Descalvados cattle in those parts, and nothing else had happened to upset the peaceful routine of their lives. The headman was an old fellow who had worked for Ramsey at one time, and he was something of a character. He had all the old-timer's contempt of the younger generation, and the particular bee in his bonnet was salt. Since the young men of his tribe had become salt-eaters, he declared, they were soft and degenerate and had lost all the skill and bravery of their forefathers. Why, in his young days he would go into the forest and whistle a tiger. When the tiger came, he would kill it with his spear, single-handed. Where were the young braves who would go and do likewise to-day?

Walter interpreted the diatribe for my benefit, and said that he would try to get the old chap to tell the story of the white hunter who wanted to shoot a tiger. Presently the tale began. I tell it in the language of Walter Hill, for that is how I heard it.

"It happened many moons ago," translated Walter, "when the old cock was in his prime. A white man comes to him, an' sez 'I wish to shoot a tiger.' So he takes the white man into the forest, an' he whistles him a tiger. But when the tiger comes, the white man gits scared an' runs away an' climbs a tree. The tiger, he gits scared, too, an' he runs away an' climbs a tree. So the Indian sez, 'Don't git scared, white man. You come on down, an' when I whistle that tiger, you shoot him, see?' So the white man gits down from the tree, an' old Ugly whistles the tiger. Pretty soon he shows up agin, but that cock-eyed paleface shoots too soon an' runs up his tree agin. The old tiger, he's gettin' pretty mad 'bout all this, so he lets out a roar, an' he gits back up his tree agin too.

"Come on down, white man,' sez the Indian, 'there's snakes in them trees. You keep down here where you're safe an' shoot the tiger.'

"So he whistles the tiger a third time, an' this time he comes right up and sniffs 'em. 'Go on, white man, why don't you shoot him?' sez the Indian. So the white man shoots, but he misses the tiger and hits the Indian. So the old fellow sees he'd best do the job himself, as it was gittin' kinda dangerous round there, an' he ups an' kills the tiger with his spear. An' when they gits back the white man stands up straight an' folds his arms, an' they take his picture with the tiger. But he was mighty sorry he'd loosed that gun into our ol' pal here, an' d'you know what he gives him for a present? Why, a bag of salt!"

It was a good tale, though it had probably gained a few points in frequent repetition, and when the Indian's eloquent gestures were finished, he sat there nodding his head, and gazing into the fire.

They also gave us corn cob and mandioca root for supper that night. These people's needs are few, and one or two odd corners of cultivated ground is all this community bothered about. In addition to corn and mandioca, they grew sugar, beans, maize, and potatoes, while the forest yielded them fruit and other edible roots. They also possessed a few head of cattle, while a hunting trip would usually add variety to the cooking

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DEPT. OF HEALTH

CANCER

Facts of Vital Importance

WHAT IS CANCER? Cancer is an abnormal growth of our body cells. One or more cells multiply rapidly, skip their cell boundary, and spread into near-by tissues. The cause of this change from normal to abnormal growth is still not fully understood. *Cancer is not contagious.*

HOW IS IT TREATED? The only known methods of treating cancer effectively are X-rays, Radium and Surgery.

These may be used separately, or in combination. They give successful results, in modern use, in cases that would have seemed hopeless years ago.

They cure a considerable percentage of cancers that can be got at—if they are used early enough.

Cancer cannot be cured by medicines, serums, or diets.

EARLY TREATMENT IS ESSENTIAL:

Pain is usually absent except in well advanced or late cancer.

Report to your doctor or to a cancer clinic if you notice any of these danger signals:

- Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
- Any irregular bleeding or discharge from any body opening.
- Any sore that does not heal—particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
- Persistent indigestion, often accompanied by loss of weight.
- Sudden changes in the form, colour or rate of growth of a mole or wart.
- Any persistent change from the normal habit or action of the bowels.

WHERE ARE CANCER CLINICS HELD?

At our main public hospitals.

	TIME	DAY
WELLINGTON	4 p.m.	Every Tuesday
AUCKLAND	8.30 a.m.	Every Friday
CHRISTCHURCH	11 a.m.	Every Wednesday
DUNEDIN	3 p.m.	Every Wednesday

Cancer Demands Early Treatment!

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FOR A HEALTHIER NATION