

The Golden West



CHRISTMAS NUMBER: Price ONE SHILLING 1918

Edited by R. CLARKE SPEAR. PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

THE GOLDEN WEST

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN BANK

[ESTABLISHED 1841.]

	£	s.	d.
AUTHORISED CAPITAL (25,000 Shares of £10 each)	250,000	0	0
PAID-UP CAPITAL (25,000 Shares of £10 each)	250,000	0	0
RESERVE FUND	700,000	0	0
RESERVED PROFITS	23,460	3	10
RESERVE LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS	250,000	0	0



HEAD OFFICE: PERTH, W.A.

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Inspector: A. L. JOHNSTON.	Accountant: F. A. KENDALL.
Solicitors: MESSRS. STONE & BURT.	Auditors: MESSRS. O. L. HAINES, WYLIE & CO.

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Reserve Funds	£2,025,000
Reserve Liability of Proprietors	£4,000,000
Together			£8,025,000

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BRANCHES IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA:

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WAGIN
WICKEPIN
YORK

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(ESTABLISHED 1892).

BARRACK STREET, PERTH.

Capital Authorised	£50,000	Reserve Fund	£16,000
Capital Paid-up	£17,000	Reserve Liability of Shareholders	£33,000

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SIR E. H. WITTENOOM, K.C.M.G., M.L.C.

J. M. DRUMMOND, J.P., VICE-CHAIRMAN.
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11. Its officers are pledged to secrecy.

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1 " " on the amount over	£100,000
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N.B.—The above capital charge is not an annual charge, but is **only made once**. It represents less than one-half the amount which the Supreme Court may allow to a private Administrator under the "Administration Act, 1903."

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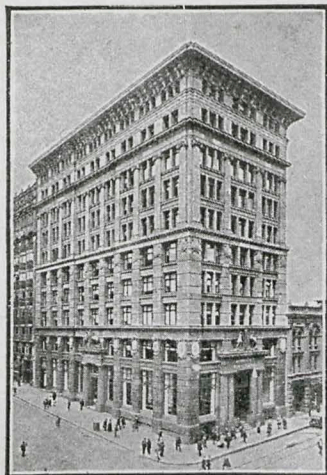
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RESERVE FUND (used in the business) ..	700,000
	£2,198,220
RESERVE LIABILITY OF PROPRIETORS ..	715,464
	£2,913,684



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273-279

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Edward Trenchard, Esq. (Vice-Chairman).
J. Newman Barker, Esq.

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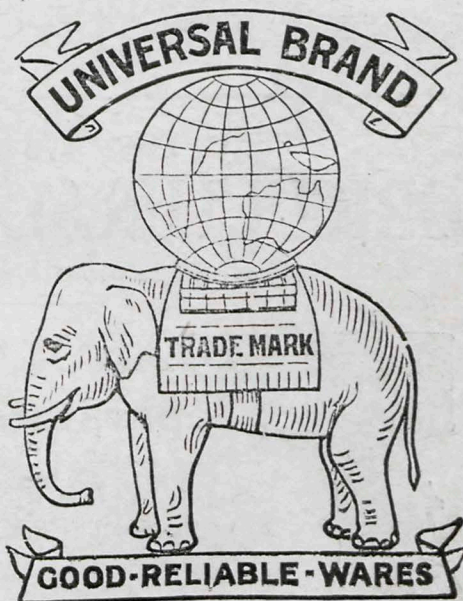
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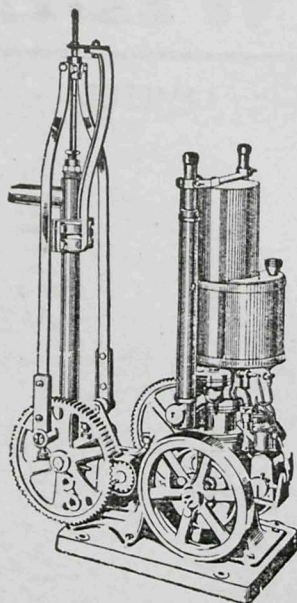
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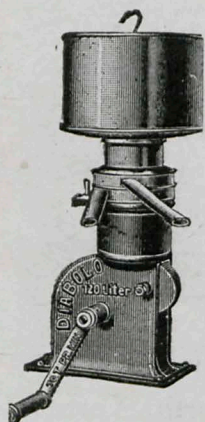
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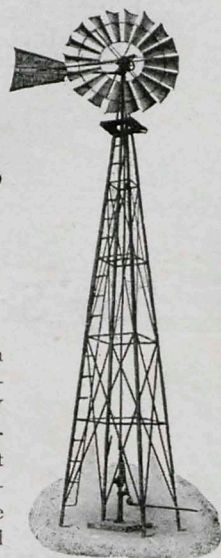
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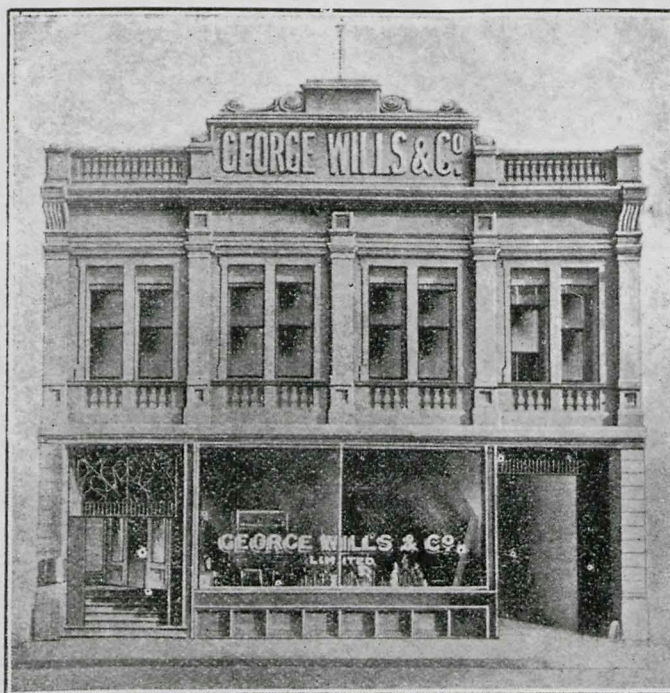


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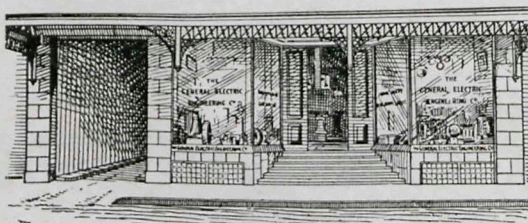
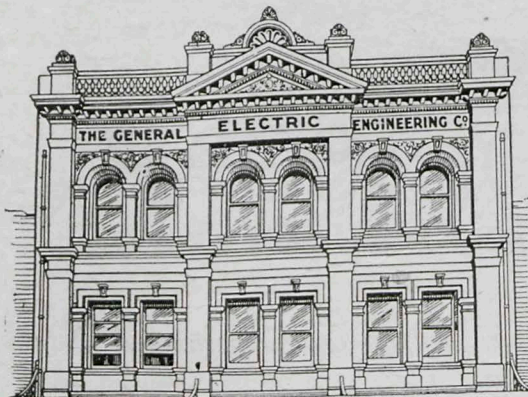
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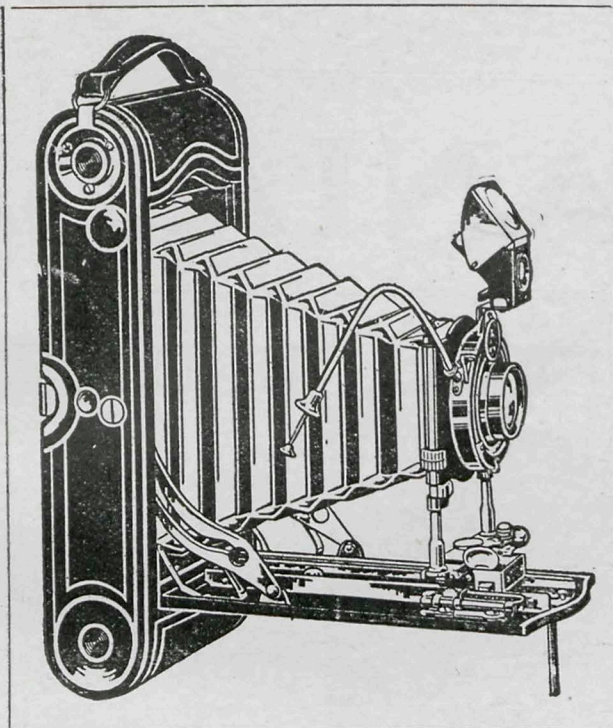
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1918 THE GOLDEN WEST 1918

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Published Price: One Shilling.

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Wholesale Agents, Gordon & Gotch Ltd., William Street, Perth, W.A., and Eastern States.

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THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

Vol. XIV.

PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

December, 1918.

The World Struggle and After.

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

“WAR for a bad cause has this apology, that the bad cause may in good faith have been mistaken for a good one; and in this case it is preferable to a war for no cause at all. The blind fanaticism which calls evil good and good evil, and which includes something besides self in the scope of its desire, is less ignoble than the cynical indifference which accepts war and all its horrors without watching or caring how lie the weights in the scales. A war undertaken without cause is a war of shame.”—*W. E. Gladstone*, “*Paths of Honour and of Shame*.”

“And all is well though faith and form
Be Sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those who hear
A deeper voice across the storm.”

Just as that portentous visitant, Halley's comet (meaning, of course, nothing!) came flaming in lurid circle of thirty feet, to our perceptions, across the breathless expanse of midnight heavens some few years ago, and then again settling down into quite an ordinary affair of dim, dull inches in the western skies at evening, so the war and the tremendous revolutions and dynastic changes of the war have come upon the present generation—burnt searingly into the consciousness at times and then dwindled away into proportion of ordinary everyday affairs.

With the extermination, root and branch, of Prusso-German militarism, two big problems stand before the world for solution. The completion of the establishment of a league of nations to control armaments and guard the world's peace; the re-arrangement of social and industrial forces on a basis that will ensure more equal work and conditions of work for every member of a community and a more equal distribution of the products of that work.

The Prussian military system had to be broken, lock, stock and barrel. Were this not so death and the end of things as the world has come to know them, would have been preferable to a civilisation dwelling in the shadow of such appalling catastrophes as the future would have held in store. “If what we are going through has to be gone through by our children and grandchildren,” said Hall Caine, “the world would be broken-hearted.”

But beside the complete obliteration of German militarism, the Central Empires must be stripped, as far as may be humanly possible of all the means and implements of future wars. Happily this end will largely be reached by the restoration of

Alsace-Lorraine with their enormous iron and coal deposits. Out of 2,800,000 tons of iron (the hitherto estimated deposits of Germany), 2,108,000 were in Lorraine. Four out of every five of the enemy shells fired in the war were made, it is said, of Lorraine iron; while the adjoining valley of the Saare (torn from France in 1815) contains the richest coal deposits in Europe. Taken away from Germany these provinces, which never rightly, at least in modern times, belonged to her, together with the great coal and iron fields of North-Eastern France (snapped up at the outset of hostilities) and restore to Russia, Silesia, with her practically unlimited iron, zinc and lead mines, wrested from the Slav in centuries gone by and the Central Empires will stand stripped of the means and munitions of future wars.

* * * * *

The second world-problem is the creation of a league of nations to control national armaments and preserve the world's peace.

But then, it may be said, the world is a fallen world—that the history of the race has been a history of war—and that those very nations which would league to prevent war would, inevitably following the predominant bias of human nature, fall out and war among themselves. That is the trouble. After the disbandment and disarmament of the German armies a certain military force will be required by each and all of the league of peace nations to carry into effect their decisions, and it may be that this absolutely indispensable military force will act in the nature of a shifting ballast, ever threatening to wreck the vessel of civilisation.

The leagued nations have to make frequent inspections of the armed forces of every nation of importance, and, if they find them in any instance, beyond the proper limit in numbers, munitions or mobilisation, they will have to order them to be cut down, and, if they will not, to make war upon the offending people and compel them to be cut down. A certain standing army will, therefore, be necessary to each of the league-of-peace nations, and so long as they agreed or abided even by arbitration and majority verdicts, all would go well. But how long would they? We see every day in the actual world that doctors, not only of medicine but of divinity, differ. Husband and wife differ; the most common-sense business men differ, and pass on, for settlement, their differences to the lawyers, who still more differ and who submit their differences to the courts of law, courts of appeal and courts of last resort, who still further extend the area of difference. Black is not black and white is not white

to discontented disputants, nor will they suffer it to be made wish-washy grey. Many men of many minds and many minds of many moods have made up the warp and woof of history so far, and when this strange psychological network gathers in its coils the league-of-peace nations, what resort is there finally but an appeal to that very force which they had banded together to put down? Still though perfect peace may be the heritage only of some other and better world than this, the condition of things may be made immeasurably better than what it has been. Delays will be ensured—delays of deliberation and deferred judgment—time for discussion and for all the offices of goodwill and conciliation to come into play. Then, if the conscience and common-sense of the race are incapable at certain crises of keeping the bandages of orderly progress on the swollen members of a world that is

fetishes they are. Thus far will the powers of light have made good over the powers of darkness and the imminence of the spiritual kingdom have manifested itself, not in the clouds, but in the common sense and daily dealings of humanity.

* * * * *

But having thus made the world safe for democracy, the next step will be to make democracy safe for the world—to allay and as far as may be, extinguish those underlying explosive elements that have in all ages menaced the stability of society. And first of all the never-ending war of the classes and masses must, as far as possible, be brought to a close. Something must be done to mitigate those glaring social contrasts and extremes of prosperity and wretchedness, fine clothes and rags, bosses and dead-beats, which have in all ages, and



Perth welcomes General Pau and his confreres of the French Mission.

out of joint, why then the gates of hell may automatically, in some measure at least, close themselves. The horror-stricken conscience of rival nations dwelling on the disasters by land, sea and air of the past few years, and on the wide-sweeping influences of devastation and death that have been, may contrive to hold mankind more completely in control than ever before. Envy and jealousy, covetousness, pride, anger and the rest of the deadly moral diseases at the roots of the entire tragedy will have to go, it may be seen, before temperance, fortitude and a more prudent, considerate way of viewing the world and other peoples' concerns. Greedy grabbing after territory, trade and worldly goods more than sufficient, which were in the last analysis the cause of the recent and all past wars, will be seen and recognised for the ridiculous

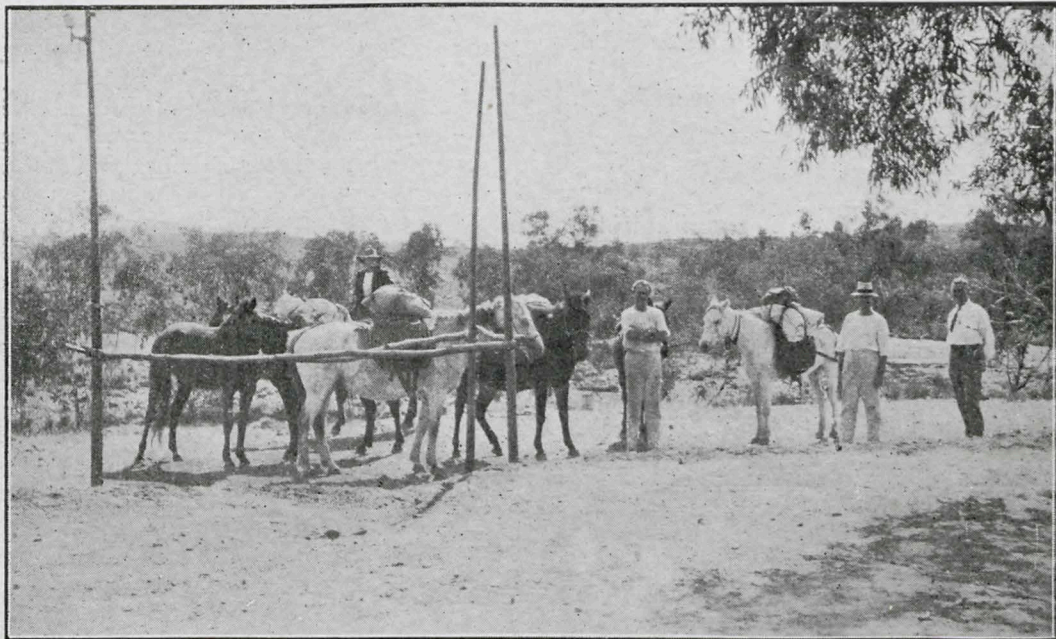
in none more conspicuously than in the one just closed, laughed to scorn all the devices of democratic self-government and reform, and made civilisation a forcing-ground for all sorts of vice and crime, misery, misfortune and death-in-life. Ideal schemes of social reform and the re-arrangement of industrial forces to ensure efficient complete production, with the minimum of work have not proved particularly successful in past experiments of the kind. But if society is to last, some very decided change will be necessary to render more equal the chances and opportunities of individual advancement and welfare. Inequalities of employment and unemployment must to the possible utmost be removed. Inequalities of training, guidance and of personal and social aid and encouragement, must go. Combines and monopolies and corners

at war with the public good must go. Intemperance in all its forms of drunkenness and other excesses must go, and, as far as may be, some approach made towards securing for each and all a fair deal in the great primaries of health, work, food, clothes, housing, exercise and the rest which go to make life tolerable for the sixty or seventy years of the allotted span. International trade relations will also present a host of difficult and most dangerous problems. But, although it is easy to outline those great matters, the world has grown too old of latter years to look for any extraordinary developments in any of them. Differences and dissatisfactions in dealing with these great problems will arise—differences of temperament and breeding and race, with all the pernicky details, stumbling blocks and mischances of dealing with things actually—just as they have in all families, States and industrial relations arisen—just as they have during the past quarter of a century

duringly as may be under its rainy skies and upon its shifting sands. But the startling inventions hammered out by the necessities of the war period give us to hope that coming advances in the realms of political, social and industrial science will be an immeasurable improvement on the work of the Pitts and Cobbetts and Gladstones of the past.

Patriotic Funds.

The list of total contributions by the people of the State to the various War Patriotic Funds as published under the heading "W.A. and the War" on page 25 makes highly interesting reading. To all of the patriotic calls mentioned the public has responded readily, and will continue to respond readily, knowing full well that the end of the war does not mean the end of the sufferings and needs of vast numbers of our soldiers, "Over There" and here,



Hall's Creek-Wyndham Mail Service. Mail man pulling out on a journey which occupies six weeks.

again and again arisen in these Australian States even with the best machinery of wages boards, courts of conciliation and arbitration, and with the best intentions on the part of those entrusted with their administration. If the world is evil rather than good—if there are truths which virtue dare not tell aloud—if the life of man is but a "Winter's Tale," place of probation, bad patch to be got through somehow in the eternal destiny of the something behind-the-veil—let us at least see it as it is and pitch the tents of our successive civilisations as en-

nor of that of their dependants, or the dependants of those valiants who sleep the dreamless sleep of death on many fields. The good work mentioned may be supplemented by addressing contributions to any of the organisations mentioned on page 25.

* * * * *

The photo. of this issue's supplement—Panorama of Western Australia's Capital—was kindly supplied by the Government Litho. Department, and is, perhaps, one of the best pictures of its kind yet published.

THIS ISSUE.

The printing of this year's number of *The Golden West* was executed at the establishment of E. S. Wigg and Son, of Hay Street, Perth, and the merit of the production from a printing point of view speaks for itself. The photo blocks in the number are from the process engraving houses of Messrs. T. Mills (who also executed the block of the supplement), 550 Hay Street, and Oriël Grattan (successor to the late Arthur H. Walton) 765 Hay Street. The cover blocks, which are from an enlargement of a photo taken from the Terrace at King's Park by Mr. W. M. Green, of the Fisheries Department, were executed by Messrs. Grattan and Stan. Cross.

The verses "Christmas Memories ("Crosseut"), page

38, are by Mr. T. H. Wilson, of the original 11th Battalion. The story "Smoke of Battle," under the pseudonym "Private Sandsac" is also by a member of the same battalion, Private L. W. Snell, who went through Gallipoli and made the supreme sacrifice in France in the early part of this year.

The sketch and story illustrations in the number are by Messrs. Ben Strange and Stan. Cross. The several interesting photos of Moola Bulla and other parts of Kimberley were kindly supplied by Mr. A. O. Neville, Chief Protector of Aborigines.

To one and all of our readers are extended the greetings of the Christmas Season of 1918.

They Who Made Peace.

(For The Golden West by "DRYBLOWER.")

Now that the ravisher reels from the reckoning,
Now that his Navy surrenders in shame,
Faces turn Southward where Aussie is beckoning,
Backs turn from Blighty and far-away fame.
Hard-doing heroes of sea-girt Gallipoli,
Soldiers of Egypt and fighters of France,
Swordsman who swept the Senussi to Tripoli,
Men of the Mesopotamia advance.
But when you're crowding the quays to embrace
them,

When the last armistice gives them release,
So no interloper usurp nor debase them
Where shall you place them—

They who made Peace?

Years five ago they were milling and mining,
Farming and firing and swinging the axe.
In the new bush where the whim-wheels were
whining
The karri-kings sprawled to their flashing
attacks.

Crowded they into the Golden Mile cages,
Deeply their drills rattled into the rock,
Gouging the gold of the pre-human ages,
Prying its prison with suction and shock.
Now they are back with their wounds and their
wonders—

Tales that shall live till the sunlight shall cease,
Tears shall replace Europe's soul-shaking
thunders

When sea no more sunders

They who made Peace?

Tough as green timber, steel-nerved and far-
sighted,

Went they away when the warring was young;
Ten thousand hearts sad and ten thousand troths
plighted

While convoying cruisers their telegraphs
rung.

From here to old Egypt, from Lemnos to Land-
ing,

From Malta to London, from Folkestone to
France,

The might of our manhood, the best of our
banding,

A section of strength in the Allied advance.

Our Five Star has fluttered where Fritz was
encroaching

From Zeebrugge to Brussels, from Roulers to
Greece,

So see that the boys in the transports approach-
ing

Shall take pride of place in processions of
Peace!

Weary and wistful the women have waited
And smiled through their tears when their
darlings went West.

Smiled when the fortunate few had been feted
While bounteous earth took their boys to
its breast.

But the smile was the light of the Lord that has
drifted

Between the dark clouds that had dulled all
their days,

And souls that were sad and disconsolate lifted
Out of the harsh and the sorrowing haze,

A hero in heaven, the soldiers' Valhalla,
Shall be praised when the curse for the coward
shall cease.

For be it the Christian God, Buddha or Allah,
Their souls shall illumine the pathways of
Peace!

Strong-souled stood the sister of those who have
striven,

The hero-loved mother, the sweetheart and
wife,

By the steel that bereaved them their own hearts
were riven,

One with their darlings in love and in life.

Some will return to their kiss and caresses

Some lie asleep on the frontiers of France,

A small grassy hillock a peasant-girl blesses,

The penalty paid for the Victor's advance.

Deem not the pageant a gaudy digression,

When the hell-hounds of War howl a dying
release,

Though there will be gaps in that solemn pro-
cession,

Those gaps have made possible permanent
Peace!

* * * * *

Now that the ravisher reels from the reckoning,
Now that his Navy surrenders in shame,

Faces turn Southward where Aussie is beckoning,
Backs turn from Blighty and far-away fame.

Hard-doing heroes of sea-girt Gallipoli,
Soldiers of Egypt and fighters of France,

Swordsman who swept the Senussi to Tripoli,

Men of the Mesopotamia advance.

But when you're crowding the quays to embrace
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When the last armistice gives them release,

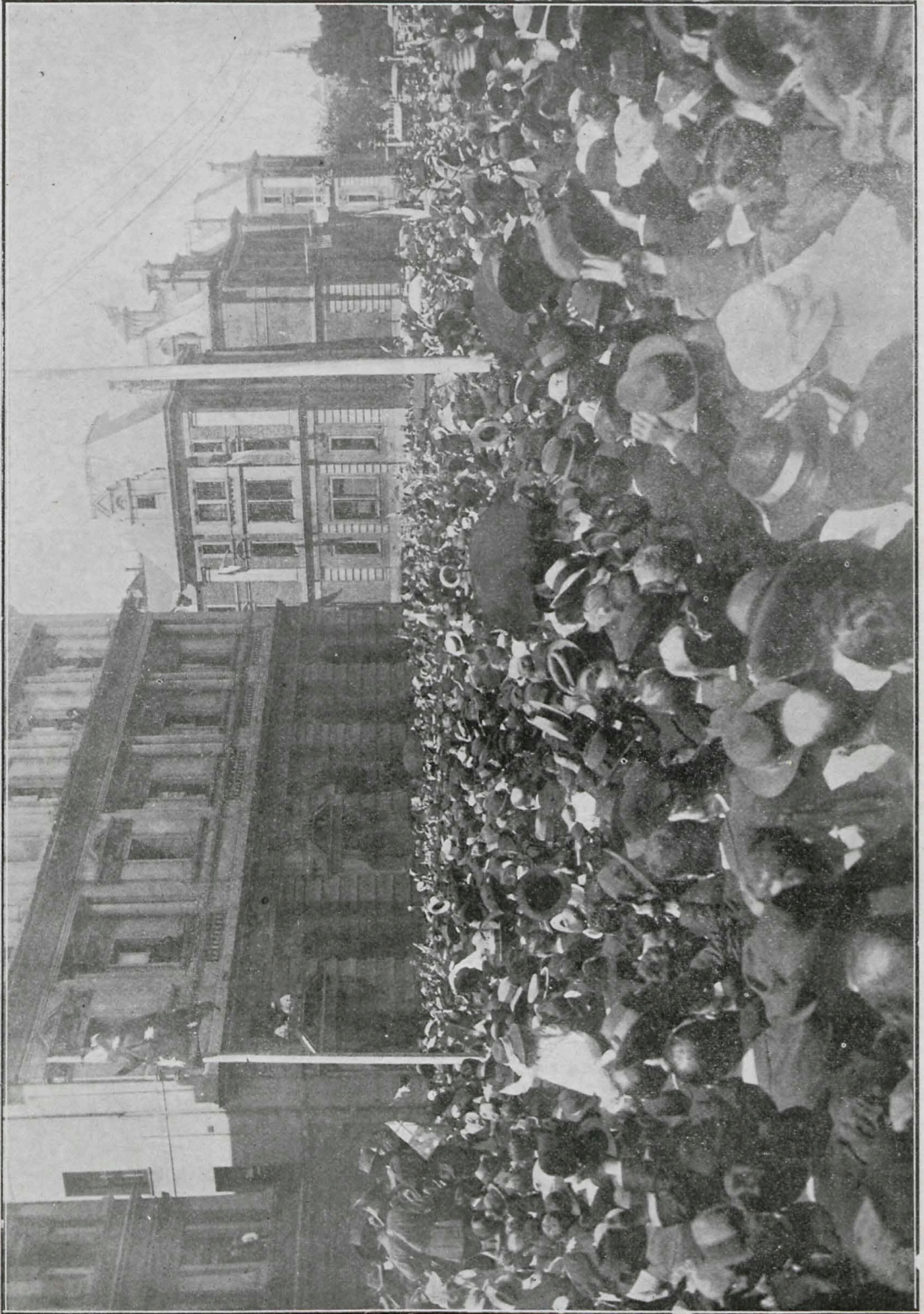
So no interloper usurp nor debase them

Where shall you place them—

They who made Peace?

"DRYBLOWER."

aduse



Perth rejoices at the news of the German collapse. A scene on the Terrace.

Carr-Boyd Interviews The King.

(For *The Golden West* by E. H. BREWER.)

THESE days there is an aloofness about Carr-Boyd. It is hardly tangible, this change, but it is there just the same. He daily sits in state in a commodious chair under the beautiful painting of Chloe in Young and Jackson's Hotel, Melbourne. The figure in the painting might offer its allurements; perchance there is a fascination in the curves and symmetry of it, but Carr is noticeably, outrageously indifferent to all this.

Stiff and erect, he sits in his chair and receives the salutations of passers-by with a dignity that is regal. His left arm is thrust into his breast, and his right lies in careless grace on the arm of the chair. His is a pose of noble strength and calm. And why not, indeed? Has he not had the distinction of interviewing His Majesty King George of England; yes, even he, Carr-Boyd. It is then very meet and right that soldiery should salute him, that civilians should touch their hats, that everyone should bow in lowliness, and that even the rum should go down.

The reason for Carr interviewing the King would take a lot of telling, but I shall endeavour to take a short cut by narrating the story in Carr's own words.

"You see, sonny," said he one day when the hour was late, "These blasted squareheads have been gaining some advantages in the war because of the devilish contrivances they have brought into it. Poison gas, liquid fire and tear gas were all their inventions. They thought they had a monopoly of these ideas, but they did not reckon with their Carr-Boyd; by Gad, no. When the big German offensive started on March 23, I just started the machinery in my roof going, and, by thunder, sir, in ten minutes I had evolved the idea—the idea, sir, that has trampled the Turks, flung Bulgaria out of the war, atrophied Austria and made Germany the very humble country she is to-day.

"In the light of recent events I think I am justified in at least making public my discovery."

"And it was —?" asked I, leaning forward anxiously.

"The Netta-Shella," replied the great inventor with heavy emphasis.

"The What?"

"The Netta-Shella. It was very simple. All that had to be done was to encase my invention in an ordinary high velocity shell case. The firing of the charge would release dozens of other little shells, which would in turn exude others. These spread fan-wise over the enemy's territory and the contents of each shell were strings of resilient barbed-wire, which formed entanglement right round the enemy's trenches. Thus, when our barrages were started, and our infantry progressed, the enemy were prisoners, and all the Allies had to do was to cart 'em back to the cages, for the barbed wire had steel magnets attached to it which divested the enemy of their rifles and side-arms; beside there was a peculiar piece of mechanism attached which automatically counted the prisoners."

"Marvellous!" ejaculated I.

"No; quite simple," said Carr as he gazed with unblinking eyelash right up to the ceiling.

He stroked his chin reflectively and then went on—

"Of course, as soon as the authorities recognised the importance of my discovery they whisked me home in



a flash. I am not allowed to divulge the port of my destination, but when I tell you it wasn't Fremantle or Albany, you can guess pretty well the name of it. I crossed the Channel in a dinky little packet, but believe me it was as easy passing the passport officers at Southampton, as living a long life as a snow-flake in Marble Bar. I carried my invention in a little hand-bag. Electric batteries were so arranged inside of it that unless you held it in a certain way, you would receive a shock of several thousand voltage. It rarely left my possession. The boat was crowded with humanity of all sorts; Tommies going back, poilus returning from a trip to London, a few Italian seamen from a torpedoed vessel, and many ladies going out on war work. There was one dark, vivacious little lady who kept talking to me with her eyes in about fourteen languages. She was Frongsaying to a heavy looking civilian, who smoked a fat cigar, and had a most disagreeable looking face. Later on, when I was in the bar enquiring the latest market prices of stud rams, this gentlemen came down and asked me to join him in a drink.

"I agreed, as I am always willing to do the act courteous. Our conversation drifted on to the war, and he asked me if I did not think that enough blood had been shed, and that it would be better if we cried 'Peace.' That got my goat."

"Look here, sonny," said I. "Where do you hang out?"

"Pardon?" said he.

"Where do you hibernate—bifurcate—roller-skate? Where do you hang out your sign? Where you LIB-IT?"

"Ah," replied he, with some intelligence breaking into his face. "You mean, where do I reside. My home is in Switzerland."

"Well," said I, "You go back there, and tell 'em when the Kaiser is in hell the Anzaes will knock off fighting, and not before."

"I could see he didn't like it, for he scowled, muttered something and walked away."

"I made a ziz-zag course up the companion way, in order to avoid torpedoes, and who should bump into me at the top but the little dark lady."

"She gave a cry as if in pain, and sobbed, 'Pardonez moi.'"

"Certainment!" replied I in my Frenchiest French.

"Vot ees it? Vair is ze pain? Did you eat too much of that damned salad for tea?"

"Non, monsieur. I have hurt my little foot, that is. Look at it! Voila!"

"And damme, sir, if she didn't show me the dinkiest little arched foot that you could see outside an artist's studio.

"Now, by Gad, I have never been a ladies' man, but there is nothing more appealing to me than a dainty arched foot."

"Well, Mademoiselle," I volunteered, "I have some liniment in my cabin. Shall I get it for you?"

"Ah, m'sieur is too good," and she threw at me a bunch of the rosiest rainbows from her eyes. "But stay. Is it necessaire for m'sieur to take his bag? I shall watch it for him."

"I hesitated just a moment, and seeing a hurt look come into her face, I left the bag and made my way down the companion way.

"Hardly had I gone a dozen steps when I heard a most awful outcry from the deck, and one reaching there, I found a pretty mix up of my bag, the dark lady and my friend from 'Switzerland.' They had grabbed my bag in the wrong way and the electrics were giving 'em Gehenna.

"The girl was in hysterics, and the man was swearing in GERMAN.



Carr Boyd on one of his explorations to S.A. Border. Carr marked this tree in '94.

"A light broke upon me. They were German spies, and they were trying to dump my invention into the sea. I ran up behind them, and after executing some fancy foot work which had been taught me by Tommy Burns,

I gave the German a foot and raced him a yard. He sprawled on the deck, and I stood on his neck till help came.

"I tell you I was the hero of the ship. It was 'Mr. Carr-Boyd this,' and 'Mr. Carr-Boyd that.' They all wanted to embrace me and kiss me. I didn't mind the girl part of that, but when it came to a Frenchie kissing me on the cheek why I pushed his face in.

"It was the same when I landed at Havre. Later, came the astonishing news that King George was to give me an audience.

"I was all of a flutter. I had never seen a king before, save when I once held three aces and tried to buy another. I made all preparations for the audience, and bought a new pair of tan boots.

"One fine morning, when the guns were booming and growling in all directions, I was steered into the presence of His Majesty who happened to be visiting his troops at the front.

"There he was, bronzed and very soldierly looking in his khaki uniform. With him was Her Majesty and all the royal family—right down to the jack, ten. Surrounding him were staff officers of every hue. When I walked in, everyone looked at me. I could see the moistening in more than one eye, as if each were saying, 'Ah, here comes the brave fellow. What an ordeal he has come through.'

"There were moments of tense silence. You could have heard an anchor drop. I knew something was expected of me, and as I always rise to these great occasions, I said, simply—

"God save the King."

"Why, sonny, the silence was even tenser. I saw the King stiffen, and some of his Staff Officers bent forward involuntarily. I knew they wanted me to pull some of the same sort of stuff, so I went on:—

"Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us.

God save the King."

"One of the staff officers, a little chap with a monocle, rushed up to me.

"Drop that," hissed he. "Drop that at once."

"Thinking he meant my hand bag, I dropped that, and it fell on his corns. My, you should have heard him. Believe me, it was some howl. The King's stern face relaxed into a broad smile. His Majesty laughed. In fact, this was the first time I had ever seen a royal flush during all my years of raising the blind. Everyone was laughing but the little officer and me.

"The King spoke.

"Mr. Carr-Boyd," said he, "I have been informed of your gallant conduct on the channel packet. It would appear you floored that German beautifully."

"Yes; King George," said I. "He came a fair gutzer."

"Was that his name?" says His Majesty in a puzzled way. "Well, I have to thank you for what you have done for the cause of the Allies. And when you go back to Australia, please convey to the Australian people my great gratitude for their loyalty. And say that I hope at no distant date to renew my acquaintance with them."

"With that he gathered together his gloves, and prepared to depart. As His Majesty passed me, I thought there might be a knighthood hanging around, so, despite my rheumatics, I promptly went down on one knee.

"His Majesty paused for some moments, and I could see his face twitching with some strong emotion.

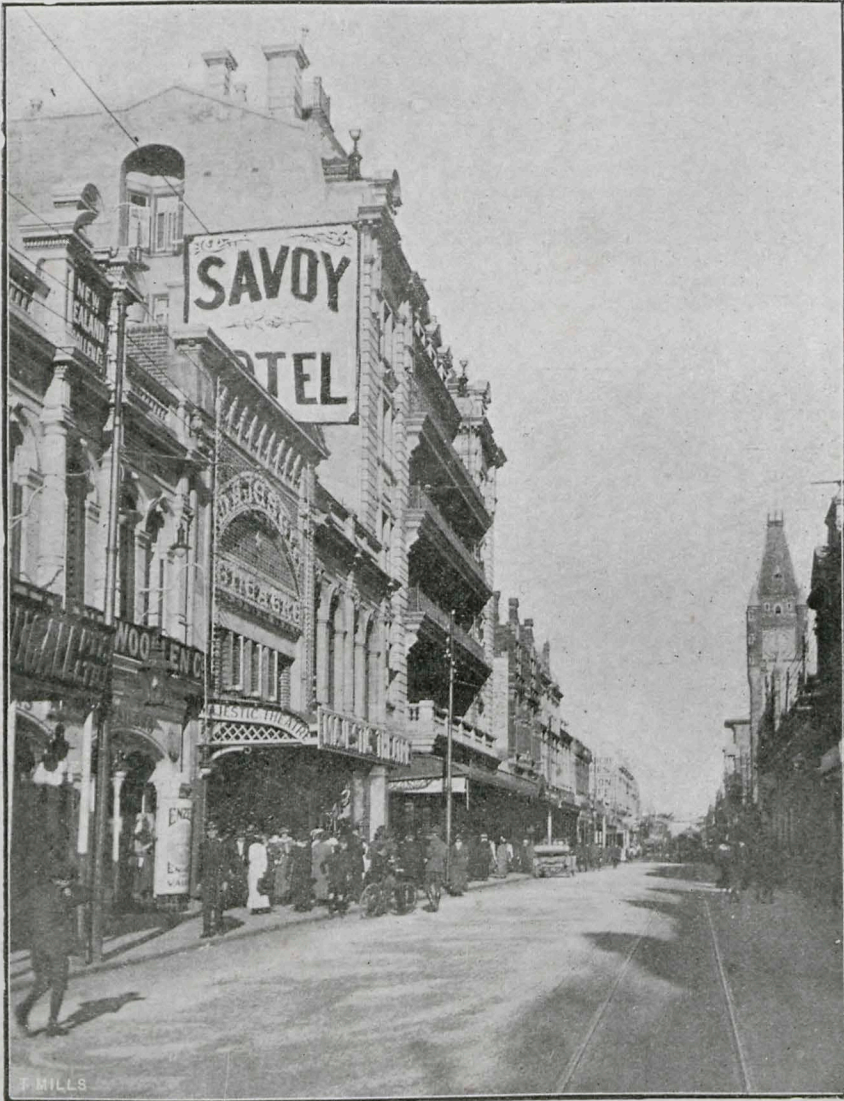
"At length, he raised me gently to my feet, and slowly said, 'Well, sir, fine democrat that you are—from a great democratic country, what higher honour could I bestow upon you than to say—

"Rise, MISTER Carr-Boyd?"

VISITORS TO PERTH!

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The West and the War.

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

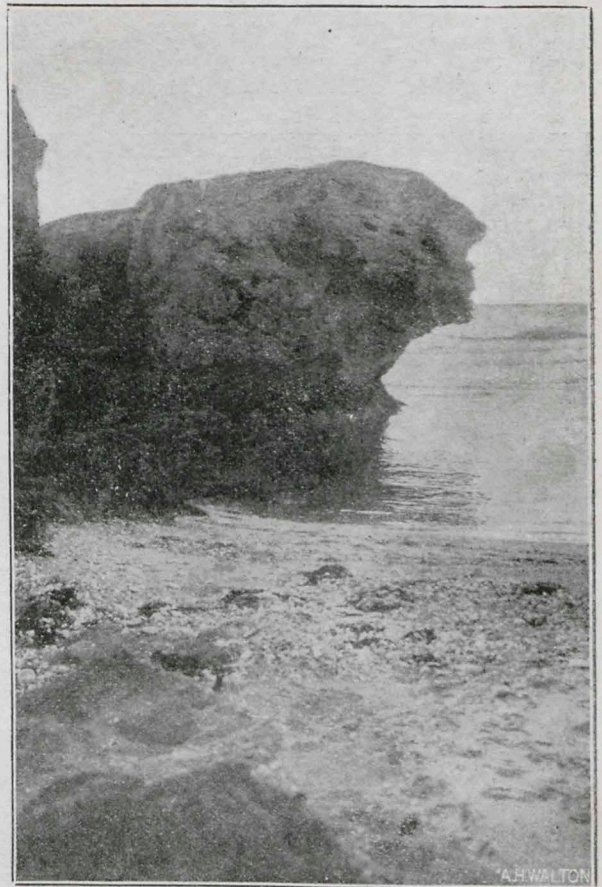
WE had almost come to look on war as the normal condition of things. The dramatic collapse of Germany brought with it a momentary sense of unreality, followed quickly by the realisation that the nightmare of the past four years had lifted, the dreadful clamour of contending monsters and men had ceased, and the civilised world was free to clear up the debris of war and put its house in order once again.

Western Australia celebrated the dawn of Peace, as it had played its part in the war—with unbounded enthusiasm, but also with some dignity, devoid of popular excesses. The public of this Western State has no little occasion for pride in the quality of its war effort. To the question, "Shall we conscript ourselves?" a substantial affirmative majority was given twice through the ballot box; in voluntary service our manhood has led the van in the Commonwealth, and our offerings in cash and kind through innumerable channels will bear comparison with those of our wealthier neighbours over East. For a population of about 310,000 to send 35,278 men into camp is no mean achievement. Of these no fewer than 32,646 embarked for the great adventure, and all the hard-fought fields—Gallipoli, France and Palestine—have borne witness to the bravery and skill of the fighting men of Western Australia. Official recognition of this valour takes the shape of eight Victoria Crosses—the highest distinction that can be won on the field. But every digger who has stuck it out through the squalid misery of the Flanders mud, or the burning sands of Africa, is a hero, to be honoured by his country, though the spectacular chance never came his way.

It will bear repetition that more than one in seven of our total population—men, women and children—were ready, without the spur of compulsion, to challenge the gross ambition of the Hun. Our glorious shield of patriotism and valour has, alas, its obverse, expressed in the bitter tears of women, the orphaning of little children. Our killed and missing number 5,500, and nearly 20,000 have been scarred in greater or lesser degree in the mighty conflict.

The fight has not been in the hands of the male alone. Our womenkind have played their part nobly. The nurses have rendered service only secondary to that of the men in the trenches; but the women who stayed at home have not been content to rest inert awaiting the issue of the struggle. The organisation of voluntary woman's labour has been a revelation. Every suburb has its circles, linked with some battalion, working day and night for the gallant boys, who, waking or sleeping, have had death as their familiar. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of this constant stream of "comforts" (really necessities) poured into the fighting zones by the loving hands of mothers and sisters, sweet-hearts and wives. The organisation and maintenance of this service have been not the least of the phenomena of the war. And in the provision of the golden sinews the West has not failed to show a worthy record. While the loan or gift of mere cash can not rank with the personal sacrifice of the veriest scalawag, money is admittedly a good soldier and an essential unit of the nation's war-making battalions. Western Australia has had but a negligible share of the war expenditure that has given an appearance of prosperity to the Eastern populations, but from our not over-abundant resources we have con-

tributed generously. Over 5½ millions sterling has gone to the war loans; the Red Cross has gathered £192,000 for its work of mercy; the Comforts Fund has been given over £65,000; the Y.M.C.A. war work has been helped to the tune of £63,000; and the people have donated more than £50,000 for the alleviation of the sufferings of the sorely stricken Belgians. The public's recognition of its responsibilities to the men who go "over the top" is exhibited by collections aggregating £117,000 for the War Patriotic Fund; the Goldfields Patriotic Fund reached £30,000; Perth and Fremantle alone raised £21,000 for a War and Unemploy-



Seascape, Rottnest Island.

ment Relief Fund, and the youngsters of the State Schools have secured about £35,000. Then there have been the Southern Cross Tobacco Fund, calls for the help of the Serbians, Montenegrins and Lebanese—all meeting with response from a public that gives, not for its "credit's sake," but from its generous heart.

The war page of the State is an inspiring one. We

have faced our problems and trials in a commendable spirit; the future challenges us now. The war that has dried up, or clogged, the main streams of our wealth-producing industries is, happily, at its closing stage, and we may look forward to the unimpeded resumption of our peaceful aims and tasks. First, we have the obligation to repatriate our valiant fighting men. This is, admittedly, no mere routine duty, but to say that it presents any insuperable difficulty is to write ourselves down as barren in statesmanship and devoid of constructive ability. What an obvious contradiction it is to mention in the same breath a repatriation "problem" and an immigration policy! If to receive back the 30,000 or so of the flower of our manhood should cause us to corrugate our brows, then it is noise without sense or meaning to speak of drawing new blood from the older world. The inadequacy of a population of little more than 300,000 souls to a territory of 1,000,000 square miles—nearly one-third of the continent of Australia—is hardly a matter for argument. It is said that we must go cautiously; our accumulated deficit of £3,000,000 and the monthly gap between our incomings and outgoings are advanced to stress the need of economy. Economy is certainly desirable in both fat and lean years; but we

will not make good by the sacking of a few Government clerks and office boys, or by the enactment of a Curfew Bell measure. We have a great heritage; during the period of reconstruction the older world will hunger for our wool, meat, wheat, ores and timber, and we must produce, and to produce we must spend. If we can send millions literally up in smoke under the spur of necessity we can lay out some millions more in absolutely essential fields with the certainty that the money will fructify. Can we not declare war on our fertile uncultivated areas with the same courage and determination with which we have attacked the arch-enemy who menaced our existence? Our hope of success depends, obviously, upon the measure of ability in the State administration, and even more, perhaps, upon the active, patriotic co-operation of all sections of the community. If there is any Bolshevism and deliberate slowing-down in the responsible ranks of industrialism or any callous exploitation and profiteering in commercial and financial circles we shall go headlong into a morass, if not to ruin. The year closes happily with the defeat of Prussianism. Surely it is not too much to hope that the immediate future shall witness a patriotic determination to place our great State in the van of progress, happiness and prosperity.



FREMANTLE HARBOUR, with 83,000 tons (a record) of shipping arrived in one day, berthed and anchored. This was in the pre-war days of 1913. With the advent of the war Fremantle's shipping gradually disappeared, regular traders, mail steamers, cargo carriers, etc., being requisitioned for Imperial Service (a great number, perhaps, of these have disappeared for all time per agency of the submarine) until, with the exception of an occasional troop transport, the tonnage in the harbour might, at times, have been measured at under a thousand. With the cessation of the war, however, and the restoration of the Suez Canal, South African and other trading and passenger routes; to say nothing of Far Eastern and Interstate shipping, it is confidently expected that, by this time next year, the record tonnage above quoted will be exceeded. Which speaks well for Fremantle.

The Late Lord Forrest.

WHEN bidding farewell to his friends, upon the eve of his departure for England for the purpose of obtaining cure or, at least, relief from the malady from which he suffered during what should have been, but was not quite, "the full efflorescence of his years' rosy winter," the late Lord Forrest said:—"... he hoped to return and, when the time came, to be buried here, so that he might be amongst those he had grown up with, and those whom he loved, for ever."

Fortunately, it has been given to the land of his birth to see that his expressed desire will be fulfilled, arrangements having been made for the bringing back of his ashes to Western Australia, from Sierra Leone, for interment besides those of his beloved brothers, Alexander and David, in the Karrakatta cemetery.

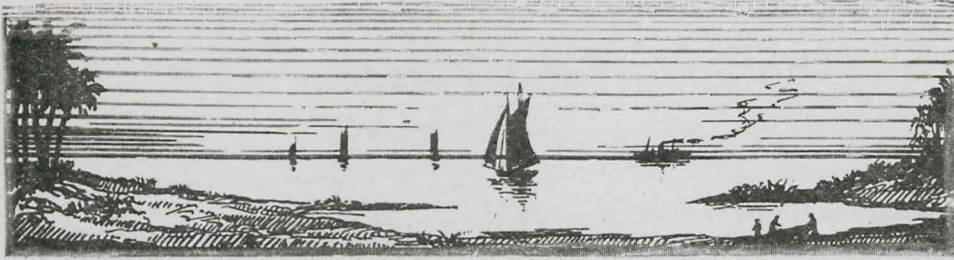
His great achievements as surveyor, explorer, State Premier and Federal Statesman are too well known, and have been too frequently manifested, to need recapitulation here. The pity of it all is that he was not spared to be a participant in the dawn of a peace that came to the world after more than four agonising years of war. Lord Forrest lived, however, to see and rejoice in the consummation of one of his many great projects, the joining up of Western Australia with the Eastern portion of the Continent by the Trans-Australian railway.

One remembers that upon the occasion of the opening of the Goldfields Water Scheme (January 24-26, 1913) he said that the pumping of water 352 miles from the Helena River, at Mundaring, to the Goldfields, would prove an important factor in furthering the construction of the railway from Kalgoorlie to Port Augusta, and thus consummate for ever the real federation of Eastern and Western Australia. "Future generations will think of us," he said, "and bless us for our far-seeing patriotism, and it will be said of us, as Isaiah said of old—"They made a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert." His hope, then expressed, that he would be spared to see the day when the Kalgoorlie railway porters would be heard calling out "Take your seats for Adelaide," was also duly realised on October 24th of last year, as he made several trips east on the line, and was the first passenger to alight from the first trans-train arriving at Kalgoorlie from Port Augusta on the date mentioned. The writer interviewed the late statesman on that occasion on behalf of the *West Australian*. He then seemed radiant with joy upon the accomplishment of an undertaking for which he had incessantly laboured so many years. He said, among other things, "during the sixteen years that elapsed since Federation, in which difficulties and obstacles not anticipated or foreseen have had to be met and overcome I have felt in a way a defaulter, the pledge I had given not having been fulfilled, but to-day I have the satisfaction of knowing that the pledge given in all good faith has been realised and, being on the first passenger train from Port Augusta to Perth, my thoughts naturally revert to the instance of my former journey from Perth to Port Augusta in 1870, which, with a primitive outfit and a few horses, took myself and my little band of comrades five months to accomplish. It makes one feel grateful that one has been privileged to take part in bringing it about."

He rejoiced that it had come in his day.—R.C.S.



White Bros. Photo.



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

Wing.

A Broome Chinatown Sketch.

“WING,” I said, leaning over the counter in the endeavour to entice him from his hiding place beneath it, “it’s got to be done this time; I’m going to cut your pigtail off, so you’d better come out and go quietly.”

There was no response to my request, to which Wing was used, more or less, as it was a jocular sort of greeting, used on the many previous occasions of my arrival.

The other Chinese at their sewing machines just looked up indifferently and proceeded with their business. The procedure of my teasing of Wing was not unknown to them; they had seen it all before and rather enjoyed it; but, seemingly, to-day was their very busy day.

But they didn’t know that I knew that Wing knew that I was in the purlieus of Chinatown that particular morning, and that as a matter of fact had, just a few minutes prior to coming in to Wing’s shop, conspired with another of his countrymen to advise the little man that I was thereabout.

Perhaps I’d better explain, for anybody who wants to know, that the “little man” is one of the most grotesque personalities in the way of Chinamen, ever. Probably five feet high and with all the essential accompaniments of feature and physique, I do think whoever created the toyshop Kewpie must have surely taken Wing for his model. In smiling mood, however, Wing’s celluloid counterpart is, candidly, a somewhat spurious imitation of our friend, and, therefore, fails by comparison. There is another essential reservation that must be made when comparisons are entered into, and that is that Wing is respectable—he wears trousers. They are bell-bottomed and of that peculiar material most affected by his race—that light textured something that looks more like varnished oilcloth than anything else in the drapery line. He also wears a singlet which, whilst possibly a little too abbreviated for society south of 18 deg., suits its wearer to a nicety. The completion of Wing’s *tout ensemble* is a pair of slip-slops, those Chinese sandals of thick woven soles and silken stitched and fantastically embroidered vamps. Taken full and by, therefore, for the climate of the tropics, Wing’s make-up could be written down in the fashion plates as absolutely *de-rig* if not “just the glassy.”

As I said a while ago, there was no response to my invitation to him in his surmised hiding place, under the big counter, nor was I much further enlightened by the stolid-faced row of busy machine hands about the room.

“Where Wing?” I said.

“No stop! was the brief rejoinder of the foreman as he promptly bent forward and resumed his work.

Fong was always disposed to resent my appearance in the shop, and my teasing of Wing and consequent distraction of the labours of the slaves running up white duck suits at fourteen bob a time, with mother-o’-pearl buttons thrown in.

“Not in?” I said, “where he stop?”

The only reply was the whirr of wheels and the throbbing of many shuttles.

“Where he stop, Fong?” I repeated.



A Mulga Eve.

Receiving no reply I then attempted the whistling of one of the stuttering, tinkling tunes I'd heard on a Chinese gramophone up the Straits.

Fong now looked up somewhat curiously, and then answered, "Boss, he stop along Ang Qua," and then resumed his machining.

"Oki!" I said, and turned as if to depart. And the reply came back readily.

I stepped out on to the verandah, where a musk dove was sobbing its heart out in a cage about the size of a starch box and a dingo pup was worrying the remnants of a deceased fowl, but when I got half way down the steps I suddenly wheeled and—there was the little man's head just peering above the counter, an expression of evident relief on his face that I'd been so easily and tactfully got rid of. But it was only momentary, as the next instant his face broke into ripples of the smile, of which, it has been averred, the celluloid Kewpie is but a poor imitation. He emerged from his hiding place and hurriedly slip-slopped round the counter to give me the glad hand and look as though he were genuinely delighted to see me, though somewhat quizzical as to what was doing next.

"Wing," I said, "you welly bad man; by-em-by No. 1 cock-eye come and settle Wing."

"Yes," said Wing, looking pensive and paling almost perceptibly beneath his yellow skin, "whofter you say that?"

"Whofter you hide, Wing?" I said.

"Ah, whofter me hidee, me no hidee, me losen one pong, two pong, gold; me think he fall under counter, me go lookie, see!" And as he said that, Wing looked as if there were a halo set at an angle of forty-five degrees in the vicinity of where his pigtail began.

I looked around the room, but where Fong, the foreman, had been there was a vacant machine.

"Wing," I resumed, "you welly bad man you tellee lie by-em-by you losen; but I came in to cut your hair. (At the time of which I write pigtails were the custom of his country, and it was said that no Chinaman might return to China minus his queue.) I'm going to cuttee off pigtail, allee same look at that. At the same time I quickly grasped his pigtail and unwound it from his head coil, held it at arms' length and then let go, and then facetiously jabbed him with my thumb in the vicinity of the short rib.

Wing was pretty well used to my alleged humour, but this was too much. He pulled away and was momentarily more than angry, he was very wild, but then, discerning my levity, he slip-slopped confidently towards me and said, "Me no savee, me no tellee lie, allee same that one (pointing to where Fong had been sitting) Fong

tellee lie. Him say me no stop, me go Ang Qua, yes? Me no say me no stop, when you come 'long shop; me no speakee you, yes?"

"Yes," I know, Wing," I said, "you no speakee me when me come in shop, but what you do under counter; looking for two pong you never losen?"

"No fear, me losen all li', allee same look at that," and Wing dived his hand into a recess in his varnished



A Kimberley Mother and Piccaninny.

oilcloth pantaloons and complacently pulled out two lovely golden goblins.

Then, talk about a laughing Kewpie! why Wing was simply delighted at my undisguised amazement and discomfiture.

"Wing," I said, "you're a conjurer of the first water;

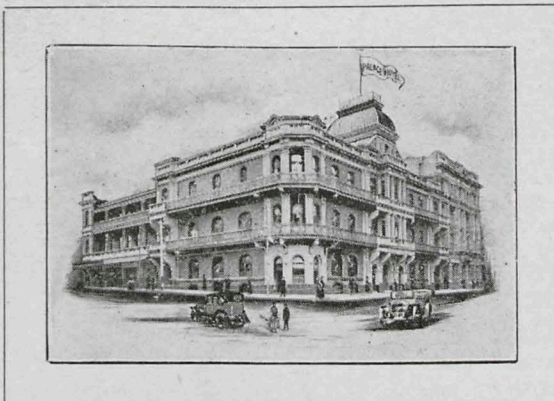
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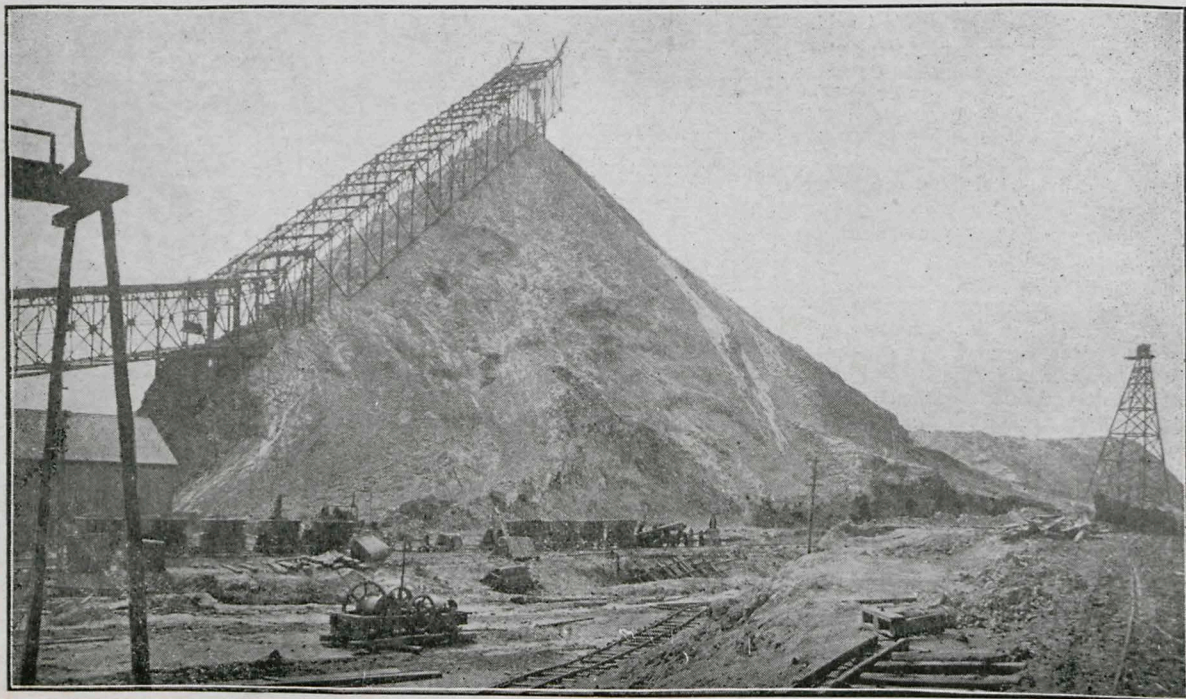
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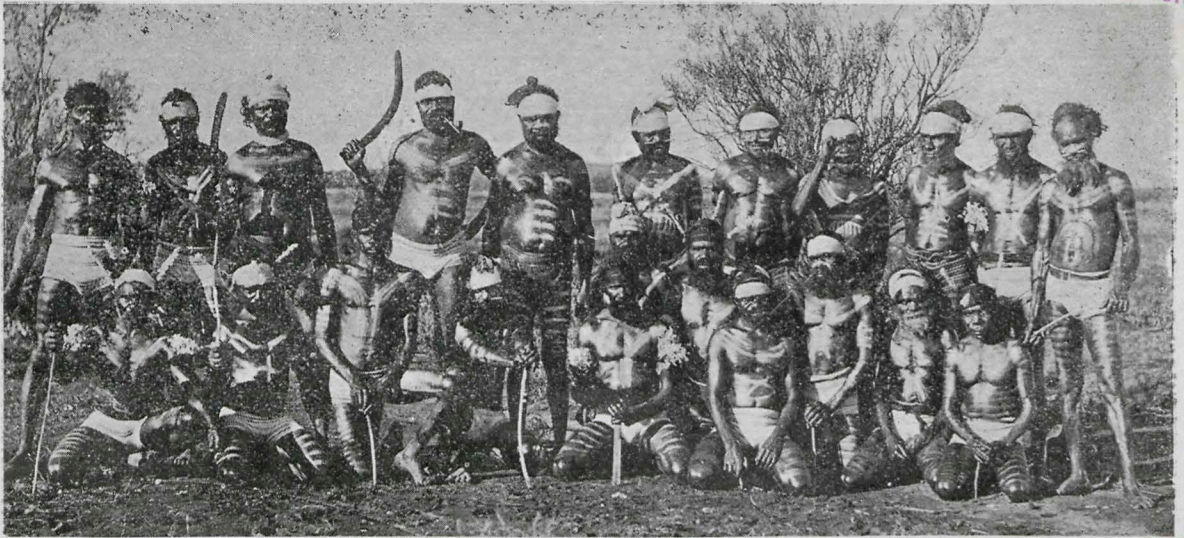
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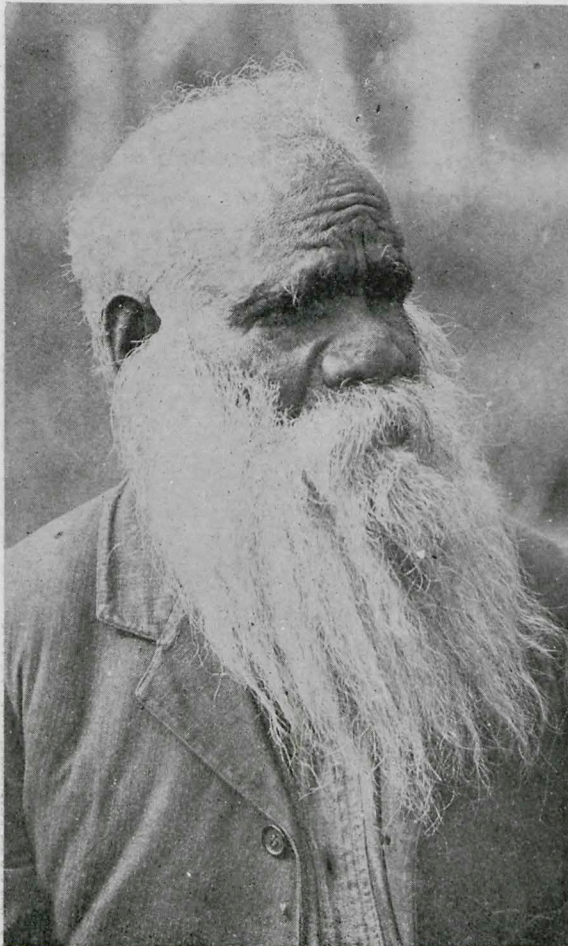
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A South-West Patriarch.

I think you must be a lineal descendant of Ching Ling Foo, if not of B. Munchausen.

"No savee," was his amiable rejoinder. Then, he added, with evident enjoyment, "Suppose me now say you welly bad man, by-em-by you loseem, yes?"

And, after a pause—"Wing loseem two pong, all li, Wing hidee, yes! Wing finde, yes!" He then slip-slopped nearer and looking up in that peculiar way of his, with the Kewpie smile radiant, he asked with facetious gravity, "what you do supposee you loseem gold tooth, eh!" And then adroitly changing the subject and diving for the cigar box he said, "More better you have a ciglar, this one number one. Suppose me makee you white suit thisee time, two piece? No? more better makee you silk suit, good one, number one, leal pearl buttons, eh? No? You remember lassee time you come Bloom you wantee klimona? You say, 'Wing, me wantee klimona, good one, number one, embloider silk.' Me showee you, you say, 'No dam good, lubbish.' One man, your flend, big fellow, he telle me you go along Hashimoto, you bluy klimona him; whoffer you do that? Wing welly closs, sendee Singlepore gettee this one, keepee you, nexee time you stop, Bloom.

Wing then opened a camphor-wood box and took out a kimona, the description of which may only be left to somebody in the dress department—it was one of the few kimonas you see out of the Orient.

"But how did you know I was ever coming to Bloom again, Wing?" I said.

"Wing know, lassee time you here I askee you, 'you likee South, you likee Bloom, Soolabay, Singlepore, Pe-lang,' you say—Wing, me likee Bloom, Bloom number one, but me likee Swan Liver more better, allee same look at that.' You show Wing picture—posecar, lady; big white what you call that kangaroo bull pup, eh? Yes! Wing think by-em-by you come Bloom me sendee Singlepore, gettee klimona; this one not for you—you have a ciglar—this one for lady.

* * * *

When Wing, with some dignity, saw me across the threshold and on to the verandah the musk dove was still sobbing its heart out, but the dingo pup lay coiled, a ball of fluff, beside the bones and feathers of his feast; the tide had come in, and the sun was but a disc of scarlet in a sea of dancing shadows.

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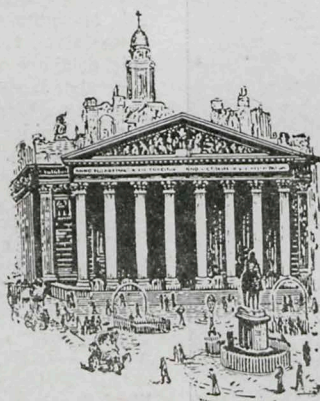
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The Double.

A Needle Dump Story.

(As told by CPL. E. DELANEY, W.A. Tunnellers.)

IT was New Year's morning of 1916. We had been turned in about four hours when we were awakened by the Sergeant calling out No. 3 and 4 Sections stand to! So up we spring. You never know what's on, but in this instance they wanted some timber, post-haste, from Needle Dump in Delville Wood. So off we grope our way over to the Needle, rationed with six biscuits and a tin of bullie beef, and get our loads. We did two trips, Coxie (an old Westralian miner and parrah jerker) and myself.

There was not much trouble in getting timber in Delville Wood; the Germans had almost levelled the forest; all that had to be done was to saw it into lengths. It was getting quite light by now, and to get the timber away you had to get along a sunken road and around a place called Danger Corner on account of the number of the boys who'd been knocked rotten there. The road turned into a little village called Fleirs, and our front line at that time was just in front of it.

Now, Coxie had a great set on the word "Blighty," and regarded its application to anyone who'd been "knocked" with entire disfavour. He instanced this best one day, when some of the boys lost an arm or a leg, and other diggers remarked that they'd got a "blithering blighty." Anyway we had to go back to Delville to load. It had been snowing hard for days previously, and was just commencing to thaw; cold; oh, — Well, there was a cook house, one of the many, in the Wood, and Coxie used to get a jam tin of tea often there. The Germans had been bombarding the neighbourhood all the morning, and one caught the cookery, wounding those within and others round about.

"Well," Coxie said, as some of them were being removed, "you talk about heroes, there goes three of them all right," as three of the boys—the cook and two offsidiers—were brought out, their eyes as red as live coals after burning pine wood all day and night in a place seven by five, that you could cure bacon in. Coxie asked the cook, "How is it old digger?" and he answers, "Oh, tray bong, boy, we had a lucky escape, but we've got a sure 'blighty.'"

Now, Coxie had about sixty francs in his bushman's purse, so pulling it out he says, "Gor blime, if that's not the office for the Perth Cup, to be run to-day, I'll go he." So he gives them a five franc note each and says "pull up at the first boozery and have a 'tid,' and if you happen to strike a bookmaker put half on Lucky Escape in the Perth Cup, and if there happens to be a Blighty in the Railway Stakes have a bit on the Double."

So off they went wounded, but with the Blighty smile up.

We hopped back and finished our load. The shells were kicking things up a bit, but the boys were cheerful, and the talk was mostly of home and New Year's days of other times.

Some days after that, when we are in a boozery, a bloke shows us a *Continental Times*. So Coxie says, "Let's

have a 'screw' and see what won the Perth Cup," and you should have heard him roar when he read that Lucky Escape had won that event. So we filled our mess tins up again and got to it.

"I wonder," said Coxie, "if there was a horse called Blighty in the Railway Stakes?"

There was no horse of the name in the race, but Coxie's double came off all right, because he got his in the leg a day or two after, not too seriously, but bad enough.

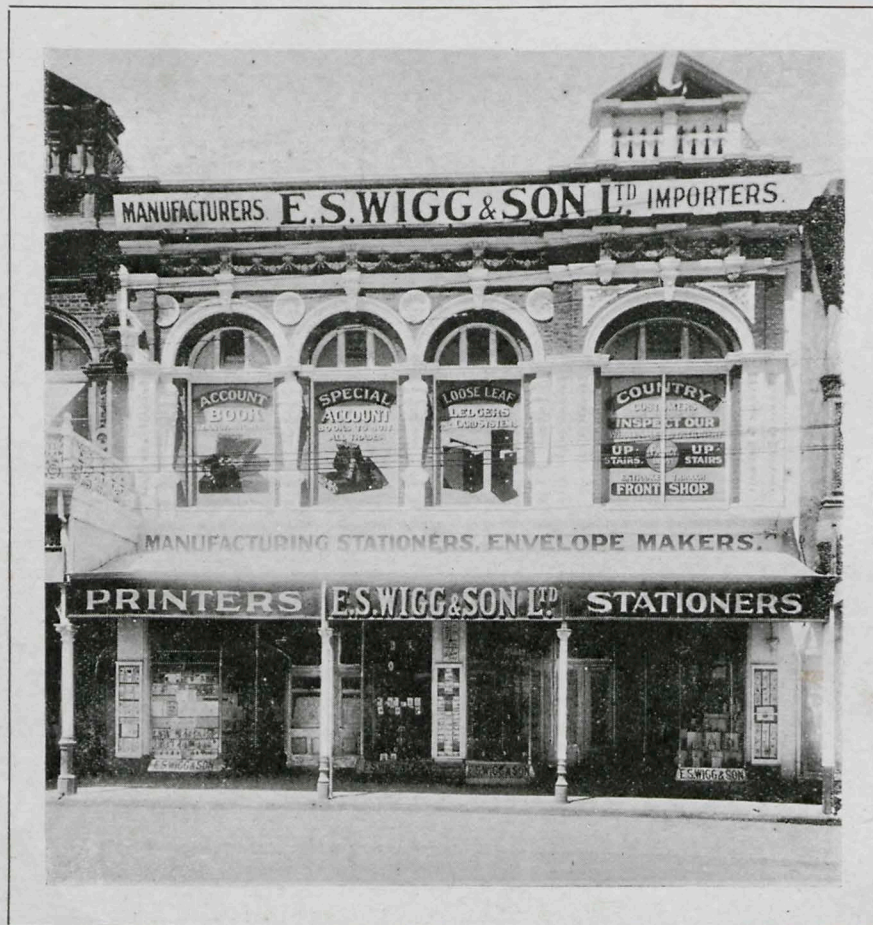
And you should have seen his face when the red cross blokes said to him, "you're a sure 'blighty.'" Knowing the "set" he had on the word I was rather surprised how cheerful he looked about it, as he sang out, when they were taking him away, "Good-bye, old mate, the double came off all right, didn't it?"



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The HANDSOME DEEDS of UGLY MEN

(For The Golden West by G. ELBURG.)

IF, to reverse the old saying, ugly is as ugly does, then the members of the Ugly Men's Voluntary Workers' Association have substantial claims to beauty. This unique band of practical philanthropists exists to render service to a most deserving class of beneficiaries; but a brief recital of its deeds may be preceded by describing how, when and where the organisation came into being. The "Ugly Men" are a by-product of the war. The periodic casualty lists announce that Private Brown was killed in action, that Lance-Corporal Smith died of wounds, that Sergeant Jones is reported missing; and the non-combatant reader says, "Poor chaps," and, largely, forgets and goes his way. The German machine gun, shell or sniper, however, does not cancel, but directly challenges the responsibility of the community. Smith, Jones and Brown have done all that men can do; a wife and children or dependant parents are robbed of their sustaining arm and the collective contribution of the State in the shape of pension represents but a small proportion of the cost of living as a decent member of society. Want and suffering are the inevitable commitments of war, and the inelastic methods of the State are inadequate for their alleviation.

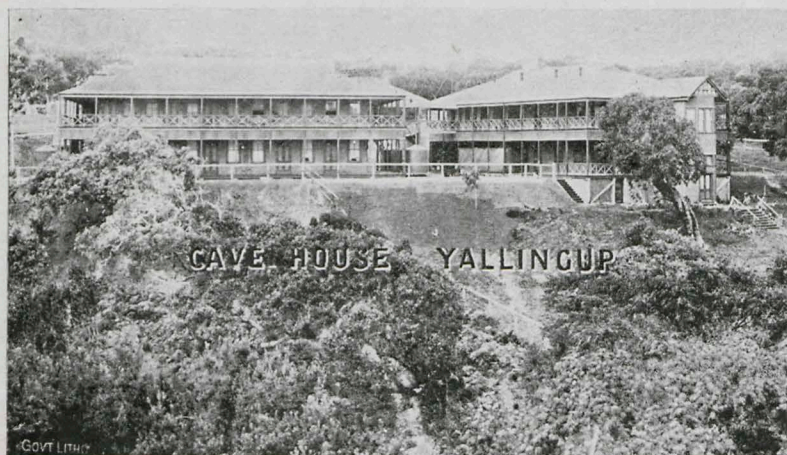
Enter the "Ugly Men"—something under two years ago. War-widow Jones and her toddling mites are up against it. Private Jones helped to add lustre to Australia's name at Pozieres—the story of their hanging on will live for ever. But history would not spare a line for the grimmer struggles of widow Jones to find shelter, food and clothing for her brood with her slender physical and financial resources. She would be, inevitably, another war "casualty" were her hard fight to be waged alone. But a kindly woman neighbour notices and speaks to her man. He has no surplus cash, but he has some leisure and a strong right arm. He tells his pals that it is a damn shame that widow Jones should be up against it. From arguing that it would be a "damn shame," to "it would be a damn shame if nothing were done," they progress to the determination that the damn shame shall not be tolerated. They get to business. A small vacant lot is cajoled from its good-natured owner, some timber and other material are wrung from merchants, a band of more or less stalwart workers is rounded up to sweat and toil on a Saturday afternoon or so, and the bogey rent is banished finally from widow Jones's door. In some such manner the Ugly Men's Association had its origin. There was no formal ceremony of foundation, bands playing, flags flying or noises beginning "Your Excellency, ladies and gentlemen;" merely a yarn at a street corner and the seed was laid of what has grown to be an admirable institution with a membership of more than 1,200, with office-bearers and a paid secretary. The Ugly Men are spread now everywhere within the metropolitan area and even beyond that circle. Powerful branches have grown in Fremantle, Cottesloe Beach, Subiaco, Maylands, Nedlands, South Perth, Midland

Junction, in fact almost every suburb boasts its band of voluntary workers.

The privilege of membership is to be gained cheaply. One's cheque-book may stay in one's pocket. Two half-day's labour a year is the price of admission, and surely none are so poor that this should represent a bar. All sorts and conditions are these ugly men—bookmakers and lawyers, detective and doctors, civil servants and race-horse owners. But the main strength of the Association is the skilled tradesman, without whose expert services the cottage roof might let the water in and the chimney prove unable to let out all the smoke. The skilled artisans among the Ugly Men make a real sacrifice in carrying on their everyday tasks in their scanty hours of leisure. To the unskilled the Saturday or Sunday toil is at least a change of avocation, and the casualties in the shape of hammered thumbs, blistered hands and aching backs are viewed as trivial sacrifices for a truly patriotic service.

In twelve months the Association responded to over 300 appeals, and dotted through the various suburbs are neat cottages sheltering dependants of fighting men who will never return, or who have come back shattered in limb or nerve from the hellish maelstrom of the older world. A new law of supply and demand operates unfailingly. Given a deserving case the Ugly Men are speedily on the scene; a house in its entirety here, two rooms added there, a decaying cottage rendered habitable, a verandah built—anything that is required. There was an instance of a frail woman and a substantial wood pile. Two Ugly Men made it their business to make a Sunday morning onslaught to provide the household fuel for the week. Where the need is pressing the work goes on through the seventh day, with the cordial approval of the community generally. But, alas, absolute unanimity in this cannot be claimed. It is on record that one unbending "Christian" has publicly expressed his objection to the ring of the axe and the thump of the hammer disturbing the Sabbath calm. In effect this unswerving Sabbatarian has reported the Ugly Men to the Most High for Sabbath desecration. One can imagine the reception of the report; an injunction, not of restraint, but to go and "sin" some more in a similar direction — the case dismissed with costs against the complainant. Whatever these Ugly Men may be in their individual capacities their labours in the Association are wholly admirable, of inestimable benefit to the necessitous beneficiaries and not without ennobling influence upon the workers themselves. What is Christianity if it not compounded largely of charity and kindness, and a recognition of the claims of the weaker and poorer members of society. As a counter-blast to the sour protest of the self-elected defender of the Sabbath it may be said without irreverence that God is the Chief Patron of the Ugly Men's Voluntary Workers' Association of W.A.

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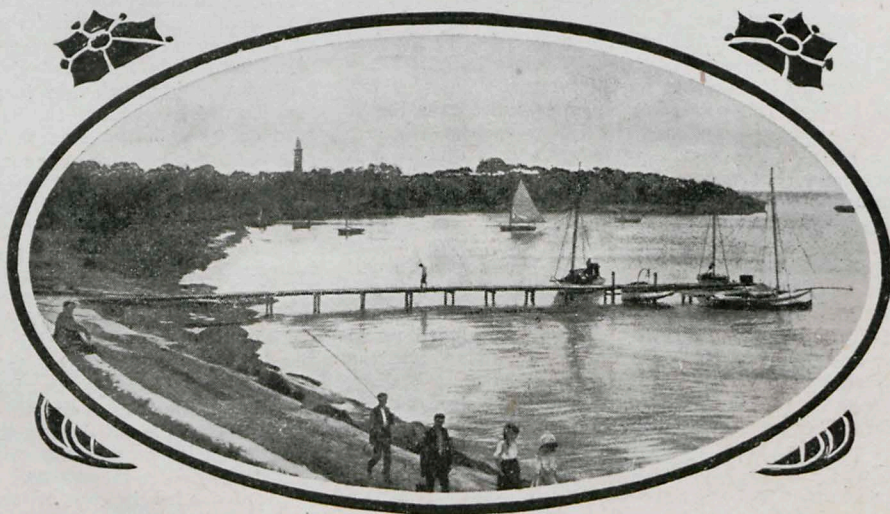
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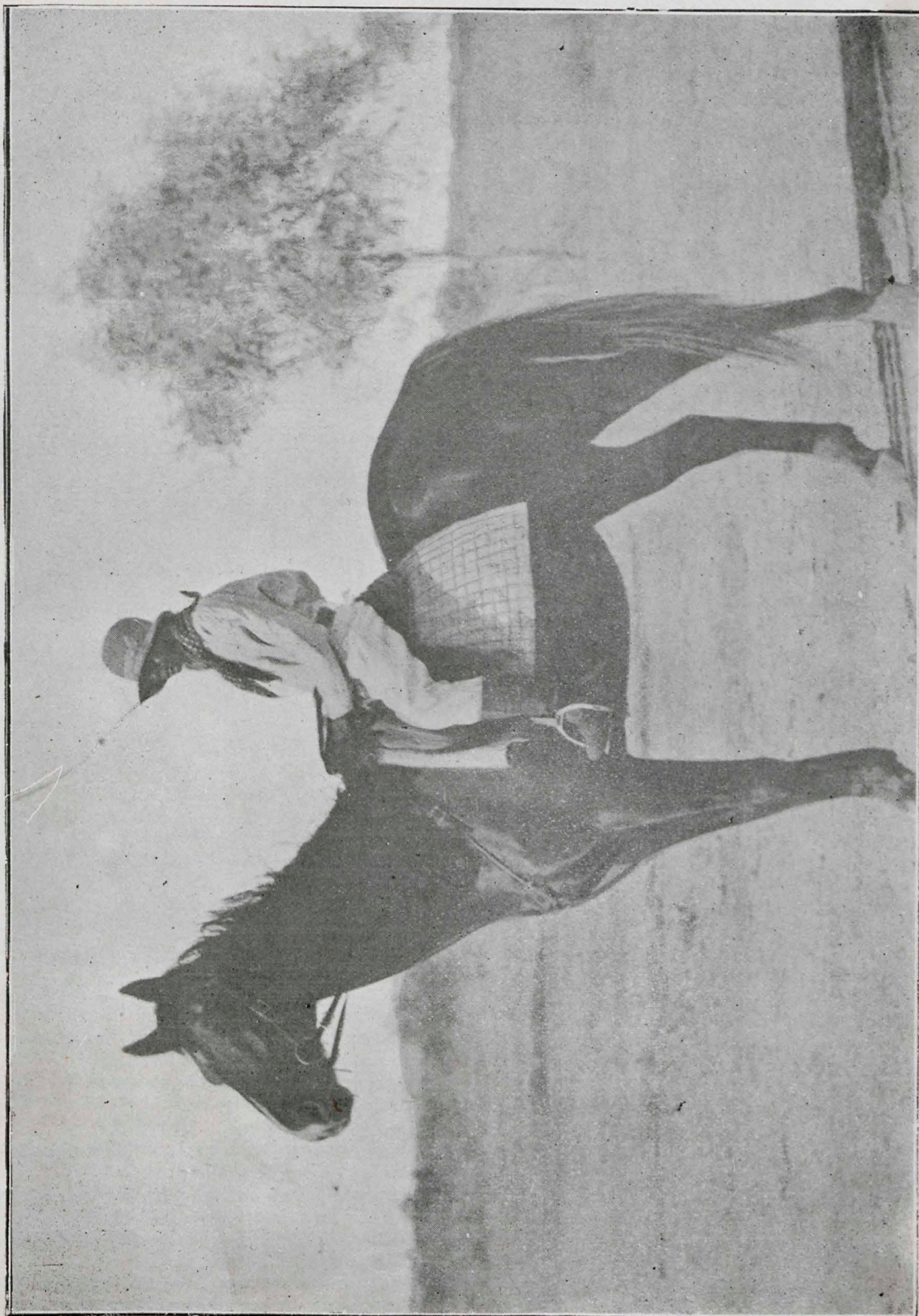


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A North-West Stockwoman.



CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

("Horas nisi serenas non numero.")

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

Come, Memory, croon your songs to me and sing
of a bygone time,
An old, old story of joys and griefs, in a sweet,
old-fashioned rhyme;
With the tender grace of a maiden's face, all
beautiful, fair and free,
And the music sweet of a dead child's feet wove
into its minstrelsy.
For what does it matter if unshed tears should
mingle a pearly ray.
With the smiles that memory brings to us as
gifts from a vanished day?
The picture is fashioned of lights and shades
that mellow the hallowed scene
Of a distant day that is dear to me. . . .
Lord, weave no mists that I may not see
Its hopes and fears and its melody,
But "Keep my Memory green!"
The times are changed and the years grow wan,
and our faiths are all beset,

But the olden ways of the olden days shaped
least of the world's regret.
We smother the clang of the Christmas chimes
to mouth of material laws,
And even the little children mock at the spirit
of Santa Claus;
But sometimes out of the swinging years a
memory sweet shall come,
And accents, half-forgotten now, in every ear
shall hum.
For never a breast is so bereft and never a life
so vain,
But hides in a secret chamber fast
Some treasured gleam of a golden past
And wakes when the long hushed tones at last
Steal back to the heart again.
* * * * *
Oh, where are the darkened hours that once our
untried pulses thrilled—
The chance we lost and the hope storm-tossed
and the love-dream unfulfilled?
The seed we scattered in trivial pain to blossomed
splendour burst,
And wine-grapes sprang from the thorns that
once our youth had deemed accurst.

*So, one by one, the old, dead joys from the old,
dead years return,
As, Phoenix-like, their ashes rise from Memory's
sacred urn;*

*And looking back from the ripened years we
trace in her chastened light*

Some rough road smoothed with a lilting rhyme,

Some jewel found in the slush and grime. . .

But numbered off on the scroll of Time

No hour that was not bright!

* * * *

*And so, when the Christmas flowers fling their
fragrance to the wind,*

*But—oh! for the grace of a vanished time
The pulse that throbbed to the Christmas chime,
The blood that danced to a runic rhyme
In a garden of festal flowers!*

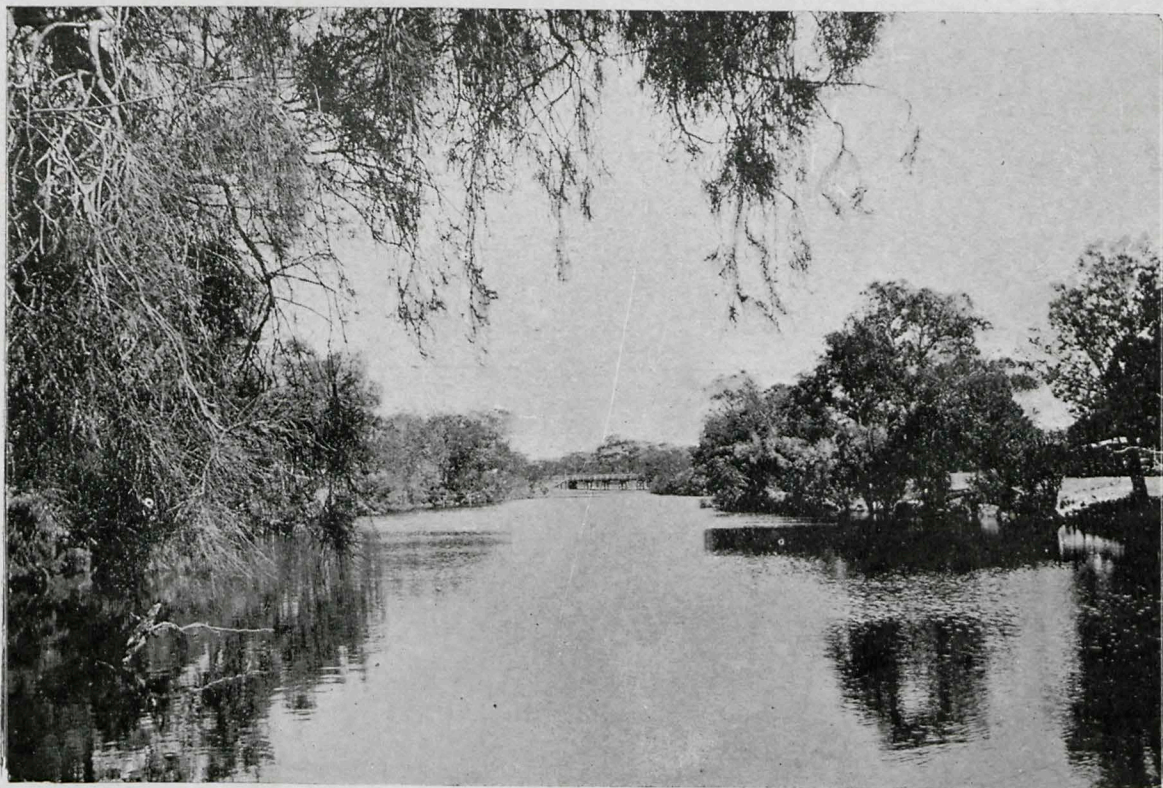
* * * *

*It is only a rainbow bridge I build—its colours
are fading now,*

*For the rime of the years is on my hair and the
furrows are on my brow;*

*But I still can dance o'er its glowing span with
youthful feet and bold,*

*And watch where the shimmering archway stoops
to its pot of fairy gold.*



Along the Avon River, York-Beverley.

*My being strays to the Christmas days of a past
that is sweet and kind;*

*When every tufted blossom breathed soft music
in my ears*

*And taught me, from remembrance, blessed hopes
for future years.*

*I have built me a span of golden dreams that
bridges the gulf of years,*

*And, whatsoever they gave, I claimed their
smiles among their tears;*

*The brand-new world of to-day may mock at the
world of by-gone hours,*

*The red and purple are in my heart, and the
yellow and green and blue—*

*They light the track from the days far back like
steadfast lamps and true;*

*And every dear, dim treasured dream adds lustre
to their sheen. . .*

*A woman's face, a hand clasp strong,
A childish kiss, a flower, a song. . .*

Lord, let my days be short or long,

But "Keep my Memory green!"

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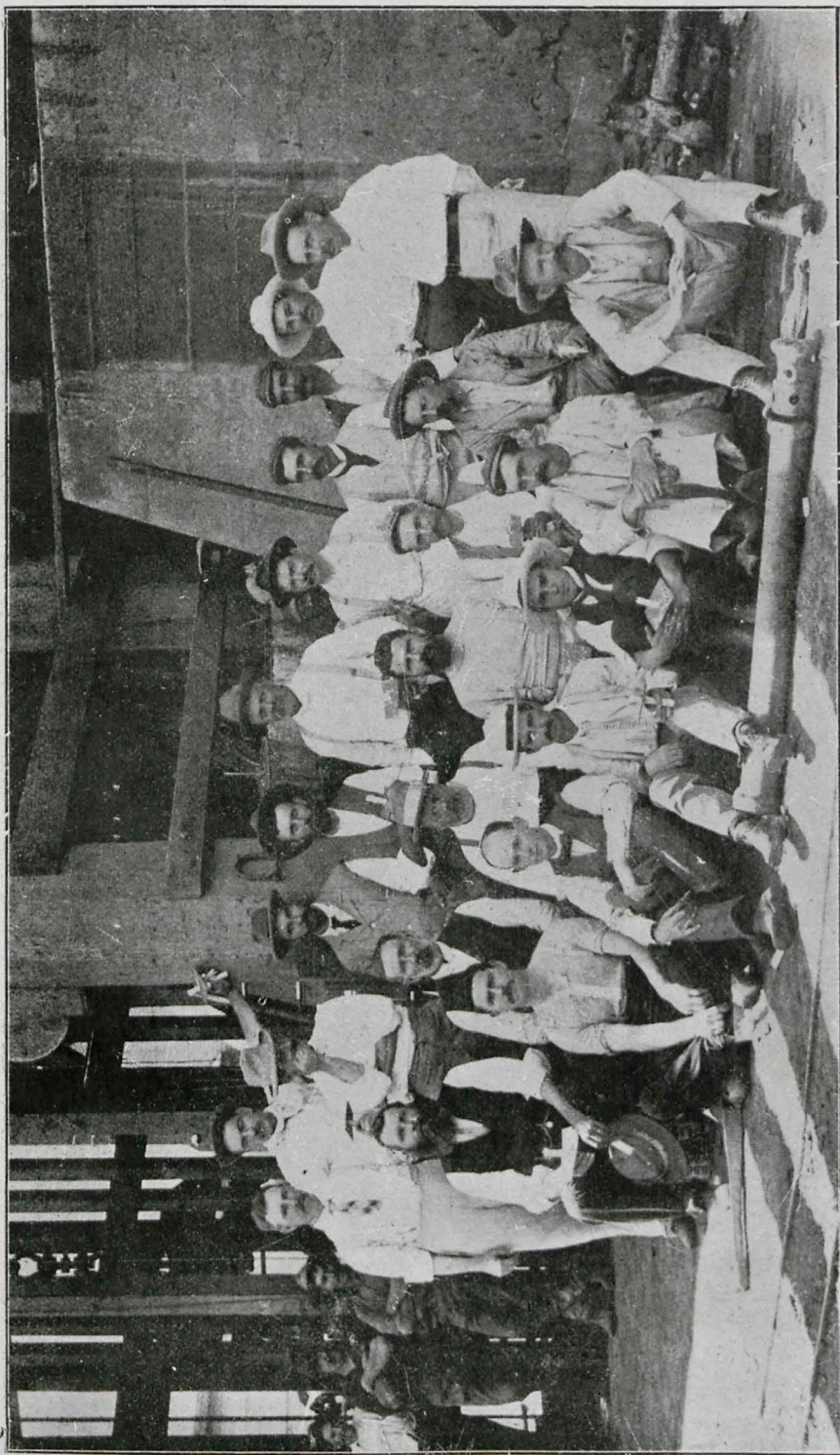
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Photo, taken underground at Lake View Consols Mine, Kalgoorlie.

The late Sir George Reid, who came over for the opening with a big party of Federal politicians, will be noticed in the middle row. Next to him, on his left, is Mr. C. J. Moran, then member for a goldfields constituency. The bearded figure at the extreme end is Mr. Geo. Taylor, then and still member for Mount Margaret, and now Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. Mr. Taylor's flowing beard is only a memory now-a-days, he having long since dispensed with it. Others in the group will be readily recognised by many. The visitors on the occasion referred to were divided into parties, one party being allotted to each of the big mines, where they were shown round and lavishly entertained. It is related of Sir George Reid that the day being hot

(Water Scheme Opening Celebrations 24th-26th January, 1903.)

(a temperature of 114 was recorded), he, soon tiring of exploring drives and stopes, etc., managed to evade his party. His presence was not missed for some little time, but when it was some consternation ensued as to what could have become of him; "had he met with an accident, fallen down a shaft—what?" Search parties set off in various directions. Eventually the distinguished visitor, a notoriously good sleeper, was discovered having "forty winks" in a barrow at the end of one of the drives. "The only thing that troubled me," he said in his droll way, "was the recurring thought of possibly having to climb a thousand feet of ladder to get to the surface in case I'd been overlooked."

COLLINSVILLE STUD

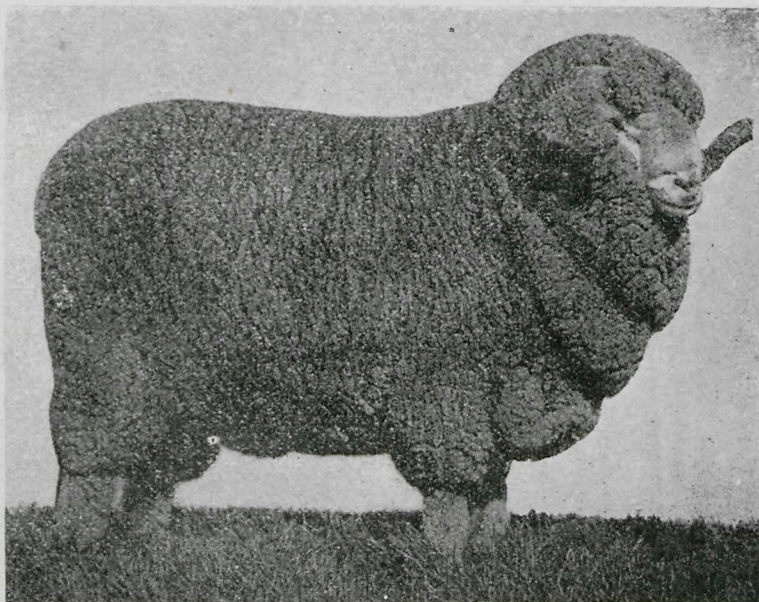
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



FIRST PRIZE, Pen of Ten Ewes, under 2 years, Sydney Sheep Show, 1918.

Bred by and the Property of John Collins & Sons, Collinsville, Hallett, South Australia.

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



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"ROBBIE BURNS II" (1 year and eight months).

FIRST PRIZE Medium Woolled Ram, under 2 years, Sydney Sheep Show, 1918.

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The Reflections of a Groper.

A Nag, A Nigger, and A Dingo.

(For *The Golden West* by HORACE STIRLING.)

I AM penning these reflections in Melbourne, in the front room of a house in William-street, overlooking the Mint. My landlady affirms that, in Governor Latrobe's time, this house was used as the gubernatorial residence. Close to my apartments are the Flagstaff gardens, one of the main avenues to St. James's, Melbourne's earliest Anglican cathedral. A few minutes ago, St. James's bells were pealing forth J. S. B. Monsell's popular hymn, "Fight the Good Fight," while Frank Ward, the trainer of Carbine's grandson, Narah-quong, the 50 to 1 chance that won the Grand National Hurdles, accompanied me in passing the belfry. Twenty years ago, Frank was head-groom for the Hon. Mrs. Candy, at Claremont, where he used my loose boxes for housing Woodbine and Natty; two horses that he subsequently took to London for the Duke of Newcastle, who claims the Hon. Mrs. Candy as his mother-in-law. During early Coolgardie, that lady was a considerable circumstance in some extensive mining deals; while her son, Cairns, was the founder of the W.A. Hunt Club, as well as our first importer of beagle and whippet hounds.

With the appropriate airs of "Fight the Good Fight," running through the bracing atmosphere of Flagstaff gardens, while so many of our mutual friends were, at that moment, fighting at the Front, it seemed to be consistent with the keeping of things that our conversation should have been rivetted upon Muskets and Carbines.

CARBINE.

Australia's Equine Idol.

My first visit to Melbourne was in 1888—Exhibition year—just thirty years ago. In those days, it was the custom for West Australians to visit the East in groups—both family and otherwise. To-day, though West Australia is connected with this busy centre by ribbons of steel, there seem to be fewer familiar faces on Collins Street Block than was the case during the days when the old Albany (formerly the Claude Hamilton) was the greyhound of the Bight.

The year 1888 was Mentor's Cup, as well as the year that Carbine was defeated by Ensign for the Derby; or, rather, the year that the dunderheaded Derritt, the rider of Carbine, was out-generalled by Tom Hales. In a word, Carbine did not lose the Derby; it was his rider who lost his head, and frequenters of the Turf know, to their cost, that Derbies are lost by heads, as well as won by heads.

Ensign's Derby night was a memorable one for visitors from Western Australia; thirty of whom dined at Morrell's Hotel, at the corner of Bourke and Russell streets, and at which it was decided to form a syndicate of four to buy Carbine, as a horse with a sporting chance in the Perth Cup! Amongst those present were John Handran Smith, secretary and handicapper of the W.A. Turf Club; William Byers Wood, owner of Scarpia; and "Sonny" Albert, of Fremantle. It was that triumvirate, with the writer, who formed the quartette, and who seriously thought that Carbine could be secured, at the auction in which he was advertised for sale, for about a thousand pounds. Of that quartette, the writer was deputed to do the bidding. It was arranged that the

bidding should be started at £500, and at £750 it was confidently anticipated that Carbine would be ours. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." The masterly eloquence of that Prince of auctioneers, Archie Yuille, so galvanised the immense audience at Newmarket, that the first bid for Musket and Mersey's great son fell like a bolt from the blue upon our ears. That bid was a thousand guineas from Donald Wallace, who smothered all opposition by launching out hundreds at a time; and then somebody shouted two thousand nine hundred guineas! In another instant, the man who had bid first, bid last, with the result that, at three thousand guineas, the equine marvel of the Southern Hemisphere became the property of one of Australia's best sportsmen.

Morrell's old hostel, in which the first West Australian banquet was held in Melbourne, stands to-day; it being one of the very few ancient landmarks of those days remaining in Bourke Street. Of the thirty who sat down to that repast only three remain on top, viz., Councillor Chapman, of Claremont; Mr. James Back, of Fremantle; and the writer.

BIDDY.

Black, but Comely.

In figure and general conformation, from her head to her heels, Biddy was Chloe, redivivus. She was as pretty as paint, and as plump as a partridge. During the days



Loading Wool, Muocan, De Grey River.

when Big John, afterwards Lord Forrest, concentrated his attention upon exploring and surveying the land, over which he was destined to build roadways, railways, tramways and waterways, his second-in-command, on the trip under notice, was a groper, like himself, of the chain and theodolite fraternity, who was known to the niggers as "Chain Measurum," but whose real name was Henry. To-day, Henry is a grandfather with a suite of offices on the Terrace.

Lord Forrest was a fast friend of the niggers. He had a lot to thank them for; especially Tommy Windich

and Tommy Pierre, over whose remains he erected monuments, they having saved his life on various occasions during their travels together over the unexplored wilds of Western Australia. Big John, moreover, made profitable and practical use of his henchman, Henry; and there are others to whom he always acknowledged his indebtedness for his varied successes throughout his long, useful and eventful life.

Biddy was a blithesome black beauty, of more than average vivacity and precocity; and when she announced herself at the Forrest survey camp, near Chitren, her soft, panther-like movements and voluptuous development suggested to the eye that she had just about reached her twentieth summer. Biddy was a sportive, irresponsible child of Nature. She had the agility of an antelope, and could jump a fence like a stag. On horseback she had the seat of a centaur.

When Biddy first presented herself to Big John and to Henry, her raiment consisted of the lower half of a Crimean shirt, and a pair of thread-bare moleskins; which terminated above her knee-caps.

the direction of her hut, where he discovered an old buck and his gin, endeavouring to kidnap his buxom young guide, philosopher and friend. This treatment Biddy resented in uproarious tones, making the welkin ring by raising higher and higher her favourite top-note, and imploring the aid of "Chain Measurum." "What the devil do you want in Biddy's hut," said Henry to the buck and his rib. "Whitefeller —, Chitren way, wantum Biddy, and she won't come," said the buck. "Clear out of this, and tell whitefeller that Biddy is going to marry Billy Governor to-morrow," said Henry; whereupon the buck and his gin levanted, quicker than they came. The following morning Biddy was profuse in her thanks to Henry for his timely protection; and later in the day while she was holding the chain for him, a couple of miles from the camp, she suggested that she might accompany him to Perth during the Xmas holidays, where he could buy her a white dress, a pretty feller hat and some necklace beads. To this piece of coyness, Henry replied that, like Biddy, he was engaged to be married.



The Chief Inspector of Aborigines (Mr. A. O. Neville) and party travelling through the Far North.

Having been employed by some of the Chitren settlers during her girlhood, Biddy had at command more than the average English, as it was spoken in those parts; and, besides being useful in every department of the kitchen, as well as scrupulously clean in her habits, she was an expert tracker. Biddy was never known to return to camp without piloting the horses that she had been sent for; and for that work she would be on the move at morning star.

Henry found Biddy's aptitude for work and her local knowledge of the country invaluable, both to himself and to his chief. Besides knowing the ins-and-outs of every watercourse and hillock, she was handy in the work of camp shifting, while, as a hut builder she was pre-eminently a past-mistress.

Biddy's delight was to ride old Trooper astride, bare-back; that ancient warrior being as black as herself and about her own age.

One night, when Biddy had returned, after a longer ride than usual, Henry was awakened by a noise from

"Then, if you have-em sweetheart in Perth, I live with your mother, and I make-em everything shine for her—cook, wash and milkem cow, too," said Biddy. To Henry, whose fiancée was the daughter of a highly-placed Government official, and was one of Perth's prettiest belles, the thought of permitting Biddy to accompany him to the city, was out of the question. But Biddy could neither be persuaded, nor comforted. The thought of leaving the service of "Chain Measurum" sorely troubled her; and when the morning arrived to strike the tents of the Forrest camp, in order to move Perthwards, for Xmas, both Biddy and Billy Governor formed the rear-guard of the caravan. Upon reaching Walebing, the home of Premier. Lefroy, the position of affairs to Henry became more and more perplexing and compromising, owing to Biddy's husband having bolted to his tribe, two hundred miles away.

It was the native mission at New Norcia, which Bishop Salvado established in 1846, that came to Henry's rescue in the disposal of Biddy, who, after much persuasion,

was induced to accompany him on a visit of inspection to that institution, where he had, the day previous, made arrangements with the Benedictine monks for her housing and maintenance.

But Biddy's cries for "Chain Measurum," as the Forrest camp passed her room next day, were heart-rending; and, after remaining at New Norcia for upwards of six months, she scaled the walls one moonlight night to rejoin Billy Governor, whom she found snugly camped at the Irwin in the centre of the five thousand acre block that his beneficent country had just presented to Big John for his explorations across the continent, during the early seventies.

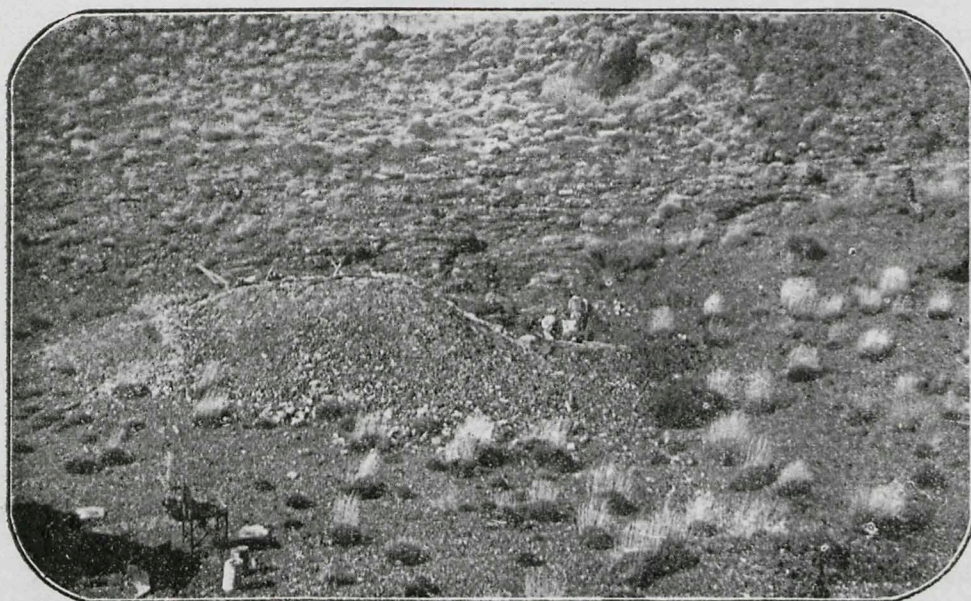
KING COLE'S DINGO.

"A dog is always a dog, though he wear a collar of gold."

Just as geologists aver that the oldest piece of land in Australia, is the small belt which lies between the Palace Hotel, in Kalgoorlie, and the Golden Mile, at Boulder, so there are naturalists who contend that the advent of the dingo in this portion of the Southern Hemisphere, was anterior to that of the aboriginal. The

Henry Laroche Cole was proclaimed "King Cole" by the citizens of the early thirties, for having, on his own initiative, added sixty-six feet to the width of St. George's Terrace. He also levelled that thoroughfare, by removing an enormous sandhill that towered in front of where the Commercial Union Chambers now stand. Up to the time of his death, at Albany, in the late sixties, King Cole was known as the man who made the Terrace. Like Lord Forrest, he was an overpowering personality of unlimited energy. Also, like his lordship, he did things and told his colleagues afterwards what he had done. Cole endeavoured, also, to similarly widen Hay Street; by taking, as he had in the Terrace, a half chain from the depth of each block, on both sides of that highway; but, unfortunately, in that objective, his efforts were frustrated—firstly, by the owners of the blocks, and, secondly, by their satellites in the Town Trust.

King Cole was the natural son of Lord Cole, whose heir was the ill-starred co-respondent in the celebrated Mordaunt divorce case, of the seventies. He arrived at Fremantle from London early in the year 1830. In-



In the
Spinifex
Country.



first dingo that came across my path in life, was the last one that was trapped within the confines of Perth, on the site now occupied by the West Australian Club; the trappist being Henry Laroche Cole, who was the original owner of the United Service Hotel, during the late fifties, when that gentleman was chairman of the Perth Town Trust—now the Municipal Council. The carcase of that representative of Western Australia's indigenous fauna was hung and gibbeted, at the top of King Cole's flag-pole, in front of his pub., close to the life-size paintings of Wellington and Nelson, which were the suggestive symbols of the United Service Tavern of those days. That flag-pole was the semaphore of Perth, and notified our citizens day by day of the shipping movements at Fremantle; this much appreciated convenience being worked by a code of signals, in the form of flags, that were operated by an old retired soldier, who belonged to the 12th Regiment, of Governor Stirling's time. This veteran had his camp upon One Tree Hill, on the southern shore of Rocky Bay, contiguous to Mr. Cecil Hammond's late residence.

variably with money at his command, he acquired considerable property. Cole made several trips to England; by what was, at that time, known as the overland route—the recounting of his interesting experiences across the desert, now divided by the Suez Canal, being much appreciated by frequenters of his hostelry, the United Service. Upon one occasion, Cole brought from England two thoroughbreds—Wonder and Stringer, who were the champions of their time; his trainer being Foster pere, father of the late Charley, ex-City Councillor and judge of the W.A.T.C.

Loud and ostentatious in temperament, as well as fond of displaying his jewels and jewellery, Cole always wore a number of valuable rings, as well as sported a heavy gold chain, with large seals attached, upon which were engraved his crest and monogram. These he took care to impress upon a red wax seal whenever he signed deeds or other important papers. In dress, he was a dandy of the very first water and a worthy replica of his illustrious relative, the ardent lover of the gay and festive Mordaunt beauty.



The Astounding Adventure Of

Phineas Bloggs.

(For *The Golden West* by G. ELBURG.)

IT might be said truly of Phineas Bloggs that his was a blameless life. He accepted all things, even his patronymic, with resignation; no stirring of revolt against circumstances; no roseate flush of romance had marked the 35 years of his existence. He had married, true; but the love story of the protoplasm, were it written, would be no more passive and placid than the brief history of the matrimonial venture of Phineas. And he had not even reproduced himself. His home three-quarters of an hour's journey from the warehouse of Budgen and Co., where he sat chained to a ledger for seven hours a day, was inconspicuously neat. His week ends were spent, co-operatively with Emma, his spouse, in the care of his modest flock of poultry and the effort to induce one pea to grow where none had grown before. For the rest Phineas was fair—almost flaxen—of hair, pale blue of eye and pink of cheek.

But it would not be strictly in accord with fact to say that Phineas had abjured entirely the goddess Chance during his shadowless lifetime. For once he had been persuaded to be one of a syndicate with four fellow employees to subscribe the price of a single ticket "in Tattersall's." To-day as he left the warehouse for his luncheon hour respite his right hand, deep in his trouser pocket, grasped closely two five-pound notes—his share of the spoil. He felt vaguely disturbed. His luncheon of tomato sandwiches and thin bread and jam lay in Emma's customary neat package neglected in his office drawer. He could not know that fate was conspiring to throw a purple splash across his pallid page. Spring was in the air, unaccustomed wealth was his, and obediently to an

indefinable impulse he shaped his course to the great restaurant kept by Signor Frascani, and known to Phineas only from its opulent exterior. At the door he hesitated; he felt himself on the threshold of adventure. —He was.

Phineas advanced uncertainly, dazzled by the shining napery, glass and silver, and the pink-clad houris attendant on the gastronomic wants of mortals. He would have given half of his treasure to have been at his desk, and been more than satisfied with the fare provided by the hands of Emma. But he went on slowly, impelled by a motive power he could not control, towards the least populous region of the great room. There adventure met him—embraced him. She was seated alone, elbows on the table and her chin resting on clasped hands. She was petite and exquisite (this he realised later). She sprang towards him with an expression of incredulous gladness.

Philip Arundel! No! but, yes, it is."

With the establishment of Frascani performing a catherine wheel around him, Phineas felt his limp hand seized in a tight grasp. Bird-like sounds twittered against his unreceptive ears, and he floated, numb below the knees, to a chair beside her. Dark eyes, like deep pools 'neath a cloud-flecked sky, alternately sparkled and glowed, as they looked up to him.

A sigh, tremulous as a whispering breeze, escaped her. "So long, so long. Ah! I have not forgotten, but I have forgiven, Philip. But we must eat. Shall I order?"

While she held parley with the waitress, Phineas made violent efforts to grasp the whirling skirts of the

situation. He dried the perspiration from his forehead, found that his mouth was open, and closed it slowly. Before he could summon wit and resolution to gasp that a horrible mistake had been made, soup was placed in front of him, and automatically he dipped his spoon.

"And you would have passed by poor Phyllis?" she asked with a challenging flash that made his pale eyes blink.

"No; but—"

"I'm so glad," she whispered. "Let us be happy this beautiful, beautiful day"—her voice dying in a tremolo.

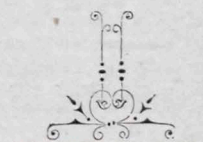
Phineas felt, desperately, that something must be done to end this impossible contretemps into which he had blundered; but words died in his throat, and he was powerless as she loosed her batteries upon him; gay railery, interspersed with tender suggestion of reminiscence, that terrified him, flowing in an unhalting stream. Course followed course, but the most rigorous application of the third degree must have failed to have wrung from him a recital of what he had consumed.

at least. And—and—then let our paths never cross again."

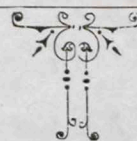
Against all reason conviction came upon him that he did owe her anything she would ask of him. He knew that she had made a hideous mistake, that they had never met before; but he had not explained at the beginning, and this silence had committed him too deeply for escape by any means but headlong flight. As if the thought had been transmitted to her she laid her hand softly on his sleeve. "This one little day, Philip."

A feeling, not of recklessness—that was utterly foreign to his nature—but of entire impotence enveloped his faculties. The immediate future loomed dimly as something that had to be gone through. He ceased to struggle, and listened as in a trance while she, restored to smiles, sketched an amazing itinerary, such words as "bathers," "motor" and "surfing," coming faintly to him as from a great distance.

As in a dream he stood beside her while a business-like saleswoman held up a two-piece rose-coloured garment, woven of silk and wool. Momentarily a start of fear penetrated his consciousness that she would try the things



"Phineas felt, desperately, that something must be done to end this impossible contretemps into which he had blundered; but words died in his throat, and he was powerless as she loosed her batteries upon him."



The meal came to an end at last. Phineas decided to abandon any attempt at explanation. His one thought was to escape, and never again to approach within two blocks of the restaurant of Frascani. He mumbled something about "must get back to the office."

"Yes," she said, "we shall go." Her arm gently pressed his sleeve as they walked to the door. Frascani's valuation of the luncheon that Phineas had not tasted, gave his sensibilities, numbed as they were, something of a shock. But freedom, surely, lay beyond the swing doors.

It didn't. She lifted an adorable nose and sniffed delicately the languorous air. "Delicious, glorious spring. Let us go to the sea," she said.

The mouth of Phineas opened, only to emit a husky, strangled sound. "Can't; office," he croaked at the third attempt.

Hurt eyes, with a suspicion of tears, held him inert. "Philip! This one little day. You owe me this much

on then and there. The fact that the price was the equivalent of half his week's salary at the far-distant house of Budgen and Co. failed to galvanise him from his paralysis. It seemed ordained that this astonishing and beautiful being should do with him what she willed. He stood outside the shell of Phineas Bloggs and saw without visible emotion that abandoned spendthrift pay 40 shillings for an ounce or two of highly coloured fabric. As a wholly detached spectator he saw this same Phineas Bloggs, of "Myrtleholme" (on a tin plate on the verandah), Johnsville, accompany the daintiest and most costly of young women to a motor-car, and he sat with them as they whirled away. He even heard his counterfeit self make a few disjointed remarks in the brief intervals of his partner's prattle; but what they signified he could not say for the life of him.

And so on through that afternoon of spring madness. She surfed like a mermaid, shooting the breakers as a sprite born of the foam, while Phineas, whose life had

been as dry as the veriest prohibitionist could have desired, floundered about in the shallows. He found himself, without surprise, sitting beside her, watching her pink toes snuggling into the warm sand, and he heard noises, apparently coming from his own vocal organs in response to her gay chatter. They afternoon-teaed expensively on the dwindling bounty of Tattersall, and strolled on the sands in the waning light of day.

Gradually Phineas emerged from his torpor, only to exchange apathy for acute spells of terror. He thought of Emma waiting and wondering at the gate of "Myrtleholme," and his dinner spoiling in the kitchen. He thought of the house of Budgen and Co. and a drop of sweat like an icicle splashed upon his hand.

Back to the city he suffered himself to be led to a place of solid sustenance, whose light and glitter impelled him instinctively to feel with furtive fingers the remainder of his windfall. During dinner she was almost as silent as he; a whimsical smile flickering at the corners of her rosebud mouth. But, as some unknown seer, with remarkable power of observation, has said, all things must come to an end, and the martyrdom of Phineas Bloggs proved no exception. He was near to the breaking strain when they reached the street. It is a long worm that has no turning, and even Phineas, with the mounting terror within him, would shortly have thrown off the hypnotic spell she had woven about him.

Suddenly she released him. "Good-bye, good-bye for ever, Philip, dear," she breathed softly, adding, a trifle theatrically, "we must meet no more." She vanished

into the gloom and a sound like tinkling silver came faintly to his ears with the clicking of her heels.

Phineas drew a deep breath, like a man regaining consciousness after an anaesthetic, and the accumulated regrets and fears burst their dam and flooded his being. Quite unknowing that he had been the subject of envy by numerous types of the genus "blood," who had coveted his fair enslaver, he looked back with unmixed horror upon his day's adventuring. He walked falteringly towards the ferry that bore him on the first stage of his homeward journey, appalled by the necessity of concocting a story of "overtime at the office" to deceive his Emma, who, for 10 years or more, had shared all of such thoughts as came to him. He could not even tell her of his stroke of fortune, the fruits of which had been dissipated in a manner that caused him to shudder violently. He felt that an indelible mark had been laid upon him; he had a guilty secret that he must carry with him to the grave.

* * * *

The key to the mystery of that day was never vouchsafed to Phineas. He was not a reader of ephemeral literature. Had he been so he might have encountered in a popular magazine a racy article entitled—

"STUDIES OF THE MALE ANIMAL.

"No. 7.

"THE WHITE RABBIT."

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A.P.A. Five Years' Progress:

<u>Ordinary</u> <u>New Business:</u>	<u>Accident</u> <u>Revenue:</u>	<u>Total</u> <u>Revenue:</u>
1913—£251,300	1913—£202	1913—£10,219
1914—£325,925	1914—£818	1914—£17,287
1915—£432,060	1915—£3,689	1915—£28,662
1916—£609,030	1916—£11,747	1916—£56,978
1917—£1,268,012	1917—£23,290	1917—£101,258

The New Life Business completed by the A.P.A. First Five Years Totalled

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Resident Secretary.

The Best Girl in the West.

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

IT was one of the busy nights at Mt. Malcolm, and I do not remember any nights that were not fairly busy there—while Malcolm lasted.

The boys had been dealing with the fluids, and the fluids had got their fine work in on some of them; there had been a few little scraps in the bar and a set-to in the front of the dispensary, but nothing that effected the disturbance of the calm of the evening—the Sabbath evening by the way.

In his tent across the street, the sergeant dozed comfortably. There was nothing that called for his consideration. The Sunday Trading Act had not got so far East then, and if the lads elected to settle their differences of opinion in the approved style, rather than take legal action, that was as it should be in a district to which the Warden was able to devote no more than a portion of his time.

The bar was being run wide open. There was nothing in the way of sly-grog selling, for what was done was done without the smallest regard for the law, which had begun to move in the direction of moralising the people in the camps nearer the coast.

At the end of the bar, on this Sabbath, one of the 'maids sat at the counter, in close conversation with a man whose talk was, evidently, for her only. No drifter, this girl. She was hall-marked "class." No waster the man. One needed but to look at him to decide that he was of the variety that, when it takes the order, is pretty sure to deliver the goods. Their conversation was not interrupted. If he elected to stand there and talk to her, instead of enjoying the bottled gifts of the gods, and if she preferred, for the time, to chat with him, that was their funeral and no business of any others. There were girls to dispense the liquors, and men to help them, and, over all, a beaming Bacchus, the landlord, exercised a mildly disciplinary rule, to the prevention of disorder that might have made for the loss of business. They were there to spend their money, and he was there, at the receipt of custom, to collect it.

One man in the bar appeared to resent the monopoly enjoyed by the companion of the girl, and, after a reasonable time, he moved across to where they were.

"Sell me a smile, Nell," he said; "I'm tired of drinking."

She laughed lightly. "I'm giving smiles away to-day," she replied; "it's Sunday."

"Well, you're not distributing them," he commented in the same light tone. "Your friend may feel inclined to join me in a drink, and, if he's through with the confidential, we can have a little three-handed yabber."

"I say," said the former monopolist, "I don't know you, Mr. Mick, whatever the devil your name may be, and I don't want to know you, and I don't want to drink with you, and if you've got sense enough to know when the going's good, you'll get a move on—now."

"Is that for you, too, Nell?" asked the prospector.

"He's a fool to talk that way, Mick," said the girl. He has no right to, no real right, I mean. But if you have any regard for me—and I know you are one of my best friends on the field—you won't make a row here."

Mick nodded to the girl. To the man he said, "I'll see you later." To his mate farther down the line of

drinkers he said, "We'll stay in to-night, Ben; there may be something doing."

"He walked over to the god in the bar, and asked for information as to the stranger. "I don't know him from the devil's grandson," said the landlord. "He just happened in, and I suppose he'll happen out, like the rest av yez."

"Seems to know Nell pretty well," observed the prospector.

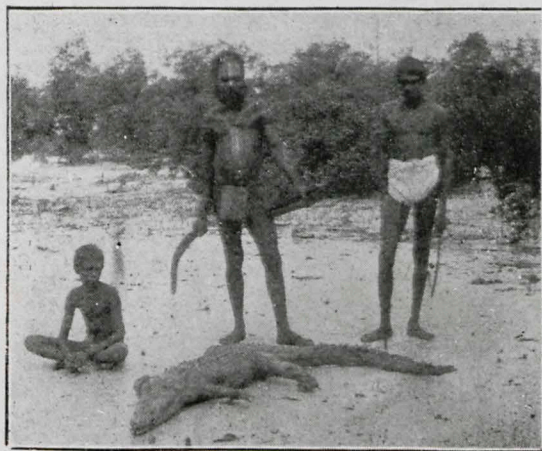
"About as well as the others do, no more, no less. What's the blame to him av he have a bit av a colloque wid her. Y'r not above that, y'r silf, Mick. She's a fine gurrl, and now ye point him out to me, I notice he's a fine lump av a chap. Sure he'd be about y'r own weight, maybe short an inch or so in hoighth, widout y'r roughness av shtyle, Mick."

The prospector sniggered. "He has it on me in style, I'll admit, Paddy," he said; "and style's a damn good thing. He IS a big lump of a chap, now you mention it. What is he going to do here?"

"Well," replied the landlord, "I'm not sure that I know. I heard one of the chaps say something about him being the new man they're sending to pick a site for the plant of the Golden Crown, an' he might be that, or he might be anything else. He have money to pay his way, and that's all the int'rurst I have in him."

In the course of a few days the correctness of the information in possession of the boniface was proved correct. The new man was busy looking over the property of the big company, and, shortly, labour was at work laying out a battery site on the mine.

"Must have known Nell before she came here," the



Fitzroy River Natives and Alligator.

prospector speculated. "I wish I knew just how he stands with her. I wish I'd said what I meant to say to her, a week ago."

From which it may be gathered that Mick had arrived at that stage in the progress of young manhood

when the essential to happiness is something concealed in draper's goods. Shortly, he was in love with Nell, and had not quite found it out till what he had considered his preserve was intruded upon.

"Wouldn't do much good to hammer him, if he has any sort of right to her," he soliloquised, "and yet I'd like to—on general principles."

But to hammer a man simply because he had chatted with Big Nell, would be to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the camp. So he and his mate pulled out for the farther back, and two months passed before they came into the camp again.

His first call was on Nell. But the sparkling Nell, the Big Nell of the boys of the field, was gone. In her place was a pale, timid woman, older, tired, weary. The prospector wasted no time in preliminary conversation.

The engineer laughed unpleasantly. "I don't know that I mightn't put a stop to the confidential talk," he said; "but I won't. It may interest you to know that she is to marry me at the end of this month."

"That gives her three weeks, and a lot of things might happen in that time," said the prospector.

"As, for instance?" queried the other.

"Well, for one thing," replied the prospector, "she might change her mind. She doesn't look, to me, like a girl that's bubbling with enthusiasm for her future husband, and if I can persuade her to think the thing over and transfer the right to look after her to a better man than you are—that's me—I'm going to do what I've not done up to now."

"What's that?" asked the engineer.

"Jump what you say's your holding," answered Mick.



Yearlings at the Pool, "Koojan." See Pages 82 and 83.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" he demanded. "You're all to pieces. Can I do anything? Is money any good? Is this a job a man can take on for you?"

"If it is, there's a man here to carry it," said a voice almost at his shoulder.

"You go to —," barked the prospector. I knew this girl before you came here. I don't know you, and I don't want to know you. Get; I've got the floor this time, and I'm having the confidential talk, and if you've got sense enough to know when the going's good, you'll get a move on now. And that goes for me—and Nell, too, this time. I think too much of her to make her the subject of a bar brawl. I'm going to talk to her now, and when I'm through with her I'm coming along to have a talk with you."

"Anyhow, I've had enough of you, for the time being. I'll come looking for you, after I've talked with her—and I'll come on business."

"We're two good men," said the engineer.

"One of us won't be quite so good by sundown," commented the prospector, drily.

"Mick," said the girl, after the engineer had left the bar, "I'm broken-hearted."

"I don't need to be a fortune-teller to know there's something wrong, Nell," he said, tenderly, "but what is it? This man says you're going to marry him, and you look, to me, like a woman who might be going to be hung at 9 o'clock in the morning. What is it? Has he got a grip on you?"

"Yes," said the girl, wearily; "he knows my brother is in gaol for robbing the company he was working for

in New Zealand, and he threatened to tell it on the field. Mick, I have a mother to keep—father died when the boy went wrong—and a little sister in a convent school in Sydney. He says if I marry him he will provide for mother and sister, and, of course, he will not say anything about the brother's disgrace."

"The low-down dog," growled the prospector in his throat. "He seems to have you in a cleft stick, Nell, but there's sure to be a way out. I was going to



A "dip" in the creek.

straighten him up to-night, but that'll keep. I've got to think of you. It's rough on me, Nell, I was going to ask you to marry me, and ———

"Why didn't you, Mick?" she asked.

"Well," it's not too late yet. Will you?"

"Yes."

* * * *

This is where we get off for a few minutes.

* * * *

"It's a funny thing a chap like that can drop in here, like as if he fell out of the skies, with no one knowing anything about him," Mick said within the hearing of himself a little later. I wonder——

A slap on the back lifted him out of his reverie and almost off his feet, and he turned to face the welcoming grin of another newcomer.

"Billy Evans," he gasped. "Why, man, the last time I saw you you were lightning-jerking at Rockhampton."

"That's right; and now I'm lightning-jerking here. Bigger money for better men, y'know."

"Gad, Billy, it does me good to see you. Come on." And they went.

"I suppose there's not many here you know, Billy?" said the prospector, as they considered the juice.

"No; the only man I've seen here that I do know is Rippington, the engineer for the Golden Crown. I knew him in Townsville. And he is standing me off here. Says he doesn't want any talk about his home town, and doesn't want his wife to know he's on such a good wicket as he is or she'd want to come and live with him. Let go my shoulder, Mick, you'll dislocate it. What's the matter with you?"

"Billy," said the prospector. "How long'll it take you to get a wire to that wife of his in Townsville?"

"We could get it through to-morrow, I think."

"Come along, then, we'll get it ready now, and you put it on the line, first thing in the morning."

"Do you know her?"

"No, Billy, I do not, but I know him; and if she knows him when she sees him again, I'll be surprised. Let's get to where you keep that bottled lightning."

The telegram read:—

"Your husband engaged to marry a girl in this camp. If this interests you arrange to be here not later than 25th inst. Take train through to Adelaide. Catch mailboat there. Letter further instructions, Pier Hotel, Fremantle. Have wired one hundred pounds with this."

"Gee!" commented the operator as he looked over the message. "This explains something. He told me he was on with the finest girl in the West."

"Well, he's a liar, Billy, and I'm just going round to find him, and tell him so. Coming?"

"Betcher!" was the curt reply to the invitation.

Mick found his man where he expected to—in the bar of the Shamrock.

He looked at the girl as he entered the saloon. And in the look she read the suggestion of glad tidings to come.

The engineer was drinking with a couple of the directors of the Golden Crown, who had arrived on a cursory visit of inspection.

"I'm looking for you, Rippington," said the prospector, coolly. "I've got through with that other talk, and now you have the call on me."

"It'll keep," said the engineer.

"All the same it'll be none the better for keeping," said the other. "I want to tell you you're a liar and a waster."

The reply to this was the expected answer. Rippington, game enough, if he was what the prospector had called him, rushed to a close, and was promptly cross-buttocked and thrown hard against the bar.

"Stay where you are," roared the big Irishman. I've got a bit of news for you. Your wife 'll be in the West this day fortnight, and the girl you've terrorised will be my wife to-morrow morning."

"I'll give you till the end of this week to get out of the camp—and we'll go with you to Fremantle to



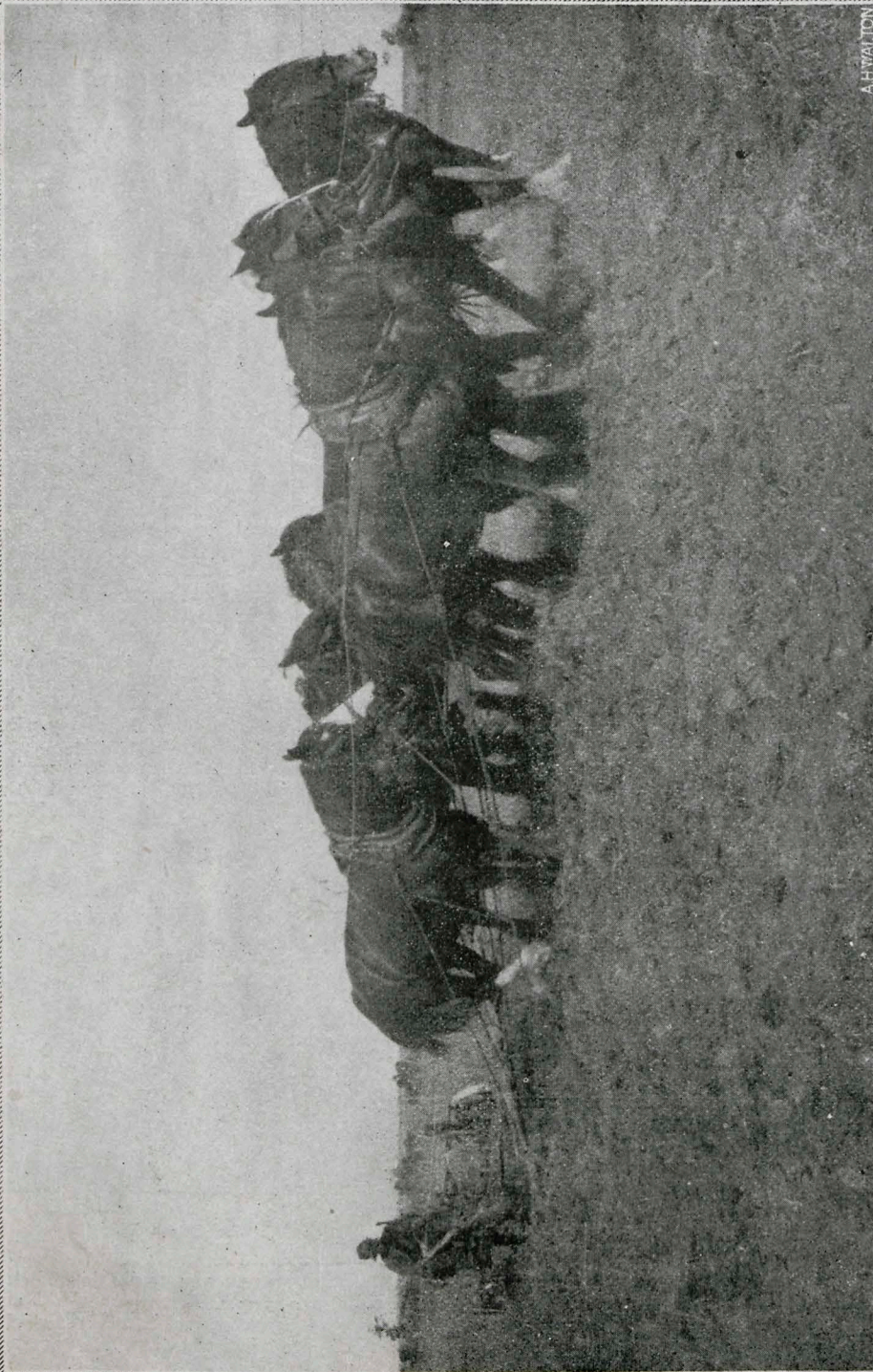
"The Golden Days."

meet the other woman you would have betrayed. I'm going with you to the Pier where she'll stay pending further advice, because, when I've finished with you, she wouldn't recognise you from the photo.

* * * *

The fight? Oh, you don't want a description of that by rounds.

This is a romance. Not a story of the P.R.



THE FARM TEAM,

(Photo taken at Merredin State Farm by Mr. G. L. Sutton, Department Agriculture.)



The Murray River, near Ravenswood.

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The Agricultural Year.

Prospects of Heavy Yields

(A REVIEW FOR
The Golden West BY MELA
LEUCA.)



WHEN a farmer treats his soil well, the governing factor in regard to crops in Western Australia is the rainfall. This does not mean that the years of greatest rainfall correspond with the seasons of highest average yield. Too much rain is nearly as bad as too little, and the distribution of the year's rainfall is of much greater importance in ordinary years than the actual quantity. Provided it falls in the normal season, it is seldom that any portion of our Wheat Belt does not have sufficient rain in the twelve months to grow good crops. If, however, a large proportion of the rain falls in the summer months, it is of comparatively little use for wheat, although under a good fallow system some of it may be stored in the soil, and thus be available when

it is needed. Our winter rainfall in Western Australia is generally sufficient in quantity, and when it is evenly distributed, results, other factors being equal, in good harvests.

Estimates of crops are risky until the wheat is in the bags, and at the time of writing the wheat is only ripening, so that only a general estimate can be made. The preliminary crop returns issued by the Statistical Department at the end of August show the following figures as compared with the previous year.

		Forecast Acreage.	Actual Acreage.
		1918-19.	1917-18.
Wheat	1,368,555	1,458,065
Oats	215,794	151,668
Barley	9,377	5,161
Total under crop		1,593,726	1,614,894

These figures show an estimated falling off in wheat of 89,510 acres, but as against this oats show an increase in all districts amounting to a total of 64,126 acres and barley of 4,216 acres. Taking these figures as being approximately correct, it will be seen that the decrease of area under the three main crops is only 21,168 acres, or 1.3 per cent. It is possible that some estimates were given to the collectors before seeding was finished, and it may be that the totals will not be fully realised. Considering the difficulties with which the farmer had to contend during the seeding time, the area under crop is a source for considerable satisfaction.

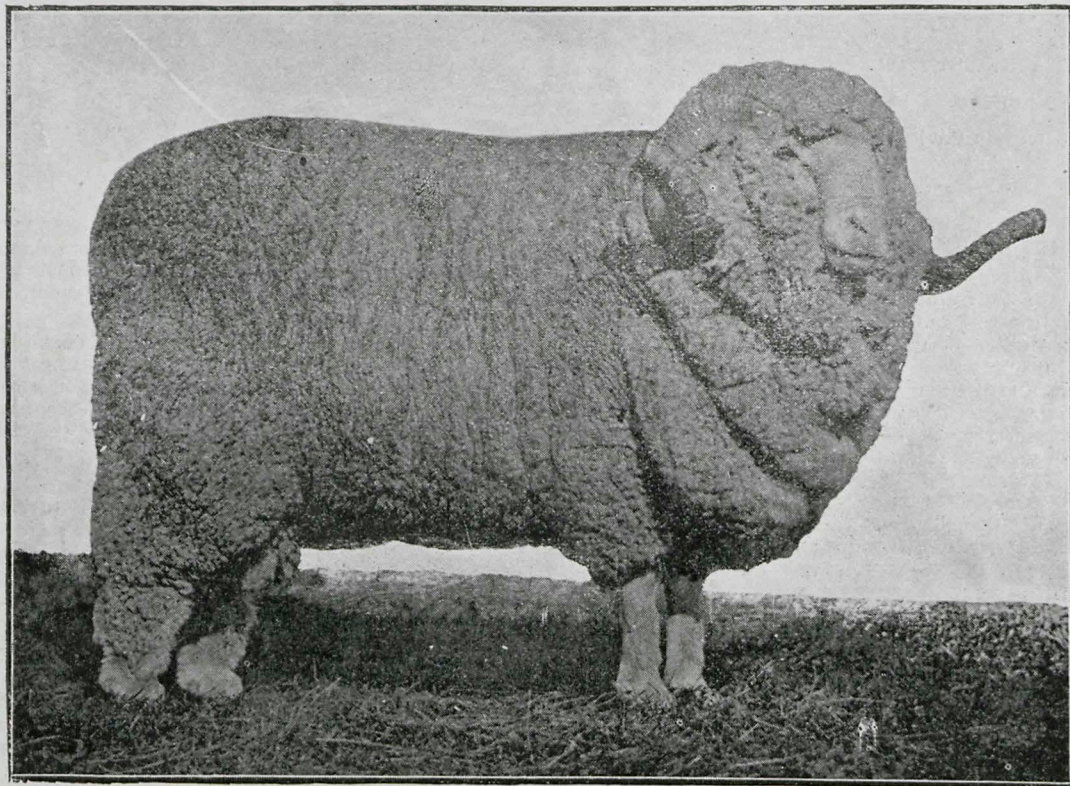
The rains falling during the first three months of the year were considerably above the average, especially in February. In that month, for example, Three Springs recorded 389 points, Dalwallinu 367 points and Goomalling 257. There were also good rains both in March and April all through the Midland and Wongan Hills lines, as well as all through the eastern portion of the Wheat Belt. These rains were particularly favourable for feed, but they rendered seeding difficult because it was necessary to destroy the weeds and self-sown plants before putting in the seed. Remembering the loss of the previous year, farmers endeavoured to avoid sowing seed under bad conditions, and this possibly is one of the principle reasons for the deficiency in the areas sown. What was put in was as a rule sown under better conditions than usual. May proved a fairly wet month, and



Gin having an Argument with Station Overseer.

The Bundemar Stud.

The Property of the Estate late F. E. Body.



(Copyright

Special Stud—"PRINCE CHARLIE"—Merino Ram.

(G. Bell, Photo)

Sold to M. COLLINS, Mallett, South Australia, June, 1918, for 3,000 guineas.
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Sold through Messrs. HILL, CLARK & CO., Sydney, in conjunction with Messrs. ELDER, SMITH & CO., Adelaide.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY—

THE MANAGER, BUNDEMAR, TRANGIE, N. S. W.

the rainfall in June was very considerably above the average in most districts. For example, Northampton had 551 points as against an average of 460, Three Springs recorded 516 as against an average of 313, Dallwallinu had 448 as compared with an average of 272; Burracoppin had 304 as against 175; Dowerin 499 against 261; Dumbleyung 278 as against 221, and so on right through. This exceedingly wet June seriously interfered with late seeding. In many cases farmers had to leave unsown from 20 to 100 acres of land, which they had intended to seed. This is another reason for the falling off. After the heavy rains in May and June floods were anticipated in July, but weather is proverbially uncertain, and July proved one of the driest months on record, in the southern portion of the wheat area, more rain falling on the northern end of the Wheat Belt than in the southern, which is quite unusual. Northampton had 310 points, while Jarrahdale, which had 1,333 in June, only recorded 386 in July, whereas the average

nearly if not quite a record. Much depends upon whether the late rains are sufficient to enable the late crops to mature to their fullest extent.

The growth of grass in nearly every district has been wonderfully good. There has been an immense increase in sheep in the Wheat Belt, and the stock are in splendid condition. It is of the utmost importance that farmers endeavour to store as much fodder as possible in order to carry their sheep over the scarce period at the end of summer. During the last two or three years farmers have been urged to keep pigs, and thousands adopted the advice. They started their pig keeping with pigs at phenomenal prices, and as pigs are very rapid breeders, the number of animals increased in the State by leaps and bounds. Keeping pigs and raising prime bacon pigs are, however, two different matters. Those who advised the farmer to go in for pigs, stopped short before cautioning him that unless pigs are well fed and properly cared for, they are always, in every State, an unsaleable



In the York Agricultural Area.

for that month is 863. This dry July saved the situation in many districts. Had July been normally wet, many of the crops would have been drowned, especially in the Great Southern district. The dry and cold July was just what was required to prevent the crops from becoming too rank in the earlier districts, or from perishing from wet along the Great Southern. It was not, however, favourable in all cases, because the late sown crops did not get a good start, and they will prove to be short. As short straw is often associated with heavy yield, this may only prove to be a disadvantage for hay crops. Allowing for the normal area to be cut for hay and considering the generally favourable conditions for yield of grain, the harvest may, under present prospects, yield anything between 12 and 14 million bushels. It is easily possible that the average yield of grain may be very

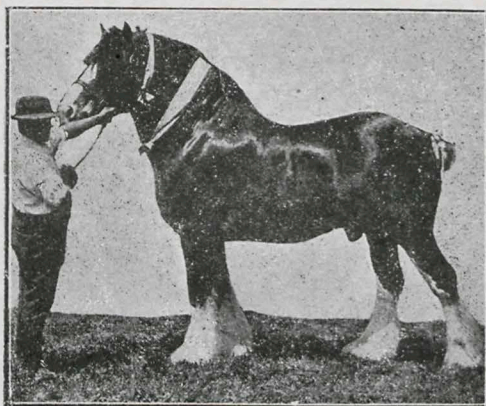
product. Farmers raised store pigs, and when they sent them to market they found that they were only saleable at prices which did not pay. But while thousands of store pigs were sold at unprofitable prices in the Midland Market, in some cases hardly paying expenses, prime bacon pigs at the same sales have seldom realised less than equal to 6d. per pound dead weight. At the time of writing there is a slump in pigs. Farmers are abusing those who advised them to go in for pigs, and all the time the bacon curers are crying out for pigs suitable for making first-class bacon.

Considerable development has taken place in the dairying and sheep industries. Larger quantities of milk and cream are being sent to the factories than ever before, and there appears to be a good prospect of the year proving a general all-round good one. There are two

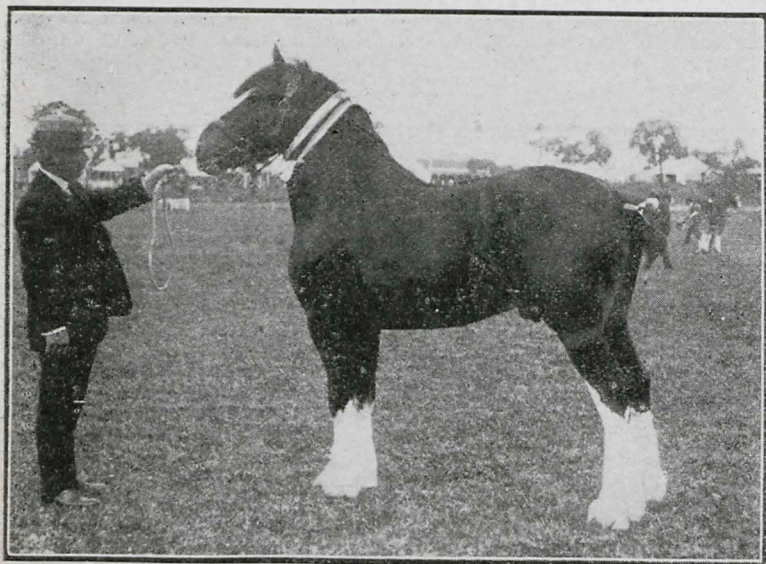
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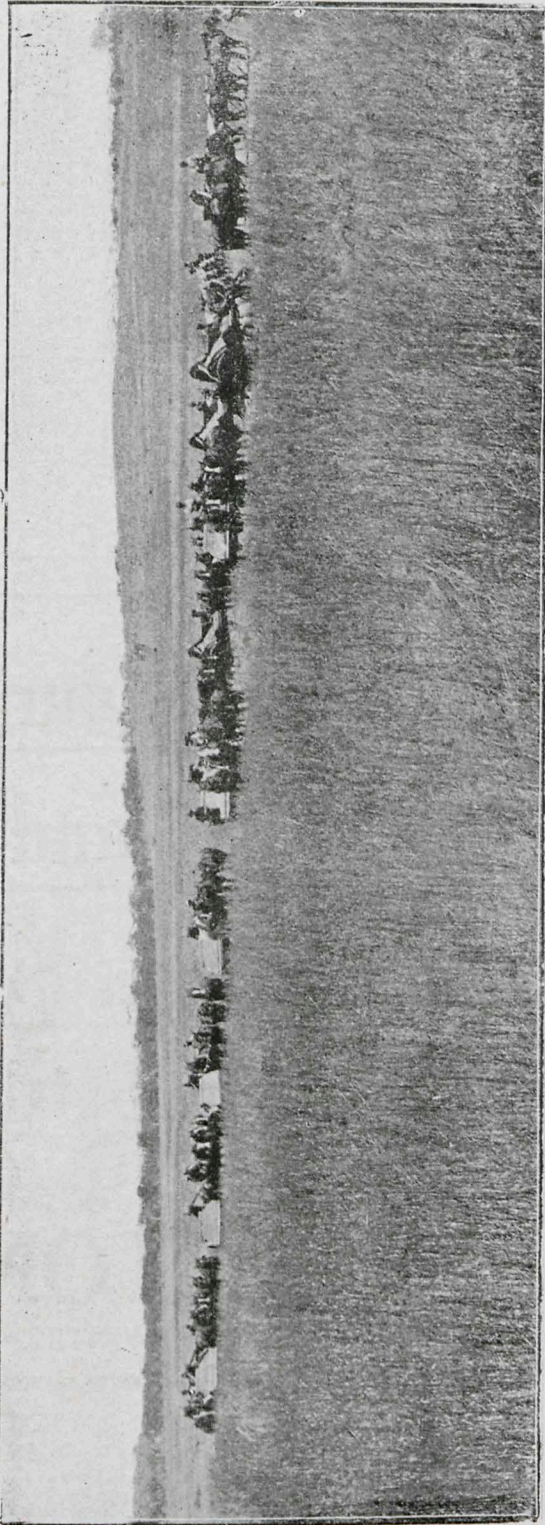
December, 1918.

THE GOLDEN WEST

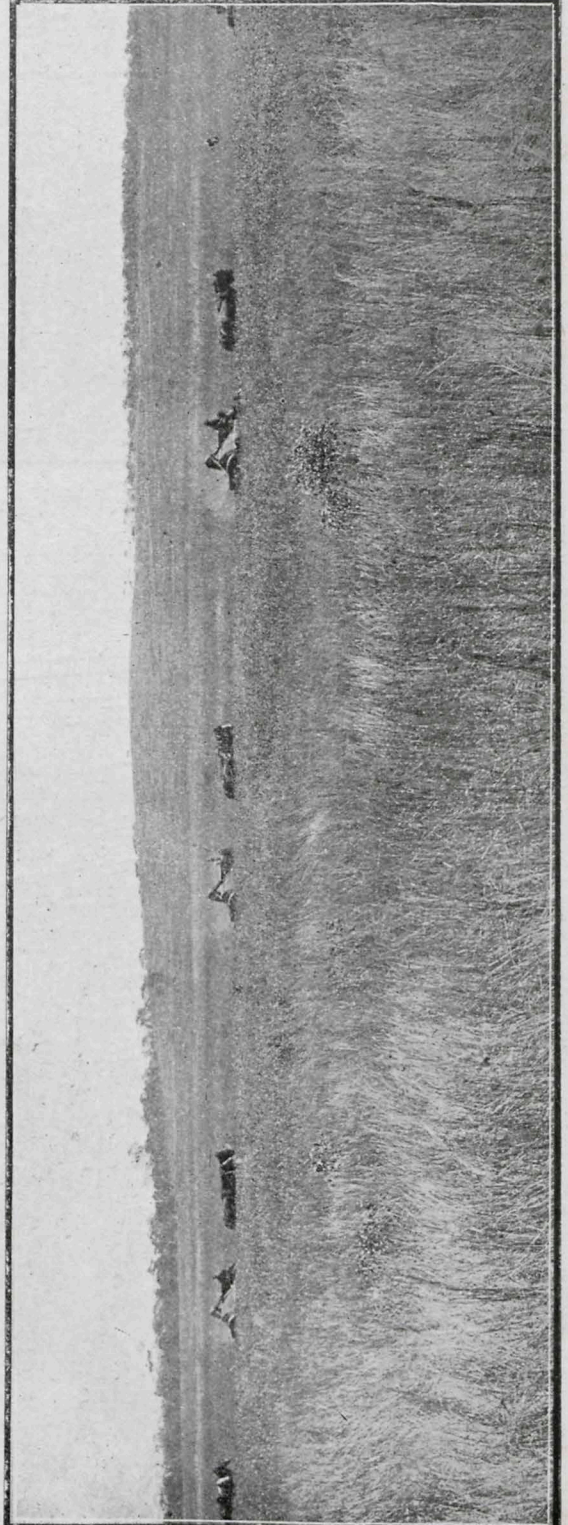
59

flies in the ointment. The one is the difficulty in connection with disposing of the wheat, and the other is the

take at profitable prices. What is wanted is freezing works in order to deal with the surplus, and some move-



Assemblage of Harvesters at Yandanooka.

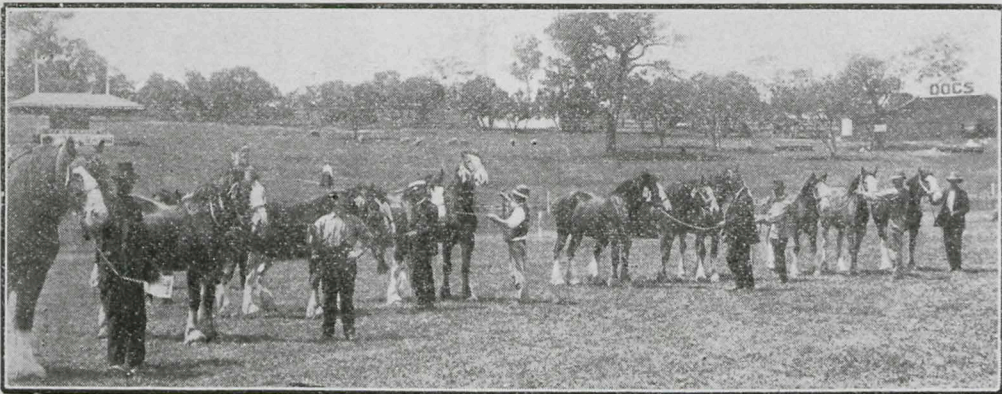


Harvesting at Yandanooka, Midland Railway Line. Photos. by E. L. Mitchell.

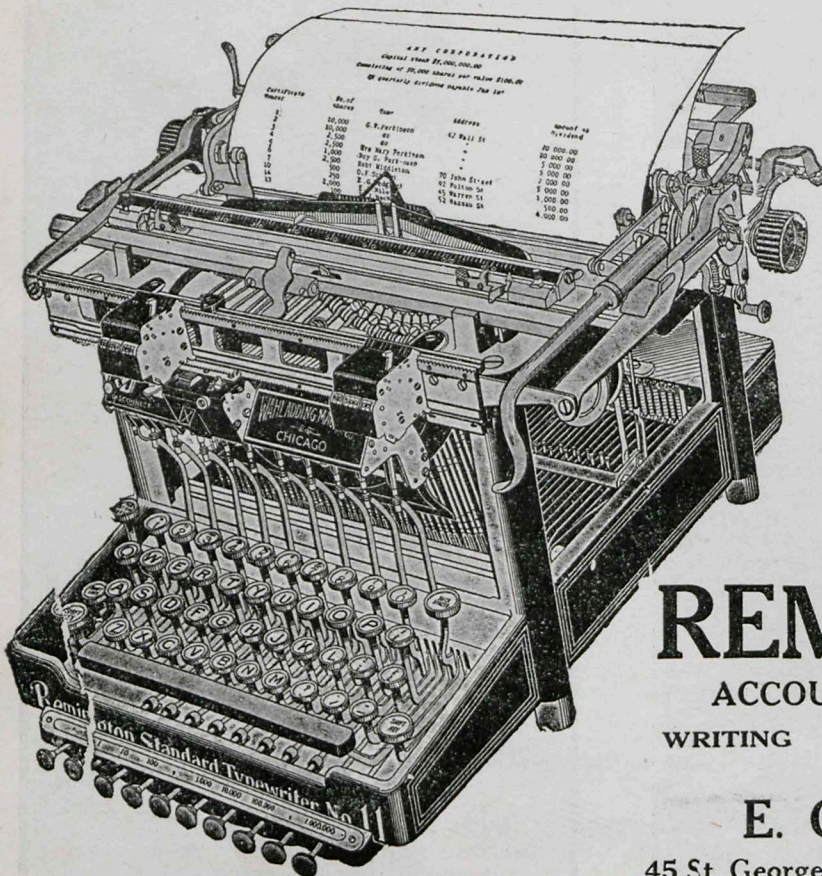
fact that owing to the increase in sheep the supplies of mutton and lamb are almost more than the market can

ment is being made to this end, schemes for works at Carnarvon, Geraldton and Fremantle being organised.

HAWKHURST STUD FARM, YORK—Continued from Page 58.



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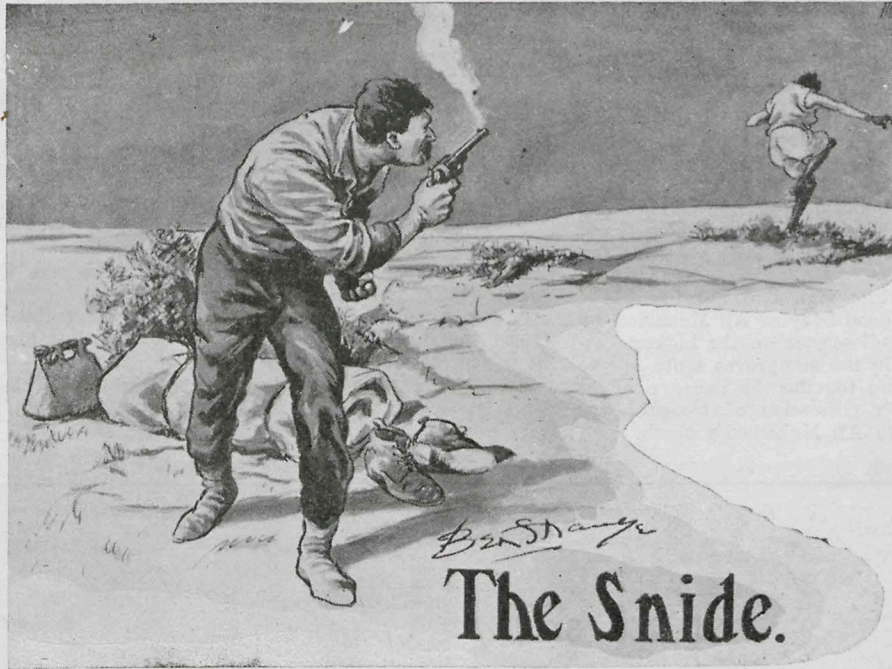
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A Story of the Tropics.

For
The Golden West
by
Al. Salmon.



The Snide.

"TAKE that, you thieving dog!" said Brevene, and the silence of the early dawn was broken by the sound of a shot from the revolver that smoked in his hand—a dull flat sound it was that had no echo, as there was nothing but the morning sky overhead and the everlasting sand-plain in sight.

"That" was a bullet from the six-shooter, and the "thieving dog" to whom he had spoken, and at whom he had fired was not a member of the canine tribe, but Jimalang, a tall, slant-eyed youth, with high cheek bones and coal-black hair. Jimalang, the half-breed, or more correctly, perhaps, the "mixed breed," for his mother had been a half-caste native girl, and his pedigree on the other side was unknown, but his father, most likely, had been a Cingalese or a Manila man. Be that as it may, his breed was bad whatever it was.

Jimalang had done a very foolish as well as a very ungrateful thing. He had tried to rob his mate—Boko Brevene—of whom it had once been said that he always slept with one eye open, and it was ingratitude on Jimalang's part so to do, inasmuch as Brevene had befriended him, had paid his board when, with characteristic shiftlessness, he was "hard up" in the seaport town in which they had met. The police had become inquisitive as to the yellow youth's means of livelihood, hinting that he must either get some honest work, or leave the town, and Brevene, moved by some generous impulse, had put in a good word for the waster, had bought him an outfit and equipped him for the track, practically giving him a new start in life.

Breveve was a gambler. Sometimes he was "down to it," and at other times he had as good a "roll" as anyone in the Nor'-West. It was only a commonplace incident in his life, therefore, that the Fates having redeemed Jimalang from the clutches of the police he drifted along to the hazard school, where, after playing through the night with varying success, he finished up at daylight having broken the "school."

As he left the smoke-laden atmosphere of the "hell" and the company of its polyglot patrons, his pockets bulging with notes and gold, he felt in every way pleased with himself, particularly as he thought of the coin he had abstracted from, among others, Barney, the Jew, Reuben, the Greek, and Morsa Belooch, the Afghan.

They were a trio who had occasionally combined against him, sinking their mutual animosities in their desire to break him, but the dice had favoured him, and after one of the most torrid nights' gambling ever known in the port he was on his way back to his hotel. He had been importuned by the hangers-on and the riff-raff of the saloon who seemed to think that, like birds of prey, they were entitled to levy toll on each player who "did a good hand" and he had parted with considerable loose silver before the last of the cadgers had been placated. In the crowd were some whose eyes had glared hungrily as they saw him stowing away his winnings, and he knew that his life was not worth much if he met them in the dark, so he had purposely delayed his departure until it was almost daylight.

He felt slightly nauseated at having breathed the same atmosphere as the brown, black and brindled, of all nations, and, as he walked along the deserted streets, inhaled huge lungs full of the clear morning air.

He was just about to enter his abode when he was hailed by Bisra Din, of Koepang—a diver, who had come in with the pearly fleet, and who had lost the whole of his season's earnings in the night's gamble.

"No, no, Brevene; not wanta the silvaire," he said, as Brevene's hand sought a bulging pocket, thinking that Bisra wanted to borrow. "Not wanta the mon", no," and his voice sank to a whisper though there was no one within hearing. "I have the pearl, the good stone, something like you nevaire see before, to sell."

"What, a snide?" asked Brevene.

"Sh, Sh. Not you talk so loud. Yes; but the best."

"Where is it?" asked Brevene abruptly.

"You come to the creek afta breakfast. You come by yourself, you, and I come by myself, me, and I bring the stone. Yes! Sure, I bring him; and you buy quick. Yes; you buy!"

Well, alright, I'll have a look at it," said Brevene, yawning. "You hang around out of sight somewhere till this afternoon and I'll see what's doing. But none of your tricks, you know. You come by yourself," he added threateningly.

Bisra Din kept the appointment, somewhat nervous and shaky. Brevene was purposely late in getting there, thinking it would do him no harm to cool his heels for a while.

In the meantime the white man had not been idle, and he had learnt that the dead body of Ali Mohamed, of Koepang, who had been shell opener on the lugger, Sri-Pas-Sear, had been found in the mangroves south of the jetty. Putting two and two together he had arrived at the conclusion that Bisra's possession of treasure was in some way connected with Ali Mohamed's death.

praise the buyer was adamant and refused to be in any way enthusiastic.

"Look here, you yellow thief," he said, deliberately, at last, "I'll give you a hundred pounds for it.

"A huddled!" exclaimed the astonished Bisra Din. "How, you mean? By eli! him worth more as two, tree tousand pounds. Not sell. Not enough. No; I keep him. What for you say only one huddled pounds? What for you call me yellow tief?"

"I'll give you a hundred, not a penny more, so take it or leave it," said Brevene.

The coloured man tried to laugh, but he was ill at ease.

"You give me fi' huddled," he said, ingratiatingly, "and you take him. You win all my mon' last night," he added, dolefully.

"Should not gamble if you squeal when you lose," said Brevene. "Anyway if I had a million, I'd only give you a hundred for it."



A North-West Pearling Fleet at low tide.

He did not trust Bisra, but the gamble was alluring, and, as he would have said, "the odds were good." All the same he had a tomahawk stuck in his belt, hidden by the tails of his white drill coat, and the bulge in the pocket of his silk shirt looked something like a six shooter. There were no flies on Brevene.

The white man drove a hard bargain with the yellow. He had in his mind the time when three Malays from the pearling fleet had lured a Hebrew bagman down to the mangroves with a tale of a wonderful pearl they had to sell, and had battered him to death and pushed him overboard from the deck of a derelict schooner in the creek.

Bisra produced the pearl, and though Brevene had a hard, impassive face, he found it hard to conceal his admiration. It almost took his breath away, but, though the vendor waxed almost tearfully eloquent in its

"Why?" asked Bisra with the quick suspicion of a guilty mind.

"Because it has one blemish," said Brevene. "It's not a bad stone, but it's not quite pure; see, there's a smear on it like a blood mark.

"No dam fear there is nothing on him! I keep him, I tell you. I will not sell him. I will hold on to him till my friend, Ben Prevauy, come round again. He will give me five huddled, quick."

"He won't get the chance," said Brevene.

"How you mean he won't? What you think?"

"I think you killed Ali Mohamed, and that's how you got the stone," said Brevene, watching the other closely.

"Hell! I did not! By dam I nevaire see that one Mohamed. Nevaire I know him—me. Nevaire I know he was dead."

"You knew him alright," persisted Brevene, "you promised to buy the stone from him, and you killed him instead and got it for nothing, so hand over the damned thing before I blow your head off and get it for nothing," he added savagely.

Bisra Din, the diver, had sense enough to know when he was "up against it." He was mad at the idea of being bluffed into parting with his treasure for so paltry a sum, but he saw no way out. He loved money, but he loved his life still more.

"Put it down there and step back" was the next order he got and he obeyed.

Breveve secured the pearl, which he placed in a leather pouch on his belt, and then threw a roll of notes on the sand. These the yellow man grabbed and hid in the folds of his sarong.

"Now you get out of this. No; you go first," said Brevene, and Bisra slunk out of the bushes with an uneasy sensation about his spine. He could not help feeling that the man behind him might sink the tomahawk in his skull or blow his head off. He would have done it with pleasure had their positions been reversed. The white man had beaten him at his own game. He had the pearl, but Bisra, in his low cunning, calculated that

out the roll of notes and spat on them and threw them on the floor and jumped on them, and then proceeded to drink himself into a fit condition for running amok, which he did late that night to the great scandal and disgrace of law and order, but no life.

Breveve had decided that under the circumstances it would not be prudent to attempt to leave port by boat. The sudden possession of potential wealth had induced caution, so he made up his mind to "foot it" to some of the stations inland and get work, and, if need be, to wait twelve months or more before making any attempt to sell the stone.

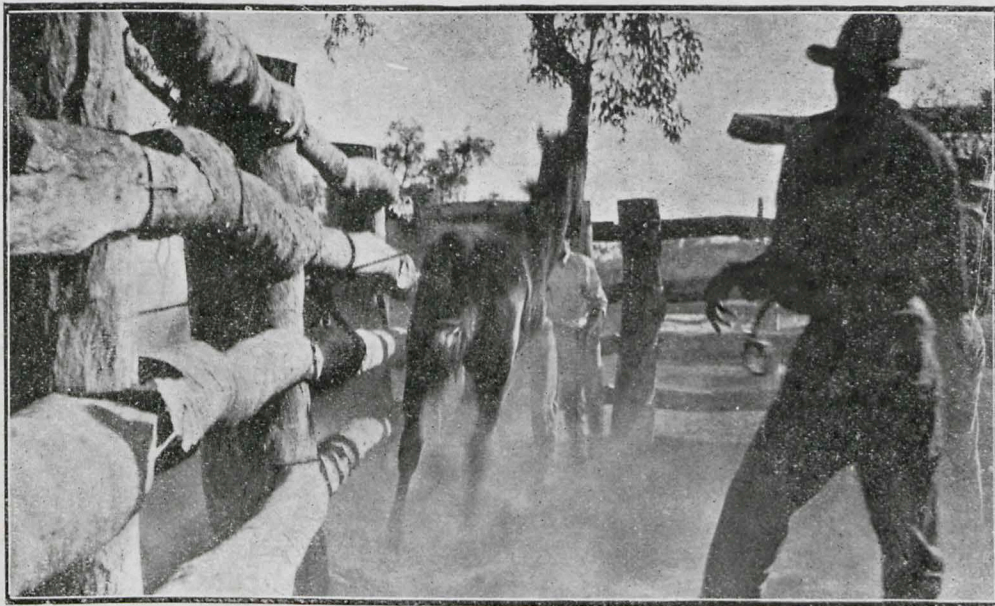
It was thus, that some weeks later, he and Jimalang were camped on their way inland, he having readily agreed to Jimalang's suggestion that they should "hump their swags" until they got work.

But Jimalang had other ends in view.

After their evening meal, they lay resting and talking, but Jimalang seemed morose and ill at ease, which Brevene soon noticed.

"What's the matter, Jimla?" he asked. "Cheer up; you'll soon be dead."

Jimalang shivered as though something cold had touched him.



Roping a colt preparatory to branding.

Breveve would not attempt to sell it straight away, nor would he let it out of his keeping, so there was still hope. Perhaps going to or coming from the gambling school, a stealthy step in the dark, a stab in the back and he might recover his own again. But in the meantime Brevene was doing the talking.

"Get on ahead there, and whatever you think don't you do it out loud, and keep a still tongue in your head about this little deal. You'll find yourself in a nice fix if the police got on your tracks about Mohamed, wouldn't you?"

So Bisra slunk miserably along until they reached the open road where they separated; the white man returning to his hotel, and the other to the Asiatic quarter of the town.

Blood runs hot in those Northern areas, so after he had swallowed a few of the fiery drinks retailed in a back lane den, Bisra narrated to Jimalang and a down and outer, Webby Holden, an ex-pickpocket from Sydney, who joined in the drinks, part of the day's transaction.

"But you wait," he screamed, "I catch him when I get him; he win all my mon' last night; he take my stone away to-day." And, as he said this, he pulled

"Don't you talk like that," he entreated. "I don't like it. Why you say I soon be dead?"

Breveve laughed.

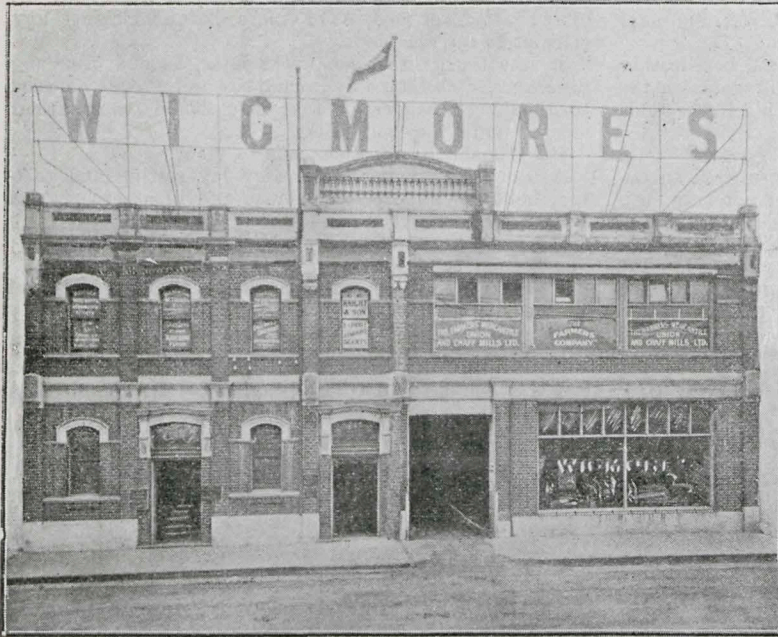
"Because," he added, "you never know your luck in a big place like this, and he made a comprehensive sweep of the surrounding Pindan. 'But, don't worry. We'll soon pick up a job, and knock up a cheque, and you can take that trip to Singapore you're always talking about.'"

But the youth only grunted lugubriously, and Brevene lapsed into silence and looking up at the stars yawned wearily and was soon asleep.

Now, since Bisra Din's drunken outburst Jimalang had been consumed by a desire to get the pearl. There was a yellow streak in more ways than one in his make-up, otherwise this tale may have had a different beginning and end, so far as he was concerned.

The diver's description of the gem had inflamed his greed, an uncontrollable desire had taken possession of him, and he lay awake for hours, plotting and planning how he might secure it by cunning, by violence or by other means. His mind was full of it when he dropped off to sleep towards midnight. He was dreaming about it while he slept and his mind still dwelt on it when he

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awoke before daylight. Then he felt that the time had arrived to make the attempt.

He rose cautiously, and his intention as he stooped down beside the sleeping man who had befriended him was to rob him without disturbing him. But he wanted that pearl and he must have it—without bloodshed if possible, but, if it had to be—well. If the sleeper wakened or moved it was his intention to use the long knife concealed in the gorgeous sarong which was a feature of his clothing.

Brevene lay on his left side with his swag for a pillow. The night was warm and they had not pitched their tents. His right arm was doubled back restfully, his hand almost touching the pocket of his silk shirt. He, of course, had no knowledge of the conversation between Bisra and Jimalang, and Webby Holden, nor did he know that Jimalang knew he had the pearl, otherwise he may not have slept so soundly.

He lay quietly, and, if his dreams were of the turmoil and tribulation of which his waking hours were so full, he made no sign. He lay as tranquilly as though he had never cracked a Malay skull in an "all in" rough

The yellow streak predominated.

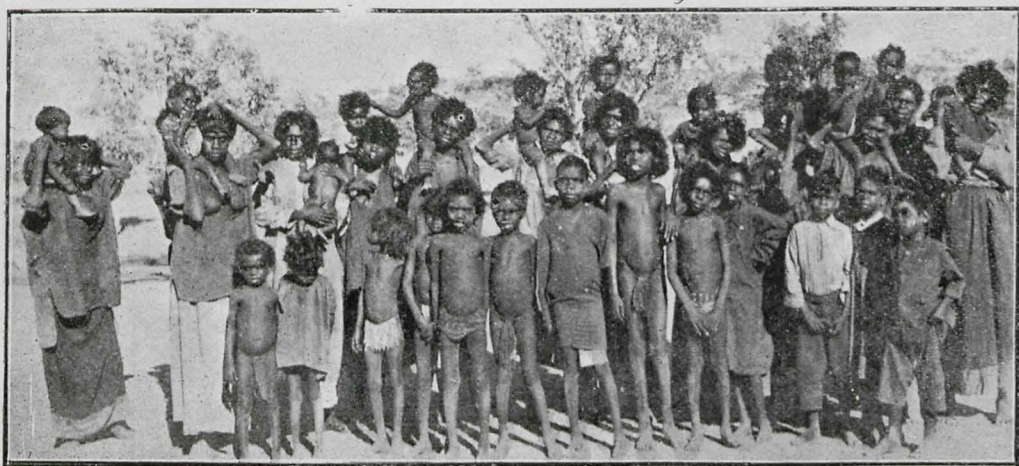
He wavered and hesitated and lost his head. For the fraction of a second he fumbled with the murderous knife, then he turned and fled like a startled thing.

Brevene, starting into complete wakefulness, caught a glimpse of the fleeting figure, and his first thoughts were naturally for his treasure. His left hand sought the belt at his waist and his right hand closed on the revolver as he sprang to his feet to give chase.

The wits of the white man were more nimble than those of the yellow. Had the belt been there Jimalang would have used the knife and Brevene would never have awakened. The discovery that someone had "got there first" unnerved him and he fled in panic.

Brevene fired, and the bullet struck the luckless half-breed high up between the shoulder blades before he had quite got into his stride. He sprang into the air, spun half round and fell on his side. He coughed and spluttered and then lay still—dead.

To the man who had fired the shot, the silence that ensued seemed loaded with a dread significance, as he realised that he had ended a human life.



Native Women and Children at Moola Bu'la, Kimberley.

up, nor, upon occasion, choked all the fight out of a slaving Koepang crew.

With the cunning and caution born and bred in him, as it is bred in a dingo, Jimalang set about his task with all the alertness of a man who knows that he is taking his life in his hands. Every muscle was tense and every nerve strained so that no sound, not even the rustling of the sun-dried herbage nor the crackling of a dead leaf underfoot might disturb the sleeper.

He knelt down intending to remove the belt and sneak away with it. It was just light enough for him to see the outline of the sleeper's arm and the revolver ready to his hand, and a chill, sickly feeling came over him, an ominous dread of something evil surged in his ears. He shivered in spite of his effort to retain control of his nerves as he thought of the words Brevene had jokingly uttered the night before, "Cheer up! You'll soon be dead," and, even as he reached for the belt, there came to him again that indescribable feeling as though some unseen danger were lurking near. Then, almost simultaneously, he became aware of two things. The belt had disappeared and Brevene was waking.

He had roughed it and knocked about on the outside limits of civilisation so long that he had grown callous, and human life, especially that of the black and brindled and yellow types, he held in light esteem. He was a queer mixture of good and bad. On more than one occasion he had jeopardised himself to save the lives of others and had just as readily plunged into a reckless dare devil undertaking with a full blown contempt for danger and death.

He had been for years with the pearling fleets, and knew every shell bank between Monte Bello and the Lacepedes. He had played many parts in the pearling game, and he knew how seldom the big prizes came to the surface. He had owned a lugger. He had been shell-opener, cook, purser, tender, workman and "try diver" and had picked up knowledge that enabled him to set a value on the "stone" he had bought from Bisra Din. He had also picked up the disregard of danger and the indifference that is prevalent where the day's routine goes hand in hand with tragedy and death, as is the case where men of all creeds and classes congregate to rob the ocean of her hidden gems.

He walked over and stood looking down at the silent figure in front of him—the grim result of his handiwork.

"Out for keeps, I'm afraid," he mused in that low, monotonous voice into which men so readily fall when they are alone. "Don't know that I intended to kill you stone dead like that. Didn't really wait to think about it. Bad luck for you I woke when I did. If I had not I'd have been food for the crows instead of you. Wonder how you found out I had it?"

Overcoming the qualms and repugnance that were natural under the circumstances, he stooped beside the body expecting to find the belt clasped in the dead man's hand. And then he got the surprise of his life. The belt was not there. The long slim fingers were empty.

He straightened up in amazement, speechless at this new disaster.

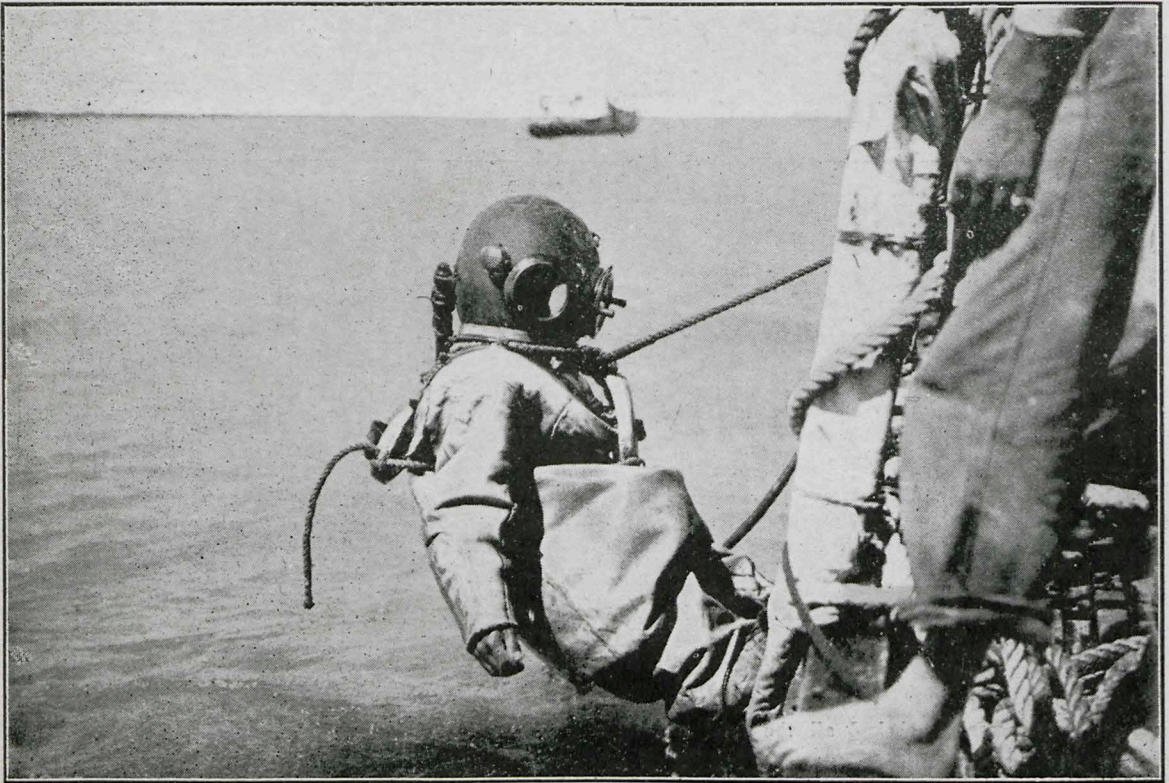
From the spot upon which he had slept to the place where the body lay, was but very few paces, and all around was as bare and flat as a billiard table, with no possibility of anything lying hidden. He walked back

Bisra Din, the diver, a hundred pounds for a pearl worth (in a foreign market) some thousands, feeling sure that, to get it, Bisra had killed Ali Mohamed, the shell-opener. He had gone to sleep with it in his pouch, waking at daylight to find Jimalang trying to rob him—of something that wasn't there.

"And they say there's no such thing as luck," he added bitterly, "but the man who got away with it without waking me, must have had the luck of a blind Chinaman."

He lingered in the place, which, to the end of his of his days, would be associated with an accursed memory, loth to leave and give up all hope of regaining the treasure, knowing that it was futile and fatuous to hope that such a miracle might transpire, but, as his supplies of food and water were limited, it was imperative that he should travel on.

Already the kites and the hawks, the scavengers of the bush, were beginning to congregate around the dead man, alighting as near their prospective feast as they



Into the deeps. Broome pearl diver descending.

and forward, thinking that perhaps the dead man had dropped the belt in his last sprint to escape, but there was no sign of it.

"Well, this beats the world," he said, when his quest had proved fruitless. "He could not have swallowed it. He had not time to bury it, and, yet, where the blazes is it? Gone! Three thousand pounds worth! I had it and I've lost it!"

The cup of his prospective bliss had been rudely dashed from his lips, and all that the dead "yellow brown" would have realised from it, had he managed to get away with it would have been a few pounds from some itinerant buyer of snides.

It was galling to think of the loss under such circumstances and Brevene sat, trying to piece together the incidents that had led to such a quandary. He had paid

dared. Brevene scared them away a few times, but he knew that, as soon as his back was turned, their claws and beaks would be busy, and he knew they would do their work effectively. They strutted around, grotesque and aggressive in their impertinence, ogling the dead, and casting angry glances at the living as though asking why their feast should be delayed because of him.

Dazed, and with his mind in a whirl, he continued on his tramp, brooding over the untoward events of the night, until other incidents claimed his attention.

After he had been walking for two or three hours, he noticed tracks ahead. They were the tracks of a man who was wearing light boots, not the heavy or hob-nailed sort that are usually worn by men in the bush. This struck him as unusual as the road he was on was a short cut and seldom used.

"Dangerous for him, whoever he may be, if he don't know the country," thought Brevene. "Just as likely as not that he will go past the turn-off to the native well, and go further from water with every step he takes." Soon this surmise proved correct, as the tracks instead of turning off into the hills and timbered country where the wells were, had kept on in the direction of the sand plain country.

"Poor devil! He's a goner if he keeps on in that direction," mused Brevene. "He's evidently caught a glimpse of the mirage on the plains, and it's luring him on to death."

He was about to continue on his way, leaving the unknown to his fate, when a sudden thought came to him, "A Life for a Life!"

He was in a peculiar mood that morning, which was scarcely to be wondered at. He had killed a man impulsively, but under circumstances that provided a certain amount of justification, and the killing was a growing weight on his mind. More than once during his tramp he had remorsefully admitted that he had been "a bit too damned handy with that gun."

The thought came to him that perhaps he could make atonement for the taking of one life by going forward into the waterless region of the sand plain and saving another. He knew that in such an undertaking the chances were very much against success, but in a light-headed way he thought that in the great scheme of things he might peace and pardon win by such means.

He did not hesitate long. He hung his swag high upon a tree at the native well, and started out with billy-can and water bag full. He also had his tomahawk and some food, hoping to find the wanderer before he had gone too far from water.

He followed the lonely tracks till sundown and camped for the night. He husbanded the water supply, knowing that success depended upon it. He slept soundly all night and at dawn was ready for another start. He was actuated by the thought that somewhere on ahead a fellow creature was probably battling for his life against the horrors of death by thirst, and he also had in his mind the memory of the stiffened figure of the man he had shot, as he had seen it with the hawks and kites lighting on it.

With the instinct and accuracy of a native tracker he kept to the task all the following day, through the brazen noon and the sultriness of the evening. And again the summer night saw him camped on the trail. He made another early start. Knowing that the strayaway could not be far distant, he soon saw signs from which he inferred that the man had entered on the last stage. He had started throwing away his clothes, the most common form of dementia when lost men break down under the horror and isolation of their position.

"He must be nearly settled," was Brevene's comment towards the close of the third day, and his eyes for a moment left the pitiful tracks which he had been following with such fidelity and began to scan the heavens.

He saw black specks hovering and circling on the horizon and knew what they were—the ravening birds whose hunger is never satisfied. He knew they had sighted the object of his search and were congregating for their expected feast.

"Down to it, poor devil, and the brutes know it," he soliloquised, as he forsook the tracks and made a beeline for the few scattered trees about which the vultures were circling, and there, lying in the scanty shade, he found the man whom he had come to save—"Webby Holden, the ex-pickpocket."

He was down to it all right. His face scorched and blackened with the sun, his lips cracked and bleeding, and, with swollen tongue, he was babbling insanely and weakly endeavouring to wave away the birds that were already crowding in on him, gabbling discordantly. Brevene fired among them, killing a few. He shuddered

when he thought that in a few moments the birds of prey would have plucked out Holden's eyes without waiting for death.

He moistened the lips of the pitiful object with a few drops of the scanty water supply and poured some down the parched and swollen throat, restraining the madman when he, in his frenzy, would have gulped the lot.

The position was still desperate for both of them, and if he wished to work out his imaginary salvation by his self-imposed task every trick of the bush and every ounce of his endurance would be called into requisition and every moment was valuable.

Now, Brevene was steeped to the eyes in the lore of the bush, which he had learnt from the niggers, whom he had always treated well, though he had never degenerated into being a "combo," as those men are called who frequent the camps and fraternise with the blacks.

They had taught him how he could in case of necessity secure from the roots of certain trees sufficient moisture for life saving purposes, and in his predicament that knowledge spelt salvation.

Though the moisture so obtained was warm and gummy, it served his purpose.

He had brought very little food with him and set about augmenting the supply.

The niggers had also taught him how to secure the large edible grubs, "bardies" the blacks called them, and he proceeded to chop these out of the dead trees in which they have their homes. When dusted with dry flour and cooked on green boughs over a quick fire, they had a flavour something between that of an egg and an oyster. Brevene's dusky friends had also taught him how to find the eggs which the iguanas hide in the sand, and he dug them out by the dozen. Thus he and the poor, demented derelict were in no fear of starvation, and the weight began to disappear from Brevene's mind. He had sacrificed one life, but he had saved another.

Holden was fit to travel in a few days, but it became evident that he had had a touch of the sun, and it was doubtful if he would recover his sanity, but Brevene did his best, and though the journey back to the well was slow and wearisome they got there safely and Brevene began to breathe more freely.

"You sit in the shade of that quandong tree and take it easy while I put things in order," he said to Holden.

He took down the swag from the tree on which he had left it and got out some clothing.

"Brush yourself up a bit now, we've got back to civilisation," he said. "Have your half-yearly wash and put another shirt on."

Holden stripped to the waist, and Brevene rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming. He could scarcely believe what he saw—the missing belt—which the other was wearing.

Breve ne was but human after all, and it was with no gentle hands that he secured the belt and assured himself of the safety of the pearl. Then he questioned Holden, but could get no satisfaction.

"You're a poor old thing as a bushman," he said, "but you must be some class at your old game. It was a neat bit of work on your part, back in the Pindan, to sneak up in the dark and rob me without waking me or poor old Jimalang, and get away again. Good job for me that you took the wrong track, and a good job for you that I was fool enough to try and save your life."

But Webby, the scientific pickpocket, took no notice. He was busy making a string of the quandong nuts to hang round his neck, and was babbling away like a happy child.

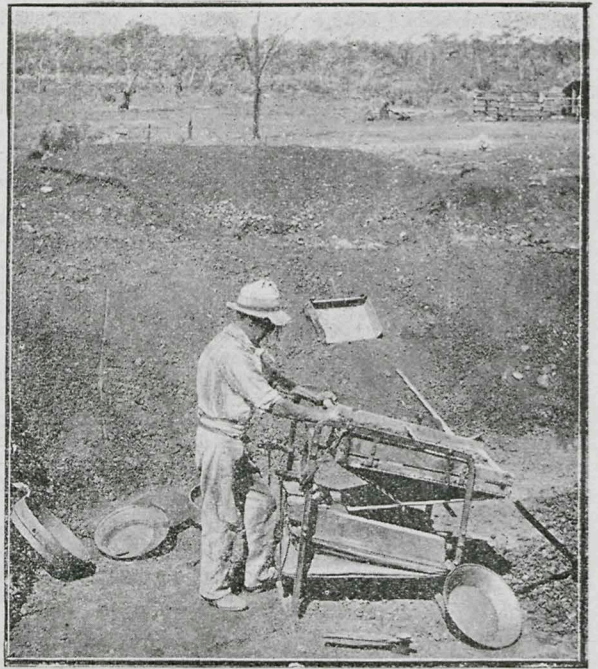
The blazing sun and the eternal sand plain had made him hopelessly and harmlessly mad.

Mulga and Spinifex.

Being some Incidents associated with the
Early-day Camp Life of the
Eastern Goldfields.

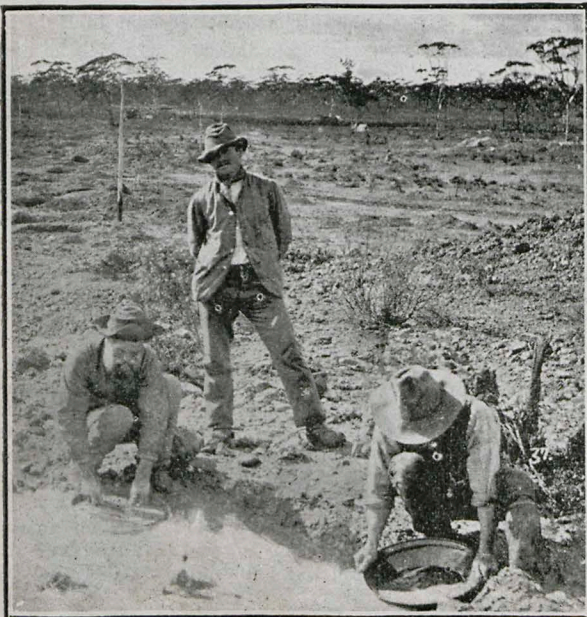
Early Politics.

LONG before the authorities granted the new goldfields of Coolgardie Legislative representation in the electorate of Yilgarn, Western politics formed no inconsiderable portion of the discussions indulged in by the diggers. This was only to be expected, for there is no class of the community who are more keen, and, it may be added, intelligent political critics than diggers. Their cosmopolitan life fits them peculiarly too to conceive and enunciate liberal political opinions, and many of the statesmen who have been responsible for the most liberal and enlightened legislation in the Eastern States and New Zealand have cut their political teeth in the garb of the digger. The first political demonstration in Coolgardie occurred about September, '93, when a mock preliminary canvass was carried out by a few choice spirits. One of the candidates was a digger named Martini, who, in association with another named Galle, took up and worked No. 1 lease, which Chas. Sommers purchased from them for development and flotation. Martini was not by any means an educated man, but he had some hard-headed shrewdness, and being a native of Italian Savoy, could swear volubly in the half-dozen languages spoken in that locality. His canvas was one of wild jocular excitement, as he was on a "bit of a jamboree" at the time, and the crowd joined in with that hearty camaraderie and



The Dryblower.

good will which only a crowd can that has but scant outlets for their amusement. Martini's address was a polyglot of political phrases and carmine swear words that suited to a T the tone of the campaign, and at its conclusion he was triumphantly chaired in Sol. Sterne's (proprietor of the Big Blow Mine) buggy, the horses being taken out and the traces manned by frisky dryblowers, who drew and escorted the candidate up and down Bayley Street, stopping, of course, religiously at each pub. (the Bribery and Corruption Act being suspended for the time) to allow the candidate the honour of "shouting," which I am bound to say he royally did. In his address Martini dealt with all the needs of the district, emphasising the necessity for railway and post and telegraph communication with the outside world, advocating also a water scheme. His scheme was also a pumping one, but it was of condensed water from the sea at the nearest point on the coast, for human consumption, with an alternative main carrying marina aqua pura for battery and other purposes. He beat Forrest in promises, undertaking to turn the desert into a Garden of Eden by means of a channel from the sea to Lake Lefroy, to connect with the other lakes of the interior, having sufficient depth for ocean steamers to touch at the inland cities of the wilderness. Another boon that he advocated was the institution of Mining Boards. But he fairly captured his hearers with his declaration to see that miners' rights were printed on parchment, to stand the wear and tear of the diggers' pockets. After the institution of the franchise, the late Bill Neelands was the first to post his notice of candidature. He addressed the crowd from a gum tree at the bottom end of Bayley Street. Neelands had been an auctioneer of note, and I believe an ex-president of the A.N.A. in Victoria, where he took the prize for extempore speaking. He had a very fluent and forcible delivery, rounded his



"Panning off" after rain.

periods well, had a brisk introduction and a flowery peroration, and was altogether a fine platform speaker. His gifts, however, were lost to the constituency by his death shortly afterwards at Southern Cross. After him Joe Rogers, of Perth, was the next to woo the electors. He spoke from a form outside the newly-erected Freemasons' Hotel, but his political mission ended with his opening address. Other candidates who delivered speeches without proceeding to the poll were Dr. A. J. Davies and the late Mr. Cameron, of Southern Cross. The latter was a well-known storekeeper and a widely-known and esteemed West Coaster (N.Z.). He was a kindly and genial soul, the brother of every man, and, like nearly all the storekeepers of early goldfields, would run an account for ever and a day. Many of the pioneer prospectors who fitted out at Southern Cross were indebted to him for their outfits, or for no little help, and he was everywhere respected for his unassuming but potent benevolence. He spoke, standing on the top of an empty beer barrel, at the outside of his nephew's (Evan Wisdom, now Brig-General) hotel. In a coherent moment eager questioners would hurl posers at him, which he disposed of with a

A Roll Up.

Early in 1894 the first representative of the firm of Bewick, Moreing and Co. came to the fields. He was to make a report upon the lands of the estate, and brought me instructions to pilot him around the property. No little task, this, seeing that the lands comprised an area of 2,000,000 acres, the north-east point of which was about 100 miles distant from Coolgardie; but I was thoroughly conversant with the area, and enabled Mr. W. A. Mercer, the expert and a partner of the firm, to successfully accomplish his purpose. This inspection resulted in the several sub-concessionary "kittens" that sprang from the parent. Before completing the eastern portion of the lands we took a run over to Kurnalpi, and were on hand to see diggers' justice done to a thieving mate. As we entered the precincts of the camp, the dishes were rattling with a vehemence that would have caused a new chum to look around to keep clear of where the bees were swarming. The rattling, however, was the signal for a roll-up, the means taken to assemble the diggers to deal with a matter in a public manner—a



The Coolgardie Police Force, 1894.

vigour and a vocabulary that would have done credit to the late Sir "Jack" Robertson in his sultriest days. At last, an individual told him that, "so far as he could see, the candidate had no political belief whatever, was neither on one side or the other, but was simply sitting on a rail." To this Cameron replied that "it was a damned lie, he was standing on a cask." This broke the crowd up in a temper that sought refuge in oceans of "shypoos," and the meeting was followed by a wild orgie, remembered for months by those who took part in it. The late Mr. Justice Moorhead also addressed the crowd from the primitive platform of a beer cask in the middle of Bayley Street; but this meeting was also his first and last effort to woo the electors of Coolgardie, and the remaining two candidates, who eventually went to the poll, were Mr. C. J. Moran and the late Mr. De Hamel, leader of the Opposition in the former Parliament.

mandate which, though not issued by a legal tribunal, no digger ever disobeyed. Joining the stream of men hurrying to a central point, we found a large concourse assembled outside the store of the Lindsays. In those days David Lindsay, the explorer, had not made the fortune which he subsequently did, and had embarked in storekeeping, both at Coolgardie and Kurnalpi, the business at the latter place being conducted by his brother George, assisted by Tom Bower. The latter afterwards married a daughter of Lord Ranfurly, Governor of New Zealand, and received some State appointment in New Guinea. The roll-up had been called for the purpose of dealing with a dishonest digger, name forgotten, and the man received as fair a trial as would have been given him in a court of law. On an empty wagon the members of the tribunal were standing, with the accused a prisoner in their midst. The president, Billy Minter, erstwhile pug, and then lucky digger and

discoverer of the gully named after him, orated the crowd and set forth the accusation against the prisoner. From this it appeared that he (the prisoner) and a mate had been working with a "rocker" in one of the gullies, but with apparently poor results—so poor, indeed, that the mate, who was young and somewhat verdant, had been unable to pay his store account. As it had been running for some three months, the storekeeper demanded a settlement. The man replied that he could not pay, as he had not the wherewithal. The storekeeper returned that that was very strange, as he and his mate were on good gold, the mate (accused) having not only settled his bills with gold from the partnership, but had sent through him (the storekeeper) a very considerable quantity of gold in the form of "slugs" to his (the accused's) account in a bank in Victoria. The young man assured the storekeeper he had no share in a division, so an investigation of the books was made, and it was found that during the term of the partnership of the two men, the one had been retaining all the large gold and sending it away for his sole benefit. The amount of gold so appropriated amounted to over 100 oz. There

at the top of his voice, "Shoot the ——! Shoot the sanguinary cur!" the cry being taken up by others. Another climbed up the store building to a timber beam used for hoisting heavy weights from the waggons, and ran a rope through the sheaf of a block in it, and put a noose on the dangling end. "That's it; hang him; hang him," was the cry. In the midst of the uproar the president mounted the top of a case in the waggon, and from this elevation called for order. Instantly there was a dead hush. He said that the verdict of the committee was that the man should make restitution to the mate of his share of the gold by signing papers for its withdrawal from the bank, and to pay all the costs of such a proceeding, and to be further deprived of his share of the claim (ground worked in) which would become the property of the man robbed, with a hospital charge upon the half share of a tenth part of its output. After signing the papers, the prisoner would be detained in custody till the morning, when he would be deported from the field. Waving an arm among the crowd, the president added, "I've noticed one or two in this gathering working themselves and others into a passion. Just



The Black and Johnston Prospecting Expedition to Mount Margaret, 1894.

were no police stations at Kurnalpi at the time—and for the matter of that it wouldn't have mattered if there had been—so a complaint was lodged with the Diggers Committee, and the man summarily arrested for trial. It transpired that he always worked the face, the mate always "rocking" the machine, and so good were his eyes and his method of secretion that he was able to secure all the slugs before the wash went through the machine. The prisoner had no defence. He was oldish in appearance, and looked a pitiable object as he stood bareheaded, with sloping shoulders, bent head, and shrinking body, the embodiment of conscious and detected guilt, before the manly and determined forms surrounding him. The case closed, the group of committee men turned together to confer, and then began a demonstration against the prisoner which, if his hair were not already grey, was enough to have so turned it. One fellow advanced to the waggon, brandishing a rifle, yelling

keep cool; there is going to be no violence. The man is an old man and the father of a family. (A voice: "More shame to him.") The decision I have made known is the decision of the committee, which is the decision of the diggers of this field (cheers), and I warn you to abide by it. If the prisoner refuses to abide by the decision, we give him 24 hours to clear out, after which you can do what you darned well like with him.' The concluding portion of this pithy address was tantamount to sentence of death, and the crowd dispersed quietly, evincing an admirable acquiescence in the committee's jurisdiction; the prisoner being led away between two men, who would guard him safely till his departure. Needless to write that the necessary documents were signed, and the last seen of the broken man was as he passed through Coolgardie on his way to his home in the East.

J.D.

The revolver was frequently used in arguments between Asiatics. Radiki and Massivi after a quarrel obtained weapons and, in the course of some loose shooting in the Afghan quarter, Radiki got the lead so badly that he died in the hospital. The other promptly disappeared. In another disagreement between an alleged Texan cowboy, it was decided to settle the trouble by some quick shooting at a mark. A disc was set up at the back of Kennedy's, Coolgardie, and a dead beat told off to keep tally of the scores. After half-a-dozen shots had been fired without any exhibition of interest on the part of the marker, one of the shootists walked to the target to inquire. He found the scorer lying at the back of the pile of beer cases against which the mark rested. The bullet hole in his head indicated he had been "outed" at the first fire. "Found dead" was the convenient verdict of the coroner's jury.

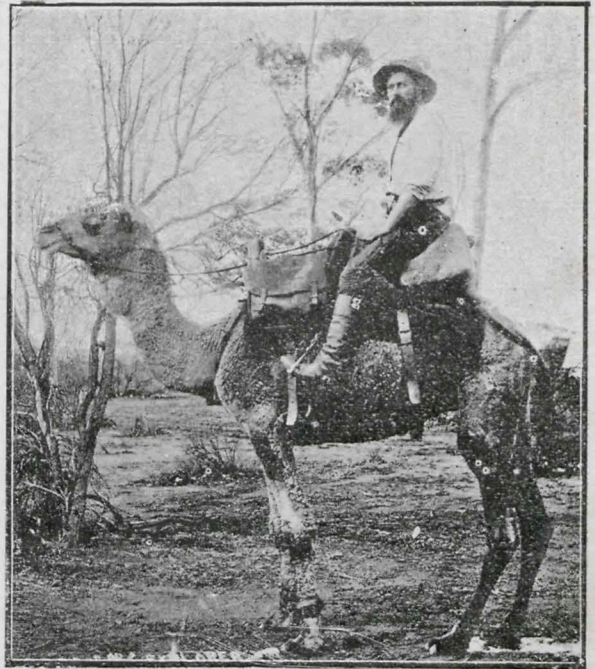
There were records put up in those days, one of them by a rabbit tracker in the Government service, who, on his return to civilisation, said he had travelled in three months over thirty to forty million acres of luxurious prairie, and never saw the face of a woman. Another man, not then in the Government employ, just about the same time travelled across the Great Victorian Desert (five hundred and fifty miles) in thirty-five days, with seven-and-a-half gallons of water each, for forty-two camels. For eighteen days the animals did not have a drink. David Lindsay himself (in charge of the expedition) did not have a wash for nearly six weeks. Also, he never saw the face of a woman. And he didn't make any fuss about it either.

A Camel Tragedy.

WE were on the dusty track that led from Southern Cross to the Coolgardie goldfields. Three thousand of us were there, men from all climes, men of all nations, men who spoke all tongues, Afghans, Japs., Swedes, Germans, Americans, Englishmen and Australians. All kinds of animals were there waiting for the moment to march; horses, mules, donkeys, camels and the greatest of these were the camels. Slender-limbed, narrow-flanked, dark-skinned camels from India; big, gaunt, yellow-hided savage brutes from Africa and Asia; light-coloured, pale-eyed, massive-limbed big-hearted camels from South Australia (the best breed the world owns for endurance and pluck.)

How well I remember the scene; the waggons loaded to the topmost height, drawn up on the side of the dusty track, the horses tethered by their bundles of fodder, the mules straying here, there and everywhere, stealing a mouthful where they might, the barking of dogs, the bleating of goats, and the cursing of men. Then, all at once, a howl of horror, a wild shriek of agony, then a babel of sound as men drop their work and charge towards McLachlan's store that fronts the track.

The sun is blazing down upon us from a mighty plain of unbroken blue, the forest lies all around us, a red haze of dust rises up from the track that the waggon wheels have cut, like a wound in the broad heart of Nature. Through the haze I notice a couple of hundred camels kneeling, waiting to be loaded; by the camels stand the Afghan drivers in their blue blouse and blue, baggy trousers, a common, work-a-day crowd devoid of all picturesqueness. Right at the head of the column, where the red dust rises like a cloud, nothing is discernible but the lank neck and vindictive, snake-like head of a bull camel. Yet it is towards this point that the diggers are rushing. I strain my eyes through the red dust. I catch sight of dim forms through the red haze, but above and over all looms the long neck and the bony frontlet of the brown camel. All the rest of the train are kneeling, chewing the cud; this beast alone stands upright.



David Lindsay, Explorer and Prospector.

The dust is so thick that I cannot see either his legs or his barrel, I cannot see what lies at his feet, I can scarcely see anything, for the red dust is full of alkali, and the gentle breeze that is blowing lifts it into my eyes. Yet I rush on with the crowd, for I know that something out of the ordinary has happened to stir that mob of diggers.

They are men not easily moved; but once set in motion nothing will stop them. We close in round the head of the column of camels, and then through the haze of dust I see something that makes me pause. The diggers see it, too, and they, too, check their noise. A figure is lying right at the feet of the big, red-brown bull—a figure in blue, baggy trousers and blue blouse; the turban lies a yard away spotted with blood. I look at the figure on the ground again. Then, involuntarily, I look at the head of the camel and note that the jaws are dyed with blood, that the yellow teeth are red with the same dark-red stain.

We close in silently, and many a man's hand drops to his hip pocket, and more than one "gun" comes out. There is a shapeless mass of something between the dead Afghan's body and the bull camel's knees, something that had been a few moments before a living man's forehead and scalp; it is only crushed bone and hair, mingled with dirt and blood now.

Dick Stanhope steps to the front, good old Dick, quickest where all were quick, bravest where all were brave. The wind lifts the red dust into a solid cloud, it covers the dead man's body, it rises round the carcass of the bull camel and leaves nothing in view but the long neck, the bony head, the flattened ears, the rolling eyes, and gleaming teeth, just such a sight as I see here to-day in London.

Dick lifts his gun with the quick upward jerk of a practised shot, the bull staggers as the report rings out, a dozen others lift their guns and fire.

That night we bury the man, and the niggers eat the bull.

A.G.H.

DALGETY & COMPANY LTD.

PERTH.

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

WOOL! WOOL!

The Premier Wool Selling House of Australasia.
Appraisement Centres: FREMANTLE, GERALDTON, ALBANY.
Weekly Sales of Fat Stock at Metropolitan Markets.

Stock Sales conducted regularly throughout Agricultural Districts.

SPECIAL SALES arranged at MULLEWA and UTAKARRA for Overland Stock.

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

Insurance on Wool from sheep's back to appraisement.

INSURANCE AGENCIES—

Phoenix Assurance Coy., Ltd. (Fire and Accident)
British & Foreign Marine Insurance Coy., Ltd.

Motor Cars.
Live Stock insured against all risk.

MERCANTILE AGENCIES—

Quibell's Sheep Dips and Disinfectants.
Wolseley Sheep Shearing Machines.
Wolseley Petrol Engines.
Wolseley Cream Separators.
Hadfields Ltd. (Ore Crushing Machinery, Manganese Castings).
Patent Process Wire Weaving Coy. (Battery Screening).

BRITISH Explosives Syndicate (Gelignite & Fuse)
Austral Seed Graders (in Stock).
Woolpacks.
Cornsacks.
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Mt. Lyell and Cuming Smith's Fertilisers.

ALL STATION AND FARM REQUISITES.

Sole Agents for "BUICK" MOTOR CARS.

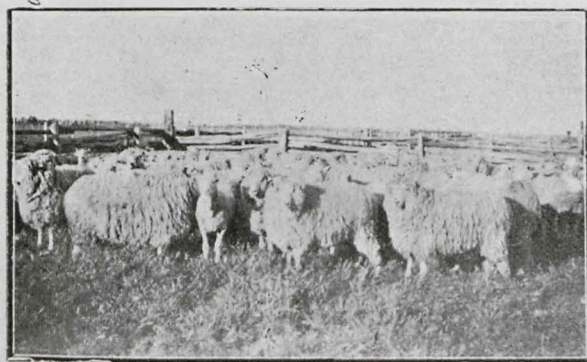
The Pastoral Industry.

Review of the Season—A Record Clip Expected—Surplus Stock—Freezing and Canning Proposals.

AS an indication of the nature of the past season it may be stated that it is confidently expected that this year's wool clip will constitute the heaviest in the history of the industry in Western Australia. A generally beneficent season (there were a few areas that were not as well favoured as others), whilst contributing largely to results was not the sole factor however; the considerable increase of recent years in the number of sheep in the State (it is estimated that the flocks have increased to the extent of one and a half million during the past twelve months) necessarily contributing to the general result.

It is on record that up to a little while back the mutton, and for that matter the beef supply of the more populous parts of the State was grown in the Northern portions of it, viz., throughout the Murchison, the Gascoyne, the Ashburton and the Kimberlies. To-day it is found that, so far as mutton supplies are concerned, the Southern, otherwise the agricultural and farming districts are producing enough for all the requirements hitherto supplied by the northern pastoral areas. The same condition also largely applies to the beef-raising industry, and is best instanced when it is said that whereas in 1914, 31,927 head of cattle were shipped to metropolitan markets from North-West ports alone, the figures for 1918 have dwindled to 9,696 head, a substantial annual decline having set in since the year first mentioned. At one time also the vast Northern areas of the State held pride of place in the matter of the numbers of sheep. To-day the Southern area, that is to say the country stretching from Geraldton to Albany and from Perth to the Eastern districts, has supplanted it.

The number of sheep in the State at time of last official recording, viz., December, 1917, was 6,384,191, an increase of 854,231 on the figures for 1916 and 1,580,341,



2-Tooth Wethers, Merredin.

on those for 1915. The figures for 1918, which have not yet been compiled, should show considerably more than a million increase on the total for 1917. It may be

interesting to note that the flocks of Western Australia are distributed thusly:—North-Western Division, *i.e.*, Kimberley to the Gascoyne, 2,451,904; South-Western Division, *i.e.*, Geraldton District to Albany, 3,023,920; Murchison and Eastern Goldfields Districts to Esperance, 908,367.

Cattle for 1917 numbered 957,086 head, as against 863,930 for the preceding year.

The greatly increased flocks and herds and the lack of export has necessarily made it imperative that practical



Ewes and Lambs, Merredin.

and decided steps should be taken to deal with the surplusage, and it is a matter of general knowledge that sheep off shears are barely saleable at 6s. per head, with fat wethers at about two shillings more, this being about half the price obtaining some two years back. As a consequence the establishment of freezing and canning works is practically assured at the ports of Carnarvon, Geraldton, Fremantle, and, probably, Albany. So far as beef is concerned the Wyndham meat works for some time the scandal of local politics, should account for the disposal of a lot of the stock grown in the Kimberleys, whilst Vestey Brothers' works at Darwin are also a big factor in the absorption of a great deal of the stock production of Kimberley and the Northern Territory.

Reverting to sheep and wool production it may be said that the season's lambing was quite up to the most sanguine expectations (it is estimated that there were 1,500,000 lambs bred this season) whereas the clip, as before stated, will eclipse the previous record. A general improvement is also noticeable in the class of sheep, as a result of systematic culling by many station owners, and the importation of the best of stud stock, the purchases by Western Australian owners from Eastern States breeders having reached big proportions. That the class of sheep raised in the State is a great improvement on what it was a few years back was well evidenced by



WIND IS CHEAP

THE POWER FROM A METTERS' WINDMILL is dependable. MADE in this State, their quality is right. They are made to suit local conditions. Repairs cost but a fraction. Hundreds are in daily use all over the State. Look at your neighbour's Metters' Windmill. Ask him about it!

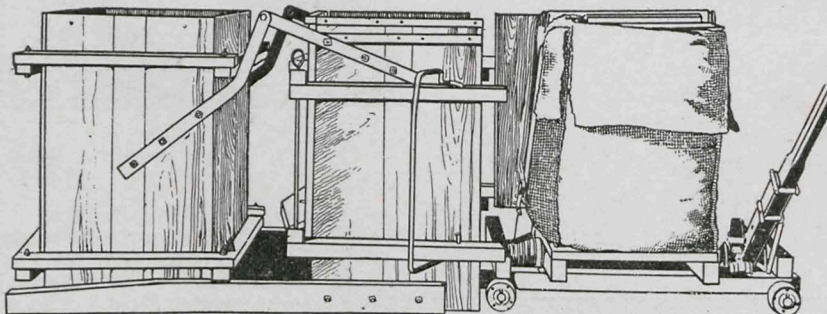
Study these Prices of Metters' Windmills.

PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING REVISED PRICE LIST.

	10ft. Tower	20ft. Tower	30ft. Tower	40ft. Tower
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
"Little Toff," 6ft. ..	15 10 0	16 15 0	19 10 0	
" 7ft. ..	16 0 0	17 5 0	20 0 0	
" 8ft. ..	18 15 0	20 0 0	23 0 0	
" 9ft. ..	21 0 0	22 10 0	25 10 0	
"Windmotor," 8ft. ..	21 10 0	23 0 0	26 0 0	29 0 0
" 10ft. ..	30 10 0	32 0 0	35 0 0	39 0 0
" 12ft. ..	42 10 0	44 0 0	48 10 0	53 0 0
" 14ft. ..	59 0 0	63 0 0	67 0 0	72 0 0

METTERS' PATENT WOOL PRESS.

SIMPLE.
—
STURDY.
—
DURABLE.
—
CHEAP.



THE LATEST
WORD IN
WOOL
PRESSING.
—
NO STAGING
REQUIRED.
—
ONE MAN
CAN
OPERATE
THIS
PRESS.

This, the latest development in Hand-power Presses, is specially designed to press quickly and economically. Note the Solid Construction throughout. Mark the convenience of the Trolley. The minimum of power is required to operate. The Maximum of Result is secured. Specially Suitable for Small Sheds. It saves Labour.

PRICE, £25. Lifting Rack, £4. Descriptive Catalogue sent cheerfully upon application.

METTERS' GALVANISED STEEL TROUGHING.

With Patent Straps for Joints. No Legs. All in 6ft. Lengths.

	10 in. wide	16 in. wide	20 in. wide	22 in. wide
18 Gauge ..	4 2 foot	5/- foot	5/9 foot	7/- foot
Galv. Iron Ends	11/9 each	13/3 each	15/3 each	16/9 each
16 Gauge ..	5/- foot	6/- foot	7/6 foot	9/- foot
Galv. Iron Ends	12/- each	14/9 each	16/9 each	18/6 each
14 Gauge ..	5/9 foot	7/- foot	9/- foot	10/6 foot
Galv. Iron Ends	12/9 each	15/3 each	17/6 each	20/- each
12 Gauge ..	7/- foot	9/- foot	10/6 foot	12/9 foot
Galv. Iron Ends	13/3 each	16/- each	18/6 each	23/- each
Cast Iron Ends				
to suit any of the above sizes, with feet for bolting ..	8/- each	11/9 each	15/3 each	18/6 each

GALVANISED STEEL TROUGHS.

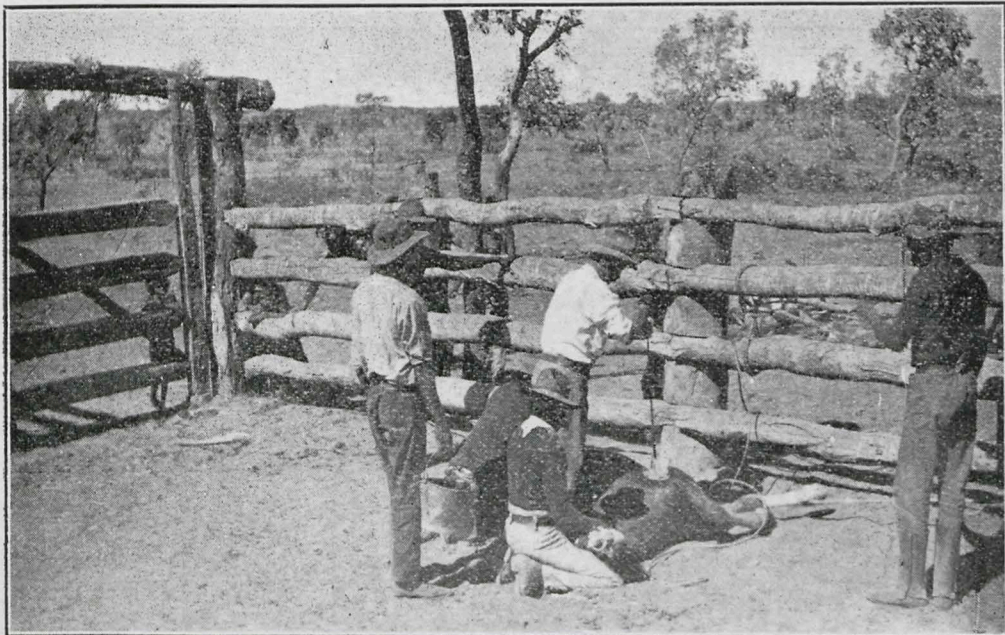
NO. 1 PATTERN, Sheep—18 in. x 10 in. x 20 in. gauge.	
6 ft., £3/1/- 12 ft., £4/15/6.	
Extra Lengths per 6 ft. section, £1/14/6.	
NO. 1 PATTERN, Cattle—21 in. x 12 in. x 20 in. gauge.	
6 ft., £3/14/9. 12 ft., £6/0/9.	
Extra Lengths per 6 ft. section, £2/6/-	
Prices are for complete troughs, with angle-iron frame-work and legs and jointing bands.	
NO. 2 PATTERN, Sheep—18 in. x 10 in. x 18 in. gauge.	
6 ft., £3/6/3 12 ft., £5/0/6.	
Extra Lengths per 6 ft. section, £1/14/6.	
NO. 2 PATTERN, Cattle—21 in. x 12 in. x 18 in. gauge.	
6 ft., £4/6/3. 12 ft., £6/12/3.	
Extra Lengths per 6 ft. section, £2/6/-	
Prices are for complete troughs, with angle-iron stands and jointing bands.	

METTERS' LIMITED, PERTH.

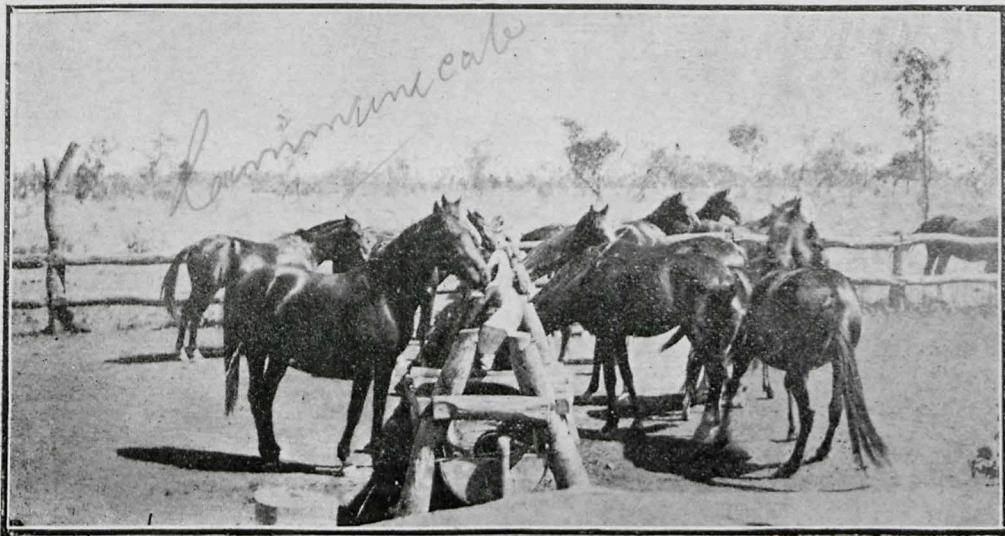
many of the exhibits at the recent show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Claremont.

The stock sales subsequent to the show were also a feature of the year, and, as a result of representations made by the stock agents, no ring events were held on one of the Show days, all attention being devoted to

to a favourite of local sale rings, being in little demand. Border Leicesters, Romneys and English Leicesters, however, sold fairly well. In the merino section the highest price realised was one hundred and ten guineas, paid for one stud merino ram, bred by J. W. Broun, of Beverley, G.S.R. On the second day of the sales some



Branding a Colt.



Horses bred at Moola Bulla Station.

stock sales, a big attendance and good all-round business being recorded, competition being keen with excellent prices, particularly for selected and stud merino rams. A remarkable feature of the sales, however, was the unaccountable slump in longwool breeds, Lincolns, hither-

1,100 rams were yarded, there being strong competition for selected and better class lines, particularly in the merino section. For longwools the demand was again poor, the major portion of those offered failing to find purchasers. The sales of stud cattle were only fairly

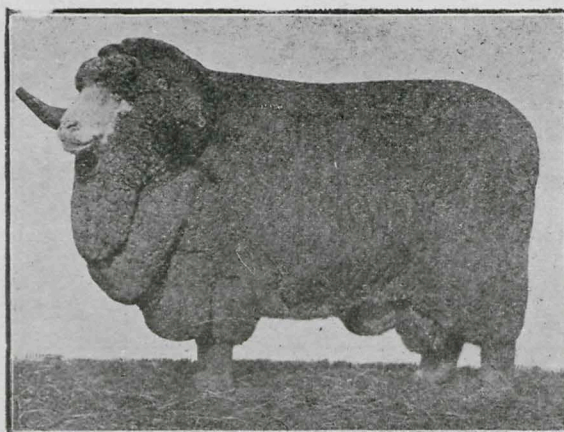
SHEARING BY CONTRACT

A. J. BARBER,
SHEEP SHEARING CONTRACTOR.

4 AND 5 HALSBURY CHAMBERS, 13 HOWARD STREET, PERTH.

Representatives—South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales.

Contracts
undertaken and
Runs Organised
in any part of
Western
Australia.



Estimates,
Specifications
and Expert
Advice upon the
Equipment of
Sheds and the
Installation of
Shearing
Machinery.

Every once in a while comes an upheaval in the stereotyped way of doing things. Traditions are swept away by a more direct, more efficient method. Just now the pressure has overcome time-honoured shearing rules, and the exigencies of the times call for the systematic organisation and expert control of sheep-shearing operations, if the costly delay,

cumbersome routine and vexing uncertainty are to be overcome.

Shearing by Contract relieves the flock owner of the multitude of risks, troubles and responsibilities that surround present day shearing. It facilitates his cut in point of time, and reduces his costs.

In the 1918 Seasons I shored under contract around about 750,000 head in W.A. Some of the principal sheds being:—

YANYEAREDDY

TOWERA

MINILYA

MIA MIA

YINNITHARRA

MOUNT PHILLIPS

MINNIE CREEK

MANGEROON

TAMALA

CARRANG

CARDABIA

WINNING

YALLALONG

WOOLGORONG

MURGOO

GABAYON

BILLABALONG

TWIN PEAKS

MOONYOONOOKA, WOORREE and DEPOT SHED

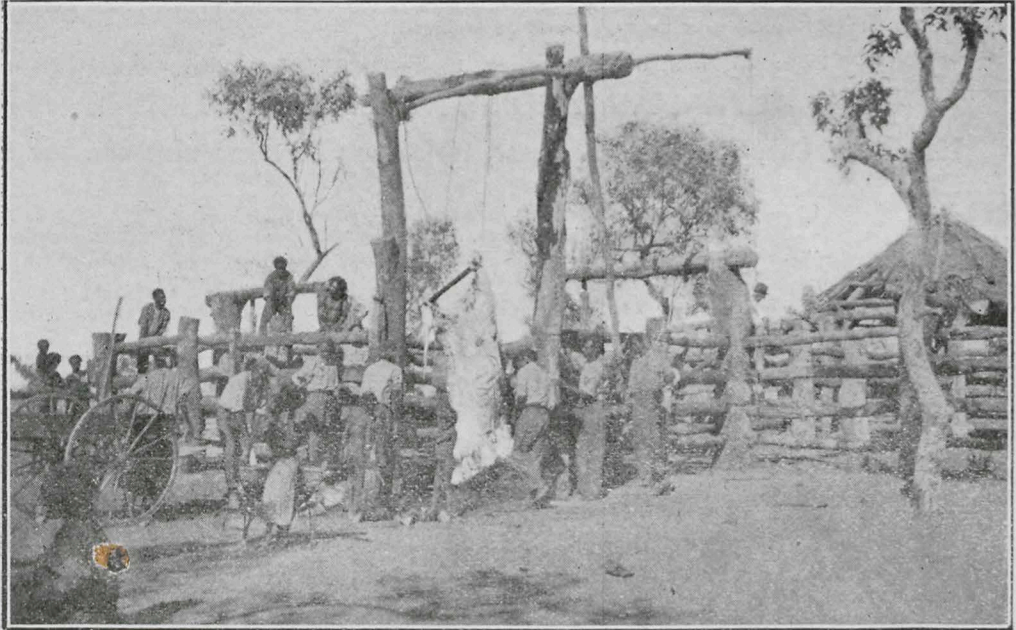
Shearing by the Contract System has become an essential part of the Expeditious and Profitable Working of a Shearing Shed.

PROMPT RESPONSE GIVEN TO ALL ENQUIRIES.

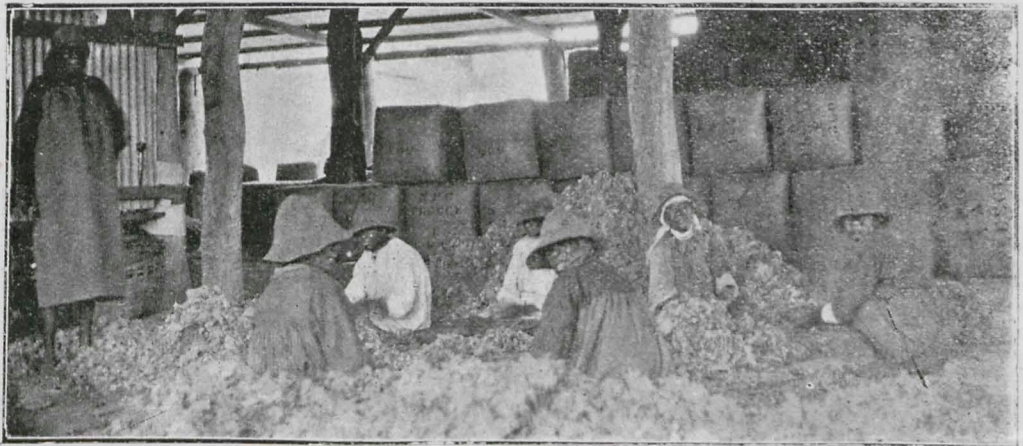
satisfactory, stud shorthorns commanding most attention.

So far as the season's shearing has been concerned it may be stated that it has been, happily, free from the many industrial disputes associated with last year's operations, which so far retarded shearing as to delay some Northern sheds that should have been cut out in

of steady hands, who now can always be assured of work from March or April, when shearing starts in West Kimberley, until November, when it practically concludes in the Albany district, the itinerary being about as follows:—March, West Kimberley; May, or June, Port Hedland; July, Ashburton; August-September, Gascoyne



Bullock being cut up at Moola Bulla Aborigines Cattle Station.



Gins at Work in Shearing Shed, Upper Liveringa Station, Kimberley.

October and November until as late as February and March of this year. The factors contributing to the satisfactory position of this year's work include, a better understanding in the matter of general conditions and pay, and the consistent employment

and Murchison; October, Victoria (Geraldton) district adn thence to the Great Southern line, ending with Albany district in November.

The following figures will give a correct idea of the season's rainfall as recorded from January to the end

WANGAMONG STUD

(Rambouillet-Wanganella
since 1863)

1916 RECORDS

FLOCK RAMS

Sales for year 1913, including below—1258, to 28 old buyers out of 36 to all parts of the Commonwealth. South Africa (7 old buyers out of 9). New Zealand, only one buyer inspected, and he took 200.

WOOL RETURNS

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

AUSTRALIAN RECORD, NOVEMBER 14th

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

VIGOR

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

4,000 Wangamong Stud-bred Ewes, 3 to 13 years old, marked 85% very fine lambs.

"Wollindina," pure Wangamong breeding many years, marked 96% lambs.

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



HARDINESS

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

AUSTRALIAN RECORD Nov. 14, 1916.

WANGAMONG

over S (with arrow through)
in diamond.

Sold by N.Z.I. & M.A. Co. in
Melbourne.

28½d. 50 Bales
(in grease).

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

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

All Bellies 19½d. Locks 8d.

All Wool 20/- per Sheep

94% Breeding Ewes.

Specialty Selected Flocks

£5 5s. to £10 10s.
2 yrs. old.

Representing 451 sold and
delivered during 1913 to 18
old buyers out of 24.

1879—Total Clip Wangamong over S (with arrow through) in diamond, 5/9 per sheep

1889	"	"	"	"	"	7/3	"
1899	"	"	"	"	"	8/9	"
1909	"	"	"	"	"	9/5	"
1914	"	"	"	"	"	10/5	"
1916	"	"	"	"	"	17/9	"

BIG, PLAIN-BODIED, HARDY, LONG-STAPLED, ROBUST TYPE OF 60 YEARS' STANDING

Exactly between Wanganella and South Australian Types.

WANGAMONG STUD

**FOUNDED
1853**

Apply to **W. B. SANGER** (Classer since 1880) **WANGAMONG,**

OAKLANDS, N.S.W., SYDNEY WAY
DAYSDALE, N.S.W., MELBOURNE WAY

of September throughout the pastoral and agricultural areas of the State, from Hall's Creek (Kimberley) in the far North to Katanning in the Great Southern area. For purposes of comparison the years 1918 and 1917 are given:—

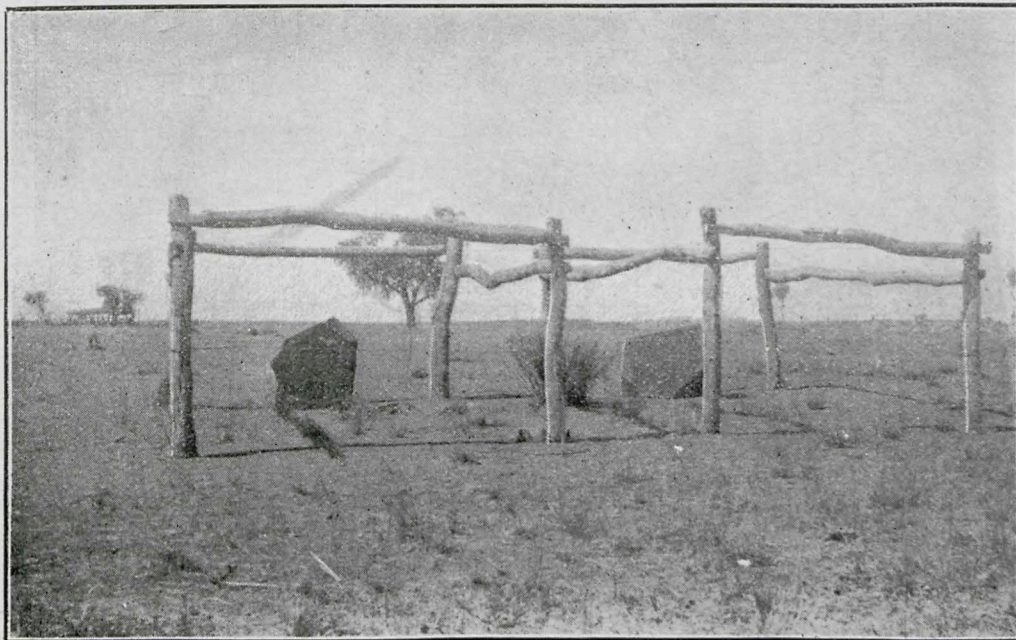
	1st January to 30th Sept., 1918.	1st January to 30th Sept., 1917.
Hall's Creek	1,776 points	1,459 points
Fitzroy	1,787 "	1,216 "
Port Hedland	668 "	1,096 "
Winning Pool	2,362 "	521 "
Carnarvon	978 "	1,238 "
Northampton	2,012 "	2,860 "
Mullewa	1,892 "	2,071 "
Moora	1,995 "	2,812 "
Bunbury	3,851 "	4,290 "
Bridgetown	3,589 "	5,188 "
Kellerberrin	1,421 "	2,083 "
Meekering	1,647 "	2,069 "
Northam	1,790 "	2,506 "
Beverley	1,889 "	1,998 "
Narrogin	2,184 "	2,564 "
Katanning	2,067 "	2,385 "

During the year considerable additions have been made to the wool storage of the State. The purchase of the clip by the Imperial Government, the Commonwealth appraisal scheme, and war conditions making it

imperative that wool which in pre-war times was handled by wool merchants and individuals should come under Federal control. To this end what are known as the Commonwealth Wool Committee's Stores, five in number of a total carrying capacity of about 140,000 bales, have been erected during the year at North Fremantle.

At one time most of the clip produced by the country extending from Carnarvon to the Kimberlies, was shipped to London *via* Singapore, but now the bulk of the clip of the State (there is a good deal stored at the ports of Geraldton and Albany) is practically centralised at Fremantle. Private enterprise has not been slow in coping with the new development, both Messrs. Dalgety and Co., Ltd. and Elder, Smith and Co., Ltd., having acquired large and conveniently situated premises for the conduct of this branch of their business. Messrs. Dalgety's store is at North Fremantle, and has a capacity of seventeen thousand bales. This being only one of many of the firm's stores at the principal ports.

Messrs. Elder, Smith and Co. have built a substantial structure of brick, jarrah and karri almost facing the Fremantle Railway Station, and having frontages of four hundred feet to two streets, and nearly three hundred to another. This commanding edifice, which has a carrying capacity on the show floor of 6,000 bales, and a handling capacity, in and out, of 15,000 bales, being equipped throughout with modern machinery and devices for the expeditious handling of its contents.



Graves of some of the Kimberley Pioneers.

The BRINGAGEE STUD FLOCK

Pure Wanganella Blood.



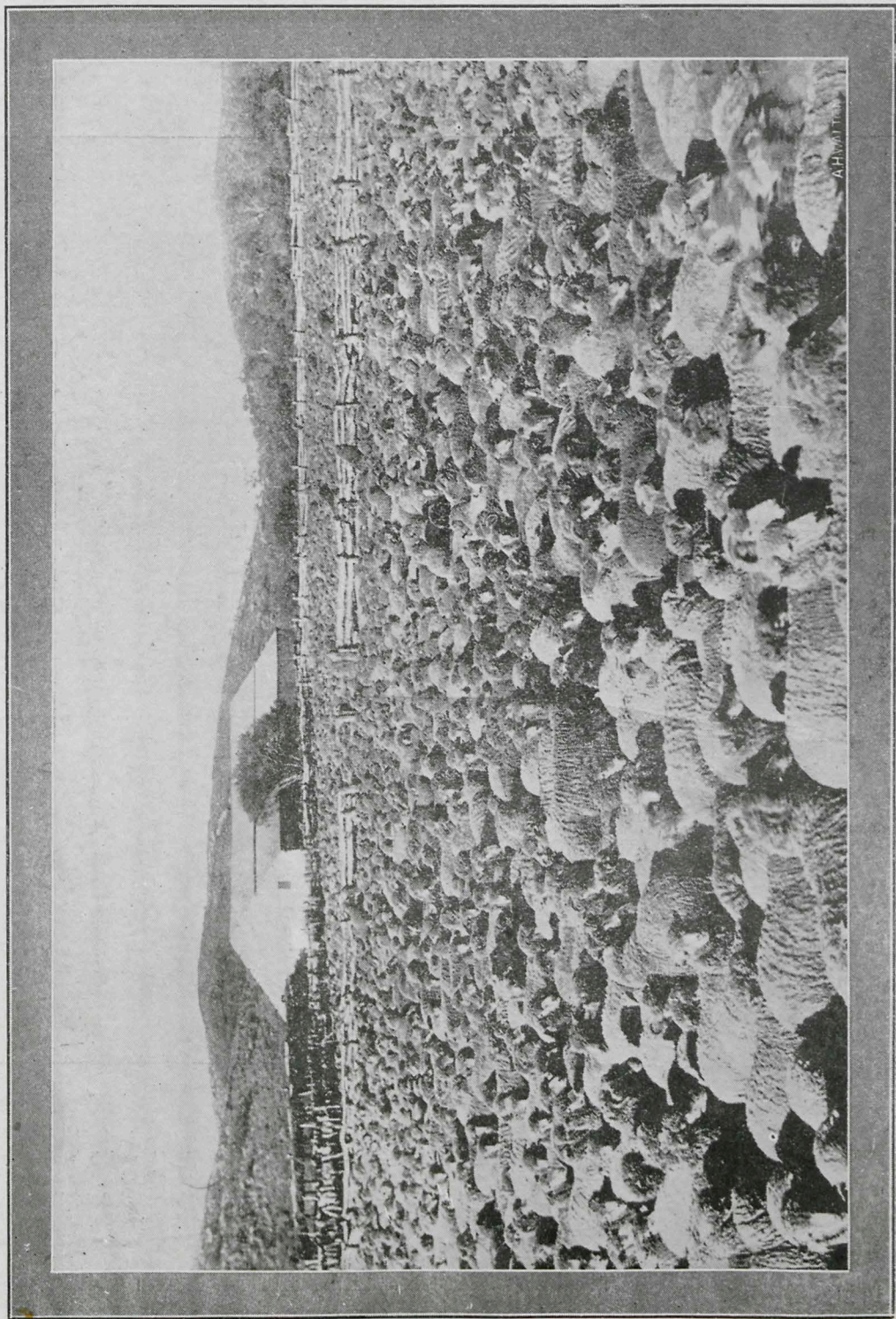
THIS Flock was formed by the late Mr. ALBERT AUSTIN with surplus aged ewes from his Wanganella Stud. Later on it was acquired by his sons, who formed a Double Stud Flock by selecting a few of the best ewes and purchasing a high class stud ram from Wanganella to mate with them.

The Bringagee Flock has always been classed by one of the owners, who are also the owners of Wanganella, so buyers can be assured that the same standards of excellence are aimed at as obtain at Wanganella. Bringagee is on the railway line between Narandera and Hay, N.S.W.

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Shearing Time in the North-West.

Koojan.

Midland Railway Line.

WHEN originally taken up by Mr. M. T. Padbury in 1891, Koojan represented a mere expanse of Salmon gum country and scrub; to-day the estate is one of the finest holdings along the Midland Railway line, to which it has a frontage of some five miles.

The total area of the property is 15,000 acres, of which 5,500 acres have been cleared and cultivated,

Show at Claremont. "Baron Hillside" again took the Championship.

"Baron Hillside's" winnings, awarded at Claremont, are as follows:—1st at the Parades of 1913, 14, 15, 17 and 18; 1st at the Royal Shows of 1913, 14, 15, 17 and 18. Champion 1914, 15, 17 and 18. And, at Moora Shows, 1st and Champion 1913, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18.

"Baron Hillside's" stock are turning out well, his yearlings at last and this year's show took prominent prizes and scored in the Produce Stakes. Mr. Padbury has purchased many well-bred and high-priced mares, most of them coming from New Zealand, Sydney and

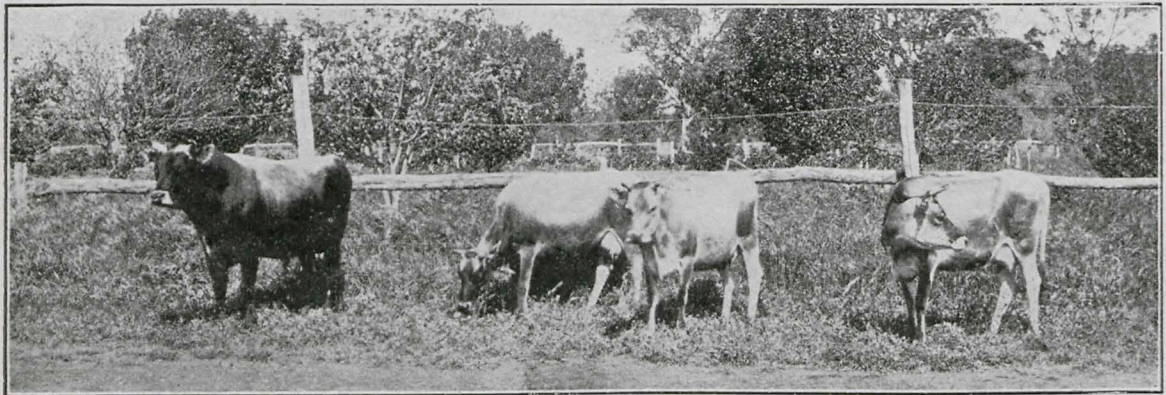


The Homestead, Koojan.

water supply coming from some 35 tanks and dams, the largest of which represents an excavation of over 6,000 cubic yards.

All the cleared land has been subdivided into fields ranging from 5 acres to 150 acres, which are well

Melbourne, and care has been taken in selecting only the best. What might be expected from such mares, mated with Baron Hillside and Lord Douglas is manifested at Koojan, where a fine lot of young Clydesdales are to be seen.



Jersey Cattle at Koojan.

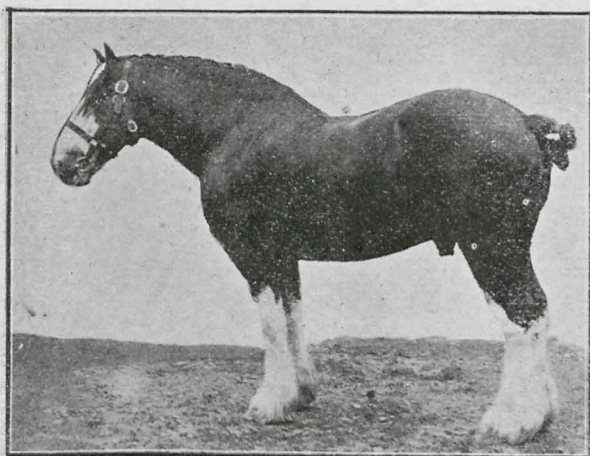
drained by many miles of drains, which all run into the tanks. The roads being well formed through the property make good catchment for the tanks and facilitate the movement of stock or produce. There are 60 paddocks and fields all told, a very large portion of which is covered with a fine coat of grass.

It has been the practice to bring some new land under cultivation each year and it is generally found that the best crops are on the new land. There are about 900 acres under crop.

The stock comprises many pedigree lines, Koojan being famous principally for its Clydesdales, of which several secured prizes at the recent Royal Agricultural Society's

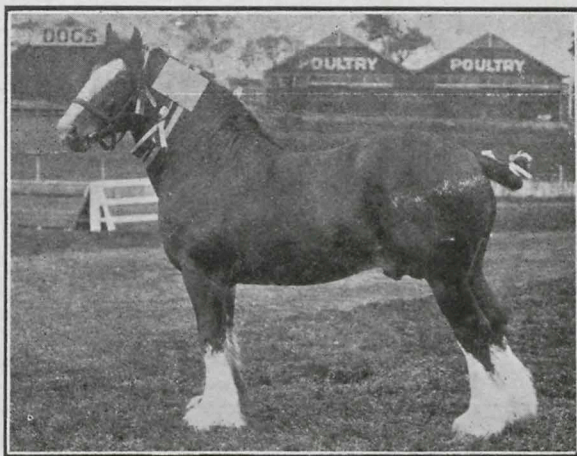
A lot of pure bred Jersey cattle, including a fine young Jersey Bull, "Retford Daily," which was bred by S. Hordern, Esq., of Sydney, are also on the estate.

Sheep at Koojan number about 5,000, including many high-class lines of Border Leicesters, Shropshires and Oxford Downs, some of which are well known in the show pens of Moora and Claremont. Fat lambs are also a feature of Koojan products, some 2,500 being raised last season. Berkshire pigs are a line for which Koojan is also famed, many being sold for breeding purposes. At present there are about 150 head of pure bred Berkshires on the Estate.



Lord Douglas.

Lord Douglas (imported from New Zealand). Sire: General Douglas. Dam: Czarina of Drummond, by Abbott. G. Dam: Highland Mary, by Shepherd Lad. G. G. Dam: Maggie, by Macarthur.



Baron Hillside.

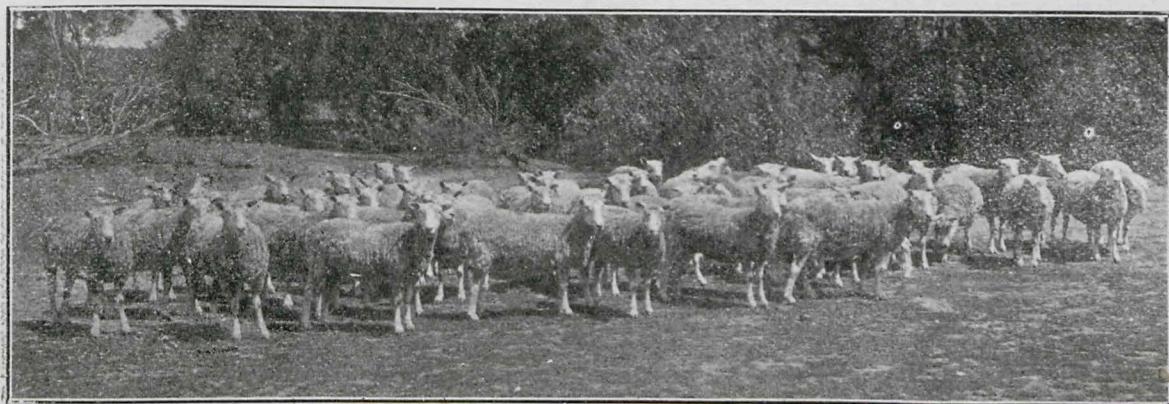
Baron Hillside (71 N.Z. C.S.B.), imported from New Zealand. Sire: Baron Bold, by Baron's Pride, by Sir Everard. Dam: Sal, by Banecor. G. Dam: Bell, by Wallace.



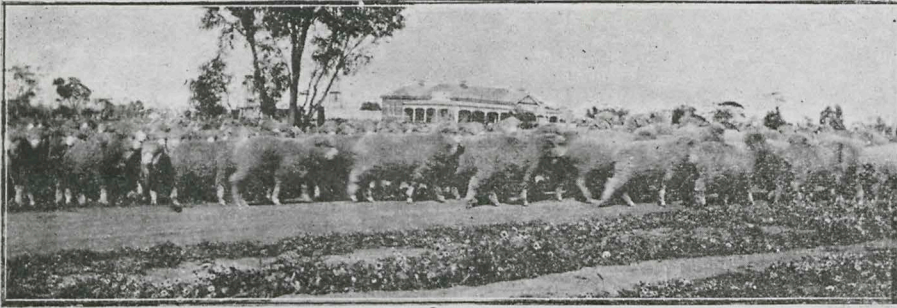
Mares and Foals.

Brood Mares in Stud.—Myra, black mare, imported from New Zealand. Sire: Baron Fyvie, by Baron's Pride. Dam: Nell, by King's Pride. G. Dam: Dolly, by Hardlines. Pride of Balmoral, bay mare, imported from New Zealand. Sire: Newton Chief, by Up-to-Time, by Baron's Pride. Dam: Bloss, by Lord Lamington. G. Dam: Doll, by Primus. Maggie Balgarvie (1211 N.Z. C.S.B.), imported from New Zealand. Sire: Premier Balgarvie (809 N.Z. C.S.B.). Dam: Liz, by Duke of

York. Daleinea (28336 C.S.B.), imported. Sire: Memento (13100 C.S.B.). Dam: Belmont Carter, by Speciality (11547). White Heather (1213 N.Z. C.S.B.), bay mare, imported from New Zealand. Sire: Abbot, imported (11987). Dam: Kate of Drummond, by Shepherd Lad. G. Dam: Queen, by Prince. Primrose of Drummond (1212 N.Z. C.S.B.), imported from New Zealand. Sire: Abbot (11987). Dam: Nell of Drummond, by Shepherd Lad. G. Dam: Nellie.



Border Leicester Stud Flock.



Telyarup Homestead.

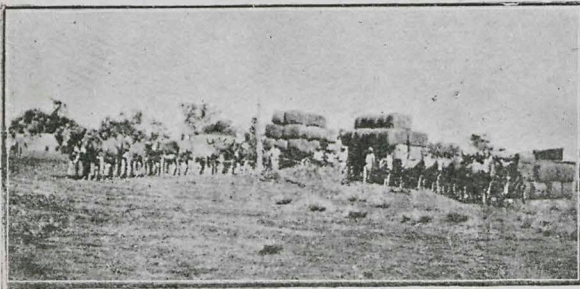
Telyarup.



Among the first of our Nor'-West pastoralists to recognise the great potentialities of the South-West as a sheep breeding district was Mr. M. Corbett, proprietor of the Muccan Station, De Grey River, and, after an exhaustive search for a spot best suited for the breeding of stud merinos, he purchased some 3,700 acres, seventeen miles east of Broomehill. At present "Telyarup" runs principally merinos, and both high-class sheep and wool are produced. Over 2,600 acres have been cleared, of which

pure bred pedigree stallion from the noted stud of M. Pusen, a leading French breeder, and this fine horse, which was subsequently acquired by the W.A. Government for breeding purposes, has many foals to his credit.

"Telyarup" is also devoted to the breeding of Berkshire pigs, the stud stock having been acquired from noted



Wool Teams on their way to the Coast from Muccan Station.



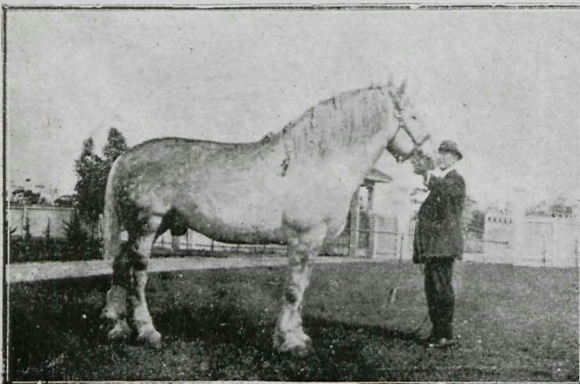
Jersey Cattle.

600 are under crop; many miles of substantial boundary and sub-divisional fences have been erected, an up-to-date modern residence built, and many thousands of pounds expended.

Mr. Corbett it was who imported the first Percheron sire to Western Australia. This was "Invincible," a

English strains. Dairy cattle of the Jersey breed are also a feature of the Estate.

Mr. Corbett takes an active interest in all affairs affecting the district, and has been responsible for the institution of a local butter factory, which gives every indication of growing into a big concern.



Percheron Stallion, "Invincible."

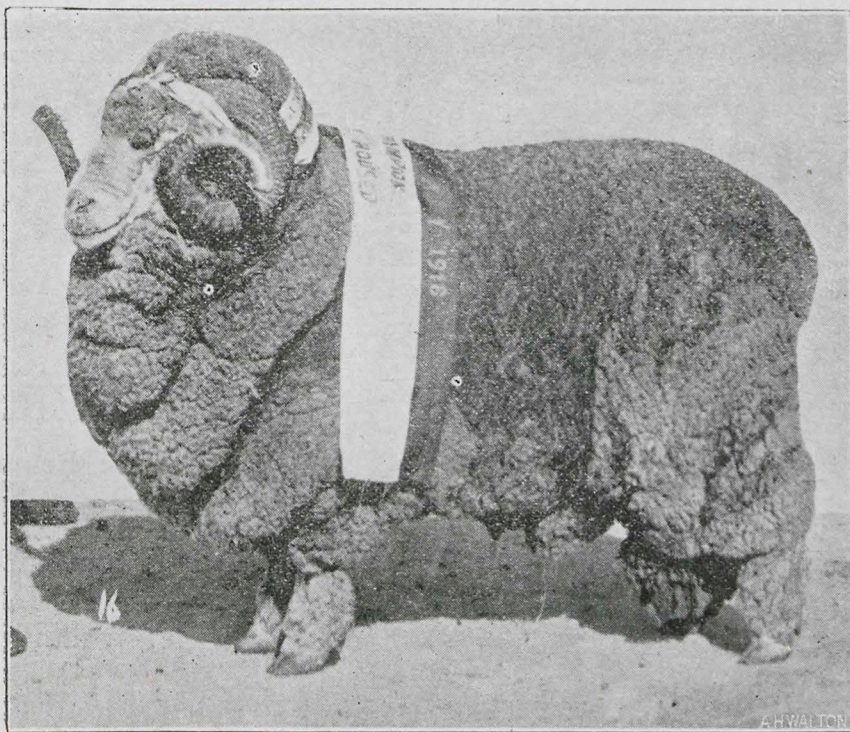


Berkshire Prize Stock.

THE WILLANDRA STUD

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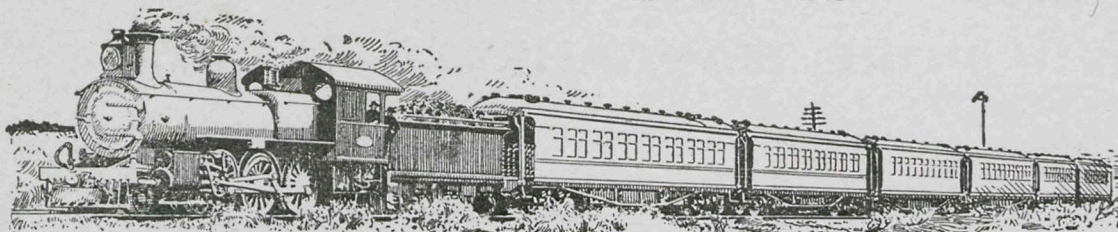
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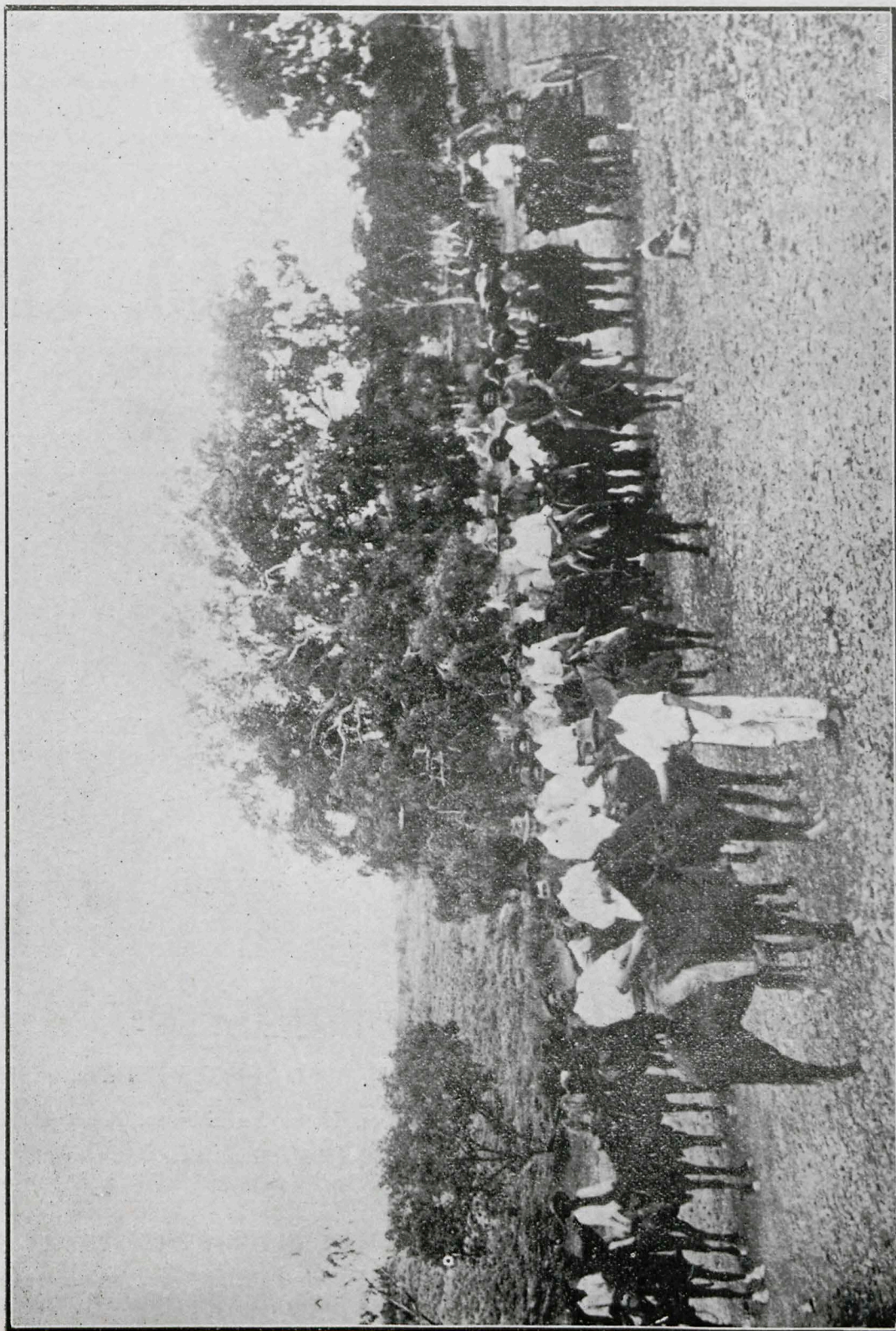
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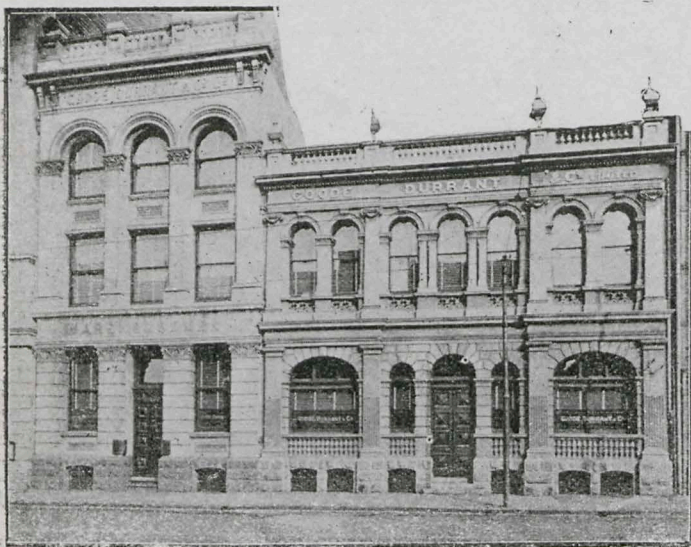
THE two blocks on this page show the William Street and St. George's Terrace frontages of the large distributing house of GOODE, DURRANT & CO. LTD. The business has kept pace with the development of the State and is now a big factor in the secondary industries of Western Australia by means of its manufacturing establishments. To supply certain departments of the warehouse hundreds of busy workers are employed all the year round in the "Federal" Clothing Factory and the "Lion" Boot Factory.. To every port from Eucla to Wyndham, and to every inland settlement, the Company's travellers are sent—introducing to the traders an immense variety of wares, and keeping them in constant touch with the markets of the world.

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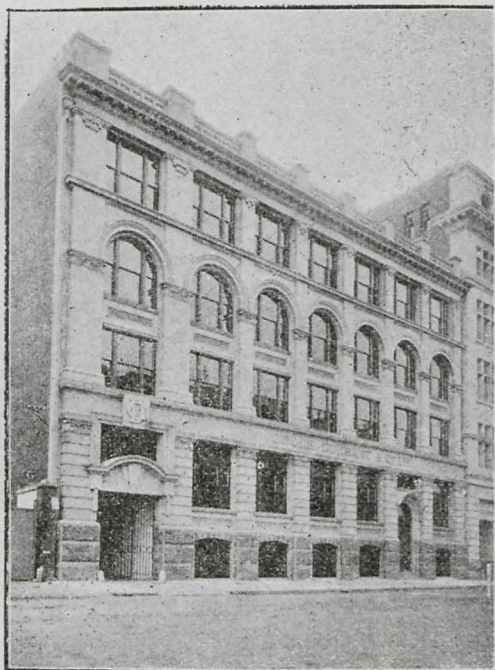
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Killed in Action!

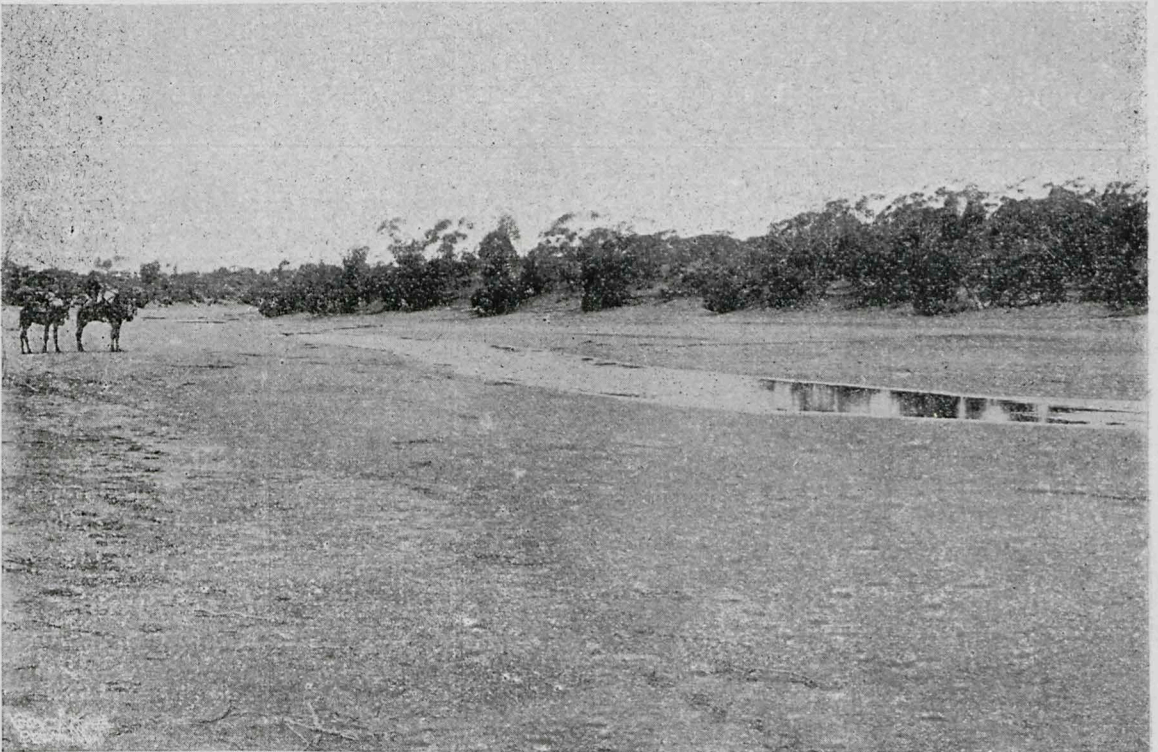
(For *The Golden West* by CLAIRE MCKINLEY.)

D READ words of dire import! Death knell of how many hidden hopes! Wrecking what unguessed Spanish Castles in the air!

A bullet sent at the bidding of a blood-soaked tyrant, and despatched by an unwitting, if not unwilling, hand—and where does its journey end?

Away o'er the bleak savagery of No Man's Land it hisses its angry way, passes a hundred thousand others and enters the heart of a steel-true Anzac hero. But there it tarries not. On! On! over the deep blue seas on to the Land of the Southern Cross it flies and hurries in with the sad-faced Padre straight to the breast of the frail, brave wife of only a few short months.

What dreams came to her in her castle? And yet not a castle, but a cottage was her dream-place—a cottage whose daily care was to be her jealously guarded right. Then, scarcely daring to venture forth from the shadows, came a sweeter, holier vision, formed of the dear longing for the wee babe warm against the breast that hungered with a dream Mother's yearning for its coming, for the soft, wet fingers to press their helpless way across her face that burned to feel their touch; for the tiny, rose-lipped mouth on which to crush, but, oh! so gently, her own soft lips; for the azure eyes, of clearest blue, wherein to trace the ne'er forgotten look of him, whose tiny image, if maternal prayers were heard, 'twould be.



The Ponton River, 102 miles east of Kalgoorlie. Supposedly once a stream of some magnitude flowing into the Great Australian Bight; now a narrow chain of lakes threatened with complete obliteration by the drifting sand hills of the interior.

His whispered words uttered only so pitilessly soon before the transport carried away the soldier husband, had been answered in the swift, warm "Yes."

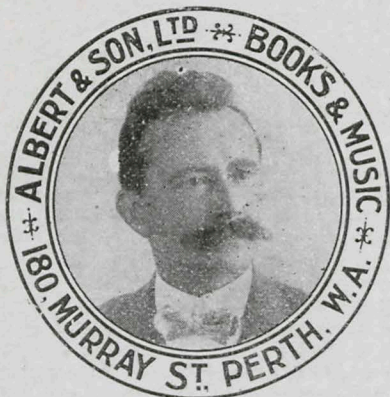
Together they stood for a brief moment, while God's minister had pronounced God's words. Only three short days—then away to fight for right, the king and the fair young wife.

Wistfully, yet generously, she had made her sacrifice—thinking not of the dark to-day, but looking ahead ready to see the first gleam of the dawn of the bright to-morrow.

All this to come in the gladsome days to be. But first must be faced anxious days and weary nights, with only God's sweet songs of prayer to drive away the demons of despair; nights when the tired girl-wife could gain no rest save in the thought of these dear days when, in his strong arms, with his passionate kisses, responsive to hers, and in sound of his soothing voice, the sweet content of Love's own giving would be hers!

Then—"Killed in Action!"

And where does a bullet's journey end?



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"Pineapple" Brand

The Smoke of Battle.

(For *The Golden West* by PRIVATE SANDSAC.)

"I don't mind if I do," said "Comp." Carter, as he graciously accepted a cigarette from one of his comrades, who were sitting and lying around the inside of a large military tent. "It's a bloomin' treat," he continued, "to get a fair dinkum fag after them rotters what we gets here in Egypt. They always tastes to me of Abdul, but when yer 'really' do want a smoke yer mostly gotter take just what's goin'."

"You always do," chipped in Mick O'Ryan. "There ain't any chance of you ever buying some, is there?"

The delicate question remained unanswered.

"I'll tell you blokes something now," he continued, "tho you mightn't believe it."

"We won't," said Mick.

"Well, as I was sayin'," went on "Comp.," ignoring the interjection. "once when I was in Sydney, motherless broke, and feelin' about as hungry as a 'strafed' prisoner in Hogmany, I puts me hand in a little watch pocket I had overlooked and hawks out a tray bit."

"Had you been to church?" asked Mick, whilst the narrator paused to relight his cigarette.

"And as I looks at the 'tray,'" continued Carter, "I sez to meself, that'll get yer a counter lunch. Then I starts wishin' it wasn't a poor little orphan, so that I could get a smoke, too. Well, as I walks towards the pub, I sort of goes off the tucker cravin', so I sed to meself, yer can live a bit longer without a feed, but yer can't think right without a cigarette (and yer wantner to be able to think right when yer stiff), so I goes without the bloomin' feed and buys the fags instead."

"You did quite right, Carter, my boy. I know what it is to want a smoke badly," Dolly Grey exclaimed in his soprano voice, "and your experience reminds me of a thing that happened on the Peninsula."

"Does it, dear," chirped Mick.

Although Dolly was rather effeminate in his ways, he commanded a good deal of respect, especially from the men forming the reinforcements, as he had seen active service at Gallipoli, while they still awaited their baptism of fire. So when he promised a story, the new-comers eagerly awaited it, and curled themselves into comfortable positions, while O'Ryan mechanically drew towards himself a bottle of liquid delight from a plenteous supply in the centre of the tent.

"It was on the third day after we landed," began Dolly, and what makes the story so surprising is the type of man who was the hero of the adventure. He was a fellow named Wilson, and not at all the kind of man you would expect to find soldiering, let alone doing deeds of valour."

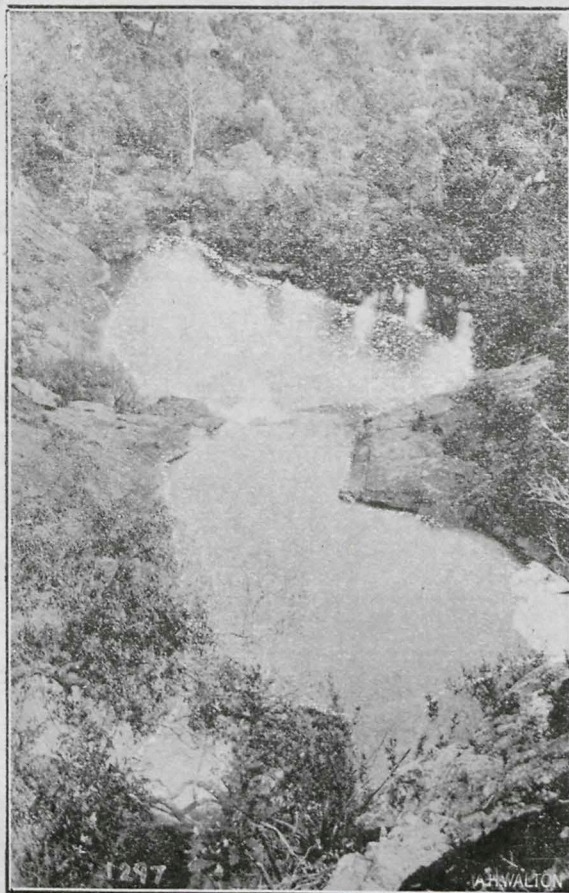
"You don't mean 'Spotty' Wilson," inquired "Comp."

"Yes, some of the fellows called him 'Spotty'; do you know him?"

"Do I what! Why it was me as gave him his monicker."

"He came along with the 2nd reinforcements," continued Grey, "and when we reached Lemnos, I rejoined the battalion, having previously been left behind sick. The boys told me Wilson had tried every stunt known to avoid going to the front. They said he had thrown a dummy! and tried the looney act; and later took such a fancy to the boat when we were going ashore under fire that his mates had to give him a little impromptu and unsolicited surf bathing to get him out of it.

"But, to get on with the tale. As I have said, it was on the third day, and we were nearly exhausted with fatigue, for few of us had had any sleep since we landed. You have heard what it was like on the first two days, the lying for hours in wet clothes, the false alarms, the ingenious ruses to trap us, the heartrending cries of the severely wounded, the monotonous repetition of the command to prepare to charge, the war cry of the Turks,



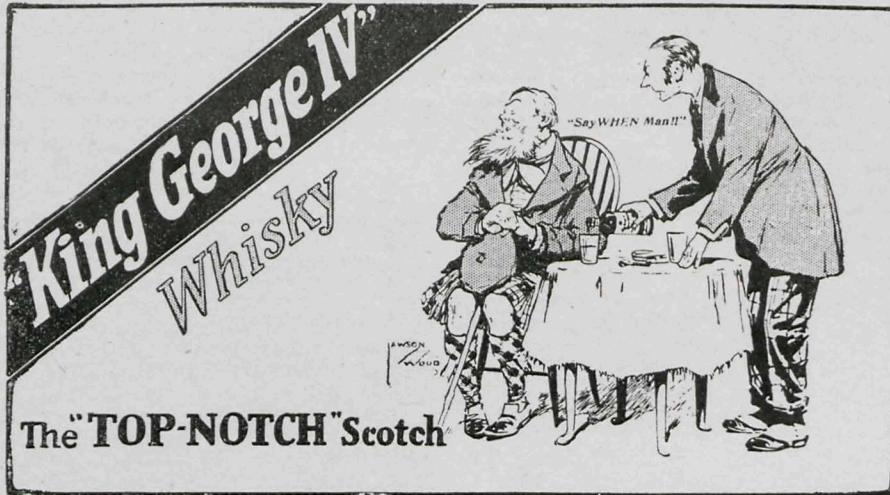
The Pool, Carrolup River, South West.

"Allah el-Allah," and the joyous reply of our fellows singing, "Australia Will be There." Well all this, of course, helped to keep us awake, and our minds from our weariness.

"But on the third day we felt a little more secure and —"

"Oh, yes," added Comp., "we were secure alright, but I'd felt a dashed sight safer in a submerged submarine."

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R. McCUTCHEON - Proprietor.

"Well," continued Dolly, "I was feeling all in, and could have gone to sleep where I was sitting, drowsily looking about, when this eyesore, Wilson, I mean, fell into the half-dug trench near me, shivering, and passing rude remarks about everything military.

"Well, he hadn't been whimpering there long when the order came to prepare to charge, as the enemy were advancing on our front, and were about to make an assault. This was not altogether unexpected, as we had been continually making sorties to keep them back. We had not long to wait this time, for we could see by the wavering of the scrub in front, that the Turks had crawled up pretty close.

"I looked at the miserable devil alongside me. He was still trembling.

"He didn't even have his bayonet fixed, and when I drew his attention to this important fact, he said: 'Good God! you don't expect me to stab a man with that.' I can't tell you how disgusted I felt.

"Well, just then the order came to get over and mix it with Jacko. Things were then merry for awhile, but it was short and sharp; the Turk is not a lover of cold steel—that is, applied to himself.

"Although we drove them back easily, and I myself came off with barely a scratch, there were a lot of our fellows less fortunate whom we had to leave where they fell, until a more favourable opportunity offered to get them in. Amongst them was Wilson's officer. Wilson himself I discovered when I got back, still crouching and trembling in the trench, which he had not left. He actually had the cheek to ask me for a cigarette as he was perishing for a smoke. It was evident that he did not care a hang if everyone else risked their lives, so long as he was safe.

"The charge had thinned our ranks more than I at first thought, for where I was there was a good six paces between the men where there had been but one before.

"I turned to Wilson and told him that his Lieutenant was lying wounded out in front, to see if the news could stir his manhood, but he only answered, "What rotten luck—he had a lot of fags, and there's not a dry one to be got along the line," and he looked as miserable as a bandicoot.

Presently, with a lull in the firing and my weariness making itself felt, I seized the chance to have a sit down. I glanced at the cur near me wondering drowsily whether he would ever be guilty of a manly action, and then I got the greatest surprise of my life. Through a sort of mist which suddenly surrounded me I noticed a startling change come over him. His trembling ceased, and he stood up firmly, grasping his rifle, as if suddenly re-incarnated. His eyes lost their usual fishy glare, and shone with the glint of determination; his face seemed to shed its sickly pallor, and become aglow with a courageous expression, like that of a man determined to do or die.

"I felt like one hypnotised, and could hardly keep my eyes off him. His jaw seemed to go out aggressively, he clutched his rifle still more firmly, and then, to my utter amazement, sprang out of the trench, muttering through his teeth.

"I can picture him now, so deep was the impression made in my mind at the time by this unexpected transformation.

"The surprise of it rooted me to the spot. I followed him——"

"Good on yer," applauded Mick.

"Keep quiet, and let me finish," went on Dolly. "As I said, when this galoot interrupted, I followed him, with my eyes, as he made his way down the slope in front of the trench. As he rapidly advanced, taking advantage of what cover was available, he managed without mishap to reach the little washaway where the wounded officer

was lying. He was about to give him a drink from his water bottle which, he had loosened, when, to my horror, an enormous Turk sprang out from behind some brush just behind him, and was almost on him before he became aware of his presence. Spotty turned and instantly side-stepped, as prettily as a professional pugilist, and only just in time to avoid what would otherwise have been a fatal bayonet thrust. The failure of the stroke threw the Turk off his balance, and quick as a flash Wilson seized the opportunity to swing the butt of his rifle, and with such force and accuracy, as to catch his enemy fair under the chin, lifting him off his feet.

"As the Turk fell 'Spotty' seemed to become intoxicated with the lust of war. He drove his virgin bayonet through the huddled figure with such barbarous ferocity that he pinned him to the ground.

"To give you an idea of the force of the blow he was unable to extract it without planting his foot on the chest of the expiring Turk, and even with this leverage he had some difficulty in regaining possession of his weapon. Whilst he was thus occupied a bullet carried his hat away. He quickly glanced in the direction from whence it came, and saw another of the enemy ten yards away, who, not troubling to shoulder his rifle at such short range, was about to fire from his hip. Instinctively Wilson fell flat on the ground, and the ball intended for him, went whistling overhead. Without hesitating a moment 'Spotty' sprang to his feet again, and wrenching his rifle clear of the corpse, he dashed at his fresh antagonist. The Turk, not having time to reload, and taken somewhat by surprise, as he really believed his bullet caused 'Spotty's' fall, struck at him with his rifle, but Wilson cleverly received the blow on his own weapon. Then they closed, and the natural instinct of man to return to Nature's weapons prevailed.

"Wilson's rifle lay on the ground a few feet away, where it had been knocked by the blow it parried, and his enemy's was locked between them, as they struggled to and fro for a death hold.

"So intent were we all, and the Turks also, watching the battle of these two, that the firing had practically ceased. One would have thought that the whole issue of the war depended on the result of the combat. As some poet chap once said, "Silence reigned supreme."

"Like when 'Old Tip' asked the boys who was in favour of closing the wet canteen," volunteered O'Ryan.

"The contest soon ended. 'Spotty,' by a trick he had learnt in the slums of his birth, succeeded in lodging his thumbs into his opponent's eyes, and thus forcing his head back. A quick dexterous snatch, and he had unfasted the bayonet of the Turk's rifle still wedged between them.

"The Turk meanwhile, with the cessation of the torturing pressure on his eyeballs, exerted his whole strength, and almost forced Wilson to the ground. When all seemed lost 'Spotty,' with a superhuman effort, the product of despair, momentarily freed himself from his would-be exterminator. The Turk immediately closed again, and met the point of his own bayonet with his throat. With a half-strangled 'Allah,' he sank to the ground, breathing his last, the blood gushing out from a gaping gash in his neck.

"Wilson picked up his rifle, rushed to our wounded officer, placed him across his shoulder, and came staggering up the hill. The burden was, however, too heavy for him, and he had to put it down to rest, taking cover in a shell crater, before he could hope to reach the trench.

"After resting awhile he was about to shoulder the officer again, when to our consternation he pitched for-



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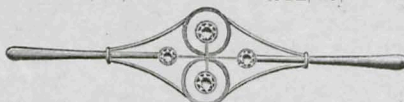
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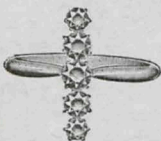
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w'd as if mortally hit, and disappeared from our sight behind some scrub.

"Strike me silly," said Mick; you ain't goin' to tell us they 'pinked' him after all."

"Wait a minute, Micky," answered Dolly with an engaging smile, "they didn't 'pink him' as you call it, but his troubles were not all over then. He had thrown himself forward to avoid being hit by a Turkish machine gun that had opened fire, and had commenced traversing towards him. He lay where he fell for a minute or two awaiting a lull. When this came he crawled to his comrade with the intention, we guessed, of making a dash for it; but at that moment a rifle butt whizzed past his head, striking the ground within an inch or two of his hand.

This was evidently too much for one of the reinforcements, who made an attempt to faint, but revived on smelling the contents of the bottle "Comp" pushed under his nose.

"Instantly," Dolly continued, "Spotty grabbed it, then jerked it from the hands of the astonished owner. This foe had crawled up the washaway that ran down the hillside.

"He was a picturesque spectacle, tall and broad, with a powerful, though cruel looking face, dissected by a huge grey moustache. He wore the uniform of that crack regiment the 'Garde O'Homan.'

"Well, as I said, 'Spotty' snatched the fellow's rifle, and with all the power he could muster, threw it back with smashing force right into his face.

"Some kid that," commented Mick.

"Then, without waiting to see the effect of his missile, picked up his officer, and half dragging and half carrying him, fell into the trench, pulling the wounded man after him:

"Cheer after cheer sounded along the line, and I, feeling too full of emotion to speak, quickly gripped the hand of Wilson, inwardly vowing I would never judge another man by appearances.

"Spotty" shook me off with scant ceremony, and forced some water down the now unconscious Lieutenant's throat. He immediately revived, and whispered painfully, "Ah, Wilson lad, I can hardly believe it. I shan't forget you, my boy, you have undoubtedly saved my life. I hope you will get what you have earned—a V.C."

"That's alright, sir," said Wilson, "don't say nothin' about that. I aint lookin' for glory. What I wants bad sir," he went on, tapping the officer's pockets, "is a fag."

"A cigarette, Wilson? yes, yes, in that bottom pocket," said the officer.

"Spotty" turned his previous practice at pocket picking to good account for he had those cigarettes out in the twinkling of an eye. He looked as happy as Larry as he placed one between his lips and lit it. Then ———

"Well, I reckon he was braver than a politician what would twist on conscription, and all just for a bloomin' smoke," said O'Ryan.

"O shut up, Mick," said Carter, "and lets hear what happened. Did he get anything for doing it, Dolly?"

"Well, as I was saying he had just lit his cigarette when there came an awful crash. I thought a Taube was up to its tricks. Everything appeared to totter. For a while I could not see, I crouched down. Lumps of earth were falling on my head and shoulders. Everything was pitch black. After a pause more earth fell.

Then a curious sensation appeared to grip me, and I seemed to hear a voice in the distance calling.

"Suddenly the atmosphere cleared, and I heard a voice quite distinctly. It said: 'Eh, matey, matey! wake up! Blime! wake up, and pass that flaming order along or I'll aim a bloomin' rock next time.'"

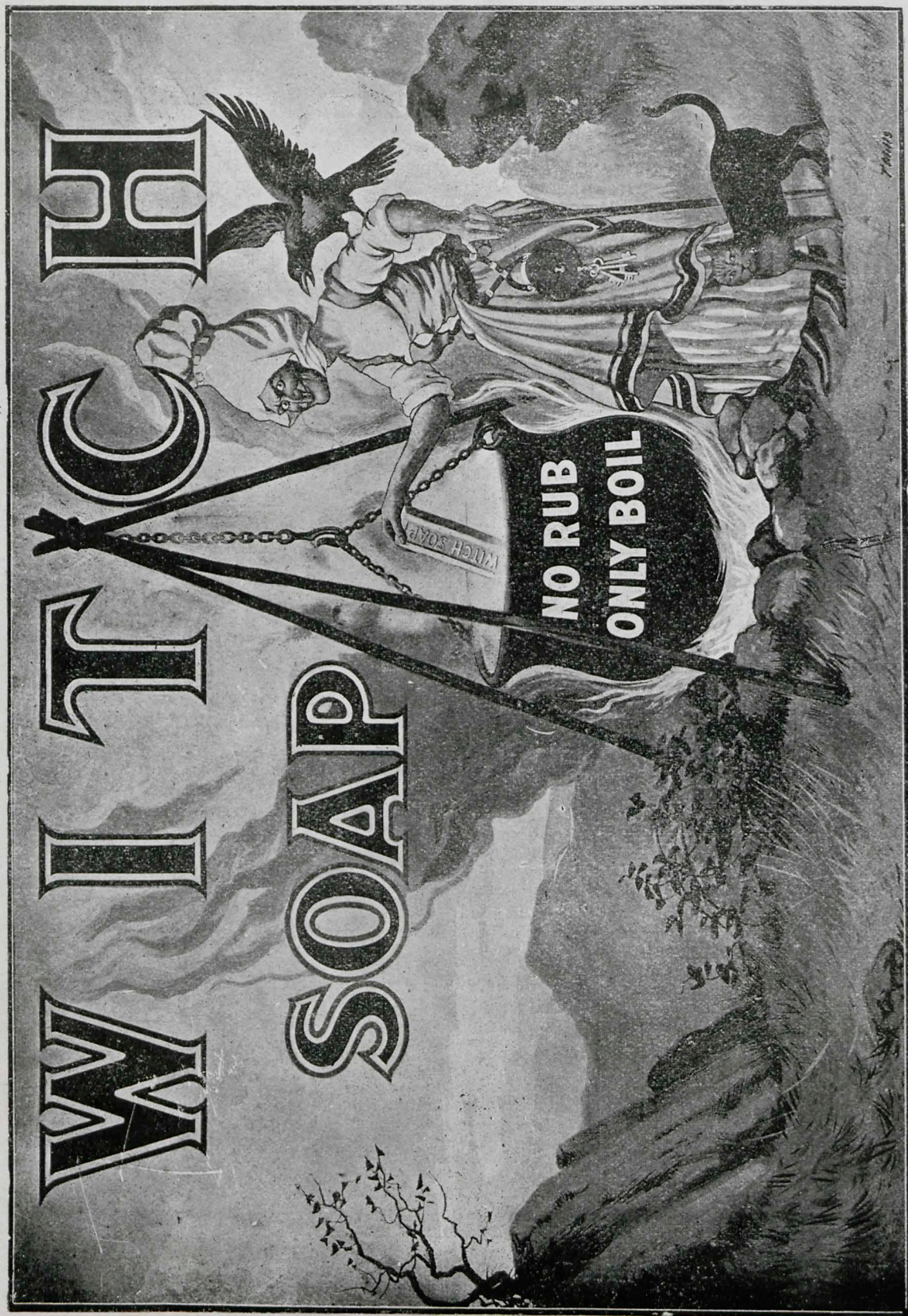
"What!" gasped "Comp" Carter, "you don't mean ——— Good Gord—you—you dreamt the lot of it? O!" he collapsed, "You ———, you ———! Here Micko, give us a hand!"

O'Ryan stood up.

Ten minutes later the stretcher-bearers, cursing at having had to leave their game of poker, might have been observed approaching that tent.



View from Mt. Falkiner, near Hobart.



Making a Mine.

Some Sidelights on Salting.

(By J.D.)

One of the biggest things in the way of an attempt to make a mine out of as barren a section of the planet as any part of the Cottesloe district, was that made some years ago to demonstrate that gold existed in the Darling Ranges. And just to show that an expert may be sent up by a more expert, it may be mentioned that the late F. C. B. Vosper pronounced the show "a possible." The stone was good, he said. Some of it was, no doubt, but the theorist was more easily gulled than the practical man. I got the story from the mate of the man who made the find—literally made it, for there was never a grain of gold came out of the show which he did not put into it as development proceeded. In brief, the prospector, while convalescing in Perth, discovered in the lumber room of the hotel (of which he had been given the run) the box of another prospector, who had failed to convalesce. His curiosity prompted him to go through it. He found a quantity of more or less good stone, and by the time he had quite recovered his health, the mine he was to discover had been located in the vicinity of Dandalup. He did not succeed in getting it off. In fact, he confided to me that, in view of the threatening possibilities, he considered he was lucky in getting himself off.

There are men in the State to-day who do not hesitate to say that one of the finest mines in Australia was floated as a "cat." And it was not till after the launch was affected that what was proposed to be got away with as a mud-heap, discovered itself as the makings of a mine. And it did make a mine, as its monthly output and magnificent deep developments continue to demonstrate. The sad part of the story is that only a few of those in the attempted swindle remained in the good thing into which it grew. The old saying, "There is honour among thieves," did not prove itself. Some of the first robbers made fortunes, and others of them did not get back what they had staked to work the great take-down. There was, however, no "salting" in this venture.

When Coolgardie was alive with Johnny experts there were some sweetly clever jobs put up by men who would demand to fight with wood axes across a wire fence if their integrity in any ordinary business of life were questioned—and the ordeal of the duel permitted. Dozens of stories of how the experts were dealt with have been told. One of these is as good as any of the others. At that time anything with a reef on it would sell, and buyers were bidding against one another for properties which did not show even that much of promise. That they were in fashionable localities, south or north or north or south extended or north or south extended No. 1 or 2 or 20 or nor'-east or sou'-west of something that was proved was accepted as proof of value. It was then that the "cat" was getting its claws into Brother Bull. Two men had a block in the vicinity of Bayley's, and as it was not good enough to work and hardly well enough located to sell, it had to be "corned." The difficulty was there had been no work done. There was no use in doing any for there was no more gold in the big, buck outcrop than there ever was of metallic tin in the face of a trip hammer. But there was no scarcity

of specimens—obtainable for any such laudable enterprise as selling a show. The prospectors got half a hundred-weight of good stone, after which they placed themselves in touch with a buyer. The next thing to do was to place him in touch with the mine. He knew a little of mining and sampled the reef, breaking a lot of stone for assay. This was placed in an ore bag and put in the buggy, where, in the guise of a bag of feed for the horses, was the parcel of good stone secured for the purposes of the intending vendors. To ring the changes on the bags was all these prospectors had left to live for. But there was no chance; the buyer had his feet on the bag, and Coolgardie was nearly reached before the man on the back seat fell out of the trap in a fit. The Johnny passed the reins to the other and jumped down to the assistance of the writhing pioneer. Though history is silent as to what followed, it must have been about here the bags were changed, and the buck reef stone became a bag of horse feed, and the good stuff was under the buyer's feet. For the assay was eminently satisfactory, and the sale, "at a fair price" as the *Miner* said, was effected that week.

As the show is still alive, and not by any means a duffer, it would not be fair to the prospectors to do more than present the story as it was given in 1896. A young man of one of the Eastern States, deciding that the proverb "If you never speculate you'll never accumulate" was not always reliable, since he had speculated and not accumulated, left for the West after his sentence was served. He drifted into mine dealing, and got hold of one of the showiest cats in the country. It yielded some fine surface stone, but promised to duffer out early. So it went to Brother Bull. Ten thousand pounds was the consideration and a number of shares. Then he got away some distance and waited to hear John yell. But there was not half a whimper. The reef *did* go down, the show went on the list of dividend-payers, the shares took on a value, and one of the blankiest thieves who ever forged his employer's name to a promise to pay had put up for him a reputation for integrity such as many men have laboured through a long lifetime to earn. And in some instances got it—at the hands of the monumental mason's carver.

But it was not always the prospector who scalped the guileless investor. Men got to be known in the early days of these fields quite as much by the companies they floated as by the company they kept. The exchanges of the Eastern metropolis were crowded at the end of the boom time by men with pockets full of rock, who would corner off citizens inclined to invest, and prattle away about the shows they had and the interests they held, and the hundreds of thousands they were going to make, who hadn't credit enough to obtain a packet of salts without the money, nor sufficient influence to get themselves kicked by a rich man's horse. Who is there does not remember the General Gordon float, for instance? The prospectors did not get much out of that little venture. Or the Plug Hill, which nearly sent the public up for big money? Or dozens of others out of which the prospectors, when there were any, got nothing, and the booblers made substantial punches?

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Mining.

Review of the Year's Operations.

DESPITE innumerable difficulties created by the war, Westralia's great mining industry has again established a meritorious record. Outside the immediate response to the call of the drum for men to fight in the ranks there has been the heavy drain of the call for skilled miners of all departments to keep the Miners Corps to its full strength. The result has been an all-round dearth of skilled mining labour—a dearth accentuated as the fourth year of war progressed. With this is associated enormous increases in the cost of every requisite used in mining. The strain on mining generally throughout the Empire is shown by the Imperial Government's official enquiry into the best means of stimulating gold and mineral production. Under prevailing conditions low grade mining which covers most phases of modern gold production has been almost impossible. That, despite these hindrances, the return for the year should show up so well is remarkable testimony to the resources of our gold-mining areas. For the ten months of 1918 the total gold return is officially recorded as 740,300 fine ounces, as compared with 814,750 ounces for the same period last year. While, with the restriction of prospecting entailed by war-time conditions, there have been no sensational finds or new areas opened up enough has been disclosed and reported to indicate widespread activity when normal circumstances prevail. Activities have been necessarily confined to local efforts, and in some instances gratifying results have followed. It is quite possible these efforts may be productive of the much discussed and long anticipated discoveries of extensions of the Golden Mile ore chutes both north and south. The pushing out of the lines and camps supplying firewood to the Golden Miles producers has led to the prospecting of areas otherwise inaccessible. Some highly auriferous belts of country have been shown to exist, and in more than one direction values have been such as to justify further work and exploration and hopes of substantial reward later on. In any case there has been no serious retrograde movement on any of the principal fields. As a matter of fact the Golden Miles is closing the year with brighter prospects in many directions. The parent mine of the field, the Great Boulder, has maintained a high standard, and latest reports show it is steadily maintaining its extraordinary record of ore proving better than estimates. Some fine developments in the lower levels of the South Kalgurli have brought new inte-

rest in the possibilities of the central ore channel of the ore belt. Values at the No. 15 level of the mine are showing one ounce over ore four feet wide at one point and an ounce and twelve dwts. over five feet of ore at another point. These gold contents will give highly payable results. The rich returns from several tributes, particularly that of the ground on the junction of the old Orova, Kalgurli and North Kalgurli companies areas have stimulated enterprise and local effort in many directions. The developments at the Westonia field have been fairly satisfactory, operations having been hampered largely by water troubles and the lack of foresight of company directors in not providing adequate mining facilities for work at depth. The field has been productive of so many surprises that it would be wrong to preclude their recurrence, and prospecting work being carried on under such difficulties as at present may, in the near future, fully justify itself. The lower grade mining areas have perforce had to go slow during the year. At many points, however, the self-reliance of prospectors—past the age limit to shoulder a rifle—have secured results which will secure widespread interest in more normal times. On the Murchison, the Meekatharra field has continued to provide good results, but the huge auriferous deposits around Wiluna and further afield have had to remain untouched. The demand for industrial metals has kept the lead mines around Northampton busy and stimulated prospecting in many directions, but here again the lack of labour has precluded any really comprehensive developments. Some rich finds of molybdenite have been recorded, and several areas pegged out. The searches into the curious auriferous kaolin deposits of Kanowna have revealed the existence in payable quantities of alunite. The high prices received for tin have kept the Greenbushes field active to the extent of the labour obtainable, and the same may be said of the gold and copper area at Ravensthorpe. A recent discovery is that of an extensive area of porcelain clay within a hundred miles of Perth, and the development of this will materially stimulate interest in the lesser regarded mineral possibilities of the State. Given a return to normal times, with a supply of skilled labour and supplies and accessories at reasonable cost, there is every prospect of a widespread revival in mining activity bringing with it many great rewards.

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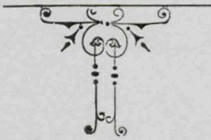
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Jerseys in Western Australia.—Mr. Wm. Padbury, of Guildford, W.A., is the principal breeder of Jerseys in Western Australia. The herd was started in earnest by an importation, direct from the Island of Jersey, of six heifers and one bull "Campaniles Noble" (a

chases of the best Guernsey females procurable, along with the well-known Guernsey bull, "Yarraview Gay Lad" to head the herd. This bull is well qualified to occupy the position he holds, as the progeny which are coming forward testify—a yearling gaining first in his

Garden Hill, Guildford.



"CAMPAILES NOBLE,"

By
Noble of Oaklands,
Dam,
Campanile 3rd.

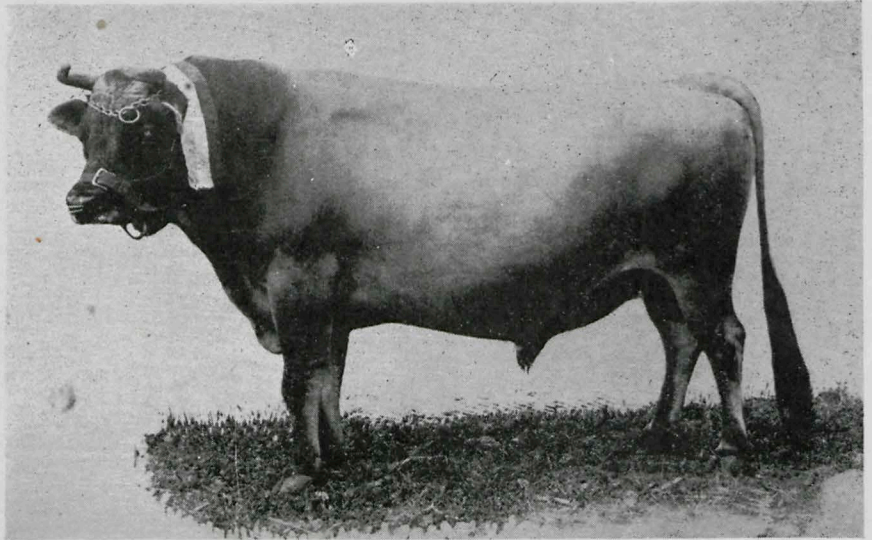


photo of this animal appears on this page), by Noble of Oaklands, dam Campanile 3rd, a noted cow on the Island at that time.

Later, to mate with the progeny of this importation, a purchase was made from Werribee Park, Victoria, of a bull "Audrey's Carnation Fox," by the imported bull "Carnation Fox," and then, in 1916, a further purchase was made from the herd of Samuel Hordern, Esq., of the bull, "Retford Magnet," sire Leda's Retford Pride, by Dinah Lad, dam Retford Kate 1st, by Matilda's Noble. So from the above one can see that

class, realising 100 guineas, by auction, at the Royal Show, Sydney, 1918.

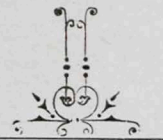
In **Sheep, English Leicesters** have been bred since 1912, the flock of Mr. H. Morphett, Glengrove, Kangarilla, S.A., having been bought out to start Mr. Padbury's flock. This was flock No. 30, the foundation of which was bred by A. S. Fotheringham, A.L.S.A. Flock No. 2, by the celebrated ram, "Navigator," and later the **Romney Marsh** breed has been added to Mr. Padbury's Sheep Department, special selections having been made from the famous flock of Captain A. E. T. Payne, Victoria.



this herd is full of the best and purest Jersey blood available.

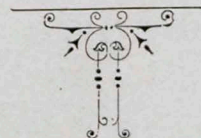
Holsteins and Ayrshires have also been bred by Mr. Padbury for some years back, and as lately as 1916, when in Sydney, this same breeder made a few pur-

Pig breeding is also a hobby of Mr. Padbury's, who can boast of having the finest piggeries in Western Australia, containing some of the best specimens of Tamworths, Middle Yorks, Large Blacks and Berkshires possible to bring together.



AYRSHIRES

From
Garden Hill, Guildford.
Sent to
Sydney Show, 1918.



The Pastoralists' Association of Western Australia

(INCORPORATED).

EXECUTIVE, 1918.

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Secretary: John Harry Noble, 18 Howard Street, Perth.

OBJECTS—THE OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION ARE:

1. To secure to the members all the advantages of unity of action.
2. To promote and protect the interests of Pastoralists and Stock-Farmers in all matters affecting the business of sheep and cattle breeding and wool growing and in the occupation and development of land for stock-farming and grazing purposes and other matters connected therewith, and to afford proper assistance to members in relation to the objects aforesaid.
3. To establish and maintain in such parts of the State as the Association shall from time to time determine one or more schools for the teaching of persons desirous of following the occupation of shearing by machinery.
4. To act in conjunction with other Unions or Associations of a similar nature in any part of Australia.
5. To enable the Association to affiliate with and to appoint representatives to any Union or Association in Australia.
6. To do all such other lawful things as the Association may deem to be incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

Attention is directed to the announcement of the Hawkhurst Stud Farm, York, appearing on pages 58 and 60 of this issue. It has to be noted that all Hawkhurst Clydesdales are registered in the Clydesdale Stud Book of Australia.

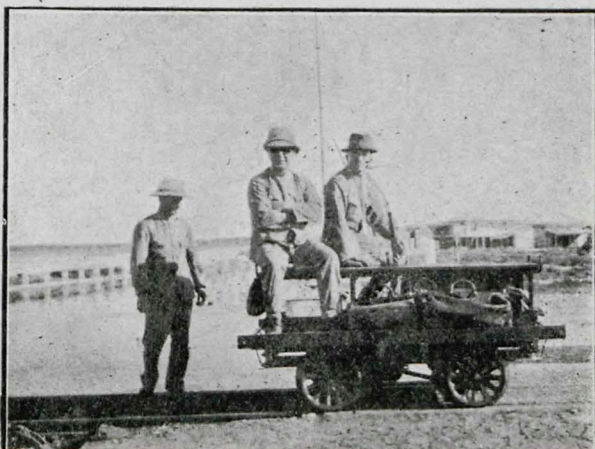
Goldfields, country and inter-State visitors are advised that the Oceanic Hotel, Cottesloe Beach, is now under entirely new management, and is open to receive guests. The Oceanic is spacious and pleasantly situated, with balcony all round; airy and well-lighted rooms, and is four minutes walk from Cottesloe Beach railway station towards the river at Mossman's Bay, with its boating and fishing facilities, and is also within eight minutes walk of the ocean. Terms moderate. Please note the address: Oceanic Hotel, Cottesloe Beach. W. G. Greenwell, Proprietor.

Of considerable interest to Western Australian breeders of sheep should be the fact that from this State (shipped by the "Dimboola" on the 26/9/18) Messrs. Henry Collins and Co., of Lucernedale, South Australia, have purchased a number of young breeding rams and ewes. Messrs. Collins and Co. have purchased from the well-known "Behn-Ord" Stud, Wagin, owned by Messrs. Connor, Doherty and Durack, Ltd., a number of young rams, ranging from 7 to 10, 30, 50 and 100 guineas, in addition to which they purchased 80 ewes. Up to the present, this State has every year purchased stud sheep from the Eastern breeders, and Mr. P. B. Durack, the managing director for the firm at Wagin, has been the most consistent buyer at the Sydney sales, and each year he has strengthened the "Behn-Ord" flock by the importation of stud rams and ewes from the well-known Haddon Rig flock, owned by Mr. F. B. S. Falkiner.

The Haddon Rig Flock is pure Wanganella blood, and is one of the leading merino flocks of Australia, founded on the pure bred Peppin-Rambouillet blood. The famous

"Dandie Dinmont," sold at the then record price of 1,550 guineas, and many other famous sheep were bred on Haddon Rig.

Mr. P. B. Durack now has the satisfaction of seeing breeders from the Eastern States coming West for their new blood. The "Charon" on 26th September, also carried 180 rams from the "Behn-Ord" flock to Messrs. Forrest Bros. for their properties in the North-West. This once again proves that Western Australia can, when sufficient care and attention is given, hold her own with the Eastern States in any industry which may be established.



The District Medical Officer of Port Hedland starting for Marble Bar, 110 miles, on his Motor Lorry.

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