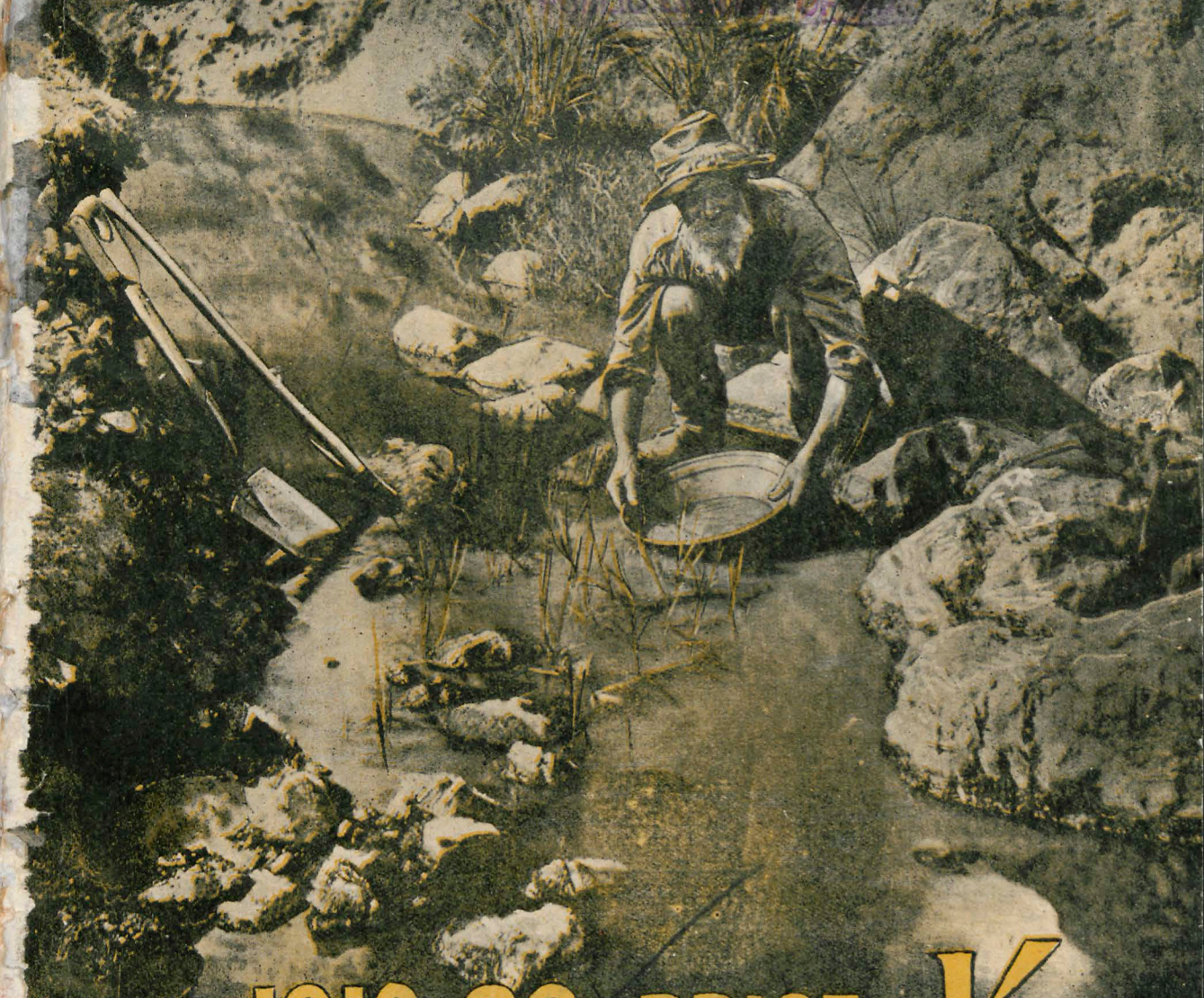


# The Golden West



PERTH 1919-20 PRICE

1/-

W.A.

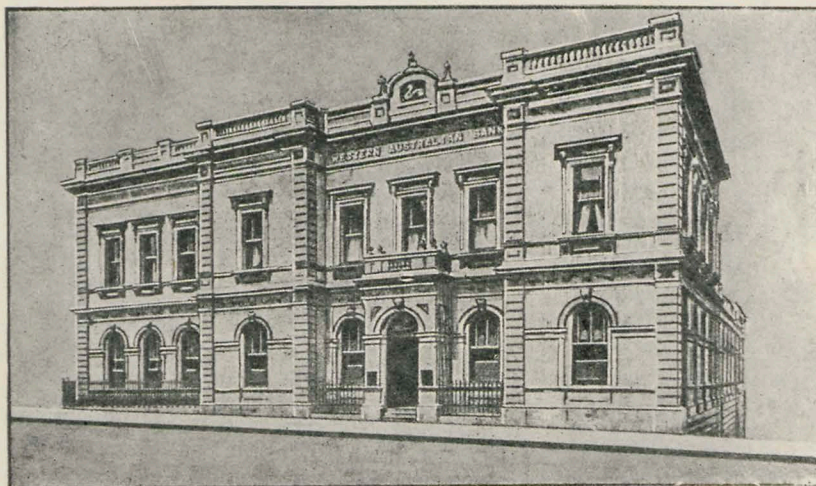
EDITED BY R. CLARKE SPREAD



# The Western Australian Bank

(ESTABLISHED 1841.)

AUTHORISED CAPITAL (25,000 Shares of £10 each)	..	..	..	..	£250,000
PAID-UP CAPITAL (25,000 Shares of £10 each)	..	..	..	..	£250,000
RESERVE FUND	..	..	..	..	£700,000
RESERVE PROFITS	..	..	..	..	£32,970 18s. 6d.
RESERVE LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS	..	..	..	..	£250,000



## HEAD OFFICE: PERTH, W.A.

### DIRECTORS:

HON. SIR E. H. WITTENOOM, K.C.M.G., M.L.C., J.P., Chairman.	S. F. MOORE, Esq., J.P.
W. T. LOTON, Esq., J. P.	NEIL McNEIL, Esq., J.P.
SIR. E. A. STONE, K.C.M.G.	Manager: R. L. HERBERT.
General Manager: H. D. HOLMES.	Accountant: F. A. KENDALL.
Inspector: A. L. JOHNSTON.	Auditors: MESSRS. O. L. HAINES, WYLIE & CO.
Solicitors: MESSRS. STONE, JAMES & PILKINGTON.	

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BALINGUP	(Sub-Branch of	GREENHILLS	MARBLE BAR	NORTHAM
(Sub-Branch of	Menzies).	HARVEY	MECKERING	NORTHAMPTON
Greenbushes.)	COOLGARDIE	KALGOORLIE	MEEKATHARRA	PINGELLY
BEVERLEY	CRANBROOK	KANOWNA	MENZIES	QUARADING
BOULDER	(Sub-Branch of	(Sub-Branch of	MERREDIN	RAVENSTHORPE
BRIDGETOWN	Tambellup).	Kalgoorlie).	MIDLAND JUNC-	SOUTHERN
BROOKTON	CUBALLING	KATANNING	TION	CROSS
BROOME	CUE	KOOKYNE	MOORA	TAMBELLUP
BRUCE ROCK	CUNDERDIN	(Sub-Branch of	MOUNT BARKER	TOODYAY
BULFINCH	DONGARRA	Menzies).	MOUNT MAGNET	WAGIN
(Sub-Branch of	DONNYBROOK	LAVERTON	Mt. MORGANS	WESTONIA
Southern Cross)	DUMBLEYUNG	LAWLERS	(Sub-Branch of	YORK
BUNBURY	FREMANTLE	(Sub-Branch of	Laverton).	
BUSSETON	GERALDTON	Leonora).	NARROGIN	
CARNARVON				

### Agents and Correspondents throughout the World.

The Bank purchases Bills on England and other countries, issues drafts on London and on its Agents throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand and in other parts of the World, and transacts every description of Banking Business.

THE BANK OF ADELAIDE

LONDON AGENTS:

11 LEADENHALL ST., E.C. 3



# The Union Bank of Australia

## LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1837.

INCORPORATED 1880.

---

CAPITAL AUTHORISED	.. .. .	£7,500,000
CAPITAL ISSUED	.. .. .	£6,000,000
PAID-UP CAPITAL	.. .. .	£2,000,000
RESERVE LIABILITY OF PROPRIETORS	.. .. .	4,000,000
RESERVE FUND	.. .. .	2,070,000
TOGETHER	.. .. .	£8,070,000

---

**HEAD OFFICE: 71 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.3.**

**Manager—A. C. WILLIS.**

Bankers:

THE BANK OF ENGLAND and MESSRS. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE & CO.

ESTABLISHED THROUGHOUT THE COMMONWEALTH and NEW ZEALAND

GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE: 351-357 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

General Manager—ALFRED H. CHAMBERS.

Inspector for Western Australia—J. SALMOND.

---

### BRANCHES IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA:

PERTH—G. V. OLDHAM, Manager.

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BEVERLEY  
BROOME  
BROOMEHILL  
BUNBURY

CARNARVON  
FREMANTLE  
GERALDTON  
GOOMALLING  
KALGOORLIE

KATANNING  
MECKERING  
NARROGIN  
NORTHAM  
PINGELLY

PORT HEDLAND  
ROEBOURNE  
WAGIN  
WICKEPIN  
YORK



# THE WEST AUSTRALIAN Trustee, Executor & Agency Coy. Ltd.

(ESTABLISHED 1892).

BARRACK STREET, PERTH.

Capital Authorised	.. ..	£50,000	Reserve Fund	.. ..	£16,500
Capital Paid-up	.. ..	£18,000	Reserve Liability of Shareholders		£32,000

**Directors :**

JAMES MORRISON, J.P., Chairman.  
SIR E. H. WITTENOOM, K.C.M.G., M.L.C.

J. M. DRUMMOND, J.P., Vice-Chairman.  
WM. BURGESS, J.P., E. LEE STEERE, J.P.,

**Manager:** EDMUND S. BARKER.**Secretary:** HORACE JONES.**Assistant Secretary:** L. J. ALLEN.

THE COMPANY is specially incorporated by Act of Parliament to act as EXECUTOR, TRUSTEE ADMINISTRATOR, RECEIVER, ATTORNEY, and Agent. It offers its clients:—

**Permanency, Security, Experience, Economy.****ADVANTAGES OF APPOINTING THE COMPANY.**

1. It does not die, leave the State, or become incapable of acting, thus avoiding the expense and delay in filling up vacancies caused by death or removal.
2. Its accounts require to be audited and published, therefore its position is always easily ascertainable.
3. It is subject to the supervision of the Supreme Court.
4. Its capital, both paid and unpaid, and all its assets, are liable for the proper performance of its duties, thus ensuring ample security.
5. It may not speculate.
6. Its management is entrusted to a Board of Directors, whose combined judgment and experience is a guarantee that business placed in its hands will be efficiently discharged; and it has an expert staff and devotes itself entirely to Trustee and Agency business.
7. It pays strict attention to the religious views of Testators with regard to any Wards under its guardianship, who will be educated and trained according to their prospects and position in life.
8. Its charges are reasonable and much lower than the Court may allow a Private Administrator.
9. If having handled almost every class of assets, possesses a wider experience than is possible for any one individual to have.
10. It is in a better position than an individual to find investments, buyers for assets and tenants.
11. Its officers are pledged to secrecy.

**SCALE of CHARGES.****In Addition to Out-of-Pocket Expenses.****For acting as Executor, Trustee, Administrator or Receiver.**

2½	per centum on Capital Value (gross) up to	.. ..	£50,000
1½	" on the amount from	.. ..	£50,000 to £100,000
1	" on the amount over	.. ..	£100,000
5	" on all income.		

N.B.—The above capital charge is not an annual charge, but **is only made once**. It represents less than one-half the amount which the Supreme Court may allow to a private Administrator under the "Administration Act, 1903."

**For Acting as Agent under Power of Attorney or otherwise.**

5 per centum on all income received—minimum charge, £5 5s., per annum.

**For Receiving and Investing Monies.**

1	per centum on the amount up to	.. ..	£500
½	" " " from £500 to	.. ..	£2,000
½	" " " over	.. ..	£2,000

Trustees, Executors and Administrators are reminded that they can be relieved of the burden of their Trust by handing same over to the Company.

**The Company has MONEY TO LEND ON FREEHOLDS at Lowest Current Rates of Interest.**

Further particulars on application at Company's Offices, BARRACK STREET, PERTH.

**VALUES OF ASSETS under Company's Control at 30th April, 1919, £2,349,720 5s. 7d.**



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Established

1849

Funds,

£39,254,203

Revenue for 1918,

£5,574,647



The Largest Mutual Life Office in the British Empire.

The Society divided amongst its members for the year 1918 a Cash Surplus of £1,005,931 in the Ordinary Department and £33,284 in the Industrial Department, providing Reversionary Bonuses of £1,700,000 and £47,000 respectively

Write to the Office, NOW, so you may secure a share of the 1919 Surplus.

EVERY YEAR A BONUS YEAR.

West Australia Branch:

CORNER ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE & WILLIAM STREET,  
PERTH.

LOCAL BOARD:

JAMES MORRISON, ESQ., J.P., Chairman. CHAS. HUDSON, ESQ. Deputy Chairman.  
B. H. DARBYSHIRE, ESQ., and THE HON. H. P. COLEBATCH, M.L.C.

W. H. DERRY, MANAGER.



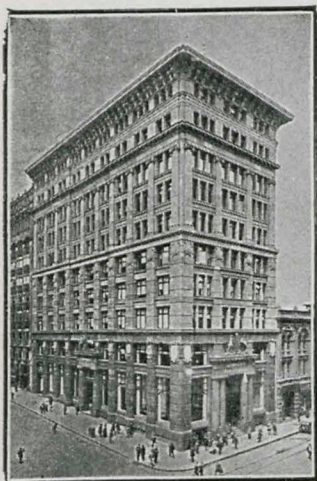
## Commonwealth

HEAD OFFICE



## Bank of Australia

SYDNEY



HEAD OFFICE: SYDNEY.

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1/- Minimum Deposit. **3 per cent.** Rate of Interest on all amounts up to **£300.**

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Capital Paid-up .. . .	£2,000,000
Reserve Fund (used in the business) ..	£1,140,000
	£3,140,000
Reserve Liability of Proprietors .. . .	828,000
	£3,968,000



Established 1858.

Head Office

273-279 COLLINS STREET,  
MELBOURNE

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Sir John Grice (Chairman). Edward Trenchard, Esq. (Vice-Chairman). H. M. Strachan, Esq.  
 J. Newman Barker, Esq., Hon. F. G. Clarke, M.L.C., Bowes Kelly, Esq.  
**CHIEF MANAGER:** E. H. Wreford. **DEPUTY CHIEF MANAGER:** Jas Wilson.  
**PRINCIPAL OFFICE FOR THE STATE OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA:** PERTH, 48-54 St. George's Ter.  
**MANAGER:** W. G. Sewell.

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# D. & W. MURRAY LTD.

WAREHOUSEMEN, IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS,

PERTH and KALGOORLIE

And at LONDON, ADELAIDE, PORT ADELAIDE, MELBOURNE, LAUNCESTON, BRISBANE,  
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Clothing, “Kookaburra” Felt Hats. “D & A” Corsets.



## A Perfect Deep Well Pumping Combination

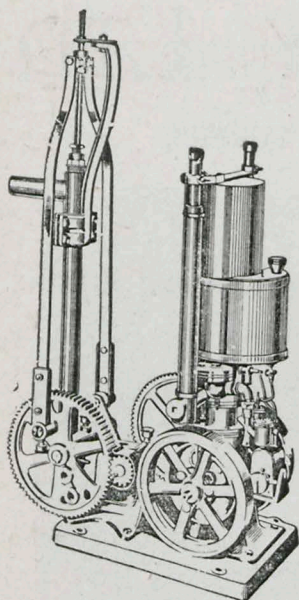
### Cooper Little Giant Pumping Outfit

Manufactured especially for Australian Conditions.  
Strong. Sturdy and thoroughly practical.  
Will stand long years of constant service.

#### This Outfit Comprises—

A high grade Cooper Little Wonder 2 B.H.P. Engine and a substantial All-Metal Pump Jack with high grade Cut Gears, and White Metal Bearings.

Engine can be Detached and used for Other Work.



## DIABOLO SEPARATORS

are

### Perfect Skimmers.

Simple, Durable and Efficient.

Easy to Handle, Turn and Clean.

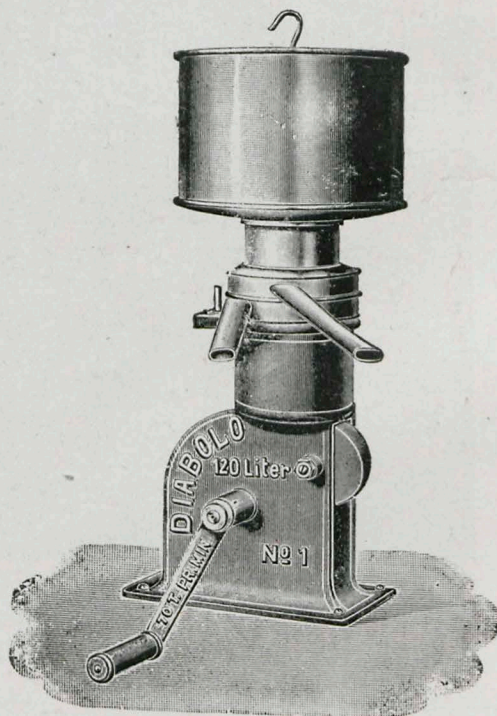
#### STOCKED IN FOUR SIZES :

No. 00, capacity 10 gallons per hour.

No. 0     „     15     „     „

No. 1     „     27     „     „

No. 2     „     50     „     „



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Corsets.



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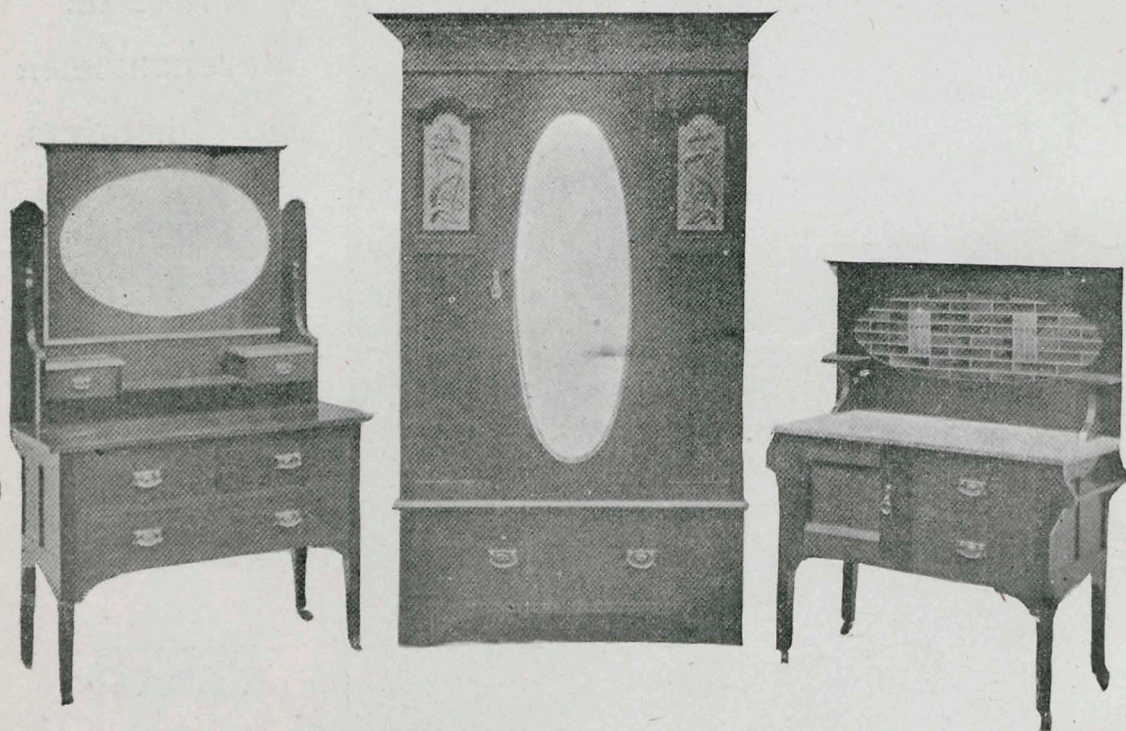


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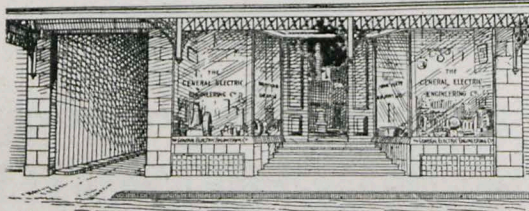
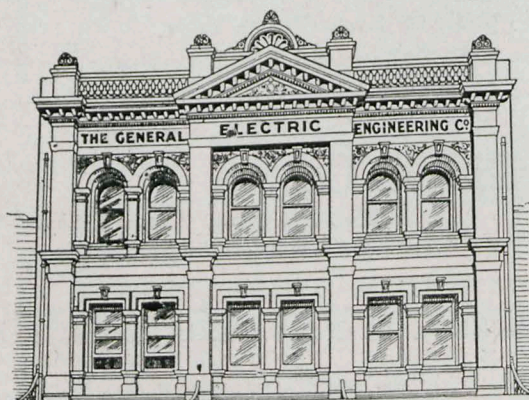
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## FOR

### Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, etc.

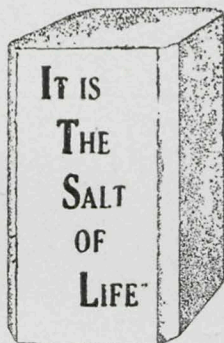
Continental Salt-Lick

Contains  
Sulphur, Salt and Medicine

Selling Price:

20/- per Block, F.O.R.  
Fremantle.

If ordered in  $\frac{1}{2}$ -Ton Lots 10 per cent.  
Discount.



Put up in Solid Blocks of 50 lbs. each.

Can be Placed Anywhere in your  
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Will Not Sweat or suffer Damage  
from Moisture.

The Large Lick is the Economical  
one, as there is only one residue.

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WHOLESALE MERCHANTS, SHIPPING AND INSURANCE AGENTS

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FOR W.A.)

Also at PERTH, KALGOORLIE, ADELAIDE, PORT ADELAIDE, BROKEN HILL AND LONDON

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*FREMANTLE, W.A.*

*(Established 1829)*

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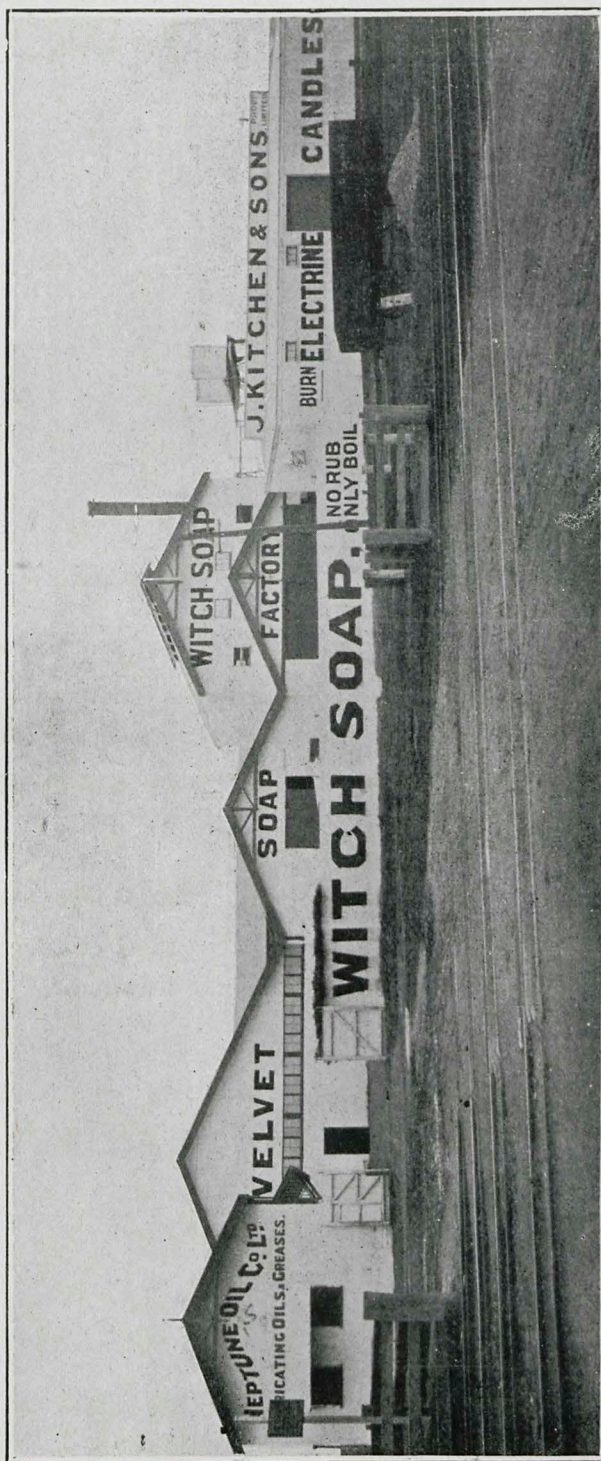
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you are not only providing yourself with a thorough cleansing agent, you are also securing an excellent antiseptic and germicide. Hands washed with Solyptol Soap cannot carry germs. Solyptol Soap in the bath makes your whole body germ-proof.

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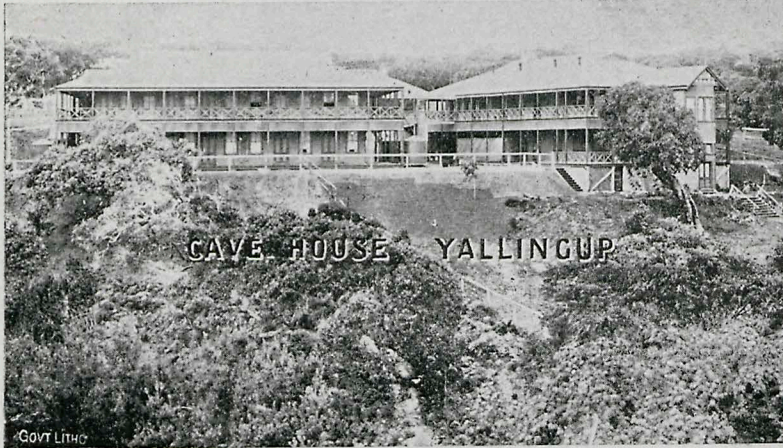




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grandeur unsurpassed

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Secretary's Address :  
c/o COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,  
PERTH.

FOR

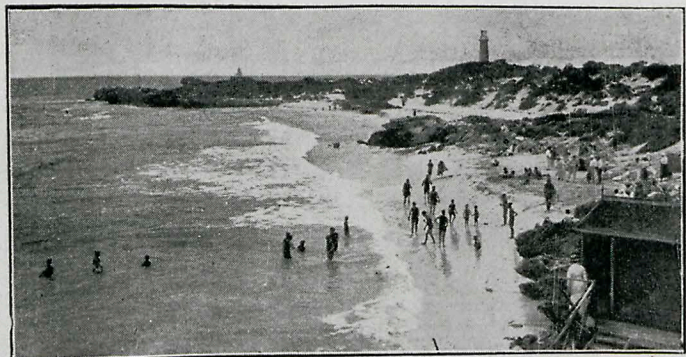
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# The Golden West, 1919-20

WESTERN AUSTRALIA'S ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL

*Typical of All Parts of the State.*

*Published Price: One Shilling*

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Published by R. CLARKE SPEAR, 19 National Mutual Buildings,  
81 St. George's Terrace, Perth.

Wholesale Agents: GORDON & GOTCH LTD.,  
William St. Perth, W.A., and Eastern States.

VOL. XV.

PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

December, 1919

## The Year and Its Promise.

[For *The Golden West*]

By G. B.

After its debauch of war, the world is in process of suffering a recovery, and the year now nearing its close has been a period of unrest, born of the problems of readjustment and reconstruction. Western Australia has not escaped her share of post-war troubles. From her meagre population she made a handsome offering of the flower of her manhood, and the task of repatriation is heavy in proportion. In quick succession the transports have been discharging their freights of heroes and there remain few of our valiant crusaders yet to return. The reabsorption of our fighting forces is the immediate obligation of the community, and it cannot be said that the record of achievement is satisfactory. Preparation for repatriation should have gone on coincidentally with the making of

war; but until the present Premier took charge of the State's affairs, no real effort was made to grapple with the undertaking. The energies of politicians have found vent in glowing periods and the compilation of paper schemes. Mr. Mitchell halts and stumbles in his speech, but in land settlement—the policy nearest his heart—he strides ahead with decisive steps. A vast amount yet remains to be done, but at least a definite policy is in train.

The land-hungry among our returned soldiers are slowly beating their bayonets into ploughshares with which to wrest from Nature the rewards of peaceful industry.

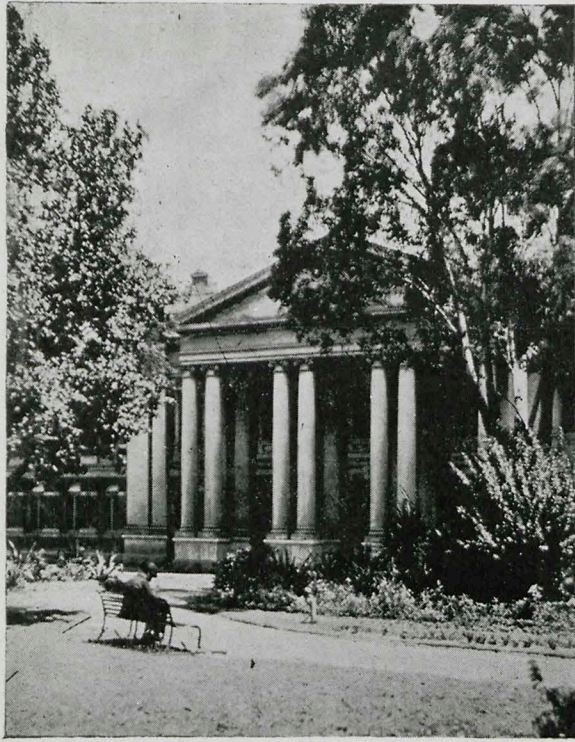
In the political sphere the year has witnessed no violent swing of the pendulum. Ministries have changed in personnel and leadership, Sir Henry Lefroy being replaced as Premier, for a brief season, by Mr. Colebatch, who in turn gave way to Mr. Mitchell. The "coming back" of the late Mr. Wilson's old lieutenant was somewhat remarkable. Blame for the agricultural depression of the past three or four years was laid largely at his door, and when he made a frontal attack upon the Lefroy administration, challenging its repatriation policy, he found one solitary supporter in the Legislative Assembly. Within a span of comparatively few months, Mr. Mitchell was elected to the head of the Government by an almost unanimous vote of the Nationalist Caucus. The elevation was not of the present Premier's seeking. Whatever Mr. Mitchell's faults may be, self-seeking is not one of them. Possessed of boundless faith in the resources of his native State, the representative of Northam has proclaimed his belief without regard to political expediency. During the last eight years the waggon of State has gone steadily deeper into the mire and it was only when it was axle-deep that the call came for Mitchell to take the reins. Whether he can guide it to firm ground remains to be seen, but undoubtedly, it is only by production that the State can be placed again on the high road to prosperity. It would be idle to deny the fact that our financial position is somewhat alarming. With a deficit of four (4) millions sterling accumulated in less than a decade, the interest and sinking fund charges on the revenue leave a patently inadequate residue



Replica of *Golden West* Cover.  
Prospector on Goonoolooka Pool, Harding River, North-West.



for administration and development. Rigorous economy is essential, but alone it will be ineffectual to retrieve the situation. "Production" is the



Facade, Supreme Court, Perth

slogan of the Premier, and it should be acclaimed and echoed irrespective of party and partisanship.

There is untold wealth in our soil, mineral, pastoral and agricultural; but, just as it is unprofitable to leave coined riches lying idle in the form of a bank deposit, so it is with our natural resources. Thousands of active hands must needs be employed in mining, garnering and increasing the product of our mines and fields. In this lies our only hope of salvation. Importation of the necessities of subsistence, and paying the bill with borrowed money, lead inevitably to ruin. The position of the State is that of the individual, magnified in proportion. The man whose expenditure consistently exceeds his income, ends in bankruptcy. Unhappily there appears to exist a widespread delusion that the State (private citizens in the aggregate) draws sustenance from a mysterious source. A feeble and uncourageous generation of politicians has done no little to foster the popular error.

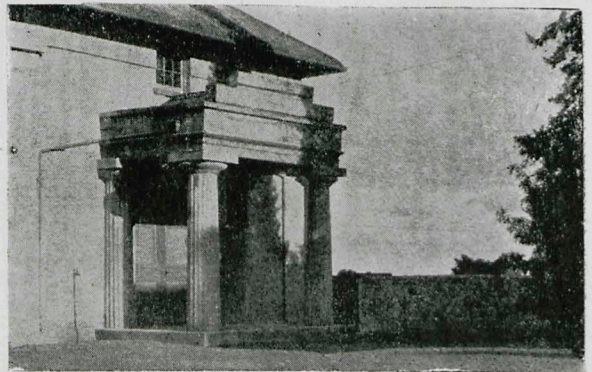
In no section of national life has the aftermath of war had such a disturbing effect as in the industrial field. This is natural enough. The soaring cost of living pinches first the smaller wage-earner, whose income in normal times left but small margin over and above the cost of bare necessities. With selling values on the post-war scale his plight is a hard one. His troubles are ascribed to the profiteer, and while this thief does pursue his predatory career, he is but one—and a relatively small one—of the influences that operate. For the four years and more of war, many millions of workers were withdrawn from the avenues

of production, resulting in a serious diminution in the output of essential commodities. At the same time money, as distinguished from wealth, has been created by the printing press, effecting a sensible depreciation of the purchasing power of gold. It is important that economic truths should be expressed plainly by responsible persons to avert the disappointment, bitterness and waste of time that will surely ensue upon the futile use of quack nostrums and the following of paths leading nowhere. Symptomatic of the pressure of living costs are the strikes which have disrupted affairs during the past twelve months.

The industrial life of W.A. has not been free from turmoil. The upheaval on the wharves at Fremantle in May last was as rare an event as it was disquieting. It would be profitless to probe deeply into causes at this date, but grave mistakes were made on both sides.

The more recent trend of events along the Golden Mile, Kalgoorlie, and at Collie, indicated the unrest existing in the world of labor. The Collie difficulty was settled promptly, but the Kalgoorlie position, at time of writing, is still obscure.

The material prospects of the State have not looked so bright for years, as in the closing days of 1919. A bounteous harvest is virtually assured, and the prevailing high prices for wheat are unlikely to fall for the current season's output. Our flocks have reached their highest mark, while the world's hunger for wool, meat and hides seems insatiable. The scarcity of shipping is admittedly a serious problem, but this should be eased steadily, if gradually. Australia's geographical position is a matter over which we have no control, but its drawbacks are capable of amelioration by a progressive policy of immigration, and the stimulation of home industries. Gold has been the prime source of Western Australian wealth for thirty years or more, and great expectations are centred in the discoveries at Hampton Plains. It would be unduly optimistic at this stage, to look for a repetition of that auriferous miracle, the Golden Mile, but hopes of another payable field are not unjustifiable on present indications, while there are not lacking indications of a substantial revival of the industry by further discoveries here and there in the widespread mineral belts of the State. A new literally golden era would do far more to supply our deficiencies of population than all the costly Governmental machinery.



The Old Courthouse, Perth.



# Slade, A.B.

[For *The Golden West*]

By LOCK WARD.

Slade, able seaman, was known to his shipmates on the "Lurline," a Liverpool owned barge, as the human barometer.

His sense in this respect was remarkable, and although the most delicate instrument known to nautical science might sometimes prove fickle, his weather sense was unerring.

The "Lurline" was lying at anchor off —, a small coral island off the Queensland coast, and early this morning he had given warning of heavy weather. The Malay and Jap. lightermen also exhibited signs of uneasiness.

From long experience in the locality they could read the signs of approaching bad weather, but, even so, some of their small craft had delayed seeking shelter some months previously, and had been smashed up on the reefs.

Slade's prediction proved correct and with the first subtle warning note in the sou'-westerly breeze, the lighters had scuttled off without waiting to unload their freights.

By evening the barque was riding heavily, but, fortunately, there was no immediate danger, as the wind was from the direction of the island, and, after 90 fathoms had been let out on both cables, the crew retired to the fo'cs'le, awaiting events.

"Damn good job wind's off the land," remarked Martin, as all hands settled down to their pipes.

"Did you mind that blow when we were up here in the old 'Flying Spray?'" he said, addressing Ferguson.

"Do I hell!" replied that individual.

"That was the nearest shave I ever had," continued Martin. "Slade was the man who saved us, though."

"Slade, I might inform you chaps, was one of the finest seamen we had on board. He hadn't a ticket, but being unable to get another man, the old man had signed him on as second mate. It appears that after finishing his time, he had gone up for examination, but something made the examiner take a dislike to him, and he plied him with all sorts of difficult questions, being anxious, of course, to trip Slade up."

"Well, after taking him through such questions as stowage, crossing yards, shipping bowsprits, sending up tops and crosstrees, all of which were like kindergarten questions to Slade, he tried hard to fault him on the rule of the road."

"Supposing the wind was aft," he questioned, "and you saw a green light on your starboard bow, what would you do?"

"I would stand on," replied Slade, "because it is green to green, passing vessels."

"Slade, I am told, was getting nettled at the examiner's attitude; but he got along alright until the Board of Trade cove brought along about fourteen other — vessels, and—so help me!—there was poor Slade abso-bally-lutely surrounded with red and green lights, close hauled and with a lee shore!"

"Slade just looked the examiner cove up and down for about five minutes, until he could get his breath."

"Well," he says, "I'm not such a plummy would-be-gospel goodie as you are, Mr. — Examiner, nor perhaps so damnably clever, and, that being so, I could not very well appeal to Providence to get

me out of the mess. I don't recollect seeing such a problem in 'Tait's Seamanship,' and you ask me what I would do under the circumstances. Well, I'd simply stand the ship on her — head and imagine she was a — submarine, failing which I'd cover the hull with glow-worms so as the other ships would think she was a — phantom ship! That at least would relieve those other poor coves of at least one problem. Now, Mr. Examiner, you can go to blazes, with my compliments!"

"Slade, I am told, then picked up his papers, and left the man, vowing that he would never sit for another examination. A fool perhaps, but he has kept that vow."

"Well, it's strange how things come about. That examiner afterwards took command of the 'Flying Spray,' and it was not until we were some days at sea that he recognised in his make-shift second mate the man he had tormented."

"He was one of those men who starved and bullied his men, and yet on Sundays insisted on reading to them long chapters from the Bible. Naturally, he made life a perfect hell for Slade, although he could never fault his seamanship. To make matters worse, the Captain's wife and little girls were inclined to be friendly with Slade."

"Well, not to make a long story, we duly arrived at this God-forsaken island. Slade refused to proceed any further with the ship, and was camping ashore with one of the light-keepers."

"We had taken in our cargo, and were just about ready for sea, when the old man decided to leave by the weekly mail cutter for the mainland in order to pick up another second-mate."

"His wife accompanied him, but the little girl stayed behind. No sooner had the old man left than the mate started to hit the booze. By mid-day he was what you might say under bare poles. By the time it had commenced to blow from the westward, and about three in the afternoon, the lightermen suddenly cast off from the ship and made for the island."

"I've never known a storm come up so quickly as that one. By sunset it was raging a living gale, and as we were riding heavily I got the boys—the mate still dead to the world—to come forward and pay out 90 fathoms of cable."

"There was a wooden barque just ahead of us. She was in light ballast, and it was not long before we both commenced to drag inshore. I could see that she was dragging the faster and that if the wind veered ever so little she would come down on top of us. There was the reefs astern and that great wooden hooker looming up ahead just slightly on the port bow."

"It must have been between nine and ten o'clock when I was standing on the poops trying to get a bearing as to how far we had drifted. I could hear the breakers on the reefs inshore, and it was only a matter of a couple of hours, I thought, before we would be bumping them."

From the wooden ship we could faintly hear someone yelling through a megaphone asking us, as far as we could make out, 'to put out to sea.' Being in ballast, it was now almost impossible for him to do so. He could see that every minute he was coming down on top of us.



"I was just proceeding for'ard again when, above the infernal din of the blasted wind and breakers, I heard someone hailing: 'Flying Spray, ahoy!' And there, just on our port beam, was someone in a dinghy. So help me! it wasn't more than about 14 feet long, and there she was doing all sorts of fancy stunts! I hove a line, and in a very short space had the man over the side. He was nearly all out when we got him, and he just dropped on the deck, blowing like an old whale. 'Hell!' exclaimed 'Chips,' as someone held a riding light, 'it's the second-mate.'

"Sure enough it was. He had evidently noticed from our riding light how we were dragging, and had guessed something was wrong with the mate. He had also learned that the skipper's daughter was still on board. But damn me if I know how he managed the dinghy! Not two men in a hundred would have the pluck to come through that sea that night.

"Don't stand staring there like a lot of damned mollyhawks!' snapped Slade. 'We're going to put to sea, and that mighty soon, so you'd better lend a hand and get some sail set.'

"The other barque was still using his megaphone.

"What's he bleating about?' asked Slade.

"Oh, he's been wanting us to put to sea for the last two hours,' I said, 'but I don't know how he expects us to do it.'

"That reef is known as the Horseshoe Reef, and by this time we had drifted so far inshore that we could hear it breaking on three sides of us. The nearest was on the starboard bow, and our only way to the open sea was on the port tack. The other barque was lying a little on the port bow, and it was necessary for us to pass her to wind'ard.

"A couple of the men said it was only committing suicide, and that if they were to be wrecked they would sooner let her drift as she was doing.

"Well, you should have seen Slade! He simply walked across to the skids and caught hold of a capstan bar.

"Now, you fellows, better jump!' he snapped, 'and jump mighty prompt, too, if you don't want your skulls cracked. We're putting to sea right this minute.'

"We hove her short as we could on the starboard anchor and then slipped the cables. I don't know what the other barque's skipper thought when he saw us make down on him. I think he thought we would attempt the other tack. At any rate, we could hear him making more noise than usual through his megaphone.

"Slade, standing by the wheel, never kept his eyes off the backs of those sails, and just when it looked as though we were going to cut the other barque in halves, I saw him jump to the wheel and put the helm hard down. With the heavy sea that was running there was little chance of her getting on the other tack, and he had reckoned on the weigh she had gathered to carry her clear when she came up in the wind.

"Come up, you —! Come up!' I heard Slade yelling. We carried away some of the other barque's rigging and some of our own, but we got clear alright. The other chap was cussing like the devil, but Slade took no notice until we had got clear, and then you should have heard the language those two shouted at one another through their megaphones!

"It is a funny thing, but about an hour afterward the wind suddenly dropped, and when we got back the next day we found that the other barque had drifted to within 20 feet of the reef.

"Our skipper was full of admiration for what Slade had done, and he tried to persuade him to resume his position as second-mate. Slade declined, however. He could never get over that exam. Queer chap, Slade!"

"Now then, you chaps," remarked "Sails," "what about turning in? Most likely it will be all hands on deck paying out more cable before morning. It's getting on to four-bells now."

"That's so," replied Martin, stifling a yawn. Hurry up, boy, and douse the glim!"

## The Song the Angels Sang.

(*"Peace on Earth Goodwill to Men."*)

[For *The Golden West*] By "CROSSCUT."

*O, sweet as the light of the breaking day when  
the restless night is sped,*

*And the white morn's rosy fingers thro' the  
darkened chamber spread.*

*From far in the long dim ages sent for wistful  
souls to hear,*

*A whisper of wondrous music comes in a cadence  
soft and clear.*

*So low the strain that we hardly know the lute  
strings have been stirred,*

*So hushed the voice that the message seems to  
our senses yet unheard;*

*Yet never an ear shall be so dull, no laggard  
pulse so still,*

*But the song that the Angels sang shall wake a  
throb responsive still.*

*We are bent and warped with the cares of life,  
and our views are all aslant;*

*We are pricked with the thorns of a tangled path  
and enmeshed in the withes of Cant;*

*We shape our lives on the world-worn plan to  
shine in our neighbours' eyes,*

*And we chew the husk of a vain regret when we  
miss the half-won prize.*

*And so when the Spirit of Christmas comes with  
shadowy, pleading hands,*

*As one by one his footprints fade from time's  
fast shrinking sands,*

*We coldly spurn from his gracious arms the glory  
of gifts untold.*

*That once we gathered with leaping veins in the  
trustful days of old.*



*I care not whether or false or true the old-time  
doctrines be,  
Or whether the seeds of a childish faith shall  
bloom in eternity;  
Tho' some have fallen on stony ground, some  
lodged in a fairer scope,  
And from them sprang thro' the wayward years  
the mighty staff of hope!  
If some have shrivelled like Dead Sea fruit, in  
doubt and in restlessness,  
Their lingering perfume sweeps the heart like  
the touch of a soft caress.  
And whatsoever the harvest yields there cometh  
a lucent hour  
When each from his withered plot may pluck  
an amaranthine flower.*

*We grope in the labyrinthine ways of a life not  
understood,  
Each ego wrapped in a little sphere of evil and  
of good.  
Our small horizon seems to us in the pride of our  
ignorance  
A circle drawn for self alone by the mystic hand  
of chance.  
But oft I dream of a mightier sphere that is  
girdled by the stars,  
Wherein no fluttering soul shall beat its wings  
upon prison bars  
When the Christmas sun shall rise and set on the  
world's beatitude,  
And the peace of the Angels' song shall swell  
to immutable brotherhood!*

*Ah, what are the words of an idle mood to a life's  
deep agony?  
The world is dark with the smoke of death that  
broods unliftingly.  
The voice of Rachel cries aloud with a grief  
uncomforted,  
And ploughshares turn from the reeking mould  
the bones of her slaughtered dead.*

*And many a mother's sacred hearth shall be all  
stark and bare  
On Christmas day for the sons that never again  
shall circle there.  
As wrecked men wait for the break of day, her  
faith in the dawn lives on,  
But . . . the boyish face and the manly grace and  
the hero heart have gone!*

*The earth has moaned in the surge of strife thro'  
sorrowing Christmas days—  
Lo, the morning comes and the mist of tears  
shall melt in its pearly rays.  
But not from the clash of the nations' might, nor  
in black war's savage wiles.  
Nor from trench nor ruthless fortress raised in  
vineyard's vernal aisles,  
Shall the kiss sublime of immortal Peace descend  
on the waiting world,  
And the roll of the bloody war drums cease and  
the flags of wrath be furled.  
In the day when each to his brother holds a  
loving hand and strong  
And kindness bursts from its prison bars, we  
shall hear the Angels' song!*

*I care not whether or false or true may the old-  
time doctrines be,  
Nor whether the seeds of my childish faith shall  
bloom in eternity;  
But I know that the trivial word and deed may  
grow to the gates of heaven—  
The hand that helped, and the righted wrong  
and the fallen foe forgiven.  
Upon dew drenched slopes or on arid paths  
where the desert gapes athirst,  
Wherever they fall the seeds at last shall into  
splendor burst.  
Go forth and sow mid the thorns and weeds  
that flourish along the way. . . .  
And the song that the Angels sang shall ring  
in thine heart on Christmas day.*



Carting in the Sheaves,



## THE SOCIAL INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM— MEND OR END IT?

[For *The Golden West*]

By E. J. SPEAR (Sydney, N.S.W.)

"The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your constitution can shine there—unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and conditions of the people—rely upon it, you have yet to learn the duties of government."—John Bright.

"If one-third of the great qualities brought out by the war were consecrated to works and industries of peace for five years the people would not know this world."—Lloyd George.

**B**ELIEVERS in the doctrines of catastrophism—that the world proceeds not by orderly progression, but by violent upheavals and changes ever germinating into new forms and growths—will find ample support for their ways of thinking in the events of our time. The well-nigh incredible realities of the past five years (dead-sea fruit of ages of civilisation and progress)—the incessant outbreaks of industrial strife and rebellion in all parts of the world—the unmistakable signs of an unstable equilibrium everywhere in individuals and in the mass—open up a prospect of world-wide confusion and alarm where anything may be expected to happen and nothing much come out of it at the finish.

The war at an end, or seemingly so, the world-old war of classes and masses reasserts itself more clamorously, but also under better auspices, than ever before. Parliament, politics, no taxation without representation, liberalism, freedom and the rest are all cries and causes dead as Julius Caesar before the new outcries for industrial, not political, governments, wherein the masses of workers will have complete and thorough representation to decide upon and deal with what really and essentially matters to the millions, viz., hours and conditions of work, rates of wages, prices of provisions, clothing, houses, etc., profits and profiteerings and all other vital concerns of their daily lives.

Political shibboleths and abstractions will no longer do. The call is for detailed concrete things of daily life. The field of conflict centres itself down to this:—Are the masses to remain for ever the beasts of burden of the social and industrial systems of the world while a picked and chosen class are carried comfortably on their backs? Is the old wages and capital system to stand, or a new order of things to take its place? Is the old ship of society to be tarred, caulked, tarpaulined, patched and painted up to cope with great guns of modern economic criticism? or a brand new social liner of the very latest pattern, shape, build, with the most powerful engines, most highly finished steering gear and all the latest appointments of modern science to take its place?

The way of the world is much the same for nations as for individuals. The same unexpected windings, hindrances and misfortunes wait on both. Let anyone take the past ten, fifteen, twenty years of his life and note how many of his earlier dreams, ideals and plans have come to pass, and then contrast them with the long waits, long struggles, disappointments, losses, injustices, that have in reality filled the bill. Such is life, and what has been will be, both for nation and individual. In a world where hospitals, gaols, asylums, rival trades and contra-

dictory churches bulk so large it could scarcely be other than it is. Droughts, floods, tempests, earthquakes, and other convulsive workings of nature indicate the sort of world we are living in; and they are but Nature's counterparts of the wars, pestilences, crimes, diseases, frauds, passions and other convulsive workings of civilised society; and these in their turn are the consequences—correlatives in the physical world—of the inner moral convulsions and diseases of fallen humanity.

The surprises of life are ever startling. How often a man feels brighter, more exhilarated and more enterprising when he has no outlook for the next week's bread than when fed up with the world's goods. "The happiest days of my life," says Dr. Abernethy, "were when I lived on 6d. a day and earned it myself."

Then again, the human apparatus—heart—call it what you will—is a perennial box of surprises—an ever varying cistern that seems ever to be filled at one time, only to be emptied at another and then refilled. How different the man in childhood from the man at 40 to 50 and in old age!

"The whining school-boy creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school,"  
from—

"The lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side."

Are the illusionists right after all, and the whole world beguiled as with utter ignorance (so Emerson hints) by the goddess Yoganidra, the great illusory energy of Vishnu?—

"... a magic shadow-show  
Played in a box whose candle is the sun,  
Round which we phantom figures come and go."

But whatever our views of these matters may be, no one will deny that a world of reform remains to be accomplished to do away with the destitution, crime, inequalities, tyrannies, and injustices of the world as it is. The ridiculous and ironical extremes of society, much as they have been slackened, admit of ever so much more levelling up—the mansions and hovels; bosses and dead-beats; haves and have-nots; sleek, well-clad amusement-seeking members of the "world-and-his-wife," and the sweated, underfed, drink-driven, street-walking, diseased and broken denizens of the underworld and his...?—are all phenomena crying loudly to Heaven for removal. Not only food, clothing, housing must be distributed all round with more equality, but the great primaries of health, education, rational living, exercise, self-guidance and State guidance for each must be assured. The danger is that the great mass of the people, fevered and inflamed by the war, will not rest content with what is reasonable and attainable in such a world as this, but will launch out after impossibilities and precipitate themselves into riot, revolution and all the madnesses and massacres of which the pages of history are full.

The grand safeguard against such a catastrophe is the ever-spreading enlightenment of modern democracies, who will be content in time to dispense with what is perfect for what is practicable. Order and anarchy, stable government and revolution will gradually piece together a *via media* putting an end to extremes and shutting out the rich man's woes and worries as effectually as the miseries and struggles of the poor, and the institutions of the coming era will form a system compact of all that is best and practical in each of the rival schemes of reform, and moulded first, last and mid-most of moderation, persistence and acceptance of a fair thing all round.



# Hampton Plains.

Does the Golden Mile dip  
under Hannan's Lake?

Concerning the "Celebration"  
and Other Leases.

Something about W.A.'s  
New Goldfield.

[For *The Golden West*]

By F. R. BROWNE.



Main Shaft Slavin & Eivers' Show, better known as the "White Hope."

Hampton Plains is the newest Western Australian goldfield, and yet it was here that the story of goldmining in this State really began. Lou Jacoletti and George Withers, whose names are hardly remembered nowadays, found gold on Block 48, at a spot known as Macpherson's Gully, portion of which is included in the lease now under option to the White Hope G.M. Co., eighteen months before the discovery of Coolgardie by Bayley and Ford—in fact, they were responsible for Bayley and Ford's prospecting tour.

From Macpherson's Gully, Withers and Jacoletti made their way to the spot where Coolgardie now

later they brought fame and fortune to this State by the discovery of Coolgardie.

The Hampton Plains Company first came into existence before goldmining in W.A. was a serious proposition. It was originally known as the Hampton Land Syndicate, which acquired some 216,000 acres of country for about half-a-crown an acre, primarily for pastoral purposes. It was subsequently reconstructed and became known as the Hampton Plains Estate Co., Ltd. A further reconstruction gave the company the title of the Hampton 1906, Ltd. Later on Blocks 45 and 50 were floated into a subsidiary company, known as



Celebration Lease, Main Shaft.

stands and "specked" gold on what was afterwards known as "Fly Flat." But the blacks put a stop to their activities, and in a fight, the particulars of which are not now available, Withers was speared. Jacoletti went back to civilisation, where he met Bayley and Ford, and a year and a half

Hampton Properties, Ltd., the remainder of the estate being in the hands of the old company, which assumed the title of Hampton Uruguay, Ltd., through some holdings that had been acquired in Uruguay. Up to two years ago the two companies were controlled from the same office in London,



but about that time Mr. Slater, of Edinburgh, and some other Scotch investors, made an offer for the share interest held by the old company in Hampton Properties, Ltd., and on its acceptance the office of the latter was shifted to Edinburgh. Mr. Slater is still the managing director of the company. He has also been a director on the boards of several W.A. companies, and is at present a director of the Hainault and South Kalgurli companies.

In the earlier days the company did not indulge in much encouragement to prospectors. In fact, the man who dared go and look for gold on their land was regarded in much the same light as a poacher. At a later stage the company sought to impose a levy on every ounce of gold recovered. There are a number of alluvial patches about the district, and there was a good deal of gold found; but it is not on record that the company gained much revenue, in spite of the vigilance of the rangers they employed to collect it. When the ranger put in an appearance they met the most

the search for payable ore bodies, but though they spent a good deal of money, success did not reward them. Two or three miles south of the Celebration lease is what remains of the old Hampton Boulder G.M., also known as Speakman's. On this mine a huge body of porphyry was worked. It was 250 ft. wide in some places, and contained small veins showing free gold, giving the impression that it was rich in gold contents. However, the best results that could be obtained were from 3 dwts. to 5 dwts. to the ton. More than one company had a try at the proposition, but no fortune came their way.

On Block 48 is the remains of the old Hampton King mine and battery. The history of this enterprise is one of prodigal and wasteful expenditure. The company sent out a representative to look after their interests, and though his intentions were no doubt the best, he only succeeded in spending many thousands of pounds for nothing. The Hampton King battery was a very elaborate plant built in a gorge alongside a dry lake, which is one of



Mining  
Surveyors'  
Camp,  
  
Hampton  
Plains.

poverty-stricken, hollow-eyed and ragged lot of diggers that ever told a lie. In fact, some of them occasionally infused so much pathos into their story that they succeeded in extracting a loan of a few shillings from the ranger!

And they had their riots, too, in the alluvial days. There was trouble, for instance, on the very lease where the Hill End Blocks Co. now have an option. It was over some such regulation as the alternate lease provision, which is causing a lot of comments among prospectors at the present day, only the claims then were alluvial. The troopers were called out to keep order, but the company had to compromise, and contented themselves with appropriating two claims only. As luck would have it, they were two of the richest claims in that particular section.

There came a time when the company altered its opinion of the prospector and did something in the direction of encouraging his activities. In fact, at various times they have had parties engaged in

the branches of Lake Lefroy. Instead of building it on the side of the hill and gravitating the ore through the various processes, the battery was built on the level of the lake, and it was found necessary to lift the ore to the cyanide vats, which were placed higher up. To do this a huge tailings wheel about fifty or sixty feet high was installed. It is still there and is one of the sights of the place, a monument to the impracticable methods of the earlier days.

The ore from the Hampton Boulder was crushed at this battery, and to get it there a small railway was constructed a distance of four miles. Along this a couple of small but expensive locomotives used to industriously pull dirt that was worth two or three pennyweights to the ton. The manager had many interesting ways of spending money. His laboratory contained the finest collection of glass-stoppered bottles ever got together, and the assay room, with its concrete floor, was an imposing building fitted out most handsomely. The vari-



ous houses, offices and so forth were most sumptuous, and the staff was provided with tennis courts and other means of making life in the bush more bearable, whilst the manager even went so far as to import from England a house of papier-mache—no doubt with the object of keeping himself cool! At night he used to give lectures to his staff on the science of extracting gold from white quartz reefs, but, though there are many such reefs, few of them carry gold. Lode formations were left severely alone. Bert Hansen, the finder of the Celebration, and his brother Neil, were both employed at the Hampton King at one time, and Mr. Archie Hay, a well known figure in the West Australian mining world, was a member of the staff. Blocks 50 and 48 are dotted with old shafts which the company sank from time to time in the search for gold, and it seems remarkable that the lodes from which so much is expected now should have been passed over.

What is now known as the Celebration gold mine was discovered by Bert Hansen and Bob Ireland

ously pans off shovelful after shovelful of dirt from the surface of the ground until he finds a tiny speck or two of gold. That shows there is gold-bearing stone somewhere in the vicinity.

He then draws a line through the bush of, say, 100 feet or so, and skims a shovelful every couple of feet, panning off each shovelful separately. Then he takes a second line, probably a little shorter, according to the results of his panning. Line after line is done in this manner, the object being to follow up the trail of gold where it seems to be thickest. The process is continued until the "colors" in the pan begin to diminish, which shows that the source of the gold has been passed over. Then he goes back a bit to sink a shaft, and if he has been skilful enough, and lucky enough, he finds the ore body.

What was largely responsible for focussing attention on the Celebration was the fact that three of the most prominent mine managers on the belt thought enough of it to take an option over it. They were Mr. John MacDermott (manager of the



Panning off a Dish  
of Dirt  
at the "White Hope."

by the somewhat tedious but none the less interesting system known as loaming, or, as the prospectors usually pronounce it, "looming." In the old days the usual practice by prospectors was to wander casually about the country "napping" pieces of stone from the outcrops in search of free gold. If the gold could not be seen with the naked eye it was usually passed over. But there is much gold-bearing ore that does not outcrop or show free gold, and in the case of lode material it is invariably covered by a few feet of overburden. There is a reason for this. In the case of the Celebrations the lode has become very much oxidised and is so "rotten" that some of it can be easily crushed in the fingers. The outcrop of such an ore body soon becomes disintegrated and eventually is covered over with a coating of earth. By the process of loaming it is possible to locate such a lode. The lode material has become distributed in the surrounding loam and if it is on the side of a hill, as in the case of the Celebration, the distribution may be wide. The prospector labori-

Ivanhoe), Mr. J. Sutherland (manager of the Horsehoe), and Mr. P. Fitzgerald (manager of the Oroya Links), the attorney for the Hampton Plains Company, Mr. A. Francis, being also included. Later on Mr. R. Hamilton, manager of the Great Boulder, thought so much of it that he paid £1,000 for a fifth share.

The shaft was only 15 feet deep when the option was taken over, but now there are two shafts down to 100 ft., and considerable driving and crosscutting at that level. The ore body is still in the oxidised zone, has proved to maintain an average width of over 20 feet, while the values range from as low as £3 per ton to as high as £30 per ton. Even on present developments there is sufficient to indicate that the mine is destined to become a valuable addition to the list of West Australia's gold producers.

The ore body has been proved for a length of over 500 feet in the Celebration boundary and has been traced by means of costeening a distance of



# Department of Mines, Western Australia.

**The State's Gold Output**, January to October, 1919: 639,905 fine oz., value £2,718,144. Total output to 31st October, 1919: 33,036,388 fine oz., value £140,329,658. **Coal Production** for ten months, 340,556 tons, value £226,012. Total coal production to 31st October, 1919: 4,548,502 tons, value £2,279,568. Value of **All Minerals** produced to 31st October, 1919: £147,240,618.

## MINING PUBLICATIONS OBTAINABLE.

Annual Reports of the Department from 1894.  
Map of Western Australia, with Boundaries of Goldfields, scale 50 miles to an inch.  
Route Maps (in six sheets), showing Goldfields, Mining Districts, Towns, Railways, Telegraph Lines, Roads, Tracks, Wells, Soaks, etc. (10 miles to an inch).

Maps of each Mining Centre, showing Mining Leases, Town Sites, Roads, and Reserves (scale 20 and 40 chains to an inch).

All Acts relating to Mining, and various Departmental Reports.

## GEOLOGICAL REPORTS AND MAPS ISSUED BY THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY. OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Annual Reports of the Geological Survey from 1898.

### BULLETINS:

III—Coolgardie Goldfield.  
XXIV—Laverton, Burtville and Erlistoun.  
XXV—Artesian Water in the Kimberley District.  
XXVI—Miscellaneous Reports.  
XXVIII—Lawlers, Sir Samuel, Darlot, Mt. Ida and portion of Mount Margaret Goldfield.  
XXIX—Cue and Day Dawn, Parts 1 and 2.  
XXX—Baser Metals in Western Australia.  
XXXI—Bonnievale and Kunanalling and Black Range Districts.  
XXXII—Greenbushes Tinfield, Mt. Malcolm Copper Mine, Eulaminna; Fraser's Gold Mine, Southern Cross.  
XXXIV—Barrambie, Erroll's, Gum Creek & Wiluna.  
XXXV—Phillips River Goldfield.  
XXXVI—Palaeontological Contributions, III.  
XXXVII—Transcontinental Railway in W.A.  
XXXVIII—Irwin River Coalfield and Adjacent Districts.  
XXXIX—Wiluna, Hall's Creek and Tanami.  
XL—Pilbarra Goldfield (Reprint of B 15, 20, 23).  
XLII—Geology and Ore Deposits of Kalgoorlie.  
XLIII—Petrological Contributions, I.  
XLIV—South-West Division of Western Australia.  
XLV—North Coolgardie and East Murchison Goldfields (Part of).  
XLVI—Yilgarn and North Coolgardie Goldfields (Part of).  
XLVII—Kanowna Main Reef, Line of Lode.  
L—Geology and Mineral Industry of Western Australia.  
LI—Geology and Ore Deposits of Kalgoorlie, II.  
LIII—Burbanks and Londonderry Centres, Coolgardie Goldfield.

LII—Mineral Resources of the North-West.  
LIV—Ora Banda.  
LV—Palaeontological Contributions, IV.  
LVI—Country between Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie.  
LVII—Murchison Goldfield (Part of).  
LVIII—Palaeontological Contributions, V.  
LIX—Miscellaneous Reports, III.  
LXI—Physiographical Geology of W.A.  
LXII—Sandstone and Hancocks, East Murchison Goldfield.  
LXIII—Yilgarn Goldfield, II. Gold Belt South Southern Cross.  
LXIV—Miscellaneous Reports, IV.  
LXV—Reputed Petroliferous Area of the Warren River.  
LXVI—Country South of Kalgoorlie.  
LXVII—Analyses of Western Australian Rocks, Meteorites and Natural Waters.  
LXVIII—Geology and Ore Deposits of Meekatharra.  
LXIX—Geology and Ore Deposits of Kalgoorlie, III.  
LXXI—Geology and Mineral Resources of the Yilgarn Goldfield, III.  
LXXII—Palaeontological Contributions, VI.  
LXXIII—Geology of North Coolgardie Goldfield, I.  
LXXIV—Miscellaneous Reports, X.  
LXXV—Geological Reconnaissance of the Country between Laverton and the South Australian Border.  
LXXVI—Interim Report on the Graphite Deposits at Munglinup, Eucla Division.  
LXXVII—Sources of Industrial Potash in Western Australia.  
LXXXII—Magnesite.

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Hon. J. Scaddan, M.L.A., Minister for Mines.

M. J. Calanchini, Under Secretary for Mines.



over 300 feet in the adjoining lease on the south, known as the Celebration Junction.

On this lease there is a shaft 100 feet deep, but the results have so far not been so encouraging as those on the Celebration. Apart from these two, there are very few claims which have gone beyond the costeening stage.

The most interesting show apart from the Celebration and Celebration Junction on Block 50 is what is known as the White Hope, on Block 48, about six or seven miles further south. This was found by Prospectors Slavin and Eivers, also by the system of loaming previously described. The mine is situated on the side of a hill overlooking a lake, and loams can be panned off and will show colors almost anywhere on the hillside. In the case of the White Hope there is a very shallow oxidised zone, the sulphides being encountered at a depth of about ten feet. The lode at one spot has been proved to be 18 feet wide, and costeens have exposed it for a length of 13 chains. One of two shafts on the property has been sunk to 20 feet, which represents the deepest development at time of writing. There has, of course, been a mild pegging boom, and the country has been pegged for many miles in length and several in width. The aggregate area of the ground pegged represents over 6,000 acres, or more than 300 leases. It is highly improbable there will be 300 gold mines.

What the future has in store for the field the future only can tell, but it is regarded as the most promising development the mining industry of this State has known since the discovery of Kalgoorlie. In fact, there are many features of the Celebration ore body and of the country rock which encloses it which are similar to the upper levels of the Golden Mile. The theory is advanced that it is a continuation of the Golden Mile ore channel, and if such could be proved to be correct a big future could be forecasted with a reasonable degree of certainty. However, geologists differ on the subject, and the value of the field will have to be proved by development. It is quite possible that it may give us a number of valuable gold mines and that several new towns will be added to Western Australia's list. There are already three town-

sites, viz., Feysville, Celebration City, and Woolubar, and there is reasonable certainty that a town will spring up around the White Hope. There is good reason for high optimism, and it may be that the gold mining industry of W.A. is going to enter upon a new era of prosperity and help restore this State to solvency, as it dragged it from obscurity not much over 20 years ago.

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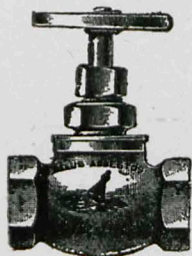
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# Hampton Plains.

[For *The Golden West*]

By "DRYBLOWER."

A SONG OF TO-DAY

AND TO-MORROW.

*You are pegged from South of the Boulder  
To Feysville's cyanide vats;  
From Robinson's rock-ribbed shoulder  
To Woolabar's firewood flats.  
Shaft and shallow sinking,  
Quarry and chain costeen;  
Three leagues of leases linking—  
Not a block unplanned between.  
Whining windlass and bucket,  
Whip-horse, pulley and rope;  
Dumps where the lucky struck it,  
Graft where the ground gave hope.  
And what shall the New Year bring them?  
Shall Fortune frown or smile?  
Shall the cast-steel dollies ring them  
The song of a Golden Mile?  
Hampton Plains, Hampton Plains!  
Rivers of rock and silica veins!  
Shall we see a city grow out of a camp?  
Shall we hear the beat of the battery stamp?  
Shall your teams give way to trams and trains,  
Hampton Plains,  
Hampton Plains?*

*When the crowd rolled into Coolgardie  
In 'Ninety-two and three,  
Blazing the track for the tardy  
From the shore of the Indian sea,  
It was coach and camel and buggy  
Passing the swamper by;  
Mist when the morns were muggy,  
Sweat when the sun was high.  
But now there's a march of motors  
Out from the Boulder base,  
And a phalanx of mine promoters  
With a section of soil to place.  
The pant of the petrol-driven,  
The honk of the insolent horn,  
The forest of yesterday riven  
Where a town of to-day is born.  
Hampton Plains, Hampton Plains!  
Have you gutters of gold and alluvial lanes?  
Do your diorite walls a lode enclose,  
Where the glittering gouts of gold repose?  
Shall the wide world echo your golden strains,  
Hampton Plains,  
Hampton Plains?*

*They are rolling their drums at Darwin,  
Half Derby is booking a berth;  
There are swags tight-buckled at Barwon  
Marked "Second-class single to Perth."  
Grafters, hard-doers and dreamers,  
Miners, musicians and 'Ghans,  
Are staggering here on the steamers,  
Or waiting their turn on the Trans.  
Bulls who were bitten by Bayley's,  
Bears whom the Brookmans broke;  
Scribes from the Sydney-side dailies,  
Buyers whose banks are a joke.  
Stockmen and sheep-men and spielers,  
Rouseabouts youthful and old;  
Down-and-outs, doctors and dealers,  
Drawn to the Goddess of Gold!  
Hampton Plains, Hampton Plains!  
What are your losses? What are your gains?  
Shall out of your gums primeval rise  
The halls of the wealthy and worldly wise—  
Streets and squares and roads and lanes—  
Hampton Plains,  
Hampton Plains?*

*Where your saltbush flats stretch greyly,  
And your salmons stately rise,  
Shall your smoke-stacks vomit daily  
To smudge the virgin skies?  
Will the camel-bell cease its tinkling  
When the clock-tower lords the air?  
Will the camp-fires' feeble twinkling  
Be dimmed by the roasters' flare?  
Will the dog-and-damper shanty  
To the table-d'-hote give place,  
And the shed of the bush bacchante  
In the club-house leave no trace?  
Shall a population placid  
Inhabit your villa abodes,  
When steel and fire and acid  
Have proved your living lodes?  
Hampton Plains, Hampton Plains!  
Shall perseverance, pluck and brains  
Carve from out your rugged rocks  
The worth of a hundred million flocks?  
Is the vital metal in your veins,  
Hampton Plains,  
Hampton Plains?*





Moonlight—Rottnest Island.



## Down the Road.

[For *The Golden West*]

By R. CLARKE SPEAR.

The three were comparatively young men when Kalgoorlie was beginning to assert itself. They got a good bit of gold round about Hannan's Reward and thence on to the Lake, and, like many others, thinking that all their to-morrows would be as to-day, spent it pretty freely.

liking. Finds further out, like Morgans, Laverton, Burtville and still further north-west into the Erlis-toun country were being made, and they "called."

So the trio pulled out for the big spaces and the waste places where only gold is found, and they found some, too, and sold it, not by the alluvial ounce, but by the thousands of ounces. Then they sold out to a buying company and must have bought a few hotels with the proceeds by the time they had finished up.

Later on the Black Range find broke out, but by the time they had got in there they had broken down; that is to say, they had lost inclination for hard work. As a matter of fact they had degenerated into what is known as "professional beer sparrers," who were by now given individual nicknames, that were very much less flattering, if not opprobrious.

Anon they drifted out further East to a centre on the fringe of the spinifex desert where much



Prospectors in the Desert.

The eldest of the three, however, got sidetracked, and whilst the others went on as usual, he practically seceded from the partnership and their companionship, and saved his money. He had fallen in love; she was a nice girl, too—good mannered, good looking, and with a voice as solacing, so he said, as "the murmur of the sea." That was when she arrived first and took up her position behind the bar of the Hotel Caravanserai. He met her there, and became infatuated, like many others—some really and some otherwise.

In many communities, such as Kalgoorlie was in those days, it not infrequently happens that one of the "otherwise" prevails; seemingly, it was so in this instance. So he didn't say much, and just pulled in with his old mates again and went on with the business of getting gold, and putting it mostly into strong liquor.

The others started to keep pace with him, and after a while the field became too civilized for their

gold was being won. This was a haven of rest, they thought, good at least for a twelve-month, but they were wrong; they had pulled up lame, and it was not long before they got notice to "hit the pad."

The town was tired of them, and mostly told them so; they had become social pariahs.

Their departure was undemonstrative. They just went down the road with the sun behind them and a rolling sea of mulga that stretched away into infinity, before.

They had a bit of a tent, a billycan, a bit of scrum, and a few odd things some of the more kindly disposed of the boys had given them.

Their destination was undefined. The next camp lay some twenty odd miles away, with just a bit of a half-way house between.

The eldest, as had been his wont through all their vicissitudes, was in command. And, remembering some snatches of a song of the roaring



days, and carrying the swag, he went singing down the track.

Some of the townspeople viewed the departure with a smile of derision, others just went and had a drink.

Before they got to the Half-way, the leader said "We'll turn off here and put the billy on and get a bit of tucker into us." The billy boiled, they sat round the fire in silence, and anon night descended upon three outcasts asleep beneath the stars. And in his sleep the eldest called a name, and as, imaginarily, she answered, his heart was filled with courage and with hope.

When they faced something of a new world, to them, in the morning, and he looked out East into

with me on the strength of your luck," and returned to camp.

The trio only appeared in the township as occasion required. Old habits knew them no more. Their lesson had been learned.

In course of time, after they had taken many thousands of ounces out of the show, she started to peter out.

Eventually they divided their last crushing, a big "clean up," coming as it did from all resources above and below ground.

Settlements effected, they then by common consent decided to go their diverse paths; it was better that way. Together they might lapse into old ways. And so they parted.

One went home to an Eastern State where he had not been since a boy; another to a land that he said had always called him. The third, the eldest, went back to have a look at their starting point, Kalgoorlie. Necessarily he asked of her, eventually found her, unmarried, at the coast.

"I knew you'd be about some day, Duster"—(she always called him so in the old days). "I heard of you from time to time after you went out North, and some of what I heard was discouraging, but I always thought of you through all the changing years."

Then he told her of his varying fortunes from first to last. And when he had finished he just said, "Come along, Luce."

And with faces as radiant as children, whose eyes are dazzled by the sun, together they went down the road—the open road of a new life.

## Mignonette.

[For *The Golden West*] By "CROSSCUT."

*You sent me mignonette—*

*(So small a thing to set remembrance free)—*

*The tiny drooping fragment of a spray,*

*That in my heart woke wondrous melody . . .*

*The slumbering music of a bygone day.*

*Oh, dear old-fashioned flower of fragrance rare,*

*Sweet as the breath of childhood's purity,*

*It brings the golden memory to me*

*Of young hopes blooming in a garden fair;*

*Rich flowers of hope that withered in regret . . .*

*You sent me mignonette!*

*You sent me mignonette . . .*

*And I can take your hand, dear friend of mine,*

*And say I thank you for the simple gift*

*That made one sunbeam on my cloud-land shine,*

*And bridged awhile Time's ever-widening rift!*

*If wishes could be deeds, and mine to do,*

*I'd deck the wide world o'er with radiant flowers,*

*And in Life's garden, warm with gracious hours,*

*Would keep one pathway ever fair for you;*

*That all your day be, till the sun has set,*

*Sweet as the mignonette!*



A Run of Payable Dirt.

the sunrise and then back West whence they had come, he'd formed a resolution, and, taking a time-worn knapping hammer from a bit of a kit, disappeared into the bush. "Back for breakfast," he said laconically.

Breakfast was one tin of "dog" between three, and the proverbial half loaf.

It was nearer mid-day than breakfast time when he returned, and, walking to where they were sitting at the foot of a mulga, he threw them each a piece of stone from a pocketful. The stone was studded with gold, more gold than stone.

They pegged out the claim, worked and half filled a small sack with specimen pieces.

The others remained on the show whilst he, with the sack up, headed back West to the town that had sent them down the road.

When the news of the discovery was manifested, he was pressed to be a welcome guest by many, but steadfastly declined all overtures to "have one



## The Agricultural Year.

A Bountiful Harvest.

A Big Increase All Round.

[For *The Golden West*] By MELA LEUCA

At the time of writing the conditions suggest that following a winter season with a rainfall below the average, although very favourable for farm crops, there is at least a probability that the monsoonal season will set in early and may give good rains in the tropical and sub-tropical portions of the State. The summer of 1918-19, that is the five

with the crops and will materially reduce the average yield. Apparently from present reports the most favoured districts are those of the Eastern Wheat Belt; next to these the Southern portion of the Wheat Belt; while the Geraldton and Northampton districts have been less favoured than usual. In its broad sense, agriculture includes the



The Present Season's Crop at Kununoppin, Far Eastern Wheat Belt.

months from November 1918 to the end of March 1919, was more than normally dry over the agricultural areas. In many places there was practically no rain. Following this dry summer the rainy season opened well in April, but May was unusually dry. Since then, although the rains have not been heavy they have been well distributed at frequent intervals, and with a few exceptions from one end of the Wheat Belt to the other the result is good crops wherever the farming has been reasonably good. Some places have been more favoured than others, and in the older settled districts the weeds have been a serious trouble and have greatly interfered

raising of cattle, sheep, general farm crops, fruit-growing, and also market gardening. It is more common, however, to draw a more or less clear line of demarcation between the pastoral and farming branches of agriculture, and to make further distinctions in regard to fruitgrowing and minor sections of the big primal industry of the land. The present purpose is to deal mainly with the Wheat Belt farmer.

The remarks, therefore, apply to what are broadly known as the agricultural areas or the South-West of the State, using that term in its greater significance, rather than the more local one, which refers



only to the country south of Perth. Speaking generally the agricultural or South-Western areas of the State extend from thirty miles or so north of Northampton southward, and in the latitude of Perth from the coast eastward to Merredin. This great South-Western portion of Western Australia forms an irregular triangle, with its apex at Ajana, and its base the Southern Ocean, with one angle at

wonderfully regular. There are two seasons, the wet and the dry. The wet season may be said to occupy seven months from April to October, and the dry or summer season from November to March. On the average throughout the whole of the agricultural areas, 90 per cent. of the rain falls in the seven months of the rainy season, leaving less than 10 per cent. for the five summer months. The



This Season's Wheat at Kumminin : Estimated Yield 18 bushels to the acre. Hitherto known as the dry area.

the Leeuwin and the other at Esperance. This greater South-West of the State includes the Geraldton hinterland, the country served by the Midland and Wongan-Mullewa railways, the Eastern wheat areas, the Great Southern, the Coastal and Darling Range country, and the more local South-West.

It is over the agricultural areas of this State that the climatic conditions are, for climate,

summer is usually so dry that it is sometimes referred to as an annual drought. The facts just mentioned cannot be too often repeated or too clearly understood by everybody, because they determine the methods which must be adopted if our farmers are to make the best of their opportunities. We have normally a period of seven months when rains never entirely fail, although there was a serious shortage in 1914. The policy



rendered necessary by this division of the year into two periods is that we are almost confined to winter crops; summer crops are practically impossible; we must depend for the sustenance of our stock on the fodder grown in the rainy season, and it is essential that if our Wheat Belt farmers are to keep stock, and if they are to thrive as they should, fodder must be conserved in the plentiful season in order to be used in the annual dry season. It is equally necessary that water should be conserved in the rainy season to carry the stock over the dry season. Many farmers have not yet realised how important it is that they should govern their work by our special climatic conditions, and others who do realise it have been prevented by circumstances from carrying out the necessary policy.

It may be interesting in connection with this fact, and to emphasise it, to state that our winter rains are governed by the passage of what are called low pressure areas over the Southern Ocean. In 1914 these "depressions" which usually bring the rain, only impinged slightly on the south-west coast of Australia, and then were deflected over the Southern Ocean. A meteorologist in Victoria remarked that what little rain Australia got from our southerly lows was caught by Western Australia, leaving South Australia and Victoria almost without any. It thus happened that although our rainfall was very low that year, and large areas of crops failed, Western Australia was the one State in the Commonwealth which produced a considerable excess of wheat over and above her requirements. The fact was disputed at the time, and inferior wheat was imported. When the next season came round, however, it was found that

there was a surplus far greater than the quantity imported. This State, therefore, lost the splendid advertisement which might have been obtained had those in authority realised the true position.

This year furnishes another example. As has been mentioned above, our winter rains are below the average this year, although they have been ample and the distribution has generally been favourable for the production of heavy crops of grain, especially in what are known as the drier wheat areas. They were not, however, favourable for the conservation of water. While we have been thus favoured, the general Australian conditions have been similar although not so intense as in 1914, and while we have had ample rains for the production of good crops, South Australia, Victoria and New South Wales are suffering from a distinct drought, and over tens of thousands of acres the crops are failures.

The preliminary estimate made by the Statistical Department shows the following areas under crop this season as compared with last:—

	Acreage Forecasted 1919-20	Actual Acreage 1918-19
Wheat . . . . .	1,285,126	1,336,502
Oats . . . . .	293,189	200,101
Barley . . . . .	12,874	8,086

From the above it will be seen that taking wheat, oats and barley together, there is an increased area under crop this season of 46,591 acres. In wheat, however, there is a falling off of 51,376 acres, the decrease being mainly accounted for in the cooler, wetter districts along the Great Southern Railway where attention is being devoted to sheep and oats.

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On the other hand oats show an all-round increase of 93,179 acres, and barley of 4,788 acres. The increase in the area under oats is probably due to two facts. The first, oats proved very profitable last year on account of the big demand from the Eastern States. Owing to the drought in the Eastern States they will almost assuredly command a big price this year, so that those who have grown oats should come out well on their venture, particularly as very heavy crops will be harvested. Another reason is the increased attention being given to sheep in the Wheat Belt, and those farmers who keep sheep find that oats are a particularly satisfactory crop to enable them to provide food for their sheep.

Australia, and that year about 18½ million bushels were harvested, or an average of 10½ bushels per acre. This year, although the area under wheat is somewhat less than last year, the crops are undoubtedly much better.

The official estimate of the production for the year is as follows:—Wheat, 11,903,459 bushels—an increase of 3,058,072 bushels over that of the previous year, or an increased average of 3.3 bushels per acre.

The anticipated yield of oats, 3,470,271 bushels, shows an increase of 1,970,582 bushels over that of the previous year, or an increased average of 4.5 bushels per acre.

The acreage for the coming season is 229,727



Farmer's Herd at Wyalcatchem, Eastern Wheat Belt

While the area under crop is satisfactory as compared with last season, if all the unsatisfactory labour factors and uncertainty of prices are taken into consideration, it is, of course, regrettable that the area is so much less than it was in 1916-17, when the area under wheat was 1,734,117 acres. This was the record in the history of farming in Western

acres, as against 141,459 acres for 1918-19. It is estimated that 266,144 acres of wheaten and oaten hay will be cut for a production of 296,201 tons, an average of 1.1 tons per acre. These figures show an increase in production over the previous year's result of 47,075 tons, the figures for wheaten and oaten hay in 1918-19 being 248,950 acres for 249,126 tons.

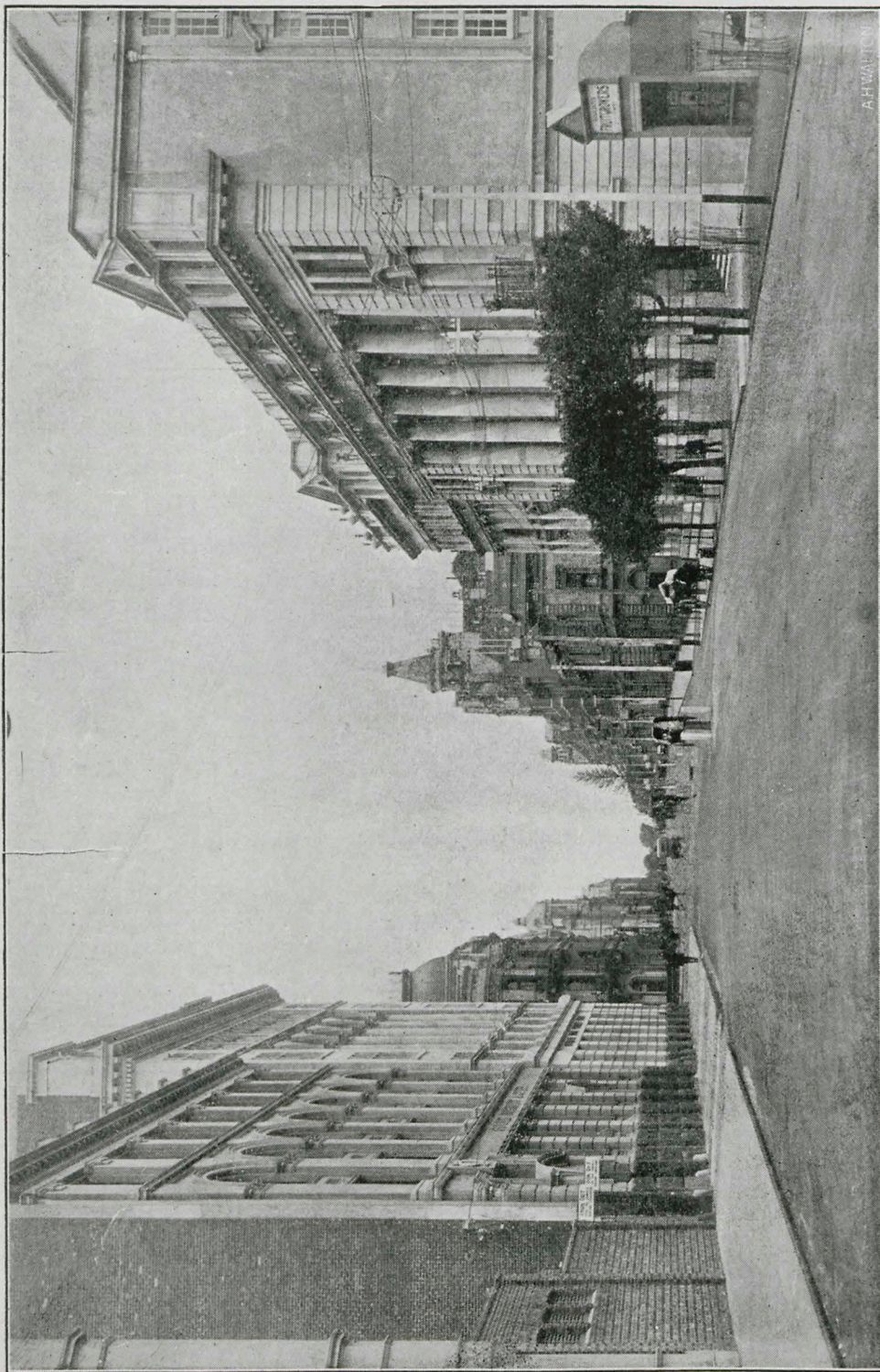
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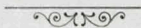




ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, PERTH, LOOKING EAST.

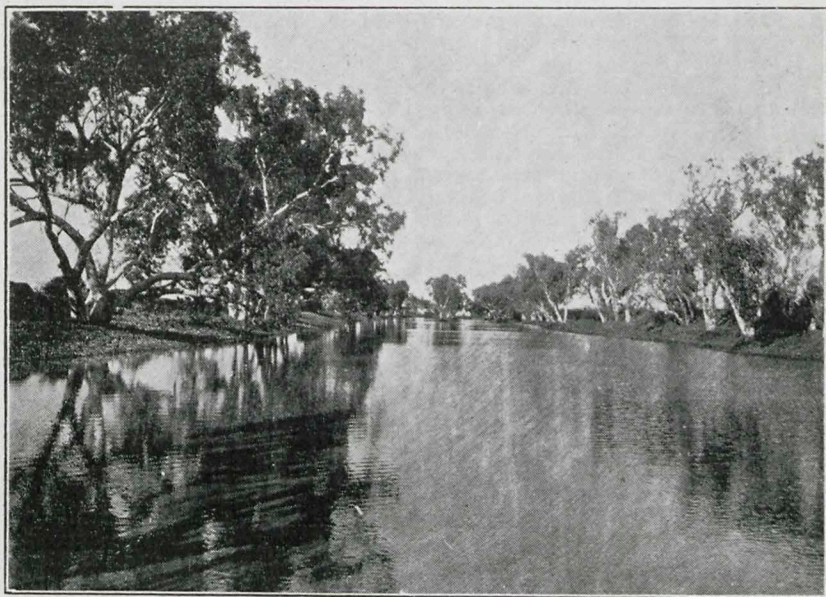


## Good Roads and Broken Backs.



[For *The Golden West*]

By VICTOR RISELEY.



A Story of the Early Days.

It was a November afternoon, well on towards the setting of the sun, and the hills that throw long shadows down into the dark depths of the rich Avon Valley, stood out like monuments to the departed giants of centuries ago, who had ploughed a deep, winding furrow out of the red earth, so that the pygmy agriculturists of Beverley, York, Northam and Toodyay might graze and water their cattle and grow their corn.

Down the hillside, a straggling band of happy children, chattering, skipping and hopping, came racing into the main street of Toodyay. With flushed faces, three or four of them were running across the roadway, when suddenly a great motor swung rapidly round a sharp bend—and, in stupefaction, one of the infants stood in the way of the oncoming machine with its touring occupants. Fortunately the child was little hurt. Much shocked, of course, but able to recover quickly. The ladies of the car were most assiduous in their efforts to soothe the youngster, but there was a scene.

A little, old man, with long grey whiskers and stooped back, gnarled old hands that resembled more the roots of ginger than flesh and blood, heard the scream. Uncertainly, his little eyes blinking angrily, he witnessed the actions of the group assembled round the child. He approached the car and scrutinised it as an object that he might never have seen before.

"You know," said a flashily-dressed young man, with small, effeminate ankles covered with silken, clocked hose, "you know, Gertie, it was beastly stupid of the child to rush across the road laike thet, eh? Such a jolly rotten shame, you know, to spoil our day's pleasuah, what? And such good roads, you know. Lovely road from Perth to heah, eh, Gertie? Demned shame, I reckon."

Suddenly the old man raised his stick, and with all his strength brought the old jam sapling down upon the shoulders of the young man who reckoned the roads were good.

"You—you—you, to hell with you," he hissed, as he was held from behind, "good roads, you call them. Made by men who would not own to fatherhood of a d—d insect like you, men who are dead, dead of broken backs and broken hearts. Good roads, you ———. Roads for you and your flash women. You think as much of that child's life as you do of the men who made roads for your cursed motor cars—good roads, he, he. Good roads and broken backs—and your pleasure."

Breathless, the old man could say nothing more, but satisfied his feelings to some extent by glaring ferociously at the dude, with eyes of white heat, that stood out like the rivets in the tongs of the boiler-maker.

Being also a spectator, the fierce hatred of the old man for somebody he had never seen before, aroused my curiosity. I was always a lover of human nature studies, so I spoke to the old man and gained his confidence.

"Do you own a motor car?" he asked with a snarl.

"No, Dad," I replied, "I hate them—they are pernicious evidences of a decadent race."

"Aye, aye," he replied, "you're right, they be d—d hellish things."

So I encouraged him to the public house bar and to share a draught of Avon Valley wine, than which there is nothing better in the State.

After a drink or two, the old man warmed up to me.

"Do you know anything of that young man you struck?" I, at length, ventured to ask.

"Him," he said, with a disgusted expression flitting across his countenance. "Do I know anything about him—I know nought."

"Why, then," I resumed, "did you strike him?"

"Ah, sonny," he said, as he shook his head sadly and placed his carbuncled fingers round his glass, "he said that the road from Perth was fine, and that running into that little gel has spoiled his



trip. I hate—I could kill anybody who mentions that road to me. It means the curse of my life and the brand of shame on the poor bodies of many that have gone and some few who remain to-day, old chaps like me, who seldom speak, but are waiting to die—waiting, drinking, and thinking. That road is the road of my Siberia, sonny. It is the road of sighs. Its beautiful hard surface that to-day pleases young pups like that fellow I struck, is macadamised with the coagulated blood of men who were flogged into slavery—the convicts who made it."

"Cheer up, Dad," I said. "Cheer up; that sort of thing happened many years ago and people, if they ever knew, have forgotten all about it. Anyway, why should they remember? The practices of those days were barbarous, and the world has advanced since then. For instance, had you not mentioned the matter to me now, I should not have given it a thought in twenty years, perhaps."

"You don't remember," he said with a sigh, and his dim old eyes looked into mine and he shook his head sadly, "but I do."

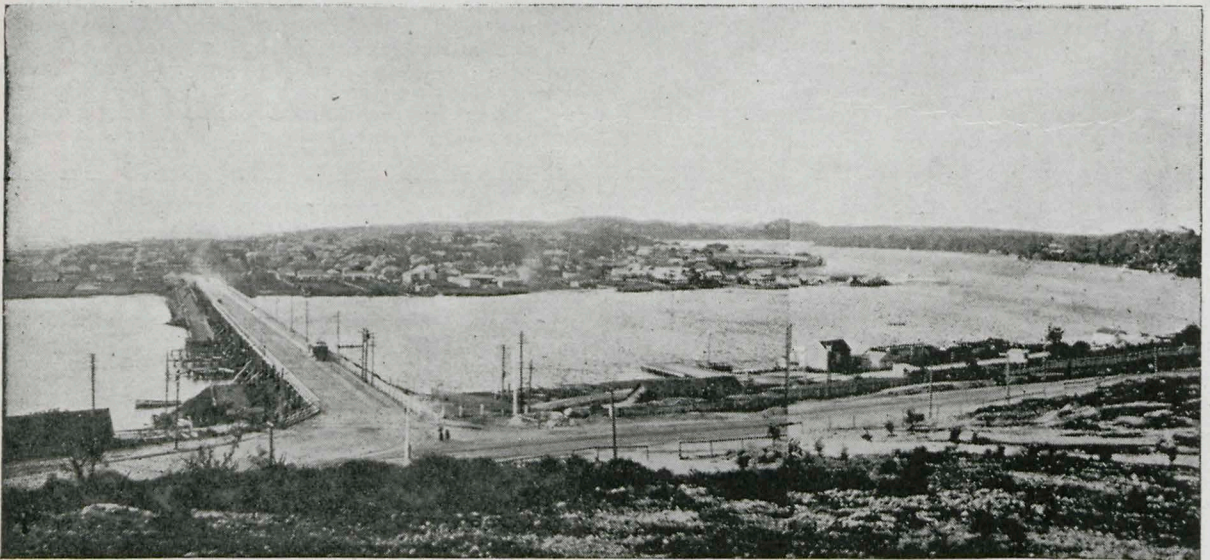
The old man placed his drink on the old jarrah-lathed sofa, and pulled his shirt open. He turned half round and bared his back. "Look," he said, "look at that back and tell me why I should not remember."

I shuddered and felt sick. There were seven or eight long, deeply-furrowed scars extending from the neck to the small of the back, and star-like radiating marks to left and right.

property. I've got me deeds for it. Ain't worth much, but it's mine. In sixty years it is the only thing I could call my own. Yes, I've got me deeds.

"I was one of the chain-gang that made the Perth—Toodyay road. For ten years I did road work in this country—and I was deported from England, as a young man, for poaching. When I first kem out I was a fine, good-looking young man, and was taken a fancy to one day by the Magistrate, Mr. Furston—that's what we'll say his name is. He made me his gardener. He had a lovely daughter who was as good a woman as ever walked; kind, always ready to give you a smile, and kind—Lord, she was kind to me. I saved her life once. Horse she was riding bolted and I rode after it on another cob and caught the bridle reins. Mr. Furston said he was grateful, and she gave me her hand and smiled her thanks to me—and it was the first touch of tenderness I had had since I had been wrung from my home and my dear old mother, who was never to see me again.

"They say that a cat can look at a King, and I suppose there was nothing very remarkable in a convict getting to love a Magistrate's daughter. Anyway, Felice and I became lovers. I suppose there are olive trees by the Swan river's banks at this time. If there are, I planted 'em, and they mark the place where, unknown to her parents, Felice used to walk in the silence of night with me, her convict lover. I was a handsome youth, and she was a bonny, red-cheeked girl, and we dared not discuss our future, so we walked together, hand in hand—in an impossible friendship. I needn't tell you how



The Swan River at North Fremantle.

"Now, perhaps, you'll know why I hate people to talk about the Perth—Toodyay road," he said.

"Tell me the story, Dad."

"Wal, mebbe you might like to hear it. I have a little cottage down the end of the town. You'd know it by the old honeysuckle and little white roses that hang over the doorway. It is the place with the little window panes. That's mine. My

we enjoyed each other's society—until we were discovered together.

"That was the beginning of tragedy for me. A d—d sneak spied upon us. Love is blind in more senses than one, young man, and we did not see our danger.

"Next morning I was working in the front garden. I was in the seventh heaven of delight, not a shadow



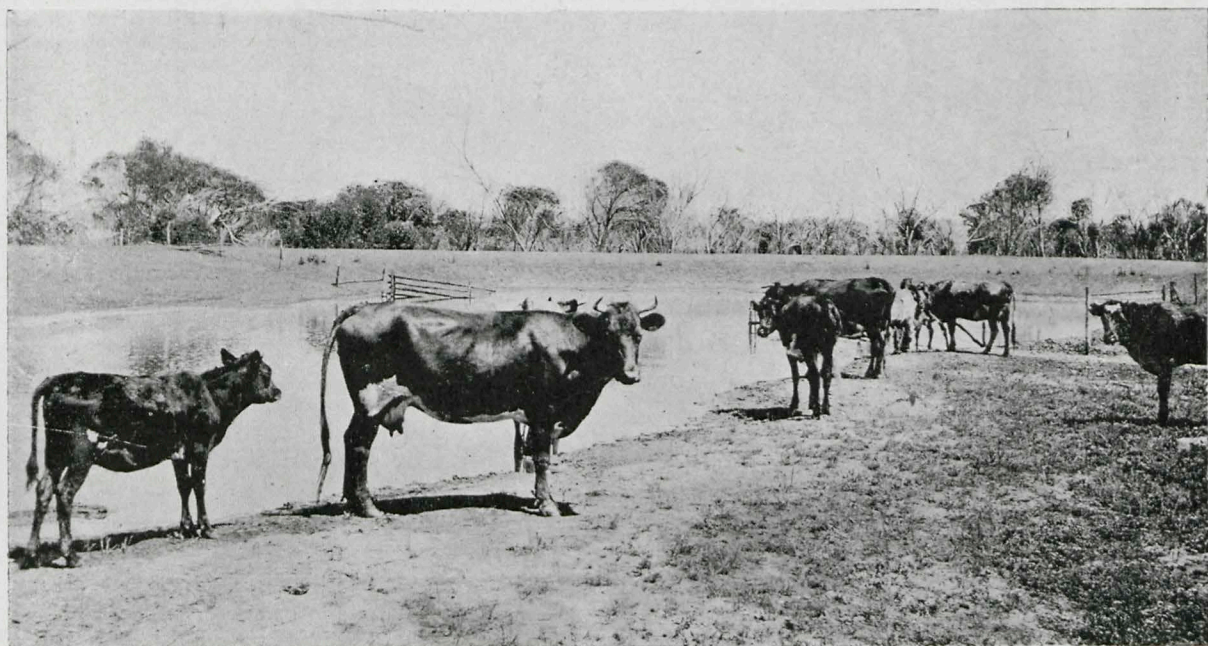
upon my soul, not a premonition in my mind. The dining room window was open, and Felice was playing a beautiful, soulful thing upon her violin, and in my exaltation even the birds in the newly-leaved almond and peach trees seemed to be singing a sort of tuneful accompaniment. I thanked the God above that I was privileged by my good conduct to know such joy.

"Felice finished her playing and came to the

had heard him, for the animal wagged its tail and, raising itself from the bar floor, yawned and licked the old man's hand. He stopped in his narrative and patted the whelp on the head, and as I noticed the action I thought I saw a tear in the old man's eye.

Gulping another mouthful of wine, he continued:

"Furston strode out into the garden to my side. He was quivering with anger, and grasping my shoulder he brought his heavy riding whip across



On South-West Pastures.

window. Her glorious golden hair was piled upon her splendid head, and her pearly teeth surrounded by ruby lips formed a perfect mouth into a smile as she saw me standing in the garden. For a moment I was transfixed by her entrancing loveliness—and then I saw, standing behind her, her father. Furston was as pale as death, his mouth tightly closed and his whole body rigid with passion. Felice did not see him. I could not warn her, and to make matters irreparably bad, she blew me a kiss.

"That kiss, my friend, marked the beginning of a lifetime of slavery, of brutality, of torture and despair. It sentenced me to years of bodily torment, of mental agony, and it turned me from an active, handsome young man, with a reverence for his God, with tenderness and love in his heart, into a fiend, an unrelenting murderer, a defamer of God and a being lower than the lowest animal. That kiss was responsible for what you see now, a drink-sodden, broken-backed, broken-hearted old man, who has cherished vengeance and who loves nothing—no, not quite that—I love my dog."

It seemed as though the breedless cur at his feet

my face, with his whole force behind it. I could not see, for the pain and humiliation blinded me. I thought I heard Felice scream. Furston rained blow after blow upon my face and neck, and ere I could move I found myself handcuffed and standing between two warders.

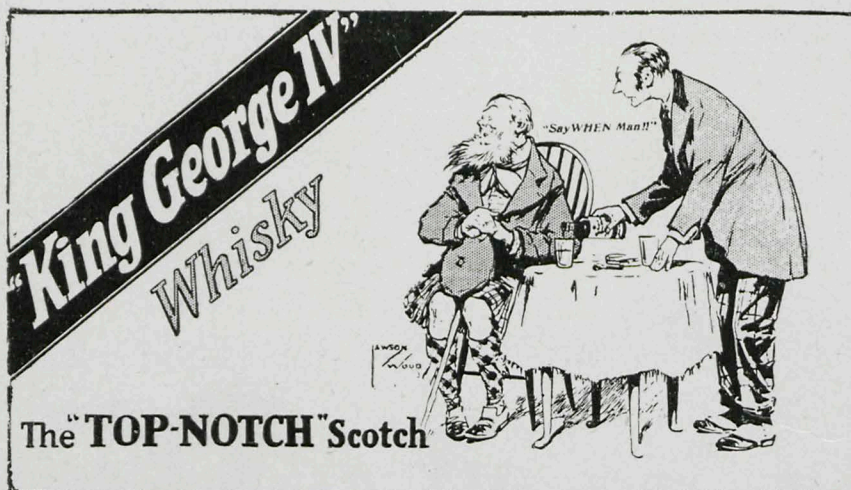
"I never saw Felice in *her* beauty again. From that hour my torture commenced.

"For ten years I was one of a road gang that made the 'beautiful road' of which that young puppy spoke outside just now. Furston pursued me with his vengeance during that time, and when visiting the old Toodyay settlement, down the river, never lost an opportunity of goading me to desperation, with his taunts and sneers. That old bridge which separates new Toodyay from the old penal Toodyay was the scene of my vengeance. One dark night he was returning from the new town to the settlement. I bribed the gaoler and secured my liberty that night.

"It was in the middle of one of our wettest winters. Furston had been boozing at one of the inns. I watched him stealthily, through the back door, standing out in the darkness, animated with an awful desire to rush in and strangle him. I thought



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of Felice, who was in the old settlement down the river. I planned carefully how I should kill her father and steal her away, ride into the interior and keep her forever, to love and cherish—to start life anew, away from my perpetual flogging and torment. It was, as you may see, an impossible idea. But I was mad, demented with hate and love.

"It was midnight. The Avon river had swollen its banks and was a roaring torrent, hurling its muddy waters to the Swan. I waited until Furston was about to get his cob from the groom and then I hurried to the bridge where I had loosened eight or nine of the wheel-worn planks. I worked with feverish haste, pulled the planks out, and left a gaping death-trap. This was to be my night of triumph.

"My task over, I waited until I could hear the footfalls of Furston's horse. My heart was thumping as though it would break, and the sweat rolled from my forehead. Then a memory of what Furston's torture had been came to me, and I fled from the bridge and abandoned my idea of witnessing his end which I had so carefully planned with devilish cunning.

"The river takes a bend just near the bridge, on the lower side. The moon came out, dimly, from a cloud, and I reasoned that the body of my victim would be washed towards the southern bank. With gladness in my heart at the idea of removing my enemy, the man who had given those thong-sores on my back, who had humiliated me before my loved one, and snatched her from me forever, who had made a strong young man with hope and ambition in his heart a scarred image, a pariah even among convicts, a low, craven-hearted object who lived merely to have vengeance as cruel as possible, I watched, and waited, and listened.

"He cursed his horse as it shied at the white bridge approaches, and whipped the animal into a canter as he had whipped me across the face. Soon, I thought, I shall have ample satisfaction for all my pain and suffering.

"Suddenly I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, a cry, a scream—Good God, a woman's scream, and then silence.

"The moon came out brightly. The river rustled its flood waters against the resisting ti-trees in that mad torrent, and four yards from the shore I saw Furston's body pass, rolling over and over, as it met the snags and stumps in its hurtling wash to eternity—and then, to my everlasting horror, a woman's body, the white dress showing in its mud-stained awfulness by the light of the moon.

"Next morning, four miles down the river, the body of Furston was found. Further on they came upon the lifeless body of Felice. She had been murdered by me. She had ridden to town earlier in the evening to look for her drink-sodden father, and was taking him back home to the settlement."

\* \* \* \*

The poor old man drunk gluttonously of his wine. Then he chuckled like a demented being.

"It is a lovely road from Perth to Toodyay. It is bound by the blood of those who made it, cursed through years of torment. I have not been over that bridge since that night, young man. But, I have lately had a temptation to walk across.

"Do you believe in spirits? You don't. Well, I fancy on wet winter evenings, when the river water is roaring past its banks, that Felice is waiting for

me. I feel I must go to her. Felice, as she was fifty years ago. Felice, my beautiful Felice."

The old man seemed to be wandering away into the realms of fancy, so I left him.

As I left the bar I heard him mutter:

"Yes, yes. Good roads and broken backs. Scars and blood. Furston, I wonder could I strangle you in hell?"

\* \* \* \*

The following winter I read the following in a city paper:

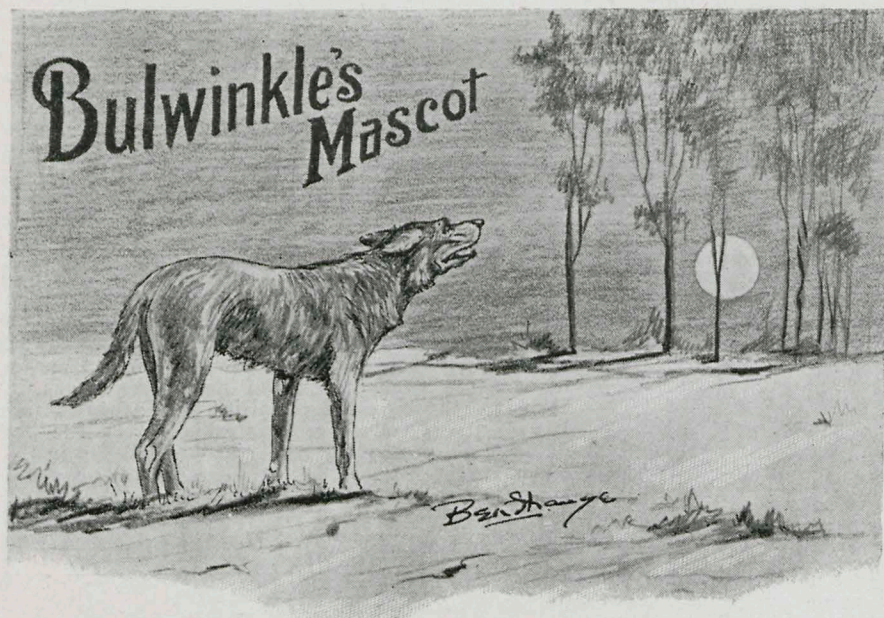
"The body of an old pensioner named — was found on the south side of the Avon, near the lower bridge on Sunday morning last. Deceased who was considered to be half-witted, was last seen in an intoxicated condition on Saturday night. His dog was found keeping watch over the body and savagely attacked the discoverer."

"Bad roads and broken backs,"

He had gone to meet Felice.







A Story of  
the Wild Dogs.

[For *The Golden  
West*]

By JULIAN STUART.



Bulwinkle's brindled cow, Mooley, lay chewing her cud, her nose nuzzling into the dewy grass. It was midnight, and the earth was wrapped in darkness. The cries of the night birds were in the air; the cheeky little opossums had been frisking on the grass patches since sundown; but Mooley dozed sleepily and took little or no notice of the events of the night. Her limpid eyes opened occasionally as an inquisitive rabbit came near in his search for succulent grass roots. Mooley had done her duty for Bulwinkle, her owner, by bringing into the world various members of the bovine family.

There was Smiler, whose sire had been a Hereford. Smiler had grown to be nearly the size of an elephant, and he was the leader in Bulwinkle's team. He did not work with a mate in the wooden yoke and iron bow. He had a set of leather harness and light trace chains all to himself, and he was the apple of his owner's eye; for there was not a beast in the district that could "straighten up" a team in such a businesslike way as Smiler, and (as everyone who has ever driven bullocks knows), a good leader is worth his weight in gold—for he saves the breath of the driver and minimises the profanity in which that much maligned citizen indulges. Smiler, without a doubt, was a son of whom any mother might be proud.

Then there was her second calf—Major, whose sire had been a Durham, but his fate to Mooley was shrouded in mystery, for she was not to know that he had "come to the gallows" at a very early age and that he had weighed fully "twelve hundred dressed," when Bulwinkle had cut him down and distributed him among (a communal custom) the farmers; they taking turn about to kill and distribute, by which means they had fresh meat more frequently than if each had killed and salted for himself. There had been others, besides, of whom she thought with motherly pride—heifers that assisted to swell Bulwinkle's output of butter and cheese. It is just possible that her thoughts rested on her latest born, little Spotkins, but a few months old, who was resting not many yards away from her. Poor Spotkins!

From the farmyards came the noise of the roosters crowing their challenges to one another in anticipation of the coming dawn. The flute-like voice of a swan floated musically down as the flock winged its way further afield, for they, as well as the other birds were beginning to realise that danger lurked on the shores where the trees had been felled and the huts erected by the farmers. Instinct taught them something of the deadliness of a shot gun and that the swamp behind Bulwinkle's farm was no safe place to be after daylight. In his hut Bulwinkle slept the heavy sleep to which a man is entitled after a long day's hard work, and if he dreamed at all it was of the days when his home of rough bush saplings with the earth for a floor, would give place to the more pretentious homestead, when from the chaos of half cleared and half cultivated land would evolve the order and effectiveness of method and system; and there may have been the idea that when those days arrived the goddess of his waking moments might appear and preside over the beauties of his home of dreams.

Little Spotkins had been asleep or resting since sundown, and in the early hush of dawn he awoke. He came to his mother, rubbed his little wet nose against her cheek by way of caress, and butted her with his little poddy head, for he was hungry. Mooley turned her great brown eyes upon him and licked his velvet nose and then lapsed back into her doze. Her offspring lingered a moment or two, and then realising that his call for breakfast had been too early, wandered away sniffing and wrinkling his little nostrils as he inhaled the scented air of the morning. So he drifted from his mother and out of her life.

He followed a track that led to a small flat, and as he trotted along in leisurely fashion, he saw in front of him two diamonds, that gleamed and disappeared, and came to light and disappeared again, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. And so he walked to his doom, for when he was in the centre of the flat and well out of his mother's hearing the beckoning diamonds stopped—diamonds no longer—but the baleful eyes of a hungry dingo—the lure that had led him on!





MURRAY STREET, LOOKING WEST.



HAY STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM TOWN HALL.



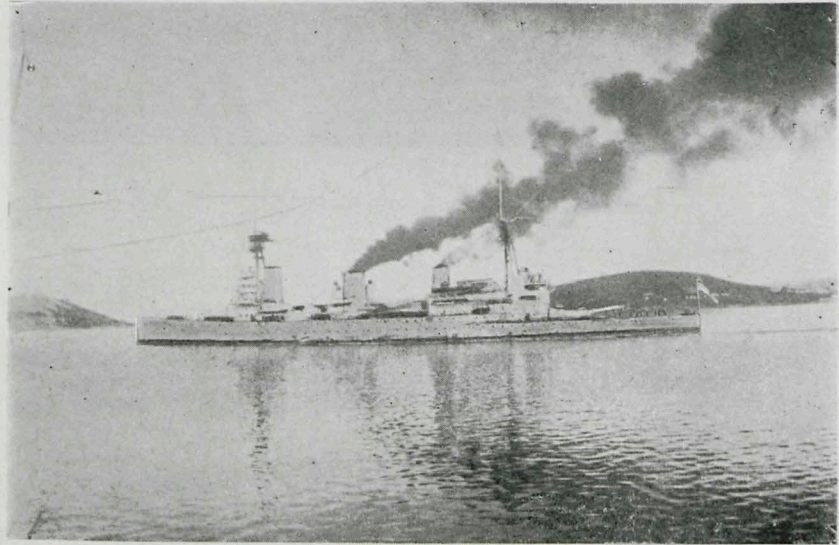
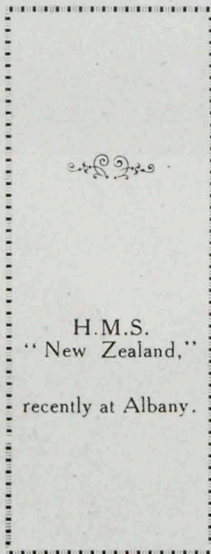
Then from all sides similar eyes blazed from the shadows. He was surrounded by the dingo pack. Panic stricken, he turned, and was about to race back to his mother and safety—but they launched themselves on him, and the leader, a yellow wolf-like creature, sank his fangs in the velvety throat and Spotkins was dead before he reached the ground.

Then they ravened over him, and feasted on him, for they were famished, and hunger had been like flames in their vitals, and they were silent, for although they had decoyed the luckless innocent out of earshot of his mother, they still dreaded interruption before they had ended their feast. The tender flesh of poor little Spotkins was a tit-bit making amends for their long fast. A lean rabbit had provided their only repast during the night. They had been so racked by hunger, and had even gnawed the meatless bones of the skeleton of an old cow that had been bogged at the watering place during the drought.

They had "foxed" and stalked and tried to sneak

the end of his tail. He did not stop till he reached the topmost bough, and when the cold terror that had lent speed to his feet had passed away, he looked down at the savage eyes below and chattered and scolded angrily, and the dog snarled and bared his teeth, and scratched the ground furiously and threateningly before creeping away crestfallen to join the hungry pack. Then for the rest of the miserable night they had sniffed and nosed around hungrily till fate had sent them the luckless little Spotkins. Their shining teeth flashed as they tore the flesh from the bones till they were bare and white, and at daylight they had completed their feast. Some sat on their haunches licking their lips, others lay with noses resting on paws, enjoying the pleasures of repletion. Some had been splashed with blood during the orgie, and it was grotesque to see them trying to lick it off one another—but it was all in playfulness and good nature, for their gorge had made them content.

Mooley awoke, and after a few cow-like movements, got to her feet and stretched herself, and looked round for her calf, calling softly to



on a 'possum that was doing its fantastic shadow dance on a little grassy plot at the foot of a salmon gum close by the track. The leader of the pack had lurked in the shade, measuring the distance between himself and the 'possum, and the distance from the 'possum to the tree. The problem was: could he cover the distance between himself and the 'possum, in less time than the 'possum could reach the tree? He was a wary old hunter and lay low, ready to make his dash. His legs were spread wide, and his lean flanks almost touched the ground. Suddenly, like a shot from a gun, he sped forward, his pace being such that he looked like a yellow streak along the grass. But some instinct warned the intended sacrifice of his danger, and he broke for his refuge in the salmon gum. The yellow streak was within inches of him as he reached the butt of the tree, and the 'possum looked like a ball of fur as he shot upwards. The dingo leaped upward, but his snapping jaws missed the 'possum by a hairsbreadth, and to the day of his death that 'possum was haunted by the idea that the dingo's teeth had dragged some of the fur from

attract his attention: but there was no response and she bellowed again impatiently, for her udder was distended. She was one of Bulwinkle's best milkers, and Spotkins was always ready to take his meals. All the other little calves had been safely locked in their pens at sundown. A third time the cow called and as she filled her lungs after her effort there came to her a taint on the morning air, the taint of dingo, and dingo meant danger to her youngest born. She looked round and the maternal instinct coupled the two facts—the silence of the calf and the presence of the dingoes, and transformed her from a placid cow into a roaring fury on four feet. With head lowered threateningly and tail straight out, she dashed through the scrub bellowing fit to waken the dead. Grief, indignation and menace mingled in the uproar she made, which brought around her all the cattle within hearing. She charged through the dingo pack, which scattered and fled from her flying feet till she came to the pitiful white bones, and the few strips of hide—all that remained of her little son and she moaned over them with a pathos almost human.





BARRACK STREET, LOOKING SOUTH FROM HAY STREET INTERSECTION.



PORTION OF ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, LOOKING EAST.



The other dairy cows rushed to join her, adding their quota to the lamentations. The working bullocks lumbered through the dead timber in clumsy sympathy. The Hereford bull—father of the flock, crashed his way forward—his deep rumbling bellow sounding like a challenge to anything on the surface of the earth to come forth and be annihilated—with snorting breath and clashing horns they raced, headed by the bereaved mother; but the dogs had too much pace and were soon lost to sight in the scrub. When the fury of the herd had exhausted itself they ceased to gallop and bellow, and the pace dwindled down to a trot, and then they gradually came to a standstill with heaving flanks and bloodshot eyes.



A Glimpse of the Upper Reaches of Mundaring Weir.

Mooley's lamentations continued, and she raced backwards through the scrub threatening danger to friend and foe alike and many days elapsed ere she had regained her normal placidity.

Bulwinkle was furious when he found the damage that had been inflicted upon him. This was not the first he had suffered at the hands of the dingoes. They had coaxed his faithful cattle dog into the paddock and had lacerated it so that he had to end its miseries with a shot-gun. One dingo, more daring than the rest, had sat under the limb of a tree upon which were perched some of his fattest poultry. This pirate of the night with a superb patience had waited until one fat and foolish old hen—the juiciest of the lot—and yielded to his magnetism, and when the old egg-layer looked down and saw beneath her the two glowing balls

of fire, she promptly lost her nerve and with a loud despairing squawk dropped headlong to make a meal for the cunning watcher beneath.

A fine fat porker was asleep under the barn and the dingoes nosed him out and tackled him, trying to drag him off bodily. The row he made roused the wrathful farmer, who rushed out with his shot-gun—but it was the same old tale. The pig bore the marks of their teeth to such an extent that Bulwinkle shot him, carted him out in the bush behind the swamp, and loaded him up with enough strychnine to poison all the dingoes in the country—and the cunning brutes ignored it, absolutely refusing to touch it. How could a simple-minded farmer hold his own in a combat with creatures of such diabolical instinct?

In the hope of making reprisals he sat up night after night and on those nights the wild dogs devoted their attention to farmers at the other end of the district, and Bulwinkle waited in vain. After deep consideration, he took a day off and had a shave and a clean up and went to Perth and when he returned he had the ugliest and most ferocious bull-dog that money could buy. His front legs were wide apart, and his chest like that of a draught horse and his hide was rough and grained like that of a buffalo's. He was really "nothing beautiful," but there was about him an appearance indicating that if he undertook anything he would go through with it, and Bulwinkle had bought him simply on that look.

About 10 o'clock on the night of his introduction he was drousing outside the door. Bulwinkle was busily engaged doing the next day's cooking. Suddenly through the night came the long quavering howl of a lone dingo out on the hills, and before the solitary echo had died away it was answered by others from all quarters, indicating that the dingo pack was getting together for the night. They howled question and answer to one another until they had come together with a chorus of howls and whines—the most melancholy sounds of the night, and then silence came—but all the animal life of the bush knew the dingo pack was abroad and that mischief would be their aim while darkness lasted.

At the first noise Thunder, as Bulwinkle called him, half opened his eyes and looked towards his new master, and seeing nothing to indicate restraint yawned, up-ended himself, and walked out with an air that said as plainly as words: "This is where I come in." Then he lurched quietly into the darkness. He had been on watch in the clearing some time before the dingoes came. They had scented him before they saw him, and approached warily, for he was a new feature on the landscape and they had diagnosed him as an enemy—one who barred the way to the calf-pen, or the hen-roost, or the piggery. They frisked around him playfully, trying to hide their hostility until they could coax him out of his own back yard, so to speak, and he kept pace with them warily, for this kind of warfare was new to him. He did not believe in shadow sparring. He liked his fight in good solid mouthfurs.

When the fitting moment had arrived they closed in around him and made their attack.

A dingo is a "one round" fighter. He cannot put up a "gruelling go." He must win quickly or be beaten. He launches himself at his foe feet foremost and snaps—generally at some vital spot—snaps but does not hang on. He brings the piece away with him, for his teeth cut like knives. Should he



miss, he makes his escape sideways, using his forefeet with which to fend himself off his opponent and generally drops "the right side up" with the agility of a cat.

These were the tactics they employed on Thunder and they soon managed to cut and slash him considerably; but without doing anything fatal, for his gorilla-like shoulder was always hunched in such a way as to protect the vital points, and they began to waver (for the dingo lacks stamina), and the turning point in the battle soon came. The biggest dingo had made his leap, but his teeth barely penetrated Thunder's hide behind the shoulder—a harmless grip. The dingo's front paws were against Thunder's rigid body to give him impetus in his backward spring—as he thought, to safety, but he was just a fraction of a second too late, for Thunder, with a lightning-like twist of his ungainly head had gripped the dingo's fore paw, and as his teeth met through the flesh the wild dog yelped with pain—but he was helpless and could only snap in a futile way, drawing blood each time but doing no real damage. Thunder held on. He had waited patiently for that grip, and the whole pack might have clawed him into mincemeat; but he would never let go. He chewed and ground that forepaw between his jaws and then heaved the dingo, larger and heavier than himself, to the ground, on his back, and with a movement incredibly swift for one of his size, he changed his hold to the throat, and "wolfed," and that was the end. The wild

dog's death cry was strangled as Thunder gave him one leonine shake and dropped him—dead—with bones crushed as though a steam roller had passed over him.

The conqueror looked round in a business-like way—as though prepared to go on with the game indefinitely—but there were no dingoes.

The gleaming eyes had disappeared in the darkness.

When Bulwinkle arose in the morning, Thunder was lying in front of the door—a bit damaged, but happy—seeming to glory in the honorable wounds on which the blood had dried.

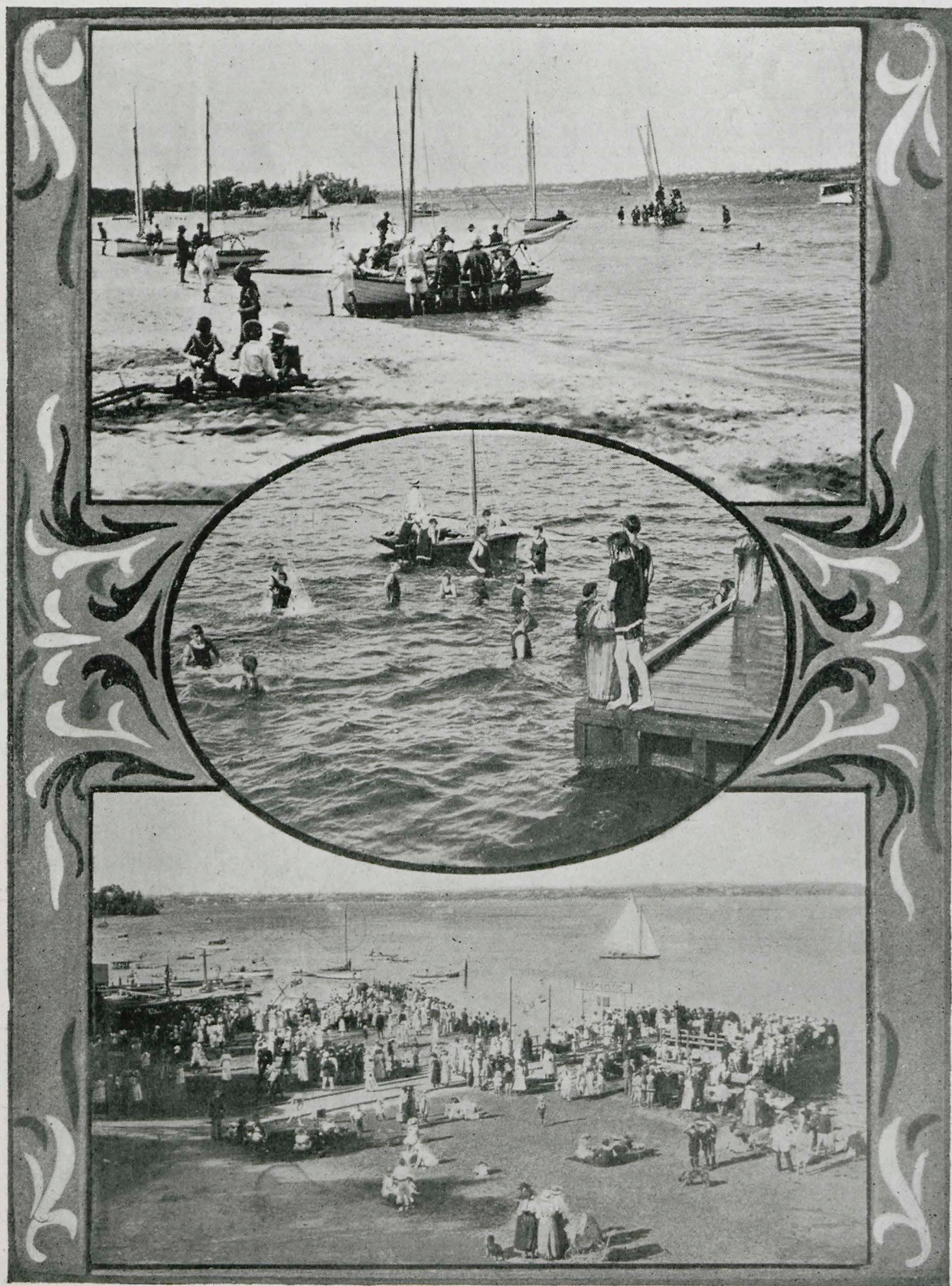
He rose stiffly (the teeth of the wild dog are poisonous, and the wounds they make are painful) and limped down to the scene of his nocturnal encounter. Bulwinkle followed, and when he came to the huge carcass of the exploiter of his farmyard, the brute that had robbed his calf-pen and his hen-roost, he felt the pleasure that comes to a man who gets back some of his own. Then he took his new purchase home, apostrophising him affectionately.

"You're a bit like myself, Thunder, old man. The Lord has not been too good to you in the matter of looks, but you'll do me for a mascot. You're no oil painting—but I'm no beauty myself," (and he truly wasn't, for his face was like a gargoyle that had been trodden on), "but you're death on dingoes and that's why I'm going to love you."



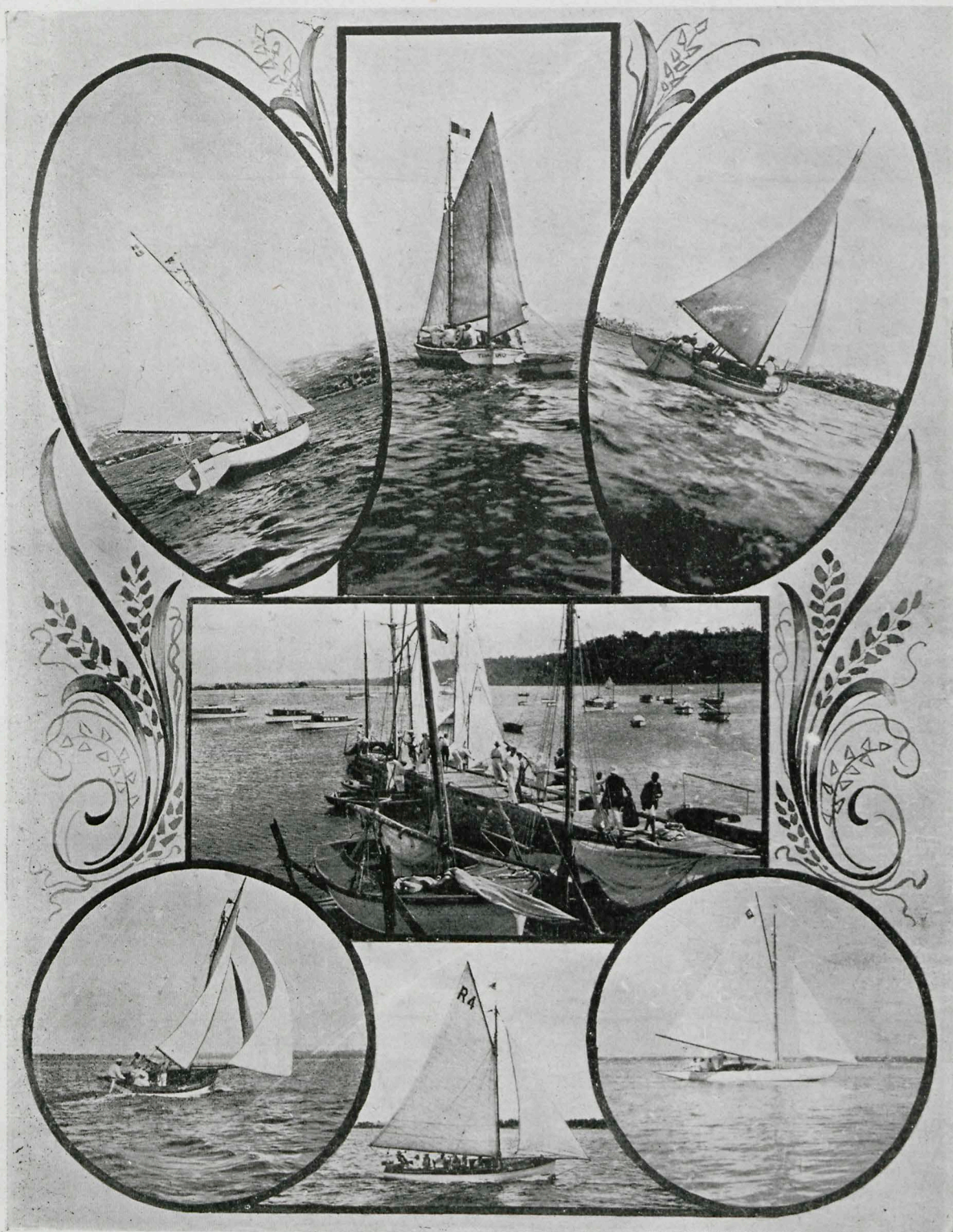
Lake River, Longford, Tasmania. (See Tasmanian Tourist Bureau announcement, page 78)





HOLIDAY SCENES ON THE SWAN RIVER.  
Crawley, Como, and Mosmans Bay.





Yachting on the Swan River. Second Skippers' Race, Royal Perth Yacht Club.

[Photo by A. J. Burgess]

"Rotohine"  
"Genevieve"

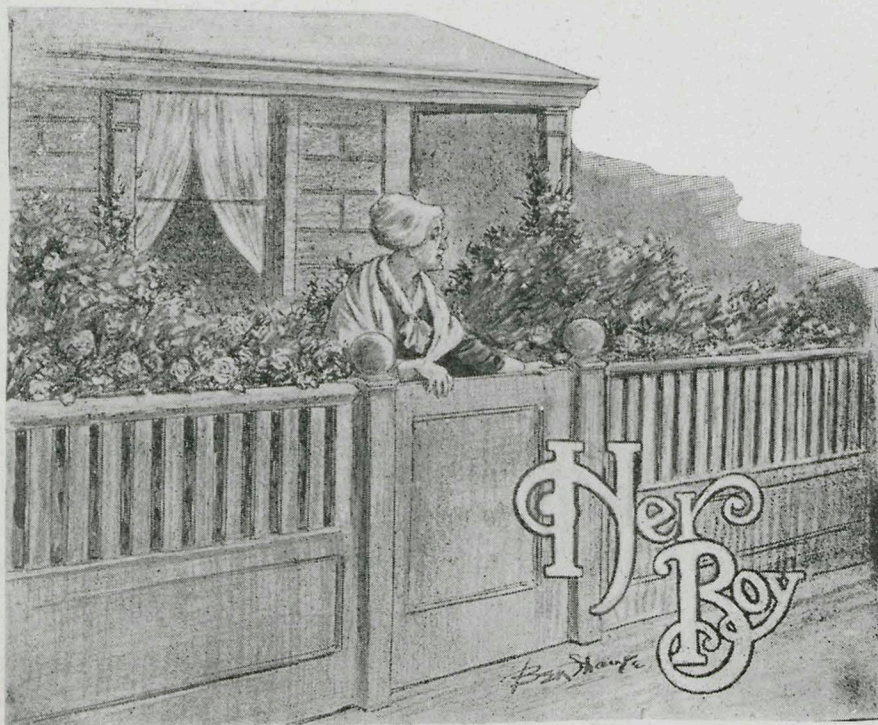
"Timaru"

R.P.Y.C. Jetty, showing Narrows in distance.

"Berringarra"

"Mercedes"  
"Eone"





[For  
The Golden West]

By X



She was knitting socks soon after the war started. She was knitting socks when he came to her and pleaded to be allowed to go. He was the baby—two boys had already gone.

He pleaded. She yielded. He went. She was knitting socks when the transport sailed; also she was crying. He was waving from the cross-trees, affectedly joyous, laughing and shouting through his tears. She smiled through hers, and they both knew.

And then Colombo and, later, letters from him. Still unspoiled, still thoughts of home; thoughts of the kiddos, his brother's kiddos, who loved him their soldier man. For that matter, everyone loved him; you couldn't help just loving him. And then Gallipoli, with the hardening of heart and thew and brain. Yes, just something new, something he had never conceived in his route-march soldiering and drilling of Blackboy. But he had said to her "Don't worry, mother, I'll be all right." And he was all right; but the demon of war had come and partially stolen his senses away, or rather the sense of consecutive thought if not remembrance. He did not write. Duties, risks, claimed him; death faced him many times, and sometimes with a muteness that was more terrifying in its silent tragedy than all the voices of all the world.

And then he wrote: wrote of everything other than all that had been and was going on before him through all those tragic months on the Peninsula. And she, still knitting socks for him and sitting in the sunshine of her suburban verandah, said "Thank God! my boy is not of those things that I have read in the cables—calamity and death; listen till I read you what he says." And he described the pyramids; Mudros and the Beach. But never a word of the landing nor of the companions in arms he had seen fall into the dreamless sleep of death.

And she was glad, because, she did not know.

His letters became fewer; indelible pencilled pages full of words but empty of anything, just mere words. But she did not know how hard he found it to write *nothing*. And then a long pause. "Perhaps he is ill," she thought; "they get fever over there; he can't be hurt or sick or I should have been advised." But she was not advised.

\* \* \* \*

"Nurse," he said, "please turn out that light, it is shining right into my eyes."

There was no light, but with the accustom of her craft—her noble calling—she walked to the other side of the room and affected to turn off a bracket that was not on the wall.

"Is that better?" she said.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "ever so much better," adding tiredly, "tell mum I've put the milk jug out."

Nurse sighed and said, "Yes, boy."

At the sound of that word he sat almost half upright and gazed strangely, bewilderingly, at her.

"There now, boy" (boy again), she said, "you're all right, but you must be so good and so quiet, and you must sleep, won't you?"

And as she said these things she held a glass of water to his lips and brushed back the ringlets from his brow.

"Sister," he said, "I hear bells ringing: what are they?"

"Bells, boy? Yes—oh, yes—of course, bells—yes, of course, bells"—(and then a pause; she knew; she had seen so much of this since September of 1914)—"they always ring at this time of night; that is the Angelus."



There was no Angelus, but it had to be that way.

"The An-gelus? But they only say that in churches, don't they, Sister?"

"Yes, only in convents; they go to pray now at the Dominican Convent; it is six o'clock, you know."

There was no Dominican Convent hereabout; no convent within hundreds of miles of where they were; but it just had to be that way.

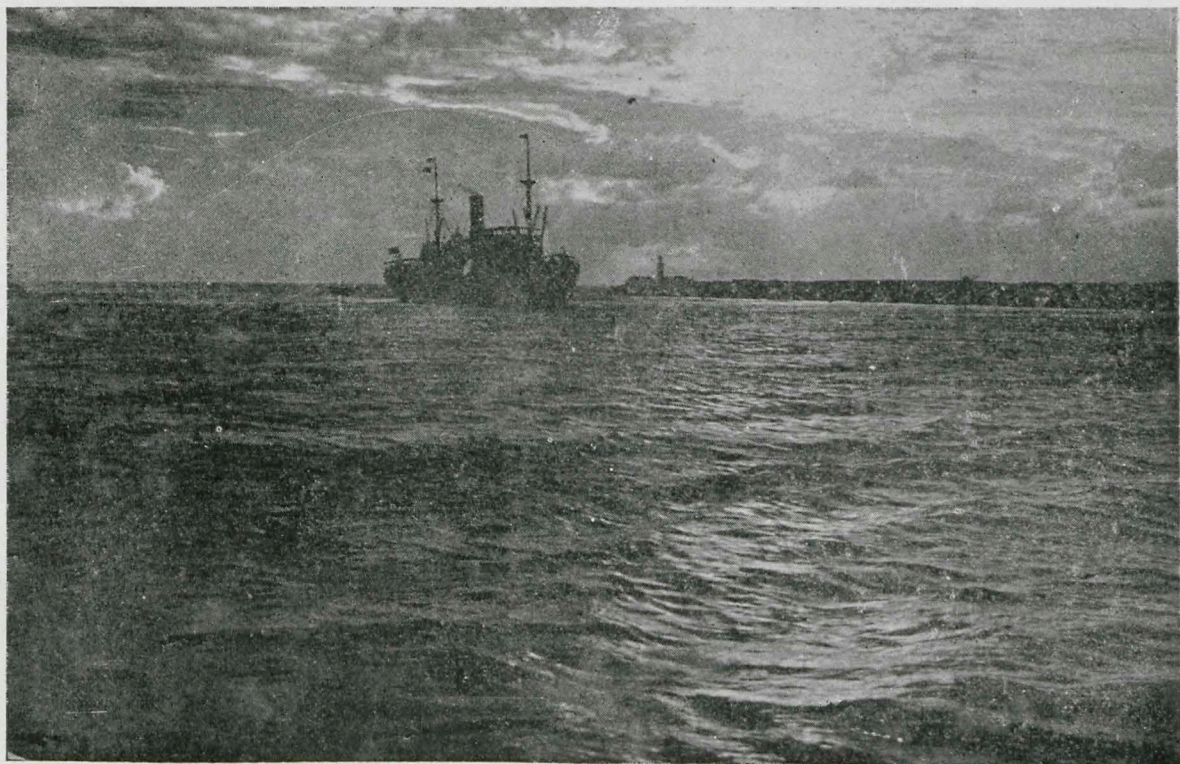
"Can you say the Angelus, Sister?" he resumed.

"Yes, boy, she answered—and uttered "The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary . . .," etc.

And through the tears that fell from fevered eyes he almost completed the prayer, and then drifted

his long silence could be as easily accounted for as the neighbours had told her—"Submarines, lost mail carriers, confusion, mails mistakenly, in the excitement, sent to England instead of Australia; one hundred other reasons."

She turns, and lighting the lamp and drawing the blinds, takes from her pocket the rosary beads her mother had given her and kneels by the table and prays. And before her on the table is his photo, in all its open-eyed exultant youth, and beside it the little shirts and things he wore when a real baby. She gathers them and the photo to her breast with the touch of a loving hand, the care of a loving heart. That finished, she walks to where, above the fire-place the handsome picture of some-



Making Port (Fremantle), at Sunset.

peacefully out into the shadowland of sleep.

\* \* \* \*

And still knitting socks; of course she had to knit them; neighbouring folks had told her they did not always get their parcels, besides she had knitted dozens of pairs and yet he had only acknowledged one parcel, and that was before Gallipoli. It was all so strange.

To-night, tiredly, she put the skein away from her, she could knit no more; the light was failing, so were her eyes; besides, was not that the latch of the gate she heard. Hastening to where from beneath a swaying cluster of climbing roses one could command a view of the gate and the path that led from it she watched and waited.

But why dilate upon a transparency; there was no one there. And yet she thought reflectively,

one she loved is hung and smiles at it, as radiantly as that day he said "I love you."

How like her baby he is; and how like his father!

She contemplates the picture for some time and then becomes lost in a reverie—a memory steeped in the joys and sorrow of many happy yesterdays; a reverie from which the footsteps of an incoming neighbour and another visitor almost failed to disturb her.

The latter, clothed in the cloth of the church, knelt and prayed, and, instinctively, without asking a question, she knelt and prayed with him, grasping the cross, at the end of the first deck of her beads, firmly in her hand, with alternative glances for its symbol and the enlargement that smiled down upon her.



"Eric, it appears, had been posted missing for some time," the visitor said, "and yet it is now notified—but with some degree of uncertainty as to identification—that he succumbed to wounds.

be brave, be of good heart as you can be. He always was a good boy, and God watches over the good."

\* \* \* \*



At Rottnest Island.

"You should have been advised before. If there is some doubt existing, some confusion in identification, it is understandable in such a mighty conflict as has been. Let us try and be hopeful. Try and

And in that hope; in the knowledge that he was good, she lives on, still looking out for him, remotely expectant of some day that might bring her back her boy.



In the South-Western Timber Country.



## The Treasure of the Sea.

### The Pearling Industry of the North-West.

[For *The Golden West*]

By R. CLARKE SPEAR.



Schooner and Luggers, low tide, Roebuck Bay.

Though greatly retarded in its development by reason of four years of war, the Pearling Industry of Western Australia may be said to have made a great recovery since the cessation of hostilities and the return from the fighting front of the many men who answered the call to arms.

Regretfully, there are many who have not returned. Some are sleeping their last sleep in France and in other centres where the conflict raged, and some have returned incapacitated from carrying on the avocation that previously claimed them.

Just here it might be mentioned that Broome contributed some two hundred soldiers to the world's conflict. This contribution out of a total population of 1,200 whites is one that will, in proportion to population, compare more than favorably with the

"The boats will be all right there until we come back," some of them said when they made their boats as secure as they could be made against the ravages of weather and time. And some of them did not come back, and the pearling grounds of the far North will know them no more, though memories of them will ever live with those who knew them for the good fellows they were.

#### THE INDUSTRY.

Roughly speaking, to-day there are 241 boats operating out from Broome during the season, which approximately endures from February till November. The intervening period, December to February, is what is known locally as the lay-up season, otherwise the time when the boats come



Roebuck Bay, Broome. Headquarters of the Pearling Industry.

enlistments of any other part of Australia. It was characteristic of them that when the war called, many left their pearling luggers tied up in some of the creeks along the coast and hastened south to join up.

into port to escape the rainy or willy-willy season, which makes the pursuit of pearling more or less impracticable. There are periods when, as the weather allows, pearling is still carried on by many, but, generally speaking, operations are suspended



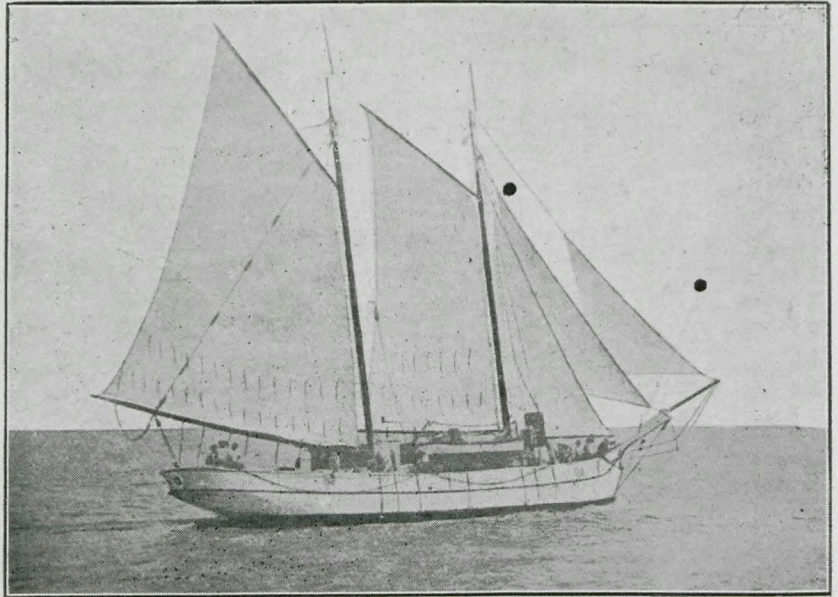
during the months indicated. In port, repairs and a general overhaul are part of the programme, in addition to the enjoyment of a well-deserved spell after many months of arduous work afloat.

Prior to the advent of what is termed the engine

old conditions when sails had to be relied upon as a means of propulsion, and a hand-worked pump was the sole means employed in supplying the diver with air, the figures attained to-day in the matter of the "take" of shell were not possible.



A Broome Gem.



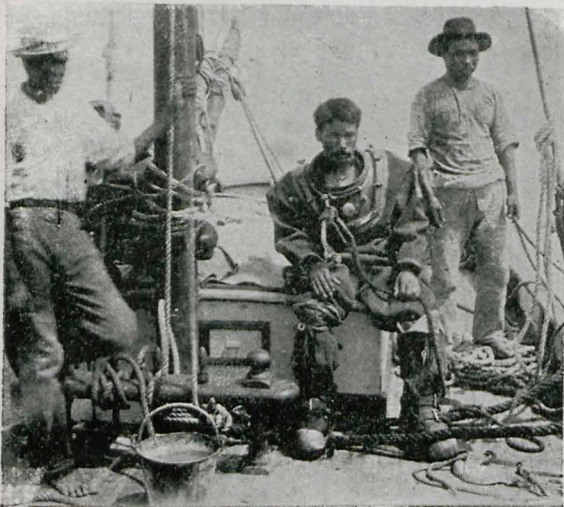
Outward Bound.

boat, otherwise a lugger equipped with an engine capable of working the air compressor for the benefit of the diver when below, as well as supplying the motive power for the boat when her sails are not in requisition, the pearling lugger was at a considerable disadvantage, not only in the matter of moving about and in speed, but also in the matter of facilitating working operations. Under

Under former conditions five to six tons of shell per lugger was considered a good result for a season's work. Under modern conditions more than double that quantity of shell is forthcoming. But



A Pearl of Price.



Diver and Attendants.

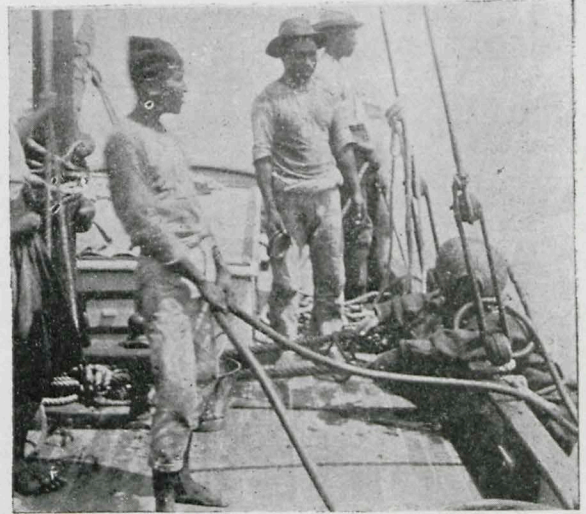
where one diver operated on the hand pump boats, two are now the working complement as a result of the installation of efficient machinery. In some cases the two divers take it in turns to go below. In the case of what are known as the double connection engine boats the two divers work simultaneously, with another waiting on deck to relieve one or other of them from time to time, and thus make a full working day of it. The modern equipment also possesses the advantage of permitting a greater depth of water to be explored than was hitherto



the case. Twenty—at the outside, twenty-five—fathoms of water was considered the depth limit under old conditions. And at anything over twenty-five fathoms the work was attended with considerable risk. To-day a depth of thirty fathoms of water is explored with comparative safety, although there are instances from time to time where, through carelessness on the part of the diver in coming to the surface too rapidly, instead of doing so by what is known as "staging," and thus scientifically relieving the intense pressure of water, disaster in the shape of partial or total paralysis has been the result.

Under old conditions occurrences of the nature mentioned were by no means infrequent, but to-day fatality in this connection has been reduced to a minimum. In instance whereof it may be stated that whereas during the 1918 pearling season 145 divers and 380 trial divers were at work, there was only one death from divers' paralysis.

When mention is made of engine boats it must not be thought that the whole of the pearling fleet of the North-West is equipped with the machinery mentioned. Indeed, out of a total of about 250 boats working this season from Broome, some 50 are so equipped. The introduction of what is known as recompression treatment throughout the fleets—hand pump boats and engine boats alike—has been mainly responsible for obviating divers' paralysis. The divers are systematically instructed in the procedure to be observed in case of accident. The treatment is simple enough, and consists, when indication of paralysis is apparent, of putting the diver into the diving dress again and lowering him



A Descent.

over the side into such depth and pressure of water as will relieve the torture he is undergoing.

A diver has been known to be submerged in this way for as long as four hours at a stretch, when, with the cessation of the pains that had been



A Giant Rock Cod.

[Photo by A. Locke]



# Newcastle Club Hotel

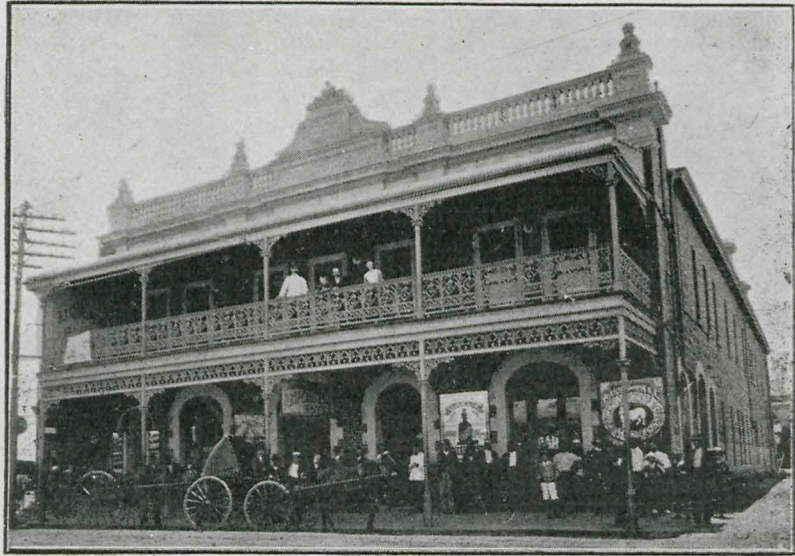
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T. H. RYAN - Proprietor.

THIS Old-established Residential Hotel is under the experienced direction of Mr. T. H. RYAN.

Situated three minutes from the Railway Station, and with trams passing the door, the Newcastle Club Hotel is one of Fremantle's most conveniently situated houses, being also handy to the Post Office, Business and Shipping Centres, Esplanade, Oval, and the South Beach.

Plans are at present out for alterations and additions, representing an extension of one hundred feet along South Terrace. These additions will comprise all balcony rooms,



overlooking the ocean, with all necessary drawing and sitting room accommodation.

In addition, there is a spacious detached Billiard Room. VISITORS from Overseas and Eastern Australia can depend upon their requirements being properly fulfilled at the Newcastle Club.

# The Bohemia Hotel

**MURRAY STREET, PERTH**

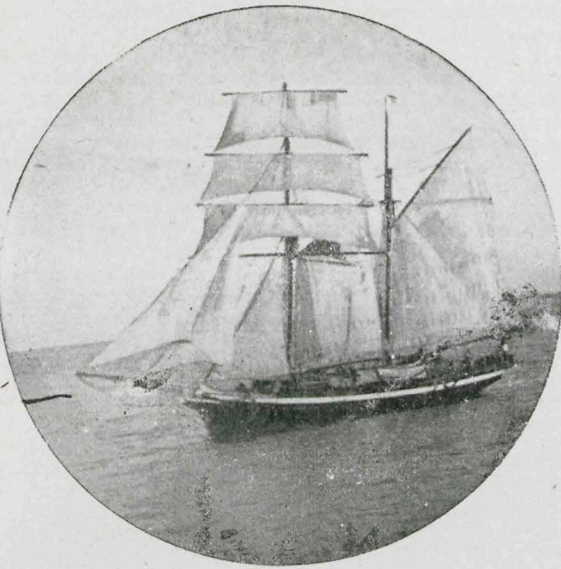
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A Typical Pearling Schooner.  
The "Alto," recently lost in Far Eastern Waters.

racking his system, he has signalled to be hauled up again, and has stepped on to the deck as good as new.

In connection with the simultaneous working of the ocean's floor by two divers, it may be stated that one air-hose main, with two branch connections, is the means employed in fulfilling their air requirements. In this way a wide working area is gone over in the course of the day's quest of shell. The working day generally extends from early morning until night-fall, with frequent intervals for a spell on deck or a change of positions in the locality worked. It may be pointed out also that a good deal of time is necessarily entailed in coming up. This will be understood when it is pointed out that from a working depth of thirty fathoms of water about three-quarters of an hour may be occupied in each ascent, the process of "staging" being gradual, if not tedious.

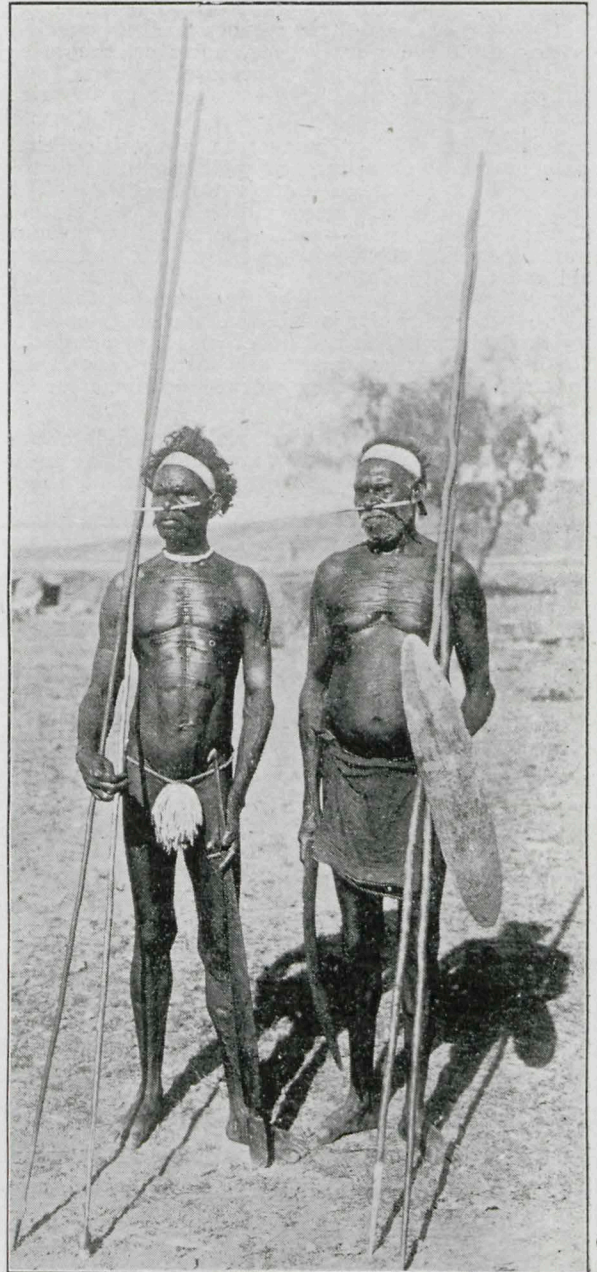
The hands on an ordinary sailing lugger—a hand-pump boat—comprise diver, diver's tender, three crew, and shell-opener—all colored men with the exception of the shell-opener. On an engine boat the complement is nine hands. All boats do not carry a shell-opener. In the case of a company-owned fleet the shell is mostly taken on board the attending schooner and opened there. In former days some companies controlled as many as twenty to twenty-five boats. To-day no ownership may direct more than fifteen boats, and it is said that in the near future this number may be further restricted, thus giving scope to the smaller man to become a participant in the industry and thus enlarge its individual scope.

In this way the returned soldiers to whom many another avocation would not be suitable should be enabled to participate in an industry and in a life the freedom and fascination of which are two alluring factors.

Outside of the acquirement of the services of a good diver—and there are good, bad and indifferent in this sphere of work as in every other—and his capacity for getting on to a desirable quantity of shell in the course of the season, there is no royal

road to anything in the way of big money in the shelling side of the business. It is in the pearls (when they are found, and if they are good "stones") where Fortune may be said to have her gifts for the pearler. This is the real lure of the calling, and it may be readily understood when as much as £5,000 is stated to have been paid for one of these gems of the ocean.

But, then, every pearler cannot expect to light upon such grand, good fortune as a five thousand pound stone, no more than every subscriber to Tattersall's can expect to get first horse; still, there are second and third and numerous other prizes,



Roebuck Bay Natives.



down to the modest fiver consolation prize. So with pearlying, and so is the element of luck its most alluring feature.

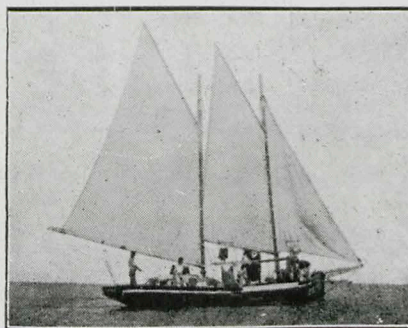
The price of mother-of-pearl shell to-day in Broome is £230 per ton, packed. Packing costs £6 per ton. Costs, compared with pre-war times, however, may be said to have gone up almost 100 per cent. This is evidenced whereas a dress formerly cost £7 10s., it now costs £15. In piping, helmets, hose, and other diving and ship's gear generally there has been similarly big increases in price. Some few years ago a lugger could be obtained for £350. To-day £500 would be nearer the mark in price for the same boat. Some cost as much as £700; indeed, two were sold in Broome quite recently for £1,800. With the world's markets opening up now that the war is over, however, the price of shell should further increase. Pearls and baroque (misshapen pearls) have gone up in price remarkably.

It is estimated by competent authorities that some twelve hundred tons of shell should be forthcoming from northern waters this season. The bulk of this it is estimated will be from the waters of the Ninety-Mile Beach—the most wondrous pearlying ground the world over for shell and pearls and more wonderful still when it is remembered that it has been worked by pearlery for the last thirty-three years. It is said that the boats operating this year have found no occasion to work the North-West pearlying waters any further south than Cossack. Previously they worked down as far as Exmouth Gulf.

Apart from the estimated yield of shell above quoted, good finds of pearls are said to have been made during the season, but the value of these

cannot be estimated, as only in isolated cases is it forthcoming.

It is worth stating here that there should be scope in the North for some returned soldiers in the matter of trochas and beche-de-mer fishing, as plentiful quantities of this class of shell are said to abound along the coast in certain parts, and, as the price of these shells has appreciated considerably in recent years. The Repatriation Department might with advantage pursue such investigations as may lead to an economically worked industry, affording employment to a number of men, being established. At the present time there is a market in Broome for these commodities of the sea, trochas recently bringing £41 per ton in the port mentioned. Tortoiseshell is also another product of the North-West coast and the islands adjacent to it, that should be capable of being placed on a commercial basis.



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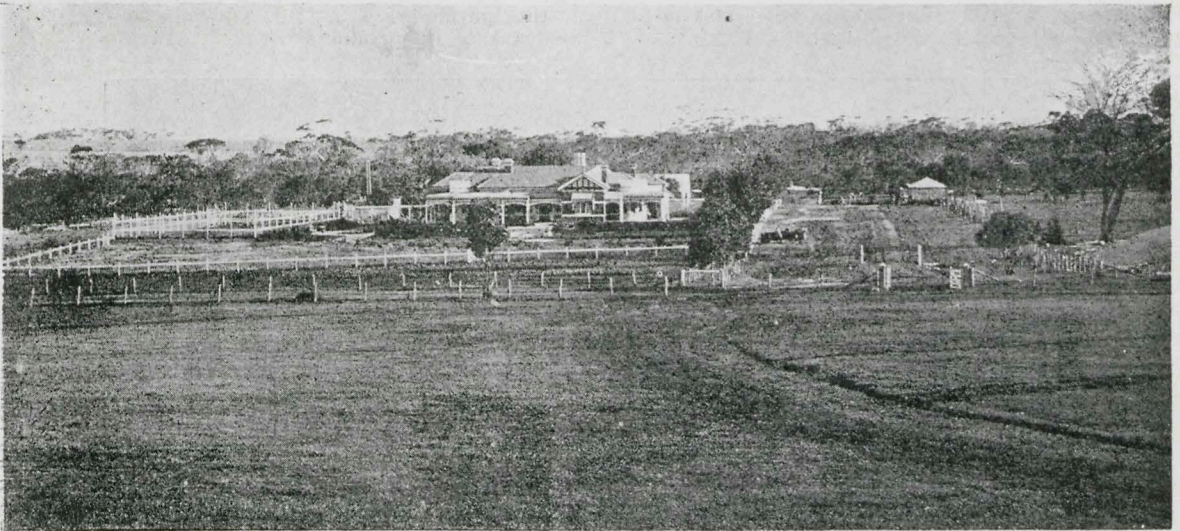
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**HEAD OFFICE : ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, PERTH. WORKS : LORD ST., PERTH**



# TELYARUP, GNOWANGERUP, G.S.R.



Telyarup Homestead.

Telyarup, in the Gnowangerup (Great Southern Railway) district, is a convincing instance of the farming and stock-raising potentialities of the Great Southern portion of the State. Mr. M. Corbett, the proprietor of Telyarup, was for many years resident in the far North, where, at Muccan Station, on the De Grey River, he was largely interested in pastoral pursuits.

Attracted by the sheep-breeding qualities of the

he decided upon the district above mentioned, and acquired an area of nearly four thousand acres, seventeen miles east of Broome Hill.

He accordingly stocked "Telyarup" with high-class sheep and also engaged in extensive farming operations.

Over 2,600 acres are cleared, of which 600 are under crop; many miles of substantial boundary



Pasture Land at Telyarup

farming lands of the southern portion of the State, he, some few years back, decided upon settling there, and after an exhaustive quest for a locality best suited to the breeding of stud merinos,

and sub-divisional fences have been erected, an up-to-date modern residence built, and many thousands of pounds expended.

Mr. Corbett, at the outset, also went in for horse



breeding, importing that high-class Percheron stallion, "Invincible," from France. Although "Invincible" was subsequently sold to the Government for breeding purposes on the State station at Moola Boola, Kimberley, several of his progeny are now quartered at "Telyarup."

Apart from sheep and horses, the breeding of pedigree Berkshire pigs, from noted English strains,

and Jersey cattle, is also largely gone in for at "Telyarup." The institution of a local butter factory, which gives promise of growing into a formidable enterprise, is also another undertaking with which he has been prominently identified.

The illustrations depicted will convey some idea of the nature of the "Telyarup" country and the class of its products.



A Telyarup Crop.

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## The Undiscovered Golconda.

A Story of the  
Victoria Desert  
Country.

[For *The Golden West*]

By JOHN DRAYTON.



It is one of the articles of faith of the old-timers on the edge of the spinifex, that somewhere east there is good gold. In our time, east of Laverton, Jack Drake and I were of the faithful, and one of our ambitions—and we both had bigger ones than were to be achieved in the inky way we had left—was to go into the Victoria Desert, and keep on moving until we found the El Dorado of our dreams.

In passing it may be stated that Jack was one of the few old-timers who persisted that there was big gold in the Hampton Plains country, and often when we considered the Victoria Desert proposition a tougher thing than we could put through, he spoke of drifting down to the area over which he had travelled, before he pegged the Lady Bountiful, and seeing what was there.

But the desert trip was the great conception. We would make it, some day, and be the first men to locate a goldfield richer than Coolgardie had ever begun to be, something that would make the Bank of England look like a pawn shop, by comparison with the value of our annual output.

We all dreamed such dreams. If it were not for their dreaming there would be fewer men in the outback country—for there is no great attraction in it, other than what is afforded by the prospects. The possibilities are the added lure—the gold, of course, being the principal one.

The chances of prospecting a field in the desert were talked of in the few camps in the vicinity of Dick Betts' last find, and there was no great difference of opinion as to the possible existence of a great field—somewhere that way.

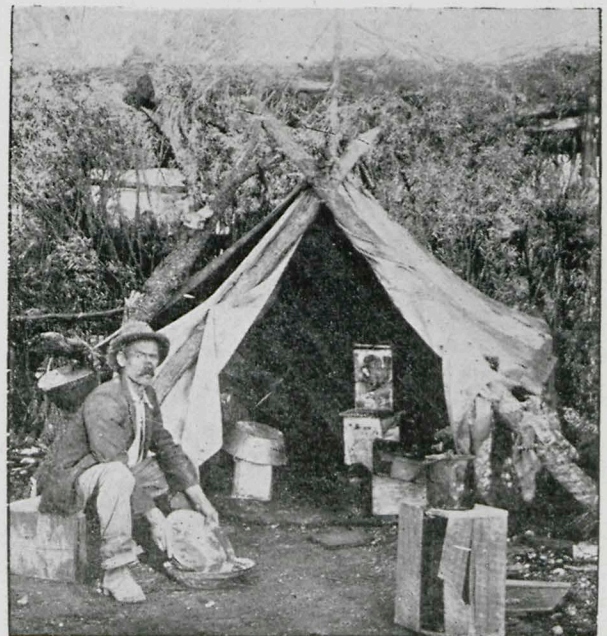
"There may be gold there," said old Dick, "but it will be under a thousand feet of sand, and it will take some tackle to get to anything solidier than sand, in a place where it has been blowing into hills for centuries."

"But, hang it, it ain't all sand," said Ben Williams, "There's hills and gullies there, just the same as there are here, and the chances are that the wind that has been blowing the sand about for centuries

will have uncovered some of the outcrops. I've often thought of going out a bit, myself," he said.

"Nice country to get out into," growled Betts. "We know a few men who tried to come in that way, and made mighty hard going of it. No water, except what the niggers know of; the spinifex bucks, ready to put a spear into a man if he shows in range and out of sight of his camp; no feed for camels, and no hope of getting back—if you get too far in."

All of which was true and correct in every particular.



The Prospector's Camp.



But what are prospectors for, if not to take the chances of the undiscovered?

There was not a man in our little assembly, round the fire of the night, who did not know that pioneering the spinifex was a man's job—and a one-man's job at that. A party could not get across. An individual might. That was all there was to it.

Jack and I knew there was gold farther out—because we had been there, and found it. But we

supply. Still we believed in the existence of a great field, somewhere east, and dreamed of doing great things when we located it.

That there was gold farther out was evidenced in a most conclusive way, by the arrival in camp of a black boy, who had been among the prospectors for a little while in the beginning of 1899, and had gone back to the sand country with his tribe. He was in a bad way when he struck our camp, and it was apparent that he had made heavy



Perth, from King's Park.

had not been right out. We had not gone into the desert. We had fooled round on the fringe, like boys playing on the rim of a pond, willing enough to get in, but afraid of the venture into waters uncharted—as far as they were concerned.

Our faith was of the variety that will move mountains, if properly applied. But we had not enough of it to make ways in the wilderness, and cause the rocks to yield a good and sufficient water

going of it. He explained that he had been aware of our presence in the locality for some time, and had been within spear throw of the camps many nights, but feared to come in, as he knew the spinifex blacks were not popular with the prospectors. He would not have come in then, but that he was "big pfella wantem tuckout," and as far as we could make it, wanted some variety of human companionship. He knew why we were there.



"Me bin catchem that pfella," he said. He ran back along his tracks for a few hundred yards, possibly to where he had been camped, while making up his mind about coming in, and returning in a few minutes, threw down a piece of specimen stone such as we had not set eyes on since the Queen of the Earth samples were brought in, and sold by public auction in the open market at Coolgardie in 1896.

I have a piece of it, used as a paperweight, before me as I write this. If I had a hundred tons of it I would buy a big line of Peace Stock, and live happy ever after on the untaxed interest of values well and wisely invested. Once when the back country gave its annual call with more than usual insistence, I chipped a bit off one corner of the sample and handed it to the Government Assayer, in Sydney, for test and report. It showed a little fine gold, but nothing more. Traces, one would say. In the original specimen, every vugh was studded

£1000. I make it worth over 400 ozs to the ton—that is to say a ton of stone of the same quality would show me that."

I did not doubt him.

We fed the nigger, and took him across to the camp where Dick Betts and some of the boys were. This was before the time Dixie Scott threw in with the men outside, or we would, probably, have had a prospectus out that night, and Dixie would have been off east next morning with the sample and the nigger, as *prima facie* evidence of the existence of the Golconda.

The buck was put through a close and searching cross-examination.

Where did he get the stone?

"Longa that pfella." He indicated the hills in the far distance. "Plenty like it that one sit down," he said.

"How far away was it?"

He rested his head on his hand and indicated



Above the Weir at Mundaring.

with specks from the size of a pea down to that of a pin's head, and the run of gold criss-crossed the whole body of the stone. My friend in the Assay Office rang me up a few days after I gave him the chip:

"Got much of that stuff?" he enquired.

I replied that I had not a mountain of it, but that there was some stone in sight. There was—just 1 lb. weight of it. And it was thousands of miles from where it belonged.

"I just want to break it to you," he went on. "Have you any idea what a ton of this would give you, if you could get all the gold there is in it?"

I admitted that I had not that information at hand.

"You understand," he said, "you could not make as complete an extraction as the assay figures do, but if you got 50 per cent of the values in a ton of stone such as this sample, you would take about

sleep. Then he slowly raised his fingers. Four of them were shown:

"Four pfella sleep?" Ben asked.

The nigger shook his head. He didn't know just how many four might be. What he said was that he had slept so many times since he picked it up. And he conveyed that he had picked it up and brought it in because he wanted to make good with us and ensure a supply of the tuck-out and tobacco for which he had established a taste in his former association with white men.

When men think in camps, they do not talk much. There was a long interval of most eloquent silence, before Dick Betts spoke. And his words were those of the wise man who has deliberated:

"One thing's dead certain, he found it somewhere."

This was the unanimous opinion of the gathering. We agreed with one accord—and then went off to bunk.



The law of mateship is one of the great unwritten laws that hold—in the outback. In the city a man's best friend will send him up for the profits in sight; his partner will defraud him, if he can, without too much risk of gaol; his wife may be false to her allegiance; his sons may go back on him.

But his mates will not.

That nigger, and his find were the common property of the camp.

Ours, really, by right of prior discovery—for he came, first, to Jack Drake and me, and we fed him and claimed him. But our rights and claims were merged. We passed him over, with all values, be the same more or less, to the company, and he was common property. If there was any thing in his story—and the specimen indicated there was—he was good goods, and to be made much of. If there was a mine at the end of the rainbow, it was ours, and the property of all in camp at the time, in equal shares—when we found it—and floated it.

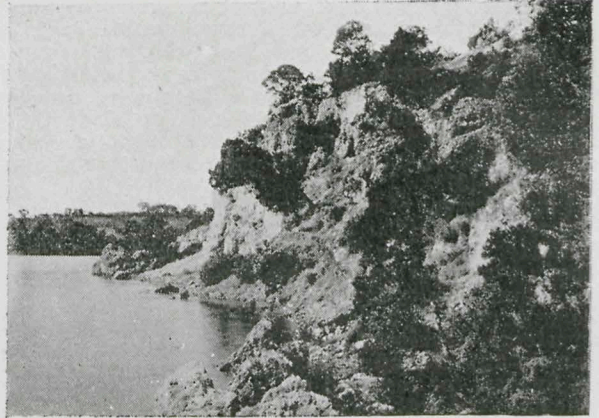
Unlucky for him, there was a new chum in camp. He was a city product, and had told us he was not in the bush for the good of his health. His religion was based, in the main, on that unwritten law which provides that the spoils are the victor's, and that findin's keepin's.

The camp was astir soon after daylight. But others had been astir earlier.

The nigger and the new chum were gone.

It was in the time of midsummer—not that the season makes much difference in the condition of the desert. We knew of no water within twenty miles east of us. And twenty miles is a long way for a white man, on foot with no equipment for a journey, other than is in a four-gallon bag.

We did not trouble about them in the first hours of the day. The white man MIGHT have gone with the nigger for a look round, close by. There was a chance that this was just the crazy thing a new chum would do.



The Swan River at North Fremantle.

But deeper down was the idea, in all minds, that he had determined to cut in ahead of us, make the find, peg it, and do a lot of good for himself.

And we knew this was not on the cards—for the desert is a big place to get into in the summer.

Next morning we started on his tracks. There was no doubt the two had left in company, and we followed the marks for five hours. Then our water was low, and there was a long walk back to camp. And so—

\* \* \* \*

The manager of the By Air to London Company, operating here, tells me that, inside two years, he will fly a prospecting party to any place indicated on the map of Australia. He will float across the desert in two hours, if we like, or he will make it a contract job, and maintain a party for two years—if we like.

It is up to me to do my bit of floating, and I am going after some money to enable me to put in a few weeks looking for the undiscovered Golconda.



In the Salt Lake Country, Eastern Goldfields.



## A Little Tragedy.



[For *The Golden West*]

By LAURENCE SPRUHAN.



A Corner Near Point Walter.

It is easily dated, the little tragedy, because it happened on the day I won the fifty thousand pounds. But did I WIN that money, or inherit it? I am rather vague on the point, since it happened so long ago as last summer. Let us rather, for the sake of precision, say I came by fifty thousand pounds on that day, and my mind was greatly exercised in its distribution and investment; and how wretchedly insufficient it seemed for the satisfaction of my few personal desires.

How I envied the simplicity of the prospectors of the early nineties who, with the advent of sudden riches, married a barmaid and bought a pub.

toying with the remaining ten in a tour through Spain in search of a proud and impulsive Castilian girl for wife. I always likes 'em proud; the Lord knows why! And I knew that my wife-to-be must



The Old Homestead.

or racehorses; and a few there were who merely bought the contents of the pub. and left it to their friends to purchase the coffin. However, after an extravagant expenditure of my mental energy I had ear-marked about forty thousand and was

necessarily be impulsive, so that I could marry her before she found me out. My pursuit of the suitable was broken by the boundary fence of "Paradise" run, about 40 miles from Renmark, S.A.

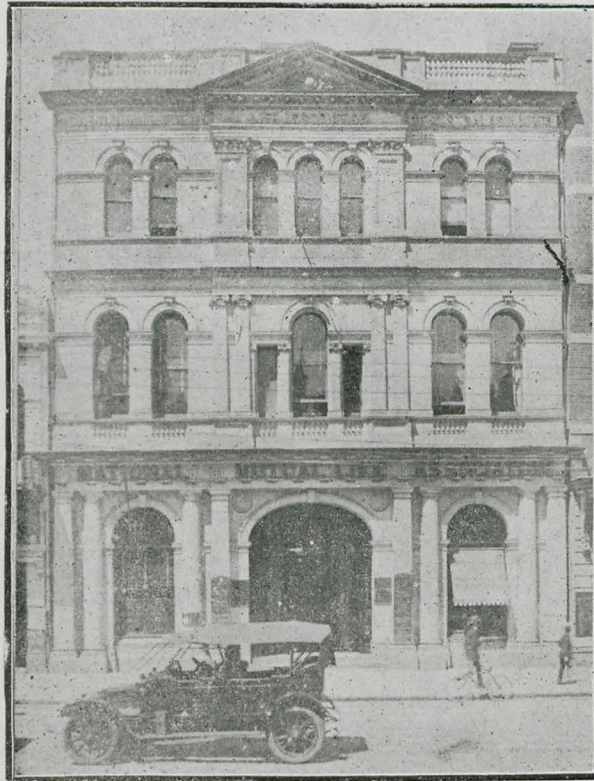
I unslung the swag and tossed it over into New



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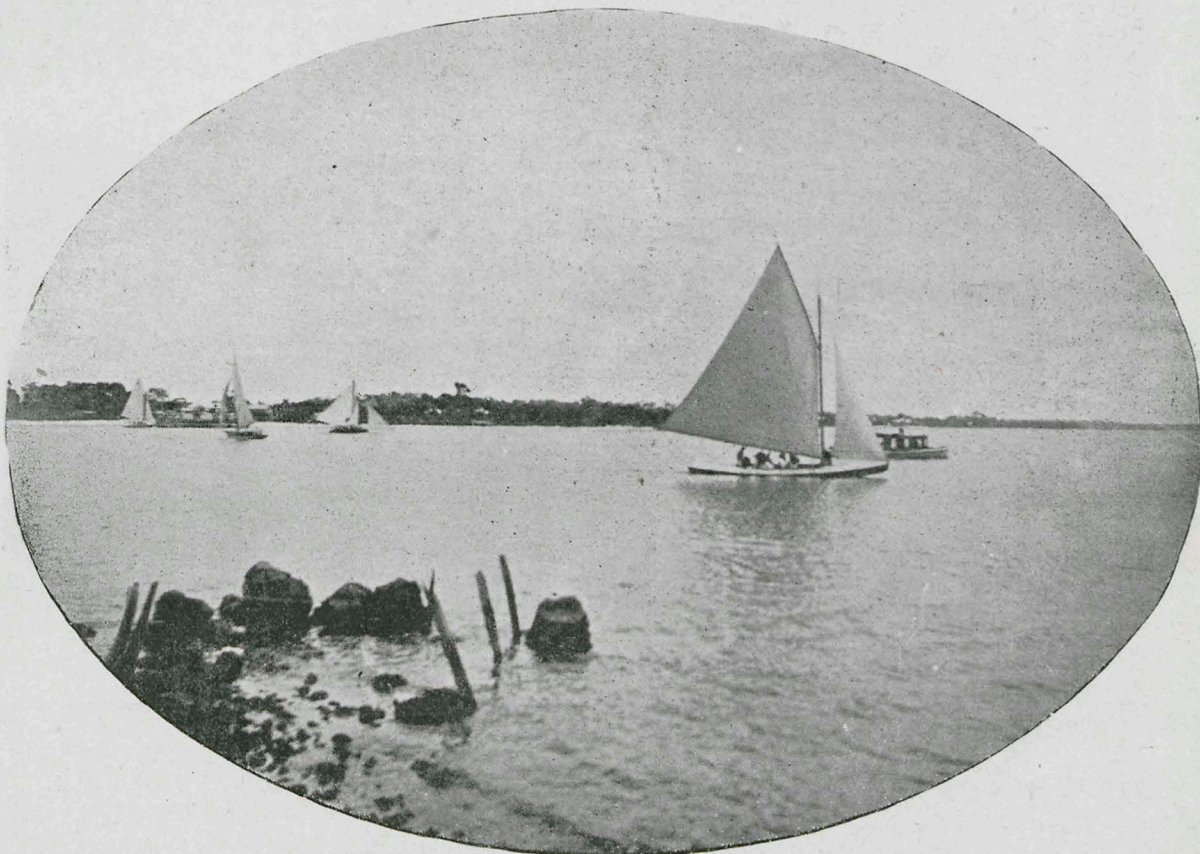
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ALEX. J. MONGER, ESQ., J.P.



South Wales, and as I wrestled with the tough old gate I had a good look round. No visible difference presented itself between Holman's property and Peake's except that the last-named seemed to run a few more sheep. I saw no garbage lying around

The man was small and yellow-grey, of the gentle self-effacing type. The world has no trouble with such men. Hog-like, it merely noses them out of the way, and with the timidity of forest things they hurry into obscurity, never looking back. The



The Swan River from Mounts Bay Road.

and no evidence of either party having deposited offensive matter in the other's back yard, so that the cause of the virulent inter-State hatreds engendered by metropolitan editors still remains a mystery to me.

Through the gate, as I turned for a mental snapshot of the perpendicular State, I read on a small square of galvanised iron the not unusual notice: "Poison laid for Dogs." There is no lonelier track than this, leading to "Swastika" and the Nanya country and thence to Broken Hill. Perhaps I should not call it a track at all beyond "Swastika," but an adventure, as more than one human skeleton has testified.

To get sight of a fellow human, though merely an aborigine on horseback, was quite a notable incident, but to take an ocular feed off a white man within the same moment of time was a gregarious feast.

The nig. was about five chains off, and riding to intercept me; the other was almost at my side—a sudden discovery, sitting with his back against a black oak and his hand caressing a prostrate dog.

dog, a long-haired fox terrier, was quivering, straining and stiffening under the gentle hand. This was no new sight to me. I thought of the notice on



Towards East Fremantle.



the boundary fence and refrained from useless questions.

The old man's back was turned to the approaching rider, so that to the "nig." the dog was not yet visible. Our native black man is nowhere so objectionable as on horseback. His jaunty patronising air borders upon arrogance. "I am *persona grata* here in this old bush, on this old hack; it's my book and you can't read it!" That's what he seems to say to yqu, and this chap as he swung up to us was true to type. He slapped a polished legging with his coiled whip and opened his face, exhibiting a mouthful of piano keys.

"Hallo! Where you goin'?" he queried.

I gave him no reply, and his eyes followed mine to what was at my feet. The dog was dead. Out of the old man's pale eyes the tears came freely and splashed in the yellow beard. I looked up in time to catch the electric change in the face of the Nanya man. He looked at me and the dog and the dog's bereaved owner in turn, and his eyes remained with the owner. I watched him as he sat stock-still. A blue film was creeping over the eyes that were like black agates a moment since. He blinked and his cheeks were wet. Then I was critical no longer, because something that had no right to snapped inside of me, and I cried too.

N.B.—It may interest the curious to know that the Castilian beauty still goes free. I may say, with the man who was serving a life sentence and

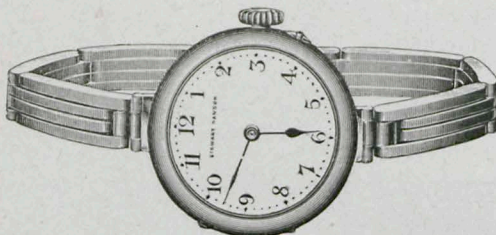
breaking stones: "there is plenty of time," and I may resume the quest anon.

And to all men who are allotted solitude I would say, win fifty thousand pounds sometimes and put in an hour in the spending of it; win fame if you choose, or even pursue a beautiful bride. There are worse time-killers, my brothers; you might even take to drink.



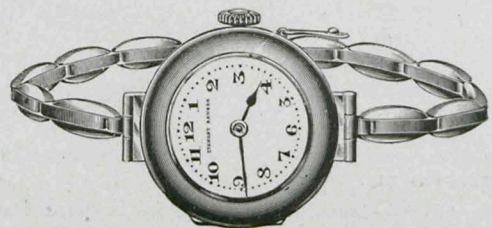
Along the Swan River towards Rocky Bay.

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# The Sub.'s Yarn.

A Newspaper-Office Story.

[For *The Golden West*]

By G. ELBURG.



"Interesting!" echoed Maddeson, with a grunt, "a sub's job pans out a grain or less of interest to the ton of weariness. He is the target of every time-wasting bore at large; he is pestered by notoriety-hunting chasers, or dodgers, who yearn to see their names in print, or want them kept out of the paper."

To Graham, the uninitiated outsider, the newspaper had the glamour of the unknown. "But your work is full of variety," he protested. "You see things first, and all that sort of thing," he concluded vaguely.

"Yes, the sub. sees things first," Maddeson agreed, with a wry grin. "For instance, he is the first to handle the cub reporter's column of exuberance, which has to be shorn down to an inch par. of bald fact—if there's that much in it. He has the privilege of reading the ill-written, windy effusions

of 'Pro Bono Publico' and the rest of his accursed tribe, and of combing out the libels which are the stock-in-trade of the anonymous correspondent."

His hearer was aggrieved, clinging hard to his delusions. "Anyway, your work has not the deadening hum-drumness of commerce, and when you've finished for the night you have the satisfaction of seeing the finished article before you."

"What an obstinate child it is! It's an interminable serial, never finished. As for satisfaction, the sub. gets no credit and all the blame. Despite all his care, when he looks through the rag next day there leaps at him some horrible freak—often obscene—of the lino. man, which his friends point out to him unfailingly for weeks after the event."

"If your picture is anything like the truth, why the devil don't you chuck it?" Graham asked irritably. After a moment's silence he added with the air of a sportsman with an empty bag and reduced to his last cartridge: "What about scoops?"

"Well, I don't know," Maddeson replied slowly, "it's like the drink habit, hard to chuck. Which reminds me —" He stretched out a long leg and pressed the bell-button with his toe. "Same? Whisky and soda twice, steward."

He sipped meditatively. "Scoops; yes, I'll tell you about one: it's quite a story." He settled down into his chair. "First a short preface. The incident did not take place in this country; any names I mention will be fictitious, but the rest is gospel truth."

"I was congratulating myself upon an exceptionally good run and a relatively early release from bondage. The last forme was under way and I was going across to the club for the drink and sandwich which beguiled the time I had to wait for the first sheet from the press, when my 'phone tinkled. It was 2 o'clock, and I was inclined to ignore the ring. However, I lifted the receiver and barked an unamiable 'Yes?' A voice like a silver



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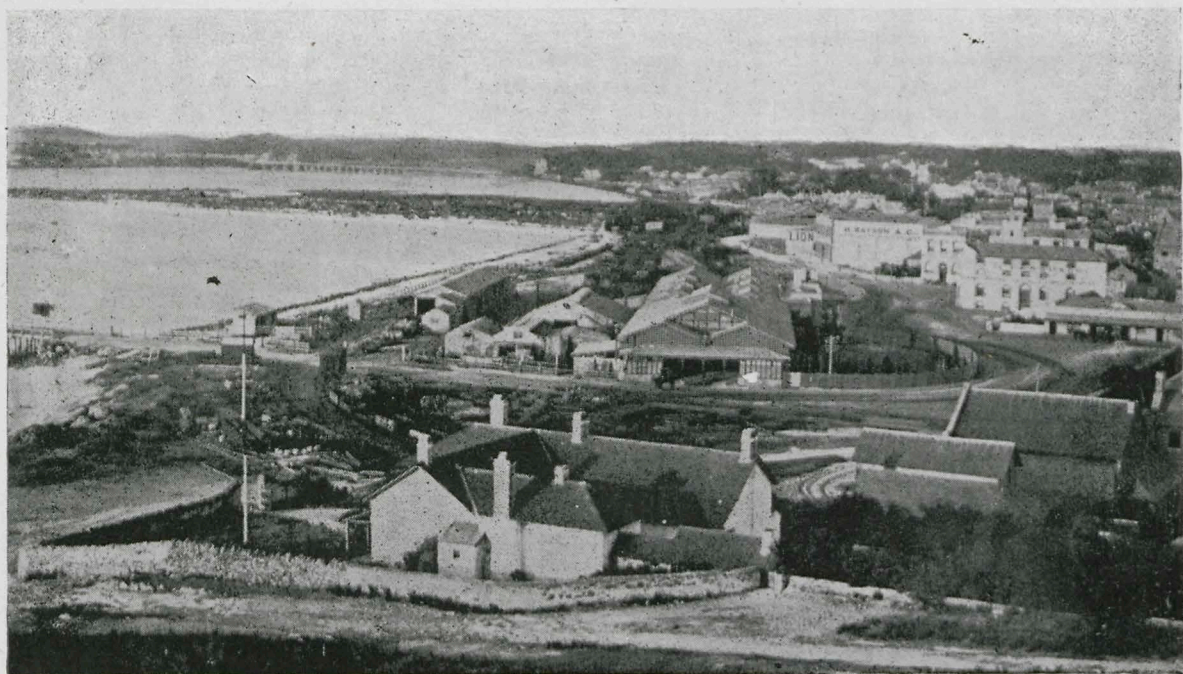
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bell—its ringing clarity and melody made an indelible impression on my memory—asked: 'Is that the 'Morning Monitor'? Listen carefully. Go to 134 Rosalie Street and you'll find something for your biggest headlines.' The line was disconnected abruptly.

and machine and prepare for a probable second edition, I rang up my friend the Sergeant at the watch-house, warning him that something might be doing. Fortunately, there was a belated cab on the stand near the office, and I was unfolding my tale to Sergt. Ryan within five minutes.



Fremantle before Construction of the Harbour. Old Railway Station in mid-foreground.

"My first impression was that some silly ass with a twisted idea of humour was trying to hoax me. I wasn't looking for sensations at that hour, and I hadn't the remotest idea where Rosalie Street was. But these grey hairs were long distant then and the voice had made a remarkable impression on me. Besides, there was the reptile contemp. which had got a bulge on us the week before. After telling the naturally enraged printer to hold a man

"'H'm!' he said, 'Rosalie Street! 'Tis a little blind alley in a place off Cameron Street. D'yer kape yer cab?'"

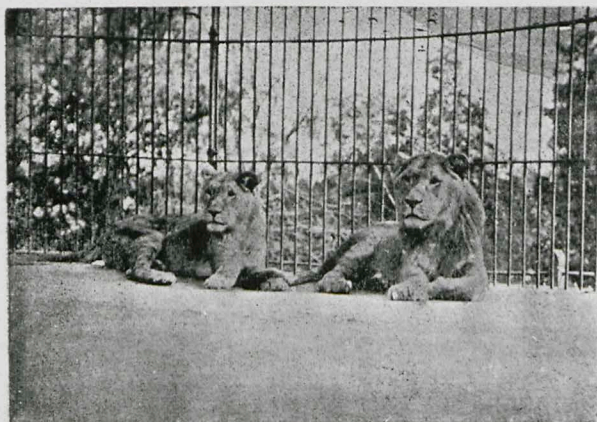
"I nodded. 'Do you think there's anything in it?'"

"'Can't say,' said the Sergeant laconically; 'but we'll soon see.' He rang his desk bell, and two uniformed men came in. He introduced me—'You know Mr. Maddeson, of the 'Morning Monitor'; he's got something about 134 Rosalie Street. Take him with you and he'll tell you about it on the way.'"

"It was about ten minutes' ride—the horse had not been a cup winner—and before we reached the street I had more than half regretted taking any notice of my mysterious informant. We got out at the corner, telling the cabbie to wait. Rosalie Street, as the Sergeant had said, was a little blind alley. There were only three houses, all on the one side, and 134 stood back behind shrubs and flower beds. It was pretty dark, and after Constable Phelan had found the number plate we stood hesitating at the gate. Everything was absolutely silent and not a glimmer of light showed anywhere.

"'Spose it's a mare's nest, Jim,' Phelan grumbled to his companion, 'but now we're here we may as well have a look at the place.'"

"I wished again, and fervently, that I had ignored the bell-like voice. I had visions, too, of an irate printer growing more acid with the fleeting minutes.

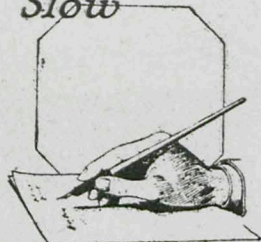


Their Favourite Pose. South Perth Zoo.



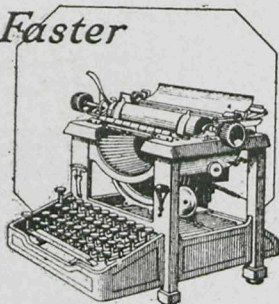
# Three Methods of Writing.

*Slow*



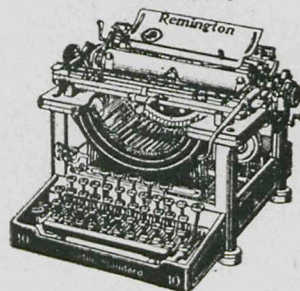
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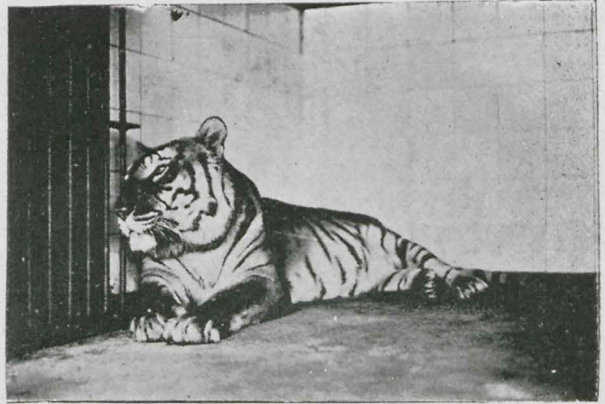
*Emanuel Buildings,  
Howard St., Perth.*



We walked cautiously down the path towards the house and located the 'front' door at the side, beneath a small porch. The door was half open. Constable Phelan scratched the back of his head dubiously and cleared his throat noisily. No sound came from within, and Phelan, taking the plunge, called: 'Is anyone in there, at all?'

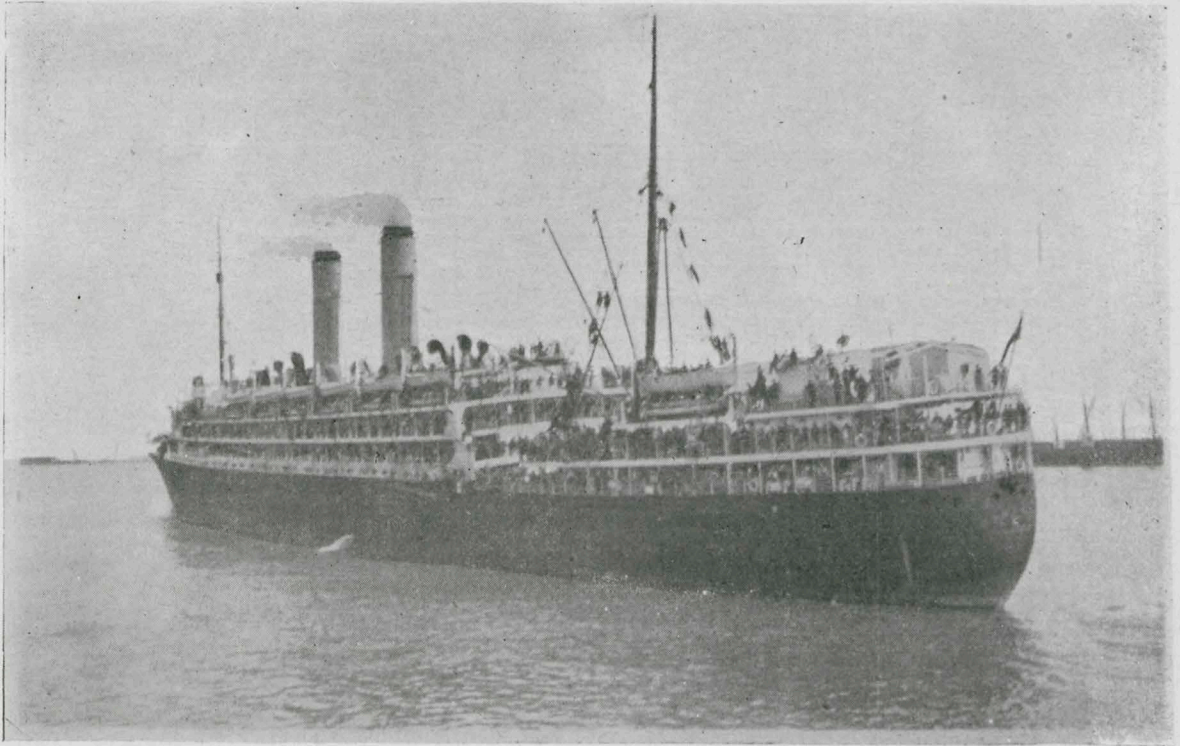
"There was no reply, and Phelan repeated his challenge in a voice that got away from him and might have waked the dead.

"'Dammit, here goes. Come wid me, Jim,' he said huskily, and stepped quietly into the hall. I, uneasily, brought up the rear. There was a room opening off on the left, and a flash from the constable's electric torch showed it to be untenanted. I also noticed a low table, a metal tray with cigarette ends, and two lounge chairs. We went on, instinctively on tiptoe, although the thick carpet would have deadened the heaviest footfall. A few paces down the narrow passage which led from the hall there was another door, a little more than ajar. Phelan pushed it quietly and flashed his torch. 'God A'mighty!' he gasped, and stepped back against his mate, who cannoned into me. He recovered himself quickly, flashed his torch again and then switched on the light. I looked over his shoulder and got the shock of my young life. A man and



Indolence.

lay a small revolver—dainty toys of ivory and mother-of-pearl. We three looked at one another, momentarily too shocked for speech. Then Phelan gave expression to my unspoken thought: 'By God, Anglose!'



Home-coming Troops on the Orient liner "Ormonde" at Fremantle.

a woman lay side by side in bed, apparently—at the first glance—asleep, only their heads and shoulders showing above the bed-clothes. Closer scrutiny revealed a spatter of black on the temple of each, and blood was oozing on to the snowy pillowslip. Both were dead. Beside each head, on the pillow,

"John Anglose, K.C., pre-eminently the leader of the local Bar, the handsomest man in the city and, with his young and beautiful wife, among the creme de la creme of the most exclusive stratum of society. I had known him well by sight, as everyone did, and never the faintest whisper of even





### Suppose Boans were set down over night in Your Own Home Town.

You would rub your eyes, wouldn't you, to see if you really were awake? Then you would grab your hat and coat and rush out to see what had happened. Outside you would find all your neighbors gathered from miles around . . . rushing . . . wondering . . . asking . . . talking . . . joining the throng . . . all rushing on to Boans.

Suppose this thing—this impossible thing—had happened in every town and settlement in Western Australia. That Boans had come right to your own district—and it stood over there, facing the Agricultural Hall, smiling a welcome to everyone.

#### WELL NOW

this impossible thing is not impossible. The buildings, of course—those huge piles of stone and iron and steel—cannot come to your own home town.

#### BUT WHAT IS BOANS?

Not only the buildings—the physical things you see as you look at the picture on this page—

#### BOANS IS SERVICE:

**SERVICE & MERCHANDISE & FAIR DEALING,** and all this can be transplanted any day to you—overnight—wherever you live.

A postcard—just a postcard—is the Aladdin's Lamp that you have in your hand every day. All you need to say is—

#### SEND ME YOUR MAIL ORDER GUIDE.

Boans then comes to you, almost as literally and as helpfully as though it really did stand alongside your local buildings.

#### WHAT IS BOANS?

NOT a mail order house.

NOT a big warehouse available only by means of a catalog.

Boans is an institution—the largest retail business in Western Australia.

1.—An Institution of more than Fifty Specialised Individual Stores under one roof, having the Largest Stock and Largest Variety of Trustworthy and Fashionable Merchandise.

2.—Centred in the very heart of Western Australia's Capital City.

3.—Buying Organisations in London, America, the Continent, and the East.

4.—Boans is a going business. It has been going for 24 years. It has served millions of people; is serving hundreds and thousands every day.

5.—It has established fixed fair standards of dealing and thus is recognised as the Standard Retail Business of Western Australia.

All this great Store is behind Boans' Mail Order Guide; and all the Store's merchandise, whether in the catalogue or not, is available to you through the mails.

#### BOANS ASK THE PRIVILEGE

not of serving you with what you can get to advantage in your home town, but with what you CANNOT get there.

Thousands of visitors come every year to Perth, and Boans will gladly serve you there, whenever you visit the city.

Or Boans will serve you by Mail in YOUR OWN HOME—Yes, the Store will go to you.

In either event you are sure of hearty welcome and our best service.

Mail a Postcard to-day, saying—

SEND ME YOUR MAIL ORDER GUIDE.

Address: BOANS LIMITED, PERTH.

# BOANS LIMITED, UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS, PERTH.



unorthodoxy on his part had ever reached me. The woman at his side was petite, with jet black hair and features cut like a cameo. Shutting one's eyes to the ugly stain, they might have been peacefully sleeping, so undisturbed were their expressions. Phelan picked up the revolvers: 'A woman's gim-cracks,' he commented, 'foreign make, one cartridge fired. Whoever did it foired wan wid aiche hand and quite close, I'm thinkin'.' He bent over the figures. 'D'yer know the woman, Jim?' he asked.

"Never saw her before," Murphy replied briefly. 'We'd better get busy.'

"I was in a sweat to get back to the office; my horror submerged in my hunger to get the mammoth scoop in some portion of the morning's issue. I photographed the scene on my brain while the two policemen deliberately made an examination of the room and the house. In the bedroom there were two wardrobes, one holding the apparel of a fashionable man, the other—the larger—filled with women's gowns and other clothing. The house had five rooms; small but luxuriously furnished. There was no telephone.



A De Grey River Chief.

"Phelan made a few notes, I cursing him under my breath. 'You wait here, Jim,' he said at last, 'while I report to the Sergeant and shake up the C.I.D.' I dropped him at the station and went on



North-Western Piccaninnies

in the cab to the office. It was nearly three o'clock and my scoop had missed the early parcels. I plunged into the story which I reckoned would make the city gasp as one man while some thousands of breakfasts grew stone-cold. The printer tore it from me slip by slip until the best column I had ever turned in was waiting for my headlines. As I was hesitating over the first black line my 'phone rang. 'Oh, go to h——!' I said irritably, but the infernal bell continued to whirl. I grabbed the receiver and snapped 'What is it?'

"It was the chief. The police had communicated with the dead man's relatives, who were of great power in the land, and heaven and earth, with a few other things, were being moved. First move, my great and glorious scoop was not to be. There was to appear a brief statement: 'We regret to announce the sudden death of Mr. John Anglose, K.C., the eminent,' etc., etc. In another column a paragraph would record the finding of a woman, name unknown, shot through the brain while in bed. The police were making inquiries, etc., etc.

"But," I expostulated, 'the whole thing must come out in a day or so, if not to-day, and the 'Daily Gazette' will get it.' I couldn't move the great man, however, so after saying a few things quite unfitting my relation to the controller of my immediate destiny, I took in my two feeble squibs, sans headlines, to the printer.



## Hotel Accommodation Par Excellence.

THE MAXIMUM OF COMFORT  
FOR THE MINIMUM OF COST.

To suit the Purses of Visitors to the Metropolis and those tired of Housekeeping.

*Special Terms and Concessions are now offered to Permanent Residents at the*

# Palace Hotel

*Universally designated as the most  
Up-to-Date Hotel in the State.*

**J. T. GLOWREY,**  
*Proprietor.*

### AN EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL TO ENJOY

The Comforts of a Home from Home at Low Cost.  
A Cuisine of Unparalleled Variety and Delicacy.  
Attendance unremitting Day and Night—The Servant Problem Solved.  
Hot Water Service absolutely Unequalled in the Commonwealth.  
Bedrooms of all sizes to suit all tastes, Artistically Furnished

Perfect propinquity to Trams, Trains and Theatres.  
The quintessence of Quiet, Comfort and Economy.  
Drawing Rooms, Lounge Rooms, and Smoke Rooms equipped for Comfort.  
Electric Lift and Lighting, and Telephone at all times.  
Sewerage arrangements on most Modern Principles.



TEL. 414.

# P. & O. HOTEL



**High Street - Fremantle**  
*(Opposite Western Australian Bank)*

**LEADING COMMERCIAL  
and FAMILY HOTEL**

*Close Harbour, Esplanade and  
Public Gardens.*

THE HOTEL is equipped with every modern convenience. Bedrooms, large, lofty, and thoroughly well-furnished. Private Sitting Rooms, Music Room, and Lounge. Cuisine Perfect. Stock in every Department absolutely best procurable. Moderate Tariff.

Completely Renovated Throughout, and now under the Direction of

**ROBT. C. McCUTCHEON,**  
*Proprietor.*



"This what you've kept me here for this—(adjective)—hour?" he snorted incredulously.

"No it isn't," I barked, "and you can put them in the rubbish tip or do anything you d— well like with them." I left the office in the blackest of rages, which called for whiskey, strong and numerous."

"By Jove! that was rotten," said Graham, "didn't

"Next day," Maddeson continued, "I saw the Sergeant. He was not inclined to be communicative; told me I'd better not talk about the affair. He unbent so far as to tell me that the police had found that the house in Rosalie Street had been

nothing, except return a cheque I received without explanation from the executors of the Anglose estate. After all, it was nothing to do with me. I heard that the beautiful widow was inconsolable. I resigned my job soon after, and this is the first time I have opened my mouth on the matter—it happened nearly twenty years ago."

"But what about the printer and the chap who set up your—what do you call it—copy?"

"Oh, I heard that the printer set up in business for himself a month or so later, and that the comp. was doing pretty well in a pub. I also learned that Mrs. Anglose had left the country."

"A rum story," mused Graham. "I knew your



Unloading Pearl Shell on Foreshore at Roebuck Bay, Broome, the headquarters of the Pearling Industry.

taken about two months before by a Mrs. Le Strange, whose description tallied with that of the dead woman I had seen, but nothing as to her antecedents had been ascertained. No information could be gathered of her movements since, nor of any visitors to the house; but search had revealed a small gate in the back fence opening into a narrow lane. There was no inquest on the body of the big man, nor was I called to give evidence at the inquiry into the death of the woman."

"Did nothing come out? Was everything hushed up?"

"Well, there were whispers and rumours of a nebulous kind floating about for a time; but it was some hush movement, I assure you. No, I did

experiences weren't so hum-drum as you pretended they were. And so that was the last of your scoop!"

"Yes," said the sub. slowly. "By the way: talking of voices. Five or six years ago I was sub. on the 'Guardian' in—well, never mind where. We rather specialised in society flutterings, and the chief moth of all the gay flock was the handsome Mrs. Durblo. Her husband was merely a chunk of money in the background. She had been the widow of an eminent legal luminary who had died in tragic circumstances, so it was said, in another country. However, what I knew of her was that she out-jazzed the next jazzier by a mile or so and regularly exceeded the speed limit on the high society track



# TASMANIA

## FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Thermometer average hottest month :

Perth - 74.1

Hobart - 62.4

Melbourne to Launceston, Burnie, or  
Devonport :

About 16 hours' run.



Mt. Wellington, from Huon Road. Hobart (Winter time).

The Tasmanian Tourist Department has Bureaux in all State  
Capital Cities.

PERTH OFFICE : 50 William Street.

Complete Guidebook and Accommodation List, 6d. ; posted, 9d.



without coming a cropper. Her photograph was always in one or other of the social weeklies, and she certainly was a dazzler; about thirty, I should say. Heigho! I've been spouting like a politician. Let's have a drink."

Graham sipped his whisky with a puzzled air.

week—"and thank you so much?" Maddeson bit his pipe and puffed with mild content.

"Hang it!" said the exasperated Graham, "what do I care if Mrs. Durblo's dance was postponed till Kingdom Come. Where's the point?"

"Ah!" said the sub., unmoved, "but the voice!



Yannarie River,

Onslow District.

"You started to say something about voices," he reminded Maddeson.

"Did I? I was only going to tell you how one night when I was on the 'Guardian'—which I believe I told you chronicled the nothings of Society with a large S—my 'phone rang. That was not unusual, of course. The speaker at the other end asked if I would be so very good as to write a paragraph to the effect that Mrs. Durblo's dance at the Hotel Albania had been postponed for a

It was like a silver bell, with music and a ringing clarity one hears but once in a lifetime."

Graham sat up in his chair. "Do you mean to say —?"

"Not at all," interrupted Maddeson imperturbably. "Hullo! Six o'clock; I must go. If you are really thinking of searing a sub.'s job out of some opulent newspaper proprietor, think again, old chap. You stick to the stool of commerce. It pays better and you get more sleep."



In the Timber Milling Country of the South-West.



# Dalgety & Company Ltd.

## PERTH.

Shipping, Insurance, Mercantile, Stock and Station Agents,  
Wool, Grain and Produce Brokers,  
Auctioneers and General Merchants.

# WOOL! WOOL!

The Premier Wool Selling House of Australasia.  
Appraisement Centres: FREMANTLE, GERALDTON, ALBANY

### Weekly Sales of Fat Stock at Metropolitan Markets.

Stock Sales conducted regularly throughout Agricultural Districts.

SPECIAL SALES arranged at MULLEWA and UTAKARRA (Geraldton)  
for Overland Stock.

Sales of Hides, Skins and Tallow held at Fremantle every Friday. Farmers' Produce sold daily by Auction in the Perth Railway Yards. Liberal advances against Wool and Produce.

#### INSURANCE AGENCIES—

Phoenix Assurance Coy., Ltd. (Fire and Accident) Motor Cars.  
British & Foreign Marine Insurance Coy., Ltd. Live Stock insured against all risks.  
Insurance on Wool from sheep's back to appraisement.

#### MERCANTILE AGENCIES—

Quibell's Sheep Dips and Disinfectants.	Hadfields Ltd. (Ore Crushing Machinery, Mangane- nese Castings).
Wolseley Sheep Shearing Machines.	Patent Process Wire Weaving Coy. (Battery Screening).
Wolseley Petrol Engines.	British Explosives Syndicate (Gelignite & Fuse).
Wolseley Cream Separators.	
Austral Seed Graders.	

#### IN STOCK—

Woolpacks.	Cornsacks.	Branbags.	Twine.	Fencing Material.
	Mt. Lyell and Cuming Smith's Fertilisers.			

ALL STATION AND FARM REQUISITES.

## Sole Agents for "BUICK" MOTOR CARS





## The Pastoral Industry.

The Season Reviewed—Northern and North-Western Operations—The Season in the Southern Areas—Establishment of Meat Works.

Last year a record clip was promised at the beginning and the promise ended in reasonable performance. What was of greater moment was that an equally record demand for wools of every kind matured as a result of the holding up of production practically throughout Europe and over the greater portion of Asia, following upon war devastation or absorption of labor, and the rest of the world owing to lack of shipping.

This year of grace all is changed with the solitary exception of the extraordinary demand for wool, which exists still, and will continue to exist for possibly many years to come.

Drought, and serious drought at that, has been the order of the period for the greater portion of

Of late general rains have fallen practically all over the State, but still some of the pastoral country, notably the Gascoyne, Minilya, and Upper Murchison, is terribly dry, the outlook being the reverse of rosy. The previously reigning period of rainless days and nights has left an indelible brand on the stock, cattle being very mediocre, and wool short, dry and very "tender." And in the sheep country there has been almost no lambing—lack of feed and water condemned the natural increase (wherever it put in an appearance) to early death. Still (ignoring the lambing), there has been no serious general decrease in stock—in fact, there has been a welcome increase in flocks and herds.

Much activity has been manifested in the pastoral



Shearing Time in the Far North.

the true pastoral country. From parts of the Midlands right up to Marble Bar, with the exception of a few rather widely scattered more favoured localities of comparatively small area, this general observation holds good, and the result must be, as is claimed by judges, that this year's clip will be light and tender.

lease market. The Lands Department records show that just on 400 pastoral lease applications were approved of during the year, the area affected approaching forty million acres. This showed an increase of applications amounting to 100, the area of the increase being over ten million acres. This magnificent spirit of progress has affected the



# The Koonoona Merinos

## BURRA, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Large framed, bold wooled, grass fed, pure Australian Merinos, founded in 1863.  
Specially adapted for the dry districts of the interior.

This noted Stud of sound commercial Merino sheep embodying great size and wealth of fleece, has been attained by 56 years of careful breeding to one type.



### "LORD KITCHENER"

(Special Stud Ram, 3½ years old—By Rajah)

Cut 33 lbs. wool. Bred by and the property of Koonoona Proprietors, Burra, South Australia.

The following addendum was made to a recent valuation of the whole of the Koonoona flocks, by two prominent sheep experts, for Estate purposes:—"We wish to add our opinion that the sheep are very high class, wonderful uniformity, great constitution, and we question if there is a flock of similar number of equal merit in the Commonwealth from a commercial standpoint."

ADDRESS:

**W. G. HAWKES, Managing Director, Koonoona Proprietors,  
Burra, South Australia.**



operations for this year, and it is believed that the records for 1919, when available (unfortunately, not for very many months yet) will show a similar expansion. Men who know the forces at work attribute this expansion chiefly to the magnificent price secured for wool, together with a more general recognition of the vast possibilities of the industry, possibilities that give no sign of waning for many years to come.

the increase of sheep since 1906 to the nearest thousand:—

1906	.. . . . .	3,341,000
1910	.. . . . .	5,158,000
1914	.. . . . .	4,456,000
1917	.. . . . .	6,384,000
1918	.. . . . .	7,184,000

Of the increase of approximately 800,000 sheep, about 550,000 have to be credited to that portion

Noonday at the  
Pool.



The last official figures for the wool clip of 1918 placed it at 43,404,670 lbs., an increase of nearly five million lbs. over the previous year's totals. In addition, wool was exported on skins during '18 which amounted to nearly two million lbs. These fine figures will not be bettered by much, if at all, this year. Apparently, however, this year's record will approach an even balance, particularly as in

of the State south of the Murchison, comprised in the statistical districts of Victoria, Northam, York, the districts on the Great Southern and South-West. These figures very clearly indicate how rapidly the settlers in the agricultural areas are developing from mere wheat growers to farmers.

The cattle population of the State rose from 927,000 to 944,000; it is again gratifying to record



Overlanding on the Ashburton.

the farming districts sheep-keeping, breeding and dealing have gone ahead wonderfully.

The amended stock returns published by the Statistical Department, giving the figures up to December, 1918, show that notwithstanding the dry spell in the North-West, there was a highly gratifying increase in sheep, but a serious decline of thousands in pigs. The following figures show

that in the South-Western or farming division the number of cattle increased from 99,000 to 111,000. Horses increased by about 2,000, the number in the State in December, 1918, being 180,000. The figures show a slump in pigs. In 1917 the number was 112,000, while in 1918 it fell to 86,000. During the current year the industry has boomed again under the influence of high prices, and the loss has ere this probably been more than made good.



# COLLINSVILLE STUD, South Australia.

## Collinsville Stud Merinos, 1919.

The STUD was founded in 1893 on South Australian Blood, which was kept pure until 1910 when "Dandie Dimont" was purchased at a cost of 1,550 guineas. The entire stud now has an infusion of Peppin Blood, which has proved highly beneficial.



"BROAD CHARLES," Sire "Lord Charles."  
Grand Champion Merino Ram (Unhoused). N.S.W. Sheepbreeders' Association Show, Sydney, July, 1919.



GRAND CHAMPION MERINO EWE (Unhoused).  
N.S.W. Sheepbreeders' Association Show, Sydney, July, 1919.

The TYPE of sheep bred are plain-bodied, large-framed and open-faced; carrying heavy fleeces of long, strong well crimped, lustrous wool into old age. Grazed on saltbush country. Average rainfall a little less than 9½ inches.

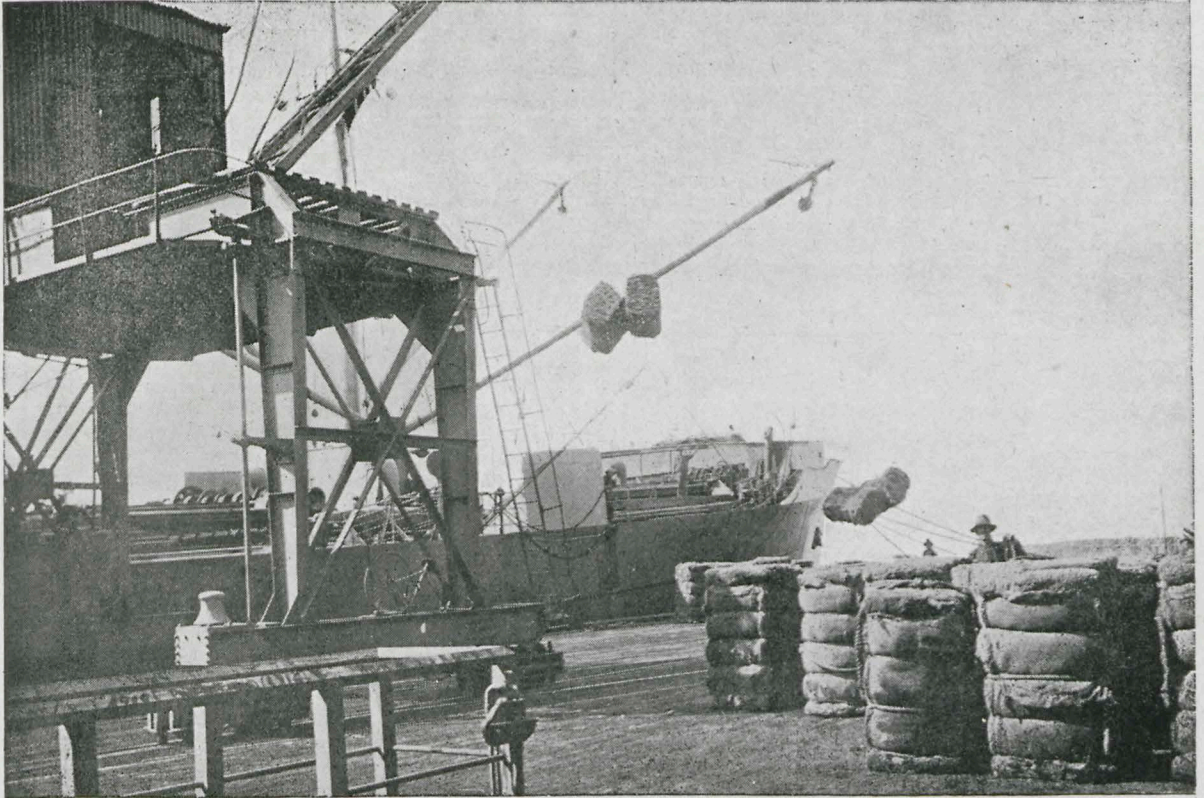


Bred by, and the Property of  
**JOHN COLLINS & SONS, Collinsville, via Hallett, South Australia**



The position in the meat trade is, to say the least of it, peculiar. During the year a strong company has been organised to establish export freezing works at Fremantle, and the construction of the works has been begun. The movements for the establishment of works at Geraldton and Carnarvon have not yet reached finality. It has been shown

works throughout the State. This sum is to come, it is understood, from receipts from the insurance companies, amounting to £200,000. The Wyndham works are the only big ones that are doing anything worth while to affect the meat shortage, and here, thanks to a late start, only about 9,300 head of cattle had been treated on the latest returns avail-



The Golden Fleece—West Australian Wool for Export.

that the Government has undertaken upon certain conditions to advance between thirty and forty thousand pounds to both Geraldton and Carnarvon freezing and canning projects, and about sixty thousand to the Fremantle company. In fact, it has been stated in the Assembly that the Government is committed to find about £190,000 to the different meat, bacon and similar factories and

able, in place of the twenty to thirty thousand the works are designed to deal with. Of this total of 9,300 head, about nine-tenths were canned, and the bulk of the product was shipped overseas.

Much has been said about the "meat ring"; little seems to be definitely known locally on this subject, but it was authoritatively stated in New Zealand at a farmers' conference quite recently



On a Kimberley  
River.



# WANGAMONG STUD (Rambouillet-Wanganella since 1863)

**Consistent Drought Resisters—66 Years.**

Wool and Mutton.—One-Man Type Flock.—W.B. Sanger, 40 Years

## FLOCK RAMS.

Sales for year 1913, including below—1258 to 28 old buyers out of 36—to all parts of the Commonwealth. South Africa (7 old buyers out of 9). New Zealand, only one buyer inspected, and he took 200. 1916-17-18 49 buyers out of 83 were old ram buyers, all but 3 left selection to breeder. Ear Mark Oblong Punch-hole.

## WOOL RETURNS.

September 26, 1916 Stud Clip, all Fleece, 19½d.—14s. 7d. (10½ months' growth) 11½lbs. average. \*

### AUSTRALIAN RECORD, NOVEMBER 14th

1916 Flock Clip, all Fleece in grease, Melbourne, 28d., realising 20s. per sheep.

## VIGOR.

12 Months' Loss (tailing counts included) 1917-18 only 2%

4,000 Wangamong Stud-bred Ewes, 3 to 13 years old, marked 85% very fine lambs. 1918 do. 98% "Wollindina," pure Wangamong breeding many years, marked 96% lambs.

The "Fly Trouble" does not affect Wangamong Sheep or Wangamong blood largely infused.

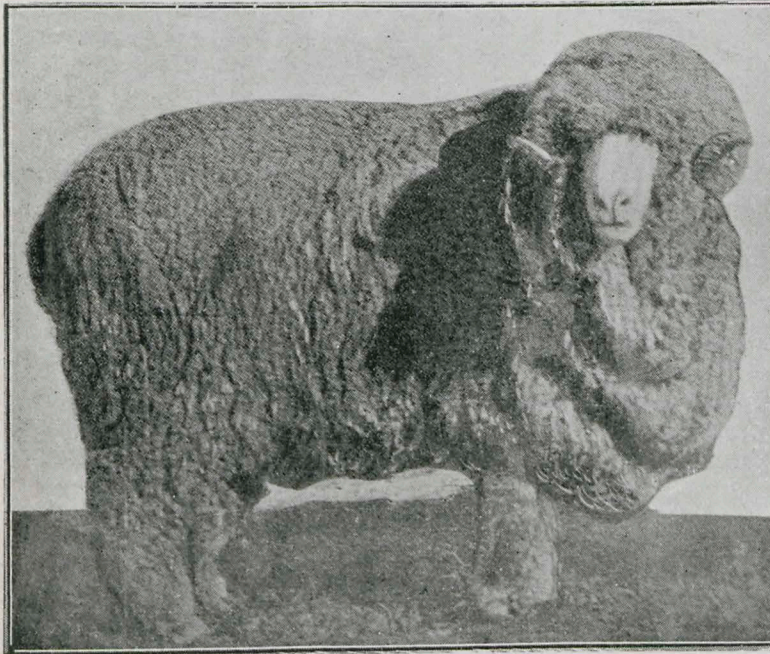


Illustration of  
Specially Selected Flocks  
£6 6s. to £10 10s.  
2 yrs. old.  
Representing 451 sold and  
delivered during 1913 to 18  
old buyers out of 24.

1879—Total	Clip	Wangamong	over S (with arrow through) in diamond,	5/9	per sheep
1889	"	"	"	7/3	"
1899	"	"	"	8/9	"
1909	"	"	"	9/5	"
1914	"	"	"	10/5	"
1916	"	"	"	17/9	"

Australian Market Always.

**BIG, PLAIN-BODIED, HARDY, LONG-STAPLED, ROBUST TYPE OF 66 YEARS' STANDING**  
Exactly between Wanganella and South Australian Types.

370—8/10/18, N.S.W.—"Hot Dry Dusty"—"Since our Flock was changed from Wangamong, no big percentages, long shafty wool, or big smooth wethers to sell. They were bought 12 to 15 months in advance."

352—29/10/17, South Africa.—"I told you of my record price in the grease, 31½d., pieces, 24½d." 6 years Wangamong.

APPLY—

{ W. B. Sanger, Governing Director,  
(Classer since 1880)  
J. M. Sanger, Manager, or

**WANGAMONG PASTORAL CO.** Daysdale, N.S.W.

## HARDINESS

1914—Driest Year on Record—  
6 inches rainfall. All Wangamong  
Sheep averaged 12½lbs. Wool.

AUSTRALIAN RECORD  
Nov. 14, 1916.

## Wangamong

over S (with arrow through)  
in diamond.

Sold by N.Z L., & M.A. Co. in  
Melbourne.

**28½d. 50 Bales**  
(in grease)

All Fleece averaged 28.03d.  
(Record to November 14)

All Broken, 1st and 2nd  
Pieces, 25d. (Record to Date)

All Bellies 19½d. Locks 8d.

All Wool 20/- per sheep

94% Breeding Ewes.



that the United States Meat Trust had been so operating as to seriously reduce the meat on the hoof in that country within ten years. In fact, at the conference referred to it was seriously asserted that cattle had decreased by ten millions, and sheep by half that number, the sole reason given being "the operations of the Trust."

Apropos of the foregoing, and to illustrate the value of the meat refrigerating and canning trade

Morris and Co., and the National Packing Co.) were responsible for the handling of £250,000,000 worth of meat. Of course, Australia and New Zealand were called upon to make contributions to this immense total. According to the last available official figures, there were almost an equal number of canning and refrigerating works in Australia and New Zealand (just under 50 each, the N.Z. total being the higher). In N.Z. in 1895-6 this industry supported 2,037 employees; 20 years later the total

Wool-laden Camel Team  
en route to Seaport.



to the pastoral industry, and incidentally to illustrate how far ahead of this State New Zealand is with regard to the provision of meat works, the following information is culled from a series of lectures recently delivered by the Chief Stock Inspector (Mr. R. E. Weir):—In 1916, prior to the immense inflation of business brought about by war conditions, the "Big Four" in the American packing world (Messrs. Armour, Swift, Nelson

employees numbered just 6,000, and the stock depastured in the Dominion had grown to the following totals:—Cattle, 3,000,000; sheep, 25,000,000; and pigs, 285,000 (all in round numbers). Compare this with the latest official stock returns for this State (in round numbers), containing as it does over nine times the area (respective figures, W.A. 975,000 square miles, and N.Z. 103,581):—Cattle, 944,000; sheep, 7,184,000; pigs, 85,900.

**AUSTRALIAN  
WHITE WHEAT  
FLOUR**

**OCKERBY & CO. LTD.**  
MILLERS & GRAIN MERCHANTS

HEAD OFFICE, PERTH, MILLS, COTTESLOE & KELLERBERRIN, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.  
CAPACITY 40,000 TONS PER ANNUM.



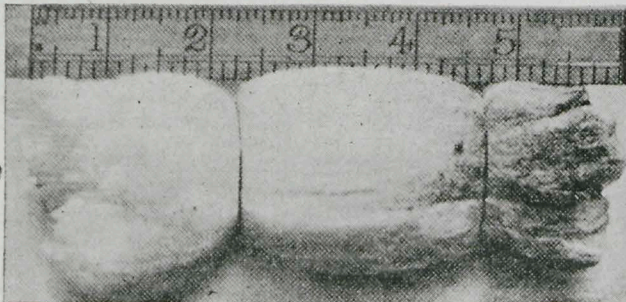
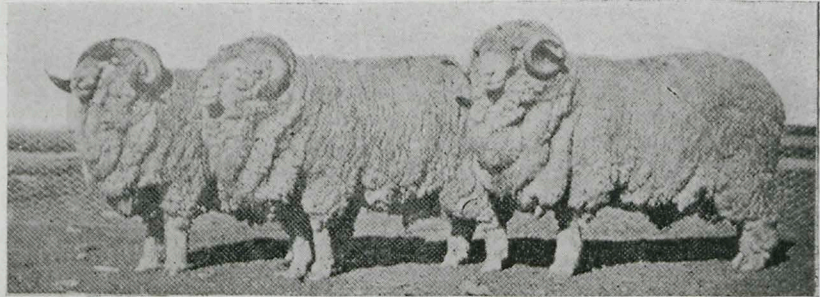
# MERRIBEE STUD.



The MERRIBEE SHEEP have large frames and strong constitutions and carry heavy fleeces of long-stapled, strong combing wool of a profitable type. They have for the last 27 years been bred principally to the South Australian strain, and are mainly Murray blood, the best Murray Stud Rams procurable having been introduced from time to time; also over eight hundred pure Murray Ewes.



The average yield of wool per sheep (with about four-fifths ewes) is about 13 lbs.



Rams from this flock have produced most profitable stock on properties in Queensland and New South Wales where they have been used. Over 2000 Rams are bred annually. This year's (1919) clip has just been appraised in Sydney at up to 23½d. per lb.

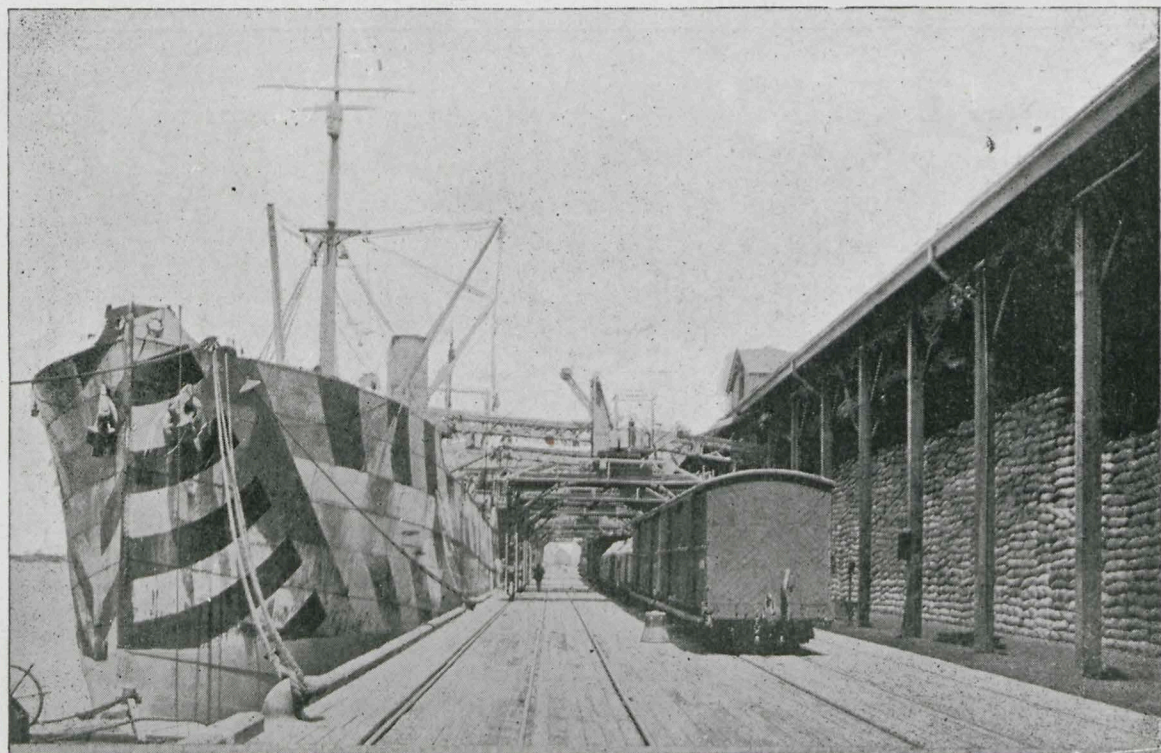
2 AND 4-TOOTH, FLOCK, SELECTED AND STUD RAMS FOR SALE.

For full particulars apply to W. W. KILLEN, MERRIBEE, BARELLAN, N.S.W.





A Pastoral Homestead.



Loading Grain at Fremantle for Overseas.



# CONNOR, DOHERTY & DURACK LTD.

Land, Stock & Station Agents. General Merchants & Commission Agents



WARRIOR.

HEAD OFFICE :  
20 Howard St., Perth

BRANCHES :  
Wyndham and Wagin

## BEHN-ORD STUD FLOCK

Connor, Doherty & Durack Ltd., on their "Behn Ord" property, East Wagin, have made a specialty of breeding the famous Haddon Rig Sheep,

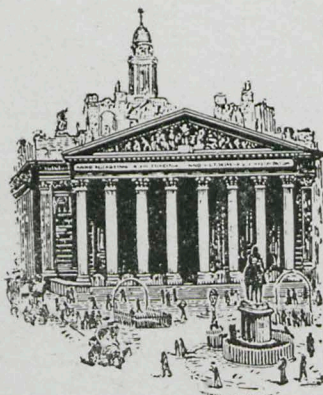
PURE WANGANELLA BLOOD

Stud and Flock Rams of this Blood For Sale.

Apply Head Office, Perth : or  
P. B. Durack, Wagin, Tel, 36

Founded A.D. 1720  
Assets Exceed £9,300,000

W.A. Branch :  
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A Broad Sweep of the Swan River viewed from Point Walter.



A Summer Day at the South Beach, Fremantle.



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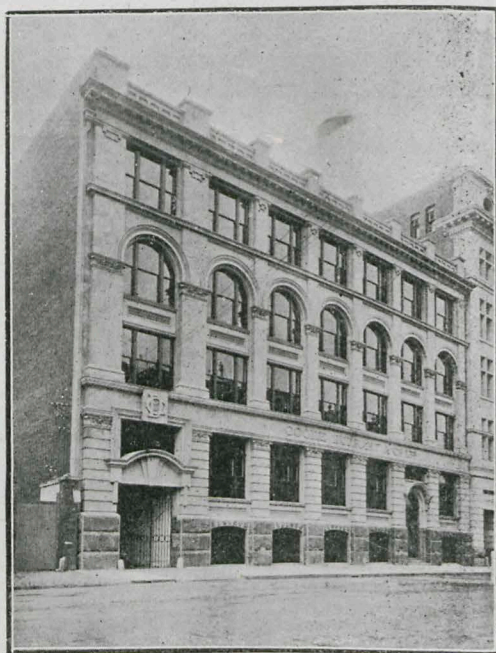
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## In Old Coolgardie.

"Gold Miners Perish by Scores on the Roadside."  
 "Men, Women, Children and Horses Fall Dead in  
 the Street from Sunstroke."

[For *The Golden West*]

By JOHN DRAYTON.

Nothing that could be written of Coolgardie, or any of the fields, to-day, would be one-half as interesting as some of the things that were written while Coolgardie was on the map—and its name was something to be conjured within the regions of high finance. In the early days of '96, there were two representatives of American papers on the Old Camp, not local men doing the work for the far-off prints,—and the good Lord knows they could do lying enough for a community—but real writing men from the United States. What prompted them to write as they did, their patron, the Devil, only knows, but they sent along some of the most remarkable stories of life and death, and got away with them too, for before the stuff appeared here, they had gone home. Possibly some of the experts had sold them a few pups, I don't know, and this sort of matter was sent along, to get even on the sharps, of whom there were plenty:

"Newspaper columns are crowded with reports of the rush from the goldfields of Coolgardie, which during the past six months have claimed upwards of 200 victims, by starvation or water famine. So



Valiant Bucks in Corroboree Attire.

the road leading from that place back to civilisation is strewn with skeletons, and marked with the graves of those who have perished in their desperate attempts to reach the nearest station."

This is a sample of the stuff that made its way to New York, and was printed in "The Times" of that city. Nearer home the same man, acting as correspondent for New Zealand papers wrote:

"I have travelled over a thousand miles of West Australia and, as near as it is to be described, it is a land of sin, sorrow, sand, salt, hunger, hot



A Group of Old-Time Prospectors.

[Macpherson, the bearded figure on the extreme right, was on Coolgardie before Bayley, who received the reward. He told the latter in Southern Cross that he had found good gold out east, but had to make back to Settlement as there was no water. Bayley made out in the rainy season and discovered the fortune Macpherson had missed.]

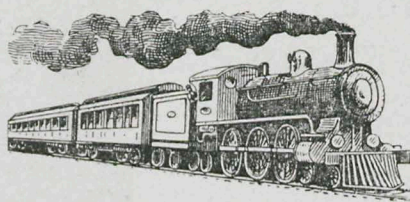
many of the goldseekers have found death instead of fortune, that a panic among the prospectors has resulted, and every mode of conveyance is now called into service to transport from West Australia those who, a few months ago, were mad to go there.

"A party of New Castle miners who have returned to Sydney, report hundreds of men starving at Perth and unable to raise money to get back to N.S.W. At Kalgoorlie terrible destitution prevails, and

weather, broken hearts, dust, flies and sore eyes—not forgetting the unemployed. For a man to come here, prospecting, he wants a fortune behind him, as everything is dreadfully dear, and expensive. Even kittens I saw sold, in a sale, at ten shillings each. As for wages' employment, it is impossible for anyone, not being a practical miner, to get work. A good miner can get £3 10s. a week, and out of that it will cost him 10s. a week for water alone.



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"The prices of eatables are as follows:—Bread, 1/3 loaf; salt 6d. lb.; sugar, 8d. lb.; potatoes, 8s. lb.; fresh beef, 4/-; water, 9d. gallon. Men are coming in at the rate of 200 daily, and are leaving just as quickly. The only ones that are stopping here are those who have not enough to take them away, and those who are too dead to go.

"Coolgardie is rotten with fever, and men are dying every day. I saw the undertaker take six out of the hospital on Friday, and on Sunday five more were buried. They do not publish a list of the deaths in the newspapers, so you don't hear of many dying. I knew four men who were camped in a tent, and three of them died in a week. The railway is to be opened to Coolgardie in March, and the machinery that is stacked at Fremantle will be brought here. It is the opinion of a great number that 39 out of every 40 mine's will prove duffers, and that is likely to cause the English capital to be withdrawn. If that is done, 'Wonderful Coolgardie' will be left, once again, to the blacks. There are fully 50,000 men on the 'field. I hope this will stop some."

This was, as the Dutchman said, when he was before the court in a matter of interest to posterity, part-wise true, and part-wise not so. There was a good deal of sickness on the field; there was an influx of population and some unemployment; but, at the time, Kalgoorlie was being heard from, and the outfields were calling, and there was no great poverty. And just about this time some of the small men had done fairly well on Hannans. One hundred and fifty pounds was all the money put into the syndicate that afterwards owned the Boulder, Ivanhoe, and some of the other little potholes in the ground from which much gold—

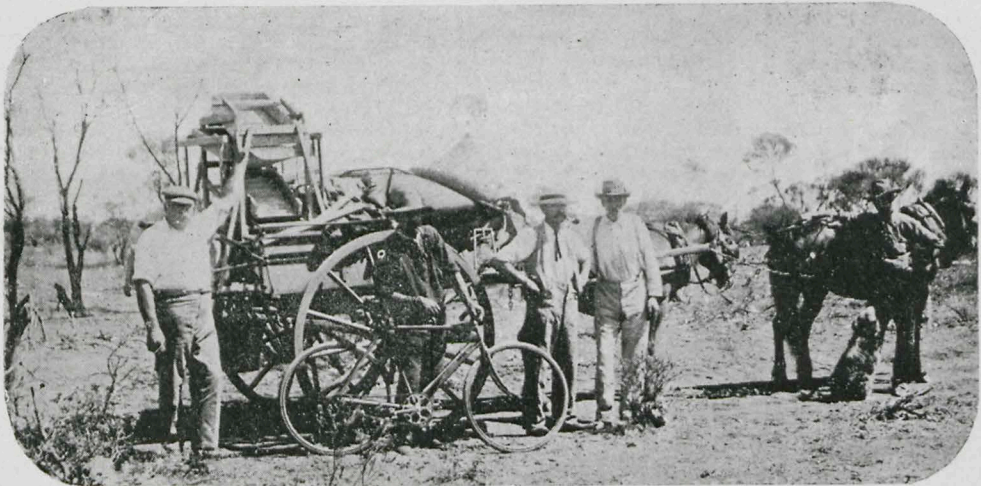


The Camp.

and keep themselves going till they struck something. At Hannans they pegged out the Great Boulder, Ivanhoe, and about a dozen more leases. Inside three years the shows had a market value of £5,460,000!

At the same time Smiler Hales and I were associated in the production of the Coolgardie "Review," and being intensely locally patriotic, it was resolved to give some more facts, of the approved brand, to the American press. I wrote as follows—and got by with it, too:

"The heat has never been so excessive. Sheep and cattle are dying in droves for want of fodder and water. Men, women, children and horses drop down in the streets and die before assistance can reach them. The crops have been ruined by the heat. The wheat harvest is a sure failure. The



Prospectors Outfitted for a "Rush."

millions of pounds worth of it, to be exact, was taken. The Adelaide Prospecting Party, in £15 shares, consisted of Brookman, Wigg, Hodge Doolette, Hamilton, McBride, Brocksopp, Templeton, McEwin, Wilkinson and Harrison. Brookman, with Charlie Pearce and C. H. Rose, formed the working party, and when they had finished equipping for the great adventure, they had barely £80 with which to finance their trip over the 500 miles,

only cow in the settlement has gone dry, and all the hens have taken to laying in the bush, where the goannas and snakes eat the eggs, and devour such chickens as have been unlucky enough to be hatched.

"The heat for weeks has been 213 in the shade, and would be more, but the biggest thermometer in town will not register all of it. Water left in the tanks in the sun, is boiling at noon, and working



men make their tea at mid-day from fluid, on which in the morning the ice was an inch thick.

"On one day some weeks ago 700 people dropped dead in the main street from sunstroke, and being kicked by a horse, and many others, who died standing up, are still walking round to save being captured by the Government ghoul who would search them for the burial fees. The chief manager of the cemetery is engaged day and night superintending the work of the grave diggers, who have cut several lodes in the cemetery, and during May eight occupied graves were jumped, owing to good dollying leaders having been traced into them. A syndicate has been formed to work the cemetery, and the remains will be stacked outside the boundary till the ground is worked. To prevent confusion each remain will be ticketed, and, as far as possible, buried in accordance with the original interment.

"It is a frequent spectacle to see citizens perishing in the morning, and many of them walk the street from 4 a.m. till the hotels are open, when they breast the bars, and the cool whisky and soda sizzles in their parched throats like soapsuds on a hot shovel. The newspaper columns are crowded with death notices and cables concerning the cricket match.

"Wages are £11 a week for men, and £14 a week for grave diggers. Cats and dogs are deserting the houses and taking to the bush, as a consequence of the increased output of pork sausages. Bread is 8/- a loaf; butter, 9/6 a lb.; potatoes 1s. each; cherries, 2 for 1/8; and beef 4/6 per oz. Champagne is 3/- a bottle. Gold is plentiful, but, owing to the difficulties of transportation, is piled up in the streets, and exposed to all the changes of the weather. Tons of leaf gold are rotting at the camel camps, and four days ago Geo. Washington Thompson, of Pig Face, offered a pannikin full of specimens for a pint of milk. Half Bayley street could have been bought in the early part of 1892 (by Geo. Washington, aforesaid) for a pack-horse and a case of tinned fish. But he did not have the horse—nor the fish. All the mines in the place are duffers, few of them yielding more than 5 oz. to the ton, and many of them not even 4 oz. There are, on the last census, 500,000 people on the fields, and as the only dam is going dry, it is anticipated there will be a scarcity of water. People are arriving in thousands every day, and the military forces are stationed at the edge of the desert, to prevent individuals attempting the journey. The



A Goldfields Rock Hole.

death rate of the last two years has been 104 per cent., and the emigration has exceeded the immigration by several thousands weekly, yet the population is increasing steadily."

When this true account of the conditions of the fields reached America the trains were running into Coolgardie, the town had its electric lighting and power system, water was so plentiful that some of the people washed every day, and many at least twice a week. Vegetables were to be had, and a good eating water melon could be bought for 6/-. Civilization had reached the camp, and some of the more daring of the later arrivals in Australia, from the old country, were making their way to the fields.

Dave Lindsay had been engaged by a cable to bring a party of this brand of pioneers from Perth, and he had paraded them on the station an hour before the train left, to give the city folks a chance of seeing the intrepids who were to fare forth into the wild in his custody. David managed to get a little fun into most of his pioneering stunts—though there was not so much of it in his trek across Victoria Desert with a string of nineteen camels, to none of which he gave a drink for fifteen days. All the members of his party were armed to the teeth. Each carried two revolvers in his sash, a long sheath knife at his side, a cartridge belt and a tomahawk, and a silver-knobbed walking-stick, big enough to drive a 4 x 3 peg into a foot of conglomerate..

A wild-eyed prospector down from Kurnalpi on a jag, sighted the assembly:

"Where y' goin'?" he asked.

"To the interiah," civilly replied one of the boys.

"Prospectin'?"

"Yaas, and er-er-explorin', don't y' know," was the answer.

"Where to?" demanded the prospector, as he glimpsed the guns and cutlery.

"South'n Crawss, I believe," submitted the immigrant.

"Gosh!" commented the man from Kurnalpi.

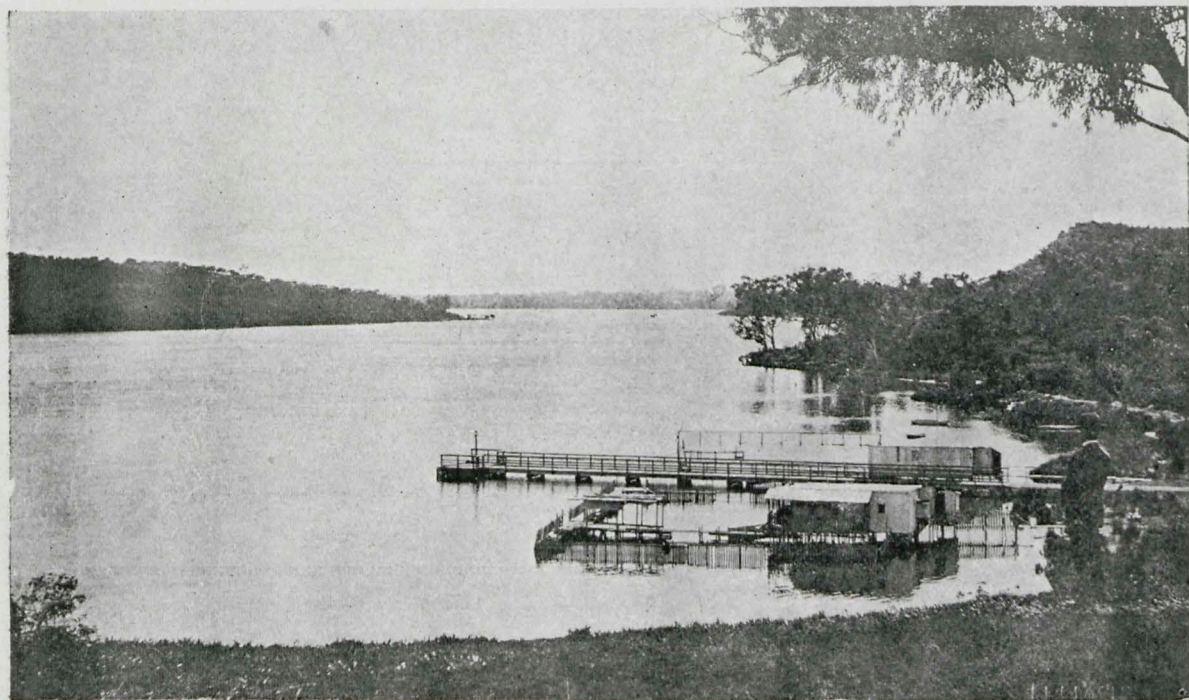


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## "Split-the-Wind."

Bush Brother and Bushman.

[For *The Golden West*]

By ALFRED CHANDLER.

"Stellar distances are calculated in 'light years,'" reflected the Bush Brother audibly.

"Yes?" said the R.M., with a query in the monosyllable.

"Yes, a dozen white stockmen, a lot of wild blacks, and a few half-and-halves."

"Piebalds?"

"I suppose that is what you would call them."

"And how do you get around among them—how do you cover these stellar distances?"

"On my faithful bike."

"Umph! that seems a hopeless sort of steed in these Kimberley wildernesses. By George! you ought to have an aeroplane. Just think of flying from Derby to Hall's Creek and across to Wyndham—breakfast in Broome and a night-cap at Durack's!"

"Some day—some day—perhaps. Meantime, the old chug-chug will have to serve in the essential duty of keeping alive the appeals of the Litany."

"I'm off now along the Fitzroy—250 miles out towards my Eastern border."



A Pool on the Arthur River.

"Well," explained the B.B., "I think I'll have to adopt that method in measuring my parish."

"Ha! I see. Your parish is a little larger than St. Pancras. What are its boundaries?"

"There aren't any in particular; but for purposes of identification you may say that it is bounded on the West by the Indian Ocean, on the North by the Equator, on the East by the O.T. line, and on the South by the Tropic of Capricorn."

"Great heavens! it's bigger than Russia in Europe, and less explored."

"I believe it is. I feel like Alexander Selkirk in my isolation."

"But your parishioners—have you any?"

"Well, good-bye and good luck! Look out for alligators."

"Oh! they are beginning to know me. They prefer a plump nigger."

"I'm not surprised," muttered the R.M. as the Bush Brother disappeared. "Our friend is so damn thin that the 'gators have put him on the exemption list."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hullo! there goes old Split-the-Wind," said Trooper Brown as the B.B. went chugging down the dusty road. "I guess he's off on one of his tours of inspection. Howsomedever, he's so thin



that his machine won't feel him aboard, and his petrol will hold out till he gets to the first cattle station. Thin! why, he'd cut leather, let alone wind!"

Really, he was excruciatingly thin. Whatever became of the carbo-hydrates and fats that he consumed neither he nor anyone else could explain. Sometimes he thought that the continual travelling and the vibration of his chug-chug caused a depletion of fatty tissue and prevented the agglomeration of adipose atoms. From the Gulf to Lacrosse he was known as "Split-the-Wind," and was regarded as one of the whitest sky-pilots that had ever braved the bush.

\* \* \* \*

For half a day "Split-the-Wind" had plugged along with his usual determination. A couple of times he had pulled up to camp for half an hour and "boil the billy," for even an Oxford M.A. soon gets converted to the great Australian beverage when he strikes the Nor'-West.

So far the track had been fairly good, but now he had reached a sand-patch a couple of miles across and was pushing his "faithful steed" over some of the worst parts. It was mighty hard work, but "Split-the-Wind" never flinched or failed. It was part of his service in the vineyard. Besides, some day he might get—a flying machine.



At the Pool

As he was struggling through the heavy sand he saw away in the "stellar distance" a horseman, and, by intuitive parallax computations, he reckoned the stranger was coming towards him. This was confirmed as the man and horse became more distinct.

A quarter of an hour later a wirey son of the wilderness, "bearded like the pard," clear-eyed as a falcon, and as lean as a rock wallaby, pulled up his ditto brumby.

"Good-day!" said "Split-the-Wind," cheerfully.

"Good-day!" returned the stockman.

"Hard work this."

"Well, why don't you buy a horse?"

Before the B.B. could explain that funds were low in the diocese, the bushman was cantering away towards Derby.

\* \* \* \*

A week later the parson was returning. He had been up to the head of the Fitzroy, seen three pale parishioners, and 300 dusky brethren, and was look-

ing forward to a dip in the waters of the Indian Ocean.

As he was bogging across the same old sand patch he saw a horseman on the western horizon, and soon concluded that he was steering East. Gradually he came nearer and was seen clearer, until he recognised his laconic friend whose advice he could scarcely adopt.

"Hullo! back again?" greeted "Split-the-Wind."

The only answer he got was a bundle of bank-notes flung at his feet as the fleeting stockman shouted:

"There! go and buy a — horse!"

### THE SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

Among the candidates for the Senate is Mr. Victor Riseley, a well-known W.A. journalist. Mr. Riseley is a straight-out Country Party candidate. The candidate has had a series of successful meetings throughout the country to date, and, knowing the needs of the State better than most people, and possessing the ability to give effective manifestation of its requirements, should prove a tower of strength in Western Australia's representation in the Federal arena if returned to Parliament on the 13th of December.

This issue of *The Golden West* comes from the Printing House of V. K. Jones & Co, Ltd., 859 Hay Street, Perth. The process blocks were made by Messrs. T. Mills and O. Grattan. To all our readers we extend seasonable greetings.

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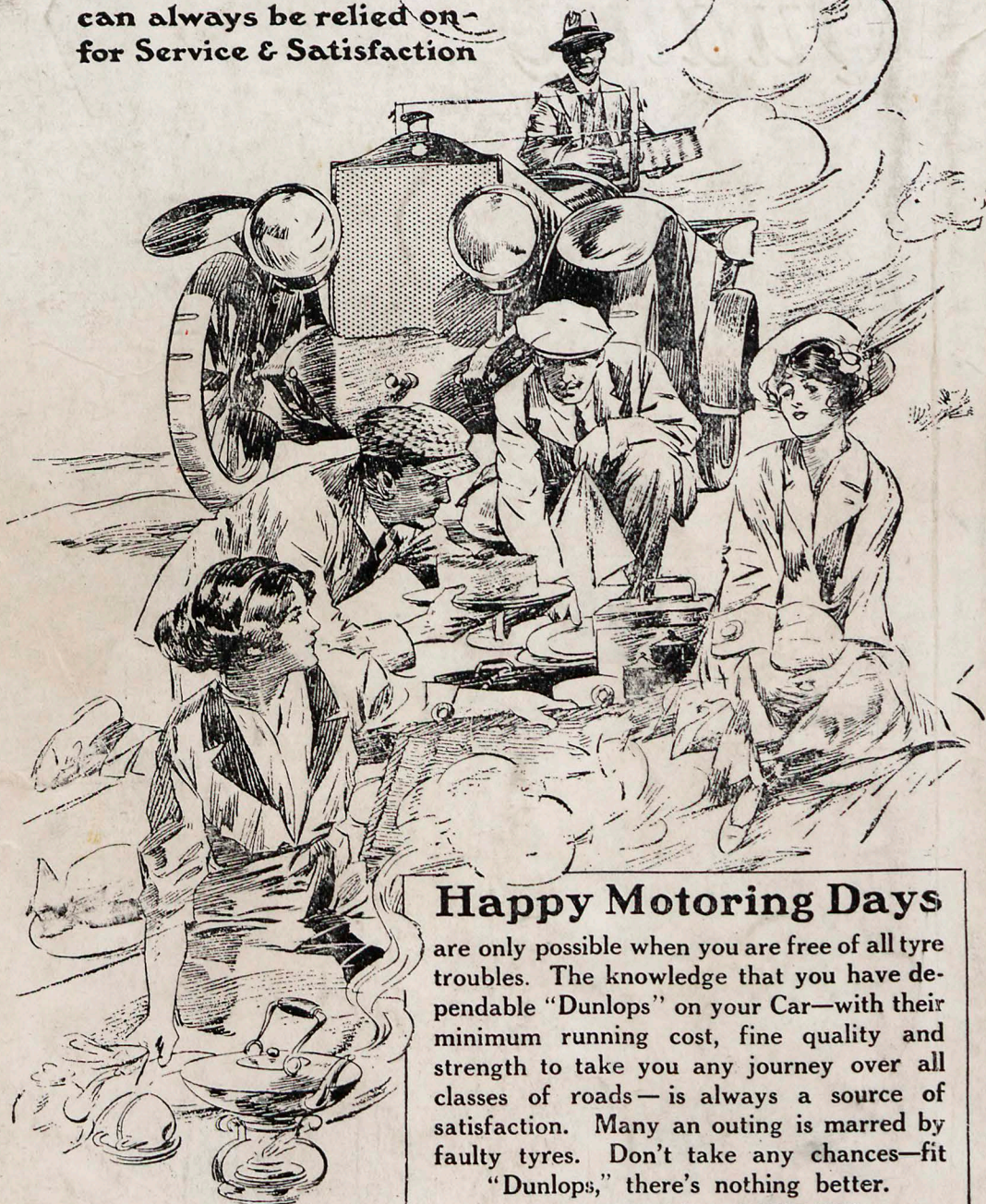
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