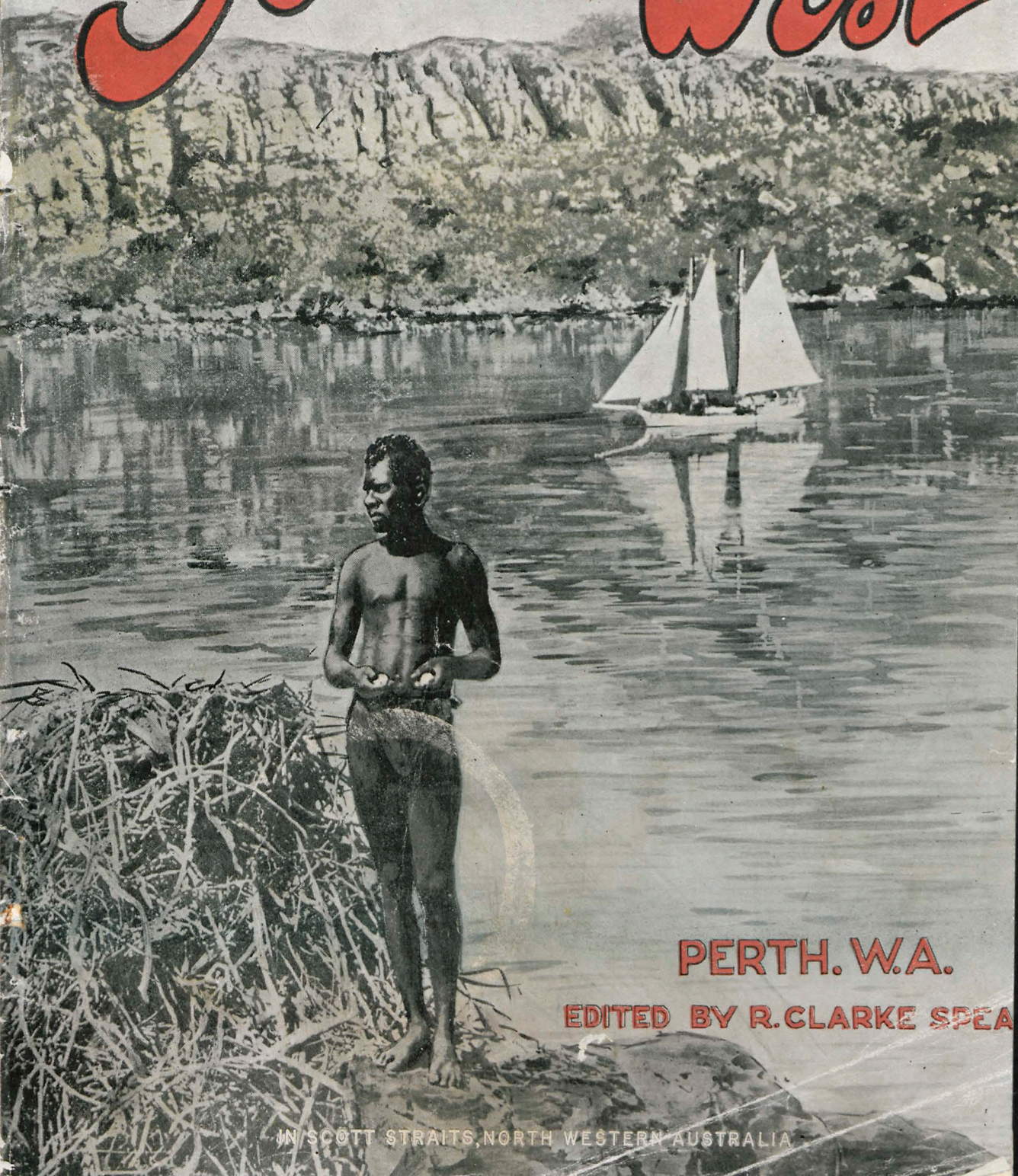


1921-22 PRICE, 1/6

The Golden West



PERTH. W.A.

EDITED BY R. CLARKE SPEAR

IN SCOTT STRAITS, NORTH WESTERN AUSTRALIA

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN BANK

[ESTABLISHED 1841.]

	£	s.	d.
AUTHORISED CAPITAL (25,000 Shares of £10 each)	250,000	0	0
PAID-UP CAPITAL (25,000 Shares of £10 each)	250,000	0	0
RESERVE FUND	725,000	0	0
RESERVED PROFITS	33,752	14	6
RESERVE LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS	250,000	0	0



HEAD OFFICE: PERTH, W.A.

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HON. SIR E. H. WITTENOOM, K.C.M.G., M.L.C., J.P., Chairman.
 J. McCALLUM SMITH, Esq., M.L.A. ERNEST A. LESTEERE, Esq., J.P.
 NEIL McNEIL, Esq., J.P. WM. BURGESS, Esq.
 H. D. HOLMES, Esq. also has a seat at the Board.

General Manager: R. L. HERBERT,

Inspector: A. L. JOHNSTON.

Accountant: F. A. KENDALL.

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Auditors: MESSRS. O. L. HAINES, WYLIE & CO.

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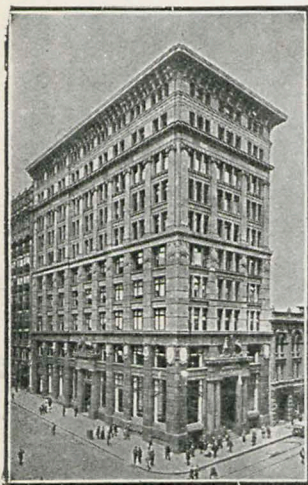
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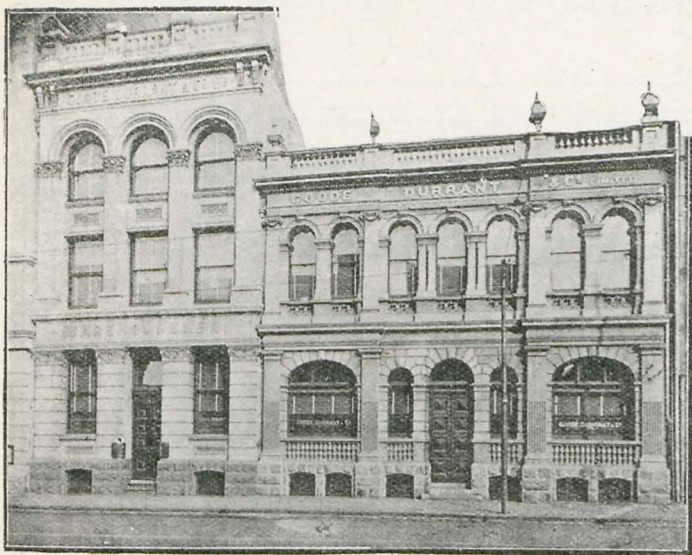
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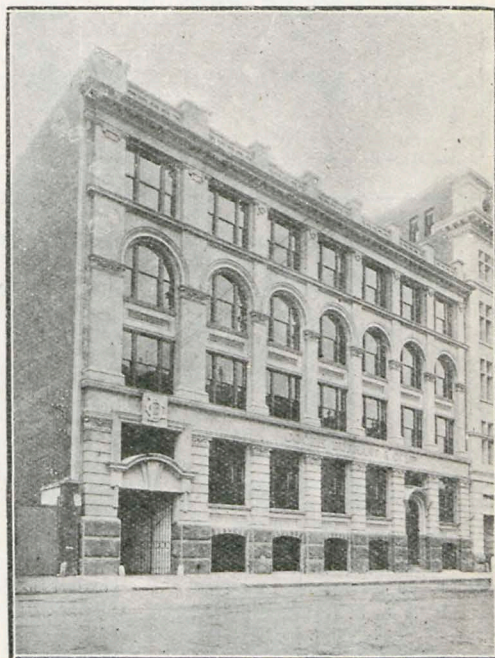
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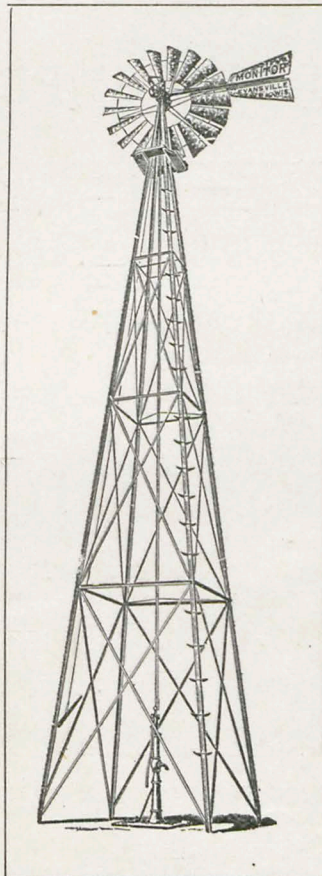
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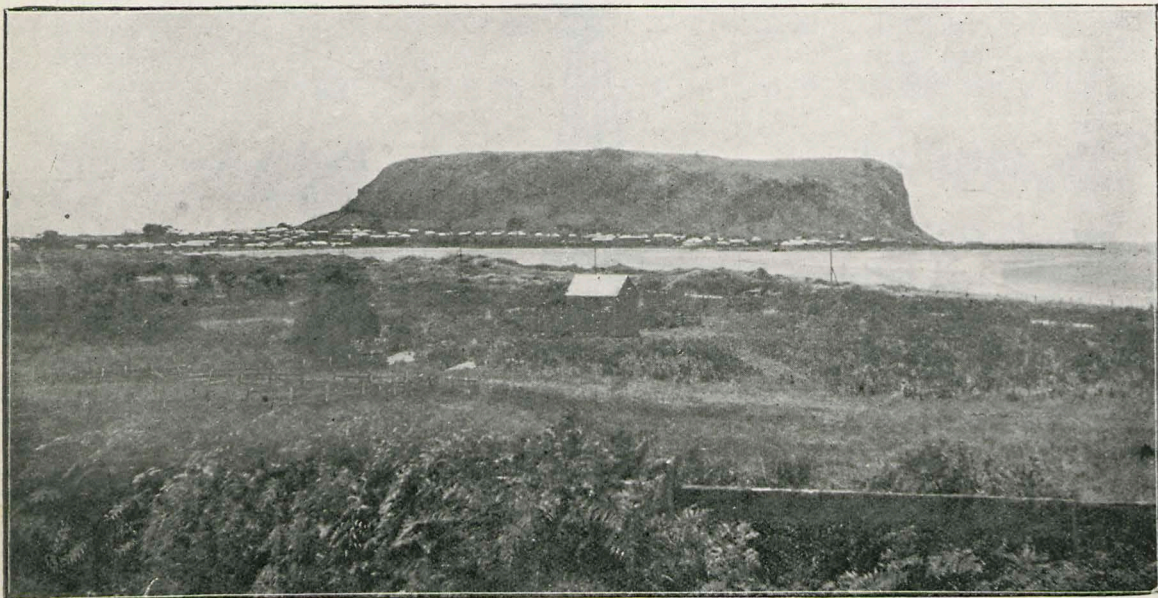
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VOL. XVII.

PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

December, 1921.

THIS YEAR—AND NEXT.

(For *The Golden West* by G.L.B.)

THE world is still rocking from the shock of war; in fact the oscillations have increased, rather than diminished, since the patching of peace at Versailles. Western Australia's remoteness from the centre

of disturbance does not give the State immunity; for the purposes of finance and commerce the world is one mart, and the vagaries of the German mark have their effect upon little communities as distant as Broome. The la-



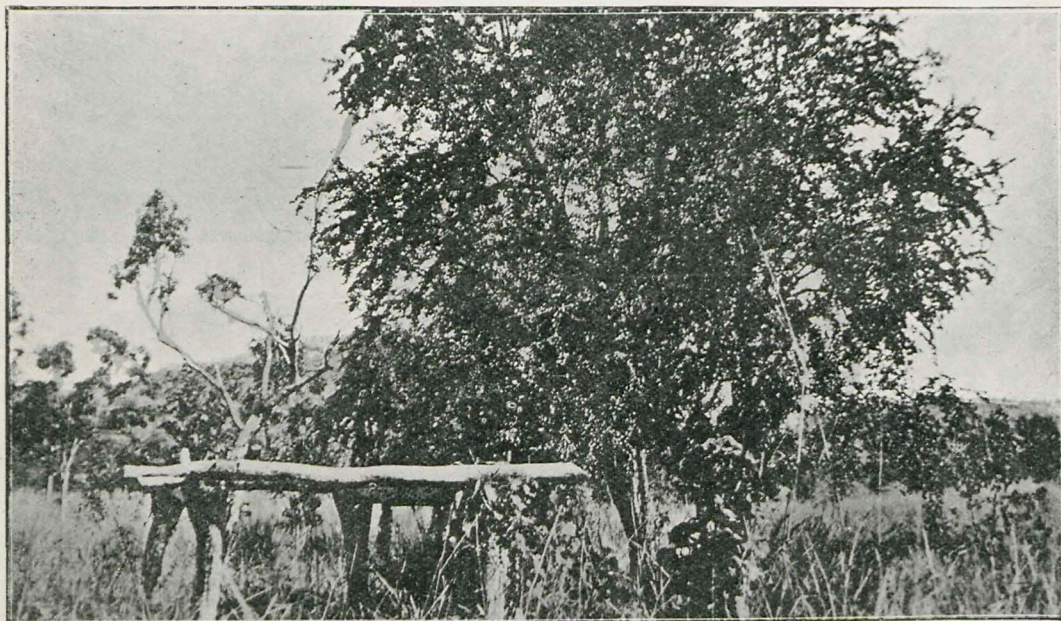
Early Morning, Perth Gardens.

mentable condition of Western Australia's finances may be ascribed in great measure to the world-wide dislocation of commerce due to the war, and as—or if—some stabilising solution of the problem is found, the State should proceed to the balancing of its ledger.

Statesmanship and wise administration, however, are required, and urgently required for many years to come. The Treasurer's estimate of the deficiency for the last financial year proved far short of the mark. It amounted to the formidable sum of £687,000, bringing the accumulated deficit to £4,786,728, a staggering burden to pile up in ten years. Unfortunately the five expired months of the financial year ending June 30 next have shown no improvement, the revenue shortage having climbed to over five millions. Sir James Mitchell would require to be a financier of super-human powers to turn the balance speedily. This is not to be expected, nor is the Premier to be blamed for the position of the State's finances. He has been beset on all sides by rising costs and shrinking returns. The railways, once a handsome source of profit, have become a heavy drag on general revenue; and other branches of the public service, whose officers are still on

basis of £4 4s. 11½d. per fine oz. would be approximately £2,350,000. Happily producers have still been able to collect a premium above the mint price, and this, though its fluctuations have tended downwards since the beginning of the year, will add over half a million to the actual value of the gold won in the State. Encouraging discoveries at depth on the Golden Mile are a particularly encouraging feature of the mining record for the year; but on the other hand there is the advance in costs—both wages and material—which menaces the very existence of many of the chief producers when the premium disappears, as it inevitably will. For base metals the year has been virtually a blank one, but at the close of the twelve months there have been portents of renewed activity in the lead mines of Northampton and Ajana.

The farmers have experienced a good year. The wheat belt yielded a harvest of 12,200,000 bushels and the 1921-22 harvest promises to exceed its fore-runner both in aggregate and average. A Federal pool controlled the sale of the grain and the compulsory clients had little occasion for complaint, though, perhaps, greater advantage might have been taken of the solid prices which



Grave (East Kimberley) of the "Silent Stockman" (Dave Suttie) who figured considerably in Mrs. Aeneas Gunn's book, "We of the Never Never." It was at this spot that Suttie, who was riding along with the mailman, complained of feeling tired and laid down to rest awhile. "I'll catch you up along the track," he said. But he never came! The mailman returned and found him, hat over eyes, pipe in mouth, sleeping—his long, last sleep.

the whole inadequately paid, are increasing in cost without increasing proportionately their returns to the coffers of the Treasury. To put the matter briefly, Western Australia has an enormous estate to administer, and a deplorably small tax-paying population to provide for the machinery of administration. The population could be doubled without adding seriously to the permanent cost of government; and until there is a very substantial increase in the number of our working hands no really material improvement can be looked for.

We are still the golden State of Australia (though our aureole has been sadly dimmed) and yet a factor in the world's supply of the precious metal. The output of Western Australia's mines diminishes steadily year by year; but some satisfaction may be gleaned from the fact that the decline from the yield of 1920 is not so great as the difference between 1920 and 1919. For the ten months to October 31, the return was 453,341 fine oz.. The value of the twelve months' yield, calculated on a

ruled until late in the year. A sum of about £3,274,000 was drawn by local growers, to whom, at the time of writing, a further amount of one and three quarter millions was due from the various pools. The recent sudden drop in price should sound a warning to growers that the market is tending towards the normal, and that mixed farming is a safer proposition than wheat-growing alone.

With Germany out of action as a buyer and Britain holding huge stocks, the wool industry suffered a shock, causing something like a panic. But the market recovered remarkably, and the sale of the Western Australian clip in November gave growers no small cause for jubilation. A gratifying feature was the continued improvement manifested in quality and classification. A strike of shearers, launched most injudiciously (to say nothing else) impeded the gathering in of the fleece.

High prices ruled in the timber trade, there being a brisk interstate and oversea demand for the State's magnificent hardwoods. The fruit market in London recov-

ered from its depression, and excellent prices were realised by local growers. The crop was short, but still freight allotments were short of the demand. Depression reigned over the pearling industry during the year. Although W.A. produces 80 per cent. of the world's supply of first-class shell, the pearlers of the North-West have little power in the market where a buyers' combine controls the situation.

The discovery of traces of mineral oil is one of the outstanding features of the period under review. A reported strike near Bremer Bay, on the South Coast, proved on expert examination to have no substantial foundation; but Freney's discovery and Oakes's find in the North have been hall-marked genuine by the authorities of the Mines Department. The enormous importance to the State of a real strike of petroleum needs no emphasis, but it needs to be said that there is a far call between minute traces (all that can yet be boasted) and a "Gusher." If the State attains to the happy position of a considerable producer of one of the world's most valuable commodities it will be despite, and not owing to, the promoters of the ventures already launched. When those immediately concerned have been satisfied, the sums left for the tremendous business of surveying, boring and experiment will be, relatively speaking, hardly visible to the naked eye.

The fervent prayer of every patriotic Western Australian will be, "May oil be struck in payable quantities." "Gushers" of petroleum will heal our financial sores and solve our population problem. Ours is a great State in every sense of the adjective. Its greatness demands more men, more minds and more money, if its rich resources are adequately to be explored and exploited.

A Christmas Wish

(For The Golden West by "CROSSCUT.")

*Do you believe, oh, friend of mine,
That lips can pray and still be mute,
That fire in ashes gray may shine
And music wake a silent lute?
Or that the leafless vine shall fruit
Again, when, as the seasons swing,
Soft buds and curling tendrils spring
All greenly from the living root?*

*If then, believing this, your heart
Can doubt the loving wish in mine
'Twould rob me of the better part
Of one fond thought that I enshrine—
That Christmas with a gift benign
Might guard you from all dark distress,
From coldness and forgetfulness,
And flood your life with light divine.*



Drawing a Foundered Motor Car out of a Northern River. Photo., E. L. Mitchell.

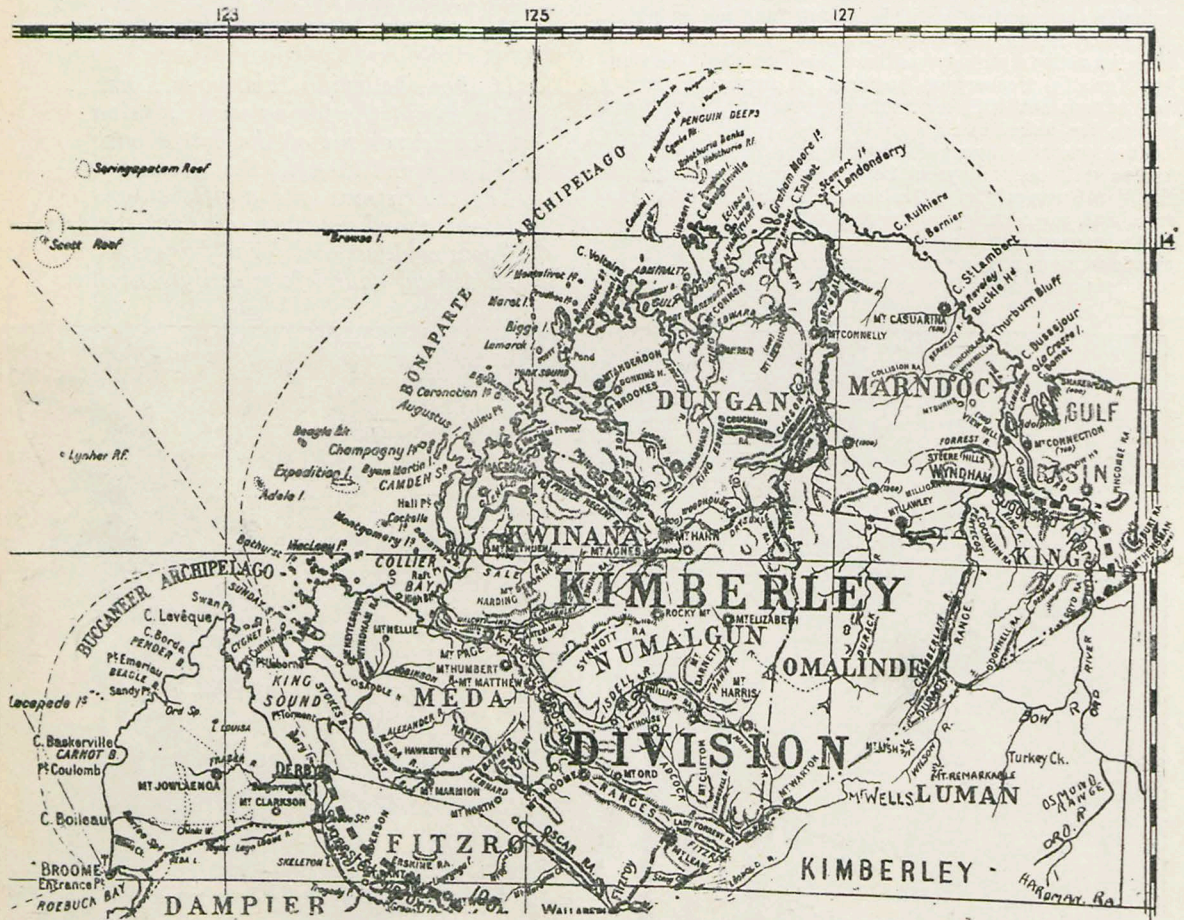
The Undiscovered Country of the Westralian Tropics.

(For *The Golden West* by R.C.S.)

SUCCESSIVE Governments have side-stepped the North. It was too big, too unwieldy, too scattered, "too very" or something like that. Besides successive Governments could not see any further North, South, East or West than Geraldton, Albany, Merredin and Fremantle. Weight of public opinion and his progressive-ness, however, impelled Sir James Mitchell, the leader of the present Government, to pay a visit North during this year, and though he could not carry out the programme originally intended on account of adverse weather conditions, he saw enough of the North country to commit the Government to its vigorous development. As an outcome of the Premier's visit and that made early last year by the Minister for the North-West (the Hon. H. P. Colebatch), who was one of a party which did some five thousand miles of touring up there, considerable atten-

encouraging results, and later the Government Mineralogist, Mr. T. Blatchford, inspected and reported on the area. He took samples from the bore and the supposed seepages, and also did some mapping of the country in the immediate vicinity to ascertain the general geological structure. Previous geological investigations disclosed the prevailing rock as being limestone, often of the magnesian variety, abounding in places with carboniferous fossils.

There are three bores on the property, the greatest depth (90 feet) being in the one put down during the Government Mineralogist's visit. On his return to Perth official analytical reports of a decidedly encouraging character were given on the samples obtained, and the Government Mineralogist said the geological conditions were favourable to the storage of mineral oil, also that mineral oil



tion became centred in this hitherto isolated portion of the State.

Then came word of encouraging results from oil prospecting at Price's Creek in the South-West portion of Rough Range—a continuation of the Napier, Oscar and Geike Ranges, East Kimberley. It appears that on the western slope of the range, about 20 miles north-east of Mount Synott, a bore had been sunk by one Harry Price, who was in charge of a party searching for water for the Gozo Cattle Station. He noticed a peculiar odour arising from the bore hole, also a black scum on the bore water. Samples analysed gave traces of mineral oil, and Mr. M. Freney, who was interested in the indications brought these and others to Perth. They gave further

had been found in the bore, and in one instance in surface seepage.

Mr. Blatchford strongly recommended that boring be undertaken in one of the gorges in the spur range to the west of the minor anticle, but preferably recommended that before choosing a definite site a more detailed geological survey be made of the spur range, and also of the main range, particularly east from the bore.

Professor David, of Sydney University, a mineralogist of considerable standing, who happened to be visiting the State about this time also expressed an opinion, based on the samples submitted to him, highly favourable to the

(Continued Page 24.)

The Color Bar, The Conference, The Pacific.

(For *The Golden West* by E. J. SPEAR, Sydney, N.S.W.)

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
And the slain thinks that he is slain,
They little know the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly I am the wings;
I am the Doubter and the Doubt;
I am the hymn the Brahmin sings.

—Emerson.

"The human race is not everywhere the same. The most obvious distinction is that of colour. In the old world there are three distinct and clearly distinguished groups—the White, the Yellow and the Black."

("Modern Science and Modern Thought." *Saml. Laing*.)

THIS difference of colour is the heavy cross, if it does not prove to be the skull and cross-bones of civilisation. White, Yellow, Black are the loaded dice of the world's destiny, and the players sit on different sides of the great world-board, Moderation and Good-will on the one hand, Pride and Greed on the other. How is the game to end? Are there or are there not certain necessary ineradicable antagonisms between the nations of the East and West in the Pacific and the shores it washes? Will the Conference in defining the causes of difference only bring them out of the obscurity in which they would have lumbered along bearably enough into the white light of sharpest mental conflicts and racial antagonisms—whence the nations seeing clearly each other's aims and intentions will prepare more ruinously than ever for the inevitable grand finale of war?

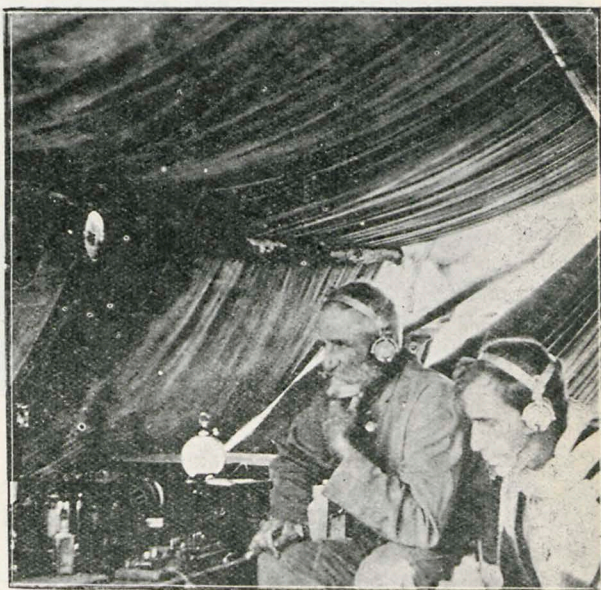
In the first place Japan does not need Australia, California and the Pacific coasts of North America for her rapidly expanding population of 70,000,000. Why? Because she has South America and all Eastern Asia—Siberia, Mongolia, Manchuria, Korea, Shantung and China itself—the richest regions of the earth for the overflow of her surplus millions, and as markets for the great manufactures (and she is a manufacturing nation or nothing—another Albion of the East) carried on by her teeming millions at home.

On the other hand America does not ask these rich territories for herself. Britain does not ask them. All they ask is a fair field and no favour, and equal opportunities of commerce, trade and residence for all nations, irrespective of race, colour or clime. Then it comes to this: Australia for the Australians and Britishers, America for the Americans, Japan for the Japanese, and the vast expanses of Eastern Asia for all these and for all nations alike.

The trouble is that the Treaty of Versailles and other post-war arrangements give or are construed by Japan to give her certain exclusive rights and privileges in Eastern Asia. If these are insisted on there will surely be war. If Japan will take her chance equally and fairly with all other nations there will, under reasonable guidance, be no war. If Japan, under guidance of the Liberal Party, her widely extended and extending educated classes and her great manufacturing and commercial interests, follows the paths of peaceful, yet flourishing development (as Prussia and Germany might have done before the war) she will grow greater and grander year by year in

population, wealth, civilisation, science and national well-being, and take her rank with the greatest of the nations. If, like Prussia, before the war, she is not content with orderly development, if she launches out after territory, trade routes, military fastnesses and points of vantage in the Pacific, by over-reaching and outwitting other nations, then war, world-wide war, sooner or later—is inevitable: war in which armies of millions and capital cities (such as are attained standards of chemical science) may be annihilated in days and hours. In literal truth it may be said the world will be in flames.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, declared that if the yellow races were properly organised, equipped with arms, drilled and led by a great commander, they would over-run the world. Does Japan aspire to the leadership of the nations of the East? To their organisation, drilling and marshalling in arms? Does she await the day to throw down the gage of battle between the science, the industry, the spirit and mentality and courage of the East, and the wealth, the luxury, the superior assumptions and invidious type and colour distinctions of the West? Like every other nation at the present day Japan is a house divided against herself. Japan's people everywhere are disposed for peaceful methods, and her leading men of action and thought are almost to a man for disarmament and for industrial and commercial progress. The Peace Party—

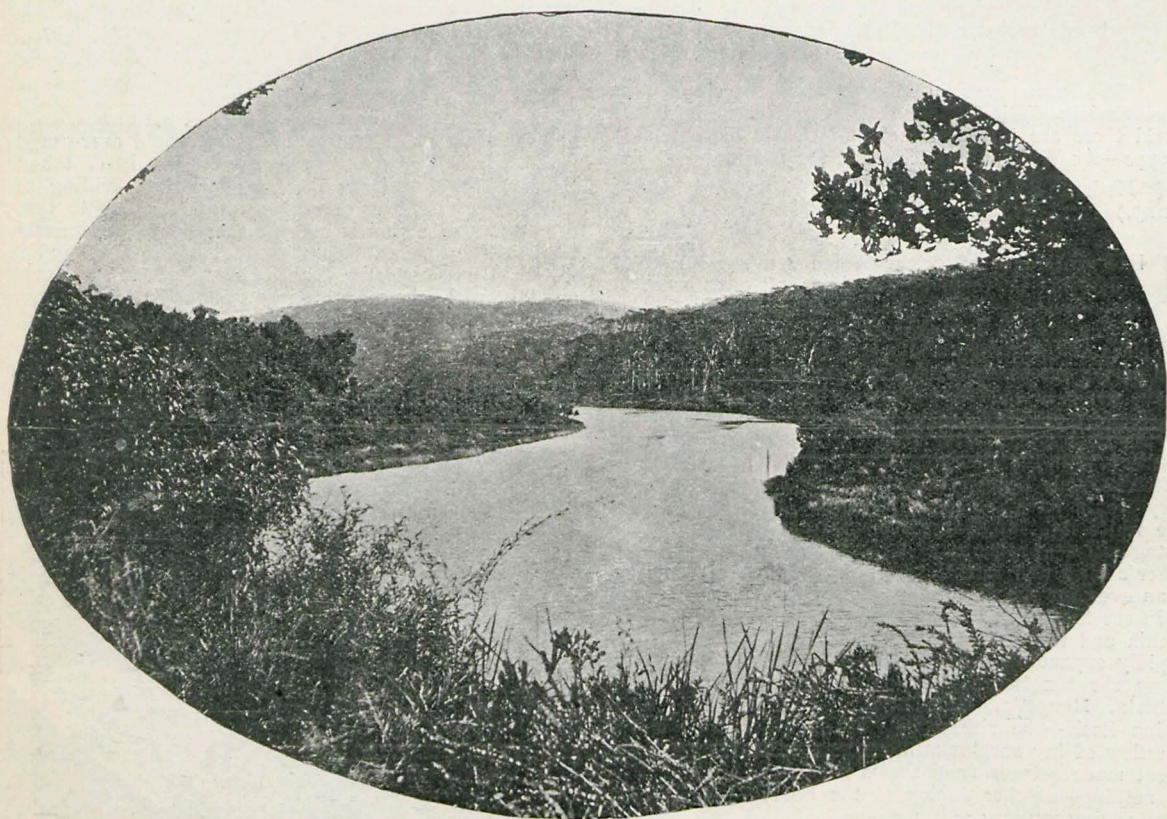


Receiving Time Signals by Wireless from Annapolis (U.S.A.) and Bordeaux (France), at Temporary Wireless Station of Commonwealth Meteorological Bureau, Ord River, 130 Miles East of Wyndham.

the Liberals—the rising generation of educated young Japanese and the great manufacturing and trading interests of the country to whose existence and prosperity peaceful relationships are entirely indispensable (last year they imported £8,000,000 of Australian wool) are all enthusiastic for the world's peace.

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On the other side are the War Lords of Japan, trained in the schools and traditions of Prussian militarism. There are the Black Eagle Societies. There are the numerous army-official classes, as contradistinguished with the rank and file of Japan's armies. Half the revenue of Japan goes on preparations for war. She has the greatest army (with one exception) in the world, and she may have, by 1925-27, the proudest navy that ever rode the seas.

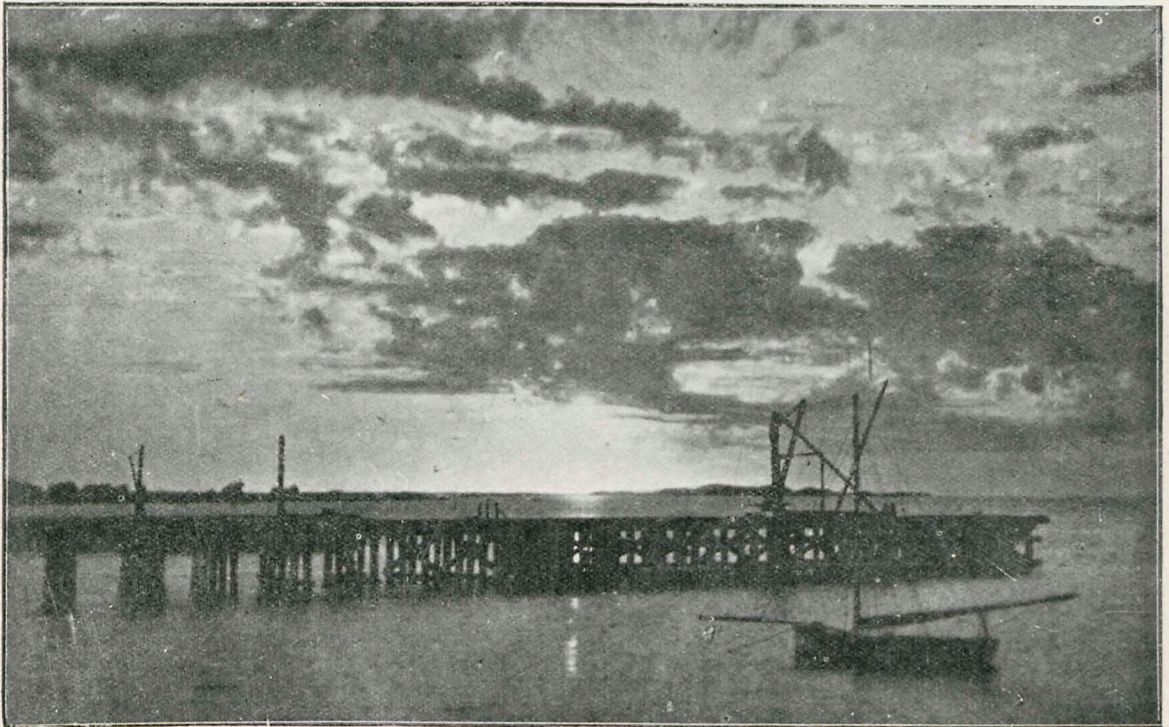
Then, again, what is to come of the influence and intrigues of other nations outside of Britain, America and Japan? Is all danger of a Russo-German-Japanese alliance quite gone by? Or in the ultimate siftings of the nations and the incredible alternations of time and chance, is it altogether impossible that America should find ranged against her an allied Britain and Japan? Ten thousand times more likely is it that the resistless *cri du coeur* of the Anglo-Saxon race, breaking down all

in 20—nay, in 10? What parties will be in power? Will they be young men or old? Soft heads or cynics?—young bloods or old dogs? True to all history will the Man of Destiny arise at the appropriate hour?—another Genghis Khan or Tamerlane, with his pyramids of skulls? But this is to speak practically of to-day and to-morrow. What of the far future? What do the draped and shrouded centuries hold in store in the dispensations of the Power to whom "a thousand years are but as yesterday and as a watch in the night." Like the awful voice of a far sea they tell of things

"Winged adorations and veiled destinies"

we may never interpret or understand. The Cloud of Mortal Destiny is over all.

The great hope for the world's future lies in the ever-extending spread of enlightenment and its consequent moderation and consideration for others. The



SUNSET, ROCKINGHAM.—Rockingham at one time was the principal Shipping Port of the W.A. Timber Industry.

barriers, will weld America and the British Empire into one all-conquering alliance for the salvation of the world. Blood, after all, is thicker than water.

"The mightiest space in fortune, nature brings
To make likes like and kiss like native things."

The disposition for peace and disarmament and international arbitration and settlement of the differences of nations was never so prevalent as it is throughout the world to-day. America calls for disarmament and peace. The British Empire pleads for disarmament and peace. All Japan practically and her leading statesmen and publicists cry aloud for disarmament and peace. But will Japan—

"as there are chances, times and accidents"

will Japan, to say nothing of India, China and the whole Mohammedan East, be the same in 50 years as now?—

spirit of steady work and well-doing against dangers and difficulties, of conciliation and compromise, of willingness to reconsider and rearrange, in spite of thwarting temperaments and circumstances, so observable amongst the members of the Washington Conference—their strong sense of all the blocks, knocks and shocks of the Real as opposed to the Ideal—their readiness amid the perversities of men and things to restrain impulses of anger, retaliation, envy and jealousy and to strive again and again to combine and piece things out, in spite of all the pests and blights of actual business dealings, exaggerated fancies of gains and losses, uncommunicated suspicions and mistrusts, fancied slights and superiorities—the patience and mutual tolerance taught by wide experience of the imperfections, errors and weaknesses of mankind—above all the spirit of helpfulness and enlightened sympathy which feels the sufferings of others almost as one's

own, so remarkable throughout all the greater nations of to-day—all these, the nobler qualities of the Second Birth, will grow to more and more as the world progresses in light and knowledge.

They will be more predominant and potent for good in twenty, in fifty, in a hundred years and more than they are to-day. They will enlighten, moralise, train, refine and polish to the last degree all colours, classes, creeds. They will make Black Yellow and Black and Yellow White—

“For the same heart beats in every breast.”

They will form through the centuries to come the world's great life-lines, thrown out in the storm of the world's great sufferings and wrongs—its slavery of sin, its crime, deceit and fraud, its drink-traffic, its diseases, pestilences and devastating plagues, its trade wars, class and wages wars and convulsions of the nations.

It has been said that tragedy is the supreme expression of Shakespeare's art—and he is our greatest, because of his fidelity to fact, to nature and life. What is more certain is that all history of which we have record is a tale of one ceaseless struggle and battle of mankind against all manner of thick-coming evils and afflictions, and amongst themselves.

In the “Divina Commedia,” Dante tells us of the strange and thrilling solemnity of organ-tones in the fifth heaven, on which came borne the message of doom and banishment from his native Florence.

Away to us out here, wide oceans between, with kindred pathos and solemnity, come “airs and floating echoes” of the opening deliberations of the Conference at Washington, while the curtain rises slowly on the first great scenes of the Drama of the Pacific.



Warrigals in a Submerged Canoe, Vansittart Bay.

(Continued from Page 20.)

find, their geological characteristics being similar to those of the Sumatra oil country.

With the advent of the aerial weekly mail service to Derby, and, therefore, the extraordinary saving of time in transit, the Government would be well advised to have a thoroughly independent inspection and report made of the Price's Creek, Okes' Find and other North-West areas giving oil indications, and this by the most competent of authorities. It should be a matter of no great difficulty to make arrangements with the Sumatran oil fields authorities for a detailed inspection, and report by one of their experts.

Both Freney's and Okes' Finds have been floated into substantial companies, and as soon as the torrential tropical rains of November-March cease, a policy of active development will ensue. Meantime the Government should firmly discourage anything in the nature of the prospectus and scrip boom attendant upon the exploiting of the alleged eldorados of Bullfinch and Hampton Plains.

Apart from prospective oil, that vast territory known as North-West Kimberley north-eastward from Derby to

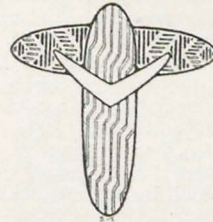
Wyndham and then back to the sea board (see Map, p. 20) is a veritable *terra incognita*.

From Derby to Wyndham by steamer is, roughly, 600 miles (traversing the actual coast line the distance would be several thousand miles), and within these 600 miles of longitude some of the finest harbours in Australia exist in their natural state, with landlocked areas and deep waters. These harbours and sounds are in close proximity to, and in some cases are supposed to be connected by inland waterways. The names of some of these magnificent inlets are:—King George the Fourth, Camden Sound, Prince Frederick Harbour, Parry Harbour, York Sound, Admiralty Gulf, Vansittart Bay and Napier Broome Bay, the last named having an area of twelve times that of Sydney Harbour, with three big rivers running into it. Many of these harbours and sounds are the natural outlets for the millions of acres of valuable pastoral country which fringes them. The metalliferous and other wealth of North-West Kimberley is also unexplored, and this much-neglected portion of W.A. should be productive of a new era in the State's development.



GUNBOR.

A Story of the North.



(For *The Golden West* by R. CLARKE SPEAR.)

WHEN pearl-fishers Anton Ulbrick and Boris Renlund of the schooner *Albatross*, drifted quietly out unobserved on a night tide, from Roebuck Bay, Broome, in July of '19, it could hardly have occurred to them that they were embarking on a voyage longer than any they had ever undertaken; this, in a career of much sea roving and considerable adventure, from Cape Londonderry to the Montebellos, and from Broome to the furthest distant islands of the Malay Archipelago.

That the gem-strewn waters of that wonderworld of treasure, the ninety-mile beach, the opal tinted expanse of the Roebuck deeps, or the *Geographe* or *Amphinome* shoals would know them no more for ever—well, that would have been unthinkable.

In the pre-war days of Broome, when most of the pearl-ers had more than enough money and a whole lot to spare, Ulbrick was well known as lucky "Tony;" this by reason of his success among the ocean's treasure. The war came and Ulbrick and Renlund, being foreigners and having expressed views which were not in accord with the spirit of the community, were banned. Tiring of the restrictions imposed upon them they decided to break their parole and head north. So it was that past Cape Gantheaume and up through the *Lacepedes* and the islands of the *Buccaneer Archipelago* the schooner *Albatross* fluttered her pinions.

Vaguely they were reported in the succeeding months as having been sighted at odd places among the great island-strewn gulfs and bays into which the big rivers of that *terra incognita*—North-West Kimberley—flow.

They tarried none too long south of 14 deg., and it was north of that latitude round Cape Bougainville—one of the extreme headlands of North-West Australia that anything tangible was heard of them. A lone *beche-de-mer* fisher of those parts, one John Young, who can lay claim to twenty-five years of beach combing up there, said he saw the *Albatross* off Yampi Sound in September of '19. He knew the boat, and knowing Ulbrick and Renlund along the coast in other times picked them out on deck with his glasses. The *Albatross* was then two miles off

shore, but they stood on their course and left the lone beach-comber to his shelling. What their intended destination was is not on record. It may have been the far-flung isles of the Netherlands Indies, that sanctuary of many fugitives from distant lands. However, once round Bougainville and in Vansittart Bay the *Albatross* came to anchor off Calalla Island, on which were camped some forty members of the Coolallie tribe.

According to Warrawing, a wild-eyed child of that race, it was "just before the big rains," and in the afternoon



Bower Birds Playground.

she, with Gunbor and Gelin, her tribal father and mother, and the gins Nemingee and Bambreen, and the bucks Ingoorday, Coolamon, Chingoor and Chatun swam off to the Albatross, anchored some distance from shore.

The white men received them well and gave them damper, tobacco, matches, etc., and, in its wild setting, the holiday must have been somewhat unique, if not Arcadian, for Anton Ulbrick and Boris Renlund, while it lasted, because they swam and fished and generally made merry. Evening came and the visiting members of the tribe, with the exception of Warrawing and Nemingee, swam back to the island. They returned to the shore next day, but with the others, later on, returned to the boat.

It was on board that Warrawing heard of the stage being set for the tragedy. Being "too much frightened," she swam from the boat, and it was from the shore that she witnessed its enactment.

They had had a great catch of fish and Ulbrick was preparing the pans and fire for its cooking. Destiny was

Renlund had been asleep in his bunk below and hurrying on deck he was similarly attacked and killed with tomahawks as he emerged, so Warrawing said, by Ingoorday, and Nemingee, Ingoorday's woman.

"I saw dead white man when I go boat," said Warrawing, "plenty blood about, black man take white fellow clothes, throw white fellow overboard, then take plenty flour, tobacco, damper, two gun, tomahawk, then cut out masts and chop boat about to get iron to make spears for turtle."

In such a spot where the tragedy of "Tony" Ulbrick and Boris Renlund was enacted it might have been quite possible for it to have remained, in its setting of wild isolation, undiscovered for all time. The bodies would have been devoured by sharks or alligators, and the Albatross in the fulness of time would have been broken completely up and borne out to sea by the big tides, which, in this clime, have a rise and fall of thirty feet. But murder will out; some wandering blacks from the Drys-



Gins in Catamaran Adrift in Camden Harbour, N.W.

but a few feet away now, and round about the deck in various attitudes of seeming unconcern were those who sponsored what was to be. Those seemingly listless figures there, hauling up a fish or baiting a hook—they knew, because Gunbor had told them, in effect, that the moral code of their tribe had been outraged and the white men had to die.

And they waited and watched.

Ulbrick, quite unconscious of impending danger, was chopping firewood, with Gunbor creeping stealthily up behind him, and as the white man bent, the black crouched and, raising his arm, drove a pick axe right through the back of his head, Gelin completing the attack with a shovel, the others of the tribe, with the exception of two posted at the hatch coaming, looking quietly on.

dale River Mission came across what remained of the Albatross and investigation by some of the Benedictine community confirmed the elements of a tragedy. In due course a police expedition set out in a schooner from Broome and accompanied by two Drysdale Mission boys (Merrin and Cardy) as interpreters reached the scene and found the Albatross much battered about, with both masts gone; and her two anchors hanging from the bows. There she remains at low tide, high and dry, but at high water invisible.

At Long Island, another of the Calallas, the police party, a year later, found most of the tribe in camp. Quite unsuspecting of the expedition's mission, Gunbor, Gelin and others supposed to be concerned in the death of Ulbrick and Renlund were enticed on board, promptly secured and ironed.



Some Stalwarts of the Coolallie Tribe, Vansittart Bay.



Along the Patrick, a Tributary of the Forrest River, Cambridge Gulf Territory.

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Told, through Merrin, the interpreter, why, Gunbor admitted that he and his woman Gelin murdered the white men, but exonerated others of the tribe from any association with it.

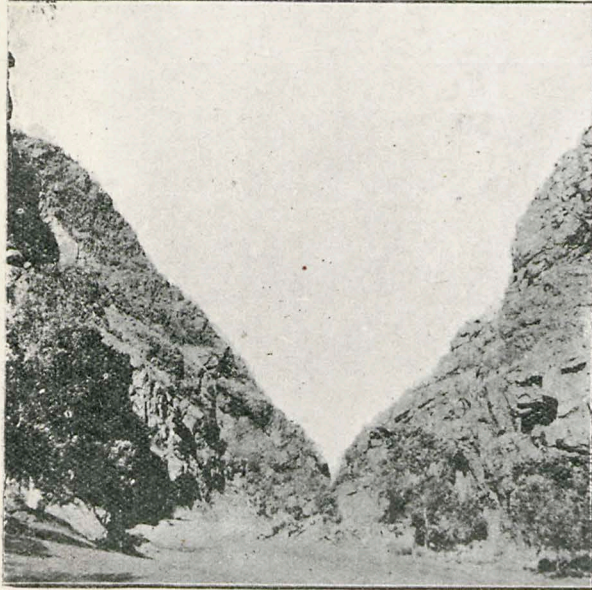
Asked why they had murdered the white men, Gunbor said "him too much make trouble with Coolallie woman,"

stances. It looked that way. Besides Gunbor might never get out, and life is short.

It was suggested that Warrawing and the luminous-eyed boy, Coony, should be sent to one of the coastal missions, but when this proposition was put to Warrawing (with Cardy, the other Drysdale River boy, as interpreter this time) she just burst into tears, and was for a time well nigh inconsolable.

I never associated tears with a savage before, even though she was a girl, because tears somehow always seem to belong to civilisation, not to the wilds.

Then up spake Cardy, "Gelin him say want stop



Coppin's Gap, Pilbarra. L. Bateman, photo.

which would go to show that the unwritten law is not altogether unknown to the savage.

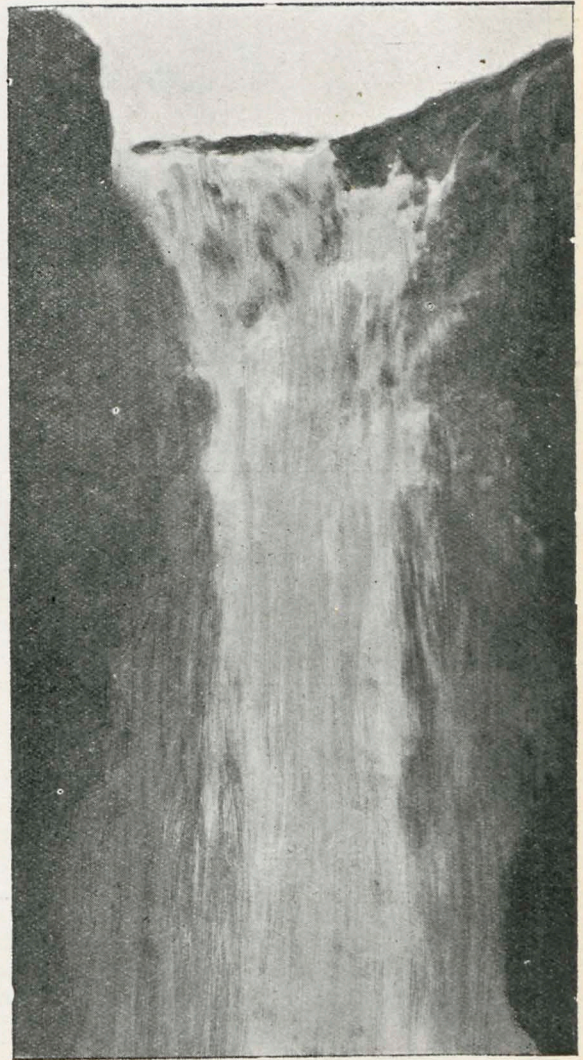
Gunbor, a magnificent specimen of black humanity, and Gelin stood their trial in Perth, and sentence of death was recorded against the King of the Coolallies. He is now taking it out in years at Fremantle, hopeful, no doubt, of some day returning to the playgrounds of his youth and the hearths of his forefathers and tribe. Gelin was acquitted.

When it came to returning Warrawing and the boy Coony, also Merrin and Cardy (all of whom figured in the trial as witnesses, the two latter Drysdale River blacks as interpreters) to their own country, the question arose as to the nature of the reception they might be accorded by the Coolallie tribe—the Drysdale boys on account of the part they had played in the drama and Warrawing and Coony on general tribal principles.

Gelin when told that it might be a long time before she would see Gunbor again, replied through the interpreter, so he said, "me wait." She accordingly elected to stay at one of the mission stations near Perth. Merrin, the interpreter, was professedly afraid to go back on account of the part he played in the apprehension of the murderers.

"Spouse me go back or Cardy go back," he said, "Coolallie tribe kill him." But Cardy, with an angry eye-glint, quickly interposed, "Me no frighten, me kill him too; me go back."

But, you see, as Merrin was interpreter, and as no one else present knew what he said when he interrogated Gelin as to her wishes; and as, necessarily, no one knew what she might have said instead of "me wait," when replying, it is not unreasonable to assume that two semi-savages, though they be of different tribes, may fall in love occasionally, even in such a strange setting of circum-



Waterfall, Port George Mission, Camden Harbour.

mission along Merrin; me go back take Warrawing and Coony Drysdale River; me no frighten Coolallies."

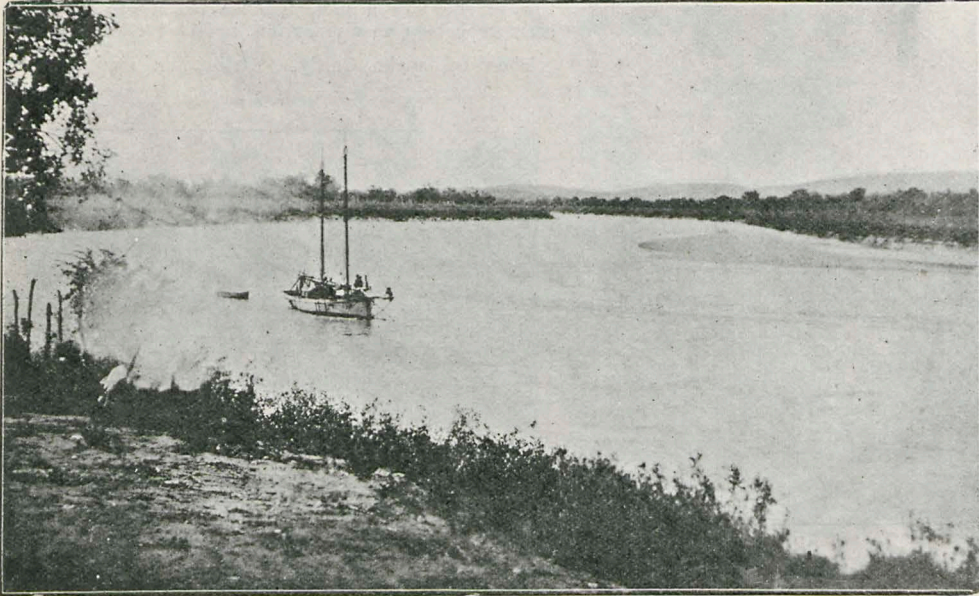
Expectantly he waited until the assent was given.

And breathless he was with delight, when he told

Warrawing the good news. The boy Coony laughed with sheer joy.

And watching them as they walked hand in hand from the Aborigines Department through the crowded street, Gelin and Merrin and Warrawing and Cardy, with Coony, the boy, bringing up the rear, it occurred to me, though Merrin and Cardy belonged to one tribe and Gelin and Warrawing to another, that a new light had entered their lives.

The noisy city appeared to have little concern for them, because, you see, their world, when they are away from the Bay of Islands, and the alligator, the shark, the turtle and trepang, belongs to a garden as primordial as that of Eden; a paradise abounding in game, with deep woods slashed by great rivers, teeming with fish—rivers whose waters, after the "big rains," come roaring down in cataracts, through gorges, in places hundreds of feet sheer, sweeping all before them on their way to the Opal Sea.



Port George IV.
Mission Lugger
on the Incoming
Tide, Fifty Miles
up Walcott Inlet.



Remarkable Progress

The attention of the whole world has been attracted by the wonderful development of Western Australia, particularly in agricultural lines. In nearly every newspaper or magazine there is something about Western Australian agriculture. W.A. is rapidly forging to the front as one of the most important cereal growing countries of the world, and much interest is shown every year as to the result of the crops.

Closely identified with this growth and contributing largely to the success of Western Australian farmers should be mentioned

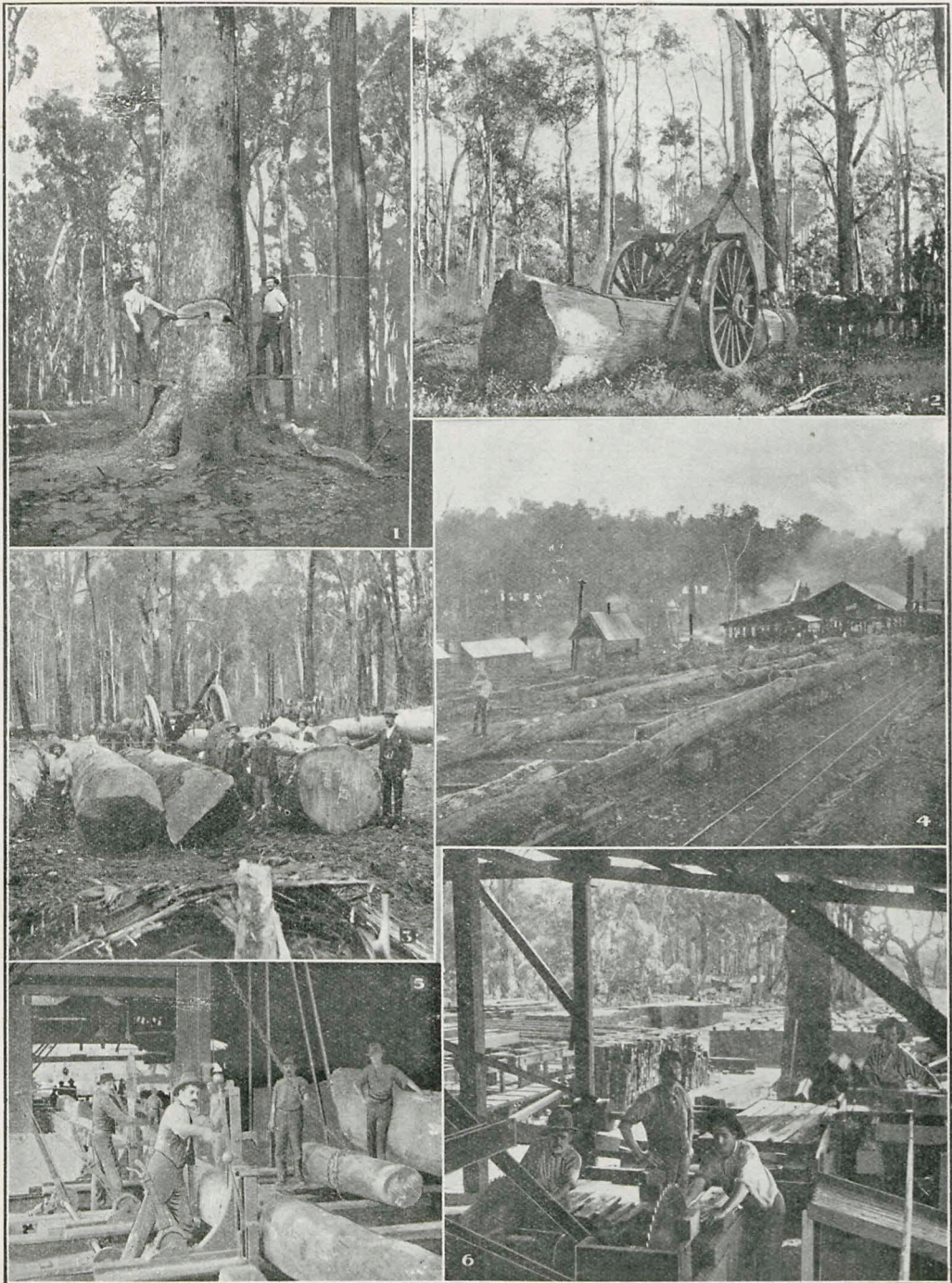
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THIS ISSUE.

The printing of this year's number of *The Golden West* was carried out by the well-known house of E. S. Wigg and Son Ltd., Hay Street, Perth, and the photo-process blocks are the work of Mr. T. Mills, of 550 Hay Street. The photos, "Early Morning, Perth Gardens," page

17, and "Sunset, Rockingham," are by Messrs. W. F. Hooton and H. G. Beach respectively; whilst those on pages 29 and 30 are from Mr. A. O. Neville, Protector of Aborigines.

Cover photo. ("In Scott Straits, North-Western Australia") from Mr. E. J. Stuart.

Western Australia



Is the land to settle in. . . . The finest climate in the British Empire. . . . State comprises one-third of Australia. . . . Area, nearly one million square miles. . . . Enormous extent of undeveloped territory.

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Many thousands of pounds' worth of Butter, Cheese, Preserved Milk, Bacon, Hams, Jam, Preserved Fruits, Potatoes, and other similar commodities are imported annually, to the total value of about 900,000.

All these articles could and should be produced locally. For this purpose, the primary need is additional settlers. Local Markets available as well as in Great Britain and the Far East.

Urgent need for Farm Hands and Domestic servants. Large numbers can be readily placed. Good wages.

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For further particulars, apply—Under-Secretary for Lands, Perth, Western Australia; or Agent-General for Western Australia, Savoy House, The Strand, London.



For "The Golden West"
By R. CLARKE SPEAR.

"I M rather glad we took this trip on," said Wingrove as the Dover-Ostend packet left the white cliffs of the former behind and steamed for the North Sea.

Wingrove never "did" anything, he invariably "took it on." The remark was applied by him to anything and everything to which it had the remotest possibility of application..

Necessarily Wingrove knew the sights of London and the lights of London as well as the next man. He knew the secret history and the folk lore of the great city from the Marble Arch to Billingsgate Market, and from the Leicester Lounge to Shepherd's Bush, and the tradition that London people were not amenable to the conversational overtures of the casual stranger had no application where Wingrove was concerned, because his gift was an extraordinary capacity for cultivating acquaintances, making friends and generally penetrating the Londoner's reserve.

Speaking for myself, I wandered about London for three days, and at the end of that time, was deeply impressed by the knowledge that out of all the millions thereabout the only people who evinced any partial interest in me were a barman at "Dirty Dick's" and an usher at the Oxford Music Hall. Wingrove, however, seemed capable of being received on terms of mutual friendliness by almost everybody within range of his invincible personality.

Rebuffed? Pushed back? Of course he was rebuffed and set aside many a time, but only temporarily. His voice and his smile, to say nothing of his somewhat unique bearing, invariably prevailed over the reticent and the dubious.

"A great mistake, this idea that Londoners are cold," were his words on one occasion. "I find them delightful people, you only want to break the ice—you can't very well expect them to break it for you—and they'll take you on alright."

And it looked like it. London's severity of dress had no concern for Wingrove. "I came as an Australian, and I'm going to be an Australian," were his words when someone jocularly suggested that he was the only man in a big crowd worth photographing—this at a dress function where he enjoyed the distinction of being arrayed in a light grey suit, a panama hat, set at a cheeky angle, brown shoes and a yellow cane. Add to these a beautiful china-blue eye and the irresistible smile, and you have got him.

Our first introduction to each other was on the Havre-Southampton boat.

"Excuse me," he said, "but you've got a bit of fluff on your shoulder," and he made as if to flick it off.

I was leaning over the taffrail at the time and feeling anyhow.

"Thank you," I said as I turned, "Where?"

"Nowhere," was his laughing rejoinder, "I picked you in one" were his next words.

"Picked what in one?"

"You, as being an Australian."

"Well, what about it?"

"Don't get cross, old sport," were his next words.

"I knew you were; I only wanted to hear you talk to confirm it. There's no fluff on your coat, but I had to 'front' you, somehow. Have a cigarette? Don't look so sour, I'm like you, I'm dead lonely and I wanted someone to talk to, and when I feel that way and don't know anybody I've got to get to know them, somehow. See now! You would have hung over this rail here from Havre to Southampton, wouldn't you? And wouldn't have made a friend, and nobody would have made one of you. You've got to 'breast' people in this hemisphere otherwise you'll go lonely. It's not like Australia, where you claim whoever you want to, whether you know them or not. I tumbled to that the first trip I made over here; that's why I feel as much at home on this boat as if I was going to Manly. You think they're stand-off because they don't make the overture, and all the time they're thinking precisely the same thing about you; and in the meantime you're both doing a perish for company, so that's where you've got to hop in and try yourself, and, if you're pushed back, well, bad luck."

One could not take the slightest exception to any of these remarks. Their utterer spoke so impersonally, so candidly, and, above all, was that incontestable smile; a smile that would have thawed a marble man.



"Any Saws, Knives or Scissors to Grind?" Uncle Tom, a well-known journeyman of Perth and Fremantle.

"You know," he went on, "it's no use us Australians thinking our identity is unknown, because it's not. We're as apparent as can be. To the other fellow our dress and deportment, without a word spoken, label us anywhere."

"Are you ashamed of it?" I asked.

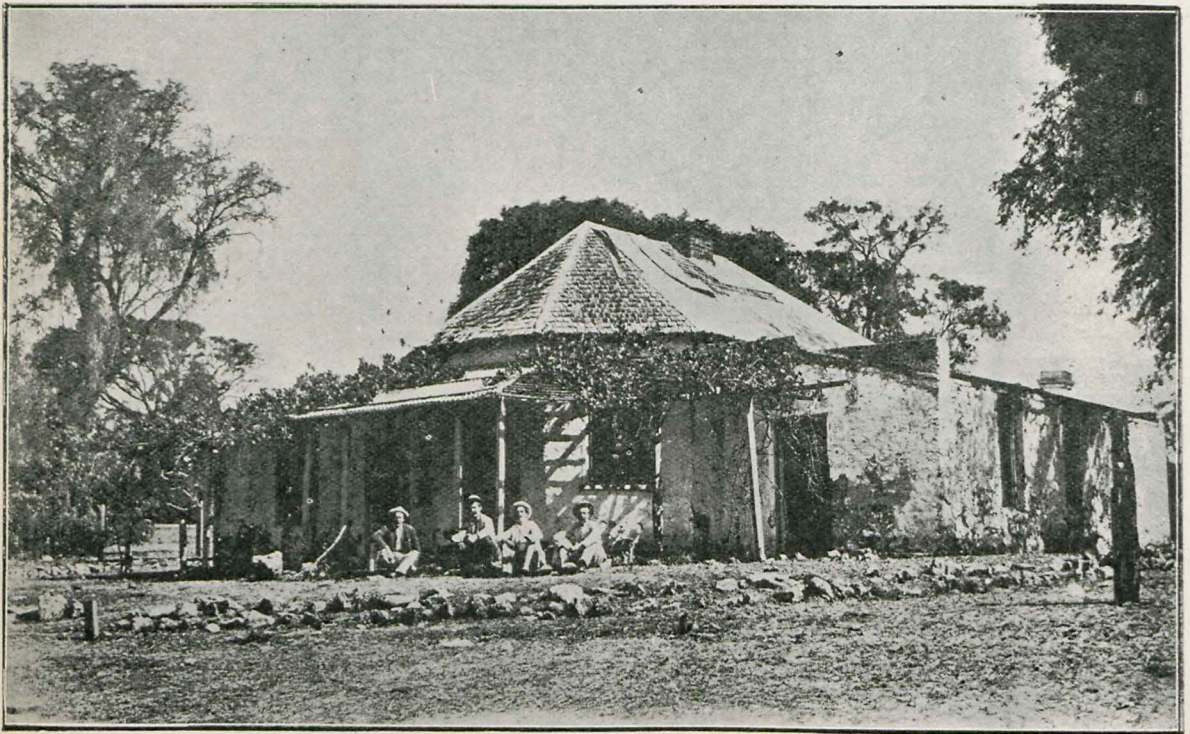
"Ashamed of it? There you are again looking for bother. Why, of course I'm not ashamed of it; I'm only talking about it for something to talk about, and to hear an Australian talk and to have a drink with."

I had been talking to Wingrove but a few minutes and yet I felt as if I'd known him all my life. He asked me to come and stay at the same London address, and I went. We saw a good deal of London together, his knowledge of it stood us in good stead. And then came the Ostend trip. The boat was well crowded with week-end tourists going for the bathing, the gambling and the Sunday horseracing. The crossing was smooth and we

We remonstrated, but Brodie prevailed. He incidentally introduced us on the way to the saloon to a friend who would insist that we should go along to his cabin when we had finished our felicitations.

"Do you know who that is?" said Brodie when the other had passed up the deck, "that's Willis, he was out in Coolgardie early, did very well, then went on the London Stock Exchange, got into some big copper show, Great Cobar I think it was, and made a ton of money; lovely home at Weybridge; three cars, a member of some of the best clubs in London, and a big racehorse owner, and an all-round good fellow. He has a horse or two racing to-morrow. Martin, one of our crack horse-men, is going across on this boat to ride it. I'll introduce you to him later. We must foregather on the course, and I'll make you win some real money."

Mr. Brodie's friends when we joined them in their cabin-de-luxe were the personification of friendliness and



Dr. Waylen's Old House at Point Walter. Built in very early period of the State's History.

had been out in the Channel about an hour when we turned from the rail to a voice which said, "Excuse me, both you boys are Australians, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Wingrove. "How did you know?"

"Why, because I'm one myself."

The stranger produced a card on which was inscribed, "Mr. J. Weston Brodie, Automobile Club, London."

"But I'm a Londoner now," he added. "Been here off and on for ten years; had one trip out to Sydney three years ago to see my dear old Mater, and settle up affairs before she passed away. I couldn't help risking a rebuff when I caught sight of you boys, as I wanted to have a yarn with someone from the dear old spot. I'm an old Sydney King's School boy, myself (he was a man of forty) and it is quite a treat to meet someone from one's own country. Come along," added Mr. Brodie, "the honours are mine; perhaps a little glass of the vintage of France would not be amiss."

hospitality, also they were very solicitous that we should join them in a friendly game of draw poker. "Only five bob rises" as Willis modestly put it.

Now, in the course of a very commonplace existence, I can claim some comparative satisfaction in never having had any burning desire to become versed in the accomplishment of poker playing; wherefore my excuse for being a non-participant in the proposed session was eminently justifiable.

In evidence of their sociability the company declined to play any game wherein I should figure as a mere onlooker.

"That being so," said Willis, "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll play a game that calls for the exercise of no skill—banker. It's a great time killer. Watch us play for a while and you'll soon see how it's done." So they played. It was certainly most alluring to see the ease with which this time honoured game is played, and

the apparent carelessness with which the varying tide of fortune transferred the piles of money from the "bank" to the players and *vice versa*. I subsequently joined in, under protest, and my lucky star being apparently in the ascendant, I was enabled to add considerably to my store of loose cash.

Wingrove lost heavily, but with a heartiness that was most refreshing, and after giving, as Mr. J. W. Brodie put it, "just one dinge" to a bottle of '93 Cliequot, we parted on excellent terms.

"Don't forget to-morrow, boys," said J. Weston as the gangway was put down and the Customs proceeded to investigate our luggage. "We will have a dash in the surf in the morning, lunch at the Majestic, and in the afternoon we'll make 'em know 'what's what' at the

and the Casino and were preparing for bed, "and I'm going to tell you something about our friends of the boat!" He paused.

"Yes!" I said, "Very nice fellows, what about them?"

"They're crooks!"

"They're what?"

"You heard what I said—crooks!"

"How do you know?"

"Because I do."

"Have a drink," I said, "and go to bed, you're suffering from delusions!"

"Nothing delusions, old 'cocky,'" was the response. "The 'mob' have been after you for some time, but you



An Orient Mail Steamer entering Fremantle Harbour.

racecourse. Permit me," he added, as a slim fragile looking personality made his appearance. "Let me introduce Mr. Martin to you; there's no need for me to tell you about him; he is one of England's most famous horsemen."

"Glad to meet you, gentlemen," was the newcomer's salutation. "I hope to meet you again. I must go and give some instructions to my valet now," he said as he departed.

* * * *

"I like you," said Wingrove, fairly deliberately, late that night, after we had done the rounds of the Kursaal

were mistakenly confused with someone else. Someone of the same name from Australia with plenty of money. After we came across on that Channel boat from Havre to Southampton and went to live together in Bloomsbury I knew you were not the party required. Your 'roll' was too light, and some judicious inquiries at the Agent-General's Office and elsewhere confirmed what I thought. I didn't say anything to the others on the matter, because, as I said, I liked you. You're amusing sometimes and your company has done me well by way of a change since I picked you up on the Channel boat. Of course the others thought all along that you would be 'easy money' and they came over on that boat to-day to 'yard' you;

so if, as you say, you're going on to-day to Antwerp and Brussels by the mail there's no harm done. I'll explain that you had an urgent cable to return to London, and that you will call upon Brodie at the Automobile Club and so on. Of course, he is no member of any automobile club, but that's another matter."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that Brodie, Willis and the other two are what you say they are?"

"Of course I do; they're swell mobsmen."

"But what about Martin?"

"What Martin?"

"Martin, the jockey; how could he be mixed up with a crowd of confidence men?"

Wingrove laughed. "They say," he added reflectively, "that there's a fool born every minute, but after all there's no mug like the 'fly flat.' Pardon my candour, but you, I should say, come under the latter heading. Why, that chap's no more Martin than you are. He is only part of the stage effects necessary to impressing the mugs," and he added somewhat ruefully, "Do you know, and I'm sorry to say it, because I'm an ex-Australian myself, the biggest part of them come from Australia. They'll fall to anything here if it's only wrapped up differently to the way they've seen it done out there, and I've seen many moneyed mugs from Australia. I saw one chap on the boat we came over in do most of his roll on the 'torn broad,' and to make a complete job of it the team finished up by 'selling him a purse.' Now, what do you know about that?"

And, then, for what reason I don't know, other than that he thought he was furbishing up an education, sadly in need of it, he disclosed the methods of the confidence crowd whose head-quarters were in London; how their agents in Australia advised them of the mail boat departures from time to time, and of wealthy visitors to Eng-

land, with an outline of their antecedents and status down under. How visits to the various Agents-General's offices in London subsequently confirmed their arrival and place of residence in the big city, and how by certain processes an introduction was brought about, or accidentally effected. Indeed, he recited two instances from Perth, one where a well-known lawyer, very high up in his calling and accredited shrewd, had been depleted of £500 at a card game at the Hotel —, and another where a North-West squatter had been relieved of the best part of a thousand pounds at the same address; and neither knew he had been victimised until informed by a knowledgeable authority, otherwise Scotland Yard.

"Now, of course," resumed he, "you would be the 'sweetest story ever told' for our sort if you had had any 'sugar,' but what you've got you'll want, take it from me. Oh, you needn't colour and look indignant; none of us are too old to learn, and you've got a good way to go before you matriculate into the top class of worldly wisemen if you ever do get there.

"Ta-ta, old horse," he added. "We'll meet again some day; the firm, *i.e.*, Brodie, Willis and I are going to Monte Carlo this coming week for the season, then Cairo and India. Indeed there are less probable happenings than that we might drift out to Australia again for the Newmarket and Australian Cup meeting. It's a long time since I was at St. Kilda," and he laughed immoderately; "besides there ought to be a new generation of 'mugs' in Melbourne and Sydney by now. Last time I was there they were falling to all the old Noah's Ark games imaginable; so they surely ought to be ready for a bit of an educational uplift in the way of being separated from their cash."

And, with a wave of the hand, away he went, light grey suit, panama hat, brown shoes, yellow cane and all.

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN TURF CLUB

Racing Carnival.



DERBY DAY, 26th December.

RAILWAY STAKES DAY, 28th December.

PERTH CUP, 31st Dec.

IMPERIAL STAKES DAY, 2nd Jan.

The Agricultural Year.

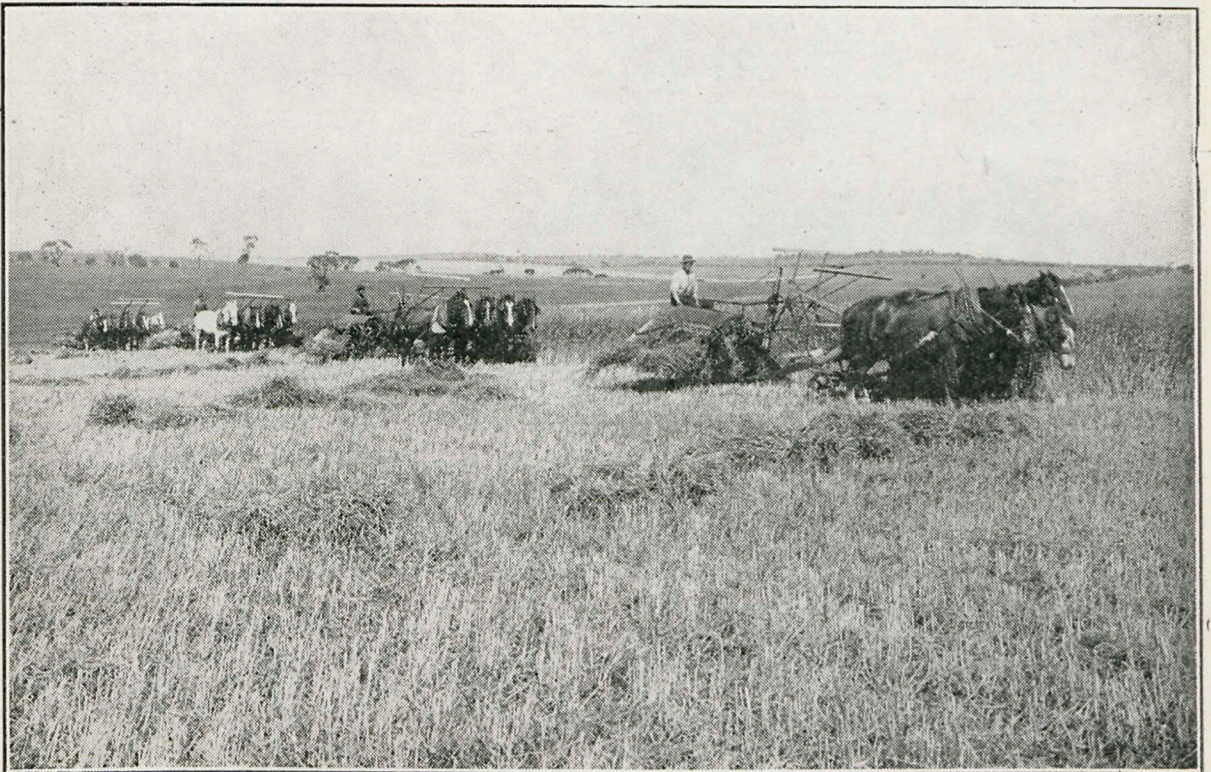
Harvest Estimates.

FOR
The Golden West
BY
MELA LEUCA.



A YEAR ago in writing a forecast for the 1920-21 harvest, I estimated that the harvest should yield from $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 million bushels. At that time it was not known how much would be cut for hay. The final returns gave the actual yield of grain, according

to the Government Statistician, as 12,220,000 bushels. I hope that I shall be able to hit the mark as closely this year. As a matter of fact, last year's harvest was not very satisfactory, because the average yield for the 1,272,953 acres reaped for wheat was only 9.6 bushels,



Massey-Harris Binders at Work among "Mannalea" Hay Crop, and averaging 80 Acres a Day.

and I was only approximately correct in my estimate of the total yield because the area cut for hay was over 20,000 acres less than I anticipated.

In regard to the oat crop for 1920-21, the final figures showed the acreage harvested for grain was 193,351 acres for a total yield of 2,020,498 bushels, with the small average of 10.4 bushels per acre.

The present season has been a somewhat peculiar one. The rainfall at Perth for the first three months of the year was somewhat above the average for the capital, but the rains were coastal and did not go into the Wheat Belt, the excess at Perth being due to a fairly heavy rain in February. So far as the Wheat Belt was concerned, the first four months of the year were very dry. For example, for Merredin only 94 pts. fell between January 1 and May 4, and what applied to Merredin

reading over 4, Nungarin 4½, but the peculiar thing was that the rains on the Great Southern were not much in excess of those, as a rule, experienced in what are usually considered the drier parts of the country.

The effect of these heavy rains in May and well on into June was that seeding operations had to be suspended, and there was a lapse of from a fortnight to three weeks before any further crops could be put in in many places, and when they were put in, it was very often under unfavourable conditions, so that the farmer said, "I bogged the seed in," and with a poor seed bed the crop has not had a very good chance of growth. A little after the middle of June the rains ceased, and there were several weeks of dry weather, and this enabled farmers to get on with their work, but the crops were at least a month late in starting. Some had to



This Season's 2,000 Ton Hay Crop at "Mannalea" (F. W. Roe's) Estate, Grass Valley.

practically applied to all the northern and eastern portion of the Wheat Belt. This remarkable dry spell resulted in all the wheat which was sown up to May 4 germinating at the one time. There were slight showers between May 4 and 8, but between May 8 and 10, heavy rains were experienced over the whole of the Wheat Belt, and heavier still on the coast. From being bone-dry the country became boggy with the wet, and seeding operations had to be suspended. The heavy rain brought up the wheat crops, but it also brought up the weeds, and the phenomenal rain was rather in favour of the weeds than the wheat, so that wherever the ground was dirty the crops have been very considerably injured by the weed growth. It was remarkable how consistent the heavy rains were over the whole of the Wheat Belt. Dowerin had 6¼ inches in May, Corrigin over 6, Quai-

continue seeding well on into July. It was a question of either running the risk of getting late rains or not getting the crop in at all. Many refused to sow the seed under such unfavourable conditions, but others took the risk, with the result that the area under wheat for the present season, 1921-22, according to the Government Statistician, is 1,545,026 acres as against 1,444,939 for the previous year, 1920-21. These areas are the total sown to wheat, and include the area already cut or being cut for hay. What the area cut for hay will be nobody at present knows. For 1920-21 it amounted to 169,000 acres, as against 234,000 for the previous year. We may expect the area cut for hay this season to be considerably more than last, but it is hardly likely that it will approach that for 1919-20. It is a mere estimate, but if we put down the area to be cut for hay at 200,026 acres,

we will have 1,345,000 acres left for wheat. It may be more, it may be less, because they are only preliminary estimates.

It has now become generally recognised that it is the later rains and not the early rains which exercise the greatest influence in producing a bigger harvest. At the same time the earlier rains do have a big influence, and this year they have resulted in the crop being badly sown. Then we have the winter months of July and August somewhat unfavourable for the growth of the crops. The crops seemed to hang, instead of getting away as they might have been expected to do if only the rainfall figures were considered. At the end of August farmers were in a condition of doubt. Everything was recognised to depend upon whether they were blessed with good September and October rains. September was moderately good, but there was abundance of moisture in the soil, and so the rains, although light,

Minister for Agriculture, Mr. H. K. Maley, M.L.A.

The Statistician has not furnished his preliminary estimate of yield, so that we have nothing more than guess work to go upon. What we do know is that a very great improvement has taken place in regard to the varieties being grown this year. There is a much larger area of Gluyas, Canberra, Gresley, Nabawah, and the season has been more favourable for these than for the late varieties. The late rains are also favourable for the late crops and for the late varieties, so that the average man is inclined to accept Mr. Maley's figures as not being over-optimistic.

The Fruit Industry.

Very little development has taken place during the present year in regard to the planting of apples, pears and other orchard fruits. It was feared at the beginning of the year that the export of apples and grapes would not prove profitable, because of the high freights and



In the Great Southern Area.

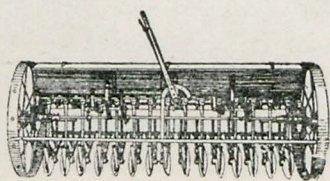
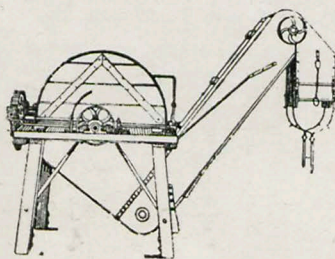
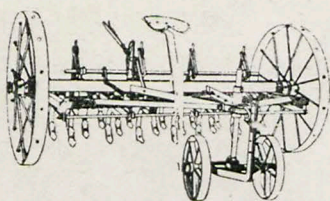
were well distributed and sufficient. But the crops did not grow as they were expected. Fortunately we have had good rains in October, and these may be said to have saved the situation for vast areas where the crops were very late. What the result will be no one can tell. In one or two places there are complaints that the grain is not forming in the ears as well as it should, but on the other hand, most districts report satisfactory conditions, and it would seem that there is nothing at present to indicate that we should not have at least an average yield of 10 bushels per acre. It requires very little arithmetic to see that 10 bushels for the area mentioned above will give us a total harvest of about 13½ million bushels. A good many people are very sanguine, and think that we should easily have an 11 or 12 bushel average. The lower figure will mean a little short of 15 million bushels, and this is the figure adopted by the

the excessive cost of sending the fruit to England. Fortunately the orchardists were disappointed. Fruit realised very high prices in London, and the returns have proved profitable, and will be an inducement to fruitgrowers to ship freely in the coming season, and to prepare for planting next. Some of the shippers realised phenomenally high prices, up to over £2 per case. Speaking generally, it may be said that the fruitgrowers are for the present holding over from further planting. In regard to grapes the position is very different. The last few years have been highly profitable for raisins, currants and sultanas, and very large areas of new vineyards have been planted, particularly in the Upper Swan district.

Dairying and Pigs.

Considerable progress has been made during the year in the development of the dairying industry, which is on

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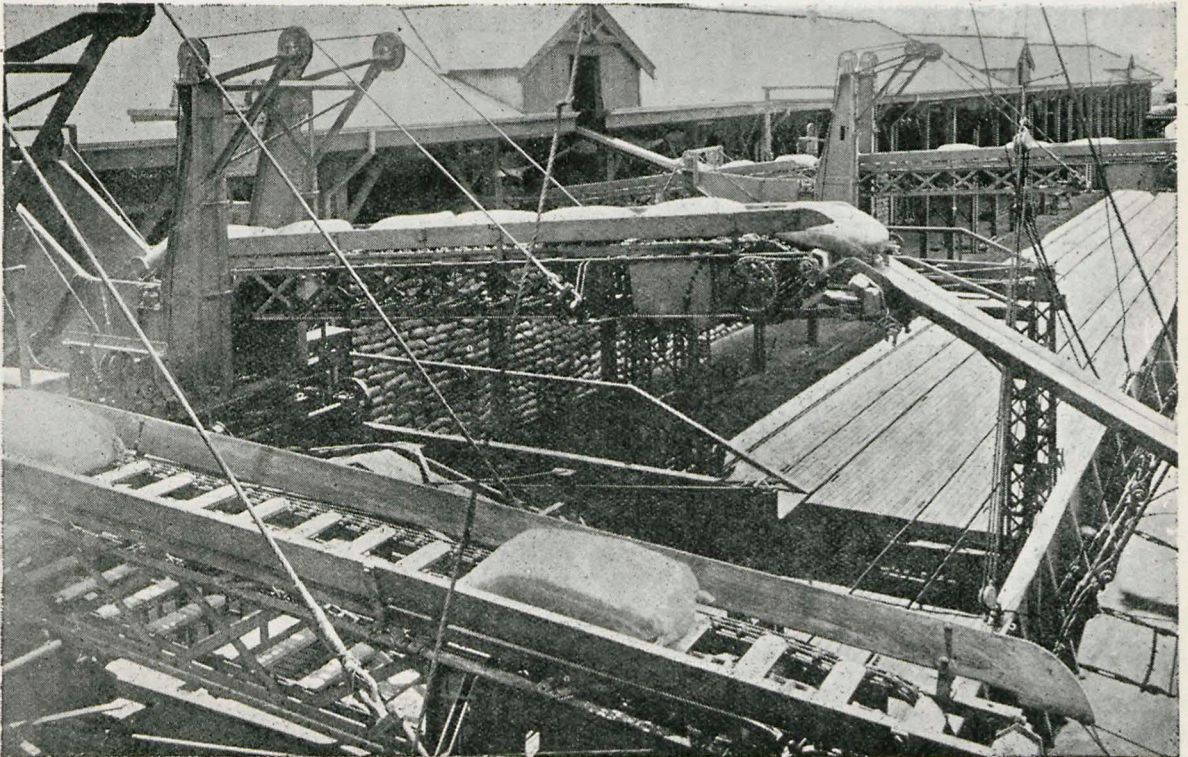
327 - 331 Murray Street, Perth.

Works : ——— Rocky Bay, North Fremantle.

a better footing now than it has ever been in the history of the State. Unfortunately, the price of butter has fallen somewhat, but this does not appear to be discouraging those who have entered into the business from persevering and increasing the number of their cows. The establishment of the bacon factories has had a most beneficial result on the pig industry, and we now have, in addition to Mr. Watson's old-established factory at Fremantle, and Mr. Bantock's at Subiaco, the large up-to-date factory of Messrs. Foggitt, Jones, Ltd., at Bellevue, and the still more recent large Avon Co-operative Butter and Bacon Factory at Northam.

Looking at the past year from a general point of view it may be said to have been on the whole fairly satisfactory. The high price which farmers have received for their wheat has placed many in the position of independence, while others are already on a sound footing and more expect to be during the coming year, and are ordering motor cars. The price of wheat for the coming harvest is troubling farmers rather more than the expected yield. They feel fairly sure about having a profitable crop provided the anticipated price of 5s. or more is realised. Farmers are thoroughly satisfied with the Parliamentary action in establishing a compulsory pool for this year, and also with the arrangements made with the Commonwealth Bank for financing the pool and giving an advance of 3s. per bushel when the harvest is delivered. They are also generally satisfied with the proposal for the introduction of bulk handling by the Co-operative Grain Elevator Company. The prosperity of the State depends upon the farmer, and as the farmer is undoubtedly on the whole prosperous, and the values of the harvests for several years past

have averaged from three to four million pounds sterling we have a reason for the general prosperity of the country.



Electric Conveyor Loading Wheat at Fremantle for the United Kingdom.

The Founding of The "Coolgardie Miner."

W. E. CLARE tells the story of Coolgardie's First Newspaper, its Vicissitudes and Fortunes; those of the "Old Camp," and the Men of the "Roaring Nineties."

For The Golden West.

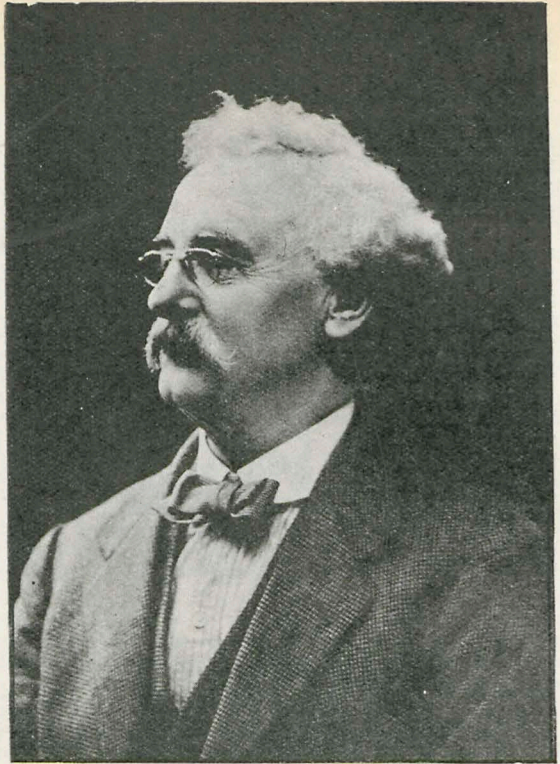
"It is indeed a far cast of memory. . . . Hardly a name I have mentioned but revives a memory or stimulates a theme."

I HAVE often been urged to relate the story of the founding of the *Coolgardie Miner* newspaper and its weekly compendium, *The Pioneer*.

I yield at last to the insistence of the editor of this excellent and purposeful annual, but with a diffidence which, at the outset, I must confess, is fully warranted by the consciousness of my inability to perform such a task with that chronological, biographical and historical accuracy due to the fulfilment of such an undertaking, and which may justly be expected of me by my contemporaries of the period now referred to as the "Roaring Nineties." It is indeed

A Far Cast of Memory,

for I possess no data of any kind on which to refresh it, not even an old newspaper file. But incidents out of the ordinary may, perhaps, link it up in a readable sequence,



WILLIAM EDWARD CLARE.

"Coolgardie was then (1893) a place of intermittent famine, either of water or food. Hannan's rush had depleted the camp of flour and meat, and we were all subject to rationing. I formed one of the queue that filed through Paisley's store and had received in return for the payment of 7/6 my allowance of 5 lb. flour and a 2 lb. tin of meat. I felt that it was up to me to make at least an attempt, or a pretence, to fulfil my boast, so with a swag pariously light in respect of food—7 lbs. of sustenance in all—set out on my journey afoot to York."



Prospectors Equipping at Coolgardie for the new "Rush" to the 45-Mile—1894.

notwithstanding the lapse of 29 years since the commencement of the events here recorded. The truly wonderful success which attended this, my first venture in newspaper ownership, both in its commercial and literary

aspects, places me in a somewhat artificial light. Little or nothing of its unique success was due to myself personally. I had merely pegged a claim which panned out rich.

The great rush which followed the commencement of the undertaking brought in its tide men of literary mark and wide newspaper experience, as well as commercial men, printers and mechanics of highest grade, of whose services I freely availed myself, and to these adventurous spirits was due the eminence attained by *The Coolgardie*



A Goldfields "Willy Willy" (Dust Storm).

Miner and The Coolgardie Pioneer in the boom years of '94 to '97 inclusive.

I was one of the excited crowd of diggers which followed on Paddy Hannan's tracks on Sunday morning, the 12th June, 1893. Like the majority of those following the rush, I was afoot, carrying a load of from 80 to 100 lbs. in weight. I pegged what afterwards proved to be a very good claim indeed, but I was not destined to work it. I fell grievously sick, and within a week of the discovery was removed to Coolgardie, where I had the chance of better attention. Through the accident of that sickness I owe the good fortune which followed, for no dozen alluvial claims on Hannan's combined returned to their holders the wealth the first newspaper venture on the goldfields netted to its lucky "prospector."

A fortnight after Hannan's discovery I was working on Bayley's Reward under Captain Beaglehole. At that time no shafts had been started on the claim, attention being devoted to taking out the gold from the enormously rich chute running along to the blow which was then a landmark of the country immediately surrounding. Some £60,000 worth of gold was obtained therefrom before mining proper was entered upon on the Reward. I may mention in passing that the wages we received were £3 10s. a week and two gallons of water per diem. And the cost of living!

It was on an afternoon of the fortnightly pay that Captain Beaglehole called me to him with a confidential air for which at the moment I was at a loss to account.

"Tell me," he opened out, "are you a newspaper man?" I admitted a previous association with newspapers both in the printing and reporting branches, and forthwith confessed, with no little trepidation, that I had written descriptions of the Reward claim and the

surrounding fields which had been published.

"I thought so," he replied, apparently by no means displeased. "Do you know," he continued, "there is a good chance for a newspaper on this field?" I agreed there was, at the same time voicing my regret at the insurmountable obstacles which precluded me personally from participating in so promising a venture.

It was then and there I had my first lesson in company promoting. "Go down to the township," said Beaglehole, "and arrange for a meeting to discuss the scheme."

I lost no time in so doing, nor did I spare energy in the prosecution of my mission. The meeting was arranged for the following night (Saturday). Everybody who was anybody in the camp foregathered at the place appointed—Evan Wisdom's (Wisdom is now Administrator, New Guinea) Exchange Hotel. In propounding the object of the meeting I was naturally at a disadvantage, having no idea of the financial requirements of the scheme, and little, if any, knowledge of the cost of the necessary plant; while the matter of transport of the same from such far-off railway termini as Northam or



Pat Hannan, Prospector of Kalgoorlie Goldfield, June, 1893.
Tall Man—Dick Greaves, a Pioneer Prospector of Yilgarn
(Southern Cross) Goldfield, 1888.

Hannan is living in retirement, but his old friend, Greaves, crossed over to the "Undiscovered Country" some time back.

York, nearly 300 miles of bush land and sand plain, varied from day to day almost. It was generally conceded, however, that a newspaper on the field would fill a want that was never so keenly felt, and a vacuum never so greatly abhorred. It was decided to appoint a committee to discuss with myself ways and means and to report

to a further meeting. Young Evan Wisdom, even in those days esteemed for his shrewdness, and being one of the three licensed liquor purveyors on the camp to boot, was appointed chairman.

The business of the night having thus been completed, I claimed the privilege of the first "shout," which absorbed just about half of my fortnight's pay. Others followed, and the coming newspaper and the ever-present



Fly Flat, Coolgardie's Wonderful Early-day Alluvial Area.

liquid stimulant were discussed to the evident enjoyment of the lot of us.

The committee met on the following Sunday morning, and ways, means and divisional interests were discussed, the latter by no means to my satisfaction; so little so indeed that I withdrew from further discussion of the project with the avowal that I would make the venture "on my own," although I had not, at the moment, the remotest idea how that was to be accomplished.

Coolgardie was then a place of intermittent famine, either of water or food. Hannan's rush had depleted the camp of flour and meat, and we were all subject to rationing. I had that very Sunday morning formed one of the queue that filed through Paisley's store and had received in return for the payment of 7/6 my allowance of 5 lb. flour and a 2 lb. tin of meat. I felt that it was up to me to make at least an attempt, or a pretence, to fulfil my boast, so with a swag pariously light in respect of food—7 lbs. of sustenance in all—set out on my journey afoot to York. I reached Southern Cross on the evening of the fourth day, where I obtained further supplies to carry me on my journey of 170 miles or so to the valleyed township of York.

It was a weary tramp enough. I left the beaten track at Merredin Rock—I think that was the point—and traversed a big stretch of timbered country known, if I remember rightly, as Tootalgin Forest, which brought me eventually to what was then the farthest out sheep station of the eastern district, and a desolate place enough it was, and to me a mystery how it ever came to be selected. However, the owner or manager, whichever he was, was a splendid type of Englishman, who entertained me generously and was deeply interested in the tales I had to tell of the wealth of Bayley's Reward.

Leaving the homestead of the hospitable Mr. Luke (I recall his name at this moment), and following a clearly-defined bush track, cutting mostly through well-timbered country, brought me to another homestead—the second habitation and the second sign of human life I had met with since leaving the main track at Merredin Rock.

It was the home of a well-known identity of the York district, and stood in a healthy patch of cultivation. I had up to that moment neither seen nor heard of this then remote backblocker. I was soon enlightened. He

at once informed me that his name was Martin—"Flyme, they call me," he added. "I'll be bound you come from Goolgardie." "Coolgardie," I ventured to correct. "Goolgardie," he insisted with asperity. "Why, man, we knowed there was gold out there more'n twenty years ago, and we'd have had it, too, hadn't it been for a chap who wrote some po'try about us and busted up the syndicate." He remembered one of the stanzas at least of the disastrous epic, and forthwith recited it for my edification, whereupon I ceased to wonder at the dire results which ensued. I remember the lines well—

Let Stirling guide and "Flyme" gas
And Cutting give the figgers,
But when they get to Goolgardie
The ground's only good for niggers.

These were fateful lines indeed. They stalled off an epoch for full two decades, in all probability.

But I cannot dwell upon the incidents of that trip. They form no important part of the story I have to tell.

Also I must hurry over the interval of the months which elapsed before I acquired the crude plant which the combing of the Government Printing Office (Carlton R. Pether, Government Printer), the *West Australian*, the *Daily News and Inquirer* (the latter then under the benign direction of Horace Stirling) and Tom Bryan's printery, enabled me to get together. This consisted of an ancient Eagle press and an assortment of type known to the trade as "pye." With the assistance of some compositor friends and whilom mates, this I "set up," graded and packed away in boxes. Meanwhile I engaged what the man with whom I negotiated termed a "team" to meet me and my entourage and plant at the head of the railway line, then under construction for Yilgarn, which was already formed to about 20 miles beyond Northam. Big-hearted Joe McDowell was the contractor for this railway, and he insisted upon franking my outfit over the distance, which was most opportune. My associates on this journey were Fred Wells, a surveyor, whose acquaintance I had made since my return to Perth, and Dick Stone, a comp, red-headed, violent and a rare character.

At the head of the line our troubles commenced. The "team" consisted of a tip dray and three horses. The dray was already filled with horse fodder, sufficient for a fortnight. However, I had made the deal and I had neither the means nor the opportunity of getting out of it. We managed to add the old press and most of our personal outfits to the load, leaving the balance of the plant on the fast growing dump of goods at the railway camp.

It was here I met Charlie Moran, a Perth acquaintance, who was swaggering it Coolgardiewards on an electioneering campaign to capture the new Parliamentary division of Yilgarn. We liked his company, but ridiculed his ambition. We were poor judges, as events proved. The first meeting he addressed was at the Thirteen Mile Rocks, later known as Parker's Road. The assemblage was comprised of teamsters and swampers, with probably not an elector among them. I took the chair—the stump of a felled tree. I am afraid I did not unduly flatter the candidate, but it soon became evident that he could afford to dispense with flatterers anyhow. I cannot hope to recall even the outline of his subject, but I can never forget the uninterrupted flow of his utterance and his dramatic style of declamation. He was acclaimed. He later on won the seat, as history tells.

After a weary drag occupying over five weeks our dilapidated outfit pulled into the main camp of the new Eldorado.

During the few months of my absence the once picturesque camp of Coolgardie—in point of natural beauty

by far and away the best of any gold mining camp in the West—had been scarred and battered out of recognition almost. True, the kingly salmon gums, the finest of their species, still waved their vivid foliage to the breeze, but the smaller scrub and the undergrowth had been cleared away, and township lots, section after section, carried instead mean shanties of iron, wood, hessian, bagging, fragments of tin, calico and rags, while the banging of hammers and the shrieking of saws proclaimed the white man's hurried occupancy of the wilderness to be still proceeding in feverish haste.

Anxious weeks of waiting followed. No tidings could be gleamed of the whereabouts of the balance of the plant, and the rush of loading at the time rendered the problem one for dire and dismal speculation. It should have been loaded on a team shortly following my own had arrangements been adhered to.

At last Harry Gregory, then in business with his brother Claude, making water tanks and otherwise working iron, suggested, with that impulsiveness of good nature which often characterised his actions in the successful days following to him, generously offered to proceed to the head of the line and root out the missing essentials, but, alas, the turnout was unequal to the task.

In the meanwhile I had been compelled to dispose of what had been intended as the future "office" of the *Miner* in order to keep the pot boiling. Said premises consisted of a calico tent of dimensions 24 ft. x 12 ft. I at least had the satisfaction of seeing Mick Donnelan lay the foundation of a considerable fortune therein, plying the tonsorial art and providing crude showers of bore water (two gallons to the bath) at half-a-crown per lave. Meanwhile we found refuge in a rude shelter of gimlet wood and bags, half-roofed only with the same flimsy material. When, finally, the missing parts arrived it was there we set up the plant. Mr. Bond Taylor also arrived on the scene about this time, and assumed charge of the commercial side of the venture, and proved an invaluable aide. It occurs to me, even so late in the day, that the subsequent success of the venture was in a great measure due to the skill and ability of my first accountant. No time was to be lost in producing the first issue. Already I had selected my staff from the volunteers offering. To John Drake, who came from the Thames River Field, N.Z., I offered the editorship, which he held for fully a fortnight with credit to himself and satisfaction and profit to me. But the back of beyond was calling, and he was off, though he remained throughout my proprietary a valued contributor to the *Miner* and the *Pioneer*. But I am a few days ahead of my story.

Among those on the camp who evinced the keenest interest in the birth of the first goldfields press was young Edwin Greenslade Murphy, who was camped just outside the townsite with his cousins, Harry Tucker and the Mc Cormack Brothers. The first-named had been mentioned to me as a possibly acceptable contributor to the columns of the new paper. I was told also that I "would mostly find him over at Bill Faahan's Club Hotel." The direction was good—it was accurate. Before long I was deciphering a screed, calligraphically weird, but otherwise full of merit—a length of topical verse, which he had entitled "The Fossicker's Yarn." He had sent this off to the *Bulletin*, but it also figured in the initial number of *The Miner*. From then on he became a regular contributor to the paper, and "Jingle," by "Dryblower," contained the lightest and brightest two-column feature of many future numbers.

The missing plant arrived on a Tuesday, and it was decided that an effort should be made to produce the first issue on the following Saturday. Those familiar with the nature of the work required will appreciate the impossibility of this being accomplished by two compositors

who had first of all to distribute the type into cases ere they could commence the work of setting up the contents. It was small type, too, and although the issue was only one of four pages of 24 18 in. columns in all, it was plainly beyond the capacity of two comps., even though they might work every hour of the interval.



"The Swampers"—otherwise a title applied to those who paid for the transport of their swags from the head of the line to Coolgardie, and walked with the teams.

"Does anybody know anybody who can set type?" was the query passed round the camp. As in the matter of literary help, so was I here again most fortunate. The required help was forthcoming. Among the number were two tradesmen, who were in other and more congenial walks than type-setting at the time. These were the first Salvation Army officer who came to the field, one Captain Bennett, and the other a bright young chap named Walsh, who was dispenser for the medico of the camp, Dr. Davies. The latter returned to the trade of printing some years later, and at the present time is accounted one of the smartest linotype operators in this State, and has a machine at the *Daily News*. They both helped a few hours each day.

Others not so expert, but who did their best with hearty goodwill, were Trooper Jarlath Duffy, now and for many years past a partner in the leading land salesmen and auctioneering firm of Learmonth, Duffy and Co., and Jack Bowen, manager of Faiz and Tagh Mahomet's camel transport.

The result was that by noon on the day determined upon, the 14th April, 1894, the first copy of the *Miner* was off the press. Myself at the lever, "Dryblower" applying the ink roller and Tucker "flying" the sheets. We were at it until nightfall, resuming printing soon after daylight on the following Sunday morning. Regard for our limited supply of paper caused us to stay printing when 1,200 copies had been struck off. The price was 6d. per copy. As an example of letterpress No. 1 was well below the mark. The bag shanty had no flooring and but little overhead covering, while occasional dust storms would have rendered decent printing impossible even with the best working materials.

A noteworthy coincidence was the birth of the first white child on Coolgardie on this identical date. It was so asserted at the time and without contradiction.

John Drake supplied the bulk of the "copy" for the first issue and for No. 2 also, after which he disappeared for a time following some elusive rush.

A dreamy youth—a pretty little fellow—was introduced to me as a budding literary genius. Pursuing a policy which I adopted freely in the following years, I engaged him on the spot for a trial run. He did not stay long, but this must not be taken as a reflection on his gifts in the direction implied. He was immersed in gloom. He never completed his first attempt at leader writing. I had passed the first few slips of his lucubra-

tions on to Dick Stone to set up, but that harsh censor balked at the first line, and declined to proceed. Rain was at the time badly needed—it was generally so—and a passing bank of cloud which promised a down-pour had proved a disappointment, leaving only a few heavy drops behind it. I recall the opening line of that unpublished piece of prose:—

“The dribbling drops on the canvas roof.”

“Dribbling drops,” growled Stone. “He’d better dribble and drop out of this.” It was not for me to argue with the staff.

I had much better luck with the next comer—a well set up, dashing, picturesque looking chap. I forget whether I engaged him or whether he assumed the position as a matter of course, and as a matter of right. “My name is Hales, A. G. Hales, otherwise ‘Smiler,’” he announced. “You’ll have heard of me?” I certainly had, for so many on the field had mentioned him in connection with journalistic exploits and coups in Broken Hill, Adelaide, Sydney and elsewhere.

He lost no time in getting to work. He was dynamic. He knew half the diggers, prospectors and business people on the camp. His ready pen and readier imagination suited the goldfields reader of the day to a

space devoted to these reminiscences would not suffice in which to recount even a chapter which I might contribute to the autobiography of that forceful, interesting, and, withal, lovable character, who, perhaps more than any other writer associated with it, was responsible for the unique success of the early goldfields press.

How I Met My “Reptile Contemporary.”

It was on my way down to the coast in connection with the transport of the new printing machine that I met my “reptile contemporary,” to be. It was on the second day out on the coastward coach journey. We had left Boorabbin early in the morning and were labouring over the big sand plain, when signs of a considerable conflagration visible on the horizon attracted our attention. It was plain the outbreak was in the vicinity of Quadranoolagin, where Cobb and Co.’s change post and a wayside house were situated. It was the latter that was aflame, and by the time we reached the scene the shanty had been completely obliterated from the landscape. I lost all interest in the disaster, however, for just pulling out after its overnight camp on the edge of the plain was a fine team, with waggon loaded to the height of a hay stack with what was plainly an exceptionally modern printing plant. Accompanying the team was the manager



Cobb & Co. were the Coaching Pioneers of the Western Goldfields, as they were of those of Eastern Australia.

degree which probably no other newspaper man in Australia could have attained. He was frequently a horse or a camel following reported new finds, and by means of returning prospectors kept us well supplied with “copy.” His account of the first wedding ceremony which took place on Coolgardie stands as one of his best contributions to *The Miner*, his description of the costumes of the bride and bridesmaids being a string of geological similes most tellingly employed.

Leaving “Smiler” in charge, I hurried down to the coast to take delivery of a cylinder printing machine, while a more habitable office was being rushed up for us with an entrance on Bayley street.

It was whilst in Perth on this piece of business that I made the acquaintance of F. C. B. Vosper, who was at the time conducting a small weekly folio paper called the *Miner's Right*. He agreed to come on *The Miner*, and that was the commencement of an association which continued, with periods of recess, during the whole of my ownership of the paper, and longer. He was a democrat of the democrats in those days, and although neither his writings, nor his frequent platform utterances, on subjects political, industrial and racial, met with general approval, they certainly commanded wide respect. The

of the rival newspaper to be, Mr. James MacCallum Smith, and a staff of three printers, or so I imagined them to be. The result of that competition as it affected *The Miner* is embraced in the axiom that competition is the soul of trade.

The great gold boom was reaching full tide within a year of the founding of the fields newspapers. The *Miner* was being published every morning, and contained eight pages of broadsheet, and occasionally, later, ten pages; while the weekly *Pioneer* was flourishing apace. This was the first journal in the State to make a regular feature of illustrated supplements, and the work of making the process blocks was performed by Mr. Thos. Mills, now of Perth, who brought a plant with him from the Eastern States for the purpose. And surely never did an engraver work and persevere under such shockingly disadvantageous conditions as did this heroic artist. The Xmas number of *The Pioneer* of '96 was in itself a most noteworthy achievement, and one probably without parallel. It consisted of 100 pages of demy-folio, with an illustration on almost every page, all the work of Mr. Mills. Mr. Ben Strange was later unearthed—literally, for he was working in a mine at the time—and his weekly cartoons brought an admired new feature to the gold-

fields press. We printed a series of them in three colours, and the innovation was continued for some time after my retirement from the conduct of the papers. I think I am right in stating that J. Dawson, who, for many years past, has been responsible for the letterpressing of the illustrated section of the *Western Mail* had charge of the machining of those early efforts.

The railway line was approaching Coolgardie, and the tide was flowing Kalgoorliwards. As Hannan's progressed Coolgardie dwindled, and this trend became so pronounced that I opened an office at the new centre, and furnished it with plant sufficient to bring out some sort of a newspaper; but it was never so employed, for I retired from the business shortly afterwards and my successors did not prosecute the project. However, I placed a Mr. Oakley Browne in charge of the Hannan's office, with a youth named Harry Davis as assistant (the latter now commercial editor of the *West Australian*) and printing an evening edition of *The Miner*, and heading it the *Hannan's Herald*, sent it over the track by cyclists. The first man to undertake this truly awful transport contract was Percy Armstrong—and who does not know Armstrong's Cycle Agency to-day?

My greatest pleasure in the retrospect of those stirring days is the truly remarkable galaxy of literary talent which was attracted to the goldfields, and which for the greater part contributed to the columns of *The Miner*. Besides those already mentioned by me in this connection, the names of George Stevens and Herbert Ridsdale occur to me as of particularly brilliant, if somewhat erratic, members of the staff; and Herbert Norton, who, from the assistant readership of the *Australasian*, succeeded Charles Wilson as sporting editor of *The Miner* (he is one of the best-known members of the *Sunday Times* staff at the present time). Laurence C. Goodrich, for a time cable editor, was a delightful character. Of the juniors the smartest were perhaps Bert Toy and J. Cameron. The former was until recently managing editor of the Sydney *Sunday Times* and associated newspapers, and is now on the staff of the *Bulletin*. Cameron is editor of the English paper at Nice, in the South of France, and acquitted himself with distinction as war correspondent on the Italian front in the late war.



A Glimpse of Early-day Bayley Street, Coolgardie.

Many travellers of note contributed articles in passing. The most noteworthy in this regard was Edmund Mitchell, an English novelist, who had some vogue in the eighties, and who furnished me with what seemed at the time an extravagant suggestion for the pumping of water to the goldfields. Archie Sanderson, one of our present day legislators, assured me that the first two guineas

he earned in the West for literary contributions were on *The Miner* in my day.

I ought not to forget to mention that Mr. P. K. N. Crozier was for a while editor of the *Pioneer*. My fondest recollections of him are, however, based on his social qualities, and his rare vocal gifts and instrumental accomplishments.



Opening of the Southern Cross to Coolgardie Railway.

The spirit of emulation must have been strong indeed or the force of environment very greatly impressed on the mechanical staff of the old *Miner*. For example, quite a number of the compositors later made good on the literary and business sides of newspapers in various parts of Australia and elsewhere. I have particularly in mind, Jack Underwood, one of the printers, who now, and for years past, has edited a great daily paper at Seattle. Donald Cameron and Robert Salter were devils in the office at the time I write of. They have both since made their presence felt in various public capacities. Harry Kneebone I recall as "stone hand." I fancy he now edits an Adelaide daily, and he was press correspondent on the High Commissioner's staff in London. But the most remarkable development was that of a bantam pugilist whom I employed to help turn the big machine before we installed motive power. His "nom de biffe" was Charlie Rose. He was until recently, and may yet be so, for all I know to the contrary, editor of the well-known London sporting paper, *Boxing*. There were many others whose names elude my memory for the moment. They all, together with the smartest tradesmen in their line ever gathered together under one roof in all Australia, were responsible for the wonderful success, transient though it was, of my goldfields newspaper ventures.

George Kingswell, who succeeded me, had with him Mr. John Drayton, afterwards editor of the *Perth Morning Herald*, and they kept the *Miner* well up to traditional grade, till the waning fortunes of the Old Camp left no commensurate reward for the exercise of their exceptional talents.

Hardly a name I have mentioned but revives a memory or stimulates a theme. If what I have here set out prove acceptable reading I shall be happy to add to it some day — in the next number of the *Golden West* perhaps.

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Rainbow Bridges.

(For *The Golden West* by "CROSSCUT.")

*"Twilight is God's caress upon departing
day."*

*There is an hour we all may prize,
There is a bridge we all may build,
There is a sunlit land that lies
Ahead, with every rapture filled.
Tho' rough the road and long the way,
Tho' brambles clutch on every hand,
By many a Rainbow Bridge 'tis spanned
When twilight veils the eyes of day.
And, hedged by rock and slough and mire,
There lies the "Land of Heart's Desire!"*

*There grows the amaranthine flower
That never feels the touch of death,
But opes to every scented shower
That adds fresh fragrance to its breath.
And limpid rivers shaded o'er
With green of leaf and feathery fronds,
All hung with dewy diamonds,
Glide placidly for evermore.
And peace beyond all worldly ken
Enwraps the tired hearts of men.*

*There gleams red wine with sunlight kissed
For thirsty, earth-parched lips to sup
From chalices of amethyst
That hold no madness in the cup.
And there is Love, from passion freed,
And friendship seeking no reward;
And gardens cool, and velvet sward,
And ripening fruit and bursting seed.
When twilight dims the distant ridge
I bravely tread my Rainbow Bridge!*

*Then scarp and frowning precipice—
Fear-fashioned from the strife of day—
Grow tremulous to woo the kiss
Of evening in her garb of grey.
The strident war-cry, harsh and deep,*

*Melts to a murmurous melody,
Like low winds whisp'ring o'er a sea
Of restless waters lulled to sleep.
And thro' the mists of doubt and fear
The land of Heart's Desire draws near.*

*There comes a breath of earlier times,
Light as a tuft of thistle-down,
When young feet danced to Christmas chimes
And young heads wore a golden crown.
The bells are ringing still for me,
The shining crowns are not bedimmed
But in white frames of pearl are limned . . .
The young forms throb in ecstasy.
I meet them oft, with glory thrilled
Upon the bridges that I build.*

*Sweet spirit of the twilight hour,
With wings of peace and soft caress,
Spirit of scent, and voice, and flow'r,
Unblurred by cold forgetfulness;
Ye breathe soft murmurs in mine ears,
And croon soft music to my heart,
Till from the pallid shadows start
The bright ghosts of the golden years:
Old loves, old friends, and, once again,
Old hopes triumphant over pain.*

*Do I but dream? Then say it not,
For oh, believe the dream is fair,
Like to a cool and verdant spot
In some dry desert wide and bare.
Where 'neath the palm-trees' fretted shade
The crystal, quivering waters lie,
And for a time my tired eye
Scans the horizon unafraid;
And sees, where earth and ether blend,
The green land where my bridge shall end.*



A Prospector in the Far North-East Country.







A Kimberley Quest.

Adventurings on the Fitzroy and Ord.

(For *The Golden West* by NOMAD.)

JOY bells were ringing, flags flying and artillery salvos of "blank" were causing dangerous window pane vibrations in the peaceful air of "Blighty," as Sergt. Fred Howard, M.C., on 11th November, 1918, sat meditating under the verandah of his rural "convalescent home." It was Armistice Day; and Howard, with a volume of "Barrack-room Ballads" in his hand, was thinking seriously of his immediate future and reviewing his recent past.

for me to get out, and get started on another line of rails. No use waiting for demobilisation; the fresh drafts from Australia, that came too late for the fun, can do garrison work on the Rhine frontier, and the sooner I get back to Kangaroo Land the better. This is a different guess-sort of affair from the Boer war. What was it Kipling's London volunteer said?

'Peace is declared; and I return

To Hackneystadt—but not the same.

Things have transpired that made me learn

The size and meaning of the game.'

"Just so; I've learned a good deal in four years of campaigning, and am going back the richer by a very varied experience—and a fragment of shrapnel, which matters so little, that it's not worth cutting out. Thank Heaven! I shan't be obliged to loaf along on a pension. Gallipoli is not a pleasant memory, but it was experience, though a horseman born and bred does not take kindly to foot service. Then there was some hot, dry and sandy fun in the Sinai Peninsula, with an exchange into the Air Service. At all events I can pilot a plane fairly now; and lucky I was not to get caged in the Kut-el-Amara starvation trap. A flutter in Trans-Caucasia, with that futile attempt to make a fighting man of the Armenian waster, was more experience—not very valuable certainly, but likely to last me my time. I won't get the petroleum stink of the Baku Peninsula out of my nostrils this side of eternity. Fortunate I thought myself on getting out of there, but the Belgian front on the Yser was not much of a change for the better. The miry misery of those trenches, the rain, the cold and the mud of that winter—which made even the frost-proof Canadians shiver—was another experience, useful mainly in demonstrating the possibility of keeping jolly under difficulties. Net result of all this experience? There's no country under the sun equal to Australia, and no part of Australia that has the possibilities of the Nor'-West. Give me the Kimberleys."

Howard tugged thoughtfully at the long moustache, which, despite the military craze for bare-facedness, he had resolutely preserved, and picked up from beside his chair a stray number, three months old, of the "Western Mail." "I see," he said, "they are making much anticipatory fuss about us in the Commonwealth.



Reflections.
Ivanhoe
Station,
Ord River,
East
Kimberley.

"It is the finish," he soliloquised. "If there be any fight left in the Bosches, they will have to use it up in revolutions. On Foch's terms, they can never raise another kick against the Allies. It's high time

We are to have "preference" in civil service quill-driving and odd jobs; and those that don't cotton to that kind of work, are to be set up as "cockies." Not any for me, thank you. All the preference I want

is for a handy lugger, a good horse, or a prospecting outfit—though after what I've suffered from them in Syria, I must say 'Damn all camels.' Here (and he turned over a page of the illustrated weekly) is a map of the Kimberleys. They want to find a new port, it seems. No doubt about the want. From King Sound to Cambridge Gulf there isn't a settlement or a white man—bar half-a-dozen mission people—or a chartered harbour. So half the Kimberleys—and the richest half, too, in my opinion—is absolutely locked up. That is the place of all places in Australia for expansive development—and I ought to know it, after five jolly years spent there. Three years stock-riding on the Fitzroy Valley, six months on a droughty prospecting trip to Tanami (Gad! that was a perisher of a dry season), and the rest running a pearling lugger from Broome. Well! luggers ought to be cheap now in Roebuck Bay,

looting was done by the Coptic and Semitic sons of the soil, who fleeced us to our last piastre. Anyhow, at the worst, a man who can ride, can always get three ten a week on a Kimberley run. The W.A. Government has to pay seven quid weekly for the poorest sort of work at the Wyndham freezers, and Kimberley lumpers would become millionaires if they worked 30 hours a week."

Howard was, like nearly all Nor'-Westers, and like all successful ones, a man of prompt decision. He took a run "down to the village," that day, was lucky enough to catch "J.D." in the Agent-General's Office, and secure his co-operative assistance. He even bearded the Brigadier M.P. in his home quarters; and in recognition of surveying days of auld lang syne got Sir Newton to put a propelling hand on the spokes of the regimental wheel. Howard had undeniable claims—



Mission Children, Beagle Bay.

as the bottom has dropt out of the shell market, and "stone" is a drug. Still, there's tortoise shell—the best in the world for that matter—trepan and something doing in dugong fishing. If one could only get together three or four of the Nor'-West boys who joined up with me, and we could raise a thousand or so of capital, what a heap we might make! There's new cattle country to be opened up, and gold-hunting chances galore—for that Hall's Creek country was turned down by mining investors before it had had half a show. Then there's coastal boat business of all sorts. But all want some 'working capital.' It seems a pity there have been no looting chances in my campaigns. No sack of Delhi, to fill one's belt with brilliants. The gorgeous East, with richest hand, did not shower barbaric pearl and gold on us. All the

four years' continuous service in the most strenuous fields of fight, a sergeant's stripes, a promised commission, the Military Medal and a wound. Moreover, having done temporary duty as hospital sergeant at Gizeh, and being also a convalescent, there were special reasons why he should be permitted to join the first available transport returning with invalided men to Australia. He did not trouble about finances, reckoning that the receipt of deferred pay—after due delay, of course—on arriving at Melbourne would furnish sufficient "war-chest" backing for the Kimberley campaign.

II.

It was with a light heart, and a comparatively heavy pocket—for that of his brand-new "civies" held deferred pay to the amount of £100—that Howard leaned

over the rail of the Charon as she steamed through Naturaliste Channel. Rocky, shaggy Cape Inscription, with its lone lighthouse on the Dirk Hartog side, and dreary, barren Dorre Island to northward, interested him little. But away to south-eastward, over oily, calm waters which mirrored faithfully every hue of clouds, rosy-tinged with sunset glow, lay the pearly shoals of Sharks Bay. They were, and are still, attractive to rovers of the "Legion that never was listed," with great hopes and small purses, but to Howard they simply represented a dernier ressort. He was booked for Derby, and resolute to carry out his programme. Nor when Babbage Island light beacons approach to hospitable Carnarvon, did the pastoral prospects and the potential cultural wealth of the rich valley of the Gascoyne tempt him. Old acquaintances on board, and at every port of call, were eager to find a job for or lay him on to a lead, tin or copper Golconda, but he was loyal to Kimberley.

Nor West Cape, with the weed-sheeted ghost of the stranded Mildura as sentinel, was rounded, and the sailing lighter from Onslow's rickety, little, shallow water jetty brought out a keen-eyed comrade of old, who vaunted the money-making facilities of 'roo shooting. With Winchester and automatic gun, he had been raking in cash at the rate of £1,000 a year. Would Howard join him forthwith in exploiting the Fortescue Valley marsupials?

"No, thanks, Jack; I'm not a shot of your calibre; and, anyway, I don't like butchering work. Besides, though 'large reds' are quoted in your sale notes at 7s. 6d., you're on a falling market now. I met a chap on your lay at Carnarvon, who had come down from Ophthalmia Range—where is 'the mountain of copper.' His verdict was, 'I've been chasing the sanguinary springbucks over the bleeding billabongs, and I've dropt my bundle. That Fortescue country is cold as Canada.' When I suggested Kimberley, his answer was 'No; hot as hell.'"

Howard got no seductive suggestions at Hedland, for the tide was out, and the Charon could not get in. She was not equal to climbing over the bar in 18 inches of water. But at Roebuck Bay old mates, though despondent about the rates for shell, were eager to sell luggers, and anxious to get rid of their accumulations of "baroque." It was, however, too late in the season to fit up a boat, even if Howard had been prepared to postpone his prospecting trip to the head waters of the Ord. He left Broome, turned his back on Buccaneer Rock and Dampier Creek without regret, telling his friends that he would be back again by "lay up" season—in good time to take a hand in squelching the next international row between Jap and Koepanger crews.

Not till the Charon raised the lonely light that burns on cliffy Cape Leveque—not till the swift tide of King Sound staggered the steamer in the boiling "rip" of Sunday Island Strait, did the returning Kimberleyite feel really at home. He experienced positive nostalgic impatience as the steamer had to anchor in the yellow waters of the Sound off Point Torment—where the lazy alligators lie basking in the tidal mud with as little to disturb them as in the centuries gone by, since Dampier careened his buccaneer barque in Cygnet Bay. Of course, the steamer had to wait for the tide to make, in order to get alongside Derby jetty, 12 miles further, but at last the elevation tank and the big baobab trees of Derby loomed in sight. The ramshackle horse-tram carried her passengers over the mangrove-fringed peninsula, which preserves the metropolis of West Kimberley from Fitzroy floods and spring-tide inundation. The township was full—for Derby, whose normal population is about

100. The cattle races were busy, and nigger stockmen with gleaming teeth and wildly-flashing eyes were bucketing their horses about. For 600 head of beef had to be put aboard the Charon, to the accompaniment of as much stock-whip cracking and mixed profanity as possible.

Everybody knows everybody else, and all about him, in the Kimberleys, and everybody has to drink with everybody else in that democratic region. But there is a consolatory compensation. "The news" gets circulated without the help of newspapers. Howard had, of course, to run the gauntlet of querying. What was his little game. Did he want an overseer's job? Was he on a Government lay in connection with that long-talked of expedition over the King Leopold Ranges, across the Warrigal country to the Glenelg and Prince Regent River? Was he commissioned to take up new cattle country on the Isdell? Did he know what was going to be done about the islands of iron in Yampi Sound? Had he heard anything about oil finds at Mt. Wynne or Price's Creek, and was he out for a syndicate?

"Oil," snorted Howard, indignantly, "what the devil do I know—or care—about oil, or iron, or new ports? I'm on the old original lay of the Derby Rush. I'm after gold—on the Elvire, on the Panton, anywhere in that wilderness of metamorphic rocks east and south of Hall's Creek. I reckon it's there all right; and if I can't find it there, I'll take the Sturt Creek track on to the Territory and try a shot at Tanami. Anyone willing to join me? No; well I'm going on my pat. So nominate your poisons and drink to my luck."

"Poor game, Fred. The Hall's Creek country is a busted up show, and the Tanami track's as dry as a prohibition county in Massachusetts. But where will you get your outfit?"

"Not here, old boy. There's too much Derby horse disease about the Fitzroy Valley for me. I'll pick up an East Kimberley moke—Argyle Downs brand for choice—and get a couple of neddies for pack work at Turkey Creek. Anyone know where my old black boy, 'Nigger' is now?"

"Heard he was on Moola Bulla, but you won't get him to the Territory border. It's out of his country, and those border niggers would lay for him straight."

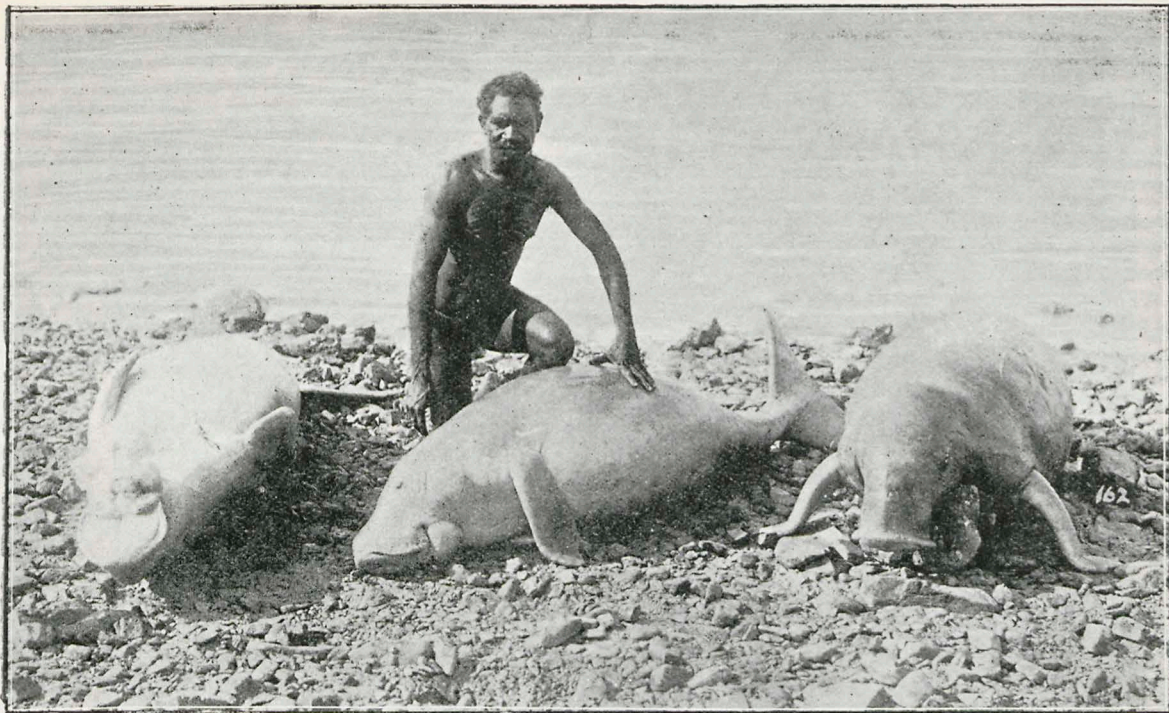
"Guess he'll go anywhere—from hell to Hampton Plains—with me. But first I've to get up to Moola Bulla. Hall's Creek mail won't be going for a month, I suppose?"

"Went out three days ago," interjected a dusty shearer, who had joined in the "shout"; but, look here, mate, I've biked down from Noonkanbah shed; and I don't want the jigger. She's a good 'un and fixed up with contraptions to carry your kit easy. You can have her for a fiver?"

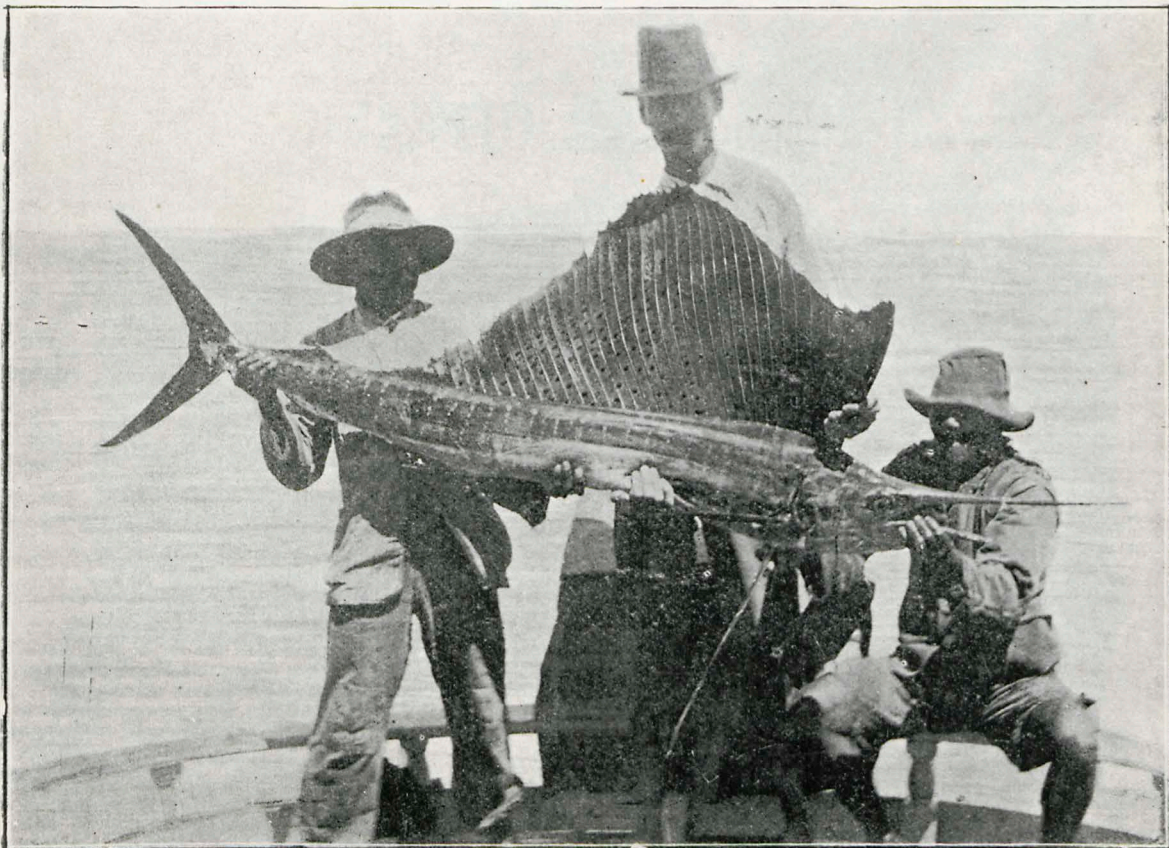
"If the machine is up to specification, it's a wager," rejoined Howard. And thus mounted he started on his 400 miles ride eastward.

III.

There are few regions in Australia—or elsewhere for that matter—which in wealth of natural herbage, in richness of soil, plenitude of water, and superabounding animal life, surpass the great valley of the Fitzroy River. In the wet, which is also the hot, season, lasting from October to March, the river track is impassable for wheels; but in the cool, dry season it is the great teaming route of the North. Donkeys, 40 to 70 to the waggon, and camels a dozen or more to the team, bring stores from and carry wool to Derby. For the first 200 miles the route traversed—thickly grassed with bundle bundle, Mitchell, Flinders, wheat ear and wind grass, with patches of soft spinifex—is over a gentle slope from sea level up to 300 ft. above it.



Dugong (or Sea Cow), caught off North-West Coast. The Dugong is renowned for its oil. Its flesh is edible.

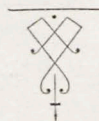


North-West Sail Fish, 9 ft. long, caught by E. J. Stuart.

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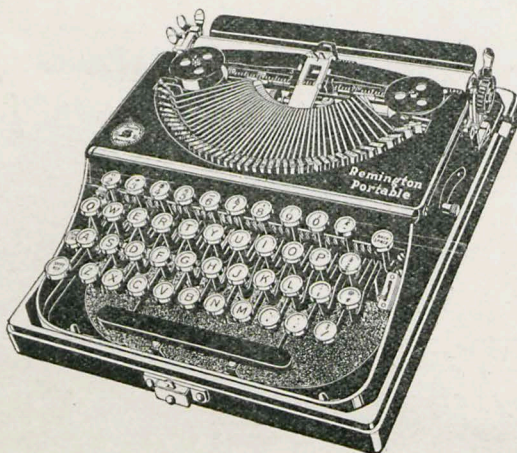
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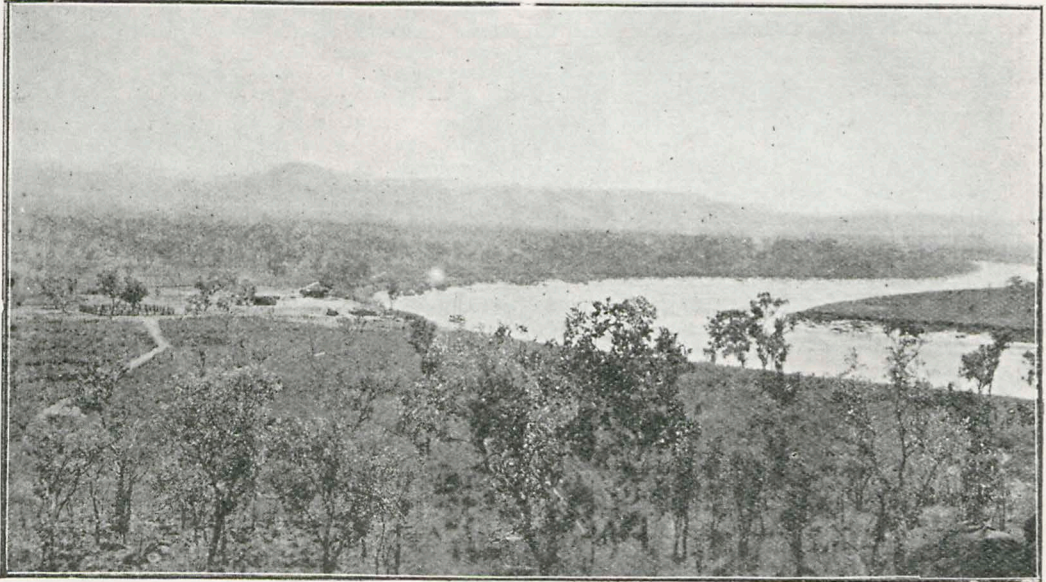
HOWARD STREET

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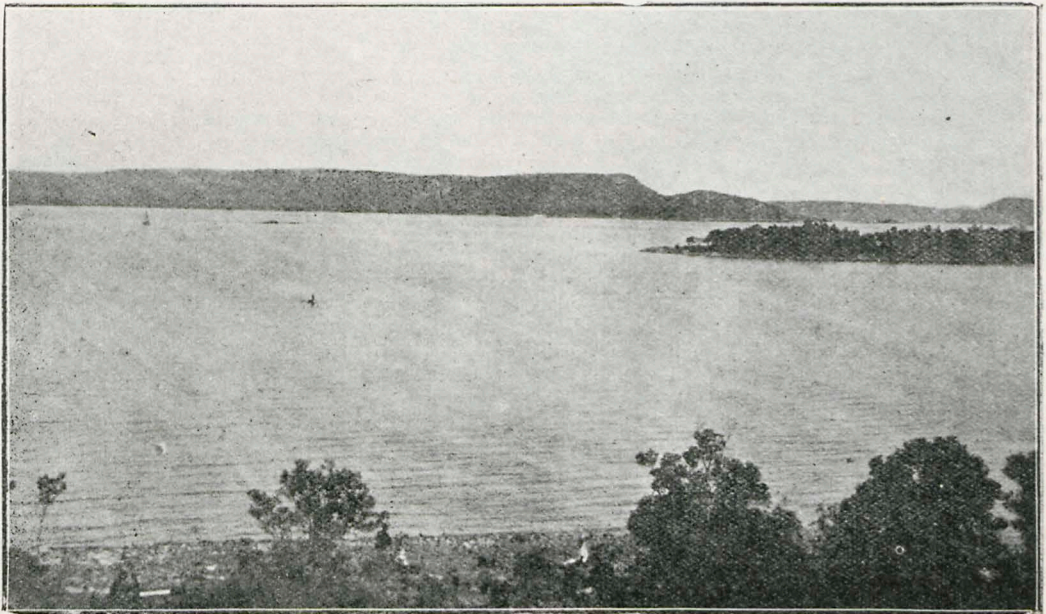
PERTH

Every plant seeds, and seeds abundantly, from spinifex to leguminous shrubs; hence the valley teems with vitality. Turkeys in droves, kangaroos, red and grey, in flocks; cockatoos and galahs in clouds, multiply and

All this was familiar enough, but the emptiness of this rich region contrasted almost painfully with the close, crowded culture of the cold, bleak flats of France and Flanders that he had so lately left.



A New Cattle Station, recently opened up by Easton Bros. on Walcott Inlet, N.W. Kimberley. Mt. Hardinge in distance.



Portion of Camden Harbour and Augustus Island.

wax fat. The wooded billabong beds are alive with brilliant scarlet wings, ring necks and lovely painted finches. Crested and bronze winged pigeons and dainty blue doves flutter at sunset to lake-like pools, over which swan, widgeon, black duck and pelican glide while stately brolga dance minuets on the banks.

But Howard was a prospector, not a political economist; and this impression soon weakened. It was, he said to himself, a great country for stock; and the practical question was, how to make it carry more. Pastoral investors and speculators would look to that. His own particular objective was—gold. Crossing the

wide, sandy bed of the Fitzroy, where 18 in. of clear water rippled between wide walls of luxuriant jungle, marking the wet season level of the river, he pushed onward and upward to the table land, whence comes the winding Margaret, over a drier, harder, cooler country. Here sheep are not, and cattle is king without a rival eastward unto the Territory border, to the Victoria River, and even to the Katherine. On the table-land, 1,300 ft. above sea level, at Moola Bulla (Governmental experiment at dumping an aboriginal settlement on a cattle station) Howard picked up—at a corroboree in the dry bed of the Margaret, under the sombre sentinels of Mt. Barrett — his former sable henchman, Nigger.

The slight prospecting equipment needed was easily enough secured from the relics of the great "Derby Rush" of long ago, which picturesquely strewed the ruins of what once was "Brockman's." He camped there with old Mahomed Esar, admired his "perpetual motion" water wheel, and the luxuriant tropical garden which it keeps in bearing, and he secured also the pack donkeys and riding mule required. Then he plunged into the winding gorges, the labyrinth of quartz outcrops, the wilderness of "undifferentiated metamorphic rocks, with auriferous veins," which make the course of the Elvire one of the most mixed geological propositions in Australia. Manfully he chipped with his prospector's hammer among the huge quartz outcrops, prospected among the slates, schists, and quartzose grits; and he panned off in the gravelly beds of tributary creeks. He had no luck. No pockets, no nuggets rewarded him—only a pennyweight or two of water-worn gold per diem. Vainly had he consulted his guiding geological map, perplexed himself over Hardman's Devonian and Lower Silurian speculations. Fruitlessly he tried to fathom the practical meaning of "the dipping of metamorphic under Devonian rocks," in the famous gorge through rugged Albert Edward Range. He had followed the Elvire down to the Ord, and had cross-countryed to the Panton—where fossickers once on a time did make a precarious living. The wet season was drawing near, and then panning out creek gravel would be impossible. Tea, sugar, flour and tobacco were running perilously low in stock, and the nags were hoof-worn and foot sore with scrambling over flinty gullies and rocky gorges. Camped at the foot of a basaltic cliff, overshadowing a deep, dark permanent pool on the Ord, Howard recognised at last that he must give up his Kimberley quest for the time being, at least. He was still convinced that gold was there, and to be got; but the job needed sustained effort and capital. It was not "a poor man's field."

Nigger, who was broiling for his supper a 10 ft. python that his master had shot during the day, broke in on Howard's reverie with a startled yell, as a sudden wild flare lit up the overhanging cliff.

"What the devil are you doing with that fire?" Howard demanded.

"Him stone burn up! All same kersene slush pot," explained the affrighted darkie, whose camp fire was blazing up furiously and throwing out jets of gaseous flame from some dark brown fragments of stone, with which he had propped up his big billy.

Howard sniffed reminiscently the malodorous fragrance, quite oblivious of the savoury odour from the 'roo tail, stewing in close association with the last remaining onions obtained from Harry Richards, at the beautiful Pandanus rock spring in the Elvire pass. Fragments of this queer combustible stone lay at the foot of the basaltic cliff, which was seamed with veins and patches of the strange mineral.

With the suddenness of a lightning flash, Howard's memory recalled the scenes and odours of the Baku peninsula.

"Gad! it's asphaltum! The real McKay in mineral pitch! What was it they said at Derby? The Commonwealth had gazetted an offer of £50,000 bonus for the discovery of a genuine oil field! This should be better than gold for me. But, hold hard. This is basalt country. How can petroleum be here? This may be the petrified guano of marsupial bats or pre-historic 'possums—what the geological sharps call "dung oil" seepage. But then again, Hardman says Devonian rocks, shales, sandstones and grits underlie this basalt. There's a plug or two of gellignite left in the pack, and I'll open out some of these seepage crevices to-morrow.

IV.

The end of the dry season was obviously near. The South-East trade had ceased to blow; the sky was cloudy, and the air electric, but Howard worked on unwearyingly at his find. He had blasted out more samples of the "glance pitch," drafted out the scene of his find on his sheet map of the land division; he had consulted his prospector's book on the terms of lease application, and had outlined his programme. First thing was to reach the Mining Warden at Hall's Creek, file his claim, and forward his samples for official Government analysis in Perth. That accomplished, he could await the issue calmly. If the analysis realised his hopes, he need not worry about the practical issues. Capital, he felt assured, would rush, and company promoters crowd him.

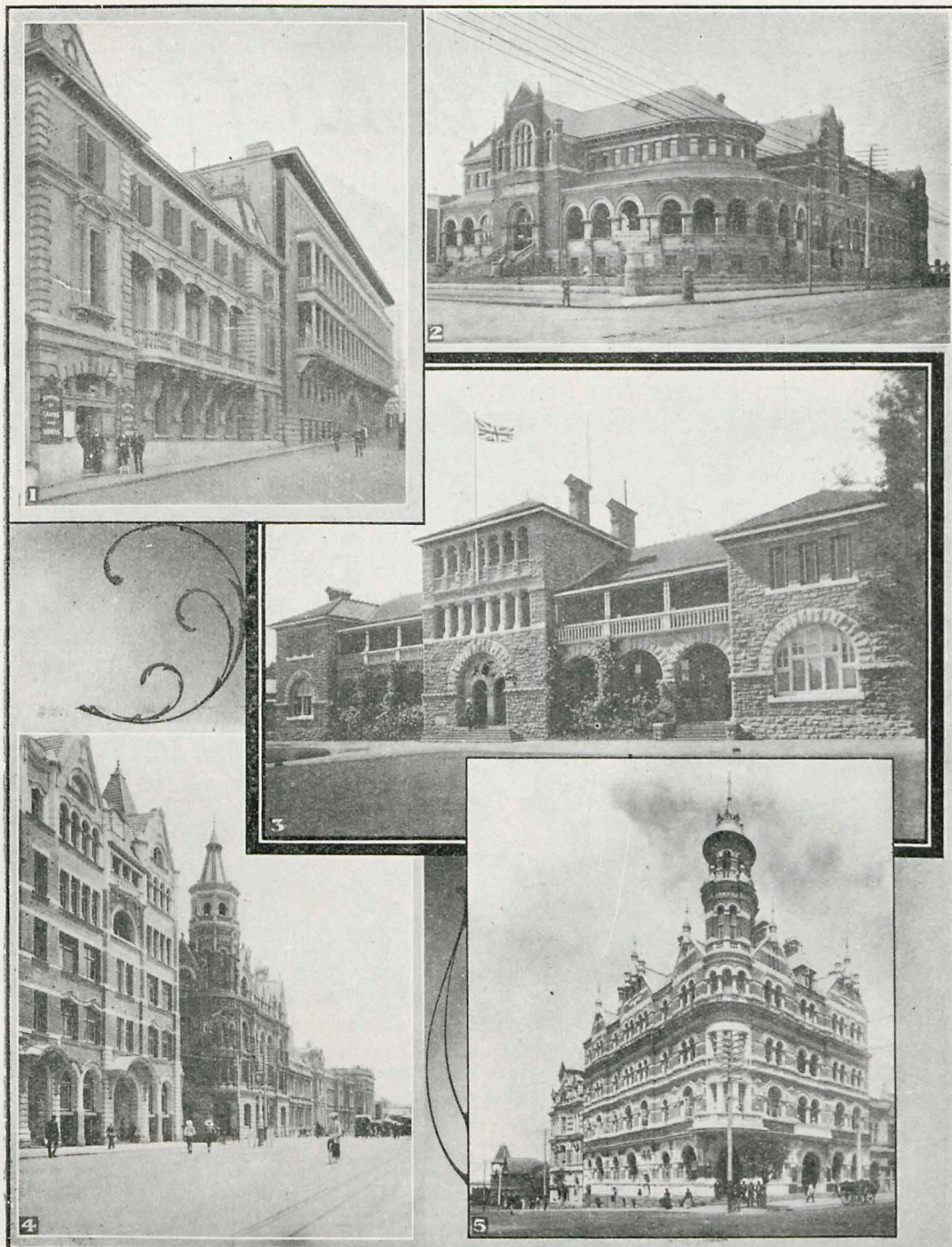
"Big one rain coming, boss," urged Nigger—as his master, oblivious of the threatening clouds, the swish of rain drops, and the swelling of the river ford, pored over his maps and papers—"if we not cross now, we no cross morrow."

"All right, Nigger. Pack fast as you can. Me rich fellow quick. You plenty white money soon. We go Turkey Creek now. Hurry!"

The crossing over the Ord was but 30 inches deep, but the lately clear water was tinged with yellow, as the local rainfall sluiced into the river bed. Lightning flashed, thunder roared over-head, and the inky heavens poured down a tropical water spout, but Howard was gaily light-hearted. "Get over with the packs, you croaking crow," he ordered. "When you are safely across, I'll follow with Hermaphrodite." The current had strengthened and the water deepened before Nigger and his neddies reached the western bank, but Howard and his mule took the swelling ford undauntedly. Hermaphrodite was swimming before mid stream was reached. Her rider was steadily keeping her head up current, when a warning cry from Nigger and a roar of advancing waters struck him with sudden apprehension. Up stream, frothing white with foam, yellow with diluvial mud, carrying uprooted trees and drowned bullocks, a wall of water 10 ft. high was sweeping down with the speed of a galloping horse. There was just time, before it caught him, to mark a spot, 100 yards down stream where a landing "might" be made. Hermaphrodite rolled over when the flood struck her; Howard disengaged himself adroitly, and swimming with the current, made gradually towards the point upon which he had fixed. Then suddenly a submerged pine tree rose to the surface, entangling him in its boughs, sank, again—and his strangling struggles ceased as, with a stunning shock, his head struck against a boulder.

V.

When Howard opened his eyes a week later, the first impression on his re-acting brain was that the events of the last 12 months were all a troubled dream. He



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could surely never have left that field hospital at Bethune. He must still be recovering from shell shock in the trenches. For there, bending over his mattress, holding a glass to his lips, was the same, the very same violet-eyed Sister who had ministered to him in France. A glimpse, through the vine-trellised window, of bare, bold, blue mountains in piled-up confusion, however, showed this must be a mistake. He could not be still in the flattest country in Europe. "Where am I, nurse? You are Sister Florence, ain't you? Or are you a brain-sick vision?"

"You are in the A.I.M. Hospital at Hall's Creek, Sergeant. Brought here with a broken leg and a severe concussion, seven days ago. I am Sister Florence, and you have only to obey me and keep quiet, to get all right again."

"But how on earth did I get here? Last thing I remember was being swept under water in an Ord River flood."

"Quite correct. You may thank your blackboy. He fished you out, and got you to Turkey Creek. They

had a relapse, when, one day, she observed, "You will have to do without me, next week."

"Not going to discharge me?" he gasped.

"Oh, no! I'm getting discharged myself. After the Armistice, as I was rather broken down, and there was no really urgent war-work to do, my people sent me out to Australia to recover tone. I was just tired of doing nothing in Melbourne, and so took on "relieving" work for the A.I.M. Sisters. They certainly need relief from the strain of their collar, occasionally. But my three months here are up; and they have cabled me urgently from England to "come home at once." Here's a wire from Perth for you. Hope it is satisfactory."

Howard took the telegram in dazed fashion, but instead of opening it, gazed forlornly on the Sister Florence who was going to desert him. That was how he regarded the situation.

"Hadn't you better open it," she resumed, with a slightly injured accent in her voice. For it was not with such blank silence she had expected him to hear



The Six
Brothers,
Thompson's
Creek
(E.K.).

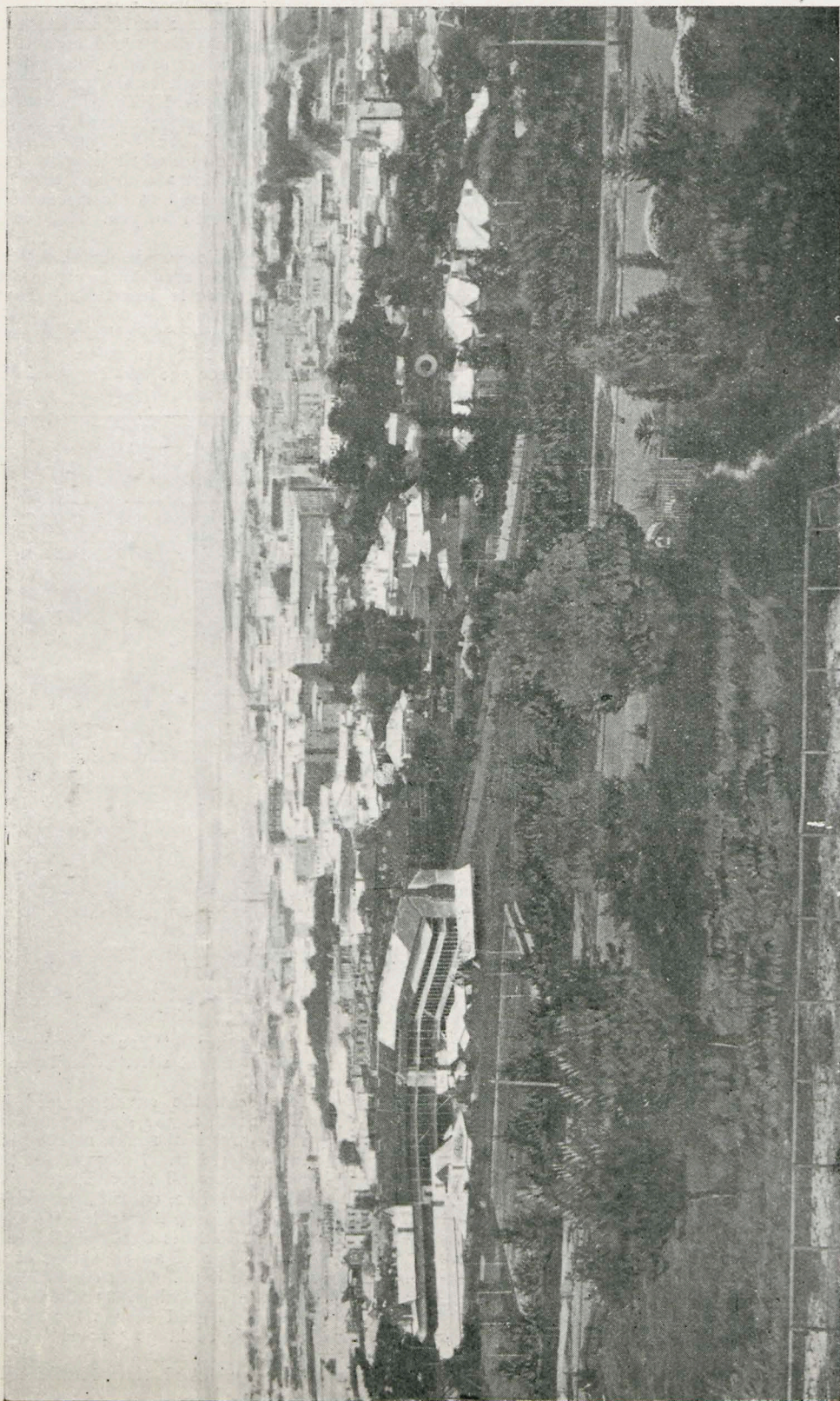
telegraphed to the Mission, and we went down in our trap, set your fracture and brought you here. We couldn't get a doctor up from Wyndham, but your fracture is all right. It is really a beautiful reduction. But just to think, how queer it is you should come back into my hands again—on the other side of the globe. No more questions now. You must obey orders and "be still."

Howard did obey orders, but convalescing rapidly, soon ceased to keep quiet. He learned that Nigger had not only rescued him, but had saved his precious samples of asphaltum, his maps and papers. Sister Florence, who proved an invaluable amanuensis, cheerfully undertook the management of her patient's negotiations for his prospecting lease, for the official analysis of his specimens, and for the ordering of his affairs in general. She submitted even to the proprietary rights, which the patient, by almost imperceptible gradations, began to assume over her; and he almost

of her early departure. "You were anxious enough about the coming of that wire. Won't you read it? Is it all right?"

Howard tore open the envelope, still holding her with his eyes, glanced at the message and let it flutter to the floor. He was still silent, as she picked up the telegram and proffered it. He took, not the message, but her hand. "It is all right, Florence, if you are all right. Can you live on £500 a year—with me? The official analysis is right as rain—"Volatile matter, 40 per cent., of which 19 is OIL and 20 gas. Geological probabilities in favour of an oil spring at depth." A syndicate will take it up. They offer £10,000 cash and an interest in the Federal bonus when it accrues for all my rights. It is good enough for me—if it is for you, Florence. We could go "home" together. Are you willing?"

She was willing. And thus terminated Howard's "Kimberley Quest."



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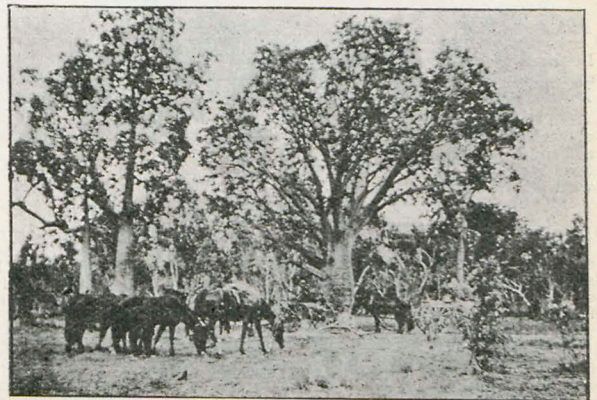


IF it is a wise child that knows its own father, how was Moira Maculley to fare with ten assorted males standing *in loco parentis* to her. No answer to the question is expected, nor is any prize offered for the solution of the problem. How one small girl came to have ten fathers is the story, or part of it.

Winnemulka was a small outback township which existed more or less precariously on a few big sheep stations some distance away, a number of smaller grazing holdings in its vicinity, and its situation on the main stock route of the district. It maintained a store, which was also the post-office, a blacksmith and the "Wild Dog," where Dan Creedon was licensed to sell spirituous and fermented liquors. Whether the State really connived in the disposal of some of his liquid wares is another question. Station hands bent on giving their cheques a flutter in Sydney had to make a stage to Winnemulka, on their way to the railway. Usually Dan's waters offered superior attractions to those of the famous harbour, and the postponement for another year of the Sydney trip became a habit. If the taxation assessor could find out the total of the cheques paid to the station hands during the year he would get somewhere near Dan's income. But the real fame of Winnemulka dated from the day when Creedon's orphaned niece, Norah Maculley, came from Sydney to live and work at the Wild Dog. To a community whose sole representative of the softer sex was fat and bibulous, Biddy Nolan, cook and occasional laundress of the Wild Dog, Creedon's niece came as a staggering revelation. Small and beautifully formed, black, lustrous hair and violet eyes, with the faint colour of the tea rose, Norah would have held her own in a far more exacting competition than offered by Winnemulka. Every unmarried male within a radius of 30 miles succumbed at first sight, and a sentimental jackaroo was inspired to verse, published by the *Bulletin* under the title, "The Rose of Winnemulka," and Norah enjoyed the homage, which was all the distraction the township offered. In her leisure she rode with one, drove with another or walked in the moonlight by the dry creek bed with a third. Sentiment of the love lorn order merely moved her to mirth, and her victims said she had no heart. But they did not believe it and returned again to the siege. If she showed any preference it was for Ben Warren, overseer of Woomarra, the largest and nearest of the sheep runs. Warren was tall, black-haired and grey eyed, straight of frame and nature, and the finest horseman of the district. She liked him well, but not well enough to satisfy the bushman's ardent longing for her. However, she did not laugh at Warren. His patient, always respectful, devotion, touched, sometimes troubled, her.

Once a year Winnemulka "went gay" with a picnic race meeting and a ball in the disused wool shed, which was the hall, theatre, stadium and what not of the township. Every station within 40 miles gave its active patronage, and the owners' wives and daughters and their governesses, who happened to be wintering in their lords' wide domains, lent colour and brightness to the functions. Norah Maculley's loyal host of servitors and suitors vowed that she would outshine the fairest of the patricians, and for weeks before the gala night she was importuned to pledge herself to one, two or three dances. "Sure the programme would have to be longer than my arm," she would say with her silvery laugh as she sent them all empty away.

A society news chronicler might have described the Winnemulka Cup Meeting as the most successful of its kind. The station contingents were the largest in the history of the fixture, and Norah justified the boasts of her admirers by being indubitably the fairest of the fair. Social strata were blurred for the time being and the little wayside beauty ruffled it with the best. Local appraisal of her charms was cordially endorsed and markedly so by one of the Woomarra party. Handsome Jim Reirdon was habitually bored. He had always had more money than he needed and much more than was good for him. Racing at Randwick bored him, and having perforce to accompany his hosts to the little way-back meeting he anticipated gloomily being bored to a stiffness of superlative rigidity. Even women bored him after a time; but in the circumstances Norah Maculley was a gift from the gods and he made the most of it. He never left her side, stalling off her old friends with airy aplomb, which



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brook no opposition. He made her bets for her, took her to tea and generally was the gaily courteous cavalier. The Woomarra party was amused by the gallantry of Reirdon, but Ben Warren was not. He won the Cup and the Ladies' Bracelet, for which his own horse ran in the nomination of Norah; he was barely able to exchange a word with the girl he loved. At the end of the day he would have given the Cup for an opportunity of picking a quarrel with the visitor. Matters went from bad to worse for him at the dance. His angry reproaches and sneering references to the "silvertail bounder" made a definite breach between them, and the angry girl met Reirdon's

uncommunicative. "Norah's gone t' Sydney," he would say, shortly, to all inquirers and demand brusquely that they proceed with their legitimate business in his house, which was to drink.

Ben Warren had been absent at an outstation. He took the blow in silence. Two days later he rode through the township, equipped for travel. Two weeks later he returned from Sydney, and after a glance at his face his friend's questions died on their lips.

* * * *

Four years passed, and the memory of the disappearance of Norah Maculley became buried under the accumu-



On the De Grey.

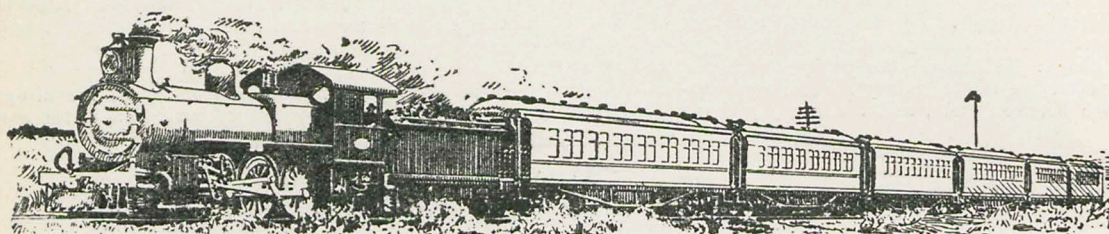
advances half way, and danced the last half of the programme exclusively with him.

* * * *

The seeds of tragedy were sown that night and came rapidly to flower. Reirdon stayed on at the station, and the sight of him driving and riding with Norah was a frequent event, which filled her faithful admirers with impotent wrath. One day it was whispered that the stranger had plucked the flower of Winnemulka, and the Wild Dog would know her no more. Old Creedon was

lotion of daily trivialities. Old Dan Creedon had disappeared, too, frozen out by the weight of public opinion, which illogically held him partly responsible for the tragedy of the past. But time brought no balm to the tortured mind of Ben Warren. Always reticent, he had withdrawn almost entirely from what companions Winnemulka offered, and his old friends wondered why he remained in a place filled with painful memories. He confided in no man, so they could not know that a conviction that some day Norah would need and send for him

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kept him chained to Woomarra. He waited and suffered until eventually there came the expected call. It was a pitiful little cry of dire distress; and once again Ben Warren came riding through the township equipped for travel. A week or so later he returned, and not alone. Winnemulka got the shock of its uneventful history when Warren rode up to the Wild Dog behind the mail buggy, which carried a mutinous looking young woman with a much be-shawled mite of humanity in her arms. It being mail day everyone was "in town," and excitement and conjecture ran high. A crowd of men gathered around Warren, "Introduce us to the missus, Ben," said a venturesome spirit.

Warren took no notice, "Where's Biddy?" he asked. Then as fat old Biddy Nolan came hurrying from the kitchen as rapidly as her poundage would permit, he signed to the young woman to follow as he walked over to the cook. He spoke rapidly in a low voice to Biddy, whose exclamation, "God a'mighty!" did nothing to satisfy the burning curiosity of the crowd. Warren stood irresolute for a moment, then he called nine of the men by name to join him in the private parlour. All of them had been friends or suitors of fair Norah Maculley.

Warren spoke with some difficulty. "Chaps," he said,

her name's Moira, by the way—and bank the balance for when she grows up. No one need join in who don't want to. I'd do the lot myself, only Norah asked all of you as much as me."

In a few moments Moira Maculley, aged three years, became invested with ten male parents, and a pledged income of nearly £300 a year. The fathers settled down to discuss ways and means with a gravity befitting the occasion.

"I've never been a father before," said Dick Robertson, "but I believe it's the usual thing to wet its head."

Despite Warren's impatience, the suggestion was warmly endorsed and adopted. Then Biddy was summoned and she brought the precious bundle with her.

"Ah, the darlin'," she exclaimed "the livin' image of her poor dear mother."

The fathers crowded around their new offspring, who looked at them with solemn, deep blue eyes; then after a critical moment dimpled and smiled. There were few of those rough bushmen without a huskiness in the throat.

"That there female person from Sydney, says she is going back by to-morrer's mail," Mrs. Nolan said to Warren, "and if y' ask me, I should say 'tis a good riddance."



Overlanding—East Kimberley.

"I've got to ask your advice and help. That's Norah Maculley's—Maculley, he repeated with emphasis—baby girl. I saw her mother die (his face worked) a week ago and she asked us at Winnemulka—the only friends she's got—to look after her baby. The ——— scoundrel's cleared out of Australia, or perhaps I wouldn't be here. However, that's another thing. What do you say about it?"

A somewhat dazed circle of prospective fathers signified their willingness to help, but pressed for details.

"That female help I hired in Sydney," Warren explained, "decided to chuck the job on the drive between the railway line and here. The scarcity of picture shows depresses her."

"Hell," commented Jamieson, the storekeeper and postmaster, "we'll have to tie her up. We must have some sort of a woman."

"Yes," agreed Warren, "but we can't keep this one by force. Biddy will have to take on the job for a time." "But the old girl gets on the tear," objected Sammy Jones.

"She won't," Warren replied grimly. "What I suggest," he continued slowly, "is that some of us put in so much a week to pay for the kid's food and clothes—

"We will have to get someone in her place, the overseer replied. "In the meantime we want you to look after the baby. You will have to keep on the square," he added sternly.

Mrs. Nolan was the picture of outraged propriety. "Square, indeed, and me without a drop havin' passed me lips this six months come Sunday." In response to a general expression of incredulity she qualified her claim with, "At least barrin' the times when me heart attacks come on."

The meeting essayed to give Mrs. Nolan some instruction in the care of the very young, but that good lady was bluntly contemptuous.

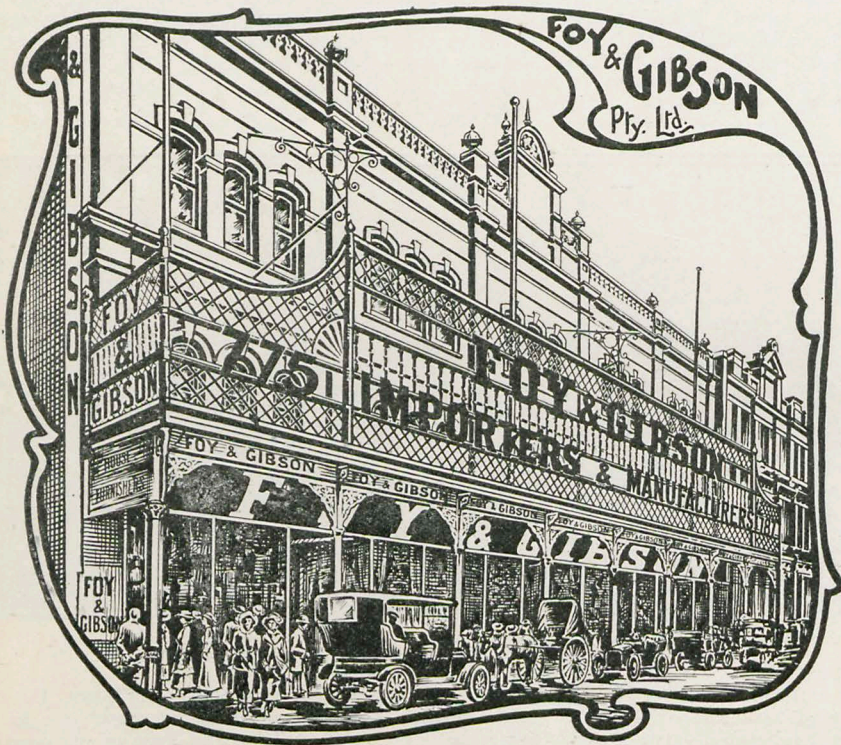
"Teach y' grandmother t' suck eggs," she scoffed; "me as had eleven o' me own." The infant uttered a mild whimper. "There," said Biddy fiercely, "get out all of ye, and let me give the poor lamb her bottle." The meeting adjourned to the bar where the question of paternity was discussed in all its bearings.

Harrison, an acknowledged authority on the breeding and rearing of Kelpies, was inclined to be didactic on the question of diet. "She musn't have too much meat, and what she does have must be well cooked," he declared authoritatively. "Pups get distemper if you're

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not careful with the food and kids is the same."

"Rats," scoffed Jamieson, "she will only have milk stuff for years." The dog expert smiled scornfully, but being on insecure ground forebore to do more than to look wisely superior. The diet problem and others, however, were speedily settled by Mrs. Nolan, who flatly declined even to discuss them with the members of the committee of fatherhood, some of whom called with advice or enquiries everyday during the first week. Warren rode in once a week and although he never failed to listen attentively to Biddy's report he betrayed little personal interest in, or affection for the child. The kind old Irishwoman did her duty well, and as she resented fiercely any suggestion that she should be supplanted by a mercenary from Sydney, the arrangement was allowed to drift along. Little Moira grew to be, as Biddy had said, "the livin' image of her mother," and every day one of her ten fathers gave up time to her entertainment. Gradually Warren came to love the pretty little thing, and, like her mother before her, she showed distinct preference for him. On her twelfth birthday he gave her a pony, and on his week end visits she rode for hours with him. "I like all my fathers," she had said to him one day, "but you are my daddy," and the silent stockman felt that life had, after all, something left for him.

It was at this time that the question of Moira's education began to be uncomfortably obtrusive. Jamieson gave her simple reading lessons and watched her ink her pretty hands in the laborious task of the written word. A minority of the parents urged that she should be sent to school in Sydney; but this was fiercely opposed by Warren. "It's a rotten place," he said, "She is better here; a girl doesn't want to have her head stuffed with all sorts of useless facts." His influence carried the day; but the education party gained an unexpected ally in the wife of Warren's employer. Mrs. Nottleigh felt remotely responsible for the tragedy of poor Norah Maculley and she was anxious to make whatever repa-

of the education of your—of little Moira Maculley?" The overseer nodded, and as he did not speak she went on hurriedly. "I know how good you and the other men have been, but really do you think it is quite fair to her to deprive her of the ordinary advantages every girl has? In a few years her childhood will be over, and she will feel her ignorance keenly. Old Mrs. Nolan cannot always look after her."

Her shot told, and the overseer fidgetted uneasily. "I won't let her go to Sydney," he declared stubbornly.

"No, perhaps you are right," she agreed, with feminine guile; "but I have a suggestion to make. We are going to live on the station for the next few years. The girls will be coming up next month and a governess is coming to teach the two younger ones. Won't you let Moira come here and take lessons with my daughters. She could go into Winnemulka with you on your free week ends," she added quickly.

Warren bent his sombre eyes on her. "You remember her mother?"

"Yes," she replied unflinchingly, "I shall never forget nor cease to regret. But anything so dreadful is really less likely to happen if Moira lives here and learns to know people in the same—what shall I say—atmosphere. Besides you will usually be near to her."

Warren was shaken. The question of Moira's education had been troubling him; and despite inward misgiving which he could not dispel, the logic of the case put to him was irrefutable, and he questioned whether in fairness to his charge he could decline an offer having such obvious advantages. He rose, "I will think over it, Mrs. Nottleigh—and any way I thank you."

The other fathers were unanimous, and so a new phase of life opened before Moira Maculley. She soon became accustomed to her changed environment, in which she bloomed physically and mentally. Even Warren's doubts were eventually laid to rest, though ready to spring to life again at the first sign of trouble for the child of his



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ration was possible. She sent for Warren who obeyed reluctantly. He had never entered "Government House" since that fateful day now twelve years past. Mrs. Nottleigh was waiting for him in the drawing room. "Mr. Warren," she began, with some nervousness, "please don't think me obtrusive; but have you thought

heart. She had been told tactfully by Mrs. Nottleigh as much as her life story as was necessary to explain and her unusual opulence in male parents; and her heart overflowed with gratitude to the men who had done so much for her, particularly Ben Warren. The years sped smoothly without a cloud in the horizon, and in Moira's

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seventeenth year Mrs. Ntleigh prevailed upon Warren to consent to the girl going with them for a two months holiday in Sydney. Her farewell to her assorted parents was a memorable occasion, and great was her delight and astonishment when Jamieson—her earliest tutor and the treasurer of her store—gave her a cheque for £200 on

for eighteen years and had had his old sore reopened when it had almost healed. She placed her hand gently on the overseer's arms "Please do not make a mistake, she appealed to him. "Donald McClay is a fine young fellow, to whom I would very gladly trust a daughter of mine. I don't know whether Moira loves him or not,



On the
Ord River,
East
Kimberley.
Carr-Boyd
Range in the
distance.

a Sydney bank, with the injunction from them to "blow the lot and to buy nothing useful."

Moira was eighteen, as beautiful as her mother had been, with the added attraction of polish, before the first sign of trouble was manifested. She had met Donald McClay in Sydney, and he had become imbued with the conviction that some pastoral experience was essential to his career in the world, and the precise brand of experience could only be had at Woomarra. The owner of Woomarra could see no reason for refusing his request, so Donald McClay became one of the station community.

He was slight, well-built, athletic, good looking and a good fellow, and Warren took little notice of him until he came across McClay and Moira riding together in the cool of the evening. The overseer was very busy at this time, and his duties took him to a distant part of the run. He was away from the home paddocks for three weeks, and when he returned he set himself to watch McClay. The young fellow's strong liking for the girl was evident to a casual observer, and it was plain, too, that she found his society agreeable. It was the most natural thing in the world; but it rasped the half-healed sear of Warren's past, and roused him to fury no less implacable because suppressed. He resolved that the friendship should go no further, and unwittingly did everything calculated to fan its quiet fires into flame. He told Moira harshly that she must not encourage McClay. "Why, Daddy," she said, "he is the nicest of men."

"You must do as I say," he retorted irritably, and turned away. He had a heated passage with McClay, in whom his distorted vision saw revived the callous Lothario of eighteen years before. Finally, the overseer appealed to Mrs. Ntleigh. That kindly lady was profoundly distressed and not unsympathetic. She could make allowances for the man who had suffered in silence

Mr. Warren; but I pray you to let matters take their own course, or you may cause dreadful unhappiness."

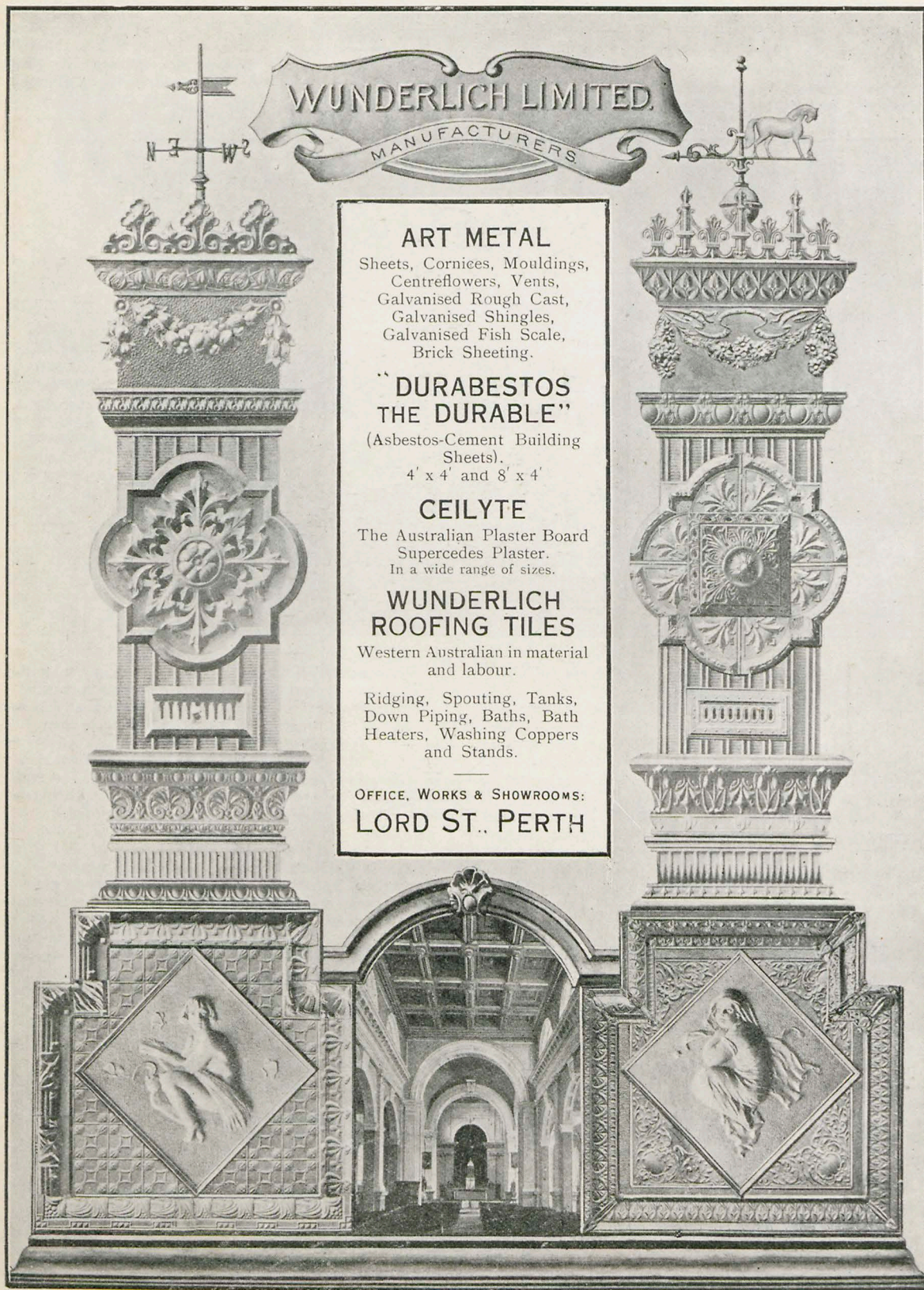
Warren was deaf to advice. He believed that the situation called for drastic measures, and he took them. He told Mrs. Ntleigh that Moira must go back to Winnemulka; to Mr. Ntleigh he tendered his resignation to take effect in a month's time when some work he had in hand would be completed. His dour conscientiousness would not allow him to leave a job uncompleted.

Two days later a white-faced, spiritless Moira was handed over to the trembling embrace of old Biddy Nolan. He curtly notified Jamieson, the nearest of his co-parents of his change of plans, and returned gloomily to Woomarra, endeavouring to extract some satisfaction from the belief that he had saved the girl from her mother's fate. He dismissed McClay from his mind, secure in his belief that his authority, having been exerted that young man's aspirations were summarily ended. Warren had but a narrow experience of men; of women he knew nothing at all. A week later he received a rude awakening by overhearing one of the station hands say to another. "Young McClay has gone after the girl."

The overseer stepped out and seized the man roughly by the shoulder, "What girl?" he demanded. "Yours," the man retorted, surlily, shaking Warren's hand off. "Left at day break 'smorning."

The overseer turned on his heel without a word and made for the stables. He hurriedly saddled his horse and set off at a gallop, which he soon changed to a swinging canter, for Winnemulka.

He found poor Biddy in acute distress, with Jamieson endeavouring to get some coherent statement from her. The sight of Warren sent the old Irishwoman into a fresh paroxysm, and he was forced to curb his fierce impatience if he was to learn what she could tell him.



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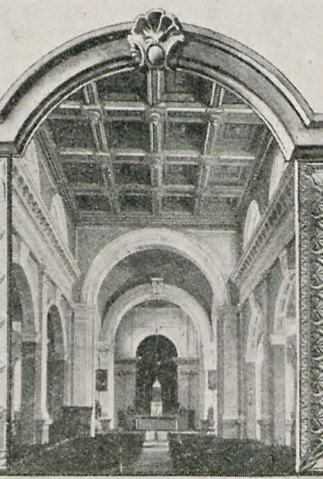
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At length he gathered that Biddy had lain down for her post lunch nap, and, after sleeping for two hours, she woke to find a note from Moira, saying good-bye, and telling her she was going away to be married. "There is a letter for you too, Mr. Warren." The overseer took the letter and crushed it unopened into his coat pocket. Ignoring the old woman he said, as much to himself as to Jamieson, "they'll be making for Sydney by way

Jamieson said no more and they continued silently their weary journey, reaching Oolamatta at midnight. They roused a grumpy ostler at the one hotel the town boasted, and saw their tired horses fed and bedded for the night. "They are here," Warren said, nodding towards a buggy at the end of the stable. There was nothing to do but wait for morning. He followed the ostler to the room allotted to them, depressed by a pre-



A Station
in the
Northern
Wilderness.



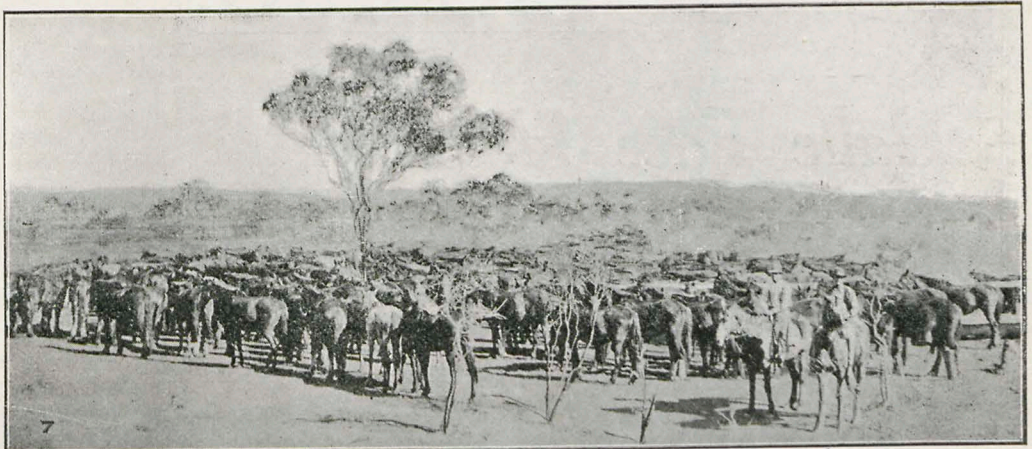
of Oolamatta. There's no train until to-morrow. I'll stop them yet."

"I'll come with you to look after you," Jamieson said, and he left to get his horse.

The two men rode in silence for five or six miles. Then Jamieson unburdened himself. "I think we are on

monition of failure. Jamieson lingered behind and questioned the man after a tip of five shillings to loosen his tongue.

"Yes," said the ostler, "a young bloke 'n a girl drove up pretty late to-night. The young feller's mother came by the train this mornin', 'n a great stew she was



On
The Overland
Track.



a wild goose chase, Ben. I have never seen the chap, but I don't think Moira's the sort of girl to be led away by any young spark who tells her a tale. Probably, we'll find 'em married alright. The whole dam lot of us can't prevent that. We are only make-believe fathers, you know."

"That blackguard never married Norah," was Warren's gruff response.

in till they turned up. She'd come all the way from Sydney 'n nearly drove us all balmy askin' about an 'undred times if we thought the two young 'uns 'd get ere to-day."

The two bushmen were first to breakfast and had finished their meal before anyone else entered the dining room. They had reached the door, Warren in the lead, when they came face to face with an elderly lady enter-

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ing the room. Anyone could tell at a glance that she was the mother of McClay, who was just behind her with Moira.

"Daddy," exclaimed the girl, timidly holding out her hands.

Warren took in the situation at a glance. He stood aside for them to enter, and with a set face left the room without a word. His companion hesitated a moment before holding out his hand. "I just came along to say good-bye, Moira."

She smiled wanly, but gratefully, to him. "Won't he come back to say a word to me?" she asked with a tremor in her voice. As if in answer to her question there came the sound of hoof beats. They looked through the window opening on to the street, and saw Warren riding listlessly, with bowed head down the road to Winemulka. He was realising bitterly the extent of his self-delusion. His old love, Norah Maculley had been recreated in her daughter, and, unwed or married, he grudged his little Moira to any man.

He never looked back.



A Reach of the Fitzroy River, Kimberley.



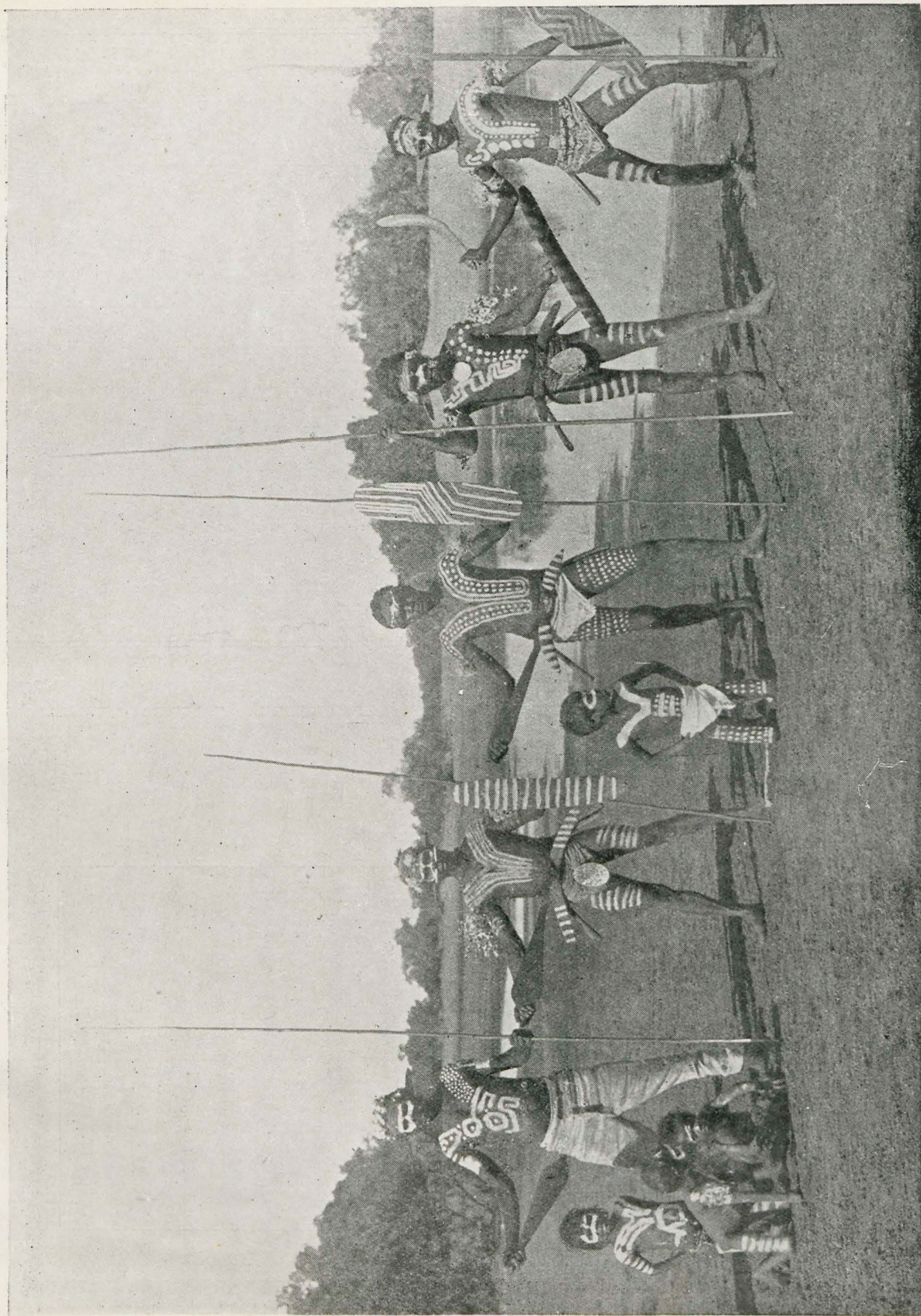
A Belle of the Murchison River.



Donkeys on a Murchison Station

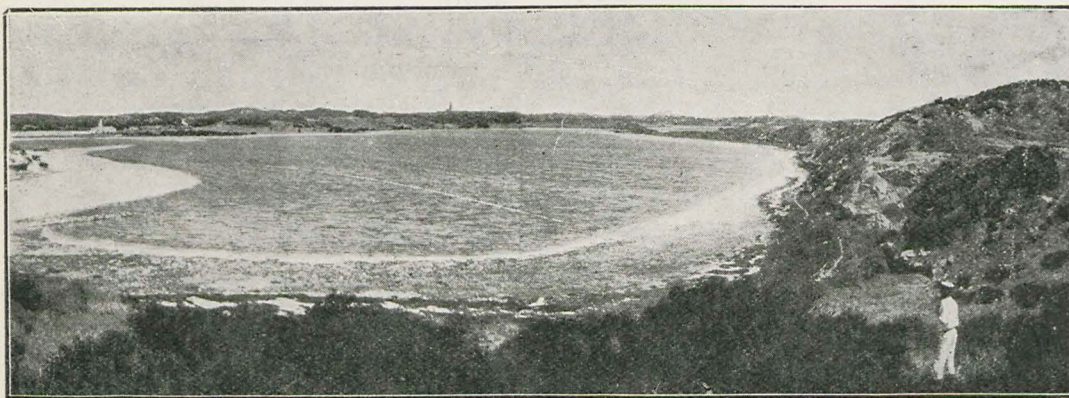


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Blacks of the De Grey River, North-West (W.A.).

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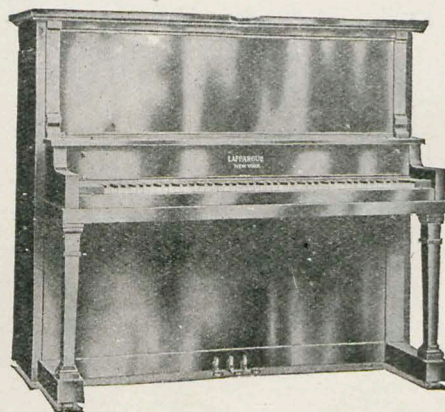
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How Mac. Held The Bonnie Dundee.

(For *The Golden West* by JOHN DRAYTON.)

IN the early days of the Victorian goldfields, when the present writer was a youthful, straight-haired native, with but one ambition in his juvenile mind—to be permitted to wear long boots and say “Damn,” there were lively times on the alluvial fields, often.

The diggings, then, were mostly alluvial—mainly because people knew nothing of quartz mining—I am speaking of the later '50's and early '60's—and only sought the gold on “the bottom.”



On a City Holiday from the Moore River.

The bedrock, except where it was very soft and holding, was never penetrated.

There was little need to go into the hard stuff in country where the wash in the pockets and indentations in “the bottom” went pounds weight to the dish, at times, and piles were made by men who never thought of gold being found in quartz. Though they had seen it with quartz now and then in the puddling tubs.

The majority of the diggers of those days worked in pairs, for a couple of men could do all that was necessary in putting down a hole to a depth rarely exceeding twelve feet, generally running less. Very often individuals worked their holding and lived apart from their fellows—hatters, who made their bit on their own and ate and drank, and slept, in solitude.

The Mining Act in those times, and in that country, was a very equitable and rather elastic measure, which permitted the Warden to exercise his common sense in his endeavours to preserve the balance of justice true. But in one particular the written law was rigidly observed—every holder must work his claim. Here, though, there was a latitude allowed. One day's work in fourteen protected him from the jumper. But if fourteen

clear days elapsed without any work being done, the claim was jumpable, and it was competent for any person to enter on the property and proceed to work it as if it were his own. And it was also competent for the original holder to regain possession by force, or any other way, when his right was re-established.

The Bonnie Dundee was one of the richest little patches on the Golden Point, and was the property of a grizzled Scot who was known as “Mac.” He had had the good luck to sink dead on to a gutter, and pulled out the yellow stuff in pannikins full. Mac. was a hatter, and a Scot. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that no one knew exactly how good the Bonnie Dundee was, but they had well-founded suspicions that it was about the best thing on the Point. And as Mac. was fond of a drop of something hard, the boys watched him pretty closely in the hope that one of his jags might last over fourteen days, when the Bonnie Dundee would change hands.

It happened that way. It was Mac.'s birthday in June, and he started in to keep it up. For fifteen days he was



Late Explorer Frank Hann and his faithful blackboy, Talbot. Hann did a vast amount of exploration work in this State, principally in the far North-West, where he manifested the presence of great tracts of magnificent pastoral country. He made several journeys to and beyond the South Australian border.

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on a quiet and respectable spree, and when he came to resume work he found a brace of diggers punching away in good shape down below, one in the drive and one on the bottom.

"Come up oot o' that," roared Mac. in a voice of thunderous emphasis. "Whit are y' doin' in ma claim?"

"It's all right, Mac," said one of the boys; "we've jumped her."

"Ye've jumpit her, have ye? Well, ma bonnie laddie, y'll jump oot braw and queek, or I'll jump doon, d'y' ken, an' it'll nae be ower guid for ye."

"No use, Mac," was the chipper response. "Y' can't bluff us, y' know. Y've been fourteen days away, and she's forfeited."

"An' y'll no come oot?" queried Mac.

"Not on y'r —— life," was the reply.

"Ah weel," sighed Mac., "A'm sorry for ye; I'll awa' to Jamie Macpherson's an' mak' a day o't. Ye'll hae no luck wi' the gowd, lads. It's ill got to rob a fuilish auld man. But I'll no wish ye ill."

"I thought the old chap would have kicked," commented one of the jumpers; "but he's standing it like a lamb."

"We are well inside our rights," said his mate. "And he can't get us out."

"A'm not so sure o' that," said a voice from above. "Ye' ken 'at a Scotchman's hoose is his cassle, and his shaft is his property. Man, y' hae ma pick in y'r haun' an' ma gowd in y'r pooch. I ask y'—for the last time—will y' come oot?"

"Oh, go to ——," came from below.

"Weel," commented Mac., y'r time's short, say y'r prayers and confess y'r sins, for A doot y' hae many tae repent. A hae a tin o' poother in ma haun', wi' a

wee bit lichted fuse tae it, an' A think if she draps y'll be smooored i' the wreck o' the Bonnie Dundee.

"Blastin' poother o' the best," he commented, as he pulled the lighted fuse towards him and blew at the spark.

"By ——, he's got the Joes," shouted the man at the bottom. "Come out, Jim. The —— old lunatic 'll blow us up."

"Naething o' the kind," said Mac. "Man, if the tin disna drap y'r safe. But this bittie o' fuse is gettin' ower short," he remarked confidentially, as he sat over the edge of the hole, with his legs above the heads of the men below.

A hurried scrambling of feet and clawing at the sides of the shaft, as the men came up by the footholes, signified the retreat of the invaders, and Mac., placing the tin of powder on the edge, clambered below, and proceeded to throw out the tools of the jumpers.

From a safe distance they watched the fuse burn down into the powder and waited for the explosion. None came.

Five minutes—ten, elapsed.

Then they ventured to approach, just as Mac.'s head appeared at the opening.

"Whit 'll y' be wantin'?" he enquired.

"What —— game's this?" snapped one of the evicted.

"It's nae —— game, ava," replied the Scot. "An' maybe y'll be gettin' off ma groon'. Awa' wi' y', and fin' a gutter to y'rsels, y' —— jumpin' scoon'rels."

"Oh, go to blazes," was the vicious retort. "What's in that —— tin?"

"BLACK SAWND, ma braw laddie."



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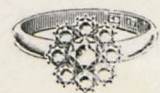
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The Pastoral Industry.

Review of the Year's Operations. For *The Golden West* by MERINO.

THE beneficent influences of an excellent season have been experienced over practically the whole of Western Australia during the year, with the consequent result that the pastoral industry is in a most prosperous condition.

The general feeling of optimism that prevailed throughout the State in the middle of the year was put into words by his Excellency the Governor (Sir Francis Newdegate) when, in his speech at the opening of the State Parliament on July 29 he said:—"Bountiful rains have fallen in all parts of the State, and whilst—from this point of

of the Commonwealth. The total sheep that period ago did not exceed half a million, but the latest official figures indicate there are now 7,000,000 sheep in the State. Those figures are exclusive of this year's lambing, which reports from all the various centres indicate are excellent. The result is that the State now carries over seven million sheep. With the opening up of new country, and the replacing of cattle by sheep in the closer Northern area it should only be a matter of a few years before the total flocks will contain 10,000,000 sheep. The great progress made in the cattle herds is equally remarkable.



Wool for Shipment—Shearers and Shed Hands on a Murchison Sheep Station.

view—the prosperity of the pastoral districts is assured, the prospects for the coming harvest are also exceptionally bright."

The pastoral industry, which is showing great development, is not confined to any particular portion of the State, but extends over its whole area from the South to the North and the Western coast to the border line of South Australia. Fifty years ago the industry was a very small one in the, then, Crown colony, but to-day it ranks as one of the main industries in this Western part

Half a century ago there were approximately forty thousand head in the colony, but to-day there are 2,000,000, and the Departmental officials are confident that the opening up of new grazing areas in the far North and West Kimberley will soon add an extra hundred thousand head.

A map showing the pastoral lands of the State is an interesting document. The total area of Western Australia is 975,920 square miles, and practically the whole of it is fit for grazing purposes. What at one time was considered to be too dry and arid for any purposes—that

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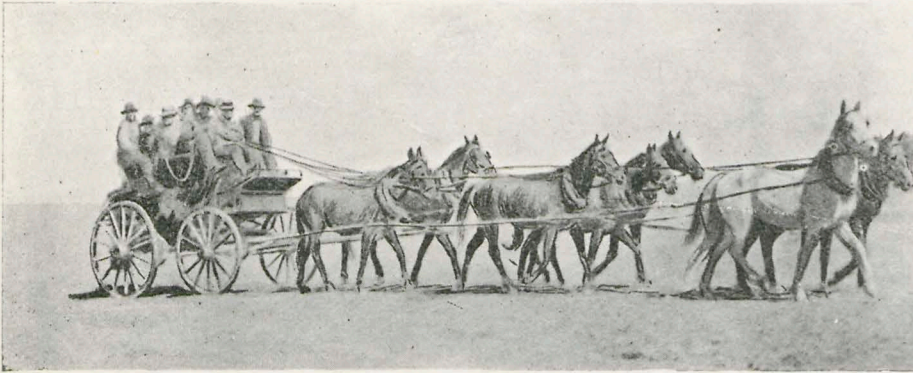
CABLE ADDRESS: "ALERT,"
PERTH.

Correspondence Invited.

section of the State lying north of Eucla—is now, as a result of the opening up of the transcontinental railway line, being stocked with herds of cattle. In the Kimberleys, an area of about 178,000 square miles, are situated the huge cattle stations, and on these are to be found the greatest proportion of the cattle in the State. In the centre of the State and extending from the coast right across to the South Australian border and embracing about 650,000 square miles is the sheep and cattle country, though the former predominate, as they also do in the South-Western and Southern portions.

on the part of the owners and a willingness on the part of some shearers to work under last year's conditions allowed the shearing to be completed, though some areas were delayed. In the middle of the year a very successful wool sale was held in Perth, buyers present being world wide, and good prices were realised.

The quality of the sheep in the State is being maintained and in many respects improved. The annual stud sale at Katanning of the Sheep Breeders' Association was a decided success. Local bred rams compared very favourably with stock specially brought over from South



Shearers
returning
to the Coast
after "Cutting Out"
on Northern runs.

This season's wool clip will be an exceedingly good one, both from the aspect of quality and quantity. Unfortunately at the commencement of the shearing season a dispute arose as to the rates payable. The shearing section of the A.W.U. claimed a revision of rates, which included great all round increases in rates and improvements in conditions. The pastoralists refused to accede to the new demand, with the result that the union forbade the

Australia for the sale. The sheep exhibits at the Royal Show attracted great attention, and visiting experts and authorities were eulogistic in their praise of the sheep shown.

The cattle market had an excellent year, the beef supplies being excellent in quality. During the year an effort was made to re-establish the hoof trade with the Far East, a shipment of live cattle being sent away to



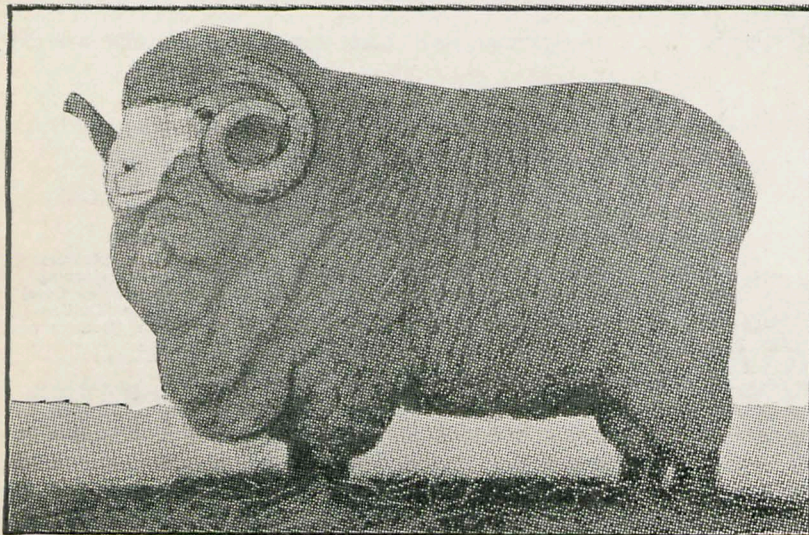
English Leicesters, Toodyay, Midland Railway Line.

men going into the sheds. The sheep owners announced their willingness to pay the 1920 rates for taking off this season's clip, pointing out at the time that the wool market was showing a decline even on last year's rates, but the men's executive in turn declined to accept a renewal of last year's rates and conditions. In consequence it appeared as if a deadlock would result, and the wool stay on the sheep. A determined effort, however,

Manila. The prospects for the frozen and tinned meat trades, both important adjuncts to the cattle industry are remaining bright. Three important freezing works are available, one each at Wyndham, Carnarvon and Fremantle. Having in mind the enormous extent of the tinned meat trade in America, the possibilities for its establishment and extension in Western Australia are unlimited.

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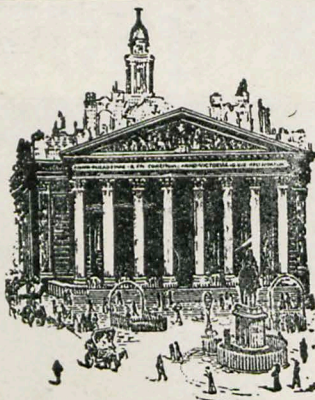
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The horse section of the industry is flourishing, and their numbers are increasing yearly. The latest returns show nearly 200,000 horses in the State.

Dairy farming, an adjunct to the pastoral industry, has also made great strides during the year. In the

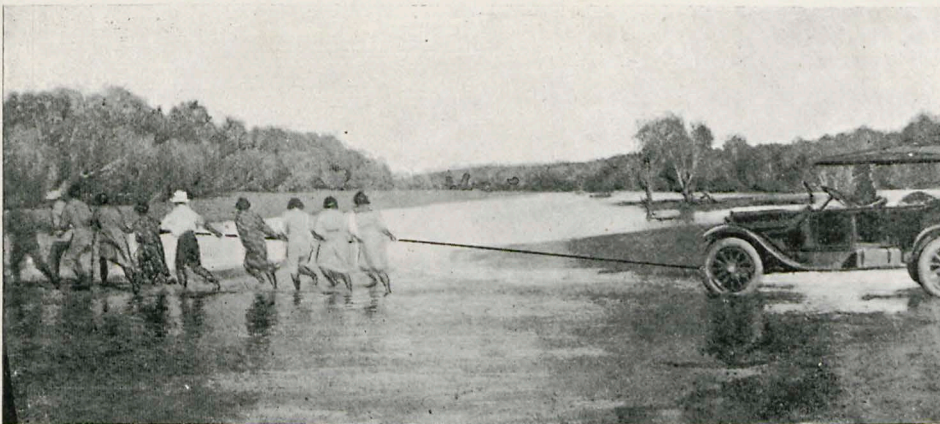
are being supported by the Royal Agricultural Society. The idea that "Pigs is pigs" appealed to a very large circle of readers of an American humorist; but it is appealing with the greater force of fact to Western Australia. Pigs now form an important and very large por-



Cattle from the North.

South-West and along the Midlands every assistance is being given by the Government towards establishing dairy herds and factories to handle the produce. In the South-West is this particularly noticeable. Several large

tions of the live stock of Western Australia, there being a total of 80,000 in the State. The growth of the pig and bacon industry within our boundaries has had the result of largely supplying the local requirements.



Gins pulling
Foundered
Motor Car
Across River Bed

estates there are being subdivided and used for the purposes of dairying. Breeders of cattle are recognising the growth of dairying and are giving their attention to raising stock suitable for the purpose, and their efforts

Western Australia, while being a State large in area, is a small one in population and development, but with the one industry of pastoralism worth an annual value of nearly five millions its future is assured.

William Padbury Stud Farms.

Garden Hill Rose Hill Clunedale Park Koojan

THE principal breeder of stud cattle in Western Australia at the present time is Mr. William Padbury, of Guildford. This will be readily understood when regard is had for his exhibits at the last Royal Show of some magnificent imported stock, representing his various stud farms, located at Garden Hill (Guildford), Rose Hill (Guildford), Clunedale Park (Mooliabeenie), and Koojan (Midland Railway).

It may be mentioned that stock from these establishments was upon that occasion responsible for Mr. Padbury's winning the Governor's Cup with a total of 486 points.

Taking the stud farms in their order:—

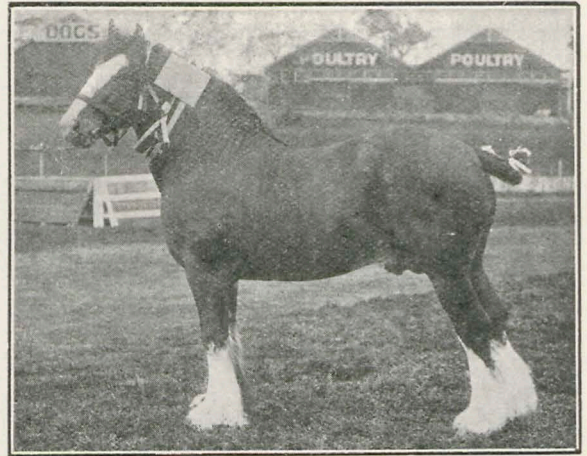
To GARDEN HILL at Guildford belongs the credit of breeding some of the finest Jerseys and beef Shorthorns in the State. The Jersey herd was originated by importation direct from the Isle of Jersey of Campanile's Noble, by Noble of Oaklands, dam Campanile 3rd and six heifers. Later, importations were made from the Eastern States of pedigree stock to mate with the progeny of the Jersey Island group. The herd to-day, therefore, is full of the best and purest Jersey blood available, and one of the recent additions to the stud is the 3-year-old Jersey bull, Cream Sox (by Cream Chief (1203) and White Stocking IV., imported). Cream Sox, as a yearling, annexed first prize at the Melbourne Show of 1919, and he also annexed Champion honours at the W.A. Royal Show in October last. This fashionably bred Jersey should prove an acquisition to the State.

Shorthorns, Holsteins and Ayrshires have also been bred by Mr. Padbury for some years now, and the importation of prize stock from some of the best studs in the Eastern States is made regularly.

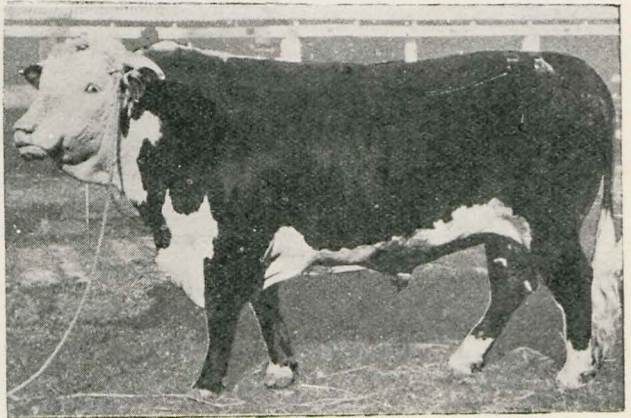
At ROSEHILL Farm (also at Guildford) the breeding of Friesians (Holsteins) and Berkshire and Yorkshire pigs is also extensively gone in for; whilst at CLUNEDALE PARK Farm (Mooliabeenie) Ayrshire cattle and Romney Marsh, English Leicester and Merino (Koonoona blood) sheep, as well as Timor ponies, are also extensively raised.

At KOOJAN, also on the Midland Railway Line, Guernsey cattle, Clydesdale horses, Berkshire pigs, Border Leicester, Lincoln, Oxford Downs and Shropshire sheep are the principal products. That fine horse Baron Hillside (71 N.Z. C.S.B.), who was imported from New Zealand, is at the head of the Clydesdales. Baron Hillside's breeding is:—Sire, Baron Bold, by

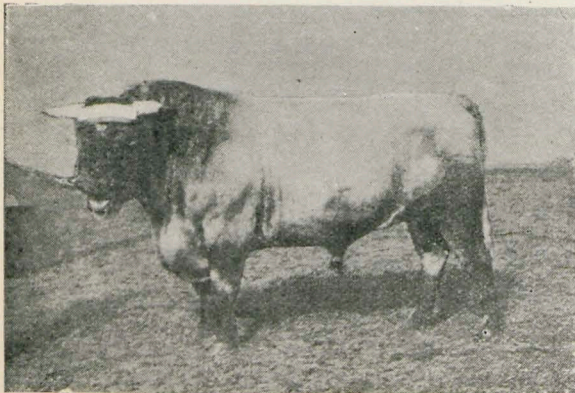
Bawn's Pride, by Sir Everard; dam, Sal, by Bancor; g. dam, Bell, by Wallace. Photos of Baron Hillside, as well as pictures representative of the stud stock of each establishment, will be found herewith.



Champion Clydesdale. "Baron Hillside."
Baron Hillside (71 N.Z. C.S.B.), imported from New Zealand.
Sire: Baron Bold, by Baron's Pride, by Sir Everard. Dam: Sal, by Bancor. G. Dam. Bell, by Wallace.



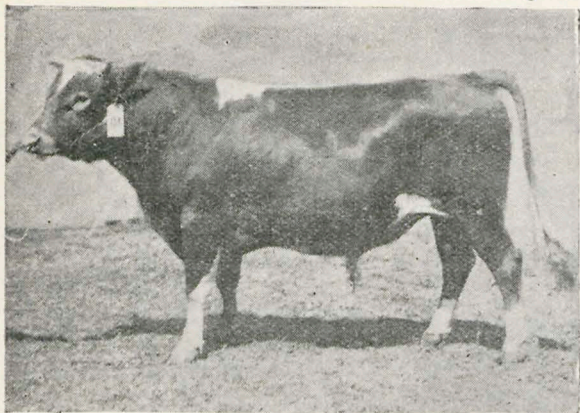
Hereford Bull, "Royalty." 1st and Champion, 1921.



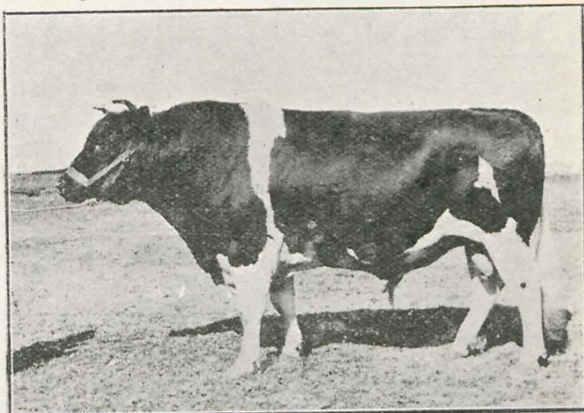
Champion Shorthorn Bull, "Menindie Duke" 23rd.
1st and Champion Royal Show, 1921.



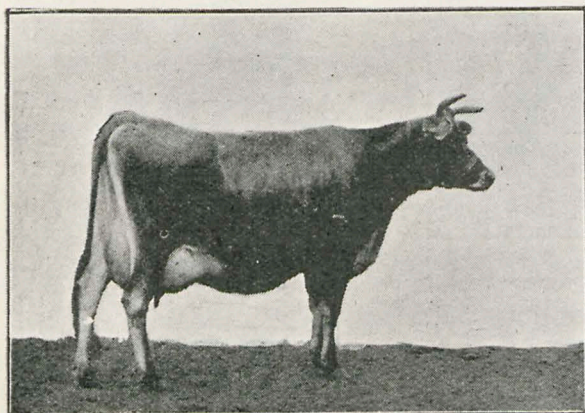
Champion Shorthorn Female, "Bolinda Duchess of Derrimut."
1st and Champion Royal Show, 1921.



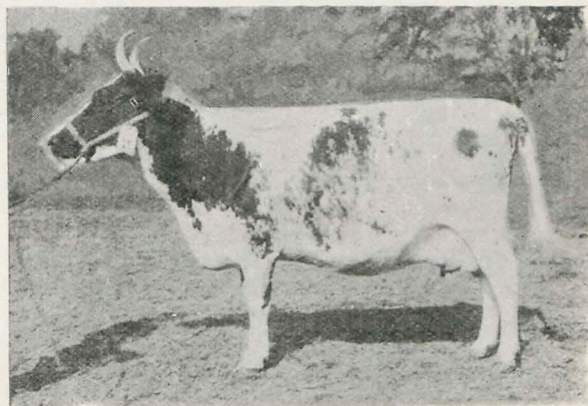
Champion Guernsey Bull, "Gay Lads Golden Dawn."
1st and Champion Royal Show, 1921.



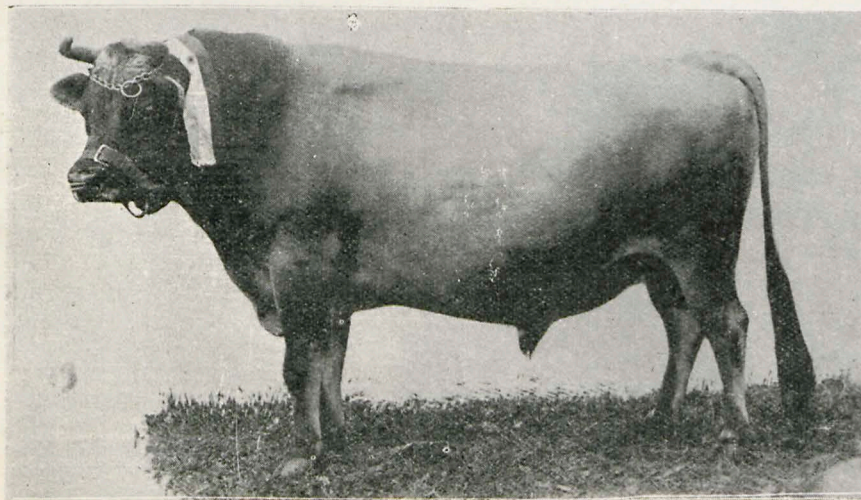
Champion Holstein Bull, "Captain Muller."
1st and Champion Royal Show, 1921.



Champion Jersey Cow, "Fondant II." Royal Show, 1921.



Champion Ayrshire Cow (dry), "Buckland Nancy."
1st and Champion Royal Show, 1921.



"Campaniles Noble," by Noble of Oaklands, Dam, Campanile 3rd.

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Midland Railway. Tel 3.—
Cattle: Ayrshires. Sheep:
Romney Marsh, English Leices-
ter, Merino (Koonoona Blood).
Timor Ponies.

KOOJAN, Midland Railway. Tel.
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Clydesdale Horses, Berkshire
Pigs. Sheep: Leicesters, Lin-
colns, Oxford Downs, Shrop-
shires.

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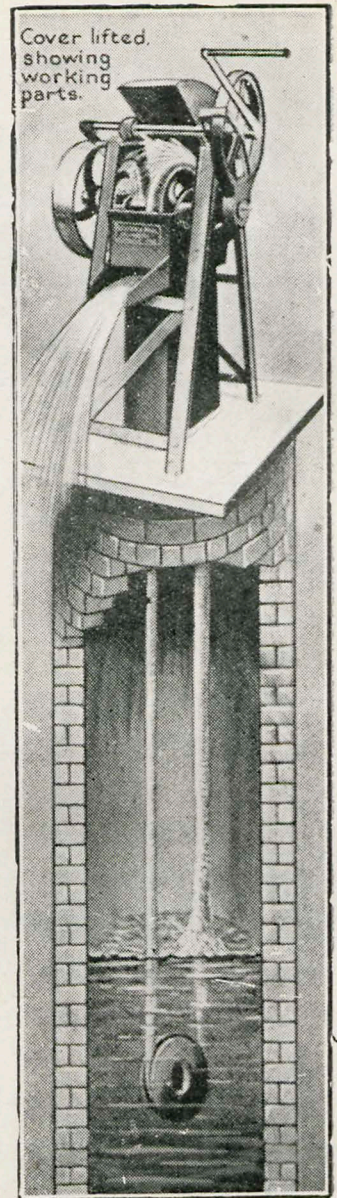
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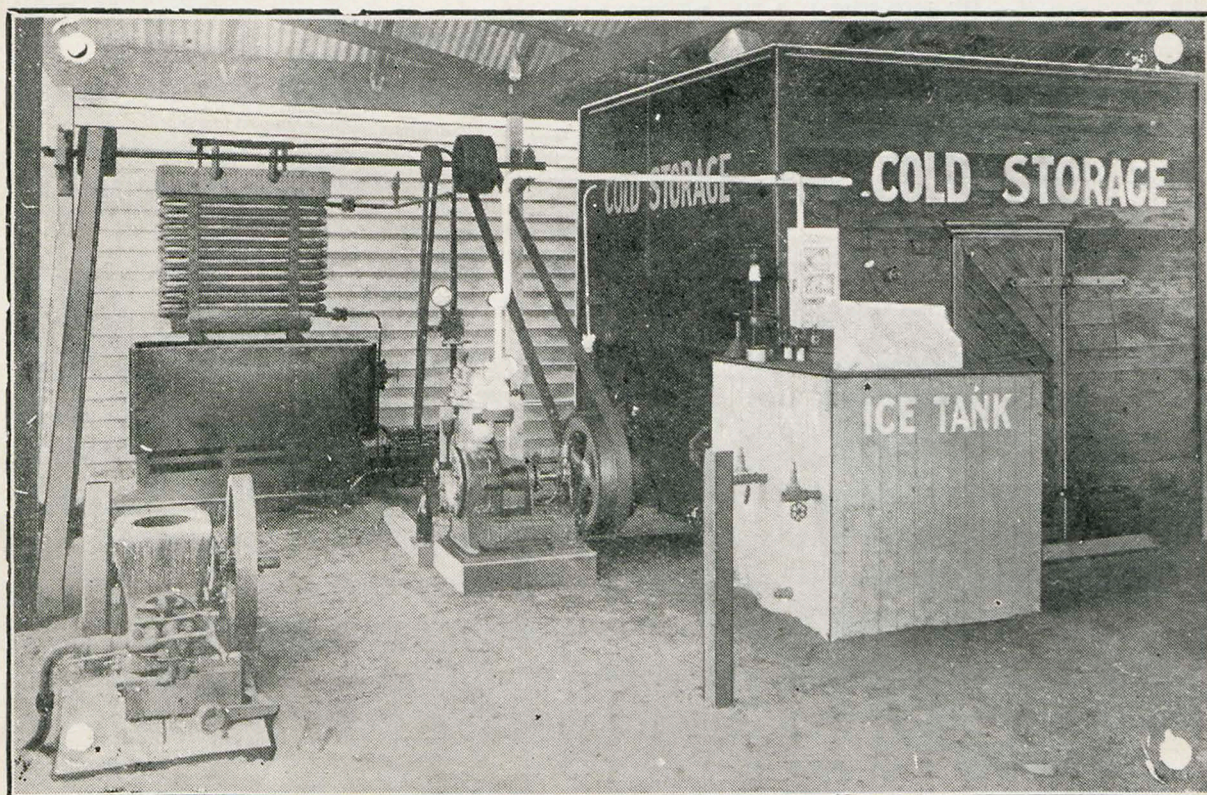
Chaine-Helice Liquid Elevators

Chaine-Helice Liquid Elevators are made by Boulton & Paul Ltd., of Norwich, England. The Simplest, Cheapest and most convenient Pumping Patent yet invented. Sole Agents for W.A., DENNY BROS. LTD., Murray Street, Perth.

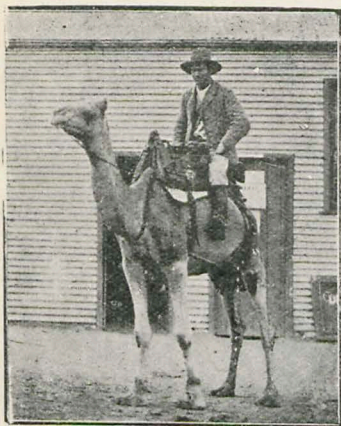
AT THE ROYAL SHOW, AT CLAREMONT, OCTOBER, 1921.



The Incomparable A.E.C. Motor Lorries, made by the Builders of London's 'Buses. The A.E.C. is the highest powered Lorry obtainable. The A.E.C. capital is £108,000,000. Spare Parts to the value of £50,000 are carried in Australia. Unequalled for Carting Sleepers, Wool, Wheat, Fruit, etc., etc. W.A. Distributors, DENNY BROS. LTD., Murray Street, Perth.



Refrigerating Plant of 1 Ton Refrigerating Power by J. & E. Hall Ltd., of Dartford, Kent, England, the largest and oldest-established firm of Refrigerating Machinery Manufacturers in the United Kingdom. This picture was taken at the Royal Show at Claremont, October, 1921, the plant making ice in 4 moulds of 28 lb. each, and cooling a room of 500 cubic feet capacity. W.A. Agents, DENNY BROS. LTD., Murray Street, Perth.



The Far Golden West.

Recollections of The Old Timers.

And the Camps of "Furthest East."

(For *The Golden West* by JOHN DRAYTON.)

MET one of the old hands yesterday, one of the men who went well out in the east of the West in the late '90's.

What did we talk of?

You know.

"There is good gold in this State," I suggested, after we had reviewed the performances of a number of the gold finders, now using their long leisure in the undiscovered country.

"May be," he responded. "But there are not the men to find it."

He voiced a fact. The prospector is a man of the past. He is, practically, extinct.

There are no Bayleys, Hannans, Cues, Bates, Frosts, Menzies, Heffernans (Mt. Margaret, Aug. 1894), Cammellaris, Cruickshanks, Cashmans, Keats, John Dunns—this reads like a directory list. Anyhow there are no more men of the kind and type. The effete East produced most of those I have named, but the East has run out of the brand—and the West never took up the manufacture of that class of goods.

rich alluvial somewhere east of Dick Bates's last strike—The Black Swan. Dick threw his alley in soon after this discovery. Our Yiddisher friend had been in the sock trade in Sydney, and had been induced to try his luck in the West. He was a stranger in the wilds, and the points of the compass meant no more to him than the outward and visible signs of the contents of the latest Greek lexicon. He was warned against rambling, and told how to get back to camp—from which he was not to go too far. He did not go far. But it took him a long time to get back. The camp fires were his beacon lights, and he ambled in, scared and hungry, after dark.

Supper over, he sat with the boys.

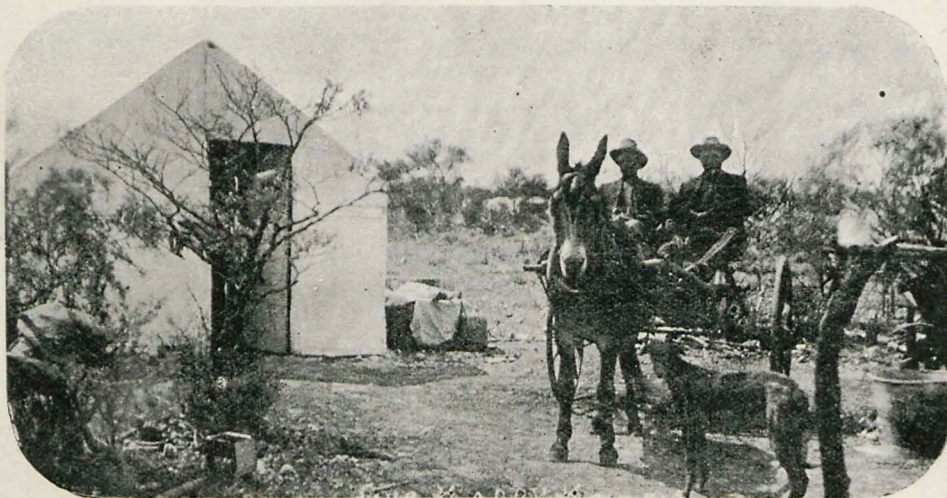
After a time given to silent meditation in the camp, he shyly passed to Ben Williams a piece of something he had found. Ben toyed with it and tossed it across the ring, without comment.

The lad handed out another sample of the like stuff.

"What is it?" he asked; "it's heavy, isn't it?"

"What is it?" echoed Ben. "It's what they call

In the
North Coolgardie
Country.



Notable that among the luckiest of the prospectors of the West were men who had barely seen gold in the raw material. When Jack Drake and I were pig-rooting in ten oz. stuff near Burtville, there was a junior Jew, associated with the Sons of Israel, who left a patch of

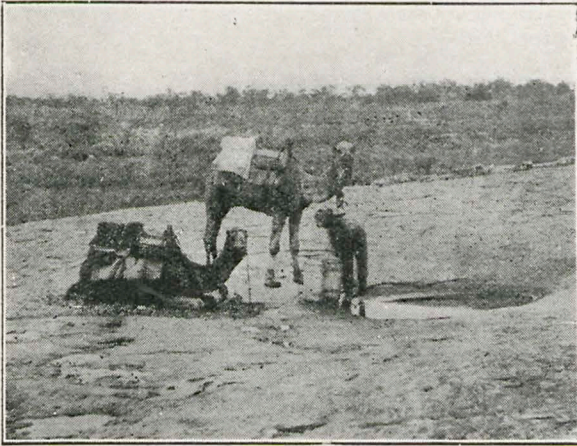
gold. Where did you get it?"

The son of Nimshi waved his hand in the direction of all east of us, South Australia included:

"Over there, somewhere," he said.

It is there yet.

Dixie Scott was one of the rare characters of whom the outback had some. He had been most things, he told me, from banker in the States to pig-breeder in Maoriland. We knew him as a financier in Coolgardie, and prospector pretty well up to the edge of the Great Desert. In the hopeful estate of the gold hunter, he found all the excitements of the gaming table, and I believe he was happier chasing the weight than he would have been handling cold money made by speculation or investment in the marts of the cities.



The Gnamma Hole.

Remember a joke we put over on him. Hill, who became learned in the law afterwards, was his mate in a trenching operation which might have compared with some of those on the Hun fronts in 1914-16. Dixie suspected a reef had hidden away from him about there, and he was crosscutting to find its location. Hill was fed up with the work, and announced that he was going back to dig into his law books in the hope of finding ways of attaching real money without so much of actual effort. Dixie had to have a mate, for that was no one-man country. One of the applicants for the position was a city-bred lad who wanted references.

He asked us about the American. We told him. Did not give him any specific instances, but alluded to the remarkable disappearance of more than one bright youth who had gone mates with a prospector of whom we had knowledge. They had been seen going out with him—and no one had seen or heard of them again. He picked Dixie as the unnamed, and declined to join with one of the kindest humorists of the wastes.

He did not mind going out. But he wanted to go home, eventually.

The American was of good fabric. The bush toughened him into a hard citizen, with a mild contempt for the weakness of less stalwart pioneers. In a storm at Burtville, one night, his tent was struck by lightning.

"Knocked me Key West," Dixie said, "bumped the whole place to everlasting rags, and knocked a chap clean off'n the box he was settin' on. After I picked myself up, and sort o' roped in my wanderin' senses, I gathered him together and gave him a drink of water.

"Say, he didn't do a thing, but just keel over an' die right there.

"No constitution," Dixie commented sadly. "A man who can't stand a hit with a little flash o' lightnin' ain't got any business to start out to rough it in the mulga."

That country is full of gold. Near us was the Home-from-Home, a nice little show, in easy sinking, with a vein about a brick thick that gave a steady 14 oz. to the ton by battery. This was the show to which Percy Morgan sent one of his cub experts, newly arrived from England—where he had acquired a thorough knowledge of prospecting, in the School of Mines. He knapped some of the stone on the dump, and went over it with his glass.

After close inspection of a few pieces of the ore, he asked the boys what they were working for.

"For gold," replied one of them.

"There's no gold in this stone," he said, with high confidence.

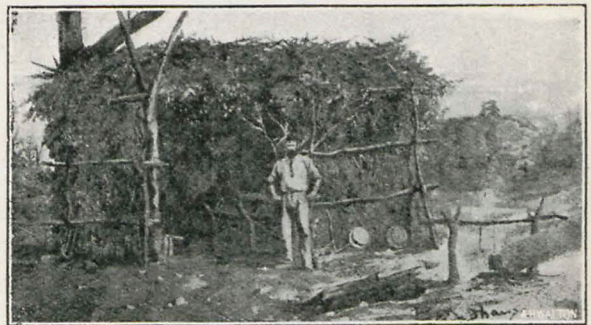
"What's this?" asked the prospector.

"It's not gold, anyhow," responded the expert.

"F'r Gawd's sake, don't tell 'em that at the bank," pleaded the other; "they're givin' us four quid an ounce for it."

Remember Billy Frost? Big-hearted Billy Frost, one of the first to go out to the rescue of the men dying of thirst in the mad rush to the 45-Mile. The first of the legitimate prospectors to cross in, on John Forrest's tracks, with camels, after the publication of the news that 9,000 oz. had been dollied from 4½ tons of stone from Bayley's. Bill was camped not far from where Ben Williams was on a bit of decent stone, and right near where Jack Drake and I found a bigger thing than Coolgardie. It would have been all that, if there had been more than one such slug as we lifted from the top of an ironstone patch. We made our strike just about dark. We spent a million between then and daylight. Our slug was an orphan, and we were frightened to speak of it for fear of suffering as did the men who started false alarms of big finds. We had heard of such things as men nailed through the ear-flap to a tree for publishing stories of the sort, and we were mutes.

There was great gold somewhere there. Billy Frost was sinking just above us on a rise, and extracting some nice stone. One day he called us to come up. He had a hide bucket full of gold. They had put in a shot and the explosion had uncovered a face of metal. It was a



Prospector's Camp.

beautiful sight, that ordinary hide bucket, decorated to the rim with the stuff of which sovereigns are minted. The gold was filagreed as if by the hand of a cunning worker in metal—the bucketful weighed about 200 oz. Some day the mother lode of the Burtville country will be found. When it is, gold will be cheaper stuff than now—there will be so much of it.

Jack and I got on to good stuff about ten miles from where Ben Williams was, at the west of The Black Swan. Our trouble was water shortage. We had to hump our

requirements from a soak four miles distant from our modest mine.

This entailed a lot of work on Jack. He carried a kerosene tin of the valuable and necessary fluid, and I encouraged him to nobler effort by cheerful predictions of the period when we would not only not be carrying water, but would be so flush that we could, if we wished to, have bottled beer or better liquor, with breakfast. At that time we were not bigoted teetotallers.

I bought a cow camel to save Jack the labour of water bearing. She was a fair cow. Thinking of her sometimes, since, I have arrived at the conclusion that she was an idiot. She could be depended on, at any time, to do precisely what no one on earth would suppose a camel or any other friend of the white man would do. When one of us mounted her she would hoosh down, and dynamite only would have started her. With a ten-gallon load of water on she would dash through the mulga after the manner of the man with the message, and the devil himself could not stop her till she fell over a breakaway, or stubbed her splay feet on an outcrop and spilled herself and her cargo over the territory. On such occasions I chastened her with a drill, but I might as well have spared that rod—for she was a spoiled camel. She was the cause of consternation among Afghans who were to carry a crushing for us to the battery at Morgans. They were on bull camels, and she managed to convey to them that she was in the neighbourhood.

The fight the bulls put up on her account still reverberates in the annals of the Laverton district. One of the bulls was killed. The other roamed the dells with our Crazy Jane of the pads, and I never heard that Muley Hafiz recovered him. One of the 'Ghans was inclined to be angry with us for what had happened, and it took Jack some time to pound sense into him. It was a slow job, although he was pounding with a 4 lb. hammer.

"Oh, those days and nights we squandered, at the Logans', in the Glen."

Laverton was the capital of the district. Here we foregathered at intervals. Dick Heaphy was one of the hosts and brothers of all the outside prospectors. He had some of the money of the buyers of the Ida H.—which he opened as a quarry of gold-bearing stone—and his credit was good at the three pubs, and at all the stores. His accounts were operated on by all the hard-ups. Dr. Laver—one of the whitest men who ever separated a citizen from any part of his bruised or broken physical equipment—was another of the open-hearted, open-handed of the pioneers. He healed the sick and patched up the damaged, and no man ever left him not bettered by the contact—and profited, if his wallet was empty. Fortune owes the doctor something, and I, for one, hope Fortune will yet pound on his door with the butt of a currajong. He was one the gamest of the backers of the gold-hunters. Laverton has a right to a place on the map.

When we met in the settlement there was something doing—as a rule. Some one may be able to tell me why men, who, in the bush, would starve that a hungry one should eat, or go dry that he should have the water of which he was in need, will fight like bulldogs when filled with whisky. A fight was one of the certainties of a trip to Laverton. And I have seen some mills there, with the bare bones, that would have given pause to critics of "the game" who aver that it is useless to scour Australia in the search for White Hopes of the P.R.

The police at Laverton did not interfere in the little exuberances of the men from the wilds. When men

fought, the mates of the combatants took charge of the conduct of the affray. At its conclusion all parties moved to the bars and considered the difficulty in its different aspects. One of the finest fights I ever saw there arose out of the assertion that the Founder of the Faith of the Christians was a Jew. The result was a draw.

Martin Walsh caused a sensation in Laverton on the one occasion of his visit to the field in my time. Flannagan had him set, and he called Martin "a black-whiskered — Fenian." He was prepared to prove it on the body of Martin, but the water-finder was not taking any. He summoned Flannagan who had to appear at the court next morning. After hearing evidence the Bench (Dr. —) decided that there had been great provocation and fined Martin £3. And Martin was the complainant. It was a good verdict. Any other would have precipitated a riot—for, for some reason, Martin was not as popular as Flannagan.

I met Carr-Boyd first at——

* * * * *

Good Lord! It is 12 midnight. I have written 12 slips of copy. It is the 12th of the month—and 13 is Carr's unlucky number.

We'll get the boys together again next year.



Rock Hole, Cosmo Newbery, North-East of Laverton.

Peerless Roller Flour Mills Ltd.

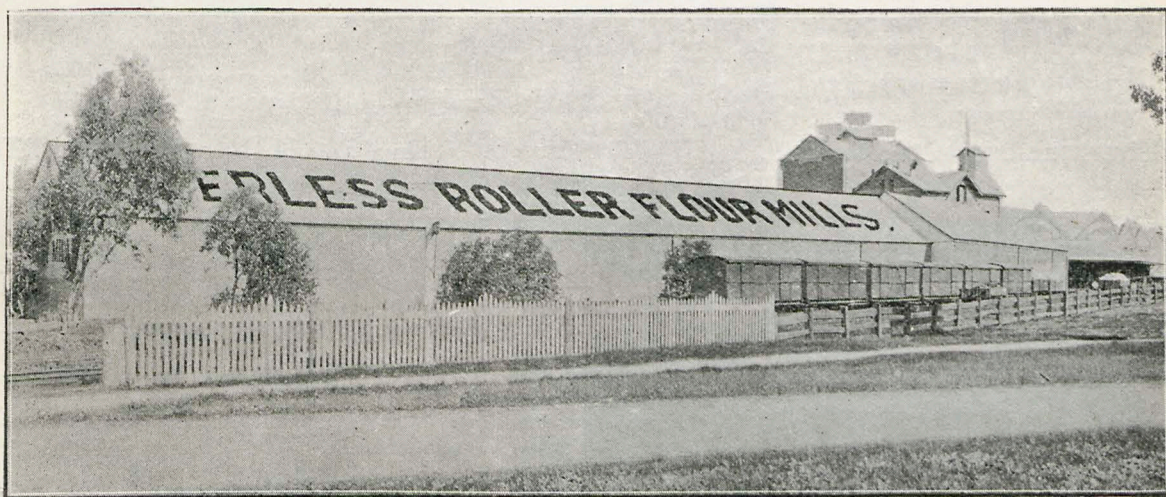
EAST GUILDFORD.

W. PADBURY,

PROPRIETOR.

Established 1899. Re-erected 1915. Capacity 100 Tons per day.
The only Mill in W.A. driven entirely by Electric Power.

WHEAT MEAL, BRAN AND POLLARD ALWAYS ON HAND.
GRAIN MERCHANT, BUYER AND EXPORTER.



The popular and well known "PEERLESS" Brand is recognised by all the leading Bakers as being the best flour.

It can hold its own in any Market. Already large quantities have been exported, and repeat business is being done in the Eastern and European Markets.

Export orders executed with care and promptitude.

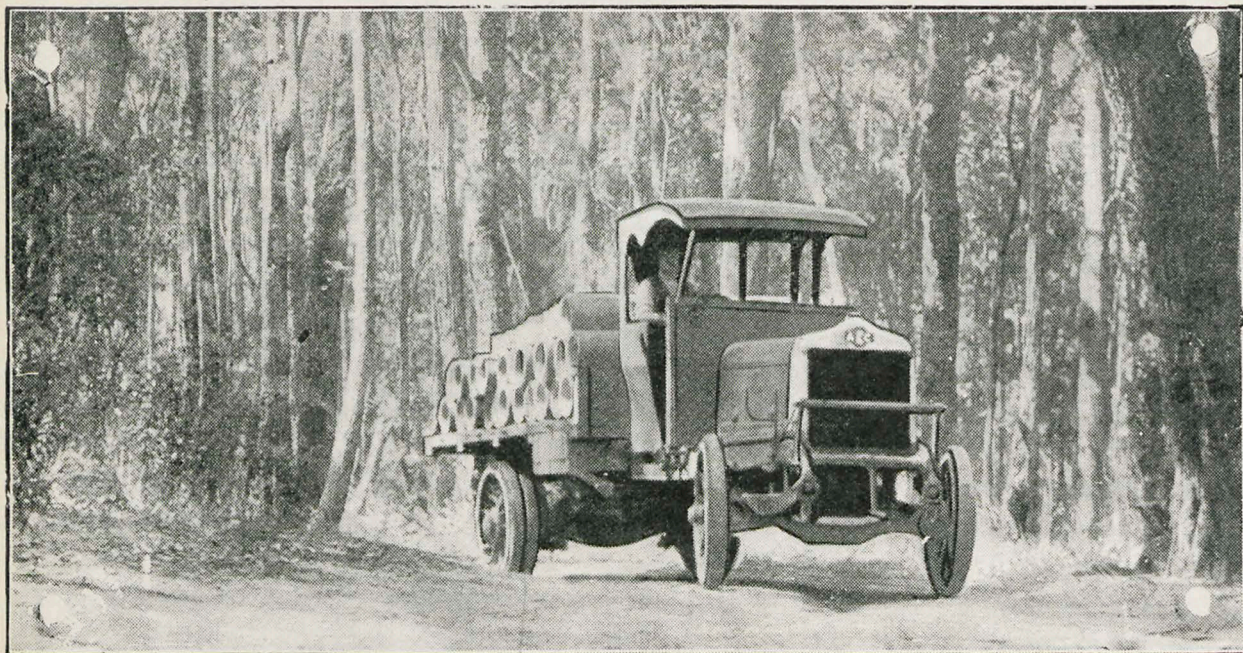
Telephone 63 Guildford.

Cable Address: "Peerless," Perth.

Code Used: A.B.C. 5th Edition.

W. PADBURY - Proprietor.

The Incomparable "A.E.C." Motor Lorry



A 5-ton "A.E.C." in the bush, fully loaded, negotiating a hair-pin bend on a grade 1 in 4.

This "A.E.C." carried every day what would have fully occupied a 6-horse team for some weeks, and at a fraction of the cost. It was purchased by the Hume Pipe Co. for carting concrete pipes in the hills at Traralgon, Victoria, and men were employed ahead of the "A.E.C." cutting a track for it through the virgin bush, and the "A.E.C.," of course, did the work to the complete satisfaction of the owners.

The A.E.C. Capital is £108,000,000, and entirely British.

Spare parts to the value of £50,000 are carried in Australia.

The A.E.C. Specification shows that the "A.E.C." is the highest powered lorry obtainable and is in a class by itself.

Unequalled for carting wool, wheat, sleepers, fruit, etc., etc.

Full particulars from the Sole W.A. Distributors: DENNY BROS. LTD., 367-371 Murray St., PERTH.



J. J. & F. G. HIGHAM

69 HIGH STREET, FREMANTLE.

House Agents: Rents Collected. Personal Attention to Tenants. Prompt Returns.

Financial: Mortgages and Investments arranged. Sworn Valuers.

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Selling on Easy Terms for following Estates:

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Trams available to all.

Harbour View and Garden: South St., Beaconsfield.

Dalydale No. 1 & No. 2: Forrest Road, Hamilton Hill.

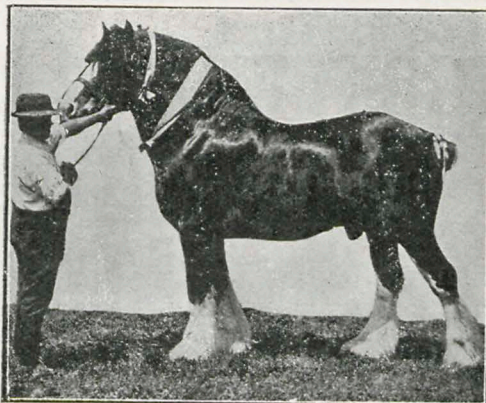
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The Widest Choice of Residential, Business and Factory Sites

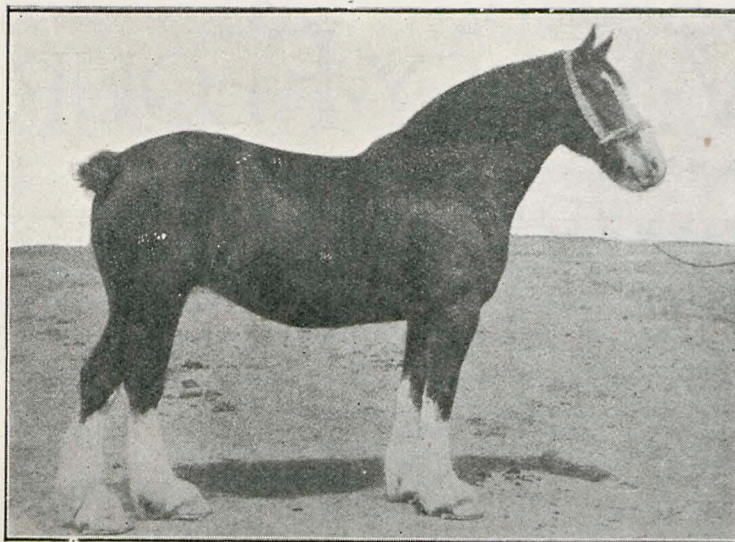
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YORK, W.A.

The Choicest Stud of Pure Registered
Clydesdales in Australia.



BARONS CHAMPION.



LADY PEGGY (1328) CHAMPION CLYDESDALE MARE, 1920.

Colts—suitable for Stations or
Stud, always on hand.

Hacks, Hunters and Ponies.

All young stock reared in the
open.

Stud Stock Shipped to Any
Part of the World.

Breeders of—

CLYDESDALES

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CATTLE

LINCOLN and DORSET
HORNED SHEEP

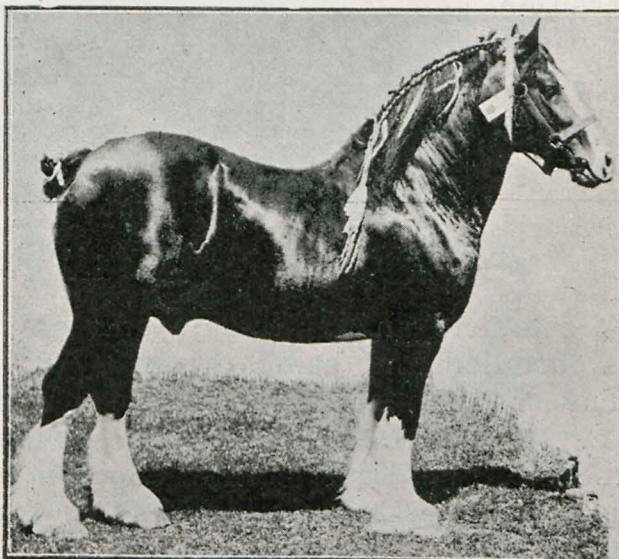
Henry Wills & Co.

PERTH,

or

R. CARROLL, *Manager*,
YORK, W.A.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.



ROSEMONT, CHAMPION CLYDESDALE, 1921.

YORK FLOUR MILLING COY., LTD.

FLOUR MILLERS,

GRAIN MERCHANTS,

TEL. 22 YORK.

CABLE ADDRESS: "BAKEWELL."
YORK.

CODE USED: A.B.C. 5th EDITION.

BUYERS & EXPORTERS,

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AVON VALLEY FLOUR

Is STRONG—is PURE—and BEST FOR KEEPING.

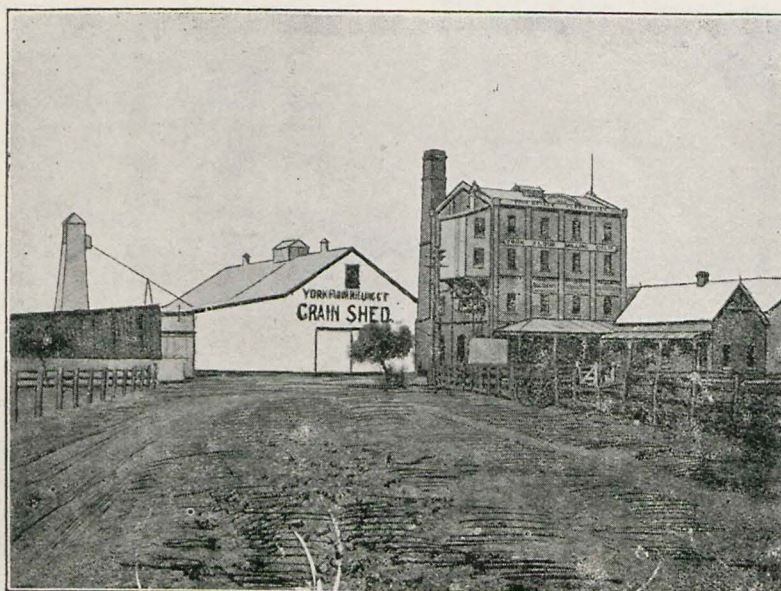
WHEAT
MEAL

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ALWAYS
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THE MILL.

A complete and up-to-date mill on the famous "SIMON" system is installed and being driven by a "Tangye" Suction Gas Plant. The cost of production has been reduced to a minimum, enabling AVON VALLEY FLOUR to compete in the world's markets on the most favorable terms. Special attention given to buyer's requirements as regards branding or packing.



Bulk - and - Bottled Beer - and Bottled Invalid & Double Extra STOUTS.

Quality sufficient recommendation. Obtainable all over the State.

Australia's Bush Remedy Sells on its Merit



Goanna Salve Cures

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Infantile Paralysis, Eczema, Piles, Catarrh, Ulcers, Sore Legs, &c., &c.

Active Agents all over Australia.

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MARCONI MASSAGE INSTITUTE,
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COTTESLOE BEACH.

W. G.
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A GLORIOUS HOME FOR VISITORS.

5 MINUTES COTTESLOE BEACH STATION.

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When in Perth
Stay at the
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The Favourite House with Goldfields
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In the heart of City and convenient
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Government Offices.

Every Convenience.

Hot and Cold Baths
on each floor.

Write or wire before
arrival
and so secure
accommodation.

W. H. JONES

Proprietor.

The York Flour Milling Coy.

The York Flour Mill (see page 100) is one of the oldest established mills in Western Australia, and its principal product, the celebrated "Avon Valley Brand" of flour, is as well known in Far Eastern and European markets as in the land of its manufacture.

The York District being famous for producing the finest wheat, the flour product of this Company is justly considered equal to the best of Australia's production, and, as a result, in addition to Western Australian business, the Company's oversea trade is rapidly developing. A considerable export trade has been done with Singapore and other distant centres, whilst consignments have been sent as far afield as Hull, Bristol and other English ports.

The products of the mill, including bran, pollard and wheat meal, have also scored, under public competition, very meritorious successes.

The commodious mill, the centre of manufacture, now comprises the two flour mills formerly known as the York Mill (the property of Messrs. Harvey and Edwards), and the Empire Roller Flour Mill respectively, the present Company being under the management of Mr. C. A. Harvey, of the former firm, and is one of the most up-to-date milling establishments in the State.

Mills & Ware.

Begun in a very humble shop in Cottesloe some twenty-two years ago, and afterwards removed to Fremantle, where the factories are now situated, the business of Mills & Ware, Biscuit and Cake Manufacturers, has shown consistent progress. Employment is given to about one hundred and twenty hands, and a very extensive export business with the islands of the Malayan Archipelago has been built up in addition to a very large local trade. Originally a cake manufacturing business, it is now mainly devoted to the manufacture of biscuits, the quality of which has won for them the foremost position in the trade of the State. The management have spared neither time, money nor investigation, to demonstrate that Western Australia, in this department of trade at least, can hold its own with the big Eastern factories. On thousands of tables Takhoma Cracker, Custard Creams, and Mena Cakes are items of the daily menu, while scores of healthy, sturdy Western Australian children have been reared on Mills & Ware's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits. Besides these leading lines, the firm manufacture a big variety of plain and fancy biscuits.

Acknowledgments.

For many of the Far North-West photos. appearing among earlier pages and in cover design (In Scott Straits) we are indebted to Mr. E. J. Stuart, of Beaufort Street, Perth, who, as a member of the North-West Scientific and Exploration Syndicate, voyaged hundreds of miles in a 23-ton schooner (the Culwulla, whose picture appears elsewhere) throughout the many uncharted waters, bays and inlets, between Broome and Cambridge Gulf (Wyndham). Mr. Stuart, who was leader of the party, had for his companions, Captain Johnson, whose knowledge of the North-West coast, with its extraordinary tides is unsurpassed; the Syndicate's secretary, Mr. Favus; Mr. Bradley, cinema operator and photographer; also four Malays and four mission natives. The remarkable film pictures secured during the trip are now being shown with great success in London, and some of the press photographs are those appearing in *The Golden West*.

In their voyagings the Culwulla's party encountered nature, human and otherwise, unique and wild, among the aboriginal, animal, fish, bird and plant life of the North; and Mr. Stuart concedes that the camera fails to reproduce the actual beauty and grandeur of much they saw in their penetration of some of the tidal rivers and among the Archipelagoes.

As that portion of the Far North visited is a *terra incognita*, people have little conception of the risks run and dangers encountered by the Culwulla's adventurers.

Peerless Roller Flour Mills Ltd.

Established in 1899 and re-erected in 1915, the Peerless Roller Flour Mills, East Guildford (W. Padbury, Proprietor), are one of the oldest and, at the same time, one of the most modern establishments of their kind in the State. The Mills' products comprise the popular Peerless Flour, also Wheat Meal, Bran, Pollard, etc., of the highest grades.

Peerless flour has held its own in all markets, both at home and abroad, and all export orders are executed with care and promptitude. Telephone, 63 Guildford. Cable Address: "Peerless," Perth (Code: A.B.C., 5th edition.)

"Geraldi" & "Torre" Macaroni and Vermicelli

are recommended for their

HEALTHY & NUTRITIOUS QUALITIES.

Manufactured Locally and from the very best Australian Wheat Absolutely guaranteed for their Purity
Unequalled for Children's Food, Soups, Custards and Puddings.

ALL GROCERS.

Factory: 55 Essex Street, FREMANTLE, W.A.

WUNDERLICH LIMITED.

The name of Wunderlich is known throughout the length and breadth of Australasia. What is not so well known is that everything which Wunderlich Limited sell is manufactured by Wunderlich Limited themselves, and that every line is manufactured in this State, with one sole exception.

Originally a one-line business, that of Stamped Metal, the activities of the firm have broadened in a marked degree, until there is now little beyond the bare frame of a house that may not be manufactured by them.

Until twelve months ago, the leading lines manufactured consisted of Art Metal (in the varied forms of Sheets for Ceilings, Cornices, Mouldings, Brick Sheeting, Galvanised Rough Cast, Galvanised Shingles, Galvanised Fish Scale, Centre Flowers, Wall Vents), Wunderlich Roofing Tiles, Ceilyte (the Plaster Board), Durabestos and Shop Fronts. Honor Rolls and many other forms of artistic metal work, including copper beating, also engaged the activities of this progressive firm.

During the past year, the acquisition of the manufacturing business of Harry Armstrong Ltd., Campbell Street, has added to the firm the resources of a well-equipped factory for the production of such everyday building requirements as Ridging, Spouting, Down Piping, Skylights, Iron Fireplaces, Baths, Bath Heaters, Washing Coppers, Kitchen Sinks and Tanks, together with Feed Troughs, Water Troughs, Cream Cans, Buckets and many other sheet metal manufactures.

Special attention has been devoted to the production of Wunderlich Roofing Tiles, which are purely Western Australian in material and labour, and which are an advance on the imported article, which, prior to their advent, had been considered the standard.

ROYAL SHOW EXHIBITS.

Denny Bros. Limited, the Engineers and Machinery Importers, of Murray Street, Perth, had a most interesting display at the Royal Show of "A.E.C." Motor Lorries, "Chaine-Helice" Liquid Elevators, and J. & E. Hall's Refrigerating Plants, and many other machinery lines, Acetylene Lamps, etc.

The "A.E.C." Lorry is built by the Associated Equipment Company Ltd., of Walthamstow, England—builders of London's "buses"—whose Capital is £108,000,000. The "A.E.C." is the highest-powered lorry obtainable, developing 45-H.P. at 1,000 revs. Denny Bros. Ltd. report having an extensive number of enquiries on hand for these lorries for carting sleepers, wool, wheat, fruit, etc., and the "A.E.C." are safe-guarding their customers' convenience by carrying £50,000 worth of spare parts in Australia.

The "Chaine-Helice" Liquid Elevator proved itself to be a wonderful little pumping outfit, and the Agents claim that it is the simplest, cheapest and most convenient pumping patent yet invented. They also advise that these simple little plants are made in the small sizes to pump 800 gals. per hour by hand, up to others from which 12,000 gallons per hour can be obtained from depths of 300 ft. by power. The makers (Messrs. Boulton and Paul Ltd., of Norwich, England) are also builders of Aeroplanes, Marine Engines, Electric Lighting Sets, Steel Buildings, etc., and their name is sufficient guarantee of the quality of the article.

The Hall Refrigerating Plant proved to be very popular, as some hundreds of people were in and out of the Cool Storage Room every day of the Show to feel the cold air and see the frosted pipes. In addition to keeping a room of 500 cubic feet at a very low temperature this busy little plant also made ice in four moulds of 28 lbs. each. This plant is of 1-ton refrigerative power, and some of these have been secured by the Agents (Denny Bros. Limited) for use by pastoralists, dairymen, butchers, or anyone desirous of enjoying the great comfort and convenience of a room which will keep fresh and sweet in the hottest seasons a supply of mutton, beef, poultry, vegetables, fruit, eggs, drinkables, etc. These advantages are necessities to shop-keepers, and they make life worth living for families located on out-back farms and stations. J. and E. Hall Ltd., of Dartford, Kent, England, the largest and oldest established firm of refrigerating machinery manufacturers in the United Kingdom, are the makers.

These Exhibits are all clearly illustrated on pages 92 and 93, and

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

For the Settler and Tourist

Travellers should not miss seeing Adelaide, the Garden City, with its amphitheatre of mountains.

Magnificent scenery and unique physical features provide ample scope for sight-seeing :: ::

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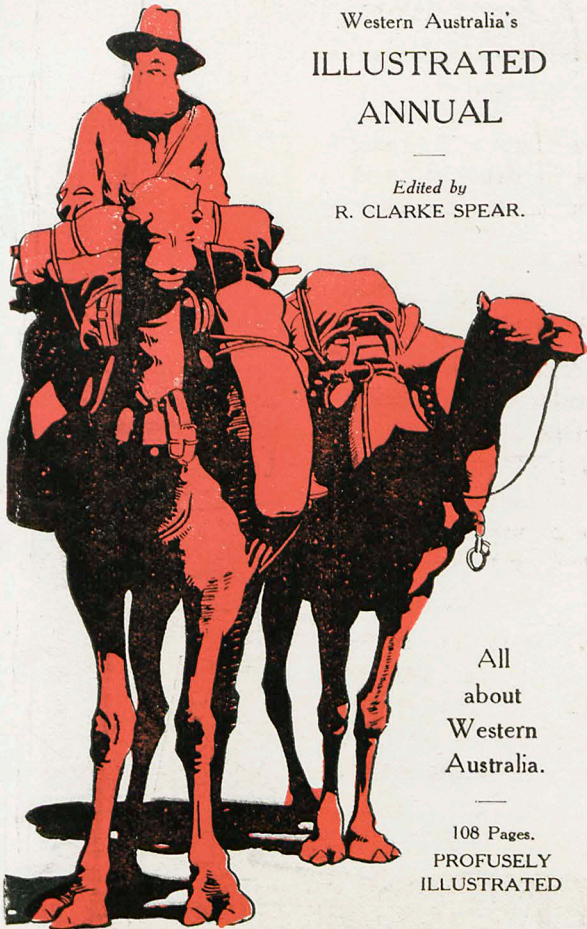
on page 98 another 5-ton "A.E.C." Lorry, working in the bush, fully loaded, is also shown.

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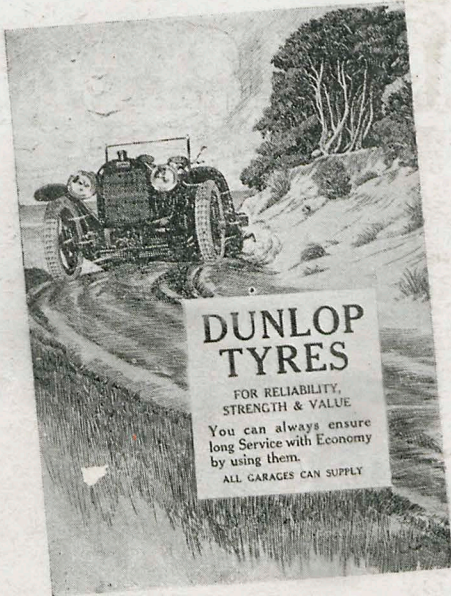
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