

# THE GOLDEN WEST.

PUBLISHER: R. CLARKE SPEAR, 97 ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



St. George's Terrace, looking East from St. George's House (a recent addition to Perth's Architecture).



Barrack Street, looking North from St. George's Terrace Intersection, showing Treasury Buildings and Town Hall.

[Photos by Eric Mills, 18th November, 1913]



# The Western Australian Bank.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL (25 000 Shares at £10 each)	...	...	...	...	£250,000	0	0
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RESERVE FUND	...	...	...	...	660,000	0	0
RESERVED PROFITS	...	...	...	...	24,528	10	8
RESERVED LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS	...	...	...	...	250,000	0	0



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**THE BUSIEST DAY (Nov. 4, 1913) IN THE HISTORY OF FREMANTLE HARBOR.**

Of the fifteen Steamers (of a total of 83,000 tonnage) in Port, four were Mail Steamers of the English, French and German Lines, viz.:—R.M.S. Otway, R.M.S. Mongolia, F.M.S. Ville de la Ciotat, and G.M.S. Roon, constituting a somewhat unique happening. The other vessels comprised Interstate Traders and Over-sea Cargo Carriers.



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"NEPTUNE"  
UNRIVALLED

PATENT STEEL  
FENCING WIRE.

12½, 14 and 10½ Gauges.

"DINGO" BRAND STEEL  
FENCING WIRE.

12 Gauge and 12½ Gauge  
(Special).

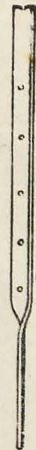
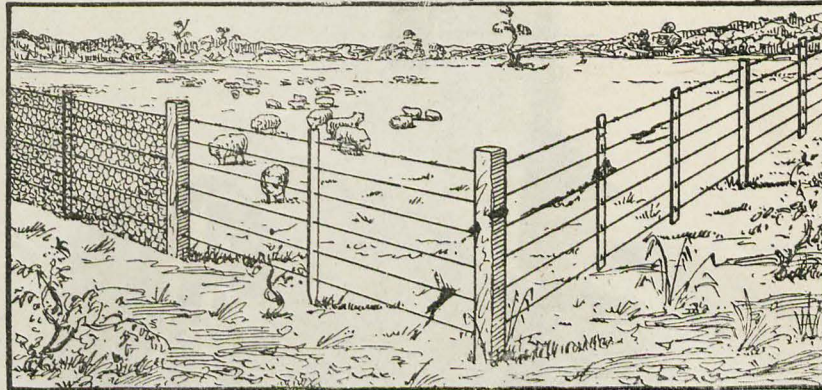
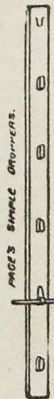
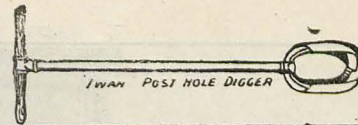
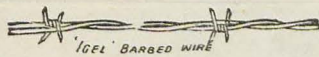
"IGEL" BARBED WIRE  
Cheapest per Mile.

"IWAN" POSTHOLE  
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IRON FENCING  
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"NEPTUNE" NETTING  
IN ALL SIZES  
(The STANDARD)

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Made from specially  
imported steel tubing.



To buy any other Windmill when you can get  
—THE—

## "Gearless Alston" MILL

is like taking the Second Best at a Higher Price.  
There are other good mills to be had, BUT The  
**GEARLESS ALSTON IS THE BEST—Positively.**

Because—It is Gearless

Because—It has fewer wearing parts.

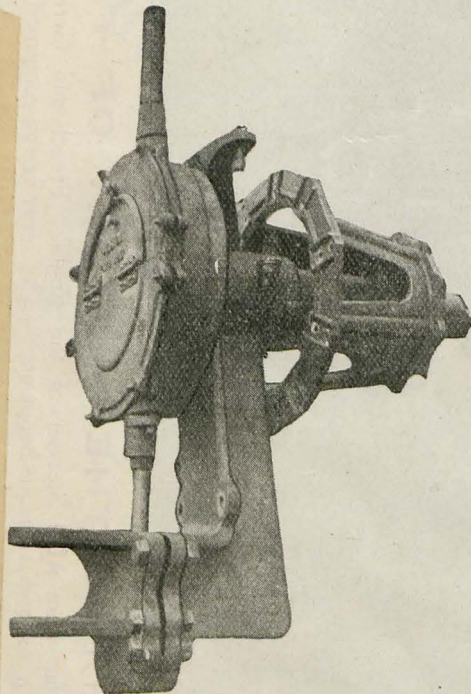
Because—It is self-oiling

Because—It will run for months with one charge of oil

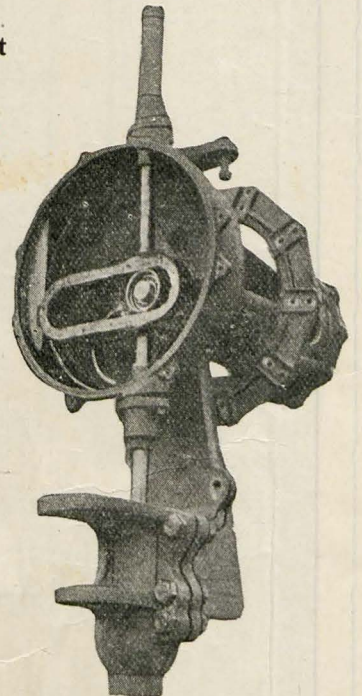
Because—It is frictionless

Because—It is the simplest mechanism possible.

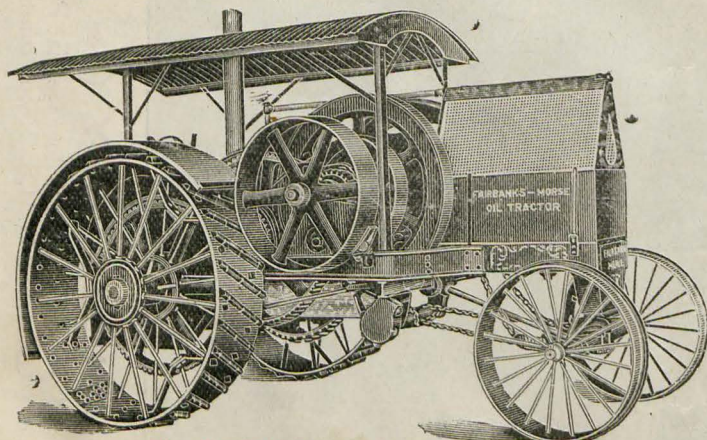
Because—It will work in a breeze which will not move a  
geared mill.



Showing Case closed. Working parts run in  
an Oil Bath.



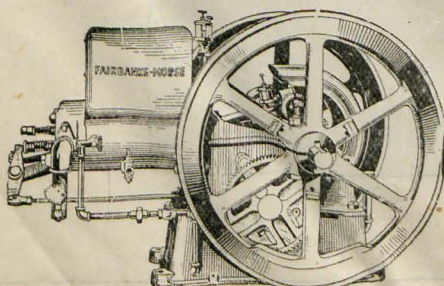
Showing the Case opened. Note the  
direct lift of the mechanism.



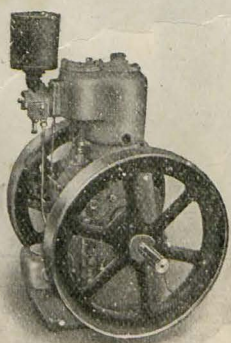
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Does the work of 15 Heavy Horses at the cost of 5.

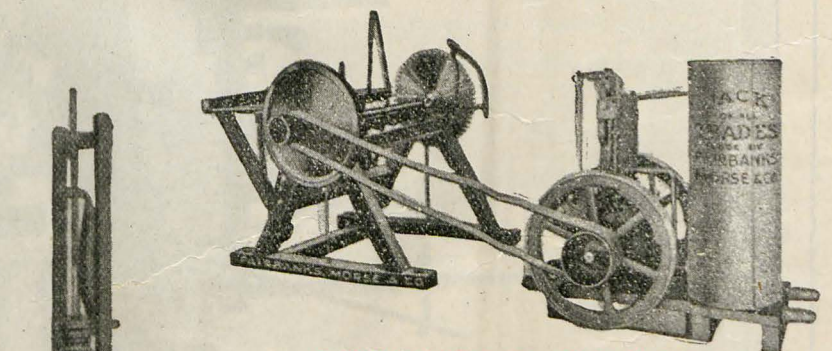
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Pumps for all purposes, Tanks, Piping, &c.



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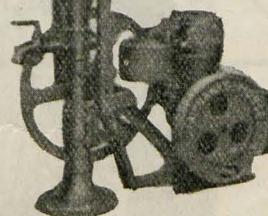


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2½, 4, 6 and 8 H.P.

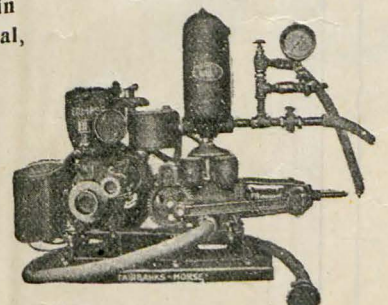


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# The Pastoral Industry.

The pastoralist of Western Australia had no less cause to complain than the agriculturist of the way Nature served him in the matter of the seasons of 1911-12, the former being one of the severest times experienced for a period of more than twenty years.

The last drought known to the pastoral area of the State occurred during 1890 and 1892. Since then and up to 1909, good seasons were continuous. In the latter year the change manifested itself. Fortunately it applied only to one part of the State, i.e. a belt of country about four hundred miles long, by fifty to one hundred miles broad, and extending from the country bounded on the north by the Ashburton River to that bounded on the south by the River Murchison. The squatter of the country, east inland, and west, to the coast, outside this zone of trouble, therefore, enjoyed good seasons while his less fortunate, brother of the belt mentioned, was having a very bad time, but accepting it with philosophic patience. Twelve inches in three years is an absurd rainfall, but that is what the pastoralist of the area referred to had to be satisfied with from 1909 to 1912.

June of this present year signalled the break up of these conditions with a heavy and welcome rainfall, the continuance of the dry spell being to all intents and purposes ended. It only remains with the summer rains invariably associated with the months of December, January and February to materialise to put the pastoral industry of that part of the State referred to back on the basis enjoyed by it prior to



Prize Rams at Geraldton.

the dry spell visitation mentioned. Restocking is necessarily going on, and one good season should restore to the losers much of the prosperity hitherto theirs.

In other parts of the State the development of the pastoral industry has been eminently satisfactory, the numbers shorn being heavy, the clip good and prices realised high. Speaking generally, it may be said that an innovation, and one which, judging from the results achieved, spelt success from its inception, was the holding of the first West Australian wool sale at Fremantle during the month of October. Dalgety and Co. handled the sales at which five hundred bales were catalogued and sold. In point of quantity, this was nothing by way of comparison with the sales held annually in the Eastern States, but in promise quite as meritorious as were

the latter when first initiated. It is expected that next year the number of bales catalogued for local sale (now that the hallmark of success has been stamped on the undertaking), will show a very big increase, inasmuch as many wool-growers have expressed their intention of cataloguing their clips locally, preferably to sending them to the Old World markets with their consequent delay in transit, and rendering of results..

One feature that will of course commend itself to the smaller pastoralists, and there are plenty of them throughout the State, is a ready market and prompt proceeds. At the present time almost all of the wool of the State is shipped to London via Singapore, the steamers of the W.A. and Ocean S.S. Co. line picking it up along the coast, from the port of Carnarvon to that of Derby,



Wool Teams making for the Coast from the De Grey River, North-West.



# WAITE'S SPECIAL FENCING WIRE

THE ORIGINAL PATENT NON-STRETCHING WIRE.

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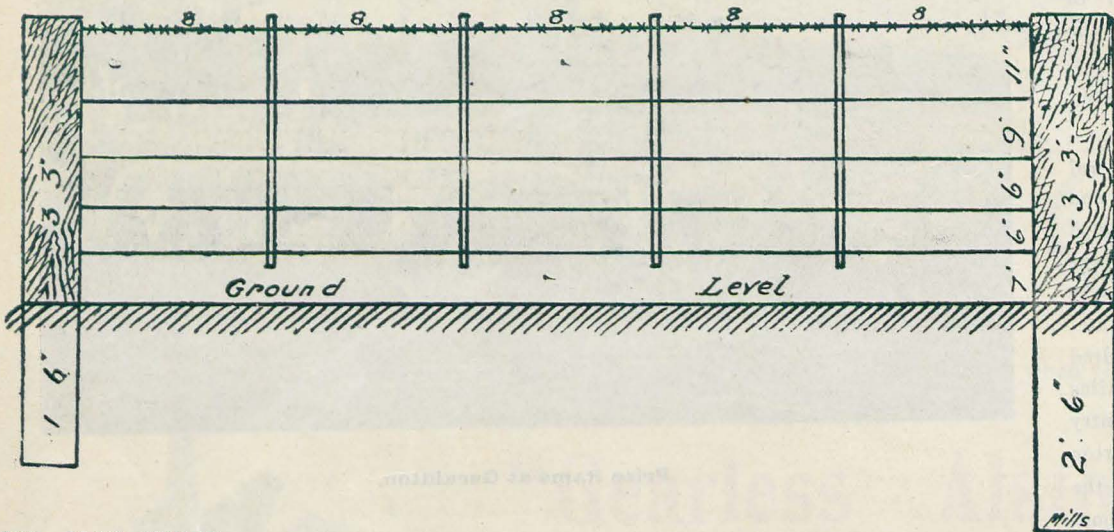
**MAKES THE CHEAPEST AND MOST EFFICIENT FENCE FOR STOCK.**

"WAITE'S SPECIAL" Fences never get slack so long as the posts and stays last,

"WAITE'S SPECIAL" has stood the Test of Time—30 years throughout Australia, and fences that have been standing for years are as good to-day as when first erected.

"WAITE'S SPECIAL" is made under a SPECIAL process, and the fact that it has been used for so many years, and is still being used, by leading pastoralists and farmers throughout the Commonwealth is undoubted testimony to its high quality.

"WAITE'S SPECIAL" can be secured in No. 8, 10, or 12 gauge.



WAITE'S is the original **PATENT NON-STRETCHING** Hard Fencing Wire of which other Brands are later introductions. Unlike other Brands it pays no royalties. Therefore it is the cheapest as witnessed by the prices, viz.:

**WAITE'S No. 12, £14 10s. per ton.**  
Other Hard Brands, No. 12½, £19 per ton. The prices speak for themselves.

## To Purchasers of Ordinary Wires

We also carry Full Stocks of  
Ordinary Black Wire—Nos. 8 and 10 G  
Ordinary Galvanised Wire—

Nos. 8, 10 and 12 G  
Barb Wire—12 x 3 and 14 x 3.

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Wire Netting—Sheep, Pig and Dog

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Also Domestic Netting.

Indent orders executed for all classes

Wire Netting.

WE ALSO STOCK

CORN SACKS  
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Branches at Fremantle, Geraldton, Kalgoorlie, Northam, Kellerberrin, and at all Country Districts and Outports.

**Why is Water Hard?** And how great is the damage it does, and how Cheaply and Easily it may be softened and rendered suitable for any purpose?

**You** who are away from regular Water Supplies on Farms, Stations or in Out-back Towns, write to us for particulars of **THE DOMESTIC WATER SOFTENER**. It is in use in Royal Palaces. Why not have it in your home?

**You** who have Boilers or Hot Water Systems and are troubled with **SCALE** in boilers and pipes—Save the trouble and expense of cleaning: and the loss of fuel.

**You** who are owners, or in charge of, Laundries, Hospitals, Hotels, etc., where pure soft water is either a pleasure or a **NECESSITY**

Write for information on how to soften water cheaply and efficiently, to

## GEO. KENT, LTD.,

—PRINCES BUILDINGS, PERTH—



whilst other growers find it convenient to ship to Fremantle and thence tranship to London by a line of steamers trading direct with the latter port. What bearing the opening of regular sales at Fremantle will have upon the bulk of the clip cannot at this stage be fore-casted.

To the old hands of the north, who look back upon the times, fifteen to twenty years ago, when the wool ships called along the North-West coast and spent as much as three months of time in collecting their loading from the various ports by the process of lightering or by simply beaching the vessel and loading direct from bullock teams, the facilities now afforded for the disposal of their product leave no room for complaint.

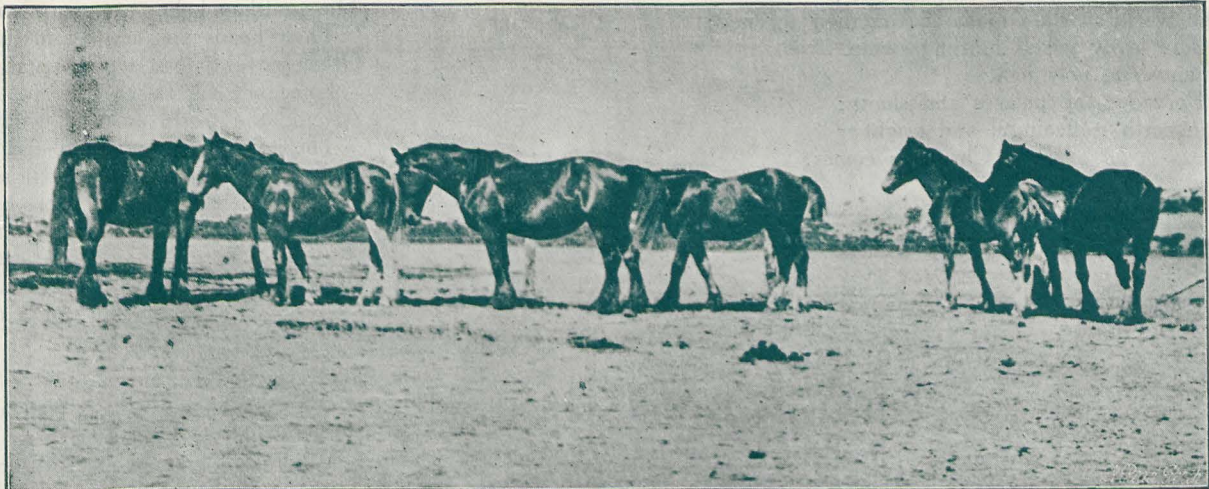
As to the quality of West Australian wool, all round, the high prices realised in all markets is the best indication. It is something of a question as to which portion of the State the best wool comes from, but, judging from sale figures, that grown in the Great Southern district possibly holds pride of place. So far as this district is concerned though it has to be remembered that the number of sheep shorn by comparison with other parts of the State is very small, the biggest single clip, not amounting to more



Awaiting the Shears on a Gascoyne Station.

So far as the labour side of the industry is concerned, it has to be said that complete industrial peace prevails, as a result of the three years agreement entered into as from

ous employment, from March to December, commencing with the sheds of the far north (Kimberley), and ending with those of the Great Southern end of the State. It may



Draught Stock raised in the South-West.

than three hundred bales. Generally speaking however, the wool from the Murchison district is the best the State produces, and after that the Gascoyne, Ashburton and Roebourne districts rank in the order given.

December last, between the Pastoralists Association and the Shearers Union. Roughly speaking, from twelve to fifteen hundred shearing hands are employed throughout the State. For these there is almost continu-

be interesting to state that the biggest shearing is that of the Kimberley Pastoral Co. (about 120,000 head); whilst other sheds running into big figures are those of Messrs. Emanuel Bros. 100,000, De Grey River, 100,000, Mundabullangana, 50,000, and ranging in good round numbers down to the modest flock of the farmer-cum-pastoralist of the more closely settled farming and grazing areas of the State.

In conclusion, it can be said that, altogether, the outlook for the Pastoral Industry is eminently satisfactory; the big flocks of the State are free from disease (the smaller flocks of the South are at the present time experiencing serious trouble with the sheep fly, but with vigilance and united action this pest should be exterminated), the quality of W.A. wool holds its own with the best of any other country, and prices are good. With a renewal, therefore, of the beneficent weather conditions that have been invariably allied with the industry since its inception in Western Australia, our wool clip, like our other industries, should, in the near future, do much towards further manifesting the West as one of the most prolific States of the Commonwealth.



A Murchison Station Wool Team.

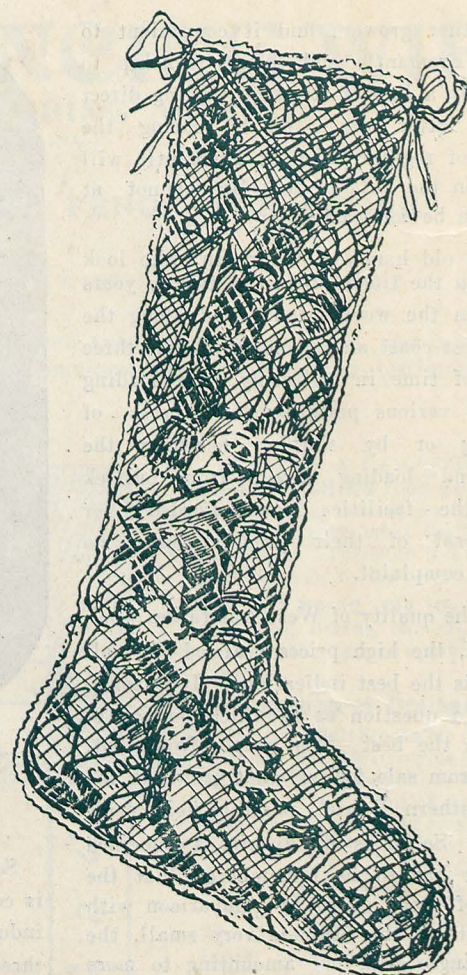


# When Christmas Comes.

FOR THE CHILDREN  
OLD AND YOUNG.

[For "The Golden West"]

By "Dryblower"



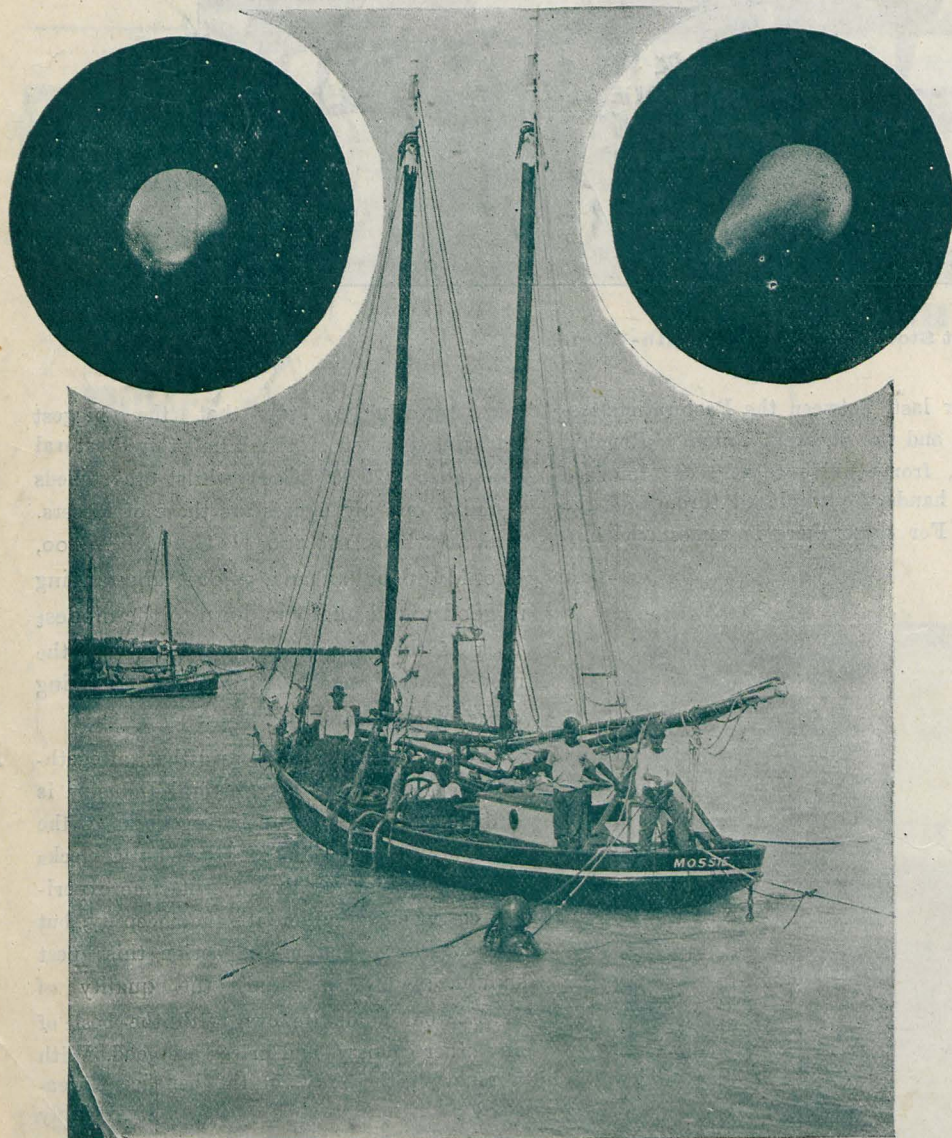
When Father Christmas comes and brings  
His well-selected stock of toys;  
The world with laughter rocks and rings,  
Dull lives are lightened by its joys.  
The trapper in the frozen zones,  
The pearler by the languid line;  
The world's white monarchs on their thrones;  
The lowly yokels herding swine.  
A universal holy light  
Pervades the palaces and slums;  
The earth is beautiful and bright—  
When Christmas comes.

The prattling babes are worn with play,  
Their heads are nestling in the cot;  
Dreaming of Christ's own natal day  
Innocent sleeps each tiny tot.  
Around the world on fairy wings  
The toy-man wanders to and fro;  
And in his speeding chariot brings  
The sweetest joys the heart can know.  
Whether it be in London's grime,  
Or mid Australia's scented gums,  
Wee hearts are one in that dear time—  
When Christmas comes.

The crowded European town  
Where all the world is cold and grey  
Forgets to fret, forgets to frown  
When comes the children's dearest day.  
The babies where the bush-creeks wind,  
The miners' mites by Hannans Hill;  
Hang up whate'er their fingers find  
For Father Christmas dear to fill.  
A million tiny trumpets blow,  
Wee, eager hands hold dolls and drums,  
A million little hearts o'erflow—  
When Christmas comes.

The Christmas-bush is on the trees,  
Gold flowering the lovers' walks;  
Upon the warm, sweet ev'ning breeze  
The fatted goose a requiem squawks.  
The sailor-son afar from home  
Remembers with acute remorse  
A feast parental o'er the foam  
While he is biting salted horse,  
Upon pianos past their prime  
The dance-room Paderewski strums;  
The concertina's not a crime  
When Christmas comes.

If all the world were mine to give  
One day a year, humanity  
Again should love, again should live,  
As children round a mother's knee.  
The feuds that marred the yester-years  
Should melt before the kindly smile;  
The weary travail and the tears  
To happiness would I beguile.  
With God's own grace would I uplift  
The weak, the sick, the blind, the lame,  
Each soul with joyousness would shine  
As in the days of Auld Lang Syne—  
When Christmas comes!



A £1,000 Oval Pearl.

A £2,000 Drop Pearl.

When the Diver walked ashore. A Pearling Lugger in the  
Reebuck Bay Shallows.



# Three Dog Watches

A SEA SKETCH.

THE SIGH OF THE DOLDRUMS.  
THE SONG OF THE TRADES.  
THE ROAR OF THE FORTIES.

[For "The Golden West"] By Lock Ward.

## I.

### THE SIGH OF THE DOLDRUMS.

Her sails hanging listlessly to the jack-stays, the barque lurched and floundered helplessly inert. The pitch on her decks, exposed all day to the fierce rays of the sun, ran semi-liquid along the seams. Not a breath of wind, but what was caused by the swing of the canvas aloft. The elements had lapsed into somnolence, and the barque groaned in an agony of discomfort.

Shadows have long since crept over the deeps, and but for the swish of canvas against bunt-line, the groan and rattle of hull and pennant blocks, not a sound is to be heard.

Far out, in uneven ranks, the black ocean heaves ponderously down towards her. They move silently, like the advance guard of an army making a forced night march through hostile territory. Not a wave curl nor a wave lop betrays their presence.

Lights flicker on the deck, and on the poop the features of the silent helmsman stand silhouetted by the binnacle's reflection against the blackness. The wheel tackles creak, as the rudder rocks uneasily to the swell.

From out of the after shadows, somebody yawns, and then comes an order "put sidelights out." Somewhere among the forward shadows a deeper and gruffer voice supplies the echo, and first a green and then a red gleam, show up against the blackness. As she rolls, the ocean catches the reflection, and daubs its inky surface with grotesque serpent-like figures of red and green.

A vagrant puff of air catches the barque unawares, and there is a clatter of sail against stays. Her stern sags helplessly in the swell, and the water, eddying from the rudder, giggles at the impotent windjammer.

Something moves from the shadows 'neath the poop, and footfalls echo along the deck.

of the fo'c's'le-head bell take up the echo. The look-out man, as though fearful of profaning the silence, lays gentle hands on the bell rope. He glances aft, first starboard, and then to port.

Two daubs of colour, one green and the other red, peep at him from the for'ard shrouds. It is they that warn passing ships of the dangers which lurk in the deep.

He satisfies himself that their gleam is not obscured, and then communicates the fact to the officer of the watch.

"All's well and sidelights burning bright, sir."

The silent figure aft merely grunts his acknowledgment. All sailors believe that by whistling they will appease Neptune, and he was engaged in a sibilant incantation to that hoary old oligarch, when he was joined by the second mate, who inquires if there has been any wind during the watch.



On the Murray River, between Pinjarrah and Ravenswood, W.A.

The crew loll listlessly on hatch and spar, cursing the sea, the ship, and even calling down imprecations upon themselves. All day, amid blazing sun, they have been trimming yards, just to satisfy the caprice of crazy mates. Their patience has become exhausted, and they are only just wondering how long it will be before they again hear that detested order "lee fore brace."

A cabin scuttle slides back, and the sound of it reverberates through the stuffy quietness of the cabin below. A gleam flickers in the darkness, and the hands of a clock stand clearly defined.

Eight clear notes on the ship's bell proclaim to the resentful fo'c's'le men that their dog-watch is ended.

Up in the for'ard shadows the deeper tones

"Not a blasted whiff, mister," he growls, and as the watch come trooping aft his disgust at things in general is reflected in his voice as he tells them to "relieve the wheel and look-out."

A solitary lop of an ill-balanced swell, far out, topples over, and the sound carries down to the barque. It is the only tangible evidence to the fo'c's'le men's senses that, in



the void beyond the limits of their ocular powers, anything moved—that anything was.

## II

## THE SONG OF THE TRADES.

Neptune smiles where the trades commence. Hitherto we have seen this hoary old oligarch of the sea in surly mood. In the region of calms he sighs and swelters in untold discomfort just for the pleasure of gloating in the poor sailorman's helplessness and impotence.

He's a demi-god, this old monarch of the mobile elements; and demi-gods just as much as mortal flesh are the victims of caprice. There is a thin dividing line which he has marked off north and south of the earth's equator, where are marshalled his forces, the sou'-east and the nor'-east trades.

Laughing hilariously, he watches with growing glee the windjammers floundering through the calms; then as they pass that thin dividing line, he stirs old Mother Ocean with his staff, and with a mighty blast from his nostrils hurls them into the clamorous arms of his children. They alone of Neptune's children are the friends of the poor sailorman. Year in and year out they maintain their merry dancing, countless wave lops performing a polonaise, with the swift trade wind acting as a sort of master of ceremonies.

Freed from her bondage, the ship leaps towards the merry couples, cutting a diagonal course across their even ranks.

She heels at the impact; sails and rope, enervated by the calms, strain hard to hold the wind. The wave lops laugh as they see the red and green blobs placed in their screens, and then commence a contest worthy of Olympus. They leap playfully at the weather gleam, each succeeding roysterer more determined to douse it than its predecessor.

"Look out, I've got you," shouts an on-coming lop, toppling over in its efforts to reach up to the red light, and then laughs heartily as it goes swinging past to lee'ard.

The look-out man watches the light being spattered and sprayed and joins in the revelry. He laughs at its discomfiture, and urges on the merry youngsters.

Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang.

The look-out gazes at his sidelights. With an understanding wink the green looks at him and says, "I'm A1, but how is it with my poor brother to windward?"

As the look-out tolls his seven bells, he announces in strident tones that all is well with the ship and the sidelights.

There is an added quality in his voice—a note of exulting. He gazes far out over the deeps, and shouts a welcome to the advancing waves; extends his arms as though in salutation to the treking wind.

The spirit of the trades is upon all. It is though a fairy had passed her magic wand over the ship, and converted a group of growling misanthropes into the most affable philanthropists. In fo'c's'le and half deck they hear the song of the wind through the taut strung cordage, and it brings relief to their doldrum-jaded souls.

With ribald song and merry quip they pass the few remaining moments of their happy dog-watch. Never since the voyage commenced have they felt so well disposed towards one another. All their hardships, all their sweating and pulling on "lee fore braces," chasing after puffs of wind were forgotten. To-night peace and goodwill reigns supreme in their hearts.

With the binnacle light reflecting on his face, one can see the look of unalterable joy on the face of the helmsman. He feels his helm pulsing to the wave lops, he "feels" the leaches of his to'gallants' gently lifting as he lets his charge swing gaily along "full and bye." He is steering according to the wind, and is guided solely by the leaches which act as a sort of weathercock. In the darkness he can't see them, but the unerring instinct, or sixth sense of the good helmsman, tells him when they lift.

Eight bells.

The watch come trooping aft to muster, dodging the wash of some venturesome lop which has made its ingress through one of the hawse pipes.

"All aft, sir," announces the bosun cheerily laying particular emphasis on the "sir."

"All right, my lads, relieve the wheel and look-out," was the cheerful response.

Never before had the old mate held the fo'c's'le men in such high regard. For the spirit of the trades was upon him, and all the dog-watch, as he had listened to its subtle song through shroud and cordage, he half regretted that he could not join in that glorious reunion of wind and lop with the fo'c's'le men's song and story.

Two bells finds the watch below still awake. What care they now that they have lost a valuable hour's sleep, for faintly above the swelling tones of Neptune's orchestra they can hear the sounds of maidens' voices, and they know then that the girls in port are pulling on the tow ropes.

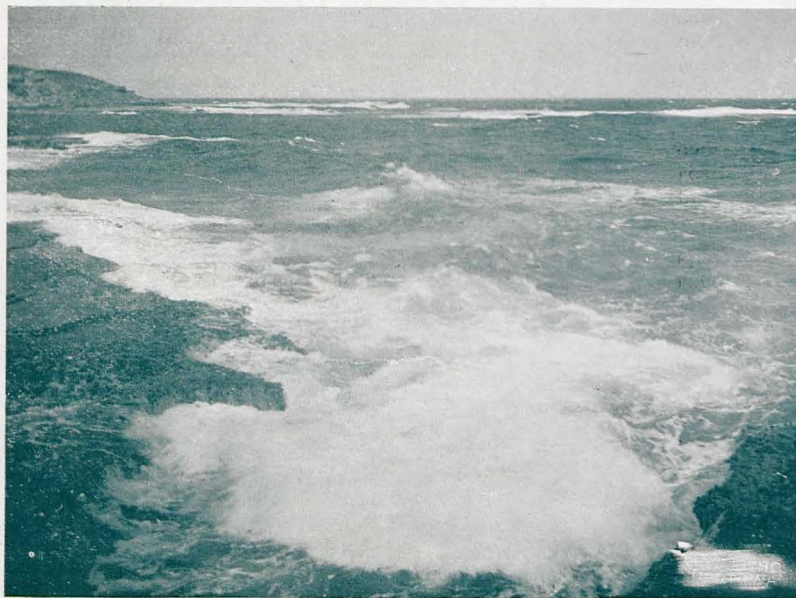
## III.

## THE ROAR OF THE FORTIES.

Helter skelter, through the trades, and then past the regions where they muster, she rushes. As she makes her way south, storm sails are bent, and then one day she swings along on her "eastings," rolling crazily in the grip of the Roaring Forties.

With legions upon legions of great green combers chasing aft, she swings her bows promiscuously fully a point and a half on either side of the course.

All day Neptune has been gathering his forces, and in the sound of wind and sea the fo'c's'le men recognise a menacing note. Inside the fo'c's'le and half deck they have been calmly donning oilskins and sea boots,



At Rottneest Island.

for the fall of heavy seas on the decks since the first dog-watch tells them that trouble is ahead. The helmsman gazes anxiously at her bows, zigzagging like an immense pendulum across the sea, and occasionally glances over his shoulder at the threatening seas.

Up aloft reefed top's'ls and courses strain mightily at sheet and tack; every inch of canvas has to withstand an unheard-of pressure.

The wind shrieks through the taut strung cordage, and decks resound and groan under the burden of falling waters.

It is not a time for song or story, for to-night there is to be no reunion of watches. Huddled together on the poop the watch on deck survey in silence the gathering storm.

In silence the watch below don sea boots and oilskins. It is a period of grim preparation. Rope yarns are lashed round the waistbands of their oilskins, in order that the wind will not lift them off the yards when the time comes for taking in sail, while a strand or two is secured to leather sea boots, so that they might the more securely grip the slippery decks.

Up in the for'ard shadows the look-out maintains a precarious foothold on the fo'c's'le head as she careens and lunges in the seas. Between him and the poop is a reservoir of foaming water which careers madly round the decks until it finds an outlet through the big iron ports.

Throughout the watch he has not heard the sound of a bell, but he keeps an anxious eye on the sidelights which blink at him unsteadily through sea and spray.

"I wonder if the blankey mate wants to know whether his blessed sidelights are burning bright, sir," he mutters, and then falls to wondering why he ever went to sea. He sees in it an existence punctuated by his watch below and watch on deck; alternate intervals wherein he toiled for soulless owners—and slept. Sweating in the doldrums, clinging to swinging yard arms on dirty nights such as this, with sails frozen stiff, and the fo'c's'le men's fingers opened to the naked bone at the joints, and bleeding.

The watch below have scarcely finished dressing, when an ordinary seaman swings open the door, letting in a fierce draught of wind, and the sound of rushing water. "All hands on deck," he yells, and disappears in the din.

The fo'c's'le men, full of resentment against things generally, step from their shelter into three feet of foaming water. Above the din they can hear the mate's voice somewhere in the for'ard shadows. Unaccustomed to the blackness they grope their way for'ard, holding securely to belaying pins as seas sweep them, shoulder deep.

Someone blunders past them, and his hands grope along the coir sheet of the for's'l. It's the mate, and instinctively they make for the for's'l clewline. They hear the rattle of the sheet as it tears through the sheave hole, and like demons they pull and tug at clewline and buntline.

Like some furious monster the sail flaps and fills, resisting for a time all their efforts.

Half blinded by sea and spray, wet to the skin, the fo'c's'le men shin up aloft. They spread themselves out along the yardarms, cursing and jeering at the elements. They have become primitive men again, fiercely fighting Nature's most militant forces. There is something terrible in their profanity, something more terrifying even than the shriek and thunder of wind and wave.

Yelling like madmen, they fight the resisting sail, and then, when the last gasket has been passed, they rest for a moment on the yard, exhausted and panting.

Down below them they see the slim frame of their ship wallowing deep in seething waters, shuddering convulsively to every fall.

Someone hops on to the forehatch and strikes eight bells, but the still cursing fo'c's'le man, slowly descending from aloft, knows that it is long past eight bells. He gathers, however, that for the time being, at any rate, no more sail is to come in.

As the watch below turn in they hear the curses of the deck watch, and the mad swirl and thunder of running waters. They listen and wonder how long it will be before the second mate's voice will be heard calling "All hands on deck." And their prayer that night is that they will not have to "show a leg."



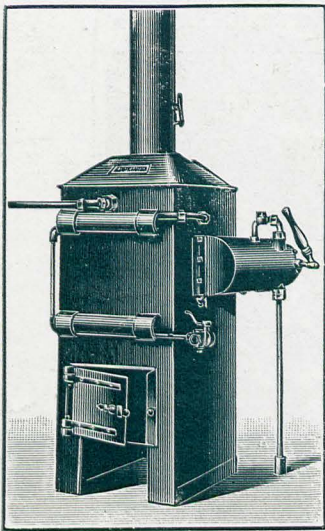


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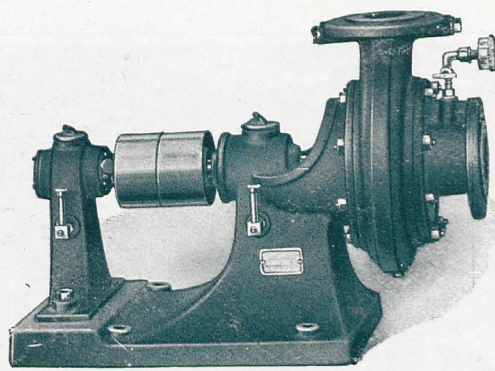
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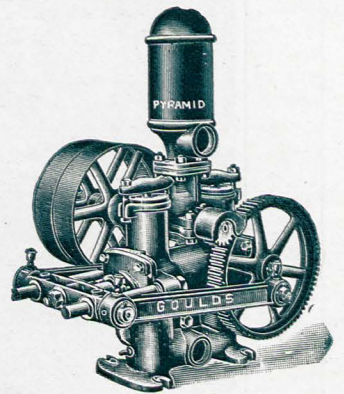
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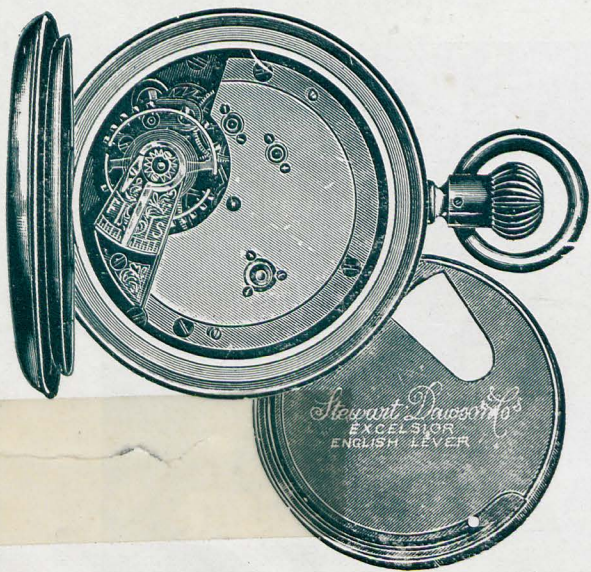
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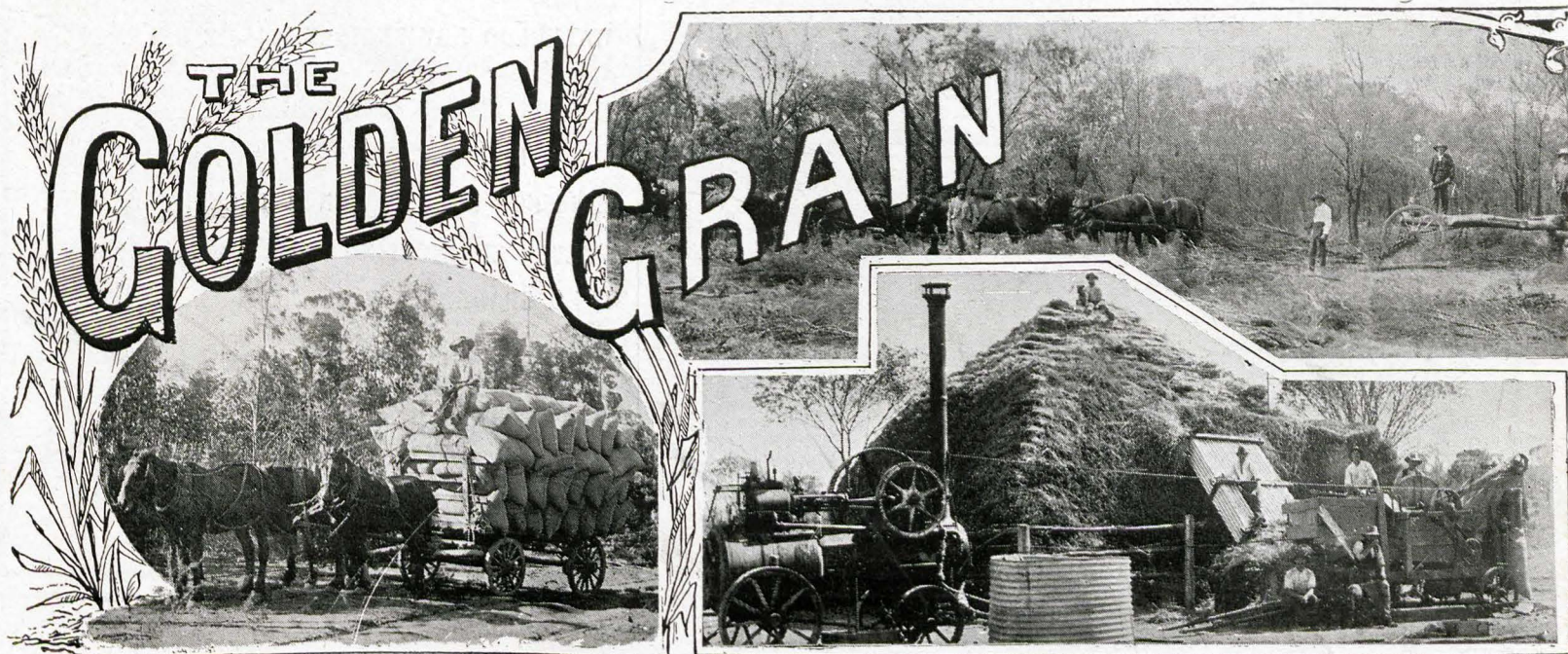
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## REVIEW OF THE AGRICULTURAL YEAR.

### A STORY OF SOLID DEVELOPMENT AND SPLENDID PROSPECTS.

[A Special for "The Golden West."]

The progress of agriculture during the year 1912 may be summed up in one sentence as one of steady, sound progress in the face of difficulties and drawbacks. The set-back, owing to the unfavourable season in 1911 to which prominent reference was made in last year's review, is still felt, but benefit has been associated with difficulties. During the eight or ten years prior to 1911, during which rapid development had been going on in the various parts of the country comprising the great wheat belt of Western Australia, the seasons were so favourable that it was often said with regard to the results obtained by the pioneer farmer, "The worse the farmer the better the crops." The favourable seasons and magnificent results obtained from pioneer scratching of the land did two things; the one entirely good, the other the opposite.

In the first place, the success of those who went on the land with very little capital, or even with none at all beyond their strong arms and sturdy hearts, encouraged others to do likewise and created a demand for land. The settlers, after roughly clearing the country of its timber or scrub, merely scratched it with a cultivator, drilled in the seed with from 40 to 56 lbs. of superphosphate and reaped harvests varying from 10 to 30 bushels to the acre. This enabled them to go on with their improvements, get a larger acreage under crop, and, in very many instances, establish themselves on more or less improved farms. To the intelligent, far-seeing man there was no drawback in this. He knew that he was drawing on the accumulated fertility of the soil and taking advantage of Nature's tillage through thousands of years in order to take out of the land capital for developing a farm. He only did it just long enough to establish himself, and then began a system of better tillage and more careful farming. Even with these men, however, the success obtained was a temptation to continue the pioneer methods too long. The partial failure of 1911 provided the important lesson that we cannot trifle with Nature, and even the regular climate of Western Australia is subject to years less favourable than ordinary.

As the winter prior to 1911 was a wet one, it was found everywhere that where the farmer had followed his land, even although the work was very roughly done, he obtained profitable crops on the short rainfall of the 1911 season. As recorded last year, the result was that the increase in the area under wheat was not nearly as great as usual, but as a compensation a very much larger area of land was fallowed. This year the State will reap the benefit. The area under crop

is largely increased, and the average return promises to be a record. Last season statistics showed that there were 639,000 acres under fallow, and this year it is believed that the area is very largely increased. It is also gratifying to know that much of the fallow has been carefully cultivated ready for seeding early next year.

The official statistics show that the total area under wheat, barley and oats, increased from 1,156,158 acres to 1,391,326 acres, or an increase of 235,168 acres. Of this increase 229,349 acres are under wheat, there is a slight decrease in oats, but an increase of 8,652 acres under barley. It is too early to state with any degree of certainty what the coming harvest will be, but unless something very unforeseen happens it can hardly fail to be less than 13,000,000 bushels, as against a little less than 9½ millions last season. Some who have had a good opportunity of

crop will be gathered from approximately one million acres.

The season has been a peculiar one. Except over the portions of the Great Southern Railway line, south of Beverley, which were visited by very heavy rains early in April, the season has been a remarkably late one. Some of the districts mentioned, such as Dumbleyung, Wagin, and so forth received as much as from 5 to 7 inches of rain in April, and there were many washaways on the railway lines. In most districts, however, the seed remained in the soil without germinating until the beginning of June. From the 5th of that month steady, soaking, warm rains fell over the whole of the agricultural areas, and probably three-quarters of the whole of the crop started to germinate at the same time. Such a thing has never been known before, and it is probably a record to have from half a million to three-



Hay Cutting in the Northam District.

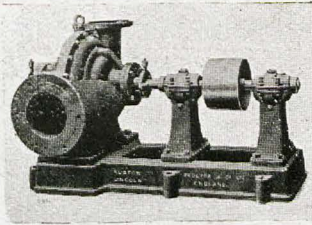
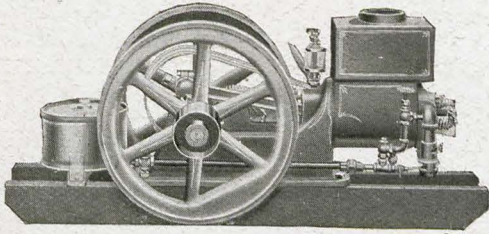
judging the condition of the crops are sanguine enough to anticipate 14 or 15 bushels per acre average over the whole of the area to be harvested for wheat. This is a little too much to expect, but in a season like this anything may happen. At present no one knows the area to be cut for hay, and consequently that which will be harvested for wheat, but it is probably that the wheat

quarters of a million acres of wheat over an immense area of country hundreds of miles long and 100 miles wide germinating practically on the same day. This result is due to the fact that it is the custom in Western Australia to start seeding about the beginning of April in the dry soil so that the crop will start with the first general rains which usually come about the end of the month or



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the beginning of May. One of the great values of fallowing land is to enable this early dry seeding to be done under favourable conditions. Ordinarily there is no fear of seed wheat sprouting or suffering in any way from lying in the ground as was the case this year for practically two months.

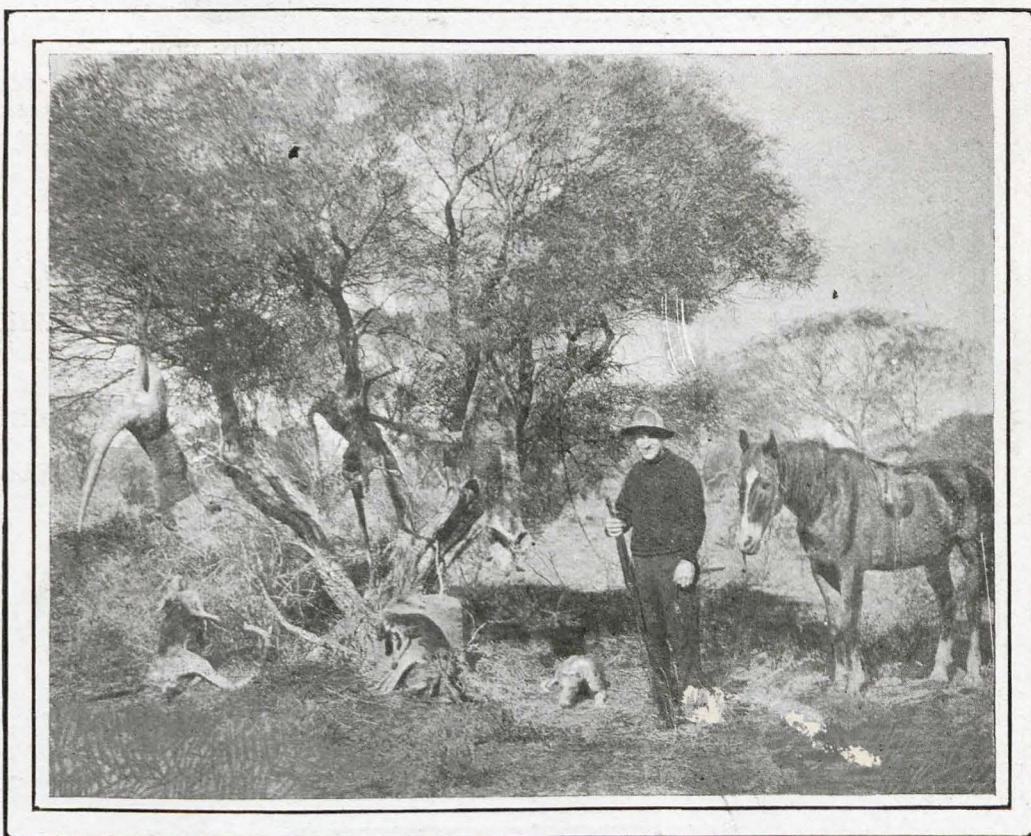
The rainfall this year has not been heavy although somewhat above the average in Perth. The feature of the season has not been the quantity of rain, but the evenness of distribution. Only once has a fortnight elapsed since the first rains fell at the beginning of June without some rain being recorded, and even when the showers were very light they were accompanied with mild, cloudy, growing weather, so that from the time they started the crops have not had a check, and there is every promise of the showers continuing right up to the time when they will cease to be of any value to the crops. In the Great Southern country the absence of excessive wet in May, June, and July has been very favourable, and in no year have the prospects been better in this part of the State.

#### FINANCIAL TROUBLES.

As so many of our settlers went on the land with very little capital, they were largely dependent upon the advances from the Agricultural Bank to carry out their improvements and on credit obtained from the local store-keepers and city merchants for food, clothing, and machinery. The short crop of 1911 of course was felt most severely by those who could least afford it. Merchants, however, have confidence in the country, and so have the financial institutions, and there would have been practically no trouble but for two facts. The first was the undoubted tightness of the money market, rendering it necessary for the banks to curtail advances. These institutions and also the merchants realised that many of the settlers, in addition to their inexperience in farming, were not fully alive to the value of money and the need for economy. As long as they could get advances they would not check their expenditure, and the kindest thing that could be done for them was to show them that there was a limit to the amount of credit

which they could obtain. In no case has there been an instance of any deserving, thrifty, industrious man being forced off his holding on account of the shortage of money.

Federal bank notes is generally understood to have resulted in the curtailment of the lending powers of the associated banks by many millions of pounds, and the effect is



A Kangaroo Hunter on the Outback Goldfields.

They are being kept short, but money has been found for all absolutely necessary developments.

Another factor which has had an important influence on the development of the country has been the policy of the Federal and local Labour Governments. The establishment of the Commonwealth Bank and the issue of

widespread. The present State Government was placed in power by the electors with a full knowledge that one of the important planks of their policy was the stoppage of the sale of Crown land and the prevention of transfers of conditional purchase leases, excepting under the most rigorous conditions. The result of this was to show the banks and other financial institutions as well as the merchants that a conditional purchase lease was of no value as a security. This undoubtedly very seriously checked credit, and the result has been felt by very many settlers. Of course, the Government policy has been made the most of by political opponents, and it has been made the excuse for actions which were really taken for other reasons. Nevertheless it has been an important factor in the present condition of things. Out of misfortune good may arise, and just as the bad year of 1911 taught the farmer the value of fallow, so the shortage of money is teaching him lessons which would otherwise perhaps take him long to learn. It has checked many a man from buying machinery for which he had no use, and in indulging in unnecessary and unwise expenditure.

#### SHEEP ON THE FARM.

Unfortunately, owing largely to the shortage of money for carrying out the necessary improvements and also to the fact that many farms are not yet equipped with efficient water supply, many farmers, who would otherwise have made a beginning in the keeping of sheep, have not yet done so. In addition, it must be recorded that there has been a shortage of sheep owing to the dry seasons experienced in the Murchison and Gascoyne country, and prices have been too high to warrant the farmer undertaking any risks in this connection. As a result feed has gone to waste this year which would not only keep but fatten scores, if not hundreds of thousands of sheep. This is a loss not only to the individual farmer but to the State. There is evidence, however, on every hand that the farmers are becoming more and more alive to the fact that they must keep sheep, not only for the money which could be made out of them, but because they are essential for the profitable production of wheat. At the present time the fallows are, in many cases, in a dirty condition owing to the fact that the farmers have no sheep to feed down the weeds. It has also to be recorded with regret that some of the crops will yield less than they should do, because of the weedy condition. All this will be altered as methods improve and sheep take



An Afternoon's Kill.  
Vanquished and Vanquishers.

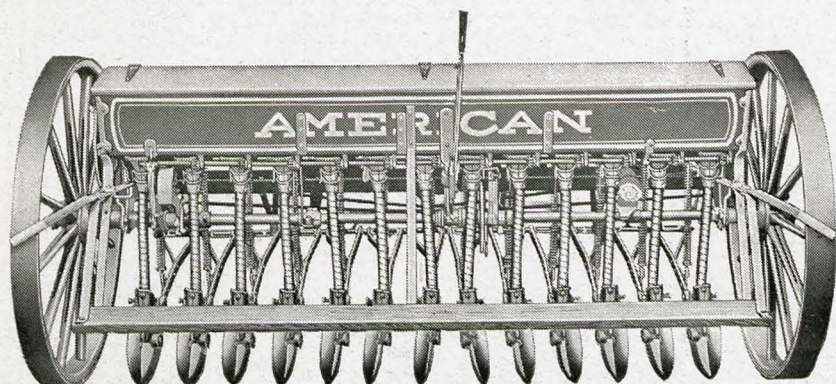
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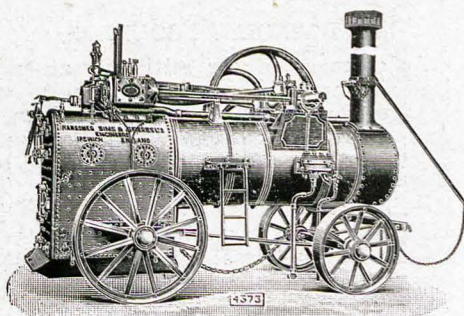
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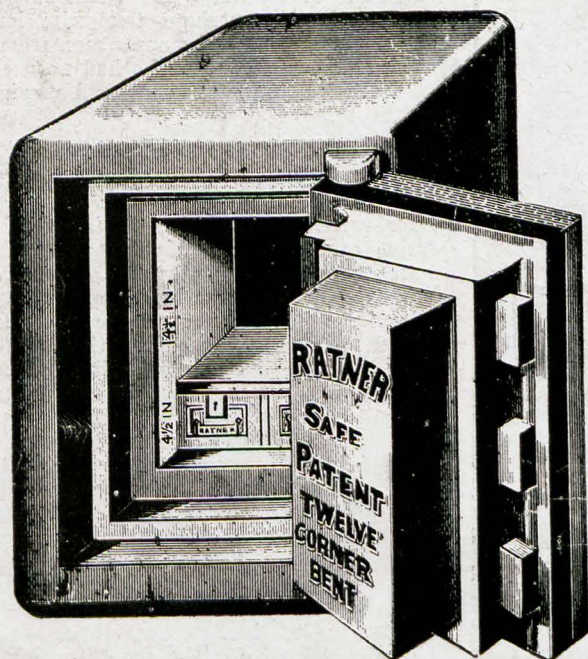
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their proper place on the farm, so that the farmer can follow the three-years' system of wheat, pasture for sheep and fallow. There is a noticeable improvement in the character of the sheep being kept by those farmers who are sufficiently advanced to make wool and mutton an important item in their annual work. Taken altogether, the year has been one of progress, with prospects of still further and more rapid advance.

as a grazing animal and fatten him on stubbles and refuse grain are finding that pigs pay, and we may now look forward to the State becoming a bacon producer.

#### HORSES.

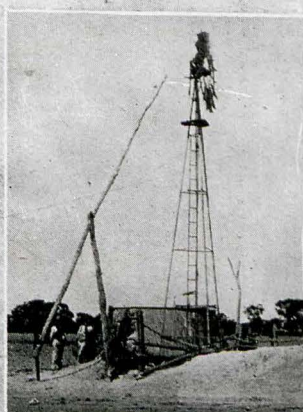
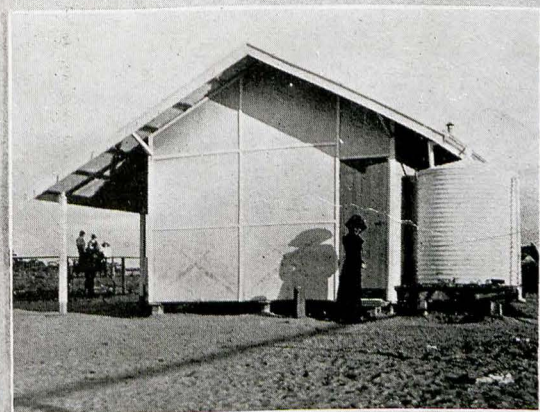
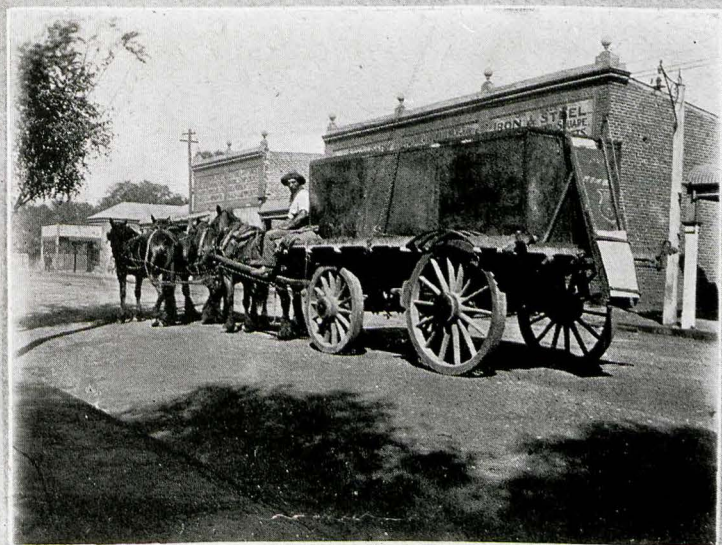
The steady progress in the improvement of the draught horse stock of the State has continued during the year, and the quality of

young animals bred in the State. In addition to Clydesdales, the Shire breeders still hold their own, and we have enthusiastic admirers and breeders of Suffolks and Percherons.

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Ancient and Modern Methods.

A Settler's Camp.

Stud Wheats at an Experimental Farm.

Burning off.

[Photos by Mr. G. L. Sutton, Commissioner of the Wheat Belt]

#### THE PIG INDUSTRY.

The pig industry is not thriving as it should do, but those familiar with the stock sales during the last eight years speak in no uncertain terms about the vast improvement in the character of the pigs in the State now as compared to then. Farmers are also becoming better acquainted with the most economical methods of handling pigs, and are ceasing to look upon them as animals to be kept shut up. Those who use the pig

the animals exhibited at the various country shows is a source of satisfaction to all concerned. At the Royal Agricultural Society Parade in August, at the Royal Show in October, as well as at Northam, Moora, Geraldton, and elsewhere, the true type of modern Clydesdale has been more in evidence this year than ever before. The number of very fine horses imported from other States and New Zealand is worthy of note; but of more importance is the high class of the

ditation. Mr Wm. Padbury has imported a number of high class Jersey cattle from the island of Jersey and from Victoria, and he and others have also fine pedigree herds of Ayrshires and Holsteins. The dairy industry is still a thing of the future; but signs of a new order of things are not wanting, and it is to be hoped that the coming year will see a definite advance made as the irrigation works projected by the Government become accomplished facts.





KANGAROO HUNTING ON THE FIELDS:  
The Closing Scene of a Long Chase.



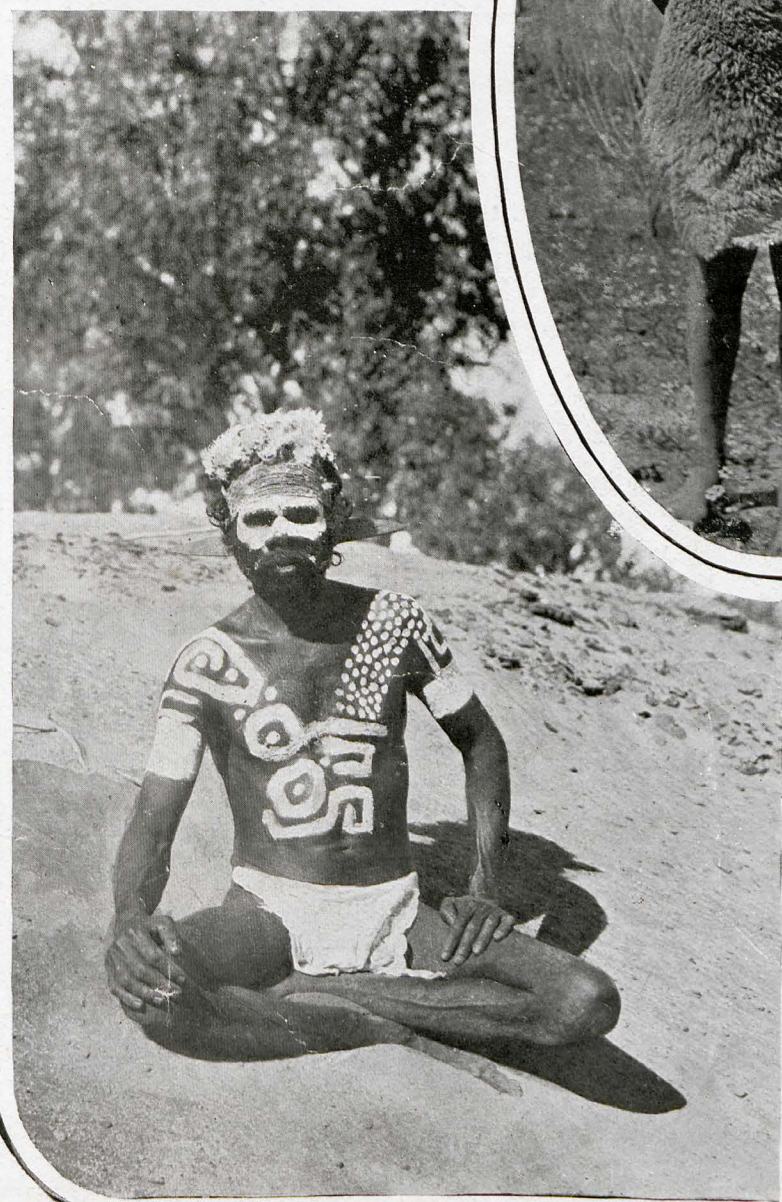
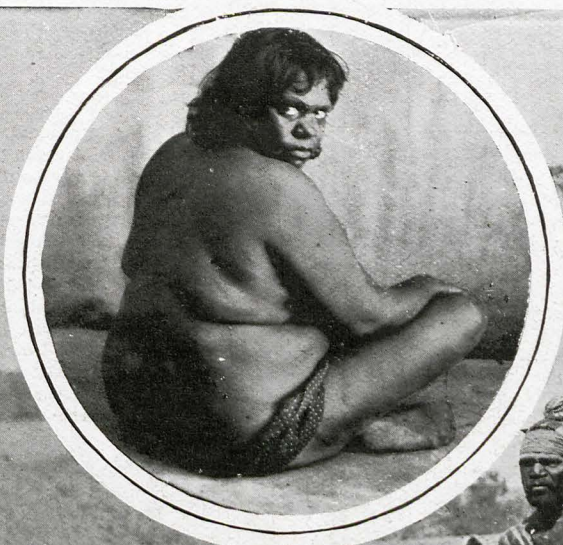
The Pelican Hunters of a North-Western River, W.A.



A King and Prince of the Tribe.

Sulky "Turadgy," a Queen of the Spinifex.

A pose from the Corroboree



A De Grey River Warrior  
in Corroboree Costume.

"Cooraiya,"  
of Lake Darlot.

De Grey River  
Piccaninnies.



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## A STORY OF THE TIMBER COUNTRY.

[For "The Golden West"]  
By "Jean Dell."

### I

Banksia Siding, in the main, was a white man's camp. There are few communities of bush workers without at least one peace-disturber, and this camp had three.

Parrot-Face held his name by virtue of his features, and the screech in his voice. Blood-and-Fire was so called on account of the guernsey he wore, that garment having been secured through one night's salvation in a Booth fortress. It was not easy to be certain concerning the country that the Dago benefited by his emigration, but that name fitted him better than anything else he had about him.

In the camp, but not of it, this coterie gave the banksia cutters no cause to complain of quiet times. Their mental entertainment was chiefly derived from "talking fight;" but like all men who boast loudly and often of their achievements with the bare knuckles, they were poor fighters. It is doubtful if they had many honest blows to their credit. They would be bullies if they found anyone weak enough to be silent or inactive under their taunts. This, however, is a rare discovery in the bush; and until W. Hope struck the Siding, Parrot-Face and Co. had climbed no higher up the tree of danger than the roosting place of human mosquitoes.

The new-comer offered them a chance for sport. Hope was a broken man, whose nerves were jangled. He had been pitched suddenly from the violets into the thorns, and the experience had left him too dazed and sick to show fight. Moreover, it was winter time, and a man in his condition requires sunlight, or sunny company, for rapid convalescence. The human sunlight and sympathy were there; for amongst the cutters at Banksia Siding were men with hearts as big as the trees they hewed; but Hope was not then in a position to realise that what was offered to him was the best thing in their gift, or his acceptance.

"He is suffering a recovery," said the boss who knew of at least one good cure for that kind of sickness. "Let him work it off with the axe." And the men, understanding in their own rough, manly way, did not attempt to draw Hope from his retirement.

While the men made shrewd guesses as to what sent Hope to the Siding, the boss knew all about it. Hope had for years been the chief salesman in a soft-goods store; and until the first sign of the approach of the crisis the two partners (brothers) looked upon him, and spoke of him as "our own right hand." Six feet in his stockings, square,

straight, clean-limbed, and clean-living, he was a perfect specimen of the Sydney-side Saxon.

"I managed to get off to see Hope play to-day," said the man. So much for Hope as an athlete.

"Mr. Hope served me to-day," said the woman, after the manner of a woman whose shopping has been pleasant. So much for Hope's personality.

Children and dogs loved Hope. And that's saying a lot for Hope.

Idle to speculate as to what brought about the crisis. This is the word that Hope used often—afterwards. Parrot-Face, Blood-and-Fire, and the Dago heard and understood it for the first time at Banksia Siding.

No firm likes to lose a good man—its best man. Hope's first lapse was overlooked; many years of faithful, valuable services were held by the partners to balance many relapses. But much as a firm may value a servant, or his services, the success of the business must be the first consideration. So the fatal day came when the partners, after a long and serious conference, arrived at the conclusion that "hard tack" wouldn't mix with soft goods. And sorrowing at the necessity for doing so, they plainly, firmly, and finally conveyed this decision to Hope.

That was the crisis. The usual high tragedy in one low word.

Thus, stunned, and scarcely realising what had come to him, Hope, with eyes fixed as though the sandy track held something precious that he had lost, stumbled into the camp at Banksia Siding. Bewildered yet, he, all unknowingly, took a contract from the one man in the district, who knew all about him—and about the crisis.

This man, usually silent, as all observant men are, made a long speech next day, in the hearing of the truck-loaders. "There has been something seriously wrong with Hope's throat. Well, as he's come into my hospital, I'll see that he gets the right medicine," he said. The boss had the reputation of being "a bit of a sport."

Parrot-Face, being a phrase-maker, gave out that Hope had been delivered into their hands, because he neglected to put splints on his elbows. The three mates evinced great disgust at Hope's inability to talk fight (which made him out to be no fighter); and from the well of his inspiration, Parrot-Face drew up a name for him. Was it unnatural that he should have called him The White Hope, seeing that he arrived amongst them at a time when buck niggers were fighting in a white man's country for the championship belt? And, of course, the name stuck.

The boss put Hope into a patch of axe wood—bush that required no splitting. So that the only tools he had to use were a couple of axes, files, and a stone. The boss himself, knowing that Hope would be worse than the greenest new-chum at the game, ground and sharpened the axes—made them keen enough to shave a mouse asleep, according to Parrot-Face. This was an unheard of thing. This was a new grievance. A factory in which numerous additional pleasantries were made for The White Hope.

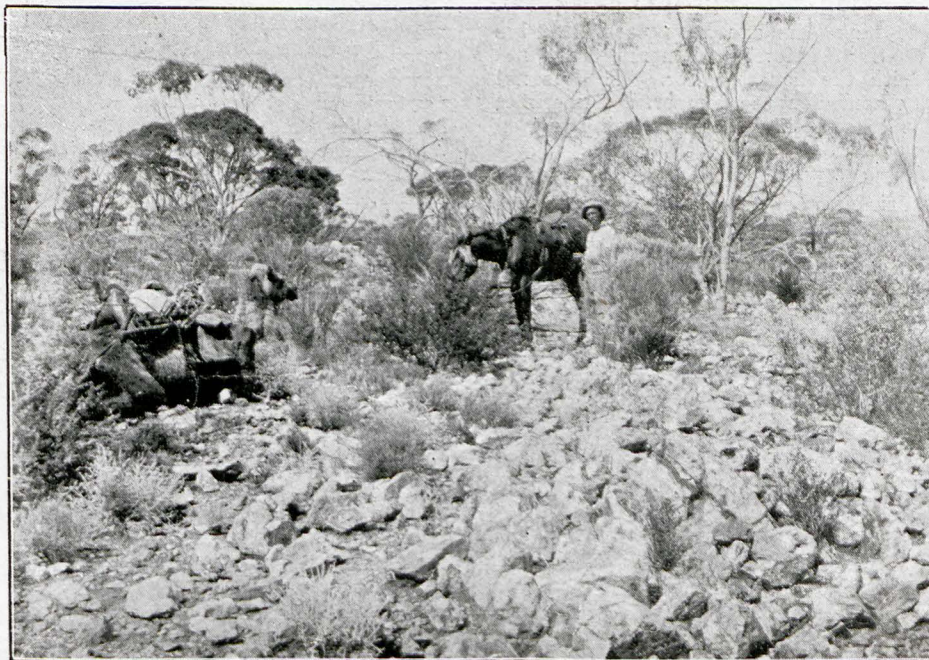
"The boss is afraid of the White Hope's dirty left," announced Parrot-Face.

"Who's the boss's white-haired boy?" inquired Blood-and-Fire.

"De White Hope he crawl to de big boss," remarked the Dago.

Neither in the bush nor in the camp did P.F. and Co. let up on The White Hope. They were leading him a dog's life, and the men began to wonder that such a giant of a man should take it all lying down, "from two loons and a half-bred Dago." But The White Hope gave no sign, and made no complaint. It seems inexplicable that such a man should take, without a murmur, without the semblance of a protest, all the vicious taunts that were hurled at him—especially by the Dago. But Hope's nerves were finely strung, and it would take a long time to tune them to their normal pitch. The recovery from his great shock would be slow. If at that time his thoughts ever wandered away from his severe loss, which is doubtful, perhaps he regarded the stings of the three mosquitoes as part of his care, if not of his punishment.

It is impossible that such a man could utterly lose his manhood; and yet,



Quartz Country in the Unprospected Interior, north-east of Laverton, W.A.



under threats of violence, he would stack the Dago's wood, and light the fire for Parrot-Face. One Sunday morning, when all hands—bar three—were doing their washing, Blood-and-Fire threw his dirty Salvation Army garment into Hope's kerosene tin. The rag came out clean and dry—on Hope's clothes line.

For an hour after that, the camp, to its credit, be it said, refused to have any further faith in Hope as a Britisher. At the end of that hour, the boss strolled up for a chat, as he usually did on Sunday morning. When they told him of the washing incident, he chuckled gleefully—being a bit of a sport. "It seems to amuse you," said the Englishman, wrathfully. "It does!" replied the boss. "Hope was pretty good on the ledger at one time."

The readers who have any experience of the bush need not be told that such a remark would readily appeal to the intelligence of those who heard it. It was as though an opening suddenly appeared in a wall of the dark room of their misunderstanding regarding The White Hope, admitting a shaft of light. Thenceforth they looked upon him with a new interest. Although they did not immediately re-instate him as a Britisher, they ceased to wonder. They waited.

The next fortnight was the worst, and the last of the winter. It was also the worst, but not the last of The White Hope's bad

fresh torments for their victim. Placing the empty bottles round Hope's tent was one of the least of their pleasantries.

The camp looked on, without interfering. They held that the matter was outside their jurisdiction. But had any personal violence been offered—well, there is a lot of manhood in the bush.

## II

John Fox was the champion cutter at Banksia Siding. John Fox could use his hands as well as his axe, as most wood-cutters know—some of them too well. His four hours' stand-up to the Red Mick at No. 12 Mill is still admirably discussed in many camps. A curious fact, though it was not noticed till afterwards, was that he was of the same height and build as The White Hope.

Fox never talked fight, except when he had quenched his thirst immoderately. Then the echoes of his boasting would rebound from the hill beyond the banksia belt. These were his battle-cries at such a time:—

"I'm John L. Sullivan James J. Corbett Fox!"

"I'm absolutely the best man in the wide, wide world!"

Fox occasionally used violence in his cups, but next day he would go round to the man's tent and try to press upon him the gift of a shirt or a sharp axe. He would give a man his last tin of dog, or his only flannel.

"I'm John L. Sullivan James J. Corbett Fox! I'm absolutely the best man in the wide, wide world!"

The White Hope, stripped to the waist, was using the towel. The sight quickened Fox's enthusiasm, and sobered him somewhat. He began to take Hope's measurements, and compare them with his own, admiringly, without jealousy.

"Why, man," he roared, "you're a specimen, I couldn't give you a sixteenth of an inch anywhere. If I had you for a month, I'd make a champion of you. Here, put 'em up, and let's see how you go."

And before The White Hope could realise what was expected of him, Fox had delivered three smashing blows to his ribs. As he raised his hands, Fox got him in the wind. This brought The White Hope's head forward, and a forceful straight left to the chin sent The White Hope out.

Fox was half-drunk from liquor, and wholly drunk from the excitement of battle, and he could no more help doing what he did than a bird can help singing when the sun shines. But when it came to him that Hope was unconscious, he set about restoring him. He lifted him on to the bunk, chafed him, and sprinkled him, and cried over him. Then he remembered that he had brought back two shillings' worth of whisky. This he produced from his hip pocket, and poured it down The White



When Coolgardie was Booming.

time. Cutters are forced to remain in camp during particularly heavy weather, and camp is not then seen at its best. Banksia cutting is not a very profitable profession at the best of times, or in the best of bush, and if the average cutter strikes broken weeks for any length of time, he finds it difficult to make his axe keep pace with his teeth. Such enforced idleness does not agree with the honest toiler. It does not put any honey on the temper. Sometimes it leads to something bitterer being put on the tongue.

The White Hope refused to join in any of the drinking bouts. It is to be believed that he suffered extreme agony during this period, for his temptation was surely very great. He explained afterwards that he was not strong enough to yield—a queer explanation. The boss was often about the camp at this time. Not that he objected to the men drinking (he drank with them occasionally), but he had reasons of his own—being a bit of a sport. Parrot-Face and Co. declared that The White Hope would clear the camp out of liquor only that he was frightened of the boss. "He crawl to de big boss," said the Dago.

Though the white men cursed the stormy weather, the three mosquitoes regarded that fortnight as their king time. Every day was a day of days to them, as they had more frequent opportunities of stinging The White Hope. The liquor put more courage into their coward hearts, and they exploited every resource of their devilish minds to discover

In the times of the rare disturbances in the camp, Fox would stride out and inquire, in the tones of a leader: "What's the argument? What's the argument?" That invariably settled it.

Parrot-Face, Blood-and-Fire, and the Dago were mortally afraid of Fox. They would go through the paddock by other means than that of natural locomotion if Fox said the word.

The three mosquitoes' treatment of The White Hope made Fox's blood boil, and it would have gone hard with the gang, but for a little chat he had with the boss at the very outset. The men had a glimmer as to what restrained Fox, but Parrot-Face and Co. placed a wrong construction on his non-interference—and acted accordingly.

Spring came at last. The sunny, bracing air of the hills was like a cheery physician entering a sick room. As the sap began to spring in the trees, so manhood began to return to The White Hope. He was gradually losing his listlessness. His shoulders began to assume their natural set, and his chin was carried father up from his chest. Fox was the first to notice and fully appreciate the magnificent proportions of The White Hope's physique—and the possibilities thereof.

Fox had been celebrating the passing of winter in the usual way, and on his return from the township he went straight to The White Hope's tent, giving voice to his battle-cries as he strode through the paddock.

Hope's throat. That brought the unconscious man round.

"That's right, Sonny," said Fox, as he saw that The White Hope's senses had returned. "You're alright now. A few more lessons from me, and you'll be nearly as good as I am. What I want you to do, White Hope is to get even with those three coots. I'll show you a few more points some other time, and if you don't settle that crew, I'll settle 'em meself, though I've sworn not to interfere. And if I have to do that, spare me days, I'll lay you up in the hospital. I don't want to do that, Sonny, because I like you. But the way you take it from Parrot-Face and his mob, makes me blood boil. Don't forget White Hope—three coots! And there was two bob's worth of whisky in that bottle. Don't forget that, White Hope—two bob's worth of whisky!"

When Fox had gone, The White Hope placed the bottle carefully away, felt his bruised ribs and his jarred chin, and muttered "I won't forget—oh, be sure I won't forget!"

The White Hope was now in big bush, having become as expert as any with the axes and splitting tools; better than the lot, with the exception of Fox. And it was while he was in this big bush that the Dago offered him his last taunt—openly. The birds had begun to mate and build, and one day Hope came across a beautiful tree, an easy cutter and splitter, and one likely to yield a cord and a quarter. Examining it for the fall, he noticed that a couple of



honey-birds were nesting there. He left it standing..

The reason for this soon spread through the camp, and the Dago felled the tree. That night as The White Hope went down for water the Englishman heard him say to himself: "Oh, be sure I'll pay them all back in full—with a little bit of interest for the Dago!"

Thereafter, even the three mosquitoes could see that The White Hope was a changed man. He was the soft-goods salesman—the athlete—and commanded respect even in the camp of the enemy. By easy stages he

"I don't want it for myself," quietly replied The White Hope. "It's for a sick man."

"Why, who's sick?" asked the boss.

"Well, he's not sick yet. But I've noticed the symptoms, and I think he's sure to be—before dark."

The White Hope got the two shillings, went to his camp and secured Fox's whisky bottle, and strode away with that easy, graceful commanding gait that gets a man quickly over the ground without hurry—the stride that had so often been admired in him on the cricket and football ground.

While The White Hope walked rapidly

The mysterious manner of the boss excited their curiosity greatly, and there was a full muster.

The wait was a silent one, comparatively. The men fidgeted, and talked in whispers. Something was going to happen, they knew not what, and they felt uneasy. The three mosquitoes, standing apart from the crowd, made blustering remarks that failed to cover their real feelings.

Presently Fox strolled across to them.

"You coots better say your prayers, or make your will, or have a wash, before it's too late," he said, "When the White Hope



[Photo. by E. L. Mitchell]

Along the Avon River, near Beverley.

came back to the brotherhood of man, from which he had so long held aloof. The camp was delighted, for his sake, and on their own account. He was a charming conversationist. He altered the turn of the camp-fire talk, and the men readily, many of them eagerly, recognised that there were very many pleasant themes of discussion apart from the usual absorbing topic.

He commenced to shave every night, and got the Englishman to cut his hair. Gradually, shaving and haircutting came to be popular, not to say profitable pastimes. The White Hope gave not the slightest indication that he remembered the taunts of Parrot-Face and Co.; and soon, too, the men ceased to think of the matter. Only the boss went about rubbing his hands, and chuckling to himself, as though there was something pleasant coming to him—the boss being a bit of a sport.

### III

One Saturday afternoon The White Hope knocked off early, and sought an interview with the boss.

"I want a draw," he said.

"How much?" inquired the boss.

"Two shillings."

"Is that all you want? You can have more, you know. You can have the lot if you like, Hope."

"Two shillings will be enough, thanks. I only want to buy some whisky."

"Oh, well, you can't do much damage on two bob's worth of whisky. It's only a nip."

towards the township, the boss fairly ran—in another direction. "Eight miles there and back," he gasped. "He'll do it easily under two hours. I must have them all here when he comes back." And he had them—cutters, carters, loaders and neighbours.

The boss put it to them in such a way that they did not know what to expect. They understood in a vague way that The White Hope had drawn two shillings for the purpose of buying whisky; though why this should prompt a roll-up deeply puzzled them.

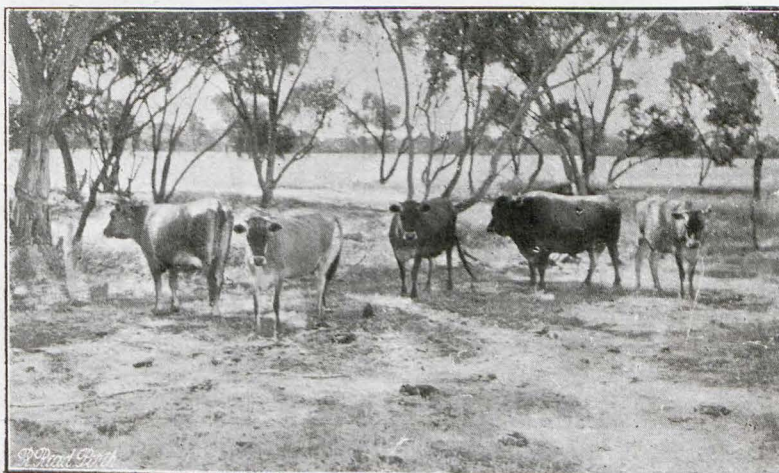
gets outside that two bob's worth of whisky. I reckon he'll give you tickets for the morgue."

"That would be a beautiful dream, Foxy," said Blood-and-Fire.

Screeched Parrot-Face: "'E'll blunt 'ees axe if he comes at me. 'E'll strike dry wood."

"Oh, you're green enough!" snarled Fox. "Only you're cross-grained—corkscrew grain-ed. As for you, you half-bred Dago—"

"What for me?" whined that gentleman.



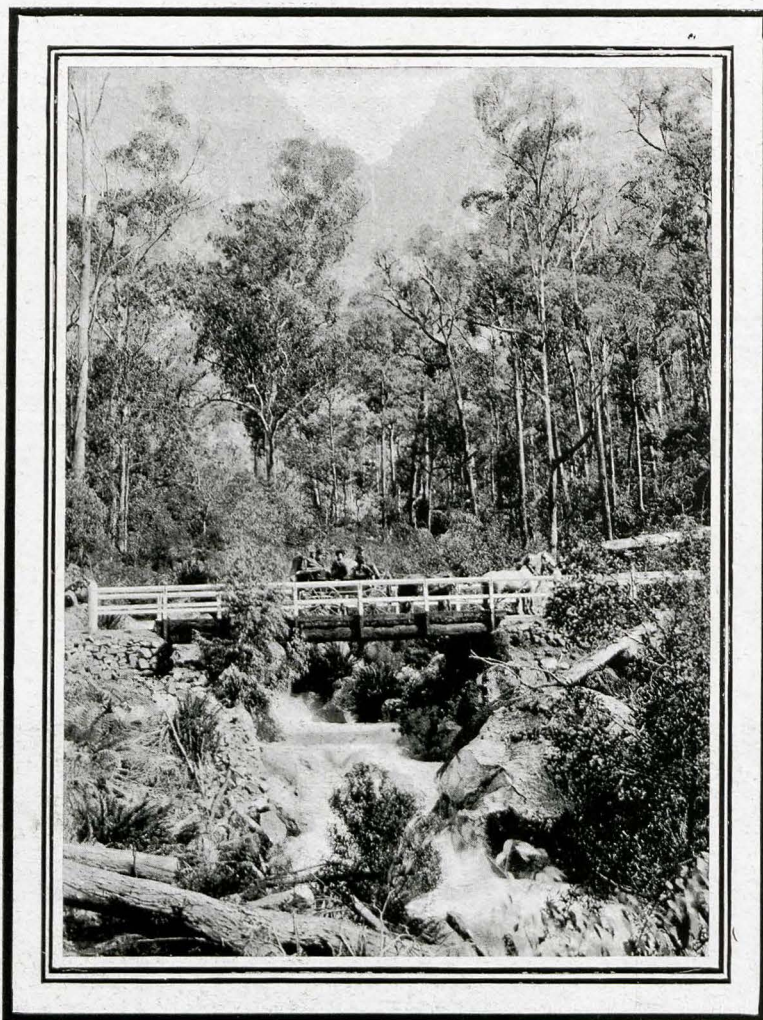


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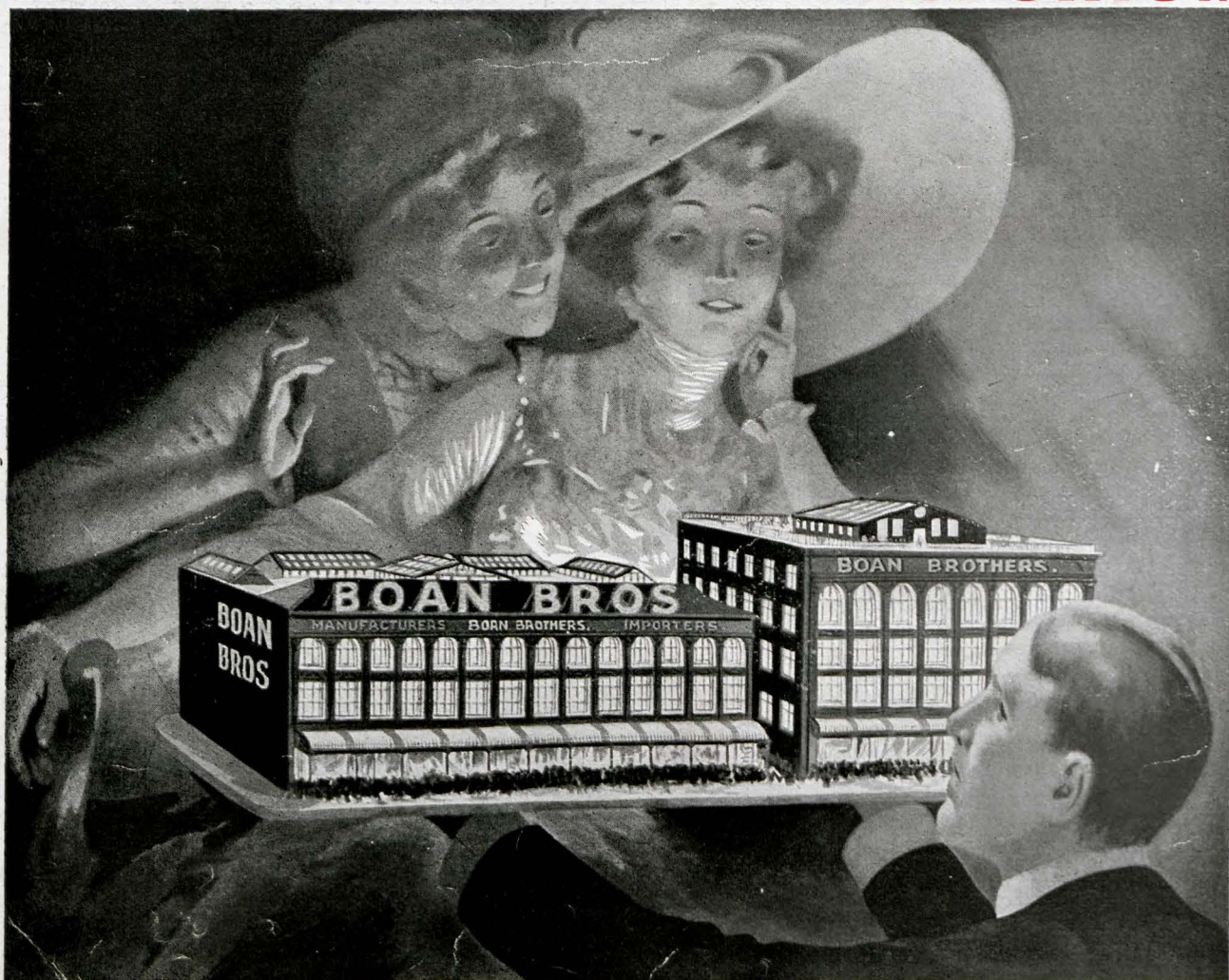
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"Heem try any funny beez, I split ope hees head! Kill him stone dead!"

"If he doesn't lay the whole blasted lot of you out, I'll come along and do the job meself. And then I'll settle with him. Don't forget that. Uh-h-h! you coots." And spitting derisively in their direction, Fox went into his camp.

The boss was moving about in great glee, rubbing his hands, and chuckling, and keeping a merrily keen eye on the turn-off from the road. Presently he stopped short, pulled out his watch, and announced: "An hour and three quarters—not bad going for that road."

All eyes now turned to see The White Hope striding towards the camp; carrying himself as if he had a right to be in that paddock. There was a look in his eyes such as one sees on the blade of a bright axe in the sunlight. Here was a man with serious business on hand, and not much time in which to do it.

The Dago suddenly remembered an appointment—and as suddenly kept it. It is debatable whether Parrot-Face and Blood-and-Fire were rooted to the spot with fear, or whether what they had left of British blood asserted itself. But they stood there to face the danger, and take what was coming to them.

"You parcel of coots!" was The White

The White Hope's left hand. He said it afterwards, after he had taken—and returned—some punishing blows:

"I'm John L. Sullivan—James—J. Corbett—Fox!"

"I'm absolutely—the best—man in the—wide, wide—world!"

The last word was high pitched, but it came from low down—from the region of The White Hope's feet.

"Wait till I take my flannel off," he said, as he rose (and Hope took his off); "I'll kill you stone dead!"

Hope's cool, straight, lightning work soon convinced Fox that he was up against something equally as good as Red Mick, and that his vituperation was a waste of valuable breath. He shut his teeth and got to work like a tradesman. The battle had not gone far when Fox was as cool as his opponent.

It was a battle, the like of which one seldom sees in the professional ring. It was a clean, straight, scientific go between two practically evenly-matched men, out to win. The camp could see that this was not a case of one man "giving it best." Nothing but a knock-out, or the failing light, would finish this fight.

Fox was cleverer on his feet than Hope, and thereby avoided a lot of body punishment. But Hope, though he did not resort

truly, and be sudden!" And his subsequent aim was true, and every delivery a flash.

A sledge-hammer smash in the midriff above the belt brought Hope forward and downward once more, but again Fox missed the chin. Hope was the first to recover. His left connected hard with the jaw, and as Fox momentarily reeled, a sudden right found the point, and sent Fox to sleep.

The crowd rushed in to render assistance, but The White Hope, now the recognised leader of the paddock, waved them back. He picked Fox up, carried him into the tent, and laid him on the bunk. He repeated the treatment Fox had used on him on a former occasion. He chafed him, sprinkled him, and poured two shillings' worth of whisky down his throat.

When Fox opened his eyes, he asked: "What have I been doin'?"

"You've been delirious," replied The White Hope. "You've been imagining that you were John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett. But you're alright now, Sonny."

"But I was goin' somewhere. Where was I goin'?"

"You were on your way to the morgue," said The White Hope, cool as ever. "But I stopped you with this. There was two shillings' worth of whisky in this bottle. Don't forget that—two shillings' worth of



The Sea Coast  
between  
Rockingham  
and  
Mandurah.

Hope's greeting, when he got within speaking distance of them. (He had remembered Fox's phrase). Out shot right and left, and down went Parrot-Face and Blood and Fire. Down went right and left, and the pair were pulled to the perpendicular. He managed to keep them on their feet long enough, (though it was only a matter of seconds), to hammer them into insensibility. Their features were somewhat altered when he had finished with them. They certainly would have to find a new name for one of them. Nevermore would Parrot-Face look like a parrot.

Long suppressed excitement had told on the men, and now they found their voices. Said things and did things men usually do at such a moment—and the noise brought Fox out of his tent.

"What's the argument? What's the argument?" he roared, as he rushed over to the group.

"This is the argument," was The White Hope's cool rejoinder. "Put 'em up and let's see how you go." (How well he remembered Fox's phrases.)

Fox was instantly on his guard, and would have said something only that his voice was blocked by the white knuckles of

much to footwork in defence, made marvellous use of his head, many of Fox's straight leads to the face going harmlessly over the shoulder. Hope's weak spot was under his guard, and Fox soon made the ribs his principle objective. In one fierce rally (where all rallies were fierce), Fox dealt out terrible punishment just above the belt, with both hands. Once he got in the wind hit that he had used in Hope's tent, and as his opponent came forward and downward, a lightning-like right upper-cut looked like ending the combat. Hope avoided it by a rapid jerk-aside of his head. The force Fox had used without making contact sent him to pieces for the moment, and Hope jumped in with right and left to the face, several times. Fox's footwork saved him from a chin-smasher, and honors were even.

Apart from the encounter itself, which knew no breathing-space, it was grand to see the play of the fully-developed muscles, the white muscles of Hope, and the brown muscles of Fox. Only once was the silence broken in the crowd. One man suggested: "What about a breather?" Fox replied: "Let me get that upper-cut home!" Hope whispered: "If only the light holds!" Later on he was heard to murmur, as if repeating the instructions of a great trainer: "Judge

whisky. Here, take the bottle, it's yours. I'm square with you, Mr. John L. Sullivan James J. Corbett Fox."

They noticed after a while that The White Hope had disappeared. Then somebody shouted: "The Dago! The Dago! He's got a knife!" But on their hurried way to the Dago's camp, they met The White Hope coming back; the Dago's knife in his hand. They found what was afterwards proved to be the Dago; alive, but with some of his features shifted to places where those features don't usually grow.

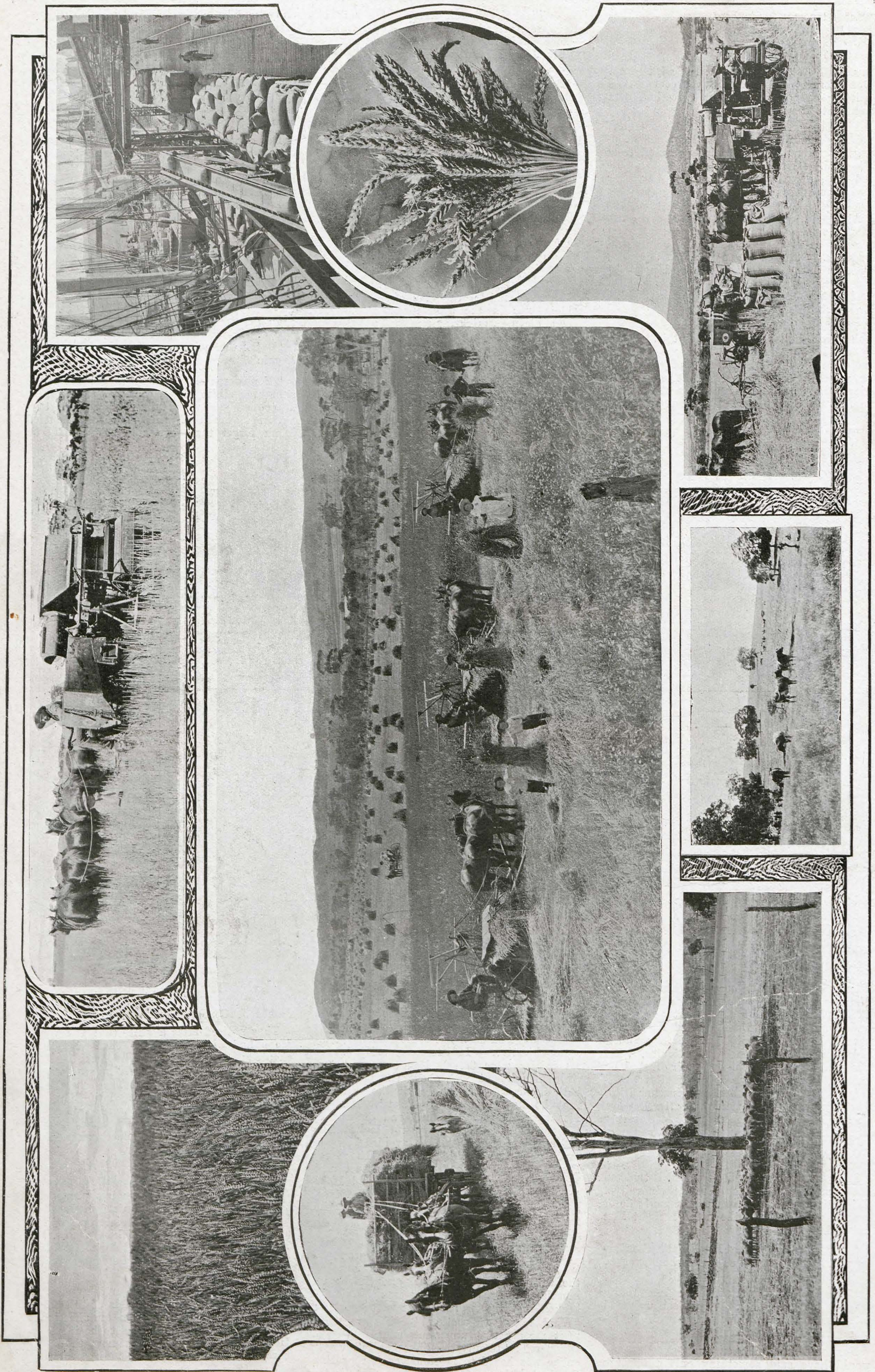
#### IV.

Some days afterwards the two partners in the soft-goods store scandalised their clerks by laughing long and boisterously over something that obviously tickled their fancy. Their merriment was caused by a letter from the boss (who was a bit of a sport). The epistle began:

"Six months ago, your Mr. Hope, who is following close on the heels of this letter, came to me suffering from an affection of the throat. I am delighted to be in a position to certify that he is now thoroughly cured."

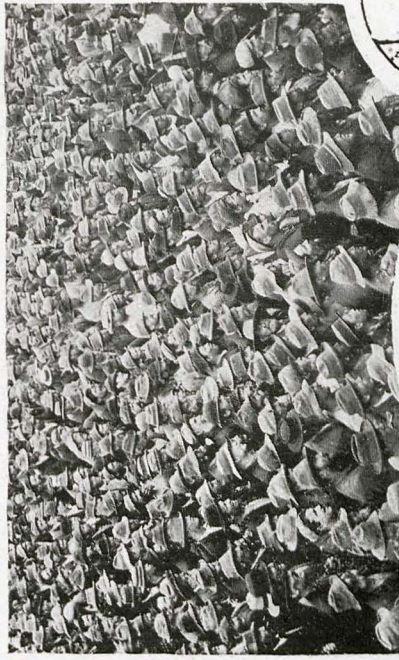
Then followed particulars of the cure.



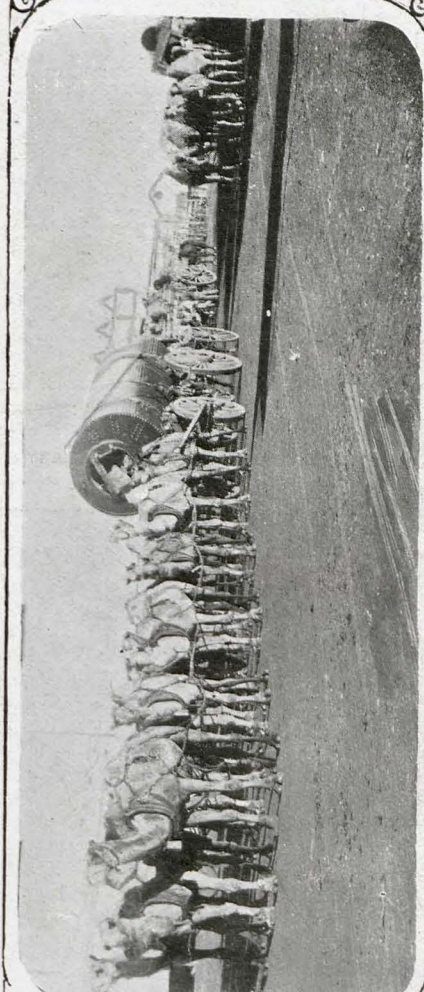
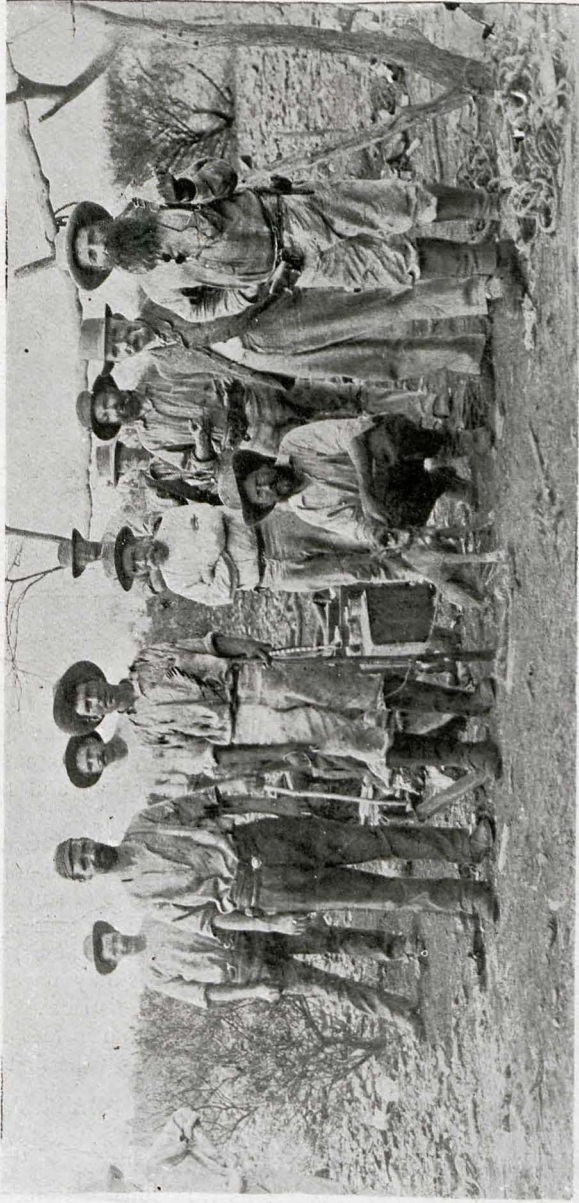
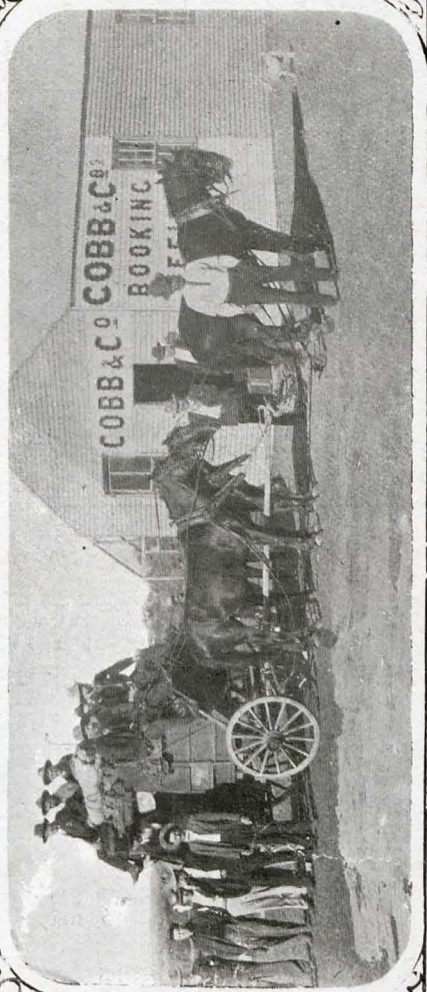


THE STORY OF THE CROPS. SCENES FROM WESTERN AUSTRALIAN HARVESTS.



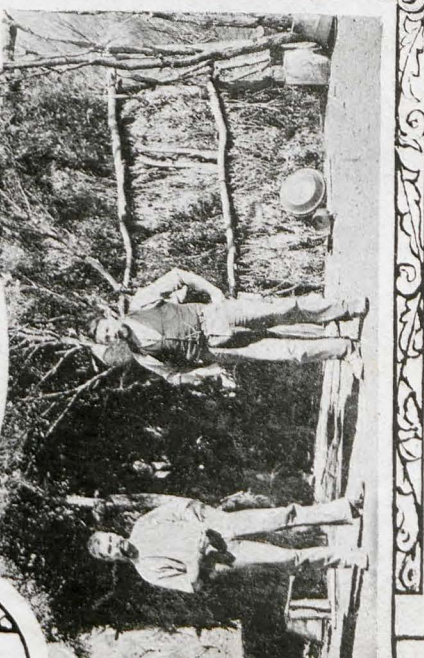
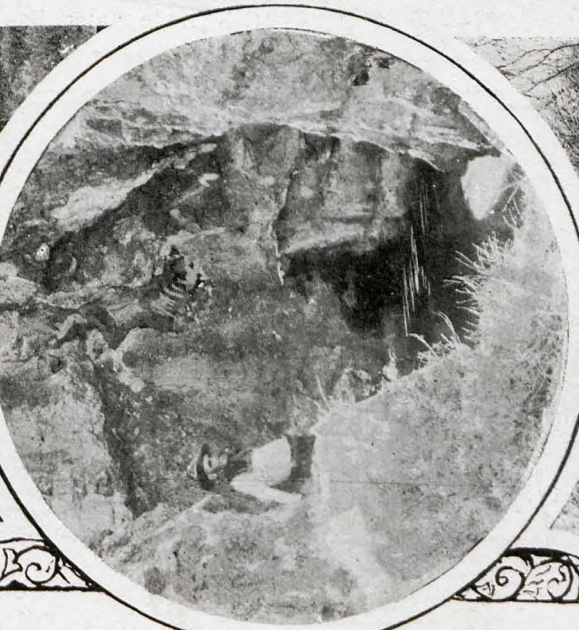
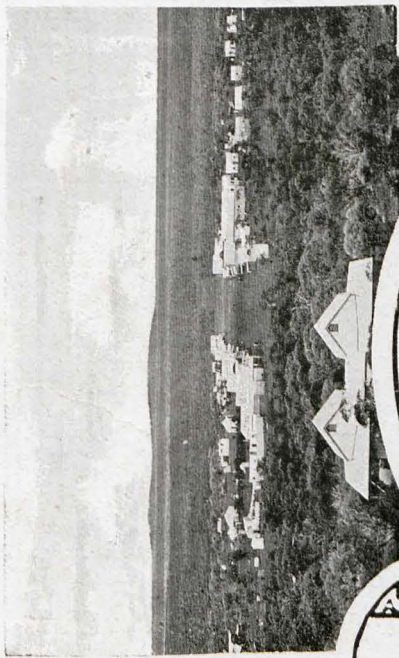


An Early-Day Roll-up of Miners.  
Panning off a Dish of Dirt.  
A Prospector's Claim.



PIONEERS AND GOLDFINDERS (SEE LETTERPRESS)  
PAGES 45-47

A Mail Coach starting on a two-hundred-mile Journey.  
Pioneers and Prospectors—Some of the Men who made the Country.  
Camel Team carting Machinery 100 miles to an out-back Mine.



A Typical Goldfield's Township.  
A Rock-Hole in the Desert Country.  
A Prospector's Camp.



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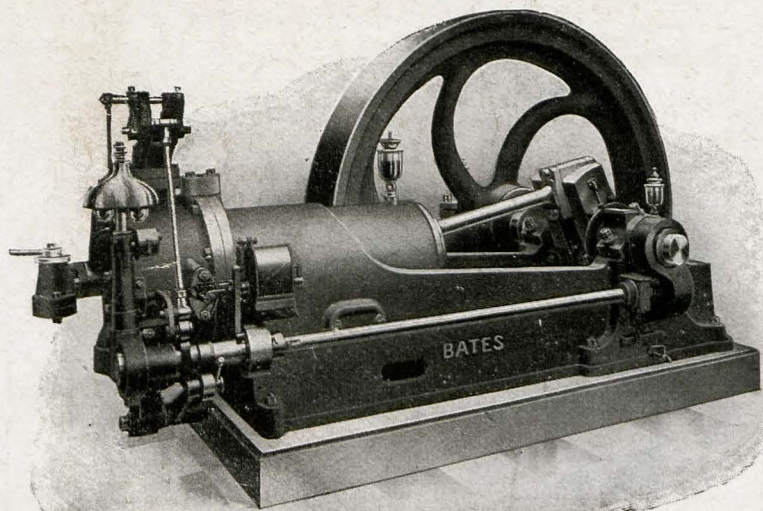
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GAS ENGINE

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We were so gratified with the unstinted praise bestowed upon it by engineers, that we believe, to develop a good business, it is only necessary to have Bates' Gas Engines working in a few districts. We are, therefore, prepared to make very favourable prices and terms, also give guarantees as to performance on the first Engine sold in approved districts.

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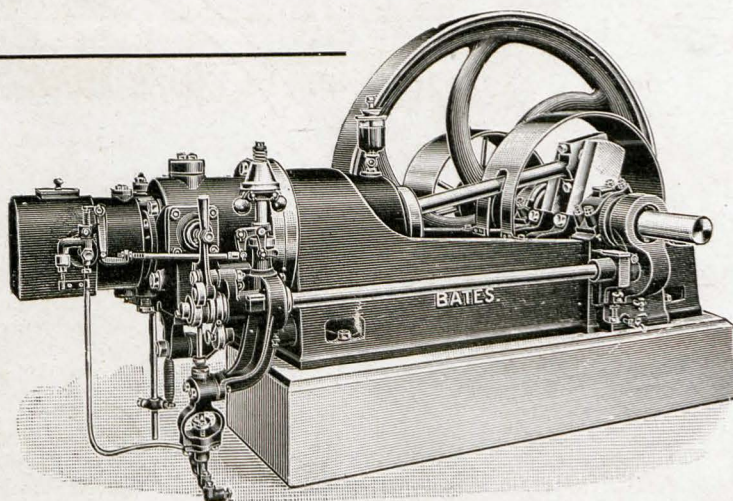
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High Grade Material and Workmanship.

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OIL ENGINE.

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883 Hay Street, PERTH.



# The Mining Industry

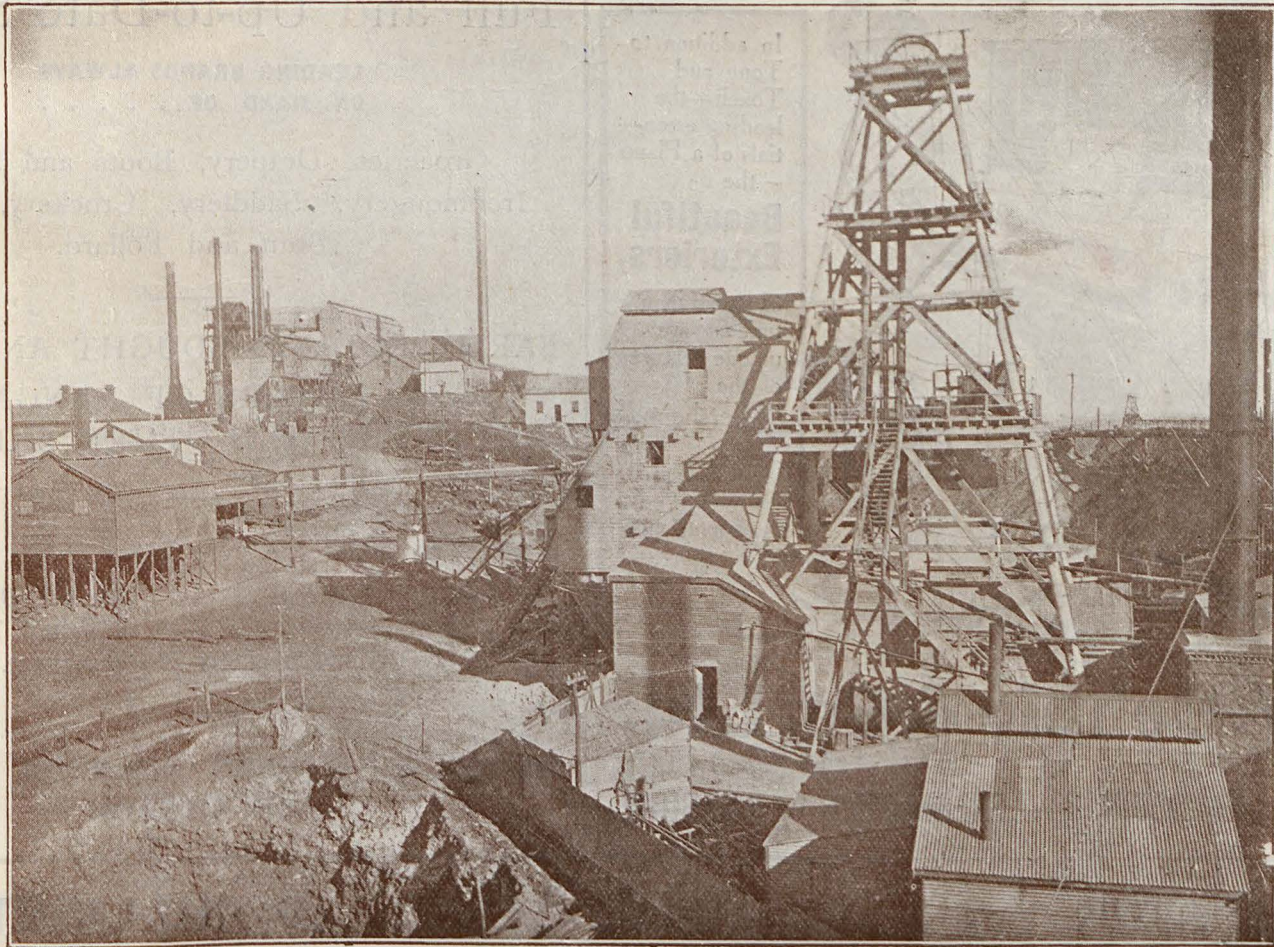
AN INCREASING OUTPUT—THE YEAR'S OPERATIONS—DEVELOPMENTS AND PROSPECTS—AN ENCOURAGING OUTLOOK.

Unlike the story that had to be written for the past seven or eight years—a decline in the gold output each annual review—the record for 1913 in Western Australian mining is in brief an encouraging one, as the shrinkage in output that began in 1905 has been arrested and the monthly yields for the nine months of this year ending September 30 show clearly that an increase will be

for the State the advent of the Bullfinch Corinthian North (Bullfinch), the Edna May (Westons), and the splendid maintenance of output by the mines at Meekatharra. The disappointments of the year, i.e., the mines that have not made good in the face of large capital outgoings, were the Lancefield, the Gwalia Consolidated, and the Hainault (which last named has been absorbed by the

on a good wicket for profit. The Hampton Uruguay Co., owing to the poor zone entered, shut down work in August.

At Burbanks the Main Lode and the Birthday mines have been consistent gold producers, while at the Carbine, which in 1913 bought the Carbine South plant and leases, the Messrs Crawford have maintained a regular yield from what is said to be the widest



The Surface Plant of a Kalgoorlie Mine.

chronicled as compared with 1912.

For the same period in 1912 the value of the gold reported was £82,000 less than in 1913.

The outstanding feature of the year is the normal state of the East Coolgardie field—the centre of gold production—where monthly yields have been very consistent, from 63,000 oz. to 70,000 oz. and in September the weight of metal was 73,000 oz. (Troy). This is due in the main to the increases at the Perseverance and the Golden Horseshoe, and

South Kalgurli and a new company, the South Kalgurli Consolidated, has been formed to work the combined leases).

At Comet Vale the Sand Queen has paid monthly dividends of 9d per month, and the adjoining mine, the Gladstone, is also a consistent producer. At Norseman the Mararoa, although not as good as in former years, is still equal to 1s. per quarter on a moderate capitalisation, and the Viking No. 1 Syndicate (Mr J. V. Mathers and others) in September cut rich ore once more, and is

lode on the goldfields of the State.

x x x x x

As in 1912 and for years before the Great Boulder Prop. is premier in output and dividend distribution, followed by the Ivanhoe, which in the third quarter of last year cut the East Lode at the greatest depth in the mine, and reports state that the ore is rather above the average, being treated at the 100 head mill. Associated is still a very fine margin on yield and expenditure; the Kal-

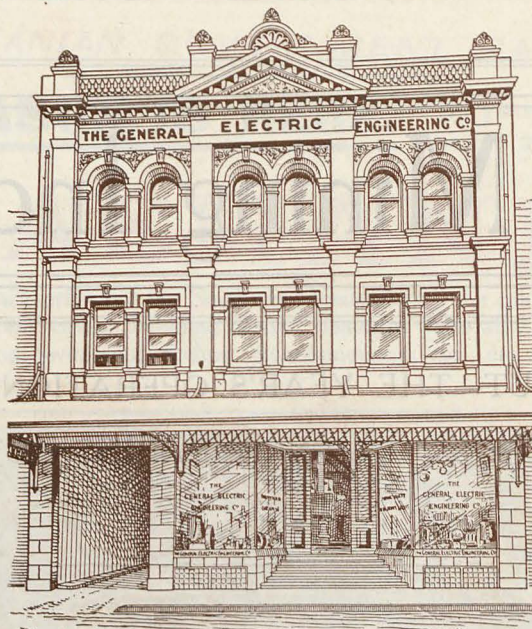


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Sandalwood purchased in any quantity.  
Highest Price Given.



gurli takes third place as a profit payer, but the Great Boulder Perseverance, and the Golden Horseshoe exceed it in production of the precious metal. Associated Northern is dying hard on its Iron Duke lease, but at Ora Banda with the Victorious, after being made a market counter, it slumped in August through a creep coming in and the need for sulphide plant to treat the ore in bottom levels. Oroya Links, Lake View and Star, and North Kalgurli have all earned good profits towards dividends, but

in the "North Country." Whether the departure will succeed depends upon the property and its management. The Yerilla King, 25 miles from Kookynie, is the property which has been taken over.

Outside the Golden Mile, the Sons of Gwalia, near Leonora, is easily the first, and in 1913 the mine picked up much leeway, and at time of writing it promised to enter upon quite a new lease of life. Liberal development expenditure and the overhaul and additions to equipment have

prospector of the Bullfinch), Allen's Find, and the Butcher Bird are good propositions. To the south of Southern Cross, at Marvel Loch and other centres, mining has been on the upgrade and everything is shaping for a year's return ahead of any on record. Fraser's Mine, at Southern Cross, has been tested by the Government drilling plant and some interesting discoveries made, but the re-opening of the mine has so far not followed on this work, and the visit of Mr. W. J. Loring, of Bewick, Moreing and Co. to



PRINCIPAL BUSINESS PORTION OF KALGOORLIE'S MAIN THOROUGHFARE (HANNAN STREET).

(For picture of same locality in its infancy, see page 47)

[The Mines of this District, up to time of this printing, had produced 430 tons of gold]

the excess over working expenditure is not by any means as good as many shareholders would like. Chaffers has been re-constructed, and a series of cables has been despatched to London telling of cutting fair ore in the Main Reef section of the mine. There is no word yet as to when treatment plant will resume work. A number of mines in a small way, between the North End and Trafalgar, have been paying their way with varying success. Hannan's Reward has exercised an option over a new proposition

contributed to the improved position. The quarterly dividend of one shilling has been maintained; the ore reserves are quite three years ahead of the mill.

x x x x x

The Yilgarn field has had a record output in 1913, as many new mines are producing in addition to the three already mentioned—Bullfinch Proprietary, Corinthian North, and Edna May—while at Mt. Jackson the Great Unknown, controlled by Mr. C. Jones (the

the property with a view to London capital being obtained did not pan out as hoped. The Mountain Queen and the Transvaal have been put into one control and each are profitable low grade producers. This kind of proposition seems to be liked best by British investors in recent times.

Among the new fields of the year was a discovery 120 miles North of Peak Hill, at Ilgerere, where gold associated with copper attracted some attention in July, and Geologist Talbot, from the Geological Survey of



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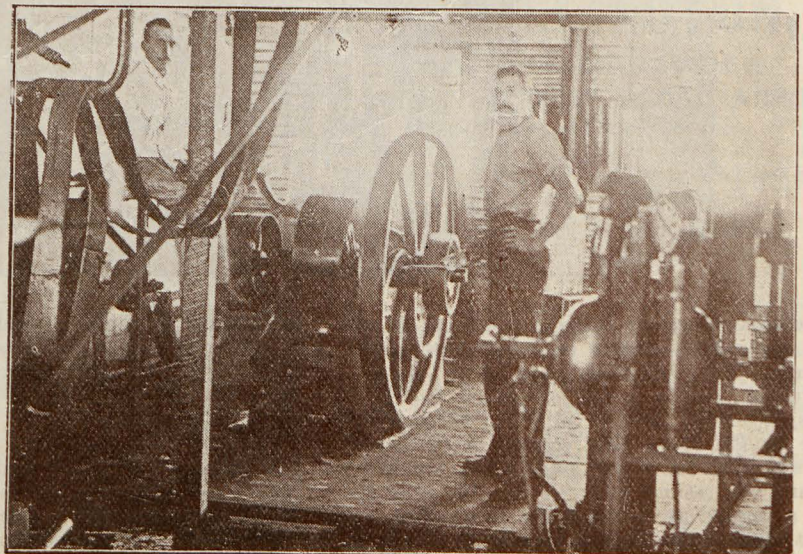
**The Pioneer Ice Makers and Bottling Plant of the North-West.**

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W.A. was sent to report. A trial lot for treatment has been carted in under subsidy from the Mines Department, but returns from the twenty tons are not yet announced. It is too early yet to form a definite opinion on the discovery. Further discoveries in this district were reported in October to the Mines Department.

At Ruby Well, in September, Mr. Parker, a prospector, reported to the Mines Department the discovery of quite a new line of lode at this centre, and in October the Adelaide Stock Exchange was busy forming developments syndicates to prospect the leases pegged out for miles. The Big Bell, one of the chief finds, over which the Great Boulder Proprietary took a sampling option, is favorably viewed by mining men who motored out from Cue to the field. There are numerous lodes, but as only 10ft. had then been sunk on them their value cannot be ascertained until a great deal more work has been done. Mere market gambling on the Stock Exchange may be a good thing for the operators, but it will not do what the stroke of the pick will—expose the quartz and determine its worth for further work. The surface indications are, at all events, encouraging, and so far it is officially stated by the Mines Department no alluvial gold

crushed 30,556 tons, which yielded by amalgamation gold worth £100,142, by cyaniding £12,905, slimes (values only) £543. Tin dressing planes (three at work in the State) crushed and dressed 5183 tons for 51½ tons black tin. The new mills erected in 1913 were 10-head at Meekatharra, 10-head at Norseman, 10-head at Ora Banda, 5-head at Mt. Keith, and subsidies were given to a number of mills at Ravensthorpe and other centres, and a concession in charges for treatment of large parcels at Coolgardie battery came into force in the third quarter of the year. Here and there grants and loans were made under authority of the Mining Development Act.

The battery system as a whole is still a heavy loss when interest and redemption of capital is considered, as £328,298 to August 31 has been laid out on capital account since Sir John Forrest first authorised a trial of State-owned mills to encourage prospectors and leaseholders who were able to work their own shows but unable to attract capital to open up and develop and equip on a large scale.

Golden Horseshoe, probably about the richest 24 acre block in the area, declared a dividend (payable on October 30) of 4s per share, amounting to £60,000. The previ-

The year so far has been rather a bad one for accidents, the number being equal to 1912, and in one mine the Yuanmi there were three lives lost, while on the Golden Mile there were several, notably at the Golden Horseshoe and the Great Boulder. It is a regrettable fact that had ordinary care been taken to observe the strict rules laid down by the regulations these men would in all probability not have lost their lives. The management in each case were cleared of blame at the inquiries made, but in one case the Superintendent was fined £5 in September for exceeding the height to which a stope was allowed by the Inspector. There was no wilful breach of the law, but the workers, if they liked, could have refused to break stone above the height allowed by the Inspector. The State Mining Engineer to whom the Inspector has to report, said in reply to the writer, that the working miner Inspectors—the Inspectors to be appointed under the new Mining Regulations recently passed by the Legislative Assembly, but which have yet to get through the Legislative Council before becoming law—were recommended by the Royal Commission, which reported about eight years ago. The Government did not carry out the suggestion. Now the Labour



A Busy Section of the Boulder Belt.

has yet been found, although the dryblowers were early on the scene of the rush.

At Yuin, the Royal Standard leases have been equipped and are shaping well. The Bullrush Gold Estates, an Adelaide flotation at the time of the Bullfinch boom, are the owners of the Yuin property; at Meekatharra the same people have the Kyarra at Garden Gully, which began profit earning in September. Another venture of the same company, the Morning Star at Mt. Magnet, has, on account of high costs for mining supplies and inefficient labor, joined the silent mines although the Mines Department was asked to assist the company and keep the men at work in the district, but the Minister for Mines, after some correspondence, turned down the offer made to him for State aid.

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The State Battery System under control of the Mines Department has been progressive, as the figures which follow will show. To end of 1912 there were 900,416 tons of gold bearing ore crushed, which yielded by amalgamation £3,340,744, by cyaniding £447,072, and by slimes (values only) £95,186; tin ore crushed and dressed 56,833 tons for £73,304. For seven months of the year (1913) the 35 State batteries in work

ous dividend of 5s. per share was paid on April 27, 1910.

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In the base metals, such as copper, tin, lead and coal, the year's work has been satisfactory as high markets have prevailed. In copper, West Pilbarra, with the Whim Well Co., has had the largest output, while at Ravensthorpe, on the Phillips River Field, the small copper-gold mines have exported to the Eastern States a large quantity of ore, the Harbor View being the chief mine. Several of the gold mines at Kundip had fair returns. The Phillips River Co. have sold their mines to a Perth capitalist, and arrangements are in treaty to re-open the Smelting Works; the State have taken the matter in hand, and offered to lease the works. Greenbushes has produced about 500 tons of black tin. Wodgina and the Mt. Cassiterite, on the Pilbarra Field, has sent most of the ore to Singapore. Collie coal field has had a good year, but the mines are capable of a much larger output. The Proprietary Co. is now controlled by Mr. F. Wilson and others, and Scottish Collieries has also changed hands. On the Field generally, about the same number of men were employed as last year.

Party who are in power propose to allow the Workers' Union to appoint two miners in each mine as inspectors, who will report to the Department Inspector (the Special Inspector). The objection to this proposal lies in the fact that these Inspectors will be nominated by the Unions and it follows as a sine qua non that the local secretary and his understudy are pretty certain to get first refusal of the billets. The safe working of the mines is absolutely necessary but the Mines Department would be doing what would be an injustice to the mine owners in allowing the Miners' Union to say that the manager is not observing the regulations—the Inspectors no matter what grade they hold, should be appointed by and be solely responsible to the Mines Department. Any departure from that point of view is fraught with effects which it is difficult to estimate.

Under the Mines' Development Act, the Minister for Mines had many requests, but he turned down the greater number of them. At Southern Cross, Fraser's Mine, however, was given a grant by installing the drilling plant to explore in deep ground. Some interesting lode matter was cut, and the drill at time of writing was still on the ground.



# The Monte Man.

A STORY OF THE SHOWGROUND  
AND THREE CARDS.

Illustrations by  
Ben Strange.

[For "The Golden West"]

By R. Clarke Spear.



"Gentlemen! understand me rightly, now, this one here—the little lady, the queen of clubs—is the one you've got-to-get-to-find to win . . . some picks the right, some picks the wrong . . . I bar no stakes in the way of play . . . Sometimes I do it that quick that I dodge meself; but there you are, my misfortune's your opportunity . . . if you don't speculate you won't accumulate; pluck is the foundation stone of fortune and procrastination the thief of time. . . . Would any gent in the crowd like to bet a pound or more, that he can find the little lady?"

The Monte man stood bending slightly over an umbrella opened before him on the grass, his left boot pressed firmly against the shepherd's crook handle to ensure the rigidity essential to his improvised table and the successful operation of the game he was about to play. The scene of operations was an obscure portion of the local agricultural ground where the great annual event of local showdom was being held.

About the operator was a non-descript semi-circle of humanity. There were countrymen fresh from the stubble—bewhiskered, bronzed, guileless and shy sons of the soil, to whom even in this enlightened age the three-card trick was as yet an undiscovered revelation. Beside these there was the usual crowd that knows all about it and gets something of a passing thrill of delight from watching their less fortunate fellows being despoiled. These are of the noble army of "fly-flats" who, in some past age, have also undergone their baptism of the cult of the "torn broad," if not also that of the mystic purse and the evasive thimble and vanishing pea.

Further among the crowd were two or three quiet-mannered, hard-working looking

strangers. These were "buttoners," the undisclosed assistants of the principal. Their presence was very essential, inasmuch as their participation in the game sustained the strength of interest in it, from time to time, when it showed any sign of flagging. Of course, the "buttoners" did not always pick the right card, but they seemed to win more frequently than they lost, and by so doing manifested, for the edification of the gulls, that the game was quite 'all right,' and, therefore, all that its principal made it out to be.

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The operator pressed his foot firmly against the umbrella handle, swept his audience with a comprehensive glance, and spoke:—

"Gentlemen!" he said, "I have before me here as you see, three cards, the nine and eight of clubs, and the queen of hearts."

As he spoke he lifted the cards and fingered them deftly and fondly.

"Gentlemen! understand me rightly now while I explain the rules of the game. These two here" (indicating the nine and eight of clubs) "are not worth a penny a piece; this one here—the little lady, the queen of clubs—is the one you've got-to-get-to-find to win. Of course, some picks the right, some picks

the wrong, but, understand me right now, the game's perfectly fair. I played it before the present King when he was Prince of Wales, you remember when him and May was out here, and lost five of the best and brightest to him. He reckoned it was the King of games, the fairest of all. I'd have got a testimonial from him but he said he couldn't as he was playin' incog. Gentlemen! I bar no stakes in way of play; whatever you like to put down I'll cover, from half-a-quid to a score of pounds or any part of it."

Here he dropped the cards, and as evidence of good faith, withdrew from his breast-pocket an elastic-banded roll of notes as thick through as a clenched fist, and waved them airily at the assemblage.

"Now, gents., come, watch it," he resumed "I'll do it slow this time. Sometimes I do it that quick that I dodge meself—dinkum. But I don't fancy meself to day; we all get slow sometime or another, and some of us get old without knowing it; but there you are, my misfortune's your opportunity; you know the old saying gents.; if you don't speculate you won't accumulate; pluck is the foundation stone of fortune and procrastination the thief of time. Get away there you boys," was his next remark as he adminis-



tered a well directed boot to one of several lads who had crowded on to and nearly upset his paraphernalia. "That's one thing I will not do, play with boys. as my dear old dad himself used to say to me, 'Eustace! in any real game of sport or chance, don't have nothin' to do with boys or women,' and he was a good judge. Now then, with these few remarks we'll settle down to business. As I've told you this one here, the little lady is the one, the other two aren't worth a penny a piece, so come watch it, this one here, the little lady, there, yes that one there, the queen," (as it was changed from hand to hand with adroit deftness), "watch it closely or it'll beat you, and gentlemen, sing out if I'm doing it too quick for you." The queen had changed hands several times whilst he was speaking, but was quite easy to follow—he purposely made it so.

"Would any one like to bet they can find it," was his next remark as he allowed the three cards to fall face-down on the umbrella. "Would any gent in the crowd like to bet a pound or more, that he can find the

some real money, I'm here to be shot at. Ah! I thought so, I'm glad to see speculation is not dead altogether."

This, as one of the quiet looking strangers before referred to, slowly produced a pound with the remark, "I say, mister, you say if I find the queen among those three I win a pound?"

"Yes, that's just what I've been trying to tell you for the last ten minutes; you can win a pound or as much as you like to bet about it."

"A pound will do me," said the other, as he put a note down and quietly turned the queen over.

It was so simple. Anybody could have done it.

"Right sir! right sir! Right for you and wrong for meself," spake the operator merrily, as he pulled a pound from his pocket and paid the other. "I'm just as pleased whoever wins; this game's only a hobby of mine—a rich uncle of mine snuffed it in Fiji a while back, and left me rich beyond the dreams of avarice, dinkum; so

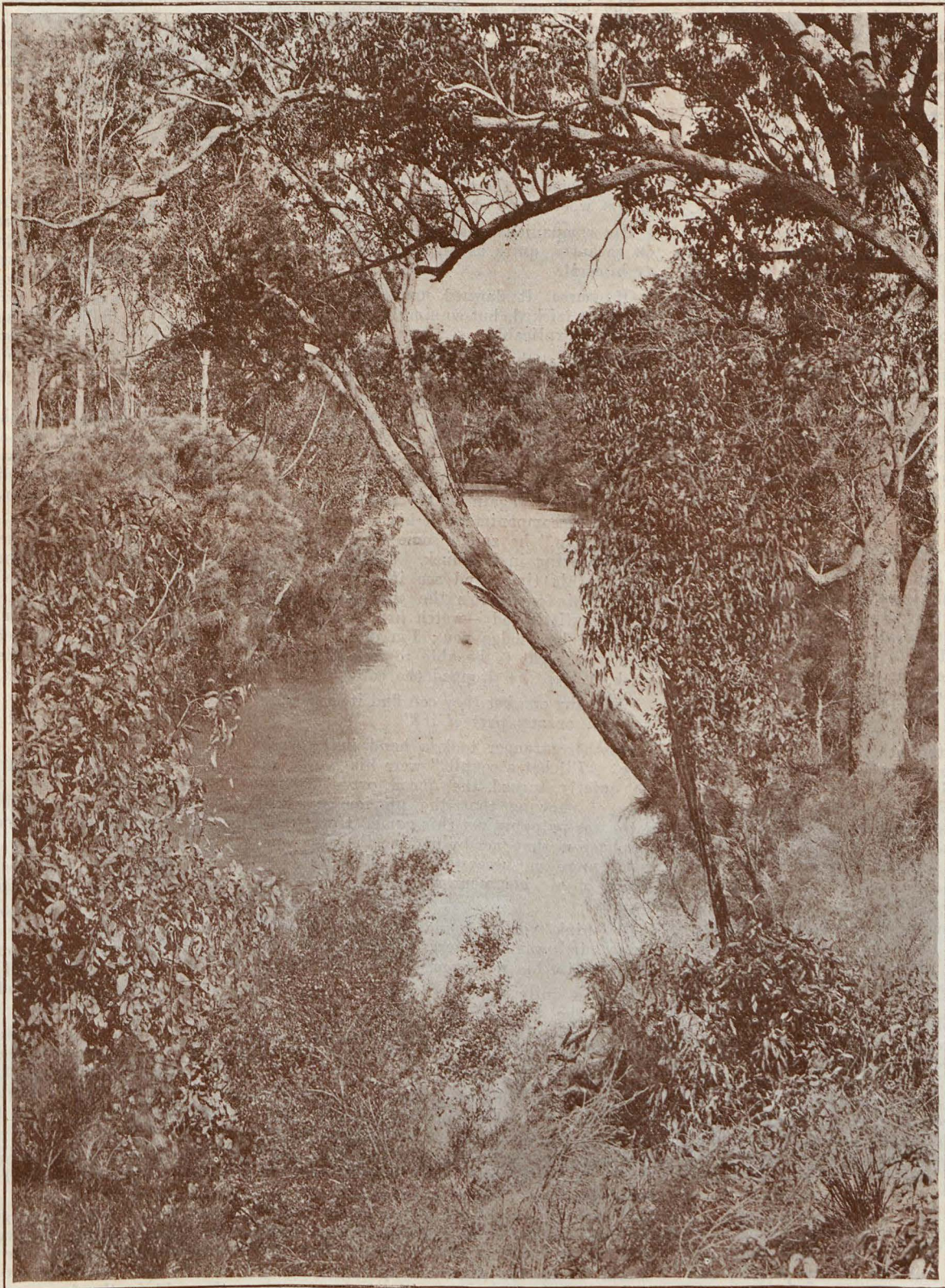
ing a clear profit of three pounds on his efforts. At the next turn he wagered all his profits in one bet, and incurred a unanimous murmur of disgusted disapproval from those assembled by picking up the wrong card, when the queen was staring him in the very face.

"I don't know how you done that," sympathetically remonstrated the operator, "why a blind man could 'a seen it. Everyone of these gents seen it, I'll bet. didn't you? but there you are, it just shows you as I said before, some takes the right, some the wrong, the quickness of the hand deceives the eye," he droned as he almost reluctantly gathered up the other's three pounds, "I thought I was shot again for sure."

Another deal and this time the stranger staked five pounds and won. Then muttering something about giving someone else a chance he ceased playing, and stepped to one side.

x      x      x      x

The next deal looked quite as easy as



In the Shadows. A Pool on the Blackwood River.

little lady, would anyone, I'm asking you?" he continued, and as a pause ensued, "time is money and procrastination is the thief of time as I told you before, come along gents, don't stand there like a lot of wooden men, brush your brains up and get busy and win

I'll still bar no stakes in the way of play, so go for your lives now while you've got me runnin'."

The play continued, the quiet stranger being again successful at picking the right card at the next two deals and by so doing show-

any of its predecessors, so easy indeed that one of the bushmen who had been itching to take a hand, could hardly get a five pound note out quickly enough.

"The centre card was the queen," he hastily said as he put his money down.



"Right sir! turn it over and let the audience see what we're doin'."

He turned it over. It was not the queen. He had lost. And yet it had looked like picking up money to bet on it. He looked sheepish and mystified.

"Wrong for you and right for meself, sir," droned the operator as he gathered up the banknote, better luck next time; some takes the right, some takes the wrong, but I don't care who wins."

At the next deal the position of the queen was made purposely apparent to everybody and the bushman would have bet again, but barely had the cards touched the umbrella than the quiet stranger had promptly produced a five-pound note, and turned the queen over.

The bushman looked crestfallen. The sympathy of the crowd was with him. It should have been his money.

Then spake the Monte man:

"Let there be no misunderstanding, gents; let me make it clear once and for all, I'll always bet with the man that has his money down first, that's the rule in every game, 'first come first served,' you can't expect me to wait while you're fannin' yerselves. Time's money and he who hesitates is lost, I've been tryin' to hammer that into you all the time. Our friend here," indicating the bushman, "should have been a winner then if he'd been in as quick as our lucky friend here, and taken opportunity by her golden forelock. However, there's plenty of time for all of you, and, as I said before, the old roll," (here he affectionately tapped his breast pocket) "is still waiting to be come for."

Play continued for some time, various people of those assembled taking a hand now and again, some of them winning at first, but most finishing up losers. The process of play was so carefully regulated by the operator that nothing in the way of unfair dealing could be laid to his charge.

One of the Hayseeds had lost something in the vicinity of twenty pounds, another ten, whilst one of the quiet strangers, by way of contrast, was winning ten pounds, and another of the same tribe five, which seemed to indicate that the game was by no means one sided; still interest was palpably flagging.

X X X X X

The operator had laid the cards out on the umbrella several times without anybody evidencing any further desire to play. He had well nigh exhausted all his verbal blandishments in an effort to keep the game going. Then he shuffled the cards once more and dropped them on the table. At the same time he turned almost half-round to apparently see what had occasioned some sudden commotion at the other end of the show ground. As he turned, one of the quiet strangers hastily picked up the queen card and made a barely noticeable tear at the top corner, and replaced it where it had fallen. The operator just then turned back, and picking up the cards, remarked:

"Ah, well, gents, I'll do it once more for the last time, and I'll do it slow too, so that some of you that feel like gettin' square can have a fly. Now, as I said before, these two here, the nine and the eight are not worth a penny a piece to you; this one here, the little lady, the queen, is the one you've got-to-get-to-find to win; some picks the right, some picks the wrong, the quickness of the hand deceives the eye, this one here—come watch it, is the one, that one, there, see, not any of these two, but that one." He dropped the cards once more. "Does anyone want to bet a pound or any part of a score they can find the little lady? Bless me heart, it's that simple a baby could follow it."

X X X X X

Lying before him on the table the bushman, who had lost the twenty pounds, saw the one chance, as he thought, of getting his losses back. There was no doubt about it. There was the queen with the torn edge staring him in the face.

The man who had torn it looked at him and nodded. His face plainly said, "Go on, bet on it and get your own back."

Of course it seemed a pretty rotten thing to do, to bet on what was a certainty, to cheat; but then the other fellow had probably employed some means that he couldn't

define to get his money, otherwise how could he have won it, so why not "diamond cut diamond"; there was no sentiment to it now, he wanted his money back, must have what represented weeks of wearying toil.

"Does any one want to bet?" droned the operator.

"Yes, I'll bet again," huskily replied the Hayseed, as he extracted his last ten-pound note from the lining of his hat, "I'll bet this I can find it."

"Right, sir! That's what I like, a game sport! Turn over the queen, sir, and a tenner's yours."

The Hayseed extended a trembling hand, and with a look of absolute certainty, turned over the slightly torn card, at the end of the row of three.

It was the Nine of Clubs.

And yet! he had seen the other tear the queen when the operator's back was turned that time. But there it was. He was dumb-founded.

"Your luck's dead out, sir," sympathised the operator. "You can't do nothing right."

The bushman, as though seeking further guidance from him, if not some explanation of the mystery, looked round appealingly for the man who had torn the card, but he had vanished.

The rest of those assembled just looked on in an impersonal sort of way, as though they knew how it was done, how the bushman had been got, and how it served him right. Some of them even stole a laugh out of his woe-begone chagrin and discomfiture.

His companions said nothing, but looked on vacantly, quite as amazed and perplexed as himself.

Of course, it dawned upon him that he had been tricked, but so simply, indeed, that it was inexplicable.

Someone at the back of the crowd remarked in an audible whisper to a companion, "Isn't it marvellous how the mugs come at the old 'torn broad' and yet people laugh at you when you tell 'em there's a fool born every minute."

The operator picked up the cards from the umbrella, and again deftly manipulated to the glib accompaniment of his silver tongue, "Gentlemen," he said, "some of you appear to be playing in bad luck. Come, watch it closely this time, and see if you can't get even; this one here's the one, there, that one, the little lady—watch her closely, and don't let her dodge you; I'm doing it that slow you ought to be able to feel it with a stick." Here he dropped the cards again.

"Will any one bet they can find it, a pound, a score, or any part of it?"

Another stranger took a hand in the game now. "I'll bet a couple," were his words, as he quietly turned the queen over just by way of showing that the previous player's forte was palpably not this game. He further emphasised that fact by picking the right one twice more in succession, and showing as a result of his judgment a profit of some ten pounds.

"I think you've found the key of the game, sir," was the operator's remark, as he handed him his winnings.

It was quite apparent, however, that so far as the rest of the audience was concerned, speculation had stopped, for the simple reason that those possessed of money had been cleaned up.

It may have been merely coincidence, therefore, that at this juncture a cry of "nark it, the police!" called out by someone in the distance, influenced the operator in hurriedly pocketing the cards, folding up his umbrella, and fading swiftly away round the corner of a near-by horse stall, not before he had announced to the assemblage, however, as an evidence of good faith, that he would be on the same old spot and doing business to any amount with all comers on the morrow.

"You'd better duck, too," said someone in the crowd to those that had lost their money, "if the Johns come, they can pinch the lot of us for being here without lawful excuse." He seemed to speak with the air of a man who knew what he was talking about. Perhaps that is why the others stood not upon the order of their going, but "ducked" as directed, in diverse directions. No police ar-

rived. Nothing happened. The alarm was a false one; just one of the many expedients of the craft when business has dried up and an easy and graceful "get away" with the spoils is desirable.

X X X X X

Strangely enough, we were cast for room-mates the same evening at the crowded country hotel. And the Monte man was communicative.

"See me learn them mugs their lesson on the ground to-day?" was his opening remark, as he carefully folded his trousers and vest, and placed them under his pillow. "A whole lot of people reckon the game's crunk; well, I've been playin' it now, off and on for twenty-five years, on mostly every racecourse and show ground in Australia, and, fair dinkum, I know plenty of things labelled legitimate that's not as fair as the old three 'broads.' Of course, one time it was open-play, and a man hadn't to put the 'torn' up on them; they'd play all day then on the old lay-out, but now a man never knows when the Johns are comin' to light, so he has to get it quick and lively.

"You seen me tear that last tenner away from Whiskers, didn't you? It hurt me to do it, dinkum, it did. And he didn't think he was bettin' on a certainty neither, when he came at the torn broad, did he? Oh dear no, and poor me, so far as he was concerned, absolute babes-in-the-wood to the other pea puttin' the tear up on me when me back was turned.

"For a nice, decent, honest, respectable, hard-workin', wire-whiskered son of toil, that wasn't a very gentlemanly bit of attempted daylight robbery on his part, now was it? And didn't he know it too, after he had fell for it, and was stung for a tenner for the privilege of findin' out somethin' he didn't know before, and that was that the cove that tore the queen must have been in the joint, and that the nine of clubs was torn all along.

"Poor old Bullswool, he thought he was puttin' the cross on me, and all the time I had him double crossed a treat with the old nine in smother. And didn't he come for it; took hook, bait, sinker, line, and all.

"Of course, he couldn't squeal, because in full view of everybody he had tried to get me, now didn't he? Poor old Whiskers, I suppose he'll have to go and get even by sellin' some spavin-hocked, broken-winded horse to another mug for a fancy price. I got some of his; he'll get some of someone else's. The mullet eats the smelt; the king-fish eats the mullet, and the shark gobbles the lot.

"That's the philosophy of the great joke we call life, isn't it?"

"And after all it's just business the same as everything else. Some puts water in milk, margarine in butter, sand in sugar, fusel oil in whisky, arsenic in beer.

"The lawyer says, 'You're on a winner with this case.' Whether you win or lose, he's on a certainty for his costs.

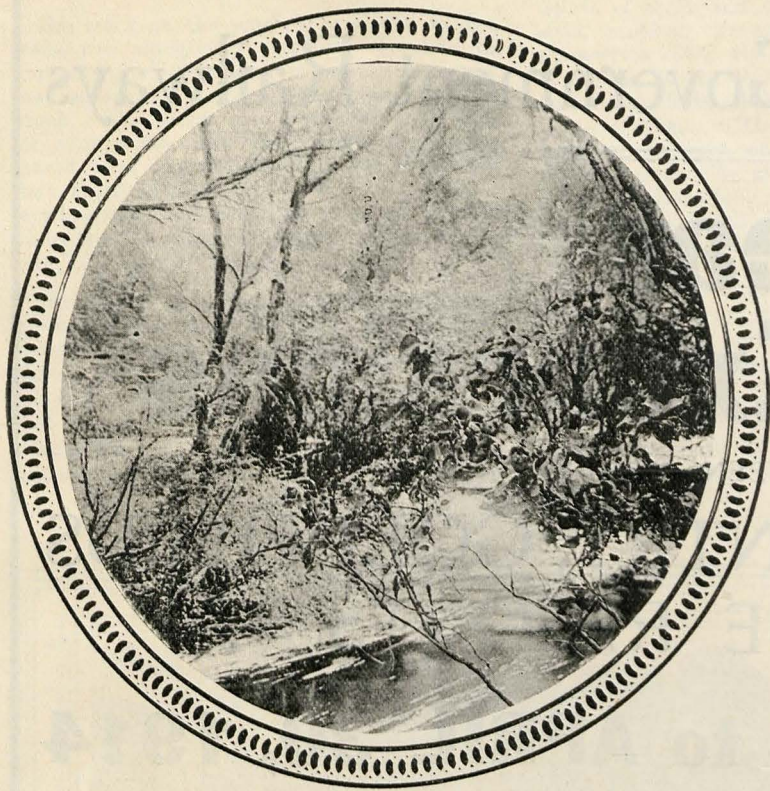
"'Bad luck,' says the sharebroker, 'I couldn't get that scrip for you. I missed the market; I believe they got some good values in the lower levels, and they jumped five bob a share on the London exchange. We were shut out.'

"Of course, he doesn't tell you that he got them all right, but thought the five bob rise on five hundred of them was too good to be passed, and that he had closed on your scrip for himself, whilst telling you he had missed the bus.

"I've got a mine," says the company promoter. "It's that good I think it's sure to bring down the price of the metal; coarse gold, shotty gold, seamy gold, showin' in the face over a width of twelve feet. Better than Mount Morgan ever knew how to be; and so on." He forgets to add, though, that the gold in the face, or whatever they call it, came out of a gun fired by his own fair hands.

"Now all of them pots I've mentioned are in the wrong, and yet if I came before them on the bench to-morrow they'd give me a sixer in cold, whilst regrettin' that the amended Criminal Code didn't allow 'em to order a floggin' as well. Sad! isn't it? Have a drink? No! Well, blow that light out and don't snore; hear me? don't S-N-O-R-E.





# In the Ranges.

[For "The Golden West"]

By W. C. Thomas.

"Hark! how yon freed brook, as it pursues  
Its seaward track, proclaims rejoicingly  
To hill and valley that sweet spring has come!"

The glad proclamation does not die with the spring, but lingers pleasantly on the air till one can almost hear the chimes of Christmas bells.

Leaving the railway at Kelmscott for a ramble where the ranges rise, you have a picturesque road to traverse, with many a bend and turn that will arrest your steps, and offer you something to admire if you are at all subjective to the charms of nature in

There, too, one will see orchards studded with trees either clothed in blossom or decked with the tender green growth of renewed life after their damp winter slumber, or dominated by orange trees, heavy and bowed with ripening fruit, that may tempt you to lift the latch of an adjacent gate and lead you up to an old rambling cottage to pass the time o' day and indulge in subtle compliments designed to secure either a present of luscious fruit or an invitation to buy.

Just before the road crosses the brook and begins its ascent of the hills towards Roleystone, the waysides are brilliant with luxuriously blooming "pink myrtle," as it is locally known, but botanically, "hypocalymna robustum." The district would ap-

lime-washed buildings, oddly planted trees, mossy fences, broken here and there where time and accident have frolicked with order, a few poplars raising their ever-restless branches against the blueish atmosphere that lies beyond where the brook goes singing by, a lonely pine or two with their deep green foliage that contrasts vividly against the grey gums on the hill-side, some old, discarded vehicle or decrepit whim thrust away in the shadows of some hoary gum; and, just to complete the picture of rural life, some healthy, clean-feathered, ruddy-combed poultry that have no netting about to curb their proclivities, but have the run of the place.

The wooded hills beyond rise almost to the magnitude of mountains, and upon them



At the Pool.

her most attractive moods. The road gradually descends a vale of singular beauty in the early days of summer when the wayside grasses are gemmed with starry pointed flowers of pink and white, and in the regions where no one having yet ventured to plant the plow of industry, or disturb the virgin bush, wattle bloom is shimmering in the generous sunlight.

pear to offer irresistible inducements to the plant to make its home there, for, wander wherever you may, you cannot be rid of it long, nor of the delicate fragrance it diffuses on the air.

Hard by the ranges, half girdled by the brook, nestles an old farm, with all an old farm's associations—quaint weather-worn and

lies the inertia of centuries of silence.

At hand lies, in a veritable basin of trees, the little bridge whence is viewable the waters of the brook that "chatters over stony ways," ere it finds itself checked awhile by a rude weir, then goes rushing on seethingly, noisily, with snowy decorations and frolicsome eddies over its rocky bed through the ever crowding scrub onward past the old



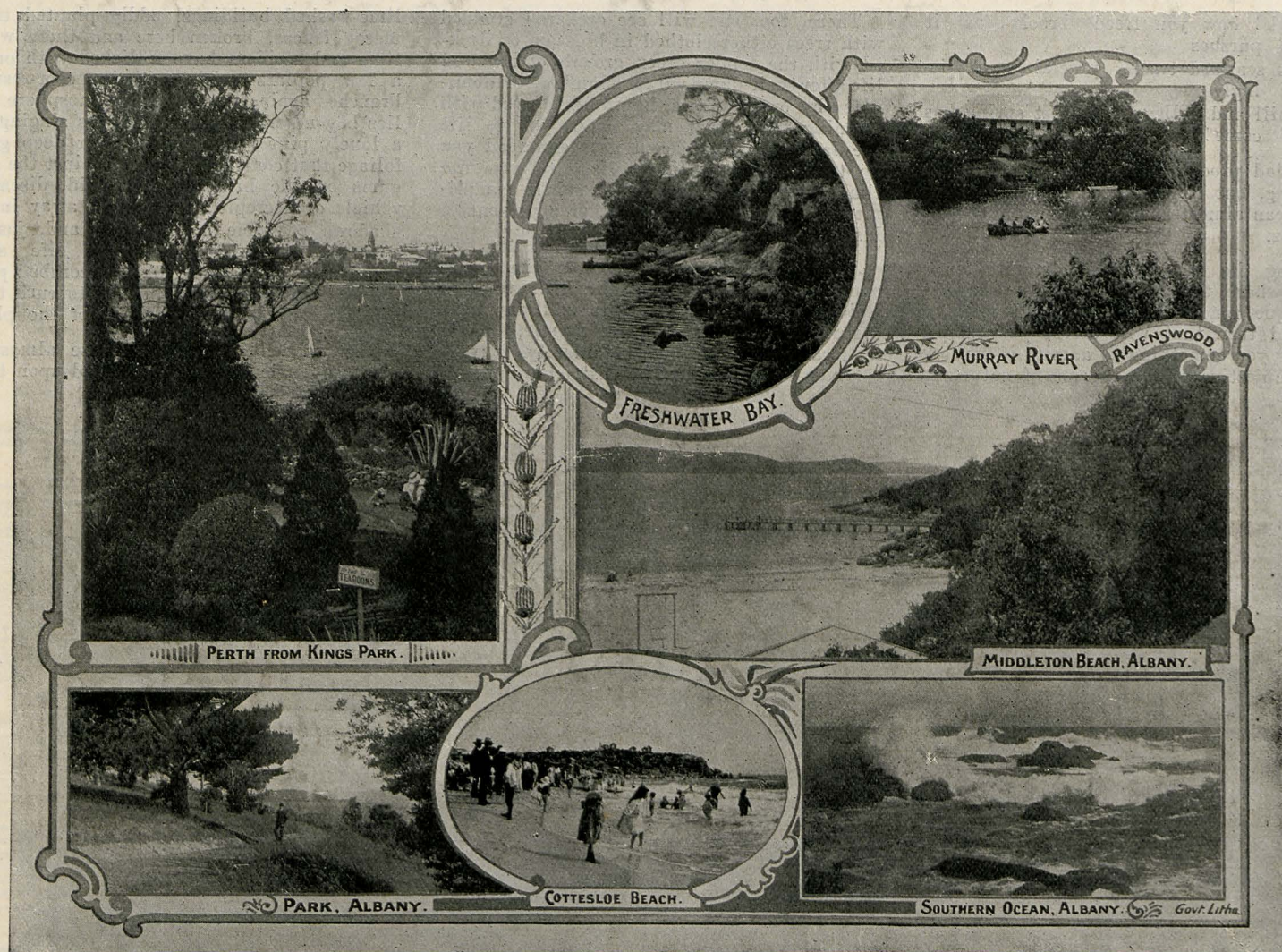
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farm and down the fertile valley to the sea.

The track on the south side of the bridge leads you along oozy, scrubby ground to probably some of the most absorbing scenes that adorn the long, winding haunt of the brook. The brook is a deep and wide one for months after the heavy winter rains have ceased and you find as late as November that there is no crossing it easily to the meadow-like lands on its eastern banks where you are wont to search, and never in vain, for flannel flowers.

The way is treacherous till the advancing summer has confined the brook to well-worn channels, for the soil, after the soakings of winter, is of the consistency of puddled clay, and there are so many feeders from the hills that the ground is broken up like so much honeycomb. The fecundity of the soil is testified by the prodigality of herbaceous

of land which is thickly strewn with the debris of scrub and scraps of bark from the aged, crooked, straggling trees that spread themselves over the little promontory of land, the better to ensure a share of the limited sunlight that penetrates their umbrageous home. Then, after performing its fascinating curves, as if it were some fancy skater engaged in artistic conceit for your especial edification, it rushes merrily on, glistening here and there as the sun catches a glimpse of it through the thicket.

Looking backward, whence you have threaded your slippery way, you see the brook dash out of sight in quite a blaze of glory, for just before it vanishes where your steps may not wisely wander, the sun finds an uninterrupted entry through the trees and pours upon it all his refulgence, setting every eddy and wavelet sparkling like so many dia-

Here, if it be not late in the season, the grass is of emerald green, and you will note the brilliant "choryzemas" holding their crimson and orange flowers up for your appreciation; then, where a fallen tree encumbers the ground, rise bushes of "leschenaultia," their petals outrivalling the skies. Perhaps as the sun begins to seek its repose beyond the darkening ridges and the shadows in the valley deepen to chilly purple, you may observe a chattering magpie settle on a near-by branch and hear it call in its own melodious fashion to its wandering mate or indulge in what might well pass for scolding numbers at your trespassing in its homeland, or if you have had occasion to take off the edge of a healthy appetite that comes of loitering about the bushlands, express its impatience at your dilatoriness in departing so that it may pounce upon the crumbs you have left about you.



Among the Wild Flowers.

growths and trees—gums, ti-tree, acacia, paper-barks, and numerous other kinds, all elbowing each other for breathing space—dense enough in parts as to be almost impenetrable; but if you have explored the region before, you will know that all the trouble and pains are worth while, for when you bring yourself again into the haunt of the big paper-barks, just where the brook has a fancy for forming the letter S, your reward is commensurate with the labour and the risk. Just there, the brook comes racing down the hill with the ardour of a river in flood long after the advent of summer with its torrid days.

Out of the gloomy shadows of the overhanging trees—

"Where the mid-day sun scarce lingers,  
And the shadows love to rest,"  
the brook rushes on around a jagged finger

monds. But anon, when you have retraced your steps towards the little bridge you can hear the lilt of the brook again deep down in the fastnesses of the scrub.

The banks of the brook are strewn with flowers, and particularly rampant the acacias. From the inception of spring to the very threshold of the summer's declination there you will find the wattle bearing its fleecy golden blooms. Following the brook down beyond the bridge brings you into a quiet region where Nature has formed several pretty mirrors for herself, framed in ti-tree and paper-barks, and there you may be regaled by the ringing notes of the honeyeaters that abound in its region. You may see a white-eared honeyeater on the bough of the old redgum near where you will rest, and if so fortunate you will linger to listen to its song. Adjacent is the weir, the falling water making pleasant music in the glade.

But you do not hurry away from such a spot. You love to linger there and even watch the westering sun entering into flamboyant clouds that are seeking its wake, for it is not often you catch Nature so admirably reckless as she is down there by the brook. It is only when the evening is so far advanced that the shadows of the trees around you begin to wrap you about with their chilling folds, and you lose the sharpness of the ranges in the gathering gloom, that you regretfully turn your steps homeward.

Then, as you climb the hilly road and inhale the langourous scents that drift up from a myriad blooming plants, you take a last look back across the haunt of the brook and the fast fading face of the ranges, and, to the good-bye music of the "maggies," quit the valley.



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## "Spru"—Story-Teller.

By G.F.

Spru drifted round the corner of the shanty like the eddying breeze that springs at sunset, and was welcomed with the monosyllabic enthusiasm of the bush.

The pot on the hob bubbled mirthfully, the dishes clattered down the board; tea, pipes, and then the broad camp fire.

Spru was an artist, master of three eloquent languages, English, Australian, Silence.

He had learned the first by reading, the

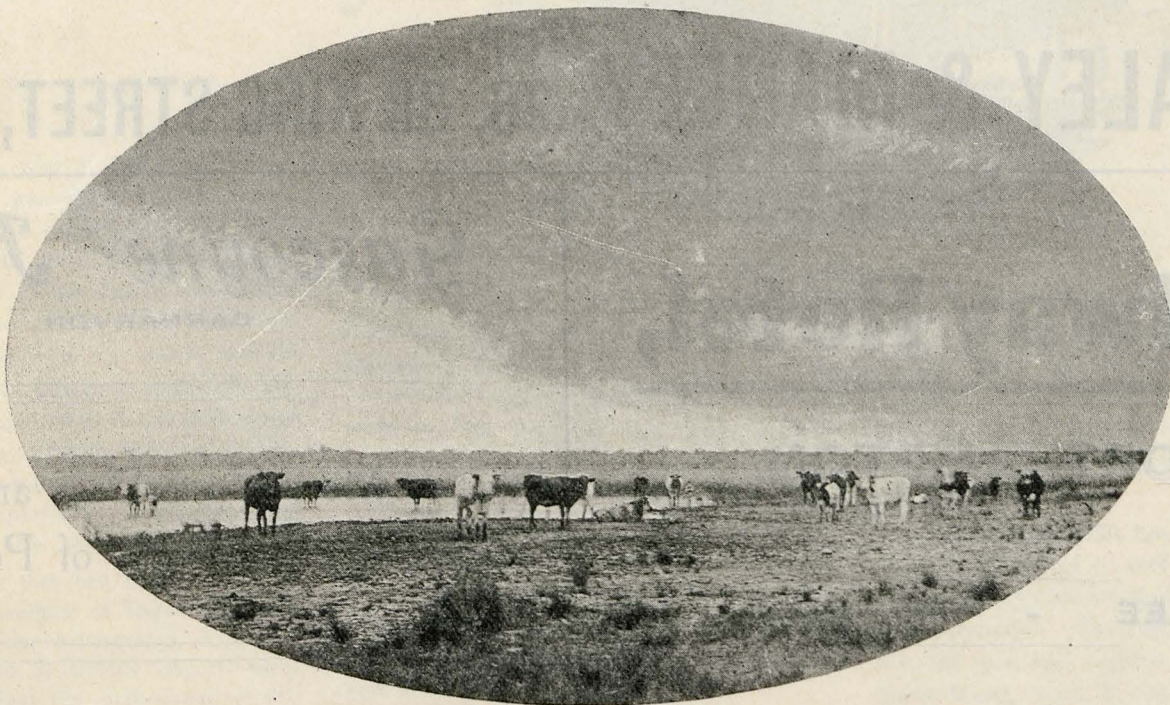
Manhood arrived and with it the inevitable shadow of the wine-jar, also hard times. Whilst whispering his devotion, he bit his Muse's ear—sang the story of his love and bartered it for gold. This led to an estrangement, and worse: finally Spru doffed his fast fading head-gear, and bowed his retreat.

Then he started writing stories, liked it, and stuck to it; and I, not being able to write them, envied him. At 3 a.m. we turned in, but not before Spru had knocked most of the rough edges off the hard, dry existence of bush life. The ramparts of the desert had fallen; Bohemia and the world

tactless candour of Romance." Tage was nineteen, Spru about double that age. For him tactless candour and romance must have long since faded beyond his horizon of ripening years. Yet the writer could still revel in that lofty music that ever pulses down the veins of youth. Even as the Lord made Spru in his own likeness and image, did Spru model his hero in the image of his God. Could it be that he conceived his story under the exultant influence of Spring?

x x x x x

My mind reverted to a morning in that same season, rattling down in the "Eastern



On a West Kimberley Cattle Station.



Comrades.

second by writing, and the third—well, being a gentleman, the third came naturally. We discussed literature—chiefly Australian; Daley, Brady—people we knew. Incidentally we discussed ourselves, two souls that had hungered long and now feasted in sweet communion.

The fact, or rather accident, that he was now a bushman, he attributed to having started life as a grocer. The Muse of poetry dropped in one morning for a box of honeycomb, which she paid for in myrtle-leaves. Of these, Spru with the aid of his chequered tropes and the romantic exuberance of his youth, made for himself a crown, and after that the grocery business seemed to go to pot.

without, that I had left behind me years previously, streamed through the breach.

Our conversation of this first evening was continued subsequently whenever opportunity offered. The following Sunday, having mingled our several shirts in the common sud—the only Communion service known to the Sabbath of the bush—I showed him some essays. He had none of his stuff with him, but would get some sent up.

x x x x x

The first story that I picked up was "Tage Horlyk's Mother," an incident of Australian camp life rendered in English, chaste, manly, and ingenuous. "To Tage belonged the

Goldfields"—down to the city. The silvery streaks of dawn, that gladdened the world without, smote on the shutterless window-pane like a great accusing finger that resented the very existence of the grimy, overcrowded, smellful second-class that our proud democracy is heir to. Rousing myself, I turned upon my pillow—none other than my next-door neighbour—and apologised. He was a lanky, genial Dane, seeing the world and enjoying it immensely. His English, owing to a very brief acquaintance, was wonderful and unutterable (save to himself), and often incomprehensible (with the same proviso). He had a great deal to say, too; but, instead of being repelled, I felt



myself drawn to this gay and exuberant friend of mankind. His strength lay not in worldly treasure; the last of his silver had purchased his railway ticket; and now, whilst carelessly drifting into the yawning jaws of the metropolis, he artlessly squan-

dered the priceless gems of his whole-souled and appreciative optimism on everyone with-in hearing.

This was Tage Horlyk in the flesh.

x x x x x

I read the rest of Spru's yarns, and asked

for more; enjoyed the reading even as he did the writing of them, and though I had never written a story I ceased to envy him, believing that I had learned the secret of his craft. . . . He had gulled the public with the truth.

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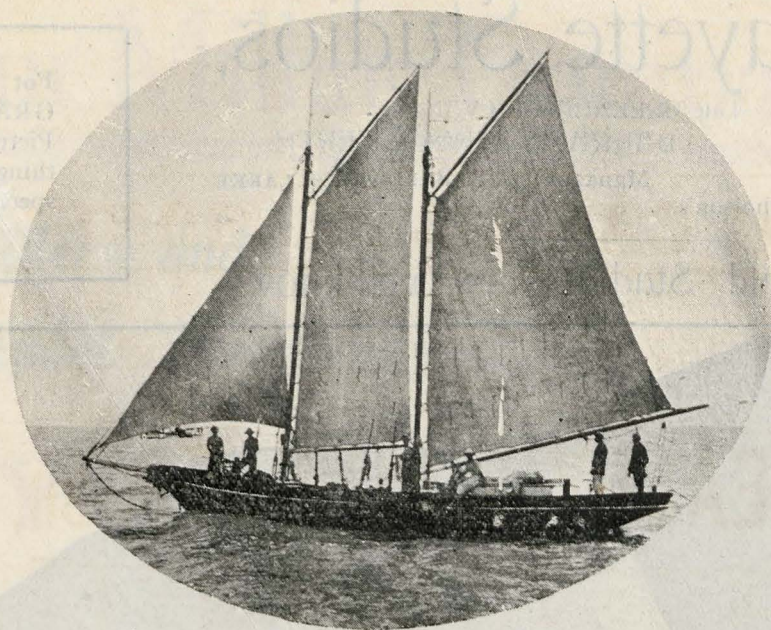
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# The Pearling Industry



This time last year it looked as though a radical change was about to overtake the pearling industry as carried on in the north-western waters of the State, the Federal Government (the Fisher Labor administration) having intimated to those concerned that in accordance with the spirit and the letter of the White Australia policy, the employment of coloured labor in the prosecution of the industry would have to be discontinued; in other words, that no further permits for the employment of foreign labor would be issued after the end of 1913.

To an industry that had been brought up to its present standard of importance, the consequences of the enforcement of such a proclamation were of serious import—when it is considered that the employment of coloured labor is practically essential to its existence.

For the information of those who do not know it may be stated that the industry of pearling has been carried on in the North-West waters now for something like twenty-six years. In its early stages, that is to say, when only a handful of pioneers created a settlement in the Roebuck Bay (Broome) district, pearling was carried on in shallow waters—depths which were simply explored in a primitive sort of way by aborigines (in the employ of the whites), who dived from a boat's side, and gathered what shells they could from the bottom as long as their lungs allowed. The diving dress was unknown. With its invention pearling was necessarily revolutionised and the output—i.e., the take of shell—increased, by comparison with the old method, out of all knowledge.

When the diving dress was first introduced there were white divers engaged in the industry. These dived with success in shallow waters. But the shallow waters became more or less depleted, and when greater depths had to be explored it was soon demonstrated, even in those far back times, that diving was not quite a white man's game—the risk of life was too great. Now whereas the white man was not partial to diving, the Japanese and Malays took to the business like ducks to water, and have stayed at it ever since.

No depth of water is a trouble to them, twenty-five fathoms being just as readily explored as ten. Their capacity for this deep diving necessarily opened up a field of submarine exploration that gave to the industry a tenure of existence that cannot be fixed, inasmuch as the vagaries of storms and currents are continually exposing fresh areas of shell, even along stretches of ocean that have been continuously gone over and over for the last twenty years. We refer particularly to the waters of the Ninety-Mile Beach, that wonderfully prolific area, the contribution of which to the pearling industry may be said to be as comparatively important to its returns as is the Golden Mile of Kalgoorlie to the gold mining production of the State.

Of course, there are other centres along a littoral which extends practically over a

length of eight hundred to one thousand miles, i.e., from Cambridge Gulf in the north, to Exmouth Gulf (Onslow) in the south, which contribute largely to the output, but the Ninety-Mile Beach is the biggest and most consistent contributor of all.

To an industry which has assumed such importance the effect of such a radical change of policy as the abolition of the coloured worker is apparent. The master pearlers (there are 360 pearling luggers operating in the North-West), some of them men who have been associated with the industry since its inception, expressed the belief that were the regulation enforced the end was at hand. They pointed out that the experiments carried out with white divers brought out, some little time back, from England, for the purpose of testing their capability of employment, had not been attended with success. Nine divers came out, three of these died as a result of becoming paralysed whilst following their calling, whilst the others drifted out of an avocation which seemed quite unsuitable.

The results attendant upon the experiment made with white labor must have had considerable influence, therefore, with the present Federal Government (the Cook administration) in their recently made announcement that the conditions under which the industry has been for so long carried out, i.e., the employment of coloured labor, would be allowed to continue until the end of 1916. What will be done then it is impossible to forecast. Meantime the Royal Commission, which was appointed to go into the question of pearling and the conditions under which it is worked, will have had ample opportunity of furthering the investigations already made on the Queensland coast (Torres Straits Fisheries), when the time comes for it to take evidence as to conditions on the coast of Western Australia.

The value of the boats and equipment associated with pearling in the North-West is given, officially, as £182,000. The number of men employed is 2,642, comprising 277 Europeans, 16 aborigines, 15 Chinese, 1,329 Japanese, 766 Malays, 136 Manillamen and 103 others.

During the last official year 25,440 cwt. of shell was secured, of an approximate value of £318,000; whilst the value of pearls obtained is set down at £100,000.



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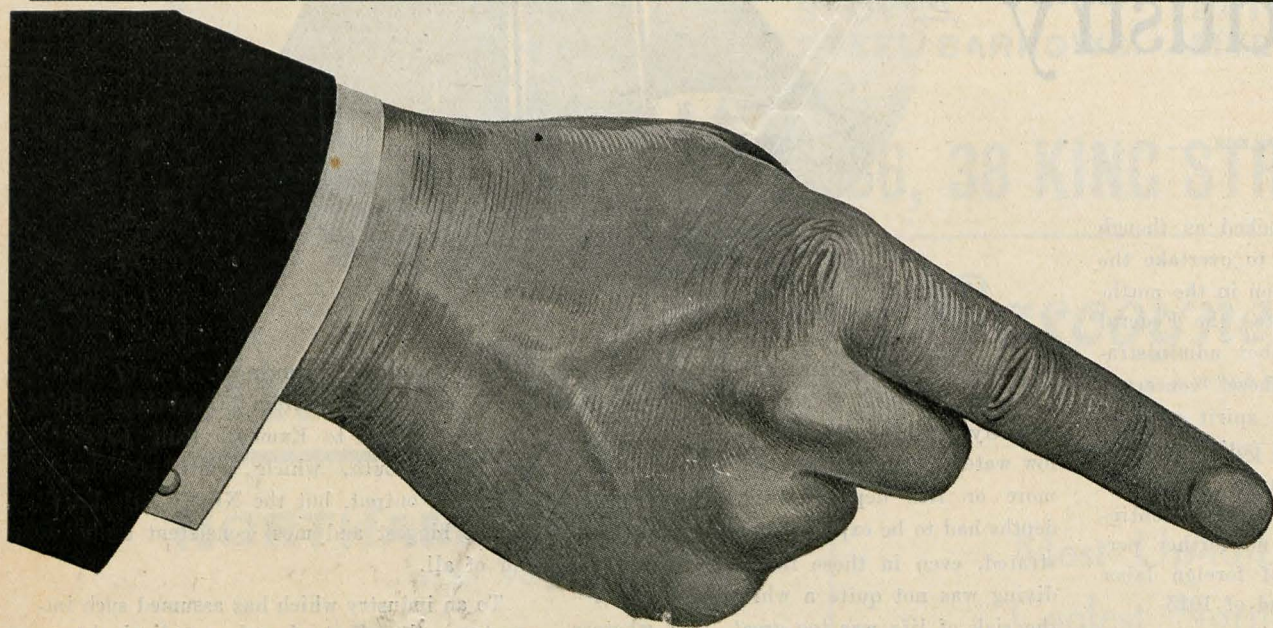
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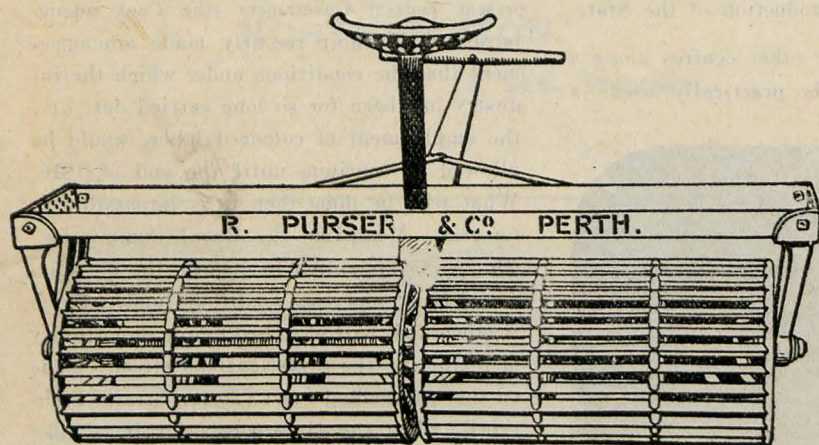
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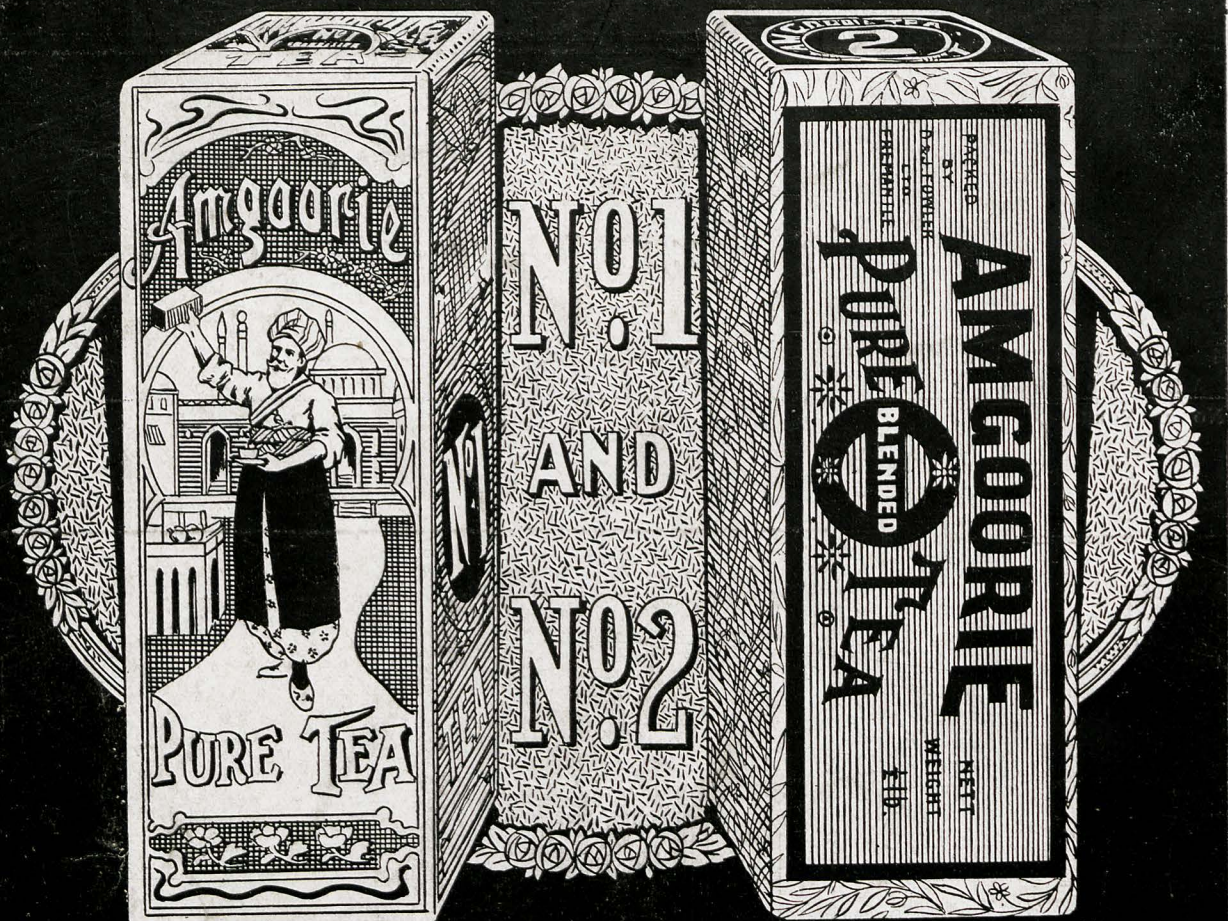
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