

OUTDOORS

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The Official Organ of
The Otago Tramping Club, Inc.

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Contributions for the next issue should
reach the Editor by February 20, 1936.

December, 1935.

Issued Quarterly.

Volume 2, Number 2.

CHRISTMAS TRIP.

Those who have handed in their names for the Christmas camp at Lake Ohau, and any others who are interested in the trip are asked to attend a meeting in the Otago Expansion League's Rooms, Princes street, at 8 p.m. on Thursday, 12 inst. It is necessary that everyone interested should be present.

TENNIS SECTION.

This summer sees a new activity in the O.T.C., for we have in our midst a tennis section with Mr O. Balk as its Patron, Joe Dickson as President, and Len. Heyward as Secretary. This section was officially opened by Mr Balk on the court at George Street School on Saturday, September 28 last. Since that day the court has had a good deal of use, and consequently the standard of play shows a considerable improvement. Any member wishing to link up should get in touch with Len. at 119 Main North road, North-east Valley.

PERSONAL.

Our older members will have noted with regret the death, on September 13 last, after a long and painful illness, of Mrs W. McMillan (nee Gay Parker), of Mount Pisa, who was a foundation member of the Club. We also regret to have to record the death of the father of Miss Rae, who was a prominent member in the Club's early days.

The following are the new members which we have welcomed to our ranks during the past three months:—Miss E. M. Taylor, Mr S. M. Jeavons, and Mr R. Reilly.

"TWO'S COMPANY."

Dressed up in his best suit, Tom was taking his usual Sunday morning walk, when he met a friend.

"Hello!" said the latter. "You look smart to-day, but what are you pushing the wheelbarrow for?"

"Oh," was the reply, "the missis is always busy in the mornings, and since my old dog died I feel so daft walking about by myself."

We came across this story quite recently, and wonder if a similar feeling has caused those of our members who have not been coming out with the main party to form "Private Tramping Clubs."

THE ROAD TO PARADISE.

As there was no morning launch, we left Queenstown shortly after 2 o'clock with the afternoon trip to Bob's Cove. The delightful movie of bush and mountain presented by the passage of the launch along the edge of the lake was soon over, and we had before us that charming bay, Bob's Cove.

A little to the left of the jetty a small track appeared to enter the bush, but in reality it skirted the edge of the lake and took us for several miles in shade and comfort as it gently ascended and descended on the way to White's Point. Here we said good-bye to the track, and facing the hot sun, picked our way through the bracken, occasionally passing a solitary cabbage tree (with which most of us are familiar in the views of Lake Wakatipu) until just when we were beginning to think that the beauties were over we turned a corner and beheld the Humboldt Range in all its beauty of freshly-fallen snow, brightened now by the low rays of the sun. The beauty of these mountains and their reflections in the lake carried us cheerfully on until we were in sight of the homestead of Mt. Creighton, where we had our evening meal. We heard here that we had but another 13 miles to go, and the joy of finding that we had accomplished so much of our journey in three hours set us off with fresh vigour along the path, still following the edge of the lake.

Pleasant ups and downs and the beautiful views of lake and mountains still relieved the track from all monotony, while the Humboldts acquired fresh beauties as the sun came nearer their levee. Soon we were viewing Mount Alfred and the shoulder of Earnslaw, and once or twice we passed some beautiful waterfalls, but the long blue shadows on the mountains warned us that it was too late to stand and gaze. The weary miles were now truly and literally brightened by the reflection of light from the snow-clad peaks, so we hurried on until we passed over two or three tortuous creek-beds. Having thankfully left these behind, we began to feel that darkness was around us, and only on our left could we trace the mountain peaks against the sky, while on our right we welcomed each white insulator that guided us on our way. Hope began to fly when we were just able to trace, by the pale light far distant. Darkness taking away our from the snow, the hands of our watches at 10 o'clock; but a run down a bush track brought us to a metalled road. Here we were doubtful which way to turn, but we soon decided that down must take us to the lake, so down

we hurried, to find ourselves on a wide shingle bed with a rapid stream blocking our way to lights that twinkled not courage, or rather making the stream look very wide, we sat down on the shingle to wait for the moon to show us the true dimensions of the stream. An open shingle bed after a brisk tramp is rather a cold place to rest, so we retraced our steps to a patch of bracken and made the best of it till the few hours of darkness passed. Our long forced march made us both tired and hungry. The latter had to be satisfied by the very little remains of our evening meal, while the former caused us to sleep soundly under the stars, wrapped in all the clothing we had carried. We were lucky enough to strike one of the few nights of that season on which no rain fell. In the early grey of the morning we awoke, and truly grey it appeared as we gazed down the lake. After partaking of a scanty breakfast of half a banana and a small piece of cake, we set off to investigate our surroundings. On turning round we were more than repaid for our night beneath the stars, for now we faced a most glorious and surprising sight. Earnslaw glacier stood out before us, changed from its usual cold blue white to a mysterious shade of pink, while still all around it was dull and grey.

A short walk down a pleasant road bright with the early morning sun brought us to the Glenorchy Hotel, where we were most kindly welcomed, although we roused the house before 6 a.m.

A pleasant rest of a few hours made us quite fit to set off at 1.30 p.m. for Paradise—the end of our journey.

Our return trip we did like the usual holiday trippers, except that we had quite a different feeling to the juts and the bays of the lake as the steamer brought them into view on its way to Queenstown.—A.N.E.

GATES.

We have been advised than an O.T.C. party left a gate open on the Ben Doran road some time ago, and that the same party left the hut door open on leaving. It is most important that members should leave all gates as they are found, and not rely on persons in the rear of the party to attend to such matters, for any neglect may cause days of work for the landholder concerned.

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS.

Dear Fellow-members,—When I wrote you last I had just reached the beautiful and romantic island of Skye, on which I have since spent two and a-half delightful weeks, and I shall now give you some account of my experiences here. When I arrived here I was really rather tired, and my wardrobe sadly needed repair, as I had been using only such clothes as I could carry on my back. I soon found a very nice cottage lodging, with a good garden, a fine view, and a kind landlady who soon washed and repaired my garments. There is no resident watchmaker in Skye, but I found a travelling one who goes from house to house doing repairs, and this man soon mended my watch, which for several days had stopped. A banker cashed a cheque for me, a cobbler mended my boot, which was broken across the sole, a barber treated me tonsorially, and I once more was ready for the mountain and the moor. Portree, where I stayed, is the best centre in Skye for seeing the island as a whole, though for one who desires to devote himself to the Cuillin Mountains, some other point may be chosen.

The people of Skye were ever a very warlike race, as may be gathered from the fact that, though a rocky, sparsely-occupied island, it sent to the Napoleonic Wars no less than 10,000 men (and these of the best), and to the Great War 5,000 gallant soldiers. Its history is full of romantic interest. The wanderings of Prince Charlie and the devotion of Flora McDonald in 1746 are brought to memory by countless spots in historic Skye. Though there was a reward of £30,000 put on the head of the young prince, no person in the Highlands was found to act the traitor, and it is with pride we Scots look at the scenes of the hairbreadth escapes of the unfortunate Charles. At Dunvegan Castle a lock of his hair is shown, and there are at least two caves in which he hid. I had much difficulty in finding his cave five miles from Portree, and went twice on foot without reaching it, though I thought I had found it. Eventually I found the way to go to it is by boat along the coast, and in this way I was conducted to a beautifully-concealed cavern opening from the shore at high-water mark. It must have been a cold, damp shelter, but nevertheless from its difficulty of access was fairly safe. Near this point, as Charles's friends required a boat and all the sea boats were watched by the military, some devoted supporters got a small boat from an inland loch, carried it two miles over the hills by night, lowered it into the water and saved their prince. Flora McDonald lies buried in the little cemetery near Kingsburgh, where she resided with her husband after Prince Charles had gone to the Continent.

I enjoyed good walks to The Old Man of Storr, a magnificent rocky pinnacle 160ft high, with a fine terrace of precipices behind it, all being about 1,700 ft above the sea; to Glen Brittel, through the Cuillin Mountains, and to various of the smaller peaks near Portree. I did not, however, ascend the higher tops, as whenever I arranged to do so a thick mist invariably set in.

One day I had a very interesting trip to Raasay, an island near Skye, which I reached by the Mallaig steamer. On this island, in the war time when iron

was worked and several hundreds of German prisoners were employed at the works. Many thousands of pounds ore was getting scarce, a lode of iron must have been spent on the light railway, the furnaces, and the electric power generators erected on the island. Since the war the works have been closed down, all the substantial houses built for the prisoners stand empty, and the island is as empty as it was when Dr Johnston and Boswell visited it about 1770 (I quote the date from memory).

The beautiful old family home of McLeod of Raasay is now the property of the Crown, the Agricultural Department being in charge of the island.

I have not mentioned Loch Sawaig and Loch Coruisk. These are two of the most beautiful of the Skye lochs which I had seen in 1911, but was prevented this time from visiting them by rain and mist.

Altogether my stay in Skye was a delightful one, and I would gladly have spent another month amongst its rocky and heathery hills. I trust the Tramping Club is flourishing, and that you all continue to have many long and happy walks.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT GILKISON.

Bettws-y-Coed, Wales,
August 15, 1935.

Killin, Perthshire,
6th October, 1935.

Dear Fellow-members,—Since I wrote you last describing Skye I have travelled far and wide over England, Scotland, and Wales, but I have done no more straight-out walking excursions. So in this letter I shall just pick out a few of my more notable tramps. One notable trip was the walk from Kirriemuir to Braemar. Going by bus to Kirriemuir, I soon saw the "Window in Thrums," made famous by Barrie, but found otherwise the town was uninteresting. I set off at 7.30 p.m. to walk 14 miles. It was a very interesting journey, for while it commences in the Lowlands it ends in the romantic Highland Clova Glen. Being in good training, I reached my destination just after 11 p.m., in time to get into the inn before closing. The next day's walk was a glorious one up Glen Clova and Glen Dhall, over a pass 3,000ft high, and then down to Loch Callater and the Clunie to Braemar. I did the 21 miles rough going before 7 p.m. In my opinion this tramp is finer even than the Larig Ghru to Braemar. At one point I was very

close to where a pair of golden eagles are nesting. Soon after this walk I hied away to Wales, and there we did some good walks. One was round the tops of a range like the Chalkies, but the precipitous face extends for about seven miles. When I reached the point known as "the End of the World" I found a rough track which led me down. Another day we climbed Snowdon. There are three ways up, and we chose the track from Capel Curis, which the guide book recommended as more difficult but more interesting. We found it no more difficult than, say, the Silver Peaks, as there is a good track all the way; but you must not stray from the trail, or you will be in difficulties. When we got near the top we heard a shrill scream, and then spied, not a golden eagle, but the little mountain train which runs up from the other side with cogged wheels. There were literally hundreds of people on Snowdon that day, the majority coming on foot. We had a fair view for about 10 minutes from the top, then down came the mist for which the mountain is famous. Another day we climbed Moel Siabod, but a thick mist enveloped 200ft of the top. The most notable thing we saw that day was a fine, lively adder about 3ft long. After that I had some fine walks on the moors and along the cliffs in Devon. In that country I generally was able to take a train or a bus to some point from which the interesting part of the walk began. The tramp over Exmoor and others round the cliffs by Ilfracombe and Coombe Martin and Lynmouth stand out in my memory.

After a most enjoyable motor tour through the North and West of England I am now once more back in Scotland, but I regret it is too late in the season for successful mountaineering. Arthur's Seat and the Pentlands near Edinburgh provided good walks. I was surprised to find that though the Pentlands are within five miles of the capital of Scotland, they are covered with heather and well stocked with grouse.

Ben Lawers is a fine peak near Loch Tay, 3,984ft high (by Nature), but man added a lofty cairn making it over 4,000ft. I ascended 3,000ft of it on Thursday, but was prevented going

(See column 1 next page.)

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LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS.

(Continued).

further by a very thick mist descending. The weather of late has been unpropitious, and I have had to be satisfied with smaller mountains 2,000ft to 2,500ft high. But let it be remembered we are now well into the autumn. The harvests are now practically all in, the bracken has become a lovely yellow red, and the forest trees are displaying beautiful colours. I think this country now is quite as beautiful as it was in the early summer when I landed in England. With best wishes to all.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT GILKISON.

Edinburgh,

30th October, 1935.

Dear Fellow-members,—I am now going to give you some general remarks to assist those who think of taking a walking trip in this country.

I should say in the first place, in planning your trip, avoid main roads as much as possible. When I get on a much used traffic road I prefer to take a bus. There are many very fine excursions which one may take, walking over moors, hills, and cliff tracks for days. Besides the Highlands of Scotland there are the Border Country, the whole of North Wales, the Devon Country, the wilds of Kirkcudbright, and many other delightful districts of which I find one never gets to the end.

The Youth Hostels I found very convenient and clean. For 1/- per night one gets a bed and the use of a fire. The hikers I found a very pleasant lot, always willing to give any assistance or information. In Scotland the headquarters of the Y.H.A. is 8 Colinton Street, Edinburgh, where all information can be obtained. Bona fide hikers receive a concession on railway fares. About London I did not find hostels, but they are numerous in the Cumberland Lakes District. Of course, one has to get used to them to know what food, if any, to carry and where to get it.

The weather last summer was beautiful and the long daylight in the north lasts until 11 p.m. (summer time) and even later. Since 21st September, however, the weather has been, on the whole, damp and misty. Winter is coming very early this year, and the winter here is much harder than that about Dunedin. I have had a few good autumn walks, but have been caught by the rain and mist several times. My advice is, after September do the castles and cathedrals and leave the high mountains.

I hope many of you will do some walking and climbing in this beautiful and historical country, and that all of you will enjoy your tours as much as I have mine.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT GILKISON.

SEA SHELLS.

A shell is a hard outside covering: thus we speak of an egg shell, an oyster shell, a crab shell, a walnut shell. Sea shells are the shells of various types of animals living in the sea. The chief kind of animal producing the shells found on the seashore is the mollusc. It may be mentioned that molluscs are found not only in the sea but also in fresh water and on dry land from sea level to very great altitudes.

The mollusc is a soft-bodied animal with or without a head, with special digestive, nervous, and respiratory systems, as well as other specialised organs, one of which produces the shell. There are six classes of molluscs, but the shells of only three of them will be dealt with at any length.

The shell of one class consists of only one piece, or valve, and so the shell is called a univalve. Another form has two valves more or less similar; these are the bivalves. The shells of a third class have eight valves, more or less alike, placed in line with the one valve partly overlapping the next. The ends of the valves are fixed in a leathery border. These shells are called mail-shells, or chitons.

The univalve shells may be divided into conical-like shells, such as the limpet has, and coiled or whorled shells such as the snail makes. The apex of the conical shells varies in position from above the centre of the base to above the end of the base, and the base itself is usually in the form of an ellipse. The whorled shells may be thought of as long, hollow cones coiled round an axis with the different coils or whorls in close contact with their neighbours. Some of the whorled shells have a stony or horny plate, called an operculum (plural opercula), capable of closing up the mouth of the shell.

The molluscs of univalves have heads with mouths provided with a radula—a sort of rasping tongue—so that they are able to feed on solid food. Some eat vegetable food only, but some can eat animal food. The animal eaters are the makers of the small, circular holes sometimes seen bored through shells,

and through these holes they are able to absorb the animal inside the bored shell. The animals in whorled shells are able to withdraw themselves partly from the shell and crawl about as the snail does.

The bivalve molluscs have no head, but obtain their food—minute living organisms floating in the water—by drawing water in through one opening and discharging it through another. These openings may be at the end of extensible tubes, often called siphons. The two valves are joined along one edge by a hinge formed of an elastic substance, which tends to keep the shell open. The shells are closed by the contraction of the one or two muscles attached to both valves, opening automatically when the contraction ceases. Near the hinge are sometimes teeth, which, by interlocking, enable the valves to be closed in exactly the right position. The muscles referred to produce marks on the valves where they adhere (the anterior and posterior adductor impressions), and other muscles produce a line (the pallial line). In some shells the line bends inwards, forming what is known as the pallial sinus. The position, shape, and size of the teeth, and the shape and size or absence of the pallial sinus help in the identification of shells. There is usually a distinct projection on each valve near the hinge line called the umbo or beak.

Shells are of innumerable shapes and sizes, and are of various and sometimes very beautiful colours. The outside surface of a shell may be apparently smooth, or may be marked in a way characteristic of its particular species. The markings include lines, ridges, nodules, and colourings.

Sea shells are made from materials obtained from the sea, and consist principally of calcium carbonate. This is the substance of shell rock, limestone, and marble, all of which are derived from shells. The outside of the shell is often covered with a skin (the epidermis), which helps to protect the shell from corrosion. Shells grow as the animal inside grows, but, as in the case of plants, shells have their usual limit of growth. Lines, called growth lines, are frequently visible on shells.

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The first use of the shell that may come to the mind is protection from foes, but protection from the force of waves and currents and from drying are also to be noted.

Marine molluscs live free in the sea, or buried in sand or mud, or attached to rocks or other solids which are in the sea below low-tide level, or between high and low-tide marks, or above high tide where the spray can reach them. Each species has its own favourite site and is adapted to that site. Those that are exposed to drying protect themselves by withdrawing into their shells with some water and using their operculum, if they have one, or by bringing the mouth of the shell into close contact with the solid to which they are sticking.

Shells are given the names of the animals which form them. "Common" names have been given to some shells, but unfortunately it quite frequently happens that the same common name is given in different districts to quite different shells, and so these names may be very misleading. For example, there are at least three different shells known in different parts of New Zealand as "butterfly shells" (the name being quite appropriate in each case), and it may not be easy to decide what particular shell is referred to. Every shell is given a scientific name consisting of two words in the form of Latin, the first word denoting the "genus" of the shell, and the second the "species" of that genus. Sometimes the scientific name has to be changed. This may be due, for example, to the fact that the shell had been wrongly classified, or that the name had already been used to denote something else, or that the shell had been previously given a different name. Very many of the common New Zealand shells have had their names changed in recent years, and their old names as used in the older standard works are therefore dropped in recent writings.

Space does not allow a description here of each of the shells to be found on the Ocean Beach, but in a later issue this part of the subject will be covered.

J.N. (of Dunedin Naturalists' Field Club).

PAST TRIPS.

LAKE WHARE, RAIN GAUGE, RACE.—29/9/35.

On a perfect spring morning 14 folk set off to enjoy the day's outing. The route is too well known to require description. The hills were looking their best, with both kowhai and gorse in flower, and with a cool breeze in one's face walking was most pleasant.

At Lake Whare the party divided up, leaving only eight to carry out the day's programme, two of whom made their day more interesting by approaching the race via a creek at the back of Swampy. Returning by way of Laing's track in the evening the noise of fire and the dense smoke attracted our attention, and on emerging from the bush we witnessed the spectacular blaze that swept over the slopes of Flagstaff and destroyed so much of the plantations. We are pleased to report that some of our members assisted with the fire fighting.—C.M.L.

CHALKIES AND POWDER CREEK.

13/10/35.

Enticed by a glorious, sunny morning, 25 members met at Wakari, and, after a slide down Bell Hill, arrived at Dodd's Gully for lunch. After partaking of some nourishment, letter-writing and other amusements were indulged in till monkeys up a tree bombarded the party with pine cones. Bob turned up about this time, so then we knew that HE had not started a tramping club on his own. Some O.T.C. members eventually arrived at the top of the Chalkies, and after following various tracks, some of which had never been used before, arrived at the west branch of Powder Creek. By following down the creek a good motor road was encountered, and after enjoying a good, smoked tea, a start was made for home, so that about midnight a few of Dunedin's residents were awakened by the sound of clinkers hitting the asphalt.—J.D.D.

BLACK GULLY—McQUILKAN'S.

20/10/35.

A party of 10 interested the inhabitants of Evansdale as they set out on the first stage of the trip through Black Gully. Good time was made up the creek bed until lunch time, when progress was considerably delayed by the marathon efforts of certain hearty eaters. After the battle the party climbed up on to the top of the ridge and passed by the ruins of the Red Hut, which was destroyed during the recent bush fires. From here the home-ward route was via the Seaciff Dam, Hightop, and McQuilkan's.—G.A.P.

WAIKOUAITI RIVER.—9/11/35.

Our first bus trip for the season proved to be a howling success—the howls coming from persons in the back seats, who thought that they were singing. At the Gardens we were overtaken by a taxi containing one pack and Tom, whose arrival increased our numbers to 24 and delighted the Secretary, who was able to announce a profit of 2/- on the trip. At Orbell's Bridge we had a dip before starting up the river, then on reaching the junction the billies were boiled and our packs lightened. The large pools here tempted some of the party to enjoy more bathing. During our halt we were surprised at the arrival of another keen member who had something to say about the Club's good points, especially as regards feeding.

We were loth to leave this delightful spot, but tramping must be done, and so off we set up the South Branch through pretty, river scenery, with frequent stops for snaps and bathing. Soon the country changed to the gorge type, and we took the hint and stopped for lunch. After this spell we came

across some interesting mine workings, and by arriving from down stream surprised the miners. At the Horseshoe—a mile of river here forms a perfect horseshoe—we climbed up to Towns end's Woolshed and our tea, afterwards continuing on to join Snowy and his bus. The trip home was all too short, and we arrived in town about 9 p.m., a number of those present having taken the opportunity on the way to complete the consumption of the food brought out and to intersperse the proceedings with some songs.—J.D.D.

NEW ROUTE—FLAGSTAFF.

10/11/35.

Owing either to the threatening weather or the trip, only six hardy members turned out at varying stages of lateness. After a brisk climb up to the Plantations on the left of the Pineapple Track, a way was forced through virgin bush, mostly Lawyer (not by the Leader), to the top of Flagstaff. After a small but satisfying meal, rudely interrupted by a heavy fall of hail, we departed down Ben Rudd's old track, and spent a wet afternoon exploring odd corners of Whare Flat. An enjoyable day was well finished with the usual small fire at the bottom of Bell Hill, where we were joined by another member who tore himself away from McIntyre's when he smelled the steak cooking.—E.G.S.

WEEK-END AT HUT.

23/11/35-24/11/35.

In the teeth of a howling nor'-wester a representative gathering of Trampers set out for the Club Hut. After a long and tiring climb Wakari Power Station was reached. Packs were promptly discarded, and all took advantage of the rest to admire the view. Fortunately one of our members, in a baby car, was observed on his usual Saturday trip to town before 6, and he was promptly hailed, whereupon, to everyone's satisfaction, he turned and transported the party in comfort as far as he could take the car. Here a fire was lit, just so we could smell the smoke, and a series of talks and arguments on local club matters kept us occupied for an hour or so. Eventually all three of us set off in the direction of the Hut, and after numerous exploring expeditions reached there 10 minutes before the promised storm broke. After sleeping and eating for 20 hours we packed up and left for home and mother via the Saw Mill five minutes after the rain stopped. After a short spell (two hours) on the side of the road to feed, we set off at a greatly increased speed. When passing our president's residence we discovered it was practically empty, so we much appreciated the lovely fire. Thank you, Percy. So ended an enjoyable week-end.—E.G.S.

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