

The Fields 'Figaro'

Edited by Wallace Nelson.

Volume 1.

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Number 13.



A Suggestion for Ill-Assorted Pairs.





Mr. Robert Hastie has been unanimously nominated for the Kanowna selection ballot by the Kanowna A.W.A., the Kanowna Engine-drivers, the Paddington and Broad Arrow A.W.A., and the Broad Arrow District Political Labor League.

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Mr. James D. Lochard has been nominated by the Bulong A.W.A. and also by the Bulong Political Labor League by 35 votes to 33.

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Last Monday evening, at Kanowna, the presentation of a handsome illuminated address was made to Mr. W. Harper, on the occasion of his departure from the district. An exceedingly valuable and useful travelling case was at the same time presented to Mrs. Harper. There was a large attendance of all sections of the community present at the function, prominent among whom were many of the employees of the Main Reef mine, which Mr. Harper has managed for the last nine years.

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Mr. Harper was a quiet, undemonstrative man, devoid of what is known as side, but on the whole a capable and just manager. He permanently leaves the district, but will remain on the goldfields, where he has large interests in several locally-owned ventures.

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Kanowna has always had a reputation for having a large number of men

developing their own shows instead of selling to the foreigner. At present the most conspicuous example of this is Mr. J. P. Hallahan, who is sinking a shaft several hundred feet deep on his own lease. The object of the sinking is to cut the Robinson reef at a depth. This will cost some thousands of pounds. It would be a good thing for the country if Mr. Hallahan's pluck and enterprise were a little more common than it is. "Figaro" takes its hat off to Hallahan, and wishes him luck.

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Charlie Frazer has been touring Victoria and New South Wales prior to settling down as a legislator.

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Jonathan Morris has been making an ass of himself in the council over the market question. It is remarkable that men of Morris' type should be so anxious to make blockheads of themselves despite the fact that a far-seeing Nature has saved them the trouble.

* * *

At the last meeting of the general executive of the District P.L.P. it was unanimously decided to adopt the fighting platform as submitted by the Parliamentary Labor Party in preference to the one issued in Perth. It contains: the following planks: — 1, Effective Reform of the Upper House; 2, Taxation of Unimproved Land Values, with Special Impost on Absentees; 3, Old-age Pensions; 4, Limitation of Borrowing; 5, Income Tax; 6, Encouragement of the Mining and Agricultural Industries; 7, Reform of the Liquor Laws, and Extension of the System of State Hotels; 8, State Insurance; 9, Inalienation of Crown Lands.

* * *

Still they come. George Ricks and George Wiles have lately augmented the crowd of candidates for the Ivanhoe Labor ballot.

The fight of the next general elections will be the one between Johnson and Keenan. Both are good fighters. Johnson is in a special sense the representative of the miners, while Keenan is in an equally special sense the representative of the mine-owners. The result will be largely determined by the business vote. Needless to say, it ought to go to Johnson, for the interests of the shopocracy and the workers are practically identical.

* * *

On Wednesday night an exceedingly enthusiastic social was tendered at the Shamrock Hotel, Boulder, to Mr. W. McRoberts, the late proprietor. There were about ninety present, and the proceedings were very enjoyable. During the evening Mr. McRoberts was presented by citizens of Boulder with a gold watch; by the A.W.A. Band with a gold locket; by Messrs. McKay and Gordon with an emerald crescent brooch. He and his wife were also made the recipients of a purse of sovereigns. Mr. McRoberts is leaving for Fremantle.

* * *

A parcel of the dearest cigars in the world, 1500 in number, has been despatched from the famous Vuelta-Abajo tobacco fields in Cuba for the consumption of the New York millionaire smoker. The price of one of these cigars is equal to 18s of English money.

* * *

Somebody is indignant because a child is charged threepence for front of the tram fresh air, which is unreasonable. Tired men returning from work and worn-out shop girls and women should have the monopoly, because they need it most; but wisely the Government has decided that the front, the back and the inside of the tram is free to all, except that children must have the necessary full fare and smokers must put their pipes out in the general compartment. A doctor lately prescribed for an ailing business girl a sixpence worth of fresh air every evening in the front of a tram. Six weeks has cured her, and—she is to be married in a month to the driver.—Sydney "News-letter."

* * *

There has died in Dumfries, Scotland, Mrs. Marchbank, a sister of Mr. Kirkpatrick MacMillan, the Dumfriesshire blacksmith who invented the bicycle.

Broken Hill Aerated Water Works.

O'Donnell and Dempsey
Proprietors.

Absolutely the Best Aerated Waters and
Cordials in the District.

Mannion's Exchange Hotel,
Tram Terminus, Boulder.

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

CALL and BE HAPPY.

It may be recalled that he was arrested by the Gorbals police, when he attempted to enter Glasgow riding his bicycle. The charge against him was that he was dangerous to the lieges! Two of his brothers were engaged in the work of education, one in Edinburgh High School, the other in Glasgow.

* * *

Arthur Reid, who is standing for the Upper House against the doleful Glowrey, and whose address appeared in a recent issue of "Figaro," has put forward a very drastic platform, and even goes bald-headed for the abolition of the House in which he aspires to sit.

* * *

De Cean, the prominent anti-coupon champion, is lying low just now. It is supposed that he will come prominently to the fore when the Japs. descend on this unhappy continent.

* * *

By the way, speaking of De Cean, reminds us of a good story. Money was being spent like water at the early stages of the anti-coupon agitation. Hundreds of pounds were being spent getting signatures to an anti-coupon petition to Parliament. One night one of the members of the league, fearing that the money was being wasted by the zealous secretary, wanted to know what amount had been spent. "Only about £250," cried the secretary, as if ashamed that a thousand or two had not been expended in the good cause. "And where's our assets?" cried the economical rag-merchant. "Assets?" thundered the secretary, picking up a huge bundle of petitions, and dashing them on the table. "Assets? There are the assets." The rag-merchant relapsed into an ignominious silence, while De Cean leaned back in his chair, with all the dignity of an emperor contemplating the utter rout of his foes.

* * *

Dr. Macmillan, of this town, has suffered a severe bereavement in the death of his father, the Rev. J. K. Macmillan, of Hamilton, Victoria. The rev. gentleman presided over the Hamilton Presbyterian Church for 35 years, during which time he took a leading part in every advanced movement. He was an ardent supporter of free and compulsory education, long before it was introduced, and altogether lived a life worthy of the great Celtic race to which he belonged.

Hugh Trumble (also known as "Little Eva" and "Maypole Hugh"), the great Australian cricketer, is 36 years of age, and made his first appearance in first-class cricket for Victoria in 1887. His first visit to England was with the Australian team of 1890, and since then he has been included in every tour over here. It was supposed that for business reasons he had given up cricket, but the reverse at Sydney has called him out again. Standing 6ft. 4in. in height, he delivers the ball very high, but with a deceptive flight. He is slow to medium, and breaks both ways. He is also a fine batsman.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Hanley was born in Oliver Goldsmith's county — Longford, Ireland. As is quite fitting under the circumstances he can quote the poet's



verses ad lib. He came out to Australia at the age of 14, arriving in Crowland in '78. He set to work at carriage trimming in the employ of Cobb and Co. He was the prime mover in the formation of one of the branches of the Coach-trimmers' Union. Later he became proprietor of a hotel in Clare. Utilized some of the profits therefrom in a journey to the W.A. Fields. Arrived at Broad Arrow. Contested the mayoralty. Was defeated. Had the misfortune to lose his wife at the Arrow. Dropped some money in the Arrow Brewery. Undertook the Launceston Hotel. Left it to travel in the Mulga Country for Hannans Brewery and J. and W. Bateman.

Travels from Kalgoorlie to Lake Way. Fond of history—especially Irish history. Is a glutton for dates—historical ones—great Home Rule enthusiast—always wears a wide-brimmed hat—has a broad waistcoat and the same description of cheerful smile.

* * *

Maxim Gorki, the Russian writer, has forwarded an interesting present to Herr Bebel, the German Socialist leader, as a mark of his sympathy with him personally and politically. It takes the form of an inkstand, carved out of a mammoth-tooth, which was originally presented to Gorki himself by an exile to Siberia, who had made it.

* * *

Whether there be one God or three—no God, or ten thousand—children should have enough to eat, and their skins should be washed clean. It is not I who say that. Every mother's heart under the sun says that, if she has one.—Ruskin.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. Barclay, at one time of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, was a very athletic man, as well as an excellent clergyman. In a short time he became a very long driver at golf. One day, when playing at Musselburgh links with a number of friends, he played off at the first hole with a tremendous swipec, which rather astonished a host of caddies who were lounging round the hole. "Wha's that?" asked one of these worthies, in surprise at the stroke. "Weel," answered an old hand, "folk say he's a meenister; he says himself he's just a beginner; but I say he's a leerc."

* * *

According to the "Advertiser's" Paris correspondent, M. Curie, who shares with his gifted wife the credit of having discovered radium, has declined the Legion of Honor. "The institution is bad," he says.

* * *

Mr. Winter, the defendant in the Corelli libel case, in due course forwarded the authoress the farthing awarded to her as damages. But Miss Corelli's solicitors wrote, returning the farthing, and adding: "We are instructed by our client, the plaintiff in the case, to inform defendant that she is happy to present him with the damages granted by the jury as a contribution to one of the many Stratford charities he no doubt supports."

Pearce's
National Hotel,
Hannan St.

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.



GIVING UP BUSINESS

In the Clothing Line

Sells Drapery Only

Alexander & Co.





No Australians Need Apply.

(It is reported on all hands that the Transvaal mining bosses are everywhere boycotting the Australians on the mines on account of their strong pro-White sympathies.)

It was "Come and help us brother";

It was "Join us in the fray—
You are brave and you are worthy,
And we'll cherish you always."

But the situation's altered,
And the tune is altered too,
And it's "Keep away, Australians,
There is nothing here for you."

You told us that the franchise
Was a sacred, holy thing,
And we gave our blood to win it,
In the name of God and King;
And our cry was "Wicked Kruger,
Give us more votes, or you fall."
Well, he fell, and—Holy Moses—
We have now no votes at all.

Fine reward for all our daring!
Princely pay for all our pains!
For dying by the hundred
On the bloody Afric plains.
Oh, the great Australian nation,
It has gone and played the flat,
For it thought it fought for Freedom,
But it only fought for Fat.

It is well sometimes to see ourselves as others see us. It makes us "humble and mindful of death," as the old Shorter Catechism used to say. Anyhow, I got a lot of honest amusement out of the following description of myself from the pen of Grant Hervey in the pages of the New South Wales "Worker": — Wallace Nelson now agitates the "Figaro," a new journalistic blessing or crime, as the case may be. Wallace deserves honorable mention on his own, however. Short, blue-jawed, and with a huge, bald, plumage-valanced skull, like unto a trimmed gasometer, Nelson writes well, and talks like unto a special edition of a Scotch angel.

Fortunately, his brogue doesn't show in his printed remarks, but you can smell it—salt as the foreshores of Abberdehshire—in his speech. When this writer used to stroll into the "Sun" lair occasionally, and tell Nelson an extra whopping lie, the little Scot used to lean back, and, twining his legs, exclaim, "Waell! Waell! Hairrvey!" in a Caledonian voice too funny for words. A good fellow, but a damnable poet, he deserves the best of luck with his new venture.

The phrase "a damnable poet" made me roar. It is so frank, so unconventional, so expressive, and so true. I knew it all the time. All my life my ambition has been to be distinguished. I would rather that men should speak ill of me than that they should not speak of me at all. I have known for some time that I had no chance of knocking out Shakespeare, or Milton or Wordsworth, or even Burns. But I was—I speak in absolute seriousness—just a little afraid sometimes that people might think me a middling kind of poet, one of the minor stars that twinkle for awhile, and then pass into the darkness. Two kinds of poets I admire and none other. One the poet who is really great. The other is the poet who is unspeakably bad. The first you can enjoy and the second you can enjoy—and the second more than the first. The poet I abominate most is the poet who is neither good enough to be honestly admired nor bad enough to be honestly laughed at. Thank God, or Fate, or whatever is at the back of things, I'm not that kind of atrocity. I'm "damnable," and I'm glad of it.

And here I must frankly confess that I have always had a very sincere admiration for Grant Hervey as a poet. He is by a long way the biggest, healthiest, and strongest poet I ever knew. He is without question a fine specimen of a man, and if he had not been a bard he would have made a first rate navy.

I'm glad Hervey used to get a lot of fun out of me when I was on the "Sun," for I got a lot of fun out of him. He was the most business-like poet I ever met. He used to come into the office about nine o'clock in the morning, divest himself of coat and vest, roll up his shirt sleeves, grasp his pen firmly in his fist, and start writing poetry in much the same way that a carpenter saws wood. Hervey didn't appear to me to be very much inspired, but he used to sweat profusely. He turned out poetry by the square yard with mechanical regularity. When he had done a fair morning's work he used to put his coat on and go and have a drink. I never saw anything like it. It was a case of poetry while you wait. There was no sentimental wooing of the muses about Hervey. On the contrary he used to get the jades by the hair of the head, bang them between the eyes, and generally make them do his bidding. In some respects Shakespeare and Shelley were Hervey's superiors, but for wind, staying power, and endurance he could give all the gods in the Pantheon miles of a start and win in a canter. I admit that I'm damnable, but Hervey was sublime.

Honestly, I liked Hervey, and he had no more sincere admirer in W.A. than the poor fool who writes these words. Despite an undue tendency to sit across a star, dangling his legs in the Milky Way, and an equally pronounced tendency to fall out with God on the slightest provocation, he wrote some rattling stuff for the "Sun." He has wonderful powers of expression, and if ever he has something to say really worth saying, he will make his mark. After all he has the defects of his qualities, and I believe he is almost as damnable a philosopher as I am a poet. Perhaps earth holds no more pathetic spectacle than the philosopher who mistakenly imagines himself a poet, except it be the poet who harbors the delusion that he is a philosopher.

No Cause for Alarm.

"Run Sandy, me mon, for the dochter,
Puir Jock here will surety be ill,
The bawbee ye gaed him to play wi',
He swallied it juist like a pill."
"Toots, lass," said the thrifty McTavish;
"Dinna fash yersel wummun that way;
The bawbee I gied him to play wi'
Wis a coonterfit yin onyway."

Union Club Hotel, Jacob Taylor,
Proprietor.

The most comfortable and homely Hotel in Kalgoorlie.
Rendezvous of Parliamentarians and Sports. Good
Liquors, good Table, and good Everything.

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.**

Amusements and Amusers.

By 'Trombone.'

Last Sunday evening there were two exceptionally melodious band concerts in this locality. The combined Kalgoorlie and Boulder City bands officiated at Victoria Park, while the A.W.A. band, with the assistance of Mr. Chas. F. Bowles — of Fitzgerald's concert band — performed at the Boulder Rec. "Truthful" insisted on reporting the Boulder concert, but I was afraid that a large portion of his observances would be uninteresting to you, reader, as they consisted largely of expressions of fiendish glee at his success in dodging the red-headed man who appears to be his rival. I have cut out much of this, but lay the rest of his report before you.

* * *

Dear Trombone, I gave that red-headed vulgar fellow the slip on Sunday night, and would have had those two nice girls all to myself all the evening at the Boulder, had it not been for the arrival on the scene of their brothers. At least they said they were their brothers, though I couldn't see any family likeness. I had, therefore, nothing else to do but listen to the music.

* * *

The first item was a very fine march called "The Cornet." Now, the cornet didn't get quite all his own way in this piece, because just when he thought that he had wiped the floor with the other instruments, the basses and trombones jumped into the ring and kind of "got to him." Luckily the gong sounded just then, or he would have been counted out. He stuck to it, however, during the next three rounds, and the referee gave him the fight on points.

* * *

I can't tell you the name of the next item for the simple reason that it was composed by a German, and, as everybody knows, German names are not meant to be pronounced. They are

only built for being written. You can manage to articulate the names of the piece and of the composer if you stand on your head, but outside of Germany, this is not the regular thing to do when pronouncing names.

* * *

The main thing is that it was a waltz. I just shut my eyes while it was being played, and could see the whole waltz going on. There was an old German professor who was so wonderful a player on all the instruments, that after a while they played by themselves. He used to fall asleep, and the minute they saw that he was asleep they all sneaked out of their cases and had a good time.

* * *

I am sorry that I couldn't pay proper attention to the next item, "Lurline," but you will understand my feelings when I tell you that I saw those two girls walking about arm in arm with their two brothers—in the shady part of the reserve. I never saw girls take so much interest in their brothers before. I have made up my mind to inquire into the "brother" business.

* * *

The "Grand Patriotic March" which followed, gave a full account of what all the different nations thought of themselves. Needless to say, each believed itself to be better "rough dry" than all the others "starched and ironed." There was no Australian National Air in the piece, and of course I didn't take much interest in foreign nations like England and France.

* * *

The following piece, "A Soldier's Life," was composed by a man called "Special Request." I was quite glad to come across a composer who had a name that I could pronounce. It was a marvellous item. To anybody who doesn't understand music, the meaning of it might not be very plain, but to me it was as clear as daylight. First

the troops marched through the streets to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," while the women leaned out from windows, waving handkerchiefs; all the little boys trying to keep step with the drum, and making up their minds that they would be soldiers when they grew up. I don't know where the regiments were marching to—the music didn't say—but it couldn't have been to Somaliland, because when they got there and fought they won.

* * *

Anyhow, they reached the transport vessels, and took a lot of trouble over saying good-bye, for the soldiers knew that by the time they came back their girls would all be engaged to some other fellow, and they would be left in the lurch like they were after the Boer War. However, the girls cried a good deal, and made a good show, and some of the soldiers seemed to be easily taken in. They sailed away singing "The girl I left behind me," and "When other lips."

* * *

When they reached the open sea, and started singing "Rocked in the cradle of the deep" a big storm came on. Some of them prayed a great deal and sang a hymn about "those in peril on the sea." The others set to work, lashing loose things on with ropes, reefing the sails, getting the boats and life-buoys ready, helping to steer the ship, to bail her out, and all that sort of thing, and eventually managed to make her weather the storm. Then everybody went and thanked the people who had stopped down below and prayed.

* * *

After a while they landed, and the bagpipes played. Two euphoniums had to play out of tune just here to make it sound like real bagpipes. Well, after that they went to war properly. The soldiers all felt a good deal frightened when they heard the guns going off, and the shot and shell whiz-

C. E. Band, Watchmaker and Jeweller, Hannan street, next to Commercial Hotel, is one of the most up-to-date specialists in the district. His stock of suitable presents is large and varied, and, as a watch repairer, he has no superior. Give him a trial and you'll get satisfaction, and lots of it.

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.

Bannerman Bros.

Wholesale and Retail Tobacconists and Hairdressers, have opened their new Premises in Park's Buildings, Hannan street, near Palace Hotel.

Most Elaborately Furnished Saloon TELEPHONE 400.
on the Goldfields.

zing past their ears, but none of them liked to be the first to run away, so they stayed there and fought. Two days afterwards they found out, by looking at the newspaper, that they had won. Then the band played "See the conquering hero comes," and they made for home once more.

* * *

There was one soldier that everyone thought a fearful lot of, for when he got ashore they sang "When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah," but I didn't hear them singing about anyone else. I asked who this soldier was, but none of the people near me knew who it was. I think it must have been the soldier with feathers on his three-cornered hat. But I don't know why they all made such a fuss of him. All the time the fighting was on he sat on horseback at the top of a hill, out of range of the shots, and when he wanted any news he sent another cavalryman right through the thick of it, where he wasn't game to go himself.

* * *

Finally the piece wound up with "Home Sweet Home," and everybody seemed very jolly and cheerful, because they hadn't been away long enough for their girls to marry anyone else.

* * *

The last two items were splendid, I am told, but I discovered that I had spent my last sixpence at the turnstile, and so would have to walk home. Consequently, I left early and missed them. There was a great crowd at the concert. —Yours, "Truthful."

* * *

The Boulder City Orchestra has been going ahead at a surprising pace of late. It now includes a membership of thirty, in addition to the following officers: — President, M. Mannion; conductor, Ernie Hunter; leader, Ernst Salter; pianist and accompanist, Miss Florrie Mannion; and secretary, R. Salter. It has undertaken a series of fortnightly concerts at the Boulder, the last of which proved a great success, musically and financially. Next Wednesday another concert will be held at which a splendid programme will be carried through. The full orchestra of instrumentalists is under able leadership, and another musical treat will undoubtedly be obtained on that occasion by all lovers of harmony.

* * *

The A.W.A. Band are holding another of their Trafalgar concerts to-morrow night. The success of the last concert at that place should be a guarantee of a magnificent musical time there to-morrow evening.

An exceptional programme has been prepared by the Boulder Band for their Boulder Rec. concert to-morrow night. Most of the items are new and very attractive. The "Troubadour," arranged by the conductor, Mr. Hugh McMahon, is of special interest.

* * *

The Boulder Dramatic Club, in combination with Cremer's Comedy Company, should have a successful run in Kalgoorlie during next week. They open with "The Governor," a farcical comedy with which they have previously scored splendidly in Kalgoorlie. This will be followed by "Lost in London" and "East Lynne." Their electrician is providing some novel lighting effects for the purpose of counterfeiting lightning flashes, etc., and otherwise this department is on the pinnacle of up-to-dateness.

Her Majesty's Theatre.

Boulder Dramatic Club
in combination with
Cremer's Comedy Co.

Monday, March, 7, and Tuesday 8th

• **THE GUV'NOR** •
A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts.

Wednesday, 9th.,

• **LOST IN LONDON** •

Thursday, 10th.,

- **EAST LYNNE** -

Popular Prices 3s. 2s. 1s.

Recreation Reserve, Boulder.

Boulder City A.M.A. Band Concert.

To-Morrow Night.

March... 8th Regiment Chambers
Overture... Pique Dame Suppe
Selection... The Troubadour Verdi
[arr. H. McMahon
Morceau... Turkish Patrol Michaelis
Selection... Gems from Sullivan's
[Operas No. 1 arr Hume
Selection... Don Pasquale Donizetti

Silver coin admission.

Hugh McMahon, Conductor.
Jas. Harris, Secretary.

We beg to draw attention to Edwd. P. Hill and Co.'s advertisement in this issue. As a firm of auctioneers, valuers, and estate agents they are new to Kalgoorlie, but Mr. E. P. Hill has been long and favorably known as auctioneer for Henderson and MacGeorge. Their head office is in Hannan-street, but they are ready to conduct sales on any part of the fields, and a firm with so good a salesman as Mr. Hill, and with "Prompt Settlements" as its motto, deserves to get its fair share of the business going.

GRAND CONCERT

At Victoria Park to-Morrow Night
By the ...

Kalgoorlie Band

Special Program.
Conductor, Anthony Grieve.
Sec., Geo. McClelland.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ELECTIONS.

To the Electors of the North East Province.

Ladies and Gentlemen,— I have decided to contest the seat in the Legislative Council for your Province at the forthcoming Election, and I respectfully ask you not to pledge your votes until I have had an opportunity of laying my views before you, which I hope to do at an early date, both through the press and personally —I am, Ladies and Gentleman, Your Obedient Servant,

ROBT. D. MCKENZIE,

Hannan-st, Kalgoorlie,
2nd March, 1904.

BOXING.

Her Majesty's Theatre, Friday
March 11.

Frank Thorn
V.
Tom Dunn.

Best of 20 rounds, one to win. £50 a side wage, and 75 and 25 per cent. gate.

Stage 10s., Stalls 5s., Gallery 3s.
Pit 2s. 6d.

Always on Top.

A. J. Wilson & Co., HIGH-CLASS TAILORS & OUTFITTERS,**PARIS HOUSE, Hannan St., and at Perth.**Some beautiful Novelties—Silk Shirts, Silk Handkerchiefs, *Admittedly The Leading Firm.*
Especially Suitable for Xmas Presents.**Coastal Carplings.**

The corpulent gentlemen have at last arisen in their wrath to smite the Labor Party. A brilliant assemblage of all the wisdom (ahem!) and probity (don't smile) of Fremantle met in secret conclave and declared their intention of saving the country. The country is a little uneasy at the prospect, but the corpulent gentlemen are determined that it shall be saved whether it likes the process or not. Only citizens of unimpeachable respectability and avoirdupois were admitted, and any vulgar Labor fellow found lurking in the sacred precincts was promptly ejected. Consequently, the meeting was unanimous, and when the corpulent gentlemen do agree, their unanimity is surprising.

It appears that the Labor Party is ruining this once-happy country. The corpulent gentlemen wept when they thought of the idyllic life in this State before the agitators came. Then, every man enjoyed the freedom of working for as low wages as he (or the boss) liked. Now, the tyrannical Labor Party insists that every man must be well paid, whether he wants to be or not, and the good old happy days are gone for ever. The Labor Party not only degrades the workman during his life, but dogs him even to his death. When he grows old it wants to force an old-age pension on him, regardless of his wish (and right) to die in peaceful dignity in the gutter.

The corpulent gentlemen become apoplectic when they see these things, and are resolved to bear them no longer. And so, at the brilliant, if somewhat restricted meeting above-mentioned, a National Political League was formed. The purpose of the league is to stem the rising tide of Socialism,

and the committee undertake to provide brooms. The platform of the league may be described as sentimental toomy-rot. It proposes "to foster a national sentiment, cultivate patriotism, and promote security and general confidence." There! that's something like an object for you. None of your vulgar concrete Labor proposals. The rest of the platform is equally lofty, fine-sounding—and meaningless. The league is positive that its platform will regenerate the nation, and base is the slave who asks how it will be done. All you have to do is to open your mouth and shut your eyes, and vote for the dead-beat derelicts the league will send you.

The mountain of indignation has thus at last labored, and has brought forth a mouse; or, to be precise, a number of rats. The chief of them is Moss, M.L.C. This gifted statesman, when Parliament is out of session, earns a more or less precarious living by defending drunks and petty thieves in the police courts. He carries his police-court methods into politics, and is ready to advocate anything for a consideration. He is a political jackal, with a keen scent for loot. Joining the notorious Morgans Ministry, he was forced to seek re-election, and was thrown out with a loud thud. Shortly after, when everyone had forgotten his existence, he sneaked back into the Council by a side door, and took a seat in the Cabinet he had opposed. Moss is one of the most shameless rats in a Government mainly composed of rats. His support is enough to damn any cause.

Other brilliant members are Solomon, the Noah's Ark old gentleman, who recently went under to Carpenter, J. J. Higham, and G. F. Moore. The latter

is a versatile venerable, for this is the second "National" party he has helped to form within a few months. Captain Laurie, who "loves the working-man," and who was swept into Parliament on the anti-Morgans wave, got off a lot of balderdash about the cultivation of a national spirit. Laurie doesn't cultivate it to much extent himself. He is the most notorious grabster in the Port. Besides being a member of Parliament he is chairman of the Harbor Trust and head of a stevedoring firm,—two positions which seem to work nicely together. Taken by and large, the "National" politicians are a choice selection. They'd bletcher about their desire to remove corruption from politics, and at the elections will probably receive a broad hint that the simplest way of doing that is to remove themselves.

I was a little out in one of my predictions. I said Mrs. Tracey would probably nominate for Balkatta against Dicky Haynes; instead of which it is East Perth that she has decided to honor. Walter James has been singled out because he is the chief of "them six-and-eightpenny blokes" who have been persecuting the "pore lone widdy." Mrs. Tracey declares her intention of fighting the battle to the bitter end—"D.V., weather permitting, and if not called out." The lady's appearance will give interest to an otherwise tame contest. In fluency of speech and strength of lungs Mrs. Tracey is ahead of most of our politicians, and as an unconscious humorist she is unapproachable. She can always draw a crowd, which is more than many of the solemn prozers in the House can do. With the active assistance of another distinguished citizen, Mr. Michael O'Grady, chief bell-ringer, Mrs. Tracey's campaign will augment the gaiety of nations.

Cirnoc and his handcuffs continue to absorb the attention of Perth. The

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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.

art and mystery of gaol-breaking is the only topic of conversation in the "best society," and the very "naicest" talk as familiarly of leg-irons and gang-chains as maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs. Every bar-loafer has a special theory as to Cirnoc's method of escape, and will expound the same to you for the price of a drink. The one thing evident is that Cirnoc does escape, and all attempts to tie him up "for keeps" have so far failed. Grencke, of the Cre-morne Hotel, was the first to take up Cirnoc's challenge, but was himself taken down. Then molar-puller Ford had a try, but with a similar result. The other challengers, mostly enterprising tradesmen, with an eye to advertisement, are, as the circus bills say, too numerous to mention. The management invites all and sundry to bring handcuffs, leg-irons, and similar little ornaments, to try on Cirnoc. What a gross insult! As though the aristocracy of Perth would expose their family relics to derision!

Perth has produced another poet. For long Lyon Weiss wore the laureate crown of poesy uncontested, but now another aspirant has arisen. The new genius is a returned contingenter, but bases his claim to consideration on the fact that he suffers from rheumatism. After reading his poems I can quite believe it. Only rheumatism in its most malignant form could have inspired such poetry. So realistic is the writer that he communicates his pangs to his readers, and all groan in chorus. Rheumatism takes its rightful place as the tenth Muse, and the rheumatic poet will be read and honored when Tennyson is forgotten—though perhaps not before.

There seems some prospect of the State undertaking the sale of milk as well as beer. The Health Society advocates the establishment of municipal milk depots as a means of checking the appalling infant mortality arising from diseased and adulterated milk. The Mayor of Perth approves of the proposal, and the council has recommended it to the Government. The project has naturally met with derision from serious thought, but intelligent people the flippant fools who are incapable of will support it. Our milk has to run the gauntlet of a long line of diluters and adulterants, and by the time it

reaches the consumer it is only fit for whitewashing walls or poisoning rats. Perth milk is nearly as vile as Perth water; while as to the beer—but that subject is too painful for words.

NEW JAPAN.

Thus a writer in the English "Clarion":—

Who looks upon the new Japan from the top of the Atago Tower which dominates the capital, is much struck, as recent travellers tell us, by the imposing line of barracks, massed on the side of the sea, and inter-connected with a very spider's web of telegraphic and telephonic wires.

Coming down to view the Emperor's Palace, a building of the Middle Ages, perched atop of enormous walls behind an old-world moat, the observer finds himself in a throng of solemnly bustling gentlemen wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and the look of care that won't come off—scientific engineers, diplomats, student-soldiers, the props and spurs of the megalomaniac Japan, whose talk is all of "the more powerful Japan," its future, its destinies, and its place in the world's equilibrium.

Everywhere are soldiers, cannons, and blockhouses, and woe betide the in-offensive traveller if he should dare to brave the warlike susceptibilities of the human hornets buzzing in and out of this bristle of armaments, by promenading himself with a photographing apparatus, or even a sketch-book. For in their sudden haste to get level with the European procession, the twentieth century Japs have out-Germanied Germany herself, and are become as bellicose and jealous as a mess-room of Junker.

Lady Broome, in a very interesting article in the "Cornhill Magazine," tells of a dance she had with a Maori chief. "It was," she says, "somewhat of a shock to behold tall, well-built, dark-hued men faultlessly clad in correct evening dress, but with tattooed faces. Presently one of the stewards of the ball came to me, and said 'Te Henare wants very much to dance these lancers. I should be so grateful if you would dance with him.' 'Cer-

tainly,' I answered; 'but can he dance?' 'Oh! he will soon pick it up, and you'd have an interpreter.' Te Henare, who had been watching the result of the mission, now approached, made me a beautiful bow, offered his arm most correctly, and we took our places at the side, closely followed by the interpreter. I discovered, through this gentleman, that my dusky partner had never seen a ball or social gathering of any sort before, and that he had learned his bow and how to claim his partner since he entered the room. Of course, we danced in silence, and, indeed, I was fully occupied in admiring the extraordinary rapidity with which Te Henare mastered the intricacies of the dance. He never made a single mistake in any part which he had seen the top couples do first, and when I had to guide him he understood directly. It was a wonderful set of lancers, and when it was over I told the interpreter that I was quite astonished to see how well Te Henare danced. This little compliment was duly repeated, and I could not imagine why the interpreter laughed at the answer. Te Henare seemed very anxious that it should be passed on to me, and was most serious about it, so I insisted on being told. It seems the poor chieftain had said, with a deep sigh, "Ah! if I might only dance without my clothes! No one could really dance in these horrid things!"

* * *

"Rouster" writes: A man may be good enough to look after the property of business men in this town by night, but when he becomes a source of anxiety to the circus management by reason of his inability to stand a few beers, it is time to put him where he won't be a nuisance—say in the tiger's cage. This reminds me that another night watchman who propels a vehicle containing pig-slops during the day, always knocks off night duty punctually at midnight. This is the very time at which burglars usually crawl out of bunk for the purpose of getting in some solid work. ("Rouster" must keep very late hours, or he would not have unearthed this grievance.)

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Mostly Critical

By Peter Plainspeech

John Farrell Memorial.

FIGARO has received from the secretaries of the John Farrell Memorial Committee a circular advertising the publication of a volume of poems by that well known journalist and splendid man. The volume will be entitled "My Sundowner and other Poems." It will be handsomely bound, with portrait and biographical sketch of the author. The price of the book will be one guinea each, and the profits will go entirely to the author's family. I have the greatest pleasure in asking the readers of this paper to support this praiseworthy effort to do honor to one of Australia's greatest journalists, and to assist his family. John Farrell was voted by all who knew him to be one of Nature's noblemen; a man whose heart was as great as his head. He has left behind him a noble name and nothing else. Unfortunately his widow and bairns cannot subsist on that, and Australians everywhere ought to esteem it a privilege to be permitted to help them in their hour of need. I recommend all who can afford it—and in this State their ought to be many—to send the sum of 21s. to Mr. W. C. Norman, care of Messrs. Angus and Robertson, 89 Castlereagh street, Sydney.

Freetrade and White Australia.

"White Australia" writes: I am surprised that a man, holding the views you profess on the White Australia question should fail to see the inconsistency of advocating a Freetrade policy for this continent, and as a natural corollary advocating the free admission of goods manufactured by cheap alien labor, while excluding the cheap aliens themselves. As that staunch democrat and white Australian, C. C. Kingston, has repeatedly pointed out, if Australia allows goods equal in quality to those made by ourselves, made in Japan or China by labor paid for at an average wage of about $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per day of our money, to come in without let or hindrance, how can our home manufactures pay a wage which will allow of our workmen living in conformity with our civilised ideas? Taking the difference between a wage of $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per day in Japan and one of even as low as 6s. per day in Australia, and comparing it with the freightage between Japan and this country, it can be easily seen—with a little study of the facts—that the Japanese maker has the advantage in the matter of manufacturing costs, and even after paying freight can dump his goods on Australian shores and sell them for a much smaller price than that at which they can be produced here. The natural result of such competition is to close our own manufactures and throw our workmen out of employment.

Quite Different.

"White Australia" forgets that if we purchase anything from Japan or China we must do so by the goods that we produce here. Japan or China will give us nothing for nothing. The more therefore we buy from these countries, the more they must buy from us. For example, in the long run, the tea we get from China is paid for by the goods we send China in return. And if it pays Australia better to, say, grow wool and exchange it for tea, than to grow the tea locally, then it is simply common sense for Australia to do so. The democratic Freetrader is just as anxious as the democratic protectionist to promote the

prosperity of his own country. Where it pays us best to produce anything here direct we ought to do it. But where it pays us best to get it by exchanging for it some of the things we produce, we ought to do that also. If imports are paid for by exports, then the more we import the more we must export, and the more we export the more we must produce, for we could not export anything before we had produced it. But to import cheap labor to take the place of white labor means nothing else but discharging our own people to make room for foreigners. The difference between the two policies is simply this—the one is all right and the other is all wrong.

The Immigration Fad.

Premier Deakin's ideas about immigration appear to me to be a little old fashioned. He thinks Australian population is not increasing rapidly enough, and he favors a policy of immigration. He does not appear, however, to recognise that the best way to get the right sort of people to come to a country is to make that country worth coming to. For example, New Zealand is rapidly increasing population. Thousands are leaving Australia for Maori-land every month. Why? Simply because Australia is a good place to get away from, while New Zealand is an equally good place to get to. People are not unadulterated fools. Australia won't get the right sort of people here by flaming advertisements, nor by assisted passages. She will only get the right kind of people by following in the wake of New Zealand, and adopting a drastic and radical policy—a policy which will give short shrift to idle and useless speculators, and reasonable inducement to the brain and muscle which, after all, are the raw material of national prosperity and national greatness.

The State Pub.

The State pub. seems likely to become a permanent institution in Westralia, thanks chiefly to the unqualified success of the Gwalia experiment. Even the extreme and somewhat fanatical prohibitionists are gradually coming round to the new idea. For my part, I think the success of the Gwalia experiment could be largely enhanced by the introduction of some of the more desirable club features. Why should the State pub. not have a library and reading room? I know that some temperance supporters of State hotels are in favor of making them as unattractive as possible. This, however, is a grave blunder. For if the State hotels are not made attractive, people will go to the private ones. Let the State hotels become like well conducted clubs, where drinks are an incident rather than an end, and where there are facilities for rational recreation and amusement, and the more people you can attract to them the better it will be for all concerned.

Prospectors' Retreat

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fore you reach Hannan-street
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Australians Boycotted on Rand

A Returned Westralian Interviewed.

Impartial men in every part of the British Empire now recognise that the late South African war was a purely capitalistic one. It had for its end the placing of the Transvaal completely under the control of the capitalist mine-owners. The talk about franchise was mere bluff indulged in to gull simpletons. As a matter of fact the franchise has been completely abolished. The hopes that under the new regime unlimited work would be found for white workers have been doomed to utter disappointment. The mine owners are not in South Africa for patriotic reasons. Their aim is not to build up a white community, but to make money as rapidly as possible. Now that they are absolute masters of the situation; now that the workers are gagged and the whole population disfranchised; those persons, through their creatures the members of the nominee chamber, have determined to flood the mines with Chinese labor. British soldiers have died in thousands, and British taxpayers have spent hundreds of millions in order to enable a few unscrupulous mine owners and speculators to displace white labor with yellow, and carry on mining operations under conditions which are a menace to the permanent white settlement of South Africa.

The other day FIGARO had the pleasure of interviewing a miner who has just returned from the Rand. He paints a most dismal picture of the state of affairs. It is almost impossible for a white worker to get employment. And if the white worker happens to be an Australian his case may be regarded as hopeless. Australians are extremely unpopular in the Transvaal. The mine owners know that they would not long tamely submit to disfranchisement. They know also that, if they had a vote, they would poll unanimously in favor of white labor, and against the yellow scourge. Accordingly Australians are not wanted—just now. They were wanted, badly wanted, as long as Cohen and Co. were fighting to subdue the Boers. They were very good fellows then. But that was two years ago. Things have changed since. Cohen and Co. are in possession; they don't require the Australians any longer. And the result is that they are being universally boycotted. My informant assures me that the ship by which he returned to Australia was crowded with Australians returning from the Rand, rejected, boycotted, practically expelled, by the capitalists in whose interests only lately they were risking their lives. A greater example of treachery, ingratitude, and utter baseness, history does not record.

The gentlemen interviewed by FIGARO, in the course of an exceedingly interesting conversation, made it quite plain that, under the new rule, South Africa is no place for white men. Indeed, sooner or later, if no radical alteration takes place, the Transvaal will be abandoned to the inferior races on the one hand, and a few rich speculators and their subservient minions on the other.

Asked if he had fought on the British side he replied: "Yes, I was conductor of transport in the British army for eighteen months. I took part in the war honestly believing that I was doing the right thing, and that, as a result, things would be better in every way for the whole population. I know now that they are worse, infinitely

worse. We had some sort of franchise before; we have none now. The rule of the country is in the hands of the Council, and the Council is not elected by the people; it is nominated by the Crown. The Council is really manipulated by the capitalists. They have got the upper hand and can do what they like—and are doing it."

In what way are conditions worse we asked, and the reply was: "In every way. At one time men got 25s. a day for superintending Kaffirs running two machines; now they are getting the same wages for superintending the working of three machines. Things are getting worse all round, and wages are sure to go down as soon as the Chinaman comes along."

Asked what the attitude of the workers generally was with regard to the importation of cheap Chinese labor, he replied: "The universal feeling is against the importation of the Chinese, but the men are being forced to accept the yellow curse. This is how the thing is done. The boss or manager of a mine comes into the large recreation room where the men congregate, and asks those in favor of Chinese labor to go on one side, and those against it on the other. Of course, under the circumstances, to vote white would be to vote oneself out of work. And few men will do that. Accordingly hundreds of men don't vote as they think; they vote to keep their billets. In the absence of the ballot, and in the absence of representative government of any kind, it is a sheer impossibility to get an honest expression of public opinion. The Transvaal is gagged, and the allegation that the white workers really favor yellow labor is a lie."

In reference to the attitude of the unionists FIGARO's informant said: "The miner's union is completely opposed to the introduction of Chinese labor. They wanted the question to be postponed till the introduction of representative government. But the capitalists wouldn't wait. They knew that their only chance was to force the matter on, and they have done it. Unionism is a great power in a free country, but it is utterly helpless in the Transvaal."

In reply to a query as to the truth of the report that Australians are being boycotted, FIGARO's informant said: "Yes, there can be no doubt that the Australians are literally hated by the capitalists. They are boycotted everywhere. If you are an Australian and want a job, you must pretend to be somebody else. It is positively shameful. The Australians who went are nearly all coming back. Over 60 come over in the boat with me. They are all convinced now that the war was a capitalistic one, and that capitalistic rule is a hundred times worse than Boer rule. Though I fought on the British side against the Boers I would never do so again. I am convinced that I was deceived and betrayed. The war was waged for profits, not for votes, in the interests of the capitalists, not in the interests of the people as a whole. If there were another fight—and I speak as a loyal Britisher—I would rather fight with the Boer against the capitalist than with the capitalist against the Boer—who after all

was a white man and upheld the rights and privileges of the white race. And I believe that thousands in Australia, who formerly supported the war, hold precisely the same opinion to-day."

Jap and Russ.

"Pro-Jap" writes: A great deal of nonsense has been and is being talked about "the yellow peril." China's four hundred millions, we are told, may, any fine morning, take it into their heads to roll down in resistless billows upon Western civilisation and swamp it by sheer force of numbers. This is tommy-rot! Neither four hundred millions, nor forty millions, nor four millions, nor four hundred thousand, nor forty thousand, nor four thousand men can travel anywhere without transport. Any practicable number of men who could be provided with transport by China, could also be wiped out with ease and celerity. So much for the yellow peril! But there is a possible peril from China which, perhaps, has never been properly grasped by the Anglo-Saxon peoples, although the present Russian-Japanese war will, doubtless, attract attention to it. Had Japan not pluckily taken up the question, not shrinking even from a mighty war to settle it, had Russia been allowed unchecked to fix her tentacles in China's vitals, there is little doubt but that, bit by bit, Russia would have swallowed China. Then we should have had a yellow peril of real magnitude. Wherever she goes Russia turns her population into soldiers. With China Russianised into mobility, well might Western civilisation fear annihilation. Then might we look for Armageddon and the end of our era—perhaps a repetition of the dark ages and a renewal of the feudal system.

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Miscellaneous Mining.

The letter signed "Kalgoorlie," re non-dividend paying Kalgoorlie mines, reprinted from the "Financial Times" by the "Miner," shows that at least one trusting, simple-minded Britisher still hangs on to his wild-cat shares—bought probably, in the days when every feline was supposed to be a blue-blooded Persian. A few extracts from the drivel of this faithful-unto-the-end innocent: No. 1: "Quite a number of these mines are adopting the waiting policy of practically doing nothing, simply waiting on, year after year, to see what the results are of the big mines adjoining." Like inanimate Micawbers, they are evidently waiting for a lode to turn up. No. 2: "What I should like to see is that about fifty able mining men like Richard Hamilton, J. W. Sutherland, and Ralph Nichols should be placed in charge of a number of these mine. . . ." Evidently the ungrammatical optimist imagines that Hamilton could create gold or say Chaffers barren area, or Sutherland instal a rich shute in the Horseshoe South, and that Nichols could bring home from America a real live development for the Ivanhoe Junction. In No. 3 the correspondent mentions "a policy of seeing that the profits—less a reasonable amount for depreciation—are well divided amongst the shareholders in the shape of dividends." Well, the shareholders are welcome to divide the whole of the profits being earned by such shows as the Kalgoorlie Amalgamated, North Boulder, Lake View South, Trafalgar, etc., and the necessity for a depreciation fund is not apparent in these cases, as there is nothing to depreciate—not, at any rate, underground. No. 4: "What a wonderful difference it would make to the mining welfare of W.A. if a number of the non-dividend Kalgoorlie mines were directed exactly on the lines of the Golden Horseshoe." Poor "Kalgoorlie"! I pity his ignorance and simplicity, and can only echo "exactly." What a wonderful difference there would be if all the Kalgoorlie mines had lodes of exactly the same size and richness as the G. Horseshoe. They could then all be directed alike, and there would be no non-dividend paying mines for cheerful

idiots to write about. My advice to "Kalgoorlie" is to sell what shares he has, and to buy something useful with the money.

Rumored on the "Mile" that a change in the Associated management is due shortly, and that Bewick, Moreing, and Co. will take charge of that show in the near future. Also that Fred Morgan is to take Flynn's place as underground boss at the Perseverance.

Warden Burt's report on the Mt. Margaret field or 1903 contains the information that his district comprises 40,153 square miles, that the gold output for the year totalled 212,500 oz., that 184 leases were applied for during the period covered by the report, and that the three State batteries in the district are proving a boon and a blessing to the prospectors. Also, that no rain has fallen at Eriston for the last two years, that the population is approximately 5115 persons, that windmills are much used in gardens in that arid part of the world, and that, as "Prospectors are now going further afield, using Duketon as a base," things in general wear a very healthy complexion.

The shareholders of the Northey Prospecting and Mining Co. can congratulate themselves on having more luck than the majority of people who speculate. The co. was formed last year to work a show at Arltunga, and was wound up on the first anniversary of its birth, when the liquidator was enabled to return £6 13s 6d out of each £10 share taken up. Paul Northey was the man who squelched the Arltunga boom by making the first truthful report on the reef formation of that district.

Fred Cottell, a well-known Australian mining man, has returned from West Africa, where he led two prospecting expeditions, one in the Gold Coast country and the other to Ashanti, with the object of acquiring mineral leases from the native chiefs. He made several important finds, and secured leases for various areas, totalling, in all, 190

square miles. The first expedition of 19 white men, of whom five were from Australia and New Zealand, had nearly 2500 negro carriers, the latter being used for the transport of a large bucket dredge, the first used in that part of the world, besides other mining appliances. For the Ashanti expedition he selected a party consisting exclusively of Australians, as the country to be traversed was difficult and dangerous and the climate exceedingly trying, and previous experience had proved that none could endure the hardships and the heat better than Australians.

They dredged the principal river, running from Kumasi with successful results, and came across very promising alluvial fields. There were a good many quartz mines and alluvial workings in that region, on which the natives had been operating for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years. In most of them there was a formation, which went 2 oz. to the ton, and most of the large quartz reefs yielded the same average, and from all he had seen he now believed that the traveller's tales of the discovery there of stone containing 100 oz. or so to the ton were greatly exaggerated. White miners received £30 per month, with everything found—food, liquors, quarters, servants, medical services, and passage money. It was not, however, a fit country for a white man, and he would not recommend anyone to go there. He has come back with the conviction that as a gold country there is, after all, no place like Australia.

Last week, under the heading of "Tricks of the Gold-dealers' Trade" we gave particulars of what we called a particularly suspicious deal in ore. We were informed of these particulars by two men, and accepted them in good faith as facts. During the week, however, one of the sellers of the ore (whom we mentioned as F— and M—, of B—) and the buyer of the parcel (whom we called Blank and Co.) called at this office to say that we had been grossly misinformed as to the facts of the case. From the proofs they produced we have come to the same on-

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Our Literary Page.

clusion. They proved to our satisfaction that (though the writer of the article had lived three or four years in B— without seeing any) refractory ore did exist above water level in that district; that Blank and Co. did not assay the ore, but judged by its likely appearance, bought the parcel purely as a speculation, and with no sinister motives; that F— and M— had a fair idea as to its value before selling; and that the ore has now been crushed and concentrated ready for final treatment. We would not knowingly do an injustice to any man, and having by inference accused Blank and Co. of having dishonest motives in buying the stuff, we now make the amende honorable, and admit that the information we went on was incorrect; and that the deal was a genuine and straight-forward one on the part of both seller and buyer.

"Imposition" writes: A friend — a woodcutter—came in from Kurrawang to get two teeth extracted. He went to a well-known dental menagerie in Hannan-street, and was charged 10s per tooth. He was so disgusted at the extortion that he went back to have a stump removed, but refused to pay for this job. Some molar stump-grubbers would charge a guinea per tooth if they got a chance.

"Truth" tells of a gentleman who went into a post office to buy stamps, and found a young woman with her elbows on the counter, gazing into space. After waiting a few seconds he took off his hat and said in a deeply reverential manner: "Madam, if you are engaged in prayer I will wait till you have finished." She attended to him at once with an angry sparkle in her eye.

Tom Doyle's proverbial luck is still sticking to him like plaster. The Kanowna lease owned by him and his mate, Finney, continues to produce possibly the highest yield per ton in the State. Tom is now so fully occupied at his mine that he has no longer any spare time to dispense beer to thirsty Kanownaites.

Literature is the poorer by the death of Mr. George Gissing, who, at the early age of 46, has fallen a victim to consumption. He commenced writing at twenty-seven, and in his early literary days appears to have had more than a nodding acquaintance with penury, as is often the case with men of his calling. Of one of his books, "New Grub Street," it is said he completed it in six weeks, working ten hours a day, and keeping body and soul together by selling a portion of his library. He sold the copyright for £150, it is said, "and ate once more." Gissing was a pronounced pessimist. Care appears to have marked him for its own early in his career. "If my stories are pessimistic," he once said, "it is only because my life is such. My environments were sordid, the people were sordid, and my work is but a reflection of it all. Sadness? My books are full of it. The world is full of it. Show me the masterpieces of art, literature, or music, and shall show you creations palpitating with sadness. . . . Mine has been but the common lot. No use saying much about it." Exactly how much of Gissing's pessimism was natural and temperamental, and how much induced by mental and bodily suffering it were impossible to assess. But there are few who can laugh and rejoice with the wolf at the door, or crack jokes with pain, like a knife, stabbing the lungs.

There died in October, near Wellington, New Zealand, William Waring Taylor, who, the "British Weekly" thinks, it may safely be said, was the last surviving person who figured in Charlotte Brontë's novels. William Waring Taylor was one of the Moore the youngest brother, Martin. His family in "Shirley." He was probably sister, Martha, who died at Brussels, was Jessie Yorke in "Shirley," and, of course, Rose Yorke was Mary Taylor, who figured so frequently in Charlotte Brontë's correspondence. Mary Taylor went out to Wellington about 1845. Waring Taylor was at one time one of the leading citizens of Wellington, but fell on evil days, and latterly had lived in retirement, "alike unknowing and unknown."

The Rationalist Press Association, having sold half-a-million copies of their sixpenny reprints, they are now issuing in the same series Mr. Edward Clodd's "The Story of Creation," with the whole of the illustrations and tables contained in the original edition. Mr. Clodd's book will be followed by Sir Leslie Stephen's "An Agnostic's Apology." In this extra series the same association are publishing, through Messrs. Watts, this week, under the title "Science and Speculation," the prolegomena to G. H. Lewes' "History of Philosophy." The cover is adorned with a fine portrait of the author, reproduced from an engraving presented to Robert Browning by Lewis, and now in the possession of Mr. G. J. Holyoake.

Of all the books that I have read about life in the wilds none has more entirely enthralled me in the reading than "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London (Wm. Heinemann, 1903). The hero is a dog known as Buck. Descended from wolf ancestors, Buck has been brought up in civilisation, and, like most civilised dogs, has led a lazy, useless life. At the outbreak of the rush to Klondyke, however, powerful dogs became valuable, and Buck was kidnapped from his warm southland home and landed at Skagway in frozen Alaska. There he was quickly introduced to the life of the trail. The chronicles of his learning his work, of his fights, first for mere life, and then for mastery, of his hardihood and his pride, of his falling on evil days and bad masters, of his rescue from death by John Thornton and of his devotion to his deliver, are vividly told and bring the scent of camp fire smoke within sniffing distance. The final emancipation of Buck from the thralldom of civilisation on the wiping out of his prospecting friends by the Yeethal Indians makes a weird and yet bloodstirring ending to a well-told tale.

The late Phil May presented the first copy of his splendid "Guttersnipes" to Aimee Moore, whose friend he was. The inscription read: "From 1 P.M. to 1 A.M."

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Scientific Palmistry.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

"Are you the gentleman what reads the ands?" asked a gawky, gaudily-attired young woman, timidly entering the palmist's mysteriously-curtained consulting room.

"Yes, lady," said the palmist, pleasantly assisting his prospective client to a chair. "I read the palm. Do you wish to consult me?"

"Yes, sir, I did," said she, nervously unbuttoning a tattered cotton glove and displaying a large pot-begrimed hand.

"You would like a full reading, I suppose," said the man, confidently, taking the girl's hand in his, and scrutinizing the lines of her palm.

"Oh, yes," said she, composedly sitting back in her chair, after gazing wonderingly at a number of more or less genuine photographs of the palms of various notorious and celebrated people which hung around the room. "I would like yer t' tell me everything. It don't matter so much about the past—that's dead an' done for. It's th' future I want ter know about. But I may as well tell y', sir," she went on. "I suppose you'll be sure t' see it in me fortune. I'm in a little trouble, an' what I want t' know most particular is if I will get out o' it, alright?"

"Yes," said the hand-reader, sorrowfully shaking his head. "I can certainly see you are enduring considerable mental anxiety. "But," he added cheerfully, "I am pleased to be able to assure you from the favorable aspect of Mount Jupiter, that you will shortly receive information which will completely dispel all the worry under which you are at present laboring."

"Oh, sir, I'm so glad I came t' see y'," said the mystified girl. "I feel as appy now as if I was born all over afresh. It's a great puzzle t' me, sir, how y' can tell these things from the 'and. I've got a girl mate, wat's a housemaid in th' house that I'm cook, an' she goes regular once a month to a fortune-teller what cuts th' cards. She's been goin' t' th' same one for over two years, and y' mightn't believe it, sir, but she can tell her everything now from the time she was in 'er mother's arms. She can even tell her things about her past that

she doesn't know herself. D' y' think I'll ever marry th' young man what I got me mind on?" she asked, blushing awkwardly.

"There is a star on your Mount of Venus," said the palmist, holding the woman's hand up to the light, "which foreshadows an early and advantageous alliance with the present object of your affections. I also observe tha—"

"I don't think you're far wrong there," said the girl proudly twisting an obtrusive rolled gold engagement ring which encircled a brown, fleshy finger. "Th' young man what y' see 'n me, and gave me this beautiful ring the last time I was out with 'im. Of course, I didn't mean ter doubt 'is word in askin' y' if y' thought he'd marry me. But the truth is, sir, I went to one of them phriendologists last night, you know, them fellers that reads y' bumps, an' 'e rather hupset me, sir. 'E told me that I was displacin' my affections, an' 'e said, sir, that the young gentleman that I'm travellin' with—beggin' your pardon for usin' common language, sir—walkin' out with I should say—'e said that 'e was only triffin' with me, an' if I wasn't careful 'e'd break me 'eart an' ruin me young life for ever. But I didn't believe 'im, sir; I knew 'e was only a fraud. 'E didn't tell me straight-out like you what 'e saw in me 'ead; 'e waited for me to tell 'im everything myself. An' so y' think I'll marry Bill," she said, gleefully mopping her coarse powder-plastered face with a soiled linen handkerchief. "An' can y' tell me, sir, if 'e's dark or fair? I don't like fair men. I never walked out with a fair man in me life. They say fair men's got the most go in 'em, but I reckon they're too slow to get out 'f their own road. I knew a red-headed bloke when I was about seventeen, an' 'e was that shy an' retirin'-like that 'e'd hardly hold 'is 'ead up if anyone saw 'im speakin' to a 'girl, but 'e used ter come sneakin' round after me, an' if there was no strangers about 'e'd be as game as y' like. But I've got no time fer blokes of that sort. I like a feller that's not ashamed to be seen out with y', an' don't mind spendin' a few bob on yer now an' again. D' y'

think it's a dark man that'll be me future husband," she queried, catching her breath, and brushing some dirt from the crevices of her hand.

"A dark-complexioned companion is certainly essential to your matrimonial welfare," said the palmist.

"An' will 'e be tall an' good-lookin'?"

"Yes," said the fortune teller, pretending to more closely examine an imaginary sign on the girl's hand by the aid of a cheap magnifying glass. "I perceive by certain developments of the Mount of Mars that your future life partner is much favored by the fates as regards personal appearances. And, furthermore," proceeded the futurist, "your line of Mercury reveals that the young man whom you will marry is particularly fond of animals—horses for choice. He is also of a speculative turn of mind, with an inclination for commercial pursuits."

"My word," said the girl, springing to her feet with joy. "That's Bill; that's my boy! Y' couldn't have described 'im better. You're certainly th' cleverest palmist I've ever been to. D' y' know, sir, there's not a kinder-hearted bloke in Sydney with animals than Bill. I'll give yer an instance, sir. One 'f Bill's best horses had th' misfortune t' slip an' break it's leg out Waterloo way a few weeks ago. Better get a gun and shoot it," ses Bill's mate. "Shoot 'im," ses Bill, "is heart burstin' for th' poor brute. D'ye think I'm a barbarian an' got no feelin'? No," says Bill to 'is mate, "come away from the 'arrowin' sight, an' let th' poor neddy die in peace." That's Bill," she said, proudly, resuming her seat. "An' as fer 'im 'avin' a taste for business; that's just what he is. He's what they call a commercial traveller. He travels ter Botany an' round there twice a week fer bones an bottles, an' th' rest of th' week 'e puts in sellin' odd lines, an' wild rabbits. I'm very well pleased," she said, drawing on her glove and preparing to go, "an' I shall certainly tell all me friends about y'. Have y' got change of half-a-sovereign?"

"Thank you," said the palmist, handing her two-and-six, and pocketing the yellow coin. "I hope you will not fail to call, and see me again when you are in any trouble. I shall always be pleased to see you."

"I won't forget," she said, beaming complacently, and running down the

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steps, "I'll call an' see y' again afore I get married, an' see if y' can tell me anything else. Tra la."

"Good-bye," he said, smilingly closing the door. "Don't mind the gate, I generally leave it open."

"That was a soft one," laughed the palmist's mate, as they adjourned to the corner a few minutes later."

"Yes," said the palmist. "She just saved us. Seven and six will square the rent, securing us for another week, and leaving us a clear half-crown strong. What'll you take to drink?"

"I'll have a beer," said the fakir's confederate. "A long beer."

"I'll try a whisky," said the hand-reader, languidly throwing down the half-sovereign he had received from his girl client.

"No you don't," said the barman, sharply picking up the half-sovereign from the bar.

"What do you mean?" said the palmist, perplexedly.

"That's what I mean," said the publican, placing the counterfeit coin under the tobacco cutter, and chopping it in two. "But don't try it again."

The revealer of future events collapsed into a corner, and thought. He is still thinking.

BARRY SPRAYTON.

NEW GUINEA.

(By "Pioneer.")

In May, '88, rumors of the discovery of traces of gold at Sudest Island, off New Guinea, filtered through to some prospectors who were working on the tinfields "out back" from Cooktown. A party of eight men was formed for the purpose of thoroughly prospecting the island. This party discovered the first payable gold in the vicinity of New Guinea. It consisted of Jack Brown—a Tasmanian, Masher Clark, Dan Sullivan, Frenchy, Jimmy the Larrikin, Paddy O'Keefe, and one other whose

name I can't remember.

They chartered a four-ton yacht for £100 per month on a six month's engagement. On arriving at Sudest Island and they immediately got to work, and next day discovered payable gold at a place known as the Four-Mile. The day after the captain of their small craft broke his agreement with them by returning to Cooktown for the purpose of reporting progress. The result was that the small syndicate paid him nothing for his boat; also that a rush to Sudest Island immediately set in.

Some years before several Victorian parties had prospected in the island, but all died, or had to return on account of the malarial fever before they had managed to get on payable gold. The very deep loam on each side of the creeks, and on the flats, represents the decayed vegetable accumulations of thousands of years, and on opening it up the smell from the gases thus liberated is nauseating.

The party travelled twelve miles further on to a place known as Watering Creek, where they obtained good wages from the wash. In March, '99, they sailed over to St. Agnan Island, with Nicholas the Greek, a distance of about sixty miles in the direction of the mainland. Payable gold was again discovered at St. Patrick's Creek—reached by them on the 17th of March.

There was a native township named Harriba not far from the creek, and one of the party, who was menaced by some natives, was compelled to shoot one of them in self-defence. The native had been working in the Queensland cane fields, and was afterwards described by the chief of the village as a "bad" man. At any rate Governor McGregor, who came down shortly afterwards from Port Moresby, was quite satisfied that it was a case of justifiable homicide.

The Governor's residence was on Dinner Island, and he had issued a proclamation that no prospector was to cross to the mainland of New Guinea, with-

out a special permit, on account of the hostility of the natives. Two of the party—Frenchy and Jimmy the Larrikin—ignored the proclamation, and crossed over to the mainland on a prospecting expedition. They were immediately decapitated by the natives. The murderers were hanged by order of the Governor.

The natives of these islands lying near New Guinea build their houses in trees or on overhanging cliffs. The residence of one chief was surrounded by a palisade, and on each of the pickets was a human skull. Skulls were a medium of exchange among the tribes, a white man's being regarded as more valuable than that of a native. The palisade, about four chains square, was a gruesome sight. Their burial customs were peculiar. All the natives from neighboring villages attended the nine days' festivity, in which native chants, dancing, and stuffed roast pig were the principal features. The corpse remained in a specially-constructed hut for that period.

The inhabitants of the islands were good sailors. Their canoes were very large; one of them being reputed to carry 300 natives.

SOUTH PROVINCE ELECTIONS.

Arthur Reid

Is a candidate for the vacancy to be caused in the Legislative Council by the retirement of Hon. J. T. Glowrey.

ELECTION EARLY IN MAY.

The South Province includes most of Kalgoorlie, all of Boulder, Coolgardie, Southern Cross, Norseman, and Esperance. From each of these places Mr. Reid has received liberal promises of support, and will

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Turf Topics and Tips.

By "Vakeel."

The most important sprint handicap of the V.R.C. is once more an event of the past, and will long be remembered on account of the downfall of the hottest favorite that ever went out for a Newmarket. So confident were the public that the Carbine mare, Playaway, would take the prize, that the bookies demanded the odds at barrier rise. The Sydney flier Pendant, together with the favorite, got well away, but the ultimate winner Mairp, was always handy, and sticking like a leech to the daughter of Far Niente, the unsexed son of Priam gradually wore her down, and won by a head, in the slowest time recorded since Churchill won in 1890. Needless to say the winner was an outsider, and very few outside the immediate connections of the stable would profit by the victory.

Mairp is a full brother to the one-time champion sprinter of this State — Cardinal — and is by the Richmond horse, Priam, from Happy Bride. Priam was the second foal of his dam, the first being Footprint, who claimed a winner on Saturday in Impression, who accounted for the Sires' Produce Stakes.

Taking into consideration her sexual allowance, the performance registered by Pendant is on a par with that of the Caulfield Cup winner Boze, who humped the crusher of 10st. 11lb. into second place behind Churchill. Playaway seems to have had a clear run all through, but she lacked the dash she showed at Caulfield.

By winning the Essendon Stakes the champion two-year-old of last season, Emir, proved that he still retains his pace, as it was only after a desperate struggle that he managed to win by a narrow margin from the Cup winner, Lord Cardigan, who will no doubt make a bold show in events to be contested later on in the season.

Scottish King made mincemeat of his three opponents in the St. Leger, but he was unequal to the task of conceding 16lbs. to hurdler Marmont in the Aus-

tralian Cup. McArthur's horse ran the race in the same manner as Great Scot did last year, going to the front and remaining there throughout, winning easily at the finish. The King was in second place nearly all the journey, but he seemed to lack the dash he has shown in his previous races this year.

The Portsea horse Seaport put in one of his characteristic fast runs at the finish, and obtained the same position he occupied in the Melbourne Cup. During the five seasons Seaport has been on the turf he has only three wins to his credit, while he has been six times in second place, and one nine occasions third. This is a most disappointing record, and his owners must have found him a most unprofitable animal.

Sylvanite will in all probability settle down prime favorite for the next V.R.C. Derby, as he was giving Koopan 10lbs. in the Ascot Vale Stakes, and after a great race all the way down the straight six, the brother to Brakpan only got home by half a head. The Champagne Stakes in Sydney will prove which is the champion two-year-old colt of the season, as each of the colts will be burdened with a penalty, as also will Bee Bee, who seems to be the pick of the N.S.W. youngsters.

Martinique put the seven furlongs of the Bourke Handicap past in good time, and showed that there was some justification for supporting her for the big sprint, as the field comprised ten candidates who ran in the Newmarket. Latchkey, who ran absolutely last on Saturday, got into second position, a contrast which might have called for an explanation, if it had been a minor event in the first instance.

Lord Fitzroy, a brother to the ill-fated Duke of Grafton, managed to win the Junior Handicap for Tom Payten, who thus secured the two juvenile events on Cup day.

The severe strictures passed on the

management of a race meeting held at Helena Vale a fortnight ago, by the "West Australian," are likely to be the cause of legal proceedings being taken against that journal. The stewards of the club have demanded an apology, also the name of the writer of the article, a request which has been refused by the newspaper proprietor.

The progeny of Wallace credited that sire with three wins and three thirds on Saturday, but on Tuesday they were not so successful, only one win and one second place being secured by them.

The 750 pounder Haut Nove is proving a bit of a frost, and evidently takes after his £1000 sister Carrageen, rather than after that brilliant pair of mares Haulette and Sweet Nell.

The Kalgoorlie course is a veritable picture at the present time, and is well worthy a visit. One would imagine he was in the eastern States, to see the verdant lawns and flowering creepers in the grandstand enclosure, instead of in the centre of a barren, waterless waste. The whole appearance of the place reflects credit on the gardener.

The training track is in capital order, but the work is confined to local horses, as none of the coastal brigade have put in an appearance as yet. Cypher and Rathsel are the star performers at present being prepared here, and both seem to be in good buckle. About twenty horses and a few ponies put in an appearance on Tuesday morning, but nothing out of the ordinary was accomplished, as the few boys available for riding are among the heavy-weight division.

A horse to be watched during the forthcoming campaign is Atholstone, who put up two creditable performances at a Sydney suburban meeting just twelve months ago, and who appears to the eye to be in good nick.

The Champion Stakes, over three miles, at weight-for-age, will be the chief attraction at Flemington, on the

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final day of the autumn meeting, and should prove a battle royal between the three-year-old colts Lord Cardigan, Scottish King, and Emir. Although the King failed to land the Cup, I am under the impression he is more forward in condition than his opponents, and therefore my vote is for McDonald's representative.

The Coolgardie Racing Club will open the summer round of goldfields meetings on Wednesday and Saturday next week, and as good entries have been received by the pioneer club, a large attendance may be expected. As none of the horses from the coast have put in an appearance at the time of writing, it is impossible to say what will start, and therefore it would be futile to anticipate the judge.

Marmont, the Australian Cup winner is bred in a similar manner to Bethnal, the well-known steeplechaser, at one time owned by a present resident of this State. Bethnal was by Neckersgat from the Wellington mare, Maritima, whilst the Cup winner is by Wellington from the Neckersgat mare, Lady Gay. Thus the progenitors of both the Newmarket and Cup winners were bred in South Australia.

Wellington was also the sire of the Steeple winner Sindhia, the lop-eared mare, who cost local backers a lot of good gilt two years ago, when she ran third in the Great Eastern Steeplechase at Onkaparinga. Her success will bring her into prominence for the £1000 steeple again this year, and as she seems more at home between the flags than she previously was, may make amends and credit the Manifolds with another coup at the picnic meeting.

A yearling filly by Mairp's sire from a half-sister to Pendant was submitted to auction on Wednesday.

The annual income of Mr. J. M. Barrie is said to amount to something like £25,000.

TOPIC OF THE HOUR.

Oh, seaward all eyes are turning,
And north, to the Yellow Sea,
To the blare and blaze of battle,
In the Gulf of Pe-chi-li,
To the war-boats working outwards
From Yokahama Bay,
To the cruisers stealing inwards
At Chemulpho, to slay.

All Europe stares to the eastwards,
Straining to watch the fight;
To the Sea of Japan stained redly
With the blood of the Muscovite;
To the scene of battle-ruin,
Where the bale-fire searchlight
gleams,
Where the dread torpedo bursts below,
And above the shrapnel screams.

They watch them—the Christian peoples
Who glory in war and strife—
While the brown men march out gladly
To die by the Cossack's knife;
And the sullen Russ. is gath'ring
Ominous and aloof,
Making a prayer for victory,
To the ikon 'neath each roof.

"Peace on earth"—'tis the nations
speaking;
"Good will towards all men"—the
Czar.

Yet the world gloats on the carnage
Where his fighting legions are.
They shout in the streets the war-news,
To the last least detail known,
From the first shot fired in battle,
To the dying soldier's groan.

We teach, as a Christian people,
The meek inherit the earth,
But each in his heart makes mention
Of the big battalion's worth;
And the blood-scent's in our nostrils,
The blood-thirst in our mouth,
And war is the only topic
Of interest now in the South.

James H.
Cummins,
Having been re-
quested to stand
for the Ivanhoe
State Electorate
by upwards of 500
electors, has con-
sented to contest
the Labor Plebi-
scite.

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Sporting and Sportsmen.

By 'Inquisitive.'

The public battled up well on Saturday night last to witness a slashing "go" between Harry Murless and Frank Anderson. Dempseys' are deserving of a pat on the back for the "sincere" character of their boxing shows. Pat O'Toole, the shrewd and genial, never fails to ask the referee chosen to flatten out any cronk work. "If one of them shows signs of being crook," says Pat, "give the other man the fight, and award the crook 'un's half to charities."

The prelim. was a four-round spar by Redpath and Clarry. It was more amusing than scientific as far as Clarry was concerned.

Frank Thorn and Tom Dunn were announced to fight on 11th March, and the Ted Jessop v. Paddy King contest was advertised from the stage—to take place on the 24th. Both of these latter glove experts were present, and looked fit. Jessop slightly taller, but King broader.

The two combatants of the evening then entered the ring. Billy Brew was prevailed upon to roam around the ring as referee. As he called upon Anderson and Murless to shake hands, a great physical disparity between the two men was apparent. Murless looked "odds on" with his broad shoulders and bulky anatomy. Anderson was taller, but thin, and very much the lighter of the two. The betting was 2 to 1 on Murless.

As they sparred up Murless looked very sure of himself—too much so, in fact. Anderson then led and got home on the face. Murless tried to avoid a number of these straight lefts by stepping back, but was too slow. Strange to say, he was quite unable to guard any of them with his right hand. He managed however, early in the fight, to get in a couple of heavy rights on Anderson's body. As the fight progressed the latter's straight left got home on the jaw every time until Murless was too weak to bring off an effective right swing, a piece of strategy for which he

waited from start to finish.

It is true that Anderson dropped for eight seconds once, but that resulted from a left hook. He came up gamely, and being sensible enough to follow the instructions of his seconds, kept the straight left going. In the third and fourth rounds it was easily seen that Murless was a beaten man unless he brought off a swing. He tried one very viciously, but the lanky man luckily avoided it. In the fourth round Anderson had his opponent simply paralysed, and Billy Brew, with a judgment unquestioned by a single person present, stopped the slaughter — Murless

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had "taken the floor" twice — and awarded the verdict to Anderson. At the moment of the stoppage Murless was leaning back against the ropes in a helpless condition.

Murless appeared at the outset to be making so light of his opponent that very many in the audience were quite glad to see him beaten. Some fighters are slow to learn that "cockiness" and "confidence" are two different things.

Paddy King and Giro Gallagher will "open the ball" at their boxing stage next the Central Hotel, Boulder, with a fight between Mitchell and McDonald next Monday night. Giro talks of introducing the American "Tornado" shortly. Four men are placed back to back in the ring. At the word "go" there is a very complicated "mix up," in which everybody has a bit of everyone

else. When each has had enough he crawls out of the ring, the last survivor being proclaimed the winner.

The two promoters are arranging a 10-stone boxing competition to take place in the near future. Giro reckons that "soon, a fellow will have to walk on the road." All the fellows on the footpath will be pugs.

Went out to see Paddy King the other day—special invite. Paddy has a good eye for a nice girl as well as for an opponent's "left lead." At any rate the two ladies who were — after much persuasion — induced to compete with him in a skipping competition, were exceedingly graceful, and would have won, but for some fancy work on Paddy's part. If I had been referee I should have disqualified the Newcastle competitor for foul skipping. No lady could be expected to leap into the air and whirl the rope twice round herself before she came down again.

As a prelim. to the Cullen-Jackson contest to-night, two gentlemen who have disagreed about something will spar for six rounds—by way of arbitration.

Stokes and Bell will try conclusions at Dempsey's next Wednesday. Stokes put up a pretty scientific and plucky "go" with Don King lately. Bell must show better form than he did in a late four-round spar with Packer, or the decision will go against him.

Saw Frank Thorne at work the other day. Looks in great nick. Frank is another of the teetotal boxers who give their trainers no trouble. His fight with Dunn should be of second interest only to the King-Jessop event.

Joe Cullen has been training at the Union Club Hall. Jackson has been doing his work at Kanowna.

Frank Thorn's principal performances are: — Beat F. Jackson in 1½ rounds; George Elmer in 3 in a nine stone competition; Roone in 8; McCarthy in 10;

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"Cooter" Miller in 20 on points, drew with him in 15; beat him again in 10; Don King in 1½; Coates in 3; George Henderson in 10; Billy McKell in Kalgoorlie in 10, and again in Perth in 20 on points; Monagle in 3; Silver in 3; fought Micko Walsh 10 rounds — declared "no fight."

Kanownas were dismissed by Hannans Star for 55 runs in their first innings on Sunday afternoon. For the former Cunningham was top scorer with 17. For the Stars Hall came out with an average of seven wickets for 29, and Moore with three wickets for 26. The game will be continued to-morrow.

The "match of the season" has now commenced — between Boulder and Kalgoorlie cricket teams. For Kalgoorlie Tulloh came out of his shell with 114 runs. Everyone is glad that Charlie has not forgotten his old form. Trompf knocked up 44 in good style. Fleming was the most successful bowler for Boulder. This match should draw a crowd to-morrow, as the play is bound to be interesting. Kalgoorlie score stands at present eight down for 224.

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JOE CULLEN &
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They talk of it in the mulga,
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They long for it at the "thousand"
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It would easily fetch a fortune
In a certain place below—
The iceberg frozen wallop
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Football Notes. By 'Offsider.'

Cricket is now on its last legs. Ere many weeks are over lovers of the good old pastime will be wending their way on Sunday afternoon to see their favorite teams trying conclusions with all comers, with one object, to wrest from the Railway Club the handsome cup now held by them as premiers of 1903.

It is yet early to predict the personnel of the teams. In fact, there is some doubt as to the teams intending to play under the auspices of the Goldfields Association.

That Railways, Kalgoorlie, Mines, and Trafalgar will be starters there is no doubt. The same cannot be said of Boulder City and Warriors, yet writer is of opinion that the former will come up smiling before the season starts, and the latter will enter under new management and name.

A lot could be written of crook play in one or more of last year's clubs, but as the cause of much of that corrupt business has shaken the Goldfields dust from his boots, it may be truly said that with good management and less professionalism the cup above referred to will find a home at Boulder after the ensuing season.

The Boulder, in fact the Goldfields, were unfortunate to lose two such sterling players as Hughie Gavin and "Dookie" McKenzie, for they were undoubtedly the two most unassuming, genuine, all-round sports we ever had here. Their places this year will be hard to fill.

"Charger" Hailwood, City's burly follower, is again on his way from the East, bound for the Fields, although it is not known yet which club will be graced with his services. A useful man in any team is Charger.

"Slippery" Langsford—the Railway pet—is also on his road back to play with his old love. Rumor is current that his brother (an even more slippery customer than Langy) accompanies him, but Railway players will not vouch for the accuracy of the rumor.

Teddy Rowell, who has played with Collingwood for the past two seasons, is also on the Fields. What he intends doing is unknown. I hear he is throwing in his lot with a team down City way, but would not be surprised if he strips for Collingwood again this season.

By appearance thus early, one would think that Coolgardie team did not intend to re-form. Some of their best men are playing locally; Jack Kearney and Watty Grey, are, I believe, playing with the Red and Blacks; and even if no one else leaves the old club will miss those two of her best.

Poor old Kanowna—or White Feather as they have been more recently called—are down, and in the event of Coolgardie not nominating, the heavier clubs intend, if possible, to keep them there by not permitting them to compete. This would be a poor reward for Pudgetown, which at one time had her own two clubs practically keeping the association in existence, for at one time Cementers and Kanowna competing on the Kanowna reserve would draw half Kalgoorlie and Boulder to the 12-mile town.

Mrs. Bennett-Wilkinson

Begs to intimate that she has been called away to the East on private business. She will return early in March.

'Figaro.'

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Sharland and Hughes, Hay st.
AGENTS FOR COOLGARDIE,
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Some Jap Notes.

(From "Statesman's Year Book.")

The term Mikado, usual appellation of Japanese Emperor among foreigners, literally means "The Honorable Gate." It is a very ancient Japanese title.

The present ruling family obtained their position by usurpation. In 1868 the Shogun (real Sovereign), who had held power in successive families since the 12th century, was beaten in a short but decisive civil war. In 1871 the Japanese feudal system was abolished.

The Salic law obtains in Japan—no female having the right to ever become Sovereign.

Japanese system of government is that of an absolute monarchy. Yet a constitution was promulgated on February 11th, 1889. By this the Mikado combines Sovereign and executive rights, exercising the latter with the advice and assistance of Cabinet Ministers, appointed by himself, and responsible to him. There is also a Privy Council.

The Mikado can declare war, make peace, and conclude treaties. He exercises legislative power with the consent of Parliament. Parliament consists of a House of Peers and a House of Representatives. To the House of Peers (numbering 300) it is possible for anyone not a "lord" to gain admission, provided that he has paid within a certain district the highest amount of direct national taxes on land, industry or trade and been nominated by the Mikado. This is somewhat different to the British House of Peers or the Victorian "Upper House."

There are also 300 members in the House of Representatives, a fixed number being returned from each election district. Proportion of members to the population is one to 128,000. Qualifications of electors are:—Male Japanese subjects of not less than 25 years them shows signs of being crook," says of age, fixed permanent and actual residence in the district for not less than a year, and payment of small direct national taxes. Political aspirants for this House must be 30 years of age. They are elected for four years.

Voting is by secret ballot, similar to Australian method.

Local government is carried on by a division into 36 districts, ruled by govern-

nors. In 1879 city and prefectural assemblies were created, based on the principle of election. Their power is confined to fixing the estimates of the local rates, subject to the confirmation of the governors, and finally of the Minister of the Interior. All male citizens, 25 years old, resident in the district three consecutive years, and paying a moderate land tax are eligible as members. The franchise is given to all males of 26 years resident in district who pay a land tax.

The population of Japan is over 40 millions.

Absolute religious freedom is given, so long as it is not prejudicial to peace and order. There is no State religion and no State support.

Elementary education is compulsory. The university consists of a university hall, colleges of law, science, medicine, literature, engineering, and agriculture. The bulk of the elementary and higher schools are supported by Government and local rates.

A system of justice founded on modern jurisprudence has been established. There are seven courts of appeal for civil and criminal cases, decided in courts of first instance, of which there are 49. There are eight State prisons, 130 local prisons, 4 naval prisons, and reformatories in each district.

The Government reserves a large sum of money for relieving pauperism.

The sources of revenue are land tax, income tax, excise, bank licenses, stamp duties, tobacco tax, customs, etc., etc.

The peace strength of Japanese army is 284,741 men. All males over the age of 20 are liable to serve for seven years of which three must be spent in active service, and the remaining four in the reserves. Every male, however, from 17 to 40, is liable to be called out in time of war.

The Japanese fleet consists of some half-dozen first class battleships, four armored coast defence vessels, seven armored cruisers, five third-class cruisers, 16 or more protected cruisers, and 12 gun vessels. The torpedo flotilla consists of 16 first-class, 23 second-class, and 28 third-class boats.

The land is cultivated chiefly by peasant proprietors, tenancy being rare.

There are two classes of railways—State and syndicate. The State had five years ago only constructed about 632 miles, whilst the syndicates owned 1873½ miles. Twenty-eight railways were owned by the latter.

(This arrived too late for last issue.)

"Thirsty" writes:—The long-expected Dinner, which was the prize in connection with the Brennan-Pellew cricket match, came off on Tuesday evening, at the Shamrock Hotel. It was not altogether a creditable affair to the employees of Pellew's. In spite of the fact that Charlie Walsh had prepared a repast which included poultry and other luxuries for the small charge of 2s. per head—a meal worth about double that sum—the parsimony of those who had the ordering of the bill of fare took no account of liquid refreshments. Consequently these latter were not forthcoming until after the conclusion of a toastless, speechless, dead-and-alive meal, which was by no means a graceful acknowledgement of the obligations resting upon the defeated team. Of course what drinks were consumed were paid for by the visitors, but such an arrangement was, to say the least of it, not fair to the genial Charlie, who would naturally expect to be recouped for any loss on the dinner by say a shilling's worth of liquid refreshment per head. To make matters worse, only about two of the losing side put in an appearance. Some people may consider that this kind of thing can be called "giving a dinner," but as for the rest of the human race—well—

Night classes have been initiated by the Government in connection with the State school system of this State. Classes in shorthand, carpentry, as well as elementary subjects are very highly spoken of by the pupils—a good index of the interesting nature of the lessons delivered by the very capable staff of teachers. Mr. Lasscott, the secretary at Kalgoorlie, is energetic and enthusiastic, and contributes largely towards the success of this estimable departure.

General Ben Viljoen, one of the fighting Boer generals, is engaged to marry Miss May Belfort, an English music-hall singer.

The Intended Monopoly in the Fruit Trade.

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