

The

Fields 'Figaro'

Edited by Wallace Nelson.

Volume 1.

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Number 7.



“Fair maid,” I asked, “what dost thou read,
 Come say, I’d like to know it,
 Some splendid poem written by
 Some high-souled, soaring poet?”

“Nay, gentle sir,” the maid replied,
 “I scorn the bard’s devices,
 ■■ What interests me most just now
 Are Alexander’s prices.”



James Paton, long connected with the "Hobart Clipper," a bright and caustic little paper, with as many libel actions as the "Sun" in its fighting days, is now hustling round in Perth for the proposed new Labour paper — the "Democrat."

Tom Tunncliffe, the newly-elected Labour member for West Melbourne (Dr. Maloney's old seat) is an intellectual and enthusiastic Socialist. His contributions were at one time a notable feature in Melb. "Tocsin." With Anstey and Elmslie (both returned to the Vic. Parliament at last elections) he founded the Victorian Labour Federation (since merged in the Co-operative Commonwealth), an organisation which proposed to utilise the three-fold forces of unionism, co-operation, and Labour politics, in order to bring about Socialism. Men of Tunncliffe's stamp are badly wanted in the West Australian Labour Party.

Not generally known that Montague Miller, the veteran Socialist, was at one time a lay lecturer on physiology. In Perth, more lately, he proposed giving an address on the scientific view of conscience, under the striking title of — "The man without a conscience." An officious friend, naturally thinking that the title could refer only to one man, solemnly warned him against attacking Chamberlain! Miller gave the lecture — but not under that title.

It is said that ex-Senator Glassey is going to try his fortune in Queensland State politics. He should save himself the trouble. Glassey is a very ordinary sort of person, who imagined he was somebody in particular, and who fell accordingly.

Deakin, more from fear of public opinion than anything else, has decided to support Seddon's protest against yellow labor being imported to work the Transvaal mines.

Tom Mann says he will either go into business in Victoria or return to Europe.

A writer in the "Home Journal" tells the story of a man named Turner who spells his name "Phtholognyrrh," and justifies the spelling as English as follows: — "Phth," there is the sound of "t" in "phthis"; "olo," there is the "ur" in "colonel"; "gn," there is the "n" in "gnat"; "yrrh" is the sound of "er" in "myrrh." Now, if "Phtholognyrrh" doesn't spell "Turner," what does it spell?

The first issue of the "Southern Cross Times" under the editorship of Mr. C. Collins, has just reached us. It is full of variety, vigor, and individuality, and is exceedingly readable. The mining information is full and up-to-date, and altogether the "Southern Cross Times" should flourish exceedingly.

"Bulletin" says Ada Crossley's appearance scores even more effectually than her singing. She is not a beauty, but she is unquestionably a most seductive woman.

Miss Crossley saves up all the begging letters that flood her room when at a given place to amuse herself by reading them on her train journeys.

The Deakin Government cannot possibly carry on in the present condition of parties. In all probability a coalition is inevitable.

Senator Pearce thinks a coalition will be formed between Federal Ministerialists and Oppositionists before the meeting of Parliament.

George Reid says that had he to begin life again, he would be a parson. Great scope for Yes-noism in the pulpit.

In the new political situation Kingston may play a big hand. A coalition between Labor and Liberals under Kingston is by no means impossible.

It is again rumored that Sir John Forrest intends to give up Federal for State politics. Big John would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven — would rather, that is, be a giant in W.A. than a pigmy in the Commonwealth.

Senators Stewart and Turley have gone to New Zealand to study the effects of socialistic legislation. They will, no doubt, be amazed to find that capital persists in staying in that country despite the fact that Conservatives have over and over again demonstrated that it ought to fly away in disgust.

The "Worker" (Q.) suggests that the Queensland Labor Party next elections should lead the way in sex equality by nominating a woman candidate for the Senate along with Higgs and Dawson. "Figaro" regards the idea as an excellent one.

Huxley wrote to a friend in 1863: — "I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror, that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal — at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying." Now that Huxley is dead that little matter gives him no trouble. Death only troubles living men — dead ones seem to get used to it.

Robert Owen once asked a boy who worked in the coal mines of Lancashire if he knew God. "No," said the boy. "He must work in some other mine. There ain't no God in the mine where I work."

Texas Green has scored a victory in connection with his refusal as one of the trustees of the Kalgoorlie United Friendly Societies, to sign a lease of the old hall to Japs. After formally resigning he was re-elected by 13 votes to five.

A member of "Figaro's" staff fainted in Hannan-street last Monday. He met a man who wasn't a candidate for Parliament.

Mayor Keenan and Jack Boileau were school mates and their respective fathers bosom pals.

Botha the great Boer general, is one of the greatest champions of white Labor in South Africa. His noble conduct puts thousands of British pro-Chows to shame.

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Chapple's motion for the erection of a theatre or town hall was defeated by ten votes to two. Council evidently thinks cleanliness in the back lanes preferable to a flash theatre in a front street.

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Czar of Russia is sincerely in favor of peace, but is a mere puppet in the hands of others. Kings and emperors are not nearly so powerful as they appear.

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Ada Crossley's concerts were very successful. Unfortunately a lot of stupid people went almost insane over her. Certain persons should not take such elaborate pains to prove themselves asses—the fact is well-known.

* * *

Minister Gregory formally opened a public battery at Menzies the other day. Shortly, if report speaks truly, he will have to face another sort of battery there in the near future.

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A. E. Mann, the Government analyst, says the liquor sold in the State is none so dusty. Says tasters ought to be appointed by Government. "Figaro" knows hundreds of men who would perform the duties of this office with a zeal and devotion absolutely unparalleled in the history of the civil service.

Ada Crossley has a superb physique. If she had not been a great singer she would have made a magnificent washer-woman.

* * *

Asbury Caldwell, the pastor of Kalgoorlie Congregational Church is a Yankee. He is one of the most broad-minded and truly Christian men in this district. He is also a good democrat, an ardent Home Ruler, and a good fellow all round.

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Jack Boileau, of this town, in spite of the fact that he is an ardent B-o hemian, is said to be descended from an ancient aristocratic French family.

* * *

The "Spectator" says that the "Herald" has added an extra letter to Sir John Forrest's "appellation." The "Spec-

tator" makes up for this by robbing appellation of an "l." This may be a small matter, but it makes an "l" of a difference.

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Wheatley is going to try to oust Moran at the next election. Perhaps Moran he can manage.

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E. A. Harney is likely to oppose Illingworth at Cue. A Laborist ought to have no difficulty in slipping in between them.

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Gardiner retires from politics after the elections. Says it pays him better to mind his own business.

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It is said Spencer, the philosopher, advised Japan to keep foreigners at arm's length. Just what Australia does—and rightly too.

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In a recent English election the Free-trade Liberal beat badly the Protectionist. A knock to Artful Dodger Joe.

Laurier opposed to Canada interfering in South African affairs. Pity he didn't take that view before.

* * *

The further I get from youth the more I appreciate it; wisdom, I see, does not compensate for the loss of enthusiasm.—Bishop Westcott.

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The journalistic class at the City of London School for boys is, writes a contemporary, rather badly in want of pupils. At the present time there are only ten boys in the class, so that the chances of winning a £400 travelling scholarship are only ten to one against any one of them. It is said that the founders are beginning to discover that parents are not enamoured of journalism as a profession for their sons, and that journalists, like poets, are born, not made.

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"Women are such a worry, I wonder why God made them. Men get on much better alone." "They are useful, of course, to people who want to be born." —Mrs. W. K. Clifford, in "Mere Stories."

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In connection with Chamberlain's Preferential Trade Proposals, London "Daily Mail" recently organised a referendum on its own account, giving prizes ranging from £1000 or £1 a week

for life, to £1 for the most successful canvassers. The poll resulted in favor of J.C.'s scheme.

* * *

The experience of 1869-77 has shown that the large admission of Labor as an element of the constituencies has given us Parliaments more alive to its just interests, but in no respect disposed to trespass on the rights of the non-laboring classes.—Gladstone.

* * *

Ted Findley, recently elected Labor Senator in Victoria, is not only one of the brainiest men in the Victorian Labor movement, but is also one of the neatest and best-dressed men in Melbourne. Usually Labor men take little—perhaps too little—interest in their personal appearance.

* * *

W. A. Trenwith, who headed the Senate poll in Victoria, has the honor of being practically the only Victorian politician who has waged a vigorous and successful fight against the unscrupulous David Syme of the "Age," a journal whose influence has for some time been on the decline.

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When the Kalgoorlie to Boulder railway was first opened there was no station or shelter of any kind at Hannan street. Geo. Addis, Jack Baillie, Reynolds of the Grand Hotel, and some others promptly erected a wood and iron building, and kept a canvas bag filled with water for the convenience of the ladies. The gents used to save their thirst until they reached the Grand.

* * *

It is said that to attain proficiency in the game of golf requires either the exercise of a great deal of self-control or of exclamations which would hardly fall like music on polite ears. Ardent lovers of the game fiercely deny this statement, but a recent happening seems to prove that there is some truth in it. The story is told that Australia's only general—Hutton—was flattered to find quite a crowd of strangers following him round the links one day. "I hope," he said, gallantly, "that I shall play well enough to reward you." "Oh, it isn't that, general," rejoined one. "We don't care a hang about your game; we came out to listen!"

ORIENTAL HOTEL,

Hannan Street,
Kalgoorlie.

Proprietor, E. M' Morrow, late of the Goldfields Hotel.

Superior accommodation.

Best of Liquors, Best of Cigars, Best of Meals.



My Favorite Poems.

I love my Shakespeare very well,
I love my Milton, too,
And Wordsworth soothes my very soul
With music sweet and true.
Yet truth to tell—O call me not
A vain, conceited elf—
The little poems I love the best
Are those I write myself.

The Crossley Reception.

Mayor Keenan is a bold man. He can face the stern judge on the bench without a quiver; he can face a roaring mob with a smile of cynical contempt. But he can't face Ada Crossley. At the reception the other day the vivacious contralto seemed to completely overwhelm Kalgoorlie's mayor, causing him to depute the duty of introducing her to the assembled guests to the town clerk. There can be no question that Hawkins did the duty excellently.

He rattled off the names of the various guests as if he were reciting the items list of an auction sale, while he playfully twirled his well-known moustache, which has, indeed, become a sort of local institution, and may be safely reckoned with the assets of the municipality. Meanwhile Ada beamed like a streak of superior sunshine, and chattered and chortled to all and sundry as if she had known them for at least a couple of centuries. It was soon apparent that Ada required no aid from the male person who, headed by the mayor, fled to the adjoining refreshment room and drowned his confusion in strong drink.

A Good Memory.

A writer in a certain weekly deplores the general lack of memory among men and women. For my part I think the general power of memory is exceptionally strong. Leastwise, I know a good many persons with such extraor-

dinary memories that they have not the slightest difficulty in distinctly remembering events that never took place.

Keen Sense of Humor.

The other day in the police court a witness described the "Star" as an evening comic paper:

The keenest wit that ever lived
I venture to declare,
For he can spy with unerring eye
The joke that isn't there.

She Never Wept a Weep.

According to a certain weekly, Miss Ada Crossley devotes all her spare time to weeping different sorts of weeps for advertising purposes. Ada, we are informed, makes more out of her tears than out of her singing; in fact, it is suggested that every tear is worth a tenner. Strange to say, however, during her short visit to Kalgoorlie Ada was not observed even once to go into the melting mood.

I saw her at the station when
The train came rushing in—
The wretch who traffics in her tears,
And pipes the eye for tin.
Alas, my disappointment was
Both very keen and deep,
For Ada never sighed a sigh,
Nor wept a single weep.

And when the crowd pressed round
about,

In good Australian style,
I nearly fainted on the spot,
For Ada smiled a smile.
Since tears are very precious, and
Mere smiles are very cheap,
She lost at least a tenner by
Just leaving out that weep.

I saw her at the theatre, and
It nearly made me hiss,
For while the audience wildly cheered,

She winked and threw a kiss.
Oh, naughty Ada Crossley, you
Have knocked me in a heap.
You smile just like an angel when
You're booked to groan and weep.

I'd give fair play to high and low,
I hate the cynic's sneer,
I do not blame the victim when
The dampfools yell and cheer.
And after all the snobbish crowd
Who cringe to king and earl
Might do a great deal worse than cheer
A home-bred mulga girl.

A Miracle Defined.

A correspondent requests me to give him a definition of a miracle. I can best answer his question by telling him a story. An inquisitive Irishman was always pestering his priest for a definition of a miracle. The Father, however, was no metaphysician, and always evaded the query. One day the inquisitive one was more importunate than usual. "Will you define a miracle?" he roared. "I will," said the priest, at last; "turn round, and I'll soon let you know what a miracle is." Pat turned round, and the father kicked him with considerable force on the hind quarters, exclaiming, "Do you feel that?" "By the Lord, I do," was the agonized answer. "Well, then," said the priest, "it would have been a miracle if you hadn't."

A New Disease.

Scientific men have at last demonstrated that laziness is a disease. I frankly confess that I am very pleased to learn of this wonderful discovery. For years my friends have called me a confounded loafer; I am naturally pleased to be able to assure them that I am only a confirmed invalid. I trust that an enlightened Government will soon see its way to establish hospitals throughout the country for the victims of this fell disease — hospitals in which they will be permitted to enjoy every luxury, while they heroically await their approaching end. No doubt, the experiment will be a costly one, for the disease is universal, and its action — like that of its victims — is exceedingly slow. Still, science has spoken, and humanity must obey. I gaze into the

LOOK OUT FOR PARSONS' XMAS FAIR.

XMAS CARDS PARSONS' ARCADE XMAS CARDS

The Home of Father Christmas. The Cole's Book Arcade of W.A. Stationers, Booksellers, Fancy Goods.

future, and can see great rows of unhappy victims lying placidly on white beds, while gentle dames laden with flowers and delicacies pass from bed to bed, smiling compassionately, and asking how each patient is getting on. I can even see the unhappy victim shaking his head with great solemnity, and saying with absolute truth: "Madam, my case is hopeless; I am here for life." Frankly, I long for that happy time. As soon as the hospitals are established and amply furnished with the necessary delicacies, I will cease to put up a useless struggle against the inroads of the terrible malady to which I refer, but will enter a hospital at once, and patiently wait — even if it be for forty years — my ultimate dissolution. I may be stricken with an incurable disease, but thank Heaven, I know how to bear it with fortitude and courage.

The New Poetry.

John Davidson, in a recent poem, says:

Tee-oo, tee-oo, tee-oo-ooo-too,
Tsee, tscatsy, pitsirruurst,
Coo-orr-orr, ptksooa, coo-roo-true,
Tsatsoo, dlodlizidurst.

We have much pleasure in enthusiastically supporting Mr. Davidson's contention. We always said so ourselves, and are glad to find that the opinion is gaining ground.

When Scot Meets Scot.

Alas, "Figaro's" editor has been defeated in the municipal contest. He simply wasn't in it from the jump. His opponent, McLeod, is a braw Scotch laddie, who, when dressed in the kilt, is the envy of men and the admiration of women. Our poor editor is absolutely nobody in comparison. Of course, he admits that he has been honorably defeated, but in self-vindication he says: "It wasn't McLeod's brains that beat me—it was his legs." If the two Sandys had been compelled to walk down Hannan-street in kilts, Nelson would have got no votes at all, and, in addition, would have been apprehended for having no visible means of support.

COASTAL CARPINGS.

Parliament has prorogued, and the community breathes easier. The session just closed may stand on record as the Senseless Session. For sheer inanity, time-wasting, recrimination, and brawling episodes which would disgrace a low pub, it is without precedent, even in Westralia. It is to be hoped that the electors have taken note of the chief offenders, and that at the forthcoming elections the dreary Wallace, the pig-headed Piggott, the insufferable Thomas, and the ruffianly Moran, will receive their quietus. So many members of the present Parliament were manifestly destined by Nature to hold forth to admiring groups in way-back bar-rooms, and were, by the hand of chance or their own outrageous vanity, untimely thrust into this breathing world of politics. Away with the pothouse politicians, and let us have men of a higher type!

There is to be no dissolution after all. James escaped that alternative by an ignominious back-down. He had the opportunity of sweeping the country with the cry of "The people versus the Legislative Council," but he thrust it from him. He preferred safety and ease to labour and the certainty of a glorious triumph. The Council scores on every point. The reformed Constitution is thrown into the waste paper basket, and the Electoral Act and Redistribution of Seats Act are emasculated. Hackett gets his way and James gets his holiday—division of spoil. What could be fairer?

The Crossley boom and the heat wave are rising together. A farewell concert at moderate prices was announced for Wednesday, but so great was the rush for tickets that the management decided to give another concert on Thursday at the same rates. The arrangements for booking seats were scandalously inefficient. Though a big rush was expected, no efforts were made to

cope with it. The methods of the people in charge of the booking were as primitive as the cookery of any Esquimo. Long before the time advertised for the opening of the box plan an excited, perspiring crowd crushed and trampled and swore at one another on the foot-path. The section of the crowd that didn't swear wildly brandished parasols, and demanded where were the police? Inside, in the cool, roomy showroom, which could have comfortably held the entire crowd, a few people leisurely booked tickets. Two brawny men in shirt sleeves, with their arms locked across the door, barred the portal to this Paradise, and permitted only two or three dishevelled battlers to enter at a time. The spectacle was for all the world like that of sheep being rounded up for the "dip." By and bye the public will get tired of fighting for hours in a broiling street for the privilege of paying extortionate prices for a concert or a comic opera, and then, perhaps, the entrepreneurs will adopt business-like methods of booking.

The unionists on the coast, after vaguely talking for years of starting a Labour paper, have at last taken practical steps in that direction. Senator Pearce has been the prime mover in the matter, and he has secured the cooperation of all the best known unionists and labour men on the coast. Thanks to Pearce, who is a hustler when he starts, the project is now fairly under way. A company has been formed, and the unions are taking up shares at a lively rate. The paper is to be called the "Democrat," and is to be published weekly at 3d. The proposal seems to be to run it much on the lines of "Figaro" — that is to say, not as a purely Labor paper, but as a popular and democratic journal. This shows horse-sense on the part of the promoters, for coastal unionism is not strong enough to support a paper run entirely in its interests, and even if it were, a purely unionistic paper would be so unacceptably dreary that even the unionists would not read it. It does not seem

Kinninmont and Osborn, Gentlemen's Outfitters.

COMPLETE STOCK OF HIGH-CLASS MERCERY, HATS, TIES, ETC.

NO ANCIENT FASHIONS.

EVERYTHING MODERN.

Miner's Institute, Next P.O., Hannan Street.

to be sufficiently realized as yet, that to have any chance of success the paper must be run on business lines and win a way on its merits. The tendency at present is to overload the committee with prominent unionists and politicians. These may be good fellows and loyal to the cause, but most of them have very elementary notions of conducting a newspaper. However, if the promoters shake themselves free from this delusion, the paper will no doubt come on deck and have a prosperous career.

Kalgoorlie Racing Club

SUMMER MEETING.

Wednesday and Saturday, March 16 and 19, 1904.

1500 Sovs. ...STAKES... 1500 Sovs.

Programme:

FIRST DAY.

Kapai Hurdle Race. $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles 100 sovs.

Flying Handicap. 5 furlongs, 100 sovs.

Kalgoorlie Handicap. 1 mile, 200 sovs.

Miners Purse. 6 furlongs, 100 sovs.

Welter Race. (Min. weight 9st.), 6 furlongs, 85 sovs.

Stewards' Plate. 7 furlongs, 125 sovs.

SECOND DAY

Karalee Hurdle Race. 2 miles, 115 sovs.

Grandstand Handicap. 6 furlongs, 100 sovs.

Federal Stakes. 5 furlongs, 100 sovs.

Summer Cup. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 300 sovs.

Jumpers' Flat Race. (Min. weight 9st.), 1 mile, 75 sovs.

Farewell Handicap. 7 furlongs, 100 sovs.

Nominations due on or before Monday, 29th February, at 9 p.m.

Full particulars from programme and race calendar.

C. W. CROPPER, Sec.

Miscellaneous Mining.

The revelations made during the prosecution of Anthony Stanley Rowe, late partner of Bewick, Moreing, and Co. doubtless came as a shock to many people. That a firm who were bidding for, and had already been entrusted with, the management of numerous financial and mining propositions, entailing the administration of much money, and whose chief qualification (or one of the chief) should be unimpeachable honesty, should take into partnership a man whom they must have known was a once-convicted thief, and who, less than ten years previously, had had to leave England to escape further imprisonment for a like offence, should be enough to destroy the confidence of shareholders in any of the concerns under the firm's control. But the occurrence does not seem to have destroyed this confidence. Instead, new managements are being entrusted to the firm, and more concerns placed under their control. Shareholders apparently think that when connected with mines and mining, any firm or individual is likely to go wrong, and that things do not really matter — it is all a gamble and a game of chance. Also, Algernon Moreing is making good the amount of Rowe's defalcations, and it is not every firm who is in a position to do this.

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Bendigo's gold yield amounted last year to 233,915 oz., that district's biggest output since 1876. The dividend record, £322,410, was the highest since 1882 and represents £1 7s 5d distributed for every ounce won. Since '51 the total production of the district amounts to 14,479,425 oz.

For 1903 the mines in this State paid 16s 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d per oz. of gold won.

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Menzies and Kennedy's (formerly Menzies and McNalty's) claim on the Oversight Lode, Bulong, has been the most productive quartz claim ever pegged in W.A. Up to date 4000 oz., worth £16,000, have been won from this small bit of ground by the lucky owners, who are confident of getting many thousands more out of it. They recently bought up the claims immediately around them, and have now converted

their holding into a lease. The other "bests" in their respective classes are: — Alluvial claim, the Klondyke, Kowna leads, which yielded over £50,000; and among leases the Great Boulder holds pride of place.

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Eight years ago the now manager of the Fimiston Hotel was offered the Ivanhoe mine for £20,000 cash and a share. His principals, the long-defunct British Prospecting Co. would have nothing to do with the venture, however, in spite of his strenuous recommendations. Now the share value of the property is some £2,500,000, beside which the £20,000 asked wears an air of paltriness somewhat akin to the ordinary schoolgirl's muslin outfit beside an Ada Crasley concert costume.

* * *

Queen Margaret, it appears is about to revert to working the mine with wages men. The new manager has stopped the letting of tributes, and — with the usual human vanity — seems to think that he knows more than his predecessors as to how to make the property pay. He also proposes sinking a new main shaft to test the lode at a greater depth. Taking all the known facts into consideration, this seems a sheer waste of shareholders' cash. The present shaft is down 600ft., and the patches which were fairly close together at the surface — no gold has ever been found except in patches on the hanging wall — have become fewer and farther apart as each succeeding level has been reached. And it can easily be conceived that by the time the 1000ft. level is reached they will be so far apart as to be quite unfindable. It will pay the co. to let the tributors continue, and to give up all hopes of making a mine of the show.

* * *

Kalgorli is said to be obtaining its best ore right on the North Kalgorli boundary, at about the 1000ft. level. The latter mine should strike this make of stone — when the directors agree to serious and systematic development.

Broken Hill Aerated Water Works.

O'Donnell and Dempsey
Proprietors.

Absolutely the Best Aerated Waters and
Cordials in the District.

Why spend Money in New Clothes
when you can get the Old Suit
Cleaned or Dyed?

Goldfelds Dye Works, Corner HANNAN
& PORTER Sts.

Amusements and Amusers.

By "Trombone."

The supremely melodious Ada Crossley has come and gone, but her vivacious and engaging personality will linger in the memory of her Kalgoorlie audiences. Charming, on the platform and off, characterised by an unaffected camaraderie of disposition, she has demonstrated beyond doubt that it is possible to pass through the ordeal of general lionising and incessant adulation, which is the lot of a great singer, and yet remain unspoiled.

Australians have an ineradicable objection to what they call "side" or "frill." They have welcomed with the sincerest delight this countrywoman of theirs who came back to them a great vocal artiste, but yet in simple and human fashion just one of themselves.

Too often are we treated to the spectacle of returned Australians aping the shallow supercilious affectations of an old-world aristocracy — an aristocracy having a pronounced incapacity for viewing the facts of life with any degree of sanity and a remarkable ability for the display of every worldly advantage but that of brains. Truly it is a pleasure to meet Australian-born people who are not ashamed to be Australian.

"Orpheus" writes: Miss Ada Crossley, great artiste as she undoubtedly is, must consider herself indeed fortunate in having two packed houses at Her Majesty's Theatre, at the exorbitant prices charged. Those who wished to hear her were compelled to pay no less than 12s 6d each for what were certainly the best seats in the stuffy hall where she and her small coterie performed, while the prices for the "barn" and "dog-box" were respectively 7s 6d and 3s. In this instance, the management

took the cake for high prices; previous best was on the occasion of the Dolores Newell concerts when 10s. was the top figure. Taking the two combinations into comparison, that in which Madame Trebelli's daughter was the star was certainly the greater treat from a musical point of view. At Dolores' concerts one never tired of a single item given by the only vocaliste, while Mr. Clarence Newell's efforts on a concert grand were genuine treats.

At the Crossley concerts, what did we get for our admission money? The star (who, by the way, is not a pure contralto) sang a number of items each night. Miss Crossley, since her departure for England and the Continent about nine years ago, has not improved greatly in intonation, but she has, by careful practice, obtained perfect command in the "sotto voce" style of vocalisation. Her voice, which in reality is a full, deep mezzo-soprano, is one of those seldom heard, but as before mentioned, it cannot be classed as one of the Clara Butt character. As a general rule oratorio music for contraltos is rarely written below the G, and it is doubtless the reason "Our Ada" has achieved such distinction at the Leeds and other musical festivals in England.

I had the pleasure of hearing Miss Crossley's truly fine voice when in Melbourne about ten years ago, when, with the exception that she now has more command of her vocal organs, the famed mentors in Europe have not been able to improve it greatly. As a matter of fact, her vocalisation is perfect, and although not a "deep" singer, her manner and stage presence makes one want to hear her frequently — but not at 12s 6d per visit. Mr. Peterkin's appointment to accompany Miss Crossley

on her tour here was a very wise one, as that gentleman, who has a basso-cantante of beautiful quality, is one of the very few visitors we have had lately who sing dead in tune, and who eschew that intolerable tremolo or rubato, so much affected by modern vocalists, especially of the Italian school. He is, however, by no means a robust bass, as one of the goldfields papers describe his voice.

Young Percy Grainger (who, if his auburn hair had a few waves in it, would resemble a "pocket" Paderewski) did very well under the circumstances in his solos. The "circumstances" alluded to were that it was a downright shame to ask a pianoforte soloist to play on a cottage piano, with a muffled tone such as the one supplied by this high-priced combination had. What a difference in this particular at the "half-sov." concerts of Dolores, when a 200-guinea concert grand was brought up from Perth expressly by her manager.

Violinist Jacobs was attacked with too much ennui to put much fire into his playing, and he was by no means a worthy fractional part of the combination. A word of praise, however, is due to Herr Scharf, who put great spirit into his work, and played all the accompaniments — on the muffled concert piano — very tastefully. To sum up, the concerts were certainly genuine pleasures to the large number who patronized them, but by no stretch of imagination could it be said they were worth the atrociously high prices charged. To give 12s 6d each night, in a starchy atmosphere, to listen to even the best combination that ever appeared in Australia, would be too much, and the sooner the prices, even of such undoubtedly fine artistes as the Crossley combination was composed of, are considerably reduced, it is no wonder that so many hundreds of Kalgoorlieites on each night were content with "sparrows' seats," i.e., outside the hall, where they

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could at least hear, if they could not see the auburn-haired cantatrice and her more or less talented satellites.

There is a possibility of the Boulder Amateur Dramatic combination paying a visit to Kalgoorlie on February 3 and 4.

Williamson's Comic Opera Company on 2nd April will in all probability descend upon Kalgoorlie playgoers — not like the wolf on the fold — but like a gay company of woodland nymphs bursting in upon the dreariness of a dull church service. This locality always supports a good show, and always extends a great welcome to a management which is proof against the temptation to regard any rickety-rackety troupe and old-rag-bone-and-bottle scenery as good enough for the gold-fields.

Bert Royal, one of the most trusted managers for Williamson's will take charge of the Ada Crossley concert troupe at Perth, for the South African tour. Bert Royal is an old hand at the business, and will be sure to make things hum among the Kaffirs and the Chows — if there are any of the latter there yet.

The dramatic representation of *East Lynne* by the Boulder amateur tragedians assisted by some of the members of the Cremer comedians, was greeted with really good houses on Wednesday and Thursday nights. On Thursday the various members of the Boulder Dramatic Club were much more at home with their letterpress than on the previous night, although the insinuating voice of the prompter — sometimes rising to an exceedingly "solid" whisper — intruded itself in passages otherwise destitute of any comic element.

But it was not only amateurs whose limping gait had to be assisted over rocky places. Even so old a "stager" as Brandon Cremer did not disdain a helping hand — he took it in one case with an audible smile, which certainly was hardly warranted by the text. As Archibald Carlyle, he was repudiating "the missus's" charge of wandering affections, and commenced a sentence in

his most impressive manner: "You have no more—"; when the lady skilfully whispered "reason to doubt," and therewith he sailed on gaily. Little things like this, of course, provided a certain quiet humour, which brightened up a drama which is too serious for most of the sons of men, and possibly also for most of the daughters of women, too.

The three long punkahs which swung somewhat spasmodically overhead were a distinct acquisition. One of them furnished "the gods" with much food for hilarity when it struck an electric light globe. Likewise when the first bell rang and the irrepressible "gods" could see no one but a man with a violin who chose that moment for an appearance at a stage door, they were moved to a satirical burst of rapture. The "gods," whatever their dramatic instincts, have always a remarkably robust sense of humor.

The poor, derided, and despised "gods" serve a very useful purpose. They have a better developed sense of the ridiculous than any other section of the house, and they protect the audience generally from the wholesale obliteration of the scenic effects by ladies' hats. They might have been just a bit more exacting in this direction on Thursday night. One lady's hat in front of me completely obscured a river, a chain of mountains, and five forests all at once — to say nothing of the hero, heroine, their fond relatives, and the villain in the background.

There is only one fault I find with the "gods," and that is that they appear to believe firmly that they have always a standing challenge from the front seats to prove that they know how to whistle. I can assure "the gods" that no one doubts their capacity in this respect, and that no one really wishes them to put up a bigger record than they secured the last time I attended a play.

The increasing audiences which patronise the efforts of the Boulder Dramatic Club are an evidence of the progress being steadily made by the histrionic amateurs. I could name several

members of the club who would probably find themselves able to effervesce a little more in their parts, in other words, put more sparkle into things, if they were to practise regularly — falling down a shaft, and then calling for help, for instance. There really is no justification for saying, "Leave the house, you scoundrel!" or words of a similarly conclusive nature, in the soothing tone of a mother to her sleepy infant. However, perfection comes after much time, very hard work, and considerable vexation of spirit, and the Boulder Dramatists can be congratulated upon the success they have so far attained.

One of the never-failing sources of amusement to me in all plays is the aggravating manner in which the heroine listens patiently to the unprincipled and otherwise scoundrelly pleadings of the villain, asks "How dare you address me thus?" and then listens—with wildly beating heart, of course, but with no outward symptoms of displeasure — while he puts in some more of his effective eloquence. No wonder stage villains always triumph at first. A real-life villain would give ten years of his life to get half the chance to do mischief that his stage confrere gets.

Tiny Miss Brownless acted her little-boy's part very well indeed. I really think, though, that she should have been dressed up a trifle for the occasion. When her affectionate father addressed her as "Willie" it was a puzzle at first, and had a tendency to make the playgoers inclined to charge the said parent with an astounding and culpable ignorance of the sex of his own children. But a reference to the programme soon calmed any reason which showed a tendency to totter upon its throne, and protected Archibald Carlyle from spiteful and baseless indictments.

Several of the scenes were really pathetic—at any rate one or two ladies sobbed out loud over them—the highest compliment that any management could desire. Altogether the performance was a success, and in a fortnight's time the company should receive good support in Kalgoorlie.

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A Collector of Lies.

A venerable old man, with a pen behind his ear and ink on his fingers went up the main street of Humantown calling as he went — "Lies, any old lies to-day. Biscuits for lies to-day." He had a basket of sweet wafers or biscuits on one arm, and they were shaped like a human ear. These he was exchanging for the lies that were very abundant in this town. Most of the inhabitants freely gave them to the man — some even pressed on him: but a few had to be repaid with at least a wafer. Very soon the old man's bag was full. It was a new thing to collect lies, and many many jokes were bandied at the expense of the old man and his odd occupation. The strange merchant left the main street, and a little child had the curiosity to follow him. The venerable one turned aside **through a door** into a beautiful garden in the heart of the town and yet quite unknown. He closed the door, but the child peeped through the keyhole and saw the old man take the bag of lies and give it a good shake. There was a commotion and rattling inside for a time, and the mass seemed to be smaller. "Ah, hear them eating each other up," chuckled the old man. Another shake was followed by more commotion, and another shrinkage. The collector's face paled. A few more shakes, and the bag seemed actually empty, but the old man opened it carefully, and there, in the far corner, was a pinch of pure gold. The child reported all these things, and the next time they saw the old man the people demanded who he was. He answered: "I am the Historian." — "Century Magazine."

'Figaro.'

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MOSTLY PERSONAL.

CONTINUED.

We always thought that Seddon, of Maoriland was simply a bloodthirsty Premier, who achieved greatness by going to S. Africa and advising the military men there as to how to stop the war, and who latterly proposed opening butcher shops in London. But we are told by an English paper that he is really a jovial party, who, when he kept a little meat shop himself, delighted to play practical jokes. "One night he caught a goose, and put it inside a gaslamp, where its noisy demonstration kept the people in the adjacent houses without sleep till daybreak. Another of his tricks was to drop an iron nut in a bucket of water standing at shop doors, and watch for the tradesman's surprise when the contents of the bucket was flung against the windows." Just like a butcher's idea of a joke.

Dr. Hackett, of the "West," will lose his reputation if he is not careful. All last week an advertisement appeared in his paper, "Vacancies for respectable lodgers, working preferred. 12 — street." Did the Dr. know it was in? That ad. is the shadow of a democratic idea, which, if not promptly squelched, may one day extend even to Hackett's leaders. Then his reputation as a consistent and hard-shell Tory will be gone. And any man who loses one reputation, will find it hard enough to get another—there are so few of them about.

Miss Ada Crossley's birthplace — Tarraville — was commonly called "Goosetown" by the residents of the district. There might be geese there, and ugly ducklings galore, but "Goosetown" has produced one swan anyhow. The nickname given to her schooling town — Port Albert — was "Crabtown." Ada Crossley's father was a tinsmith by trade, but the Crossleys kept a general store — grocery, drapery, etc. Later, Mr. Crossley gave up business himself, leaving it to his eldest son. Ada was not born with a silver spoon in her mouth — like a sensible girl she doesn't pretend she was.

Given a silver throat what matters the spoon?

The editor of a goldfields paper in announcing an increase in his family, reminds us of a 'Frisco editor, similarly blessed, who wrote:

Sound the stage horn, blow the trumpet,

That the waiting world may know,
Publish it throughout the nation,

Even unto Mexico,
Seize your pen, O dreaming poet,

And in words as sweet as may be,
Spread around the joyous tidings,

Mary's got another baby.

A visitor to the Kalgoorlie Government Hospital, who chances to meet the secretary will sum him up favorably. Mr. C. S. Stratman is obliging and without frill, and the impression made upon the casual stranger who asks questions is that of a man who does his work well and yet finds time to reply courteously to the interrogations of ignorance.

F. R. Spofforth, the famous Australian demon bowler, was born in Balmmain, Sydney, 49 years ago. In a recent issue of a contemporary he tells the following story: — Playing cricket at a gold-mining town in Australia called Sandhurst — in gold-mining towns they speak of gold as a golfer does of golf, that is, always — it was my very first visit there, and while walking to the cricket ground two little "nippers" picked me out. The elder said, "That's the Demon—that's him." The younger glared with his mouth wide open, and then came in front and looked up in my face. The elder again said, "That's him." "Well," said the younger, "I like to have his nose full of gold dust."

Lawley (expert reporter): "James, have you the report of that lecture ready?" James (a novice): "All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is." Lawley: "Oh, just put in 'Great applause,' and let it go." The lecturer was astounded to find in the report of his address: — "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer. (Great applause.)"

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Bargains: One hundred pairs Canvas Trousers, usual price 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6., going at 2s. 6d.
Cork Helmets 1s. 11s., Special reductions in Boys and Youths Suits. Fashion
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On Monday night Ada Crossley showed considerable commonsense and tact by singing ballads in the place of the more classical items upon the programme.

Percy Grainger was evidently a great favorite with the ladies of the audience. To this the lock of fair hair which hung down over his forehead contributed not a little.

In one of the violin selections of Jacques Jacobs, the mountain calls of an Alpine people and their echoes could be distinctly heard. When he returned to the platform in response to an encore, one of the gods in a stentorian tone begged for "Yankee Doodle," but the devil-may-care violinist simply smiled and shook his instrument at the petitioner.

In spite of the disagreeable, dusty weather of Sunday night, there was a very large attendance at Victoria Park. The writer saw one languishing swain endure the misery of gazing at the back of the fair creature he was adoring from afar for about an hour. The dust had forced a whole seatful of ladies to reverse their positions just after he had settled himself in a favorable spot for observation. The music was of a superlatively good character.

Kalgoorlie's band is making rapid strides towards the ideal of what a band should be. Boulder was in its best form. No more pleasant recreation can be imagined than the two hours' harmony in the park.

A special incentive to effort on the part of the members of the A.W.A. Band has lately been provided. Neil McKay is giving five guineas to the member whose attendance at full band performances tops the list. In addition Geo. Hughes will present three guineas to the member who makes the greatest improvement during the ensuing twelve months.

Mr. J. R. Saunders, one of Kalgoorlie's oldest identities in the dungaree and galatea shirt line of business is holding a summer sale. So far, if the amount of business transacted is an index of the lowness of prices, there must be some magnetic attractions in the way of values at Mr. Saunders'

premises.

The Austral Dramatic Company, with vocal cords tuned up to concert pitch and histrionic powers sharpened up to needle-point are cavorting around the mulga country. May they have uncomfortably packed houses and make so much money that a camel team will be requisitioned for the purpose of carrying the troupe's carpet bag. Their late performances in Kalgoorlie and Boulder have been distinctly creditable.

Messrs. J. A. Hicks and Co. find that their special going-out of business sale is still merrily humming with unabated vigor. In some respects the sale is a phenomenal one. The actual amount of commerce within would never be imagined from the outward aspect of the shop frontage. Messrs. Hicks and Co. attribute the large amount of business done to their specially bed-rock prices.

It was interesting to notice the alacrity with which the church congregations hurried away from divine service in order to get to Victoria Park before the final musical prayer for the safety of King Ned should be offered. The denizens of this district may not be all-wise or ubiquitous persons, but they reckon they know where there is good music, and have, moreover, a pretty shrewd idea of the time of day or night at which it is most likely to be on tap.

To-morrow night a new departure is to be made by the Partingtonian instrumentalists. In response to repeated requests the A.W.A. Band will give a concert at the Trafalgar Recreation Reserve. As in the case of the memorable sea-fight, so on this occasion, all residents of Trafalgar are expected to do their duty.

This afternoon, some well-known "sports" will don the flannels and proceed to the Commonwealth reserve for the purpose of playing cricket. It will be worth a dollar admission at least to see Alf. Fry, Tom Owens, Billy Brew, Burnell, and others taking on Irving, Decke, and Co. Nearly all old champions — but "their eyes are not dim nor their natural force abated."

A Remembrance of the Early Days.— Once passing down the passage of Lee's old hotel — where the Australia now stands — saw a mining agent eagerly leaning over a table in one of the parlors. He was saying to a prospective client: "There's a reef ten feet wide, with gold sticking out all over it like peppercorns!" Didn't wait to hear any more.

The Ramblers' Cycle Club expects shortly to be able to arrange an entertainment on some Sunday night, in order to "pull itself together" — financially. The A.W.A. Band has promised to assist, and application will be made for permission to charge at the entrance to the concert. The Ramblers appear to be a crowd of sterling sports, and deserve every encouragement.

"Figaro" regrets having to chronicle the melancholy departure from this vale of tears of a feline friend who loved our printer not wisely but too well. She used to repose all day immediately beneath that particular flooring board on which he peacefully smokes when we are out and works when we are in. One of the Editor's jokes, however, penetrated the floor. We knew at once what the result was by the variety and aggressiveness of the various gases which stole up from below. The effluvium became so importunate — not to say tough — that we lived in hourly fear of a solid materialization before our eyes. One morning the staff had to cut their way into the office with a knife. Then the soulful nuisance was removed to regions more compatible with its quality and strength.

Dick O'Donnell has witnessed vast changes on the goldfields since the smiling geniality of his countenance threaded the busy crowds of Bayley-street, Coolgardie, in the early times of Afghans, camels, and Fly Flat alluvial. In those days Dick had many agencies, but he always evinced a preference for selling cases of whisky rather than trousers and sox or t'n plates and billy cans. And yet Dick has taken to the manufacture of the lemonade that froths and the soda water that sparkles — and makes a great success of it, too.

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The Warden.

Slow and Sleepy,
 Mid life's hustle,
 Cyclones couldn't
 Make him bustle,
 Was born tired and
 Got no rest yet—
 Slower coach n'er
 Struck the West yet.

Nice, good natured,
 Tame old joker,
 Life's a winning
 Game of poker.
 Always chirpy,
 Never growly,
 Lucky dog you,
 Warden Dowley

Editor's Note Book.

A Heartless Manager.

The new manager of the Queen Margaret mine, Bulong, is rapidly earning for himself the contempt of the whole district. He has got it into his head that all the old hands on the mine ought to be cleared out, and he is doing it at break-neck pace. Already a good many men have been discharged, and the tributors on the mine have been told that, when their tribute expires, they will have to seek fresh fields and pastures new. This would be cruel treatment in any case, but under the circumstances it is almost fiendish. All those men have settled in Bulong, and many of them have homes and families there. As the Queen Margaret is the only mine being worked in the district, the manager's conduct means a compulsory exodus from Bulong to—God knows where. Manager Davis has the reputation of being a candidate for a front seat in the Kingdom of Heaven, but FIGARO imagines that a pretty hot quarter in the other place would about meet his case.

Carr-Hyphen-Boyd.

It is reported that Mr. Carr-Hyphen-Boyd is about to stand for Parliament. Mr. Boyd is unquestionably the most famous of Australian explorers. Others have been in places never formerly trodden by the foot of man, but to Mr. Boyd alone belongs the distinction of visiting places that never existed. Having exhausted the interesting and fruitful field of geographical discovery, it is only natural that he should aspire to a sphere which offers equal scope for the exercise of his peculiar talents. The superb imaginative faculty which has made him our greatest explorer, may also in time make him our greatest politician. The difficulty, we are afraid, will be in finding a suitable opponent to stand against him, in order to draw him out. On account of the unfortunate demise of the late lamented Annanias, we would respectfully suggest that the justly renowned De Rougemont be invited to undertake the task.

Deakin's Protest.

Prime Minister Deakin certainly deserves a word of praise for the firm, dignified, yet courteous communication to the Imperial Government, in which he protests on behalf of Australia against the employment of yellow labor in South Africa. No doubt it would have been wiser had Australia taken no part in connection with the South African trouble. But now that she has helped to subdue the Boers by her arms, she has at least an equal right to protect the just interests of the white population by her advice. If Great Britain is not above accepting our military assistance, she ought not to be above accepting our guidance in a matter in which we speak with the authority born of experience. It would almost appear that the recent remarkable triumphs of the Labor Party has had a liberalising influence on the Federal Ministry.

Much Ado About Nothing.

The departure of Lord Tennyson and the arrival of his successor, in spite of newspaper headlines, are events of little or no importance. Lord Tennyson is no doubt a very decent sort of person, and he has the honor of being the son of a great poet. But, after all, he is nobody in particular. Lord Northcote has not even the distinction of being the son of a great man, for his father was a very mediocre politician and a Tory at that. It is about time that those silly puffs of aristocratic nobodies should cease.

They deceive nobody and merely tend to bring a young nation into deserved contempt.

Laurier on Self-Government.

Sir Wilfred Laurier seems to have a much higher estimate of the dignity of Canada than some of our pliable politicians have of the dignity of Australia. The other day at a banquet he had the courage to claim for Canada the right to make treaties with foreign nations on her own account. This power, he justly claimed, is not in the slightest degree inconsistent with due respect for the motherland. "The powers the self-governing colonies required," said the greatest of colonial statesmen, "would enable them to conduct their own institutions according to their own views and interests." It would almost appear that a reaction has already set in against the hysterical jingoism of the Birmingham Bounder. What is wanted to make the colonies truly great is not more imperialism, but more freedom. The greatness of the British empire rests on the solid basis of local liberty, and the fool who seeks to remove that, or even to limit that, whether he knows it or not, is an enemy of the British race.

A Telling Example.

The revenue of New Zealand, the most socialistic community in Australia, shows another remarkable increase. This is deeply to be deplored. It is a well known fact that socialistic and Labor legislation tends to drive capital away, and to eventuate in universal disaster. It is therefore clearly the duty of New Zealand to be in a State of chaos and starvation. And yet that obstinate, wrong-headed colony persists in being prosperous. Population is increasing. Comfort becomes more and more general. And capital, instead of flying away, refuses to budge, and even persists in growing. Truly New Zealand must be given up as a bad case—an exceedingly bad case for block-head conservatism.

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The New Party.

A CANDID CRITICISM.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

A new party has been inaugurated in Kalgoorlie. It is exceedingly difficult to get accurate information concerning the nature and objects of this latest arrival on the political stage. The very name is uncertain. Some call it the "People's Party," and some the "Citizen's League." Some say the prime mover in the matter is Mayor Keenan, and some that the real author of the movement, or move, is no less a personage than John Marshall himself. The only thing certain about the new body is that—no doubt for excellent reasons—it loveth darkness rather than light. Of course, this is due, not to the consciousness of guilt, but to that somewhat excessive modesty which sometimes compels the virtuous to blushing hide from mankind their noble deeds.

This queer body held an inaugural meeting last Tuesday evening in the Council Chambers. It appears, however, that the new party could not get to business, for a very good reason. It hadn't any principles. Those good persons rolled up to do—they didn't know what. Like the Irishman of anecdote, they exclaimed: "We don't know what we want, but by God we mean to have it." Accordingly a sub-committee was appointed to draw up a platform—to let those good people know what they want. They established the party last Tuesday—they'll possibly pick up a principle or two by and by.

To be serious—or as serious as the occasion permits—the new party has no fundamental principle or set of principles. It is founded on a mere negation. It exists for but one object—the defeat of the Labor representative of Kalgoorlie at the next election. And it seeks to do this largely on the plea that Mr. Johnson is a class representative. Now, as a simple matter of fact, he is no more a class representative than any candidate likely to be selected by the Citizen's League. Suppose that Keenan or McKenzie is selected to contest the seat. Can it be said that either of those gentlemen is less a class representative than Mr. Johnson? Do not Messrs. Keenan and McKenzie represent the wealthier classes just as much as Mr. Johnson represents the poorer classes? In one sense, it is utterly impossible to have a representative who is utterly destitute of class bias. And what the members of the new party object to is not that Mr. Johnson represents a class, but that he doesn't represent their class. In short, it is utterly impossible to get a classless representative, and the question the people of Kalgoorlie ought to put to themselves is this: "Which candidate is most likely to preserve and promote the interests of the community?"

I have no hesitation in answering that question in favor of the Labor candidate. The principles advocated by the Labor Party—as the recent history of New Zealand clearly demonstrates—tend to promote industrial peace and good will. Labor legislation makes for peace by removing the causes of social and industrial discontent. Besides, there need be no antagonism between the workers of this electorate and the trading classes. For, in the long run, the interests of those two classes are identical. In fact, in the

deepest sense, there are only two classes in a community—the classes who work in some form or other, and the classes who don't work at all. The Labor Party is in favor of the former and against the latter. In no other sense is the Labor Party a class party. On the contrary, it is the only party that seeks the ultimate abolition of class privileges. In this sense a nominee of Labor is less a class representative than anybody likely to be put forward by the alleged People's Party. Again, a Labor member is more likely than any other to thoroughly and fully carry out the many official and non-party duties that must be performed by a parliamentary representative. The commercial man is often in politics for business. The Labor man, as a rule, makes a business of politics. He is paid to perform a public service, and he gives the whole of his time and attention to its performance. To sum up, the Labor member is no more a class member than any other; his principles and platform are in harmony with the well-being of all classes of the community, except the objectionable classes; and, above all, he is the only member who, as a rule, gives the whole of his energies to the work he is paid to do. I honestly believe that Kalgoorlie, by returning a Labor member at the next election, will not only be voting for progress, prosperity, industrial peace, and good will, but that, above all, it will be voting for the promotion of its interests as an important commercial centre of this State.

It has been frequently alleged by the persons who are supporting for all they are worth the new party that Labor, by insisting on pledges, by drawing up platforms, and by holding plebiscites, is a tyrannical party that crushes all liberty out of its representatives. And yet we now find those very persons proceeding to do the very things they have blamed Labor for doing. They are about to draw up a platform. This will mean ultimately a pledge of some sort, otherwise the platform would become a mere farce. And they have even made up their minds to hold a plebiscite. So that our friend the enemy has paid us the most sincere of all compliments—the compliment of following our example. And so in the end the question for the people of Kalgoorlie will be this: Which of the two parties ought to be supported in the coming contest? The party of progress, or the party of stagnation? The party that has led the way, or the party that meekly follows? The party which in its heart favors black and yellow labor, or the party that has won, by years of brave advocacy, a white Australia? The party that favors the old system of strikes, or the party that has won arbitration and conciliation? The party that clings to the dead past, or the party that seeks to press forward to a higher future? The party of privilege for some, or the party of justice for all? In FIGARO'S opinion there can be but one rational answer to those questions. The Labor Party, by virtue of its past, by virtue of its probable future, should receive the support of all believers in human progress and justice, utterly irrespective of whether they earn their bread by labor or by commerce, by hand or by head.

Our Own Dear Selves.

This is how the Queensland "WORKER" refers to FIGARO:—

Wallace Nelson is not going 'Ome lecturing after all. He has started a weekly journal called FIGARO in Kalgoorlie, obviously modelled on Brisbane "Figaro" lines, at least typographically. The "Worker" fails to find much trace of the trenchant Wallace of old in its neat pages, but as only two issues have so far come to hand there's hope yet. Wallace, fortunately, is not an adept in the art of self-suppression.

Now, I rather like this frank and, I believe, honest estimate of my bantling. It is pleasing at any rate to know that the representative Labor organ of the representative Labor State, admits that the old "Wallace" used to be "trenchant." In the pretended opinion of a certain aspiring mediocrity in this district, "Wallace" in Queensland was a mere political hanger on—a person of no account. It is pleasing to know that the Queensland Labor organ is of a different opinion. I was once "trenchant." I was once brave enough to challenge privilege and power and wrong-doing—to look the devil straight between the eyes and tell him he was the devil. Let my friend the enemy put that in his pipe and smoke it.

My good friend the "Worker" seems to deplore the fact, or the alleged fact, that I have fallen from grace. It seems to imagine that, while I may have been a very good fellow in the past, I am not quite the same fellow to-day.

The impression, I believe, is an utterly mistaken one. I never advocated anything in the Labor platform in Queensland that I have not advocated with equal fervour here. Absolutely nothing. Even when I was editing the "Sun," my articles, as hundreds will admit, were just as thoroughly in sympathy with Labor and democracy as

any I ever penned. The fact that they were frequently reproduced by the Melbourne "Toesin"—one of the most outspoken Labor papers in Australia—was pretty good evidence of that. I can assure my friends in dear old Queensland, where I spent the best years of my mature life, that I am the same old person, devoted to the same old cause, and inspired by the same old principles. There has been no change in me. If I am no good now, I was no good then. If I was of some use then, I am of some use now.

When at the last Federal elections, Labor was good enough to ask my help, none will deny that that help was freely given. And no man, not a lying self-seeker, will deny that my voice as well as my pen, at the recent elections, were given cheerfully, whole-heartedly, and wholly for Labor. I do not care to write these things—there should be no occasion for writing them. My life should speak for me, and, I believe, does speak for me, in the eyes of all but a few ambitious self-seekers who dislike me, not because I am worse than they are, but precisely because I am better.

Let me assure my Queensland Labor friends that they will have no reason to deplore the policy of this paper. Of course, FIGARO has mapped out an ideal of its own. It believes that more can be done for Labor by a bright interesting publication, touching human life on all sides, than by an organ devoted solely to propaganda. Unfortunately, for the most part, the people who read Labor papers are the people who already believe in Labor principles. On the other hand, a paper like FIGARO, circulating as it does among men of all political views, and men of none, has special opportunities, which it means to embrace, of calling the unregenerate to repentance. By this very policy—by the wise introduction of the bright and lighter element—the "Clarion" is perhaps the greatest propagandist organ in the world, and it is my ambition, with certain modifications, to follow, at a respectful distance, of course, the same most excellent example.

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Importers of the Best Procurable Stock from the Eastern Colonies. - Prices Considerably Reduced.

Good Supplies Always on Hand.

Golden Mile Hotel, Boulder Block.

The Proprietor, **J. Kirkham**, who is an all round champion sport himself, extends a hearty welcome to all sports and sport lovers.

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Proprietor, **T. P. LEE.**



Come on good sports
And jolly be,
And get good tips
From T. P. LEE.

The Favorite
Double
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Charlie Walsh's Shamrock Hotel

The Best glass
of Beer & Meal
In Kalgoorlie.

SPORT and "SPORTS."

By "Achilles."

As far as "tail" is concerned the English eleven are in almost the same position as the Australians over the last Test Match. On comparing the total scores it is seen that four Australians — Trumper, Noble, Hill, and Duff — compiled 64 per cent. of the total score, their efforts being responsible for 493 out of the 739 runs scored in the two innings. On adding Gregory's score we find that five Australians scored 83 per cent. of the total.

The first four Englishmen — Warner, Hirst, Hayward, and Braund — compiled 354 runs, or 67½ per cent. of the total 523. Adding Foster's score there is little difference to the percentage, the five Englishmen only compiling 75 per cent. of the total. The tail of the Lion is not quite so attenuated as the vertebrated appendix of the Kangaroo.

The Kalgoorlie cricket team are not going to give up the ghost yet, let me tell you. There is one man at any rate in the eleven who was never known to contribute to the dislocation of any cricket combination in which he might be included. Then there are others of like calibre so it is said. Good on you, Kalgoorlie. I am always proud to clap a team on the back when it shows that it has the grit to fight an up-hill game.

The Don King-Sam Keenan mutual thumping contest fixed for Dempsey's sporting grounds to-night should prove well worth the modest sum charged for admission. When Keenan was first seen

by "Achilles" the bony boxer was sparing with little Charlie Rose, at Boulder. In those days Sam looked very awkward, but withal tough. He has vastly improved since those old times, and will be sure to make his rival "defend his wicket" for all he is worth.

Don, however, is plucky and willing, even when it would pay him to let his opponent take the offensive. Keenan will probably find that "outing" a man in a specified number of rounds is slightly different from a regular go-one to win. Still, Achilles has an idea or two in favor of Samuel the hard-visaged and hard-bodied.

A little clipping re Jem Mace, from "The Sportsman": — "Of what may be called the old-time champions of the prize ring, Jem Mace, now over 70 years of age, and a licensed victualler in Birmingham, is the only one remaining. Mace, who is a wonderfully well-preserved athlete, and does not look anything like his age, has received a lucrative engagement from the National Sporting Club, Cape Town, to give exhibitions of boxing throughout South Africa.

Thus the "Sportsman" on the Atlas-Porter-Pagel weight-lifting argument: — "Touching that little affair of Friday evening, when Atlas and Pagel demonstrated that both were pretty strong — about the jaw — the friends of the Welsh laddie think it was very unfair for Pagel to take on his chal-

lenge. When Atlas launched his defiance he, of course, had no idea that "the strongest man in the world" would be so unprofessional as to test its validity. These challenges are, as a rule, mere advertising dodges, and though directed to all-comers are not really meant for acceptance by rival strong men of great pretensions. They all have to get a living, and this is only one of the showman's artifices for creating the interest of the public. It would never do for them to come together, for one of them might be beaten, and so lose his reputation and his living. Porter don't profess to be a champion weight-lifter, but declares that he can emulate many of the feats of both Pagel and Atlas, and, if given an opportunity, will prove his superiority in lifting above his head a greater amount of weight in a given time.

On Feb. 2nd Gunga Brahm and Buttan Singh will wrestle in Her Majesty's Theatre, catch-as-catch-can, best two out of three. Buttan downed Mussa Singh at Coolgardie for £50 aside. Gunga has vanquished Jack Perryman for the championship of the State. One of the likely results of this match is a challenge by Perryman to the winner. The Hindoo push seem to hold all the white strugglers cheap in the matter of sinuous legs and arms.

On Feb. 5 Tom Dunne fights Paddy Ryan, of Newcastle, at the theatre. Conditions—the best of twenty rounds, one to win. On the 19th Joe Cullen and Malley Jackson are arranging to fight. There will be an additional incentive in their mill, namely a side wager of £25. They will get to busi-

G. R. Brown,

TAILOR and OUTFITTER, BURT ST., BOULDER.

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Mr. W. Boxall,

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Dental Surgeon, Hannan-st, Kal.

(20 Years Experience in all the States.)

May be Consulted on all Matters appertaining to the Teeth.

Perfect fitting Artificial Teeth supplied of the highest class and Workmanship. Soft plates for tender gums. Old misfitting cases remodelled on the new method. The most difficult cases invited. Teeth painlessly extracted by an entirely new method. Decayed teeth stopped with gold, etc. Children's teeth regulated.

ness at catch weights.

Last Tuesday Paul Slavin and Frank Thorn signed articles for a 20-round corroboree for March 4th, one to win. In this case there is a side wager of £50 to spur the contestants to their full efforts. The bill of fare in connection with the Noble Art during the next two months is likely to be of a luscious character.

This district is a great home of "sports," but there is one thing on which the goldfields sport insists with all the mighty emphasis of his 9½ size mauler and his size ten foot — and that one sine qua non is a straight go. Now the arrangements just mentioned have a rosy-cheeked and otherwise healthy look, and a revival of the real thing in boxing as opposed to the "schlenter" variety may be confidently hoped for.

In the Old Country there is a movement on foot — with a practical certainty of its standing firmly, too — to run a cricket tournament between the leading county clubs. Of course, a big section of the old stagers are against

it — as old stagers always are against anything new — but nothing now remains but the settlement of minor matters.

All lovers of a square deal will be pleased to learn that the following officials have been appointed by the Carriington Grounds committee for the 10th, 11th, and 12th of next month:— Handicapper, W. H. Downey; starter, D. Gray; track steward, P. Lester. Mr. C. Cutbush has kindly consented to act as stipendiary steward. Things in the running line look "just the shiny shilling." Entries are coming in at a great rate. It is to be hoped that these handicaps will be the huge success that the satisfactory arrangements announced seem to warrant.

Peter Airey, the leader of the Queensland Labor Party, recently visited Mt. Morgan, where he had been school-teaching. Airey was presented with an illuminated address by his former pupils. "Figaro" predicts a Premiership for Airey by and bye.



✽ C. E. Frazer, M.H.R. ✽

GENTLEMEN,

Now is the time to order your new Summer Suit; but take care to go where you can be sure of honest workmanship, and a perfect fit.

F. WHITFIELD and Co.,
Can't Be Beat,
Burt street, Boulder.

Kalgoorlie Trading and Bottling Co.,

Best brands of Dark and Light Lager in Stock. Goldfields Agents for Bullock Lade and Co., and McCallum's Whiskies. Gonzalez Byass and Co.'s Port., Feuerheerd's Sherry. Thos. Hardy's South Australian Claret. Rhine Wines. **B. MULLER, Manager.**

Mrs. John Nolan, having taken over the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, solicits a continuance of the patronage accorded to her predecessor, and hopes by civility, attention, and by keeping only the highest class of wines, spirits, etc., to give general satisfaction to both old and new friends.

T. W. Duff, HANNANS PHARMACY.

For the coming Summer Season so trying for the ladies complexion **SUNBURN CURE** is a really genuine preparation.

Grand Hotel, HANNAN STREET, KALGOORLIE

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The best of Liquors, Best of Beers, and best of Company.

CALL and BE HAPPY.

Three cheers for a white Australia,
And down with all things foreign;
And when you want the best of drinks
Why go to Billy Moran,

Ivanhoe Hotel, Boulder Block,

TURF TOPICS.

By "Vakeel."

To-day the Belmont Park Racing Club will cater for the enjoyment of sportsmen in the metropolis, and as good entries have been received, the programme promises keen racing.

* * *

The fun will commence with the Trial Stakes, and Fireworks heads the list with the welter burden of 10st. 8lb. However, brilliant as the son of Gunpowder is over five furlongs, the ballast should stop him. The winner should be Milner or Westland.

* * *

Cameron, if fancied by the right people, reads the best of the dozen handicapped for the Jumpers' Flat Race.

* * *

The Belmont Handicap, of one mile, contains the names of some speedy customers, and if Smith can be prevailed upon to repeat the performance he registered on this course three weeks ago, might go one better and win. Cobweb and Gunlock read the best of the others.

* * *

Mando has to concede The Point 12lb. for the defeat of Saturday last, but although a rather disappointing animal, the Lonsdale mare ought to score.

* * *

The usual old warriors are in the Selling Race, and it ought to be Royal Mostyn's turn on this occasion.

* * *

The last event of the day may be won by Coromandel or Clare Destiny, who seems to have struck form at last.

* * *

John See, a cast-off from Scobie's stable, opened his winning account in this State in the Canning Hurdles on Saturday last, but the opposition was very poor. The Grafton gelding ran in the A.J.C. Derby, won by Hautvilliers, and finished fourth in front of Sir Leonard and two others.

The stewards at Canning Park were more than usually keen of vision on Saturday last, and after the Galloway event they invited Huxley, the rider, and W. Davis, the owner, to an interview, and they had a pretty narrow escape from being retired for a time. The Point may have been all out but I 'hae ma doots."

* * *

Jeffrey scored a win with the Nor-Wester horse, Cobweb, who put in a dashing run, whilst Milner and Philosopher were having a battle royal at the business end.

* * *

The Selling Race, won by Arthur, was again the cause of the stewards to be called together, and the running of the winner as well as Royal Mostyn was enquired into. Burns, the owner of the old grey, is to be reported to the W.A.T.C., whilst Nightingale, in whose name the Mostyn gelding ran, was cautioned.

* * *

After the race Geogre Bolger became the owner of Royal Mostyn for 46 rocks.

* * *

Clare Destiny proved that her success of the Saturday previous was no fluke, as she had no difficulty in defeating the favorite, Tremandus, in the final event.

* * *

The sporting writer in "The Spectator" makes the assertion that E. Huxley, at present in this State, succeeded P. Hales, when that horseman retired from riding the Hon. James White's horses. Such, however, is not the case. White's horses were sold at the conclusion of the Sydney Cup meeting of 1890, and Hales, who won the St. Leger on Dreadnought at the meet, won the Victoria Derby on The Admiral the following spring. The fact of the matter is that the White-Payten-Hales combination dissolved on the dispersal of

White's horses, and Huxley, who was in the stable, got the riding of the J. B. Clark syndicate.

* * *

For the Anniversary Handicap at Caulfield on Saturday, a horse, who has been looked upon as a rod in pickle by astute sports, was made favorite. I refer to War Chief, but the best-laid schemes oft go wrong, and so they did in this case. The Wallace gelding, when going well, broke a blood vessel and finished nowhere. This was the third occasion during the present racing season that War Chief has sported silk, although he has been freely nominated during the past six months, and persistently scratched.

* * *

Two popular wins at Caulfield were those of Impression and Maharani, and punters profited by them. The owners of both horses have not received many favors from Dame Fortune for a good time past, and it was about up to them to get a win.

* * *

Impression, who has been running most consistently of late, is by Wallace out of Footprint, a full sister to The Admiral, Port Admiral, etc. Footprint, a very shapely filly, was made a hot pot for a Maiden Plate at Onkaparinga as far back as 1888, but was defeated in that race, and afterwards found her way to this State, and was at one time the property of H. J. Leeder, well-known to sports as the owner of Maoriland.

* * *

Maharani, who was fancied to have a good chance in the last Newmarket, had not scored a winning bracket since she won the Rosstown Purse in November, 1901. Being by Malvolio from Winifred, she claims relationship to the Adelaide Cup winner, Sojourner, and now that the ice has been broken, may yet be returned the winner of one of the big sprint races to be decided in the near future in Melbourne.

* * *

Westralian sportsmen have been making purchases of highly bred yearlings at New Zealand, and the arrival of

Fraser & Co., Brookman St., Op. Caledonian Hall,

Are the most up-to-date Plumbers and Tinsmiths in Kalgoorlie. They make Water Scheme Connections Specialty. All work done competently, expeditiously, and cheaply.

We do by far the leading share of this work. Give us a Trial.

J. J. Brennan, Draper and Clothier, Boulder Block.

Some Special Lines, Summer Suits, Silk. Tuscan, Leghorn, and Panama Straw Hats. Crash Suits from 6s. 11d. Latest Ties. Full range of Singlets.

these equines in the West would give a fillip to the juvenile races next season.

* * *

Darlot, one time owner of Wairiri, had a piece of bad luck lately. He re-purchased Torchon at auction recently, but she fell in a race shortly after, and had to be destroyed. Torchon, who was got by the Chester horse, Albemarle, was a half-sister to Honiton, and raced with some success in N.S.W. about this time last year.

* * *

The record put up at the four days' meeting of the W.A.T.C. in relation to totisator investments was surpassed at Auckland, where nearly £70,000 passed through the machine in four days, whilst at Manawahi, a country club, £31,316 was invested in two days.

* * *

Skibo, a two-year-old, full brother to The Persian, won the Maiden Plate at Aspendale last week.

* * *

Jack Bailie, the host of Tatt's Hotel, has taken up the good-looking Agenor, who has been spelled since August last.

Leonatus, Orphan Boy, and perhaps Bandolier, will shortly be under orders for the Eastern States. The first-named would have a good look-in in hurdle contests, as, besides being a fast and clever jumper, he possesses a fair amount of pace.

* * *

The Sydney Turf Club will hold a meeting to-day, and will continue it on Tuesday next. The principal event on the first day is the Challenge Stakes, and if Idolize would exhibit her private form in public, the half-sister to Hindoo should annex the event.

* * *

A. G. Cornwell, who trains Lord Cardigan, seems to have a big chance of scoring the second leg of the double with the aid of Speculum, who is in at the minimum, and has been running well of late.

J. E. Brewer is training for an ex-Coolgardie pioneer in the "ould dart." Henning, the owner referred to, made a rise out of that famous wild cat, the Black Flag Proprietary, and made tracks for England, where he managed to become on friendly terms with King Ned before he attained to the throne.

Hotel Glan Devon.

Kalgoorlie, W.A. is the best place for Visitors in Kalgoorlie. The Building is Exceptionally Cool. Dining Room up-to-date. Board and Lodg., 35s. W.E. Ryan, late Carriers' Arms, Pro.

'Ware Shark

Life is a series of ups and downs — mostly downs. Gratitude is out of date. Don't talk to me. I've seen too much of it. Have you ever heard of the way I was treated by Bobby Spieler?

I knew Bob when he was little more than a kid, over in Vic. Knew all his folks, too. A real respectable family. Bob was always a bit of a hard case, though, and I don't think his old man was very proud of him. I lost sight of him for years, until one day I knocked up against him here, in Hannan-street.

He was looking a kind of shabby gent — that did not altogether take my fancy — flannel suit and tennis hat, cigar in mouth and cane in hand — but not too clean. He gave me the idea, somehow, that he was got up to look a cut above his actual station. Of course, we shook hands effusively and adjourned for a drink. Bob shows at his best in a bar. He barracked the barmaid, cracked jokes — none too milk-and-watery — and generally created such an atmosphere of good-fellowship that, when my turn came, I found myself shouting shilling drinks for a whole crowd of dead-beats, bummers, and beer-sparrers that had gathered round.

"Come on, old chap," says Bob; "we've had enough of this. You seem to be pretty flush by the way you're splashing up the spondulix. You used to be so careful of the bawbees, too."

"Well," says I, "it's not every day I meet an old pal like you, Bob. Besides,

I've got a pretty good cheque."

"Have you so?" says he. "Glad to hear it. Have you been making your pile then, in the Golden West?"

"Oh, no," I answered. "Nothing like that. Merely a matter of twenty pounds or so."

"Just so," said Bob. Now, lookee here, old man. What you want is a good safe investment for that money. I hate to see a good sort like you mixing up with company that's, maybe, just a trifle dubious, hey. Spending your hard-earned savings in riotous living, you know. You take it from me, old man, what you want is a good safe investment that'll bring you twenty or thirty per cent. sure."

"Twenty or thirty per cent.," said I. "I might as well look for — there — what's the good of talking? Such investments don't exist, Bob."

Then Bob, let himself go. He said it was true that such investments did not, as a rule, go begging. They were too eagerly snapped up by the Jew financiers, but he happened to have some private information. He could lay me on to the very thing. He and I being old pals, he did not mind telling me, even if it did seem a little like breach of confidence. The fact was, a friend of his—a person in whom he had the most implicit confidence — was interested in a show that was just about to open in Kalgoorlie. He was going to exhibit a shark that had been washed up or

The Intended Monopoly in the Fruit Trade.

SILBERT AND SHARP are, and always have been, an Independent Firm, and, owing to the very generous support the public have accorded them during the past **Seven Years** they are determined to be a stumbling block to the intended formation of a ring, and only require a continuance of the people's patronage to nip the ring in the bud. **Best and Freshest Fruit in Season.** * **Ice Creams, Squashes, etc.**

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Bank and Public Assayers, Metallurgical Chemists, and Ore Brokers. Head Office and Laboratory: **Boulder-road, Op. Car Barn,** Kalgoorlie. Branch Office and Cyanide Works: Nullagine etc. Purchase Concentrates, Slimes, Tailings, Magnet Iron

Paddy Quealy, Formerly of Westland, New Zealand, is an old Kalgoorlie Pioneer, and nothing delights him better than to meet out-back old-timers.

Address: Globe Hotel, Hannan St.

caught at Fremantle. It was a splendid thing — bound to be worth a mint of money. Fancy the dry and dusty fields being refreshed with a sight of an animal like a shark, fresh from the sea! The idea of it. There would be a perfect rush of the goldfielders to see the wonder, and the show would pay better than a gold mine. And then, the security! In cases like this the security was everything.

This was where Bob's private information came in. He let me into the secret only when I had solemnly promised not to divulge the information. The ivory alone in that shark's head, was worth from seventy to eighty pounds! Say, at the lowest, seventy pounds security for a loan of a tenner! Was that good enough or was it not?

To cut a long story short, Bob introduced me to Mr. Sharper Fly, the friend in whom he had implicit confidence, and the bargain was struck. In return for the loan of ten pounds I received a document entitling me to a half share in the profits of the shark enterprise, and as a minimum return for the loan I was to receive back my tenner and interest at the rate of twenty-five per cent. per annum.

I could not help feeling as I meandered back to camp that evening that I had driven rather a hard bargain with poor Fly, the friend in whom Bob had implicit confidence. I had had a drink or two — perhaps a few more than were strictly necessary.

Next day I was unexpectedly called to Coolgardie on a job. I was away a fortnight, and during the whole time received cheerful letters from Bob, telling of the success attending the shark show. Not up to expectations, certainly, but very hopeful as an indication for the immediate future.

I returned to Kalgoorlie on Sunday afternoon, and, at once went up to my camp for a change of clothes. Slipped under the door I found the following letter:

"Dear Fred. — The shark has been doing all that could have been expected. I don't know just how much Fly has taken, but it must have been pretty

good. The hot weather, however, has made the poor fish go off just a little, and Fly and I have run down to Perth to see about a suitable embalming process. The body is at McGregor's sale yards. You had better take possession until we return. Nothing like keeping an eye on the security in cases like this Till we meet again.—Yours, B. Spieler."

I confess this off hand note gave me a bit of a qualm until I remembered the security. After all, if neither Bob nor Fly should come back, seventy pounds worth of ivory was good enough for a tenner. In fact, thought I to myself, if he stays away for good I shan't worry.

I lost no time in getting down to McGregor's sale yards. As the proverb says "Delays are dangerous," and "It's the early bird that catches the worm," I caught the worm all right!

McGregor was having a heated argument with a red-faced, puffing, and perspiring person in silk pants and a silk sash round his balloon-like paunch when I entered the yard.

"I won't have none o' yer adjectival papers off ye, bust ye," Mac. was shouting. "I've nothing to do with the gory thing. Find the gory owner or cast the gory thing off yerself, bust it."

All the time the red-faced one was trying to insinuate a bit of paper into Mac's hand, and Mac was vehemently declining it. The pair of them circling around like pugilists sparring for an opening.

"What's the row, Mac?" I queried. "And what do you want an owner for?"

"A shark," said Mac.

"Then I'm your man," I said. "At present, I believe I'm the only person in Kalgoorlie who can show a legal right to that shark." And I pulled out my agreement, all duly signed by Sharper Fly and witnessed by Bobby Spieler.

"The devil you are," said Mac, and stared at me in a way that struck me as a trifle rude.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said the red-faced man. "Just oblige me by glancing over th' paper."

Mechanically I opened the paper and read. It was a notice to remove within

one hour from delivery of said notice, the "noxious and pestilential body of a shark," now lying in McGregor's sale yard, to the sanitary tip, there to be burnt or otherwise effectually disposed of to the satisfaction of the sanitary inspector.

"Where is the shark?" I asked, and, even in this moment of disillusionment the thought of the seventy pounds' worth of ivory in the creature's head sustained me.

"Can't you smell?" growled Mac.

"This way, sir," said the inspector, with his most amiable smile, and led me to a shed. No need to point it out. It hummed loud enough to be heard a hundred yards off.

"Good God!" I cried, and stood riveted to the spot, paralysed, thunder-struck. "Where is its head?"

"Dunno, I'm sure, sir," answered the inspector, blandly. "Mostly likely them blokes as was showin' the critter cut it off for the sake of its teeth."

That's enough! Don't talk to me about gratitude.

It cost me another five quid to see that pestilential corpse cremated, one pound five and twenty-two and six costs — seventeen, two-and-six altogether.

Gratitude! Hmph!

"Tell me," cried a sad-eyed man,
"Your help I meekly crave,
Where a poor unhappy wretch
Can get an easy shave?"

The answer came from many throats,
And this is how it ran:

"If what you want's a perfect shave,
Then Fienberg is your man."

Fienberg's Hairdressing and Shaving Saloon, Hannan St., Op. General Post Office.

*To Find a Horseshoe
Is Good Luck.*

**Ryan & Hennessey
HORSESHOE INN.**

J. H. HENRY and Co.

**General Storekeepers
Boulder Block**

We are on the spot, and can supply you with good stuff at lowest rates. **Give us a Trial.**

The Whistling Maid

It was from the fair of Knockany that Connor Maguire was coming the first time he laid eyes on Mairgreed Kelly. Upon his mother's doorstep they met, in the hour that is neither daylight nor twilight, but the soft light between them, and the silver light of her grey eye and the gleam of her moon-gold hair fastened a chain from that minute upon his soul. He gave her a salutation and passed into the kitchen, where his sister Cauth was preparing his supper.

He sat down without a word, and his gaze wandered and fixed itself on the open door, where his mother and the stranger girl stood talking.

Above the low voice of the old woman the siren's sweet tones broke melodiously upon his ear.

"Who is she?" he asked of Cauth at last.

"She is Shaun Kelly's daughter—the man from the West, who is newly come to dwell yonder," she answered him, pointing through the window to the little white house among the trees in the hollow.

"I saw the man and his wife yesterday," Connor said, "but the girl never until now."

Cauth made no answer, but in her heart she thought, "It is too soon you have seen her."

After a while the girl went away, and the old woman came in, saying:

"Shaun Kelly's daughter came over to know if it is to-morrow we'd be hay-making." Her father sent her. She is a pleasant-spoken girl."

"Not more pleasant spoken than Aily Meara, mother," said Cauth.

Connor flushed red at her words, and, leaving the kitchen, went to his bed and slept. All night long he dreamed of Shaun Kelly's daughter.

Next day the Maguires began the hay-making, and Mairgreed Kelly and her

father came to help, and also came Aily Meara and her brother Seamus, and a few boys and girls of the place.

Once Connor went to where Aily Meara stood among the yellow hay in the angle of the meadow. None saw them but one woman when he kissed her lips. Her dark eyes shone happily.

"I thought it was forgetting me you were," she said to him.

"I could not forget you," he answered, and again he kissed her.

Far away across the meadow came a rippling stream of melody, faint and low at first, then a torrent of silver sound.

They turned and looked. It was from Mairgreed Kelly, leaning on her hayfork, and looking at them. From her red lips came the silvery music, and, as she looked and whistled, Connor turned slowly from Aily Meara and walked to where the strange girl stood. When there lay but a yard's distance between them, she looked deep in his eyes and her laughter rang out.

"Is it mocking me you are?" he said to her, in shame and anger.

But she laughed on, and turned her back upon him.

It was in that part of the field most of the young men would wish to be working that day.

In the far end of the meadow Aily Meara sat all alone and wept. Tired from weeping, and weary from the heat, she fell asleep at last, and her long brown locks fell about her like a cloud. She slept on until twilight, and no one missed her.

At last she awoke, cold and shivering, and beside her upon the ground lay her brown locks in a heap.

"Ah, Holy Mother, help me!" she wailed "It was an eerie thing for me to sleep under the air like that. Now I am punished."

She gathered the shining brown mass

into her apron, and slipped home in the grey light.

The mother looked at the shorn head of her daughter; in her apron she saw the brown beautiful hair. She raised her hands aloft and wailed.

"Ever and always you used to be too venturesome," she said. "It is the Women of the Shee who have put that mockery upon you. Well you know they dislike those who go against their wishes."

But Seamus, her brother, spoke in from the open door, saying:

"It is not gentle hands, mother, that were at the cutting of her hair, I saw a living woman bend over Aily where she sat sleeping in the meadow, but I had no knowledge of what she was at until now."

"Who was she?" cried the women together.

"That I couldn't say. She was too far off to tell that," he answered them.

In his mind he said, "It's no good thing a whistling woman would ever be at, the world knows."

It was many a day after that before Aily crossed her mother's threshold.

Often the garrulous woman would bring news of Connor Maguire from the village.

It would be, one day:

"Connor is a mean fellow and unmanly. It is but this minute I saw him come up the Long Road with Shaun Kelly's daughter, and it's two hours, i Kelly's daughter, and it's two hours, if it is a minute, since I saw her slip across Neilan's field to meet him."

Or another:

"They say he can't eat or sleep since he saw her face, and Maire Shaun made a mock of you to-day for being cast aside for the Whistler."

"Ah, mother, don't speak of him or her; my heart is too sore," the girl would say.

And no more would be said until next day.

Then there would be a new story.

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Morning, noon, or night that Mairgreed Kelly would be going or coming through the village, it is either laughing or whistling she'd be; oftenest whistling. At that sound the women would cross themselves and murmur one to another—

"A whistling woman or a crowing hen, There's never luck in the place they're in."

But the young men, one and all, would rise from the meal or the work, and by the way of no harm stroll out on the high-road to get a smile or a nod from Shaun Kelly's daughter.

One Sunday evening, when the sun was red in the west, Aily Meara said to her mother—

"There's something strange over me to-night, and it's weak and low I am."

And the mother said to her—

"It's from being inside always now, you're taken that way. Put the shawl over your head, and walk down the Long Road a bit. There's not a soul to be seen."

Aily put the shawl on her head and went out.

She wandered on aimlessly a little distance from the house, and her step was slow, for the strength was leaving her day by day.

Suddenly footsteps sounded near, and voices. She drew the shawl closer about her face, and stood under the bushes by the roadside.

It was Connor Maguire and Mairgreed Kelly.

"Cauth is to be married soon," said the man, "and why not you and me soon after?"

A murmur of laughter was the answer.

There was scorn in that laughter.

"You don't love me," said Connor, "and yet it's you I think more of than my own soul."

"I never asked you to think of me," laughed the woman. "Besides, it's not you nor your like that would suit me for a husband, and there's one waiting for me back in the West this many a day."

"You drew the heart of me," said Connor, and one of us will die before he'll get you, even if the waiting one was the Great Dhious himself."

The silver light grew in the woman's eyes, and, opening her scarlet lips, she began to whistle softly.

The heart in the man melted — tears flowed from his eyes.

"Ah, God forgive me! God forgive me!" he muttered.

A moan broke on his ear close by. He turned to see whence it came, and as he did so Mairgreed Kelly sped away.

A yard or two away from him something dark lay on the ground, very still. It was a woman's figure. He lifted the shawl from the face. It was Aily Meara, and she seemed as one dead.

Terror seized on Connor Maguire. He shrieked aloud, and, clasping her to his heart, cried: "Aily! Aily! it is I that killed you!"

Seamus Meara and some others came

running to him then, and they took Aily from him and carried her home to her mother.

Not a man of them spoke to him.

He followed them to the house, and stood outside when they carried her in. The old mother had pity for him standing there after a while, and she said to him:

"It's only a weakness that was on Aily. You can come to see her tomorrow."

Speech was gone from him. He shook the old woman's hand.

As soon as ever it was twilight the next evening, away with him to Aily Meara's house.

It was not long he was there when a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose.

"You'll marry me at Shrove, Aily?" he said at last to her.

The red came and went on her cheek.

"Ma,ybe I will," she said.

Above the sound of the storm, from somewhere down the road came the sound of whistling—sad, and sweet, and clear. It came to them for a moment, and then died away.

Aily's face paled. She looked at Connor, but he smiled in her eyes, saying—

"It s only that whistling girl."

Soon after Seamus came in.

"It's a terrible night for a woman to be out," he said. "Just now I saw Shaun Kelly's daughter talking to a strange man down the road below."

In the morning a woman was found

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Importer,
BURT ST., Boulder.**

in the river, her forehead all black and burnt.

The men said it was the lightning killed her. But the women—

“A whistling woman or a crowing hen
Was neither good for God or men.”

Extract from Monday's "West Australian" police court news: — "Ah Jack and Ah Kee, two Chinese, who were some time ago admitted to bail — the money being deposited — on a charge of being undesirable immigrants, did not attend. Their whereabouts are unknown, and, on the application of Detective Kavanagh, the bail was forfeited." — "Figaro" calls the attention of the Federal authorities to this flagrant breach of the Immigration Restriction Act, and wants to know what steps are to be taken in order to prevent such happenings in future. The police are clearly to blame. The absurdity of allowing these undesirables out on bail, and the certainty that they would fail to attend when called on (when that was their only chance of remaining in the State) should have been patent to the most wooden-headed official — should have been clear to a J.P. even. On the same day that their case was called on, a man who is "wanted" in another State was brought up. But he was not liberated on bail. He was remanded to await an escort from N.S.W. Why were these Chinese not remanded until their case was dealt with? They could not then have escaped. And has the love for the cheap Chow—which it is well known the people in high places in Perth have — anything to do with the case? Also, what use is it to acclaim a White Australia when the only Act calculated to keep it white, can be evaded so easily. We would like to know these things.

* * *

Minister Gregory polled the whole of the votes cast at Goongarrie last State elections. Goongarrieites intend to do things differently next election day. They have a grievance against the Minister for having ignored the warden's recommendations in the Goongarrie United G.M. forfeiture case. And when this fact is pelted at him on the hustings, it will smell worse than the eggs kept over from the previous election.

* * *

The comedian who was fond of imbibing peered through the curtain.

"Ha! ha!" he chuckled. "I am better off than the house."

"How is that?" asked the sweet singer.

"Why, the house is only half-full."

The Complaint of Croesus.

The anxious searcher for truth paid his money to the medium, an astute person who did business on a strictly cash basis, and stated that he would like to have an interview with the shade of Croesus. Unquestionably there are some mediums who are humbugs, but this one was not. As soon as the lights went out, the shade put in an appearance.

"What can I do for you?" it inquired pleasantly.

"I am informed," said the inquirer, "that in your time you were an extremely rich man."

"I was," replied Croesus. "I was not, indeed, the original multimillionaire, but I believe I held the record in that line; although, of course, like other records, it has been broken since. My court jester — a very bright fellow, by the way, many of whose jokes are still going the rounds — used to say that I had all kinds of money. But you could have ascertained these facts by consulting an encyclopedia, instead of wasting my time and your money in attending a seance."

"True. But what I want to know is whether you were happy. I am a young man just starting out in life, and before I devote my energy to the accumula-

tion of wealth I want to know whether it is worth while. Therefore I have come to consult you, as one of the leading authorities."

"Alas, said Croesus. "How could I be happy? Think of the unfortunate situation of a multimillionaire born in the year 360 B.C. I didn't have a steam yacht or a motor car. I had fine horses, but, for obvious reasons, none of them ever took a blue ribbon. I could not play golf, because there wasn't any. I never saw a football game. I never organized a trust. My son, you have heard of people with more money than they knew what to do with. I was one of the earliest of those unfortunates, and you must admit that, in that early age of the world, there was considerable excuse for me."

"You might have tried philanthropy."

"True; but there were no newspapers then to spread the glad tidings. Philanthropy in my time was largely its own reward. Besides, when a man did anything in that line there were always folks who jumped on him because he didn't do something else with his money."

"Oh, people of that kind are quite plentiful yet," said the young man.

"Really? Well, you can see that I was not happy. In fact, I was better off when I hadn't a shilling. Don't

grin, young man. I know that is a chestnut now, but I want you to understand that I claim the authorship of that 'bon mot.'"

"Then you would not advise me to amass wealth?"

"No. However, you don't look to me as you were in any danger. If at any time you should become apprehensive you might try the Stock Exchange. I am informed that they have some excellent get-poor-quick schemes in that locality. You must excuse me now, as I have an engagement at another seance. Farewell!"

And Croesus vanished.

They talk of it in the mulga,
They dream of it down in Perth,
They long for it at the "thousand"
In the bowels of the earth.
It would easily fetch a fortune
In a certain place below—
The iceberg frozen wallop
They swig at the Ivanhoe,
Boulder Block,
W. T. Moran, Proprietor.

Said that mosquitoes are specially bad at Albany — actually attack Hordern's monument there with visible results.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

"By Thursday's mail there came to hand a copy of the first issue of "Figaro," a weekly 36-page quarto-demy publication which is being brought out at Kalgoorlie (West Australia) under the editorship and proprietorship of Mr. Wallace Nelson. Anything more entertaining and enlightening in the way of a newspaper production few, indeed, could imagine — unless literary versatility of the high quality possessed by Mr. Nelson was a very much more common thing than it actually is. Critical comment, excellent verse and clever rhyme, stories and sketches — all find a place in the production. The letter-press is also freely interspersed with "taking" cartoons (original and copied), and in this way "Figaro" derives a completeness which must make it a distinct credit to the journalism of West Australia. In the mechanical "get-up" the publication is all that could be desired. Mr. Nelson has many friends and admirers in Central Queensland, and no doubt a number of these will avail themselves of the opportunity of renewing their active acquaintance with him by becoming subscribers to his paper. The price of "Figaro" is 3d per copy, and a remittance of 5s. will en-

sure its delivery for a quarter at least. — "Rockhampton Record."

"Wallace Nelson is now editing 'Figaro,' a new illustrated weekly of 36 pages, which is published at the Goldfields (W.A.), and sold at threepence. It is a bright and readable paper, and no doubt in its future issues it will devote more space to snappy political, sporting, and personal paragraphs. — "Sydney Worker."

"Wallace Nelson's bright and breezy 'Figaro' is again to hand, replete with tasty pars, readable verse, and useful information. The cartoons by his gifted son are excellent—they are caricatures, not mere mechanical, stolid, wooden, photographic reproductions which need the aid of 'Limericks' to evoke interest and laughter. Young Nelson is born for distinction; as for the old man, the Kalgoorlie Demosthenes, distinction and public recognition have been accorded him long ago in Queensland, where his ability was freely admitted from the Darling Downs in the south to the hot, mosquito-stricken, torrid regions of Capricornia. This State is likewise familiar with his remarkable personality, and is shortly to be on more intimate terms, for Nelson is a starter for Parliamentary honors at the next

State elections, and we know of no public man on the goldfields likely to beat him. He and "Figaro" are herewith cordially wished abundant success." — Southern Cross "Times."

A Great Sale.

Freedman and Co., Limited, one of the largest firms in the State, have decided to hold a huge clothing and boot sale during the present month. Their enormous stock must be absolutely cleared out to make room for the coming season's goods. Accordingly prices have been vastly reduced, and thrifty housewives ought to avail themselves of the opportunity of getting genuine bargains. Freedman and Co., on account of the enormous stock they purchase for their Kalgoorlie, Coolgardie, Perth, and Fremantle branches, can buy most advantageously, and are thereby enabled to sell at prices that defy competition.

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