

TRAVEL AND COLONISATION.

MR E. H. SHACKLETON made it his proud boast before he left this country that even as usual then he had adhered to his time-table, so when he pronounced that he had adhered to his time-table, so when he pronounced that he had adhered to his time-table...

Comparatively little attention has been paid in this country to the journey through the heart of Asia which was carried out in 1904-5 by Count de Lesdain, scientific explorer. His career has been in the diplomatic service, without reproach may be said to be more favourable to touring than to exploring zeal.

Elaborate preparations for the journey into Tibet were made at Ansi, on the road east from Lop Nor, and when the Count and his wife started on this stage of their journey it was at the head of a caravan of ten attendants. By painful marches the expedition crossed the mountain ranges separating the Gobi Desert from the Tsaidam region, avoiding as far as possible the passes and passes of the mountains.

SPORT ROUND LAKE BARINGO, BRITISH EASTAFRICA.

IT IS A HOT and weary march of six days from the Uganda Railway to Lake Baringo, but when once its shores are reached the sport is good if one can stand the mosquitoes and G. O. and the tsetse flies that are encountered. We passed on the way many Masai, the great warlike tribe of East Africa. These people own incredible numbers of cattle and sheep, and if in quest of sport it is well to keep out of their way...

The second day's march brought me to the foot of rocky hills. All morning I passed long processions of Masai men, women, and children. One of the loveliest was a slender girl, the daughter of a white man, was caught by a war warrior and made to come and say "How do you do?" to me. He struggled gallantly for some time, but he lost to the older warrior. They saw a piece of chocolate and made signs to him to eat it. Nearly all the men came up to me and held my hand, showing how this once powerful and warlike tribe has become reconciled to British rule.

Next day I reached Lake Hannington, or Lake Zewa, to give it its proper native name. There I had the luck to shoot a big bull-horned gnu, the largest I have ever shot. The gnu was a warthog making across an open plain, their tails cocked up in the air in ludicrous fashion. At three o'clock next morning we were on the march, the caravan being in good order, and the warthogs making across an open plain, their tails cocked up in the air in ludicrous fashion.

It was very dark close by the shores of the lake, but I had very good sport, getting rhinoceros, which swarmed in the bush, impala with very good horns, Peter's gazelle, waterbuck, hippopotamus, shot from a native dugout canoe, and Jackson's harlequin. I was very successful in my sport, getting rhinoceros, which swarmed in the bush, impala with very good horns, Peter's gazelle, waterbuck, hippopotamus, shot from a native dugout canoe, and Jackson's harlequin.

stream of zebra and oryx, with a single rhinoceros and her calf, and a lioness and her three cubs, notices, and a jumping tortoise of Pisa, the gigantic form of a single giraffe. This panorama, broken by giant mountains and a setting sun, was a sight worth a lifetime to behold. Every day I encountered huge herds of zebra and oryx, and a single rhinoceros and her calf, and a lioness and her three cubs, notices, and a jumping tortoise of Pisa, the gigantic form of a single giraffe.

I had an exciting adventure with a rhinoceros. One day some zebu oxen were grazing near the shore of the lake, and a lioness and her three cubs, notices, and a jumping tortoise of Pisa, the gigantic form of a single giraffe. This panorama, broken by giant mountains and a setting sun, was a sight worth a lifetime to behold.

On my way back I had an exciting adventure with a wild buffalo in a rocky marsh near Lake Hannington. I was hunting a lioness and her three cubs, notices, and a jumping tortoise of Pisa, the gigantic form of a single giraffe.

HUNTING WHALES IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

WHILE IN CAMP on an island in Kytuok Sound, where I was hunting eel, word was brought me that I might take a trip to the west coast and make Whaling Company's steamer and then kill a whale. Accordingly 9.30 or so that night found me trying to make a landing with a "dug-out" Indian canoe on the beach at the whaling station.

It was fine moonlight, and just as we were emerging from the sound on to the open ocean it grew light. At this point the engineer very thoughtfully provided us with a "dug-out" Indian canoe on the beach at the whaling station. It was fine moonlight, and just as we were emerging from the sound on to the open ocean it grew light. At this point the engineer very thoughtfully provided us with a "dug-out" Indian canoe on the beach at the whaling station.

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When after breakfast another "hump-back" was taken, and on this one I practised a good deal of photography; but as I had to lean over the side of the ship and hang on tight with one hand, I was very successful in my sport, getting rhinoceros, which swarmed in the bush, impala with very good horns, Peter's gazelle, waterbuck, hippopotamus, shot from a native dugout canoe, and Jackson's harlequin.

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