

Ask for Hunt's "Blue Ribbon" Milk Arrowroot Biscuits.

The DRILL of the FOOT-HILLS

A Useful Implement for the Congregational Churches of Armadale,
Kelmscott, Bedfordale, Roleystone and Wongong.
Pastor: Rev. JOHN BEUKERS.

No. 11.

FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1917

Price, 6d.; 1/3 per Year Posted.

The Armadale Roll of Honor.

Opposite the Railway Station, at the intersection of two streets and on rising ground, stands the obelisk on which the names of all the men are recorded that have volunteered for service from this district. It rests upon a concrete foundation and is built of bricks, burnt from the clay of our own hills in the Armadale Brickworks and is surrounded with granite steps from the Boya quarries. Four sides contain the marble tablets on which the names are engraved and another marble tablet records the purpose of the monument and the date when Mrs. Dale Cullen laid the first stone.

An outline of its history was printed in the October number of the "Drill of the Foothills," but as this number is a special issue dealing with the Monument and will be read by those who have not seen former papers we briefly recapitulate.

It was in the month of April, 1916, that the public conscience of Armadale became uneasy because the Armadale soldiers were allowed to depart for the war and no meetings were held to give them a send-off. The Congregational Church and the Co-Operative Society bestirred themselves simultaneously and we had some farewell gatherings; then the question of an honor roll came to the front with all the possibilities of disagreements about shape, cost, place, scope and a hundred other questions for we are a democratic community and in that condition of society every-

body wants his own way and sulks when he doesn't get it.

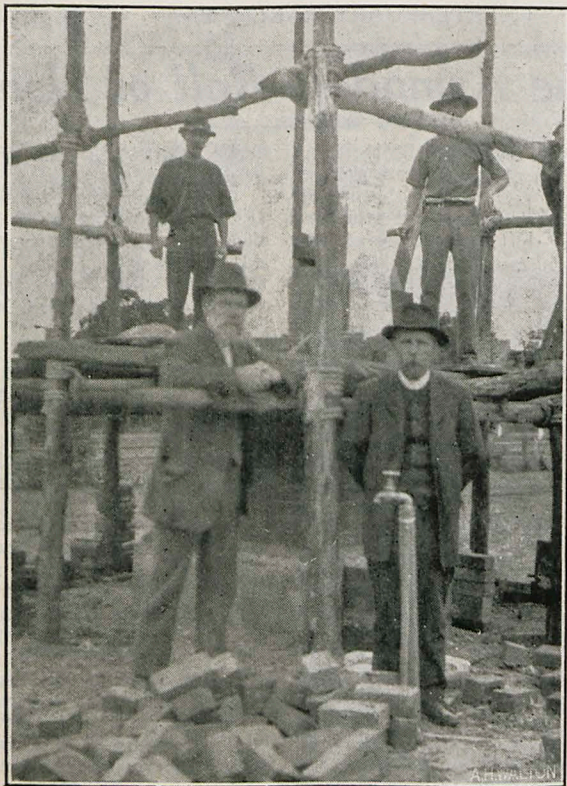
The committee elected by the public at a meeting held in the Armadale Hall on 27th May, 1916, consisted of Messrs. James, Linham, and Harrison, the capable secretary of the Red Cross Society, and Messrs. James, Richards, Hand and Cullen (secretary). Mr. Boas submitted a sketch of an obelisk built of Donnybrook stone or granite, but the cost was too great. Brick with granite steps was decided on. It was not practicable to cover the whole road's board district. Kelmscott expressed a desire to erect its own honor roll and so the Armadale obelisk became representative of Armadale, West Armadale, Wongong, Bedfordale and Beenup. The site on the road in front of the Railway Station was made possible by Mrs. F. Saw's gift of a corner of land, permitting the construction of a road around the structure. On July 6, 1916, the report of the committee was adopted. At this meeting the first committee resigned and the following reconstruction took place:—Armadale: W. R. Hand, R. Kenny, and H. Dale Cullen, secretary who also supervised the construction; West Armadale and Wongong: W. H. Lockard and A. Briggs; Bedfordale: A. V. Cross and M. Livingston; Beenup: S. Turner (chairman) and A. E. Orton, who, unable to attend meeting, resigned in favor of J. Mitchell.

The bricks were given by Mr. R. O. Law. This represents considerable money value: 1050 had to be hand-

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moulded and cost £10 18/-. The foundation was put in at a special working bee under the supervision of Mr. Kenny on Saturday, 29th July, and the first brick was laid by Mrs. H. Dale Cullen on 12th August (vide October "Drill"). Mr. S. Blackman, of West Armadale, carried out the work.

Post Office His Excellency was received and welcomed by the Chairman of the District Roads Board (Mr. T. James), after which Stella Lockhard presented Mrs. George with a bouquet of flowers. The vice-regal party then passed through a guard of honor formed by the Armadale Boy Scouts and was then received by the



The Obelisk in Progress.

On Saturday, 16th December, the unveiling of the obelisk took place. Sir Harry Barron, Governor of West Australia, visited our district for that purpose and was motored out by our member Mr. W. R. Nairn, M.L.A. Among those present were Mr. W. J. George, Minister for Public Works; Messrs. Vernon Hammersley and C. Baxter, M's.L.A. In front of the

Chairman of the Committee (Mr. S. Turner). The children of the various district schools were massed in front of the monument and under the baton of Mr. J. Richards, the head of the Armadale school, rendered a number of patriotic songs. The proceedings of that afternoon were fully chronicled in the "West Australian" of 18th December. The illustrations

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will give a better idea of the scene than description can do and so we content ourselves by making a few remarks about the memorial.

It is the most permanent memorial that could have been erected. Un-

ed by an expert, softens in the atmosphere or tumbles down because the binding material becomes too weak, but bricks harden and are well-nigh indestructible. The palaces of Babylon and Nineveh have



The Obelisk Committee.

Top Row Standing—J. Mitchell, W. R. Hand, S. Turner (Chairman), W. H. Lockhard, A. Briggs.
Second Row Kneeling—R. Kenny, M. Livingstone, H. Dale Cullen (Secretary).

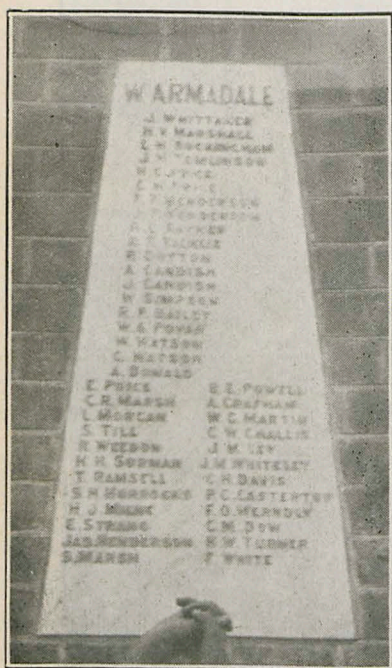
less deliberately pounded to pieces, burnt bricks last longer than any other building material. Wood decays, iron rusts, stone, unless select-

long ago mingled with the desert dust and our knowledge of the age in which those cities flourished is obtained from the bricks burnt from the

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clay of the Euphrates river flats. Built of concrete and bound with cement the obelisk will stand as long as any structure made by human hands remains in Armadale.

To its durability is added simplicity. Its severe outline will always grace and can never mar the landscape. The needle like column gives a new charm to the pines that form its back ground and should our



when he reads of "How Horatius kept the Bridge"; every visitor to London gazes with veneration at the Nelson Column and all our admiration and hero-worship rises to the surface when we read of the brave doings of men who gave themselves for others, even though they are men of whom we know nothing but what the tale we perused told us and with whom we had no connection whatever, and shall not our hearts kindle at the sight of those 135 names of boys and men from our own hills and valleys who at their own free will forsook all that was dear to them to fight in the cause of civilisation with the prospect of dying on a foreign field?

Not one should be forgotten of the men who have gone to the war in our stead. On the burning sands of Egypt and in the shell-racked trenches of the Western Front they are helping to roll back the tide of barbarism and secure to us and our children the peace, the quietness and the freedom to which the British race has come after long ages of conflict. We should never forget the men who gave themselves and the names engraved in marble will keep our memory green.

To compile an honor roll is not a work of supererogation, it is a duty. Jacob built a pillar of stone to remind himself of his vow. The children of Israel were commanded to make a monument of the stones from the River Jordan, which would serve as a means wherewith to tell their children in time to come. Without those aids to memory the present has always a tendency to make us overlook the past.

I know when the blood burns
How prodigal the soul, lends the
tongue vows.

We need visible tokens to remind us of promises and the obelisk with the men's names inscribed upon it will continue to remind us that we who remain behind are under solemn obligation to watch over the interest and welfare of those men.

As the years roll by it will become our proudest possession. Every school boy feels his blood run quicker

West Armadale and Wongong Tablet.

village become a town and street traffic roar where now the wild flowers bloom, the obelisk will still be an ornament which will attract the notice of the passerby.

ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

We therefore thought that we would do the public a service by recording as well as we can particulars of the men who have left us. We have photographed the monument and the tablets and are collecting information.

This task is not so easy as it looks and the record in this number is not complete. All the tablets have been photographed and those that are sat-

its numbers may be. We print once in two months:

Communicate direct with the Editor,
REV. JOHN BEUKERS,
Armada.

Mr. W. J. George, the Minister for Public Works, was among those who were present, both at the foundation-stone laying and at the unveiling of the memorial. His son, Harold W. Burn George, was one of the first to fall in the Gallipoli campaign. 11e



General View of the Unveiling.

isfactory appear in this number. Those that are not will come in the April number. Of a number of men we could get no particulars beyond their names. We shall be glad to receive further information and will publish it later. The price of a single copy of this number is sixpence and those who want them had better apply soon for we cannot reprint. The annual subscription to this paper is 1/3, posted, and by paying that before the beginning of April you make sure of a copy of the paper for 12 months, no matter how small or large

was in the machine gun section of the 16th, commanded by Lt.-Col. H. Pope, C.B. The bulk of the 16th landed on April 25, but young George and his machine gun mate landed with the 11th. He fell at Gaba Tepe on the 27th of April, two days after the landing. He was 20 years and eight months old when he was killed in action.

J. A. CLEGG, Sign, House, Coach
PAINTER, River-road, Kelmscott
(Next Nurse Millen's).

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Armadaale.

L. J. Godfrey enlisted in October, 1914, as driver, and sailed 22nd February, 1915, with the 16th Battalion. Fought through the Gallipoli campaign, landing and evacuation; was wounded 5th August, 1915. Now driver in the 4th Machine Gun Section, France.

Hector Lionel Saw enlisted in March, 1915, 8th Artillery. Fought through the Gallipoli campaign; went with the troops to France, and thence to Belgium.

Leith John Newton Angelo enlisted in July, 1915, went to the East, and sailed in November with the 32nd Battalion to Egypt, where he met his brother and joined him in the 16th Battalion, with which he went to France.

Thomas Woodward was 15 years in the British Army, and held the rank of sergeant when he volunteered for the Expeditionary Force. He was retained as instructor in the West, and is at present staff sergeant-major.

Aubrey Cecil Dawson enlisted July, 1915; sailed in November the same year, and served in the 11th Battalion. He was wounded in July, 1916, and invalided home.

H. H. Powell enlisted 29th September, 1915; sailed from the West with the 14th Reinforcements of the 10th Light Horse; was transferred to the Australian Field Artillery, and is now in France.

I. F. McDonough enlisted in February, 1916, and sailed with the 44th Battalion in June, 1916; now in France.

Edward Bailey enlisted 27th March, 1916, and sailed with the 19th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion 9th August, 1916. Now in England.

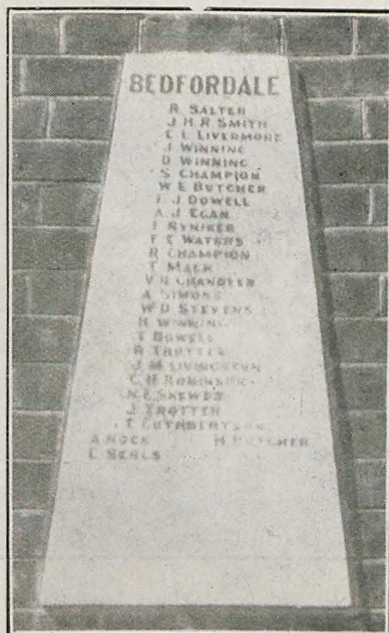
James Clarence Taylor, staff sergeant of the Dental Corps, A.M.C., enlisted 29th November, 1915; sailed 20th July, 1916; arrived in England September, 1916; Monte Video Camp, Weymouth.

William Frances Cohu enlisted 22nd March, 1916, and sailed with the 19th Reinforcements of the 16th Battalion on 9th August, 1916. In England.

Joseph Charles Joshua Farnell, assistant scoutmaster, Armadaale Troop, enlisted January, 1916; sailed 9th April with the 12th Reinforcements of the 28th Battalion. A good cornet player, he was put in the band at Salisbury Plains.

Keith Sloan enlisted in January, 1916, and sailed with the 12th Reinforcements of the 28th Battalion on 9th April, 1916. Salisbury Camp.

William Arthur Green enlisted 4th January, 1916, and sailed at the end of March with the 16th Reinforcements of the 16th Battalion. Went to Egypt and thence to France, where he was in the firing line from 2nd July to December. Wounded, and receiving treatment in American Women's Hospital.



Bedforddale Tablet.

Arthur Edward Bingham enlisted 15th February, 1916; sailed with the 17th Reinforcements of the 16th Battalion on 17th April to Egypt. Went with the troops to France, and afterwards to Belgium.

Austin Henry Bingham enlisted 15th February, sailed on 17th April as part of the same unit, and was killed in action in France on the 29th August, 1916.

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July, 1916, while carrying wounded men out of action. Returned to England, was invalided to Australia, and arrived here 25th November, 1916.

James Winning enlisted 22nd December, 1914; sailed on the 21st February, 1915, with the famous 11th Battalion. He served through the Gallipoli campaign till he was killed in action on the 6th August, 1915.

Reinforcements of the 12th Battalion on 1st August, 1915. He served in Gallipoli and took part in the Lone Pine attack. Fell ill, and was invalided to England. Returned to Egypt, went to France with the troops, and was killed in action at Pozieres, 25th July, 1916.

William Edwin Butcher sailed with the 8th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion; fought through the Gallipoli campaign,



The Armadale Soldiers' Memorial,

Douglass C. W. Winning enlisted 5th September, 1914, and sailed on the 31st December, 1914, with the 4th Field Ambulance of the Australian Army Medical Corps. Served in Gallipoli, Egypt, and France, and is now recovering in England from injuries received.

Stanley Joseph Callow Champion enlisted 5th May, 1915, and sailed with the 6th

took part in the evacuation, went to France and so distinguished himself at the taking of Moquet Farm, on the 14th and 15th August, 1916, that he has been promoted to corporal and become the recipient of two medals, the Military Medal and the Russian medal of St. George. He is the first of the Australian soldiers to obtain the latter distinction.

ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

Frank William Dowell sailed on the 22nd November, 1915, with the 12th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion. He was killed in action on the 30th May, 1916.

Albert John Egan enlisted 27th July, 1915, and sailed with the 11th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion on 2nd November, 1915. He was in Egypt for several months, and then went to France in the 51st. After an attack of enteric fever he was sent to the R.Q.M. Stores, and has since been promoted to lance-corporal.

on 1st November, 1915. At present with Light Horse in Egypt.

Clarence Roy Champion enlisted on 6th August, 1915, and sailed in the 11th Reinforcements of the 10th Light Horse on 1st November, 1915. At present with the Light Horse in Egypt.

Thomas Brown Mack enlisted in May, 1916, and sailed with the 6th Reinforcements of the 5th Pioneers on 30th October, 1916.

Victor Norman Chandler enlisted 6th August, 1915, and sailed to Egypt, where



Sir Harry Barron Speaking.

Francis Henry Ryniker enlisted 6th August, 1915, and sailed with the 6th Reinforcements of the 28th Battalion on 2nd November, 1915. He was drafted to the 51st Battalion, and went to Tel-el-Kebir. He went to France in June, 1916, took part in a number of fights, was reported missing, but it was subsequently ascertained that he is a prisoner of war in Dulmen, Westphalia, Germany, from which his parents have received communications.

Frank Waters enlisted on the 5th August, 1915, and sailed with the 11th Reinforcements of the 10th Light Horse

he belonged to the force that guarded the Suez Canal. He went to France with the 51st Battalion, and has been promoted to corporal.

Arthur Symonds enlisted in August, 1915, and sailed with the 11th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion 2nd November, 1915. Went to Egypt, and then with the 51st to France, in July, 1916. He and Frank Dowell were great friends.

William Dobson Stevens enlisted 17th August, 1915, and sailed to Egypt with the 12th Reinforcements of the 16th Battalion on 22nd December, 1915. Now serving in France with the 48th Battalion.

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Hugh G. Winning enlisted 14th December, 1916; sailed on 27th May, 1916, with No. 1 Battery of the Field Artillery. In training in England.

Thomas William Dowell enlisted in December, 1915, and sailed on 1st April, 1916, with the 15th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion. Became a stretcher-bearer in the 51st, and died of wounds, 5th September, 1916.

Ralph Trotter enlisted 17th January, 1916, and sailed with the 44th Battalion on 6th June, 1916.

John McArthur Livingston enlisted 15th March, 1916, and sailed as lance-corporal with the 21st Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion on 10th October, 1916.

G. H. Robinson enlisted 20th March, 1916, and left Australia on 25th October, 1916, as driver in 24th Field Artillery. Now at Larkhill, England.

Norman Leslie Skewes enlisted 10th May, 1916, and sailed as sergeant with the 5th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion, 9th November, 1916.

John Alexander Trotter enlisted 17th May, 1916, and sailed with the 6th Reinforcements of the 48th Battalion on 30th October, 1916.

Thomas Culbertson enlisted in the middle of 1916, and sailed as signaller with the 21st Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion, 13th October, 1916.

A. Nock enlisted in May, 1916, and has gone to the front.

Ernest William Serls enlisted in the first part of 1916 (5th April), sailed with the 4th Reinforcements of the 44th Battalion on the 13th October, and is now in England.

Henry Butcher sailed as lance-corporal on the 23rd December, 1916, with the 18th Reinforcements of the 27th Battalion.

Edward Dudley Mann enlisted in November, 1915, and sailed from Victoria with the 15th Reinforcements of the 8th Battalion on 7th March, 1916; was promoted to corporal on Salisbury Plains; went to France in August, 1916, and was slightly wounded in one of the many fights that have taken place there.

Beverley Loxton Bennett enlisted 22nd September, 1916, and departed for the front, 9th November, 1916. He was eighteen years old the week before he enlisted.

West Armadale.

J. Whittaker.

H. V. Marshall.

Leonard Henry Buckingham enlisted 15th August, 1914; sailed 2nd November in same year; 8th Artillery. Was five months in the trenches at Gallipoli; got enteric, and was invalided to England, then transferred to France; now serving with the 11th Battalion at the front.

John Hickson Tomlinson enlisted early in 1916, serving as driver in the artillery, and sailed for England in August, 1916.



Herbert Sherwood Marsh.

Henry George Price enlisted in May, 1915; sailed in June, 1915, with the 28th Battalion; fought in Gallipoli, took part in the evacuation; was promoted to corporal; now serving in France. He also served in the Boer war.

Charles William Price enlisted June, 1915; sailed with the 4th Reinforcements of the 28th Battalion on 4th October, 1915. Killed in action at the Battle of Pozieres on 28th July, 1916.

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Fraser Patterson Henderson enlisted in November, 1915, and went in January, 1916, with the 15th Division of Engineers to Egypt, thence to France, where he was twice wounded—last time near Armentieres. Back in firing line.

John Patterson Henderson enlisted in November, 1915, and went with the same unit as his brother. He was severely wounded on the 19th July and was invalided home; arrived here on Christmas Day, 1916.

Robert Loudon Rayner enlisted in December, 1915; sailed with the 28th Battalion to France. In November 1916, word was received that he had been wounded.

Albert Thomas Ticklie enlisted on 6th October, 1915, and left with the 13th Reinforcements of the 16th Battalion on 29th January, 1916. He went to Egypt, and thence to France, where he was wounded at the Battle of Pozieres. Returned to the firing line on 6th August; is lance-corporal in the 48th, and received Military Medal.

Reginald Dutton enlisted 29th January, 1916, and sailed with the No. 6 Tunnelling Corps. Has been ill, and is now in the firing line somewhere in France.

Arthur Candish enlisted 14th January, 1916; sailed with the 48th Battalion, 31st March, 1916; went to Egypt and thence to France.

James Candish enlisted 2nd January, 1916; sailed from Victoria on 26th May with the 23rd Field Artillery. Was wounded on the 6th September, 1916; convalescent in England.

William Simpson enlisted 5th March, 1916, and sailed with the 3rd Reinforcements of the 51st Battalion.

R. P. Bailey.

W. A. Povah.

William Watson enlisted 30th November, 1915, and sailed with the 1st Australian Mining Corps on 1st April, 1916. Has returned incapacitated.

Clarence Victor Watson, son of the above, enlisted 7th February, 1916, and went to the front in the 44th Battalion on the 6th June, 1916. Now serving with the Lewis Machine Gun Section in the 51st Battalion.

Alexander Donald enlisted in August, 1915; served in the 51st Battalion; went

to Egypt, thence to France, and was wounded on 14th August, 1916.

Edward Price enlisted 10th February, 1916, and sailed with the 10th Reinforcements of the 28th Battalion on 1st April, 1916. Serving at present in the Motor Transport.

Claude Robert Marsh enlisted 13th April, 1916; 21st Reinforcements of the 16th Battalion; sailed 13th October, 1916. In England.

Leonard George Morgan enlisted 11th March, 1916; signaller with the 6th Reinforcements of the 51st Battalion; sailed 10th October, 1916. Now in England.



Stanley Joseph Callan Champion

Samuel F. Till enlisted 10th March, 1916, and went overseas with the 13th Reinforcements of the 28th Battalion.

Frederick Robert Weedon enlisted in April, 1916, and sailed with the 21st Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion on 10th October, 1916. Now in England.

H. H. Sureman enlisted in 1916 early in the year.

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Thomas Ramsell enlisted 13th June, 1916. Sailed with the 4th Reinforcements of the 34th Battalion on the 30th October, 1916.

B. E. Powell enlisted 5th April, 1916; sailed with the 15th Reinforcements of the 28th Battalion on 22nd September, 1916.

Arthur Charles Grafham enlisted 10th February, 1916; was in the Engineers' Corps, when he went to the East, joined

with the 16th Battalion. Went to Egypt, and afterwards to France, where he fought as a machine gunner through the July and August engagements, 1916. Now lance-corporal.

Charles Henry Davis enlisted July, 1915; went with the 51st Battalion to Egypt; was wounded in France, 3rd September, 1916.

P. C. Casterton.

F. O. Werndly.



John James Emery and William D. Waller.

the Miners and Tunnellers, and sailed in the "Suffolk" to England, 10th October, 1916.

W. G. Martin.

C. W. Challis.

J. M. Ley.

James Murray Whitely enlisted 22nd July, 1915, and sailed on the 6th October

George Mowth Dow enlisted 22nd November, 1916, and sailed with the 8th of the 46th on 29th December, 1916.

Herbert Winton Turner enlisted in March, 1916; sailed as corporal with the 17th Reinforcements of the 16th Battalion on 17th April, 1916, and has gone to the front in France.

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F. White, our genial assistant station-master, enlisted in the Special Railway Corps that W.A. is sending out. He is ready to depart for the front.

S. H. Horrocks.

H. J. Milne.

Eric Strange.

James Henderson enlisted in October, 1916.

Stanley Thomas Marsh enlisted on 10th January, 1917.



Robert Salter.

The cost of the memorial is £126. £96 has been contributed; so that there is a deficiency of £30. This is a very small sum for such a large district as ours, and if everyone interested in this memorial would make a small donation, the amount ought to be quickly raised. Contributions can be sent to the Secretary, Mr. H. Dale Cullen, Armadale.

Beenup Tablet.

(Incomplete.)

John Wesley Gladstone Turner enlisted in August, 1914; sailed with the 11th Battalion in November of the same year, and fought in the Gallipoli campaign. Killed in action, 6th August, 1915. Let-

ters and diary published in August "Drill," 1916.

John James Emery fought with the 16th Battalion in the Gallipoli campaign, and was killed in action on 3rd May, 1915.

George Young enlisted 22nd September, 1914, and sailed with the 16th Battalion, December, 1914; was wounded at Gallipoli on the 29th April, 1915; was some time in the Manchester and Hiwick hospitals, and invalided to Australia, 29th January, 1916. Back at his old job.

John Blake enlisted November, 1914, and went to Egypt with the 2nd Reinforcements of the 16th Battalion.

Arthur Thomas Orton enlisted in December, 1914, and sailed with the 12th Battalion in April, 1915. He was wounded in Gallipoli, and spent six months in hospitals in Malta and England. Has since been transferred to a machine gun section and is now in France.

Richard William Thomas Boyle entered the navy in the beginning of 1915, and is a signaller on H.M.S. "Melbourne."

Percival Thomas Boyle enlisted March, 1915; left Australia, 6th June, with the 28th Battalion; fought through the Dardanelles campaign, and went as regimental driver with his battalion to France.

William John Martin enlisted 7th June, 1915, and sailed with the 10th Light Horse in September, 1915. Has been in Egypt since then.

Alfred Arthur Martin enlisted 28th June, 1915; sailed with the 48th Battalion, 10th October, 1915, to Egypt, from whence he went to France, where he was wounded, 13th August, 1916.

William D. Waller enlisted in the middle of 1915; sailed for Adelaide, 25th September, 1915, and went to the front with the 32nd Battalion. Killed in action, 17th September, 1916.

J. E. Thompson.

Richard Evans (Corporal) enlisted in August, 1915, and went away with the 11th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion, 2nd November, 1915. Now serving in the 51st Battalion.

Thomas Bird enlisted 23rd November, 1915; fought with the 51st Battalion, and was wounded at the fight at Moquet Farm, 15th August, 1916. Convalescent in Bradford Hospital, Yorkshire.

J. Kershaw enlisted August, 1915; sailed with the 11th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion on 2nd November, 1915. Now serving in the 51st.

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Victor Leo Gordon Boyle enlisted November, 1915, and sailed with the 14th Reinforcements of the 16th Battalion, 13th February, 1916, to Egypt. Went to France in the 48th Battalion.

Henry McCavanagh enlisted November, 1915, and sailed with the 14th Reinforcements of the 16th Battalion on 13th February, 1916. Went to France in the 48th Battalion.

R. O'Keefe.

R. Trotter.

J. A. Trotter (see Bedfordale tablet).

Patrick Fitzgerald enlisted in June, 1916, and sailed in October, 1916, to England.

Herbert William Coxhead enlisted in January, 1916, and left the State with the 15th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion for Egypt in May 1916; developed lung trouble and was six months in the hospital in Cairo. Now an inmate of Menzies Hospital, Perth.

George Edgar Bennett enlisted in February, 1916, and is now at the front in France.

Thomas Hesketh enlisted in December, 1915.

George Armstrong enlisted in December, 1915.

G. H. Charles Evans is said to be wounded in France, but no particulars are available.

John Hobbs enlisted in March, 1915, and went away with the 28th Battalion. He fought through Gallipoli and went afterwards to France.

David Forbes Abernethy enlisted in September, 1916, and sailed with the 18th Reinforcements of the 28th Battalion, 29th December, 1916.

T. Greenshields.

Frederick Hobbs enlisted in March, 1915, and was seven weeks in Gallipoli, when he fell ill of enteric; was invalided to Australia and returned to the front in October, 1916.



Albert Thomas Ticklie.

William Barge enlisted in March, 1915; went to Gallipoli with the 28th Battalion. Was wounded in France, returned to duty, and then fell ill of diphtheria.

C. E. Binns.

William Percival Nairn enlisted 22nd

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ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

November, 1916, and sailed on 29th December, 1916, with the 8th Reinforcements of the 46th Battalion.

Henry Bullock.

W. Otry.

We shall be glad to receive further information concerning the men enumerated, and will publish such information in a future "Drill."

quarters. I was told I may not do it, or I may not come back, but Jimmy said, I will do or die, and here I am to tell the tale."

Last letter of C. W. Price (killed 28th July, 1916):—

"... We have had some long marches and a 14 hours' train journey. So we are now in another part of France. We went



Boy Scouts and School Children,

Herbert Sherwood Marsh is really an Armadale boy. Latterly his home was in Kelmscott, from which he enlisted on the 30th March, 1916, and sailed in the 20th Reinforcements of the 10th Light Horse on the 31st July, 1916. Serving in Egypt.

Extracts.

James Candish will have a tale to tell when he comes home, for there is more than meets the eye in the brief postcards which he sent to his mother.

"Three of us went straight over to headquarters and to the firing line. I got my despatch through, but I did not get back. Oh, that shell! It was a bonzer. It blew my horse's head off, and I got a bit of a scratch on my arm, and I knew no more till I woke up in the hospital.

"But I did my duty when I got my despatch through to the French head-

quarters. I was told I may not do it, or I may not come back, but Jimmy said, I will do or die, and here I am to tell the tale."

through some old-fashioned villages and the folk living there seemed as old as the villages. All the young fellows are away—only a few children running about. The people seem very religious. You always see the crucifix hanging on the wall and the holy pictures. I think they are mixed Belgians and French, and it's not very long before a mob of troops eat them out of bread, if they have any to sell, as our rations are not enough sometimes. There are plenty of biscuits, but the boys don't take kindly to them. . . . I don't think we shall be here very long, as there is almost bound to be something doing shortly. I should like to see every able-bodied young fellow in it, as the Huns have the positions and have to be driven out. I should like to see their country treated as they have treated Belgium and France. . . ."

CURRENT HISTORY.

ARMADALE.

One of the objectives of the Scout movement is to make the boys not alone self-reliant but also of some practical use to others. They are taught to provide for themselves but this regulation does not exclude a chance for other people to be good to them. The Girls' Time and Talent Club of the Congregational Church obtained a flag for the boys and had it inscribed with Troop 65. It was presented on the Church parade held on Sunday morning 10th December. The troop is well drilled and made a fine appearance as it marched up the street to the sound of the drum. The Church was full but the front seats were reserved for the Scouts. After the first portion of the service was over, the Scout-master, Mr. John A. Richards, bade the boys stand up and repeat after him the scout law as printed in the recently issued handbook. The members of the Girls' club then came to the front and face the audience. Three young ladies, Misses Cornish, Richards and Millard were chosen to present the flag and three patrol leaders, Owen Marsh, Leslie Sharp and Ronald Harrison were appointed to receive it. Miss Cornish was absent owing to sickness and Miss Richards handed the flag to Owen Marsh with the words: "On behalf of the Armadale Girls' Time and Talent Club I have much pleasure in presenting this flag to the Armadale Boy Scout Troop No. 65, wishing the Troop every success and trusting that each boy will be a credit to the troop, his associates, his king, and his country, and his God. On behalf of our Club, I ask you to accept this flag." To which Owen Marsh replied: "On behalf of the Armadale Scout Troop No. 65, I accept your splendid gift with deep gratitude and trust that every member of the Troop will be worthy of the country he represents, worthy of the Empire to

which he belongs and worthy the service of God. With all my heart I thank you."

This was followed by an address from Rev. John Beukers on the spiritual significance of the flag. "A banner expresses the ideals of the people who rally round it. A multitude is but a mob until it is disciplined and has learned to act as one. 'Terrible as an army with banners' is the description of a host animated by one spirit.

"Nations have selected their flags and the banners that float over them are more or less perfect revelations of national character. 'In the home of our God we will set up our banners'; ours is a noble flag; it is a threefold representation of the noblest symbol to be found in the world, the cross of the Redeemer. The cross of St. George was the first symbol under which British knights went to do battle for the right. They set themselves apart by an act of solemn consecration, holding the cross in front of them on their knees before God as they promised to maintain their honor unsullied, to redress wrongs and to be a helper to the weak. St. Andrew's cross is a cross of martyrdom, it signifies that through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom of God and that suffering in the performance of duty is part and parcel of the Christian calling while the cross of St. Patrick is that of a bishop and missionary who labored indefatigably for the regular teaching and instruction of the people under him. 'Thou hast given them a banner that it may be displayed because of the truth.' Our flag expresses the highest ideals: Service to God and humanity, faithfulness even unto death and patient perseverance in well-doing."

A nation true to those ideals is supreme. No weapon formed against it can prosper but if that flag floats over the madness of sinful revelry, when it is carried about in rancorous assemblies of our disgraceful partisan

ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON " MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

gatherings, miscalled political, then the angels veil their faces and God shall turn His face away from us for we have disgraced our flag, trampled upon the cross and become guilty of the greatest of all hypocrisies of doing evil and putting a label signifying righteousness on it."

After the benediction the National anthem was sung and then the Troop, headed by the flagbearer, marched out of the church, the congregation standing.

On Wednesday, December 20, you could tell their was going to be a school concert because all the girls had their hair tightly plaited or done up in curl papers. It was a piping hot day and the atmosphere in Armadale hall was like a heated furnace but it was full from end to end. The front and sides and back of the stage were full of children, the centre of the hall was full of parents, babies and visitors, and the youth and manhood of the place had to stand against the walls or by the door. The decorations of the hall were sensible. They did not obstruct, they really adorned and they left no unsightly litter behind consisting mostly of flags, small and large, while the mottoes, "God Bless Our Allies," and "Advance Australia" combined with the bunting to remind us of the war. The proceeds of the concert went to the School Patriotic Fund which aims at providing ambulances for the wounded.

There was no unnecessary expenditure in connection with the affair, white dresses, some colored ribbons, some old clothes, and lo and behold, once or twice there was a real fairy scene on the stage. Nor did the audience suffer from tedium. The arrangements were perfect. One item was no sooner off than the other was on and when one little girl asked me, "What did you like the best?" I had to answer, "Run and play tops, it was all good." The bogies did not make one afraid though they shook quite naturally; we wished we were a child again when we saw Santa Claus put things in children's stockings and for the first time in our life we saw ser-

ious bandaging done to music by nurses who had no trouble whatever with their patients. The Country Fair was a delightful kaleidoscopic jumble and must have given the children themselves a better idea of those old world festivities than lots of books could give them and everybody was pleased with that old ballad "Oh dear, dear, what can the matter be Johnny's so long at the fair."

There was a service on Christmas morning in Armadale but it was poorly attended. The audience numbered 15 of which half were children.

The Kaiser wants peace so that he may be in time for the Australian apples. M. Livingstone, Bedfordale, the apple man can supply them to you at greatly reduced rates without sending them to Germany. Write and get a case.

Some time ago it was decided to procure a suitable Honour Board whereon to place the names of those members and adherents of the Church who are serving their country in the present war. Mrs. Butcher and Mrs. Caldwell undertook to collect the money and when they had completed their task we had designs submitted to us and made a selection. Sufficient money

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was collected to obtain a very fine board of polished jarrah, with an ornamental top and flanked with Corinthian columns. The lettering is in gold and the work has been done by Mr. J. A. Clegg of Kelmscott, who also fixed the board on the South wall. It is a fine piece of workmanship and much admired.

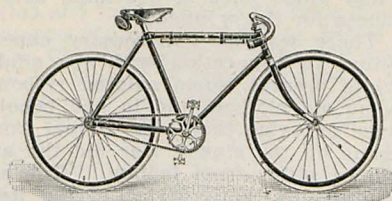
The unveiling took place on the last Sunday in 1916 at the evening service. The ceremony was performed by Mrs. W. Saw and Mrs. J. Series, both foundation members of the church having boys at the front. Although it was in the very midst of holiday time and Armadale was shorn of a good many of its regular inhabitants, the church was so full that chairs had to be brought down from the platform to accommodate a few worshippers who happened to come late. A sermon was preached by the pastor on the continuity of past and present and the duty of keeping in remembrance, among the hymns sung was "Kipling's Recessional," while Elea Richards sang "Some time we'll understand."

BEDFORDALE.

B. V. Cross, of Runymede, works as hard as any of his neighbors and has far-reaching responsibilities, but he attends with exemplary regularity to the Sunday School. Under his fostering care it has grown and developed and is at present by far the most live institution in the Bedfordale valley.

There is no eight hour's system up our way; most of us work from daylight till dark and a little over and there is more than a tendency to be too tired on Sunday and going to Sunday School in the middle of the day spells self-denial. The work, however, is not without its reward and the last celebration of the Anniversary on Sunday, the 3rd, and Wednesday, the 6th of December, speaks for itself. We were fortunate in securing Rev. F. J. Searle, B.A., for the Sunday service and he preached to the largest congregation that has been in the Bedford Hall for some

time. The tea-meeting was held in the open and the tables were twice filled. And such a spread,—strawberries and cream, jellies and custards, fruits and cakes, and scones and sandwiches,—it was a real hardship to have to get up and make room for the other fellow. Everybody that was anybody in the neighborhood was there and from Armadale there were no less than 32 visitors. That's something like encouragement far superior to our union arrangement. The little hall overflowed for the public meeting; 142 packed on seats that were meant to hold 80, and all the Sunday School stacked on a platform constructed by Mr. Livingston. Mr. Champion filled the dual role of chairman and choir conductor and managed to shine in both capacities, ably seconded by Miss Champion, who played the music. The children gave a capital entertainment of recitations, dialogues and songs. When Mrs. Beukers had given out the prizes and every child's head was bent over a new book, the light went out. Acetylene lamps are tricky, but after Mr. Cross had seen to the gas and the lights were lit once more, then it appeared that Father Christmas had taken the opportunity to come down the chimney in the dark and he started at once to work to get nice things from the Christmas tree.



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He also had a parcel which was addressed to Rev. John Beukers. The minister received the parcel with becoming gravity and thanked the man with the beard, but he said it had to be opened and never was there a parcel so hard to get unfolded. There were enough waste paper wrappings to make all the children a dunce's cap, enough string to tie up all talkative tongues and sufficient labels to address the luggage of a family going on a holiday. Those labels had nice

to pass that they all said "What a good time it has been."

Appended is the report of the year's work, written by Vera Plant, who was promoted from scholar to secretary during the current year.

Annual Report of the Bedfordale Sunday School.

I have much pleasure in presenting to you a report of our year's work. We are thankful to our heavenly



Bedfordale S.S. Anniversary.

texts written on them such as: "Stop and think before you go further," "Keep your temper," "Don't be anxious; you are getting closer," and finally: "It all ends in smoke," and then the last wrapping disclosed—a plug of tobacco. Of course there were speeches—Mr. J. A. Richards, Th. Skewes, Geo. Marsh, . . . Smith, A. V. Cross, and J. Serls all had something to say, but they were smart about it and we didn't get tired of their talk. Last, but not least, Mr Taylor drove the Armadale visitors home in Mr. Cross's van and it came

Father for protecting us and guarding us through another troubled year and pray ere the year closes peace will be restored to all God's children. We started the year with 37 scholars, three more have joined and we have now 40. Through wet and heat our school is well attended. Our teaching staff numbers six. Through her mother's illness Rita Treeby had to give up, but Elsie Plant has taken her place. Mr. A. Nock, our teacher and treasurer, joined the colors. His place as a teacher was taken by Mr. E. Dowell and Roy Uren became

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treasurer. Our Sunday School has remembered our brothers at the front and has sent them comforts and presents to show that we often think of them. Our annual picnic was held at South Fremantle. It was hot and our faces got sunburnt, but we enjoyed ourselves. We thank Mrs. Dowell for coming to our assistance now and again and we thank Mr. and Miss Champion for training us for the anniversary. We pray that God will keep and protect our late secretary, who has gone to the front.

VERA PLANT, Secretary.

An interesting wedding took place in the Bedford Hall on Wednesday, 20th December, at 5 p.m., when Justinian Edmund Dowell and Ada Rose Dowell were made one to live happy ever after. The young people are well known in the district and Mr. Dowell has succeeded Mr. Nock in the Sunday School so that, though the function took place in the busiest week of the busiest season of the year a goodly company gathered to see the ceremony and to partake of the bridal banquet, over which Mrs. Dowell presided. On the Saturday previous a surprise party broke in on the quiet of the young people and brought them a number of presents, useful and ornamental, for the new home. Rev. John Beukers performed the ceremony; he proposed the toast of the bride and bridegroom, while Mr. B. V. Cross proposed that of the parents.

Some person or persons unknown made up a great Christmas stocking, containing all sorts of useful provisions for the pastor and his family. It was much appreciated.

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KELMSCOTT.

Flower services were conducted at Kelmscott on Sunday, 17th December. At the morning service the pastor gave an address on "The Flower Fadeth." This text could not be forgotten, for it was written in visible characters on the whole landscape. The glory of the spring had gone and in the garden and the wild dried and withering vegetation produced feelings of sadness. And yet we would not like it if the flowers did not fade. We neither care much for artificial nor yet for everlasting flowers; our affection goes towards those blossoms that are frail and fleeting. If the flowers did not fade there would be little change on the face of nature, there would be no movement upwards to the development of higher forms and there would be no fruit. The beautiful apple blossom has fluttered to the ground and has been trampled by the foot, ashes to ashes and dust to dust, but part of the flower remains on the tree and is ripening towards the harvest for which we plant the trees. Our lives are but a fading flower, true; but we would be alarmed if it was not so. The newborn babe is the mother's greatest treasure, but with what feelings of horror would she look upon her offspring if the babe never grew to be a child, a youth, a man? So does our outward man perish while the inward man is renewed from day to day; nay, the whole creation with all its changes and decays moves towards some great, far-off divine event."

Mr. J. Serls preached in the evening and on the Monday following a social was held. Mr. John A. Richards came with his lantern; the choir under Mr. Bickford sang a number

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of selections from the Children's Hosannahs, Mr. Bickford gave a brief address, the ladies provided some light refreshments and a pleasant evening was spent. We had to wait for the pictures a little for in the first place we forgot to bring the gas reservoir with us and when we had the machine ready the gas did not seem to burn too brightly, but while Mr. Bamlett drove the pastor to get Mr. Savage's lantern the gas thought better of it and burnt up brightly.

The annual school concert was held in the Kelmscott Agricultural Hall on Wednesday, 20th December. The weather was very hot, but a large crowd gathered and filled the hall to overflowing. The children were in good spirits and notwithstanding a picnic in the afternoon, there were few signs of weariness.

The concert started punctually at 8 with an overture by Miss Martin, followed by a patriotic chorus which roused great enthusiasm. Several items followed and then came "The little one's bedtime, night dresses, candles and dollies." They sang their song well. The audience was also much pleased with the "Dwarfs." Their size was mirth provoking and

when they danced the laughter was without restraint. "Bandaging" was very impressive; nurses attending wounded soldiers and field service men carrying out their duties. When the dressing was over Miss Tait stepped forth and sang "Keep the Home Fires Burning," which elicited an encore. "The Quaker Girl," "The Tea Party" and the "Porter's New Holiday" were well performed. During the interval the senior girls presented Miss Buckingham with a handsome handbag (Miss Phyllis Pascoe made the presentation) and Miss Harvey, who undertook the musical part of the programme received a music album from the teachers and scholars. Phyllis Pascoe and Bobby Luxor also received the "Good fellowship" prizes they had gained. On the resumption of the programme the "Niggers," with their black faces and red ties, provided much amusement, while the audience was also much interested in the "Japs with their bright gowns and quaint ways. Then the artist of the school Bobby Luxor got to work and did some sketching, and drew General French, the sinking of the Lusitania, Charlie Chaplin, etc., each item being very much applauded. "The Sweepers" con-

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cluded a lengthy programme and made people realise that the boys could act. Messrs. Murdoc, Bell and Gloster moved votes of thanks and "Australia Will Be There" and "God, Save the King" concluded the performance.

The takings go partly to the school fund and partly to the school patriotic fund.

GERTIE AND THE TURKEYS

A TRAGEDY.

Five turkeys feeding side by side
Upon the stubble ground
Were altogether unaware
Of Gertie prowling round.

They didn't know that she was out
To catch the early train;
They ate their breakfast unconcerned
Upon the stubble plain.

When Gertie saw the stately walk
Of turkeys—three, four, five,
She felt an appetite for roast
And schemed to take their life.

"Oh, darling sister, stay your hand!
Let go that ugly gun;
Do not disturb those turkeys five,
But have some other fun."

Alas, her brother spoke in vain,
A-hunting she would go;
For turkey roast with gravy sauce
Set both her cheeks aglow.

Five turkeys feeding side by side
Upon the stubble ground
Just caught the little edge of skirt
And Gertie stalking round.

Behold her lift that horrid gun,—
A dreadful sight to see.
Hark! hark! a sharp and loud report!
And Gertie! Where is she?

Why, just behind that salmongum
Upon the stubble ground;
And in the air above her head
Five turkeys flapping round!

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The Mandurah-Rockingham Expedition.

The military authorities have established an isolation camp at Rockingham for soldiers who suffer from diseases begotten through folly. The Y.M.C.A. has promptly been established for their benefit and Rev. F. J. Searle, B.A. in charge.

Rev. John Beukers promised to pay the camp a visit and provide the soldiers with an evening's entertainment at the earliest opportunity and arrangements were made to visit Rockingham from Mandurah while the scouts were enjoying themselves at that holiday resort. It was our intention to walk and ask volunteers to accompany us through the sand wilderness that lies between the coast and the jungle of the Serpentine river. It was not considered advisable to take the smaller boys, but Fred, Dick and Bob considered themselves equal to the task and were rather keen on the walk. On a Sunday morning the leader was strolling along the Mandurah waterfront and got into conversation with Mr. Green, of Mandurah House, who, on learning that the trip would be made on foot, said: "What would you say if I lent you a horse and sulky?"

"I'd call you a real Christian and love you for ever and the day after."

"Oh, very well. You'll find the mare in the stable and the sulky in the yard and I'll make up enough feed to see you through."

"Rejoice with me," the chief cried, when he came to camp, "for I have found a gee-gee and a carriage to take us to Rickingham." Bob and Fred looked sad. "I thought we were going to walk," they said. "If you chaps are keen on walking I won't spoil your sport, but it will be an advantage if I follow up carrying your dinner and your rugs. You can march untrammelled." This was considered just the thing, and when Eunice heard of the sulky and horse the spirit of adventure came strong upon her and she agreed to ride with the chief.

So at 7. a.m. on Monday, 8th January, Fred, Dick and Bob took their waterbottles and started on the tramp. The chief would follow at 9. The boys would walk at a three mile pace till 11 a.m. and then camp. The chief thought he could travel at the rate of at least four miles an hour and so get to the walkers by midday; they would dine together and having done 12 miles would have all the afternoon to do the remaining six. The boys were told that the track ran due north, that they must on no account follow any track that went inland and, if in doubt, make for the coast. A little before 9 a.m. Owen and Leslie were sent to get the horse and trap, while the chief got the baggage together.

They did not return and eventually the chief went down to see what was up and found that there was no har-

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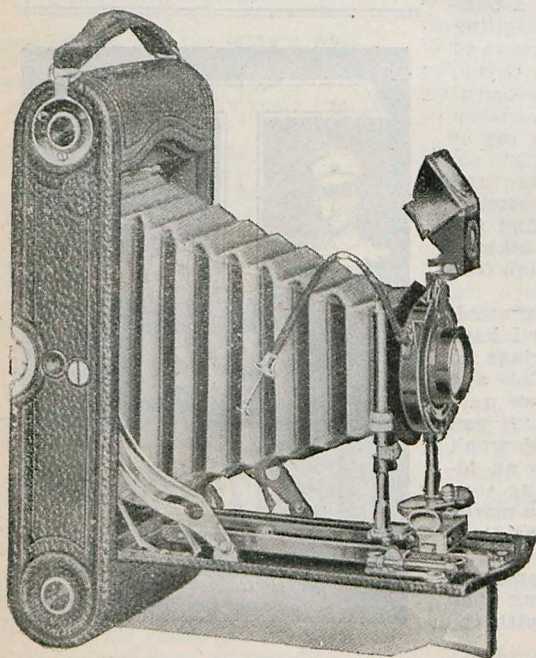
ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

ness. Some one, Mrs. Green didn't know who, had borrowed the harness and forgot to return it. Then commenced a hunt for harness and a set was obtained, but a lot of straps were lacking; it fitted a Tymore and our horse was a good heavy roadster, and by the time things were fitted and the proper connections made, it was not far from 11 a.m. "Never mind, dad; we'll soon catch them up with a horse like that." But we didn't. There were a few hundred yards of good hard road, then a mile or two of unmade track with a sandy top and a hard bottom along the edge of the tuart forest and then a heavy toil up a steep sand hill, after which the journey had to be done through undulating sandy ridges, where travelling beyond a walking pace was out of the question. Nor was there any shade. The hills and valleys of unadulterated sand were covered with low, stiff scrubs and tussocky grass

and the region is so untravelled that one could seldom see the track for more than 50 yards ahead. The first eight miles are divided into paddocks and several gates were passed through.

Fred had left notes at a couple of them and the last one which Eunice read was as follows: "Passed here 10 a.m.; will camp at 11 a.m." It was 1.10 p.m. when I got it. "It will take us another hour to get there. The boys must be getting hungry."

At the fifth gate the track turns due east to avoid a range of hills. Fred halted here and said: "Mr Beukers told us not to go inland. If he doesn't come soon it is evident he or we have got on a wrong track and we must go north." By 1 p.m. the chief of course had not arrived. His caravan could not be seen from any of the hilltops, nor was there any track visible, so Fred decided to go



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north along the top of a sandridge. Having gone some distance—people that are walking always imagine their progress greater than it is—they saw the sea and a little fleet of ships as they thought. "That's getting close to Rockingham, boys; hurry up for dinner." As they drew nearer the fleet turned into wave-beaten rocks and beyond an old hut just out of their path there were no signs of habitation.

The hut was searched in the hope of finding something to eat. It contained some empty bottles, a tin with a mixture of beetles, ants and jam, a paper with melted butter and an egg that looked as if it ought to have been hatched the year before last. They turned away and got on the beach which they followed with their boots in their hands, until the coast trended west. They had been skirting Wansborough Sound and had another table land to cross covered with giant blackboys, shrubs and tussocks, with an old clump of timber, in one of which they found some water from which they drank, though their water bottles had not yet given out. From the top of the land the tents of the encampment were visible, but they still had a very weary walk of another hour and a half before they at last tumbled into the jumble of railway tracks and sand-drifts that constituted Rockingham and enquired for something to eat at the Post Hotel. They had another hour to wait for their supper and when it was eaten Fred engaged a bed and went to sleep, while Bob and Dick strolled to the Y.M.C.A. to find out what had become of Mr. Beukers.

Mr. Beukers arrived, at the fifth gate a little after 2 p.m. and was also

puzzled by the track going east. He looked north and seeing a track of some sort leading in that direction followed it. It led through a well-grassed valley between two sand ridges that varied in height. The track was very overgrown and degenerated into a cattle pad. "Not much of a track we are following, Dad," said Eunice. "It's plain enough, my dear." "Yes, but I don't see any wheel marks." "That's because you're not used to this kind of travelling." All the same Eunice was not convinced and her father was losing his conviction rapidly.

They halted under a blackboy, gave the mare a feed and explored. The track was discovered on the east side of the ridge and after the horse had eaten, the trap was driven successfully over the hill. Travelling was then clear enough, albeit dread-

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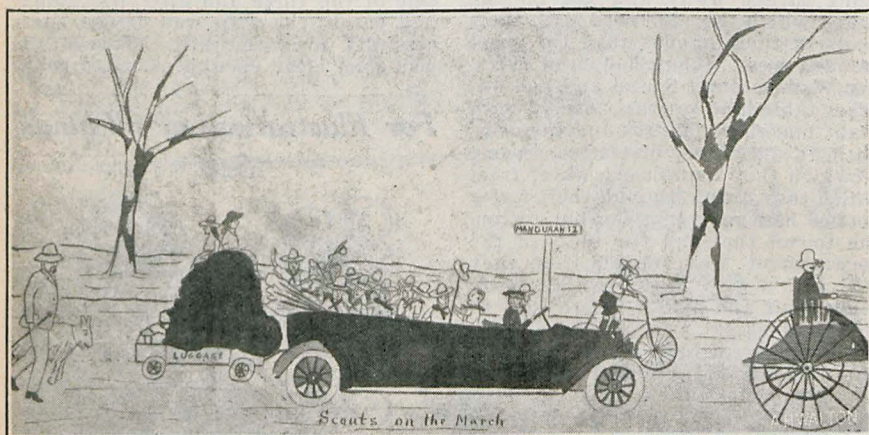
fully slow. Within three miles of Rockingham the track forked and Mr. Beukers once having been to East Rockingham and knowing no other took the track that led thither and discovered that he had four miles extra and useless travelling to do before he got to his destination. He arrived at the Y.M.C.A. at 7 p.m., fed his horse, had tea, sent messengers to the boys and then gave his entertainment to a marquee full of soldiers, who seemed to enjoy themselves very much. Major Campbell presided, Rev. Searle and Mr. Ellis got the soldiers to sing a few choruses in the intervals, Eunice and Dick sat behind the bar and kept awake and Bobby

Eunice said it was a bonzer bed and the following morning it was a treat to see Mr. Searle in his pyjamas, frying saveloys and mixing cocoa to give the travellers an early breakfast. We travelled the straight line back and arrived in camp early in the afternoon of Tuesday and were as good as ever when bathing parade came on.

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Scouts on the March.

did some sketching on brown paper.

After lights out the two ministers went to the hotel to enquire about Fred. The place was fast closed up, only in the kitchen where the cook was entertaining a soldier was there any light and she was persuaded to lead the way upstairs where Fred was interviewed, who felt already much rested and was quite agreeable to be ready at sunrise to start on the way back. Then we borrowed some bags and rugs and laid ourselves to sleep in the sand under a prickly bush.

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For a CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The Scout Camp at Mandurah.

Last year's camp at Mandurah was so profitable and delightful that the prospects of a similar outing this vacation were eagerly discussed months before hand. To take care of a score or more of boys, keep them employed and see that they are fed, washed and disciplined is rather much for one man, so Mr. Beukers agreed to assist Mr. Richards as second in command, while Mr. F. Burgess also gave his aid. Mr. Richards drove to Mandurah on the 2nd of January and on the day following the Kelmseott scouts in charge of Mr. Burgess and the Armadale troop in the care of Mr. Beukers followed by train. Special room had been engaged on the morning Bunbury train, but when that train arrived all the second-class seats were full so that the scouts had to put up with the cushions of the first-class compartments. Mrs. Beukers and family also went, besides several young men who formed a kind of sporting complement and came in very handy at times.

There was a great pile of camp luggage on the Pinjarrah platform, but

Mr. Green, of Mandurah House, had brought a trailer with him and all the goods got duly stacked behind the motor. Of course the scouts marched through Pinjarrah, headed by their flag and followed by Mr. Turner's big dog. But after getting out of the town the march got broken up, for

Twenty liv'ly scoutboys,
Tramping very keen,
Four got on a motor,
Then there were sixteen.

"And I think I can find room on the top of the luggage for the little girl." Eunice didn't wait to be told twice; she got on top quick and smart.

Sixteen raising dust clouds
On the roadside green,
Two got on a cycle,
Then there were fourteen.

Fourteen lads in khaki
Walking in a line,
Five of them were carried,
Then there were but nine.

Nine went bravely onward
Marching firm and straight,
One more caught a motor,
Then there but eight.

Six of them went forward
Skirting swamp and bog,
Two, with Mr. Beukers,
Followed with the dog.

By the House of Cornish
'Neath a shady tree,
All the boys together
Had some bread and tea.

Then the drum was beaten,
Then the flag was flown,
Then they made their entrance,
Then they woke the town.

And before they had gone very far halt was cried and the whole lot doubled back into Warwick House, lined up in front of the kitchen, and

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ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

were politely asked whether they would take lemonade or ginger-pop, accompanied with a slice of cake.

We had the same camp as last year. In the tuart forest behind Lady Hackett's house, at the northern end of Mandurah. A well near by supplied us with drinking water and for our washing we were permitted to draw from the rainwater tanks near by. Wood was plentiful and the trees gave shelter from the breezes that sometimes were a bit strong.

The Scout Camp at Mandurah.

Scene: Tuart forest encampment. Fire smouldering. Boys standing round with teeth chattering. Time, 6.50 a.m. (new style). Fresh wind blowing; what Hamlet calls a nipping and an eager air.

Boy goes up to the Deputy Master:

"Please, sir, will I have to go for a swim? I've got the toothache."

"Which tooth?"

Boy shows the painful member. Deputy looks wise.

"Don't put that tooth in the water: it don't want washing, but you do. Fall in."

Other boy tries to look miserable.

"Please, sir, I don't feel well."

"Where do you feel it most?"

"All over like."

"Put out your tongue."

Tongue is inspected and appears healthy.

"H'm. Go to Mr. Richards and ask him to give you a dose of castor oil."

Boy decides that he'd better swim.

Smart boy runs up and talks quick.

"I can't go for a swim this morning, Mr. Beukers."

"Why not?"

"Lost my bathers."

"Got a pair of pants?"

"Yes."

"Put them on; they'll do."

Boy goes in his tent and finds his bath-ers.

Mandurah consists of blue water and black sand, with a white metallised road between the two. The sand is covered with

the tuart forest, and the water branches into ponds, rivers and estuaries. Some jetties and a bridge span the water; old stone houses and newer ones built of wood cluster about the roads, but the combination of forest and stream, of bridge and river, sandbank and lagoon, and clustering houses, covered with a cloud-flecked sky and tinted with the golden sunlight, is so charming that the eye never wearies of looking at the scene, while the genial atmosphere and the gentle sea-breeze provokes laziness and quietude.

The people of Mandurah do not hurry. There are a number of oldest inhabitants, some of their descendants, a few newcomers, and a host of visitors. All of them fish. Those that don't catch are supplied by those that do, and when fish is scarce meals are restricted. Yachting, boating, and swimming—particularly if the weather is warm—are serious occupations. The scouts had bathing parade twice a day, none being exempt.

The routine at the scout camp was as follows. The drum beat at 6.30, when every boy had to get up and straighten

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up his bedding; 6.50 a.m., all hands went to the river for a dip, attended by one of our officers. Then each patrol had to cook its own breakfast and wash up the dishes, and when this was done the whole camp stood to attention during prayers, after which the scoutmaster gave the orders for the day. One boy remained in camp as guard, and the rest went fishing till mid-day. Then came dinner, with its usual clearing away, an hour or so's rest, and then fishing again, or the boys got leave to tidy themselves and have liberty till 5 p.m., when the evening bath parade was held. Then supper; after that play; 9 p.m., everybody in their tents, and 9.30 p.m., lights out.

To vary the monotony of things a bit, we gave some concerts. The first was held at the camps in the moonlight, and the whole of Mandurah turned out. The boys from the Pinjarrah farm—about 30 of them—came along and contributed an item or two, fraternised with our lads, and both camps divided the collection, which amounted to a little over two pounds.

Everybody was so delighted with that concert that we felt very well pleased with ourselves, and, being assured that we would do better in a building, the Deputy Scoutmaster arranged to tell some sea-stories in the hall, interspersed with choruses, etc., by the boys. Whatever tendency there may have been towards the development of a disease commonly known as swelled head was effectually arrested by a remark that some youth made in one of the dressing rooms of the bathing

house. Our boys heard him declare that Saturday's performance was the "rottenest concert" he had ever listened to. After that, of course, we had to try and improve. The Mandurah Hall filled up, and we had a good time. Moreover, the baker opened his heart and made a batch of buns, and each of our boys and the the Pinjarrah lads got one.

On the Friday, Mr. Fairbridge, who was in charge of the Pinjarrah boys, told some very interesting stories from his experiences, followed by some more from the Deputy. Mr. Fairbridge hails from Rhodesia, was at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, and has travelled far and wide. He knows also how to tell a tale, and was interesting from start to finish.

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Mandurah folk were very good to the boys. Boys do eat a lot, and we certainly could eat more fish than we caught, but our deficiency was abundantly made up. The motor people between them took the whole camp back to Pinjarrah when the day of departure came.

We had church parade on the Sunday, and all the Protestant scouts attended the service at the Anglican Church. It was on Intercession Day, and the close of the service was very solemn.

You will need a diary for the coming year, to record your doings, mark your engagements, map out your work, and post up the addresses of your friends, etc. Sands and McDougall, Printers and Bookbinders, 664 Hay-street, Perth, have an endless variety to choose from—so small, you can put one in your waistcoat pocket; so large that they form an ornament on your table. Get one before they are sold out.

The most treasured and pathetic property we carry around with us are the bundle of letters written by friends that are no more. Tied with ribbon—ellow with age, torn at the folds, we dread to touch them, for each handling injures them. If you put your letters in an automatic binder they will not suffer from handling. They don't need to be untied then; you can read them like a book and they will not fade. Sands and McDougall, 644 Hay-street Perth, sell those binders in great variety.

"What mean ye by these stones?" To keep green the memory of those that here we see no more, but whose love once en-

compassed us. Consult Matthews and Baker, Monumental Masons, Murray-street, near Milligan-street, if you desire to erect a cross or headstone to mark the last resting place of your departed ones.

Banyup is making alterations. Mr. Moyle has given up the place and the congregation have decided to hold their services at a more central place. They have also altered the hour from 3.30 p.m. to 7 p.m. They will reach more people, but the increase of three miles of sand travelling—making 12 in all—and the return to Armadale at night, makes it problematical whether our district can continue to work it. We have no preachers available, and those from town have too long a journey to get there. The matter will be considered at the February meeting of the District Committee. Volunteers wanted.

On the occasion of the unveiling afternoon tea was provided by the ladies' committee. This involved a lot of dishes washing and cooking and wasn't mentioned in any of the papers. We supply the omission. The following were the ladies who worked at the afternoon tea: Mesdames James, Linham, Lockhard, Davidson, Stevens, Caldwell and Livingston, assisted by Miss Richards, Miss Millard, Edna Marsh and Grace Caldwell; while Mr. J. W. Turner and Mr. Taylor kept the kettles on the fire.

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Kelmscott Preaching Plan.

- Feb. 4, 11.0 a.m., — Stevenson.
7.30 p.m., John Beukers.
„ 11, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
7.30 p.m., L. Warrell.
„ 18, 11.0 a.m., John N. Birks.
7.30 p.m., Pohn Beukers.
„ 25, 11.0 a.m., Rev. R. E. Chapman.
7.30 p.m., J. Serls.
Mar. 4, 11.0 a.m., N. Uren.
7.30 p.m., John Beukers.
„ 11, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
7.30 p.m., T. Savage.
„ 18, 11.0 a.m., S. W. Parker.
7.30 p.m., John Beukers.
„ 25, 11.0 a.m., Rev. S. H. Cox.
7.30 p.m., C. Mellar.

Diaconate : H. Fancote, secretary;
J. A. Buckingham, treasurer; N.
Uren, J. H. C. Bamlet.

Sunday School meets at 3 p.m. H.
Fancote, superintendent; Miss J.
Paull, secretary; Miss R. Bell, treas-
urer.

Organist, Miss Pascoe.

Mr. Atkins has given a parcel of
ground whereon to build a church, and
money for that purpose will be collected.

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ary 4th and 18th, and March 4th and 18th,
at 5.30 p.m.

Diaconate : T. Hawkins, secretary;
A. Reed, treasurer; J. Buckingham,
H. Cross.

Sunday School: Miss Parker.

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Armadale Preaching Plan.

- Feb. 4, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
 6.45 p.m., — Stevenson.
 „ 11, 11.0 a.m., L. Warrell.
 6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
 „ 18, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
 6.45 p.m., John N. Birks.
 „ 25, 11.0 a.m., T. Savage.
 6.45 p.m., Rev. R. E. Chapman.
 Mar. 4, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
 6.45 p.m., J. Serls.
 „ 11, 11.0 a.m., T. Skewes.
 6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
 „ 18, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
 6.45 p.m., S. W. Parker.
 „ 25, 11.0 a.m., C. Mellar.
 6.45 p.m., Rev. S. H. Cox.

Diaconate: J. A. Richards, secretary; W. J. Turner, treasurer; A. Briggs, E. Mills, J. Serls.

Sunday School meets at 3 p.m. J. Serls, superintendent; Miss Cornish, treasurer.

Western Congregationalist, Mrs. A. Briggs.

Choir Conductor, Mr. John Richards; organist, Miss M. Saw.

Communion first Sunday in the month.

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- The Bible and the Future of Britain (By Marr Murray) 3/6.
 Bible Prophecies and the Present War (By Marr Murray), 3/6.
 The Red Cross in France (By G. Barker), 3/6.
 The Billy Sunday Book, 6/.
 Letters by John Wesley (Edited by Geo. Eayrs, F.R.Hist.S.), 13/.
 The Whole Armour of God (By J. H. Jowett, M.A.), 6/6.
 Somme Battle Stories (Recorded by Capt. A. J. Dawson), 3/6.
 Lord Kitchener (By D. Prothero), Paper, 1/6; Cloth, 3/.
 Daily Mail Year Book, 1917, 9d.
 Pocket Diaries, 1917, 1/9, 2/, 2/6, 3/, 3/6.
 Torrey's Pocket Notes (A concise exposition of the International S.S. Lessons, 1917), 1/4.

Bedfordale Preaching Plan.

- Feb. 11, 3.30 p.m., John Beukers.
 „ 25, 3.30 p.m., Rev. R. E. Chapman.
 Mar. 11, 3.30 p.m., Rev. John Beukers.
 „ 25, 3.30 p.m., Rev. Sydney H. Cox.

Diaconate: H. Saunders, secretary; G. F. Marsh, treasurer; A. V. Cross, B. V. Cross, H. Champion.

Organist: Miss Champion.
 Sunday School: B. V. Cross, superintendent; Miss E. Plant.
 Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.
 Service, 3.30 p.m.

Wongong Sunday School.

Superintendent, A. O. D. Maxwell, Armadale.

Secretary, Miss E. Grapham.

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The Triumph of the Cross.

Savonarola and Robert F. Horton,

Savonarola was a Dominican monk, who came as a stranger to Florence, the most powerful of Italian cities in the 15th Century, and became its greatest and most popular preacher. He was a man sent from God, who feared no one but God and his faithful preaching made him so obnoxious to the spiritual as well as the secular authorities that he was condemned to the stake and suffered in the market place on a glorious May morning in 1498. The crowd around the stake taunted him with, "Now is the time for a miracle, Savonarola," and even the executioner jibed at him, but he made no reply, only raising his hand in blessing.

Lorenzo di Medici, surnamed the Magnificent, whose relatives and descendants lived delicately in French and Italian palaces for two centuries, lay dying in 1492. In that hour he wanted a man of God who spoke the truth to give him absolution and he sent for Savonarola. Savonarola spoke kindly to him and expounded to him the forgiveness of Christ.

"Do you believe in Jesus Christ?"

"I do," said Lorenzo.

"Will you restore that which you have unjustly acquired?"

"I will charge my estate with it."

"Will you give Florence back her freedom?"

Lorenzo turned away. Savonarola withheld the absolution and the great ruler of Florence died in despair.

Robert F. Horton, Doctor of Divinity, is a popular London preacher of the present day; his name is linked with that of the great Florentine, because both have given the same title to a book they wrote: "The Triumph of the Cross."

The ages of Savonarola and Robert Horton are far apart, but they resemble each other. The New Learning came in the 15th Century and filled the world with scholars and poets, painters and architects, while new discoveries brought wealth and leisure to stimulate their productions. Our era likewise has been one of invention, discovery and acquisition of knowledge, while cheap production, opening of distant markets and rapidity of communication have evolved an obnoxious kind of aristocracy that has no other purpose in life than to live riotously and free from care.

At the end of the 15th and at the end of the 19th Century was there a great outward show of religion with an almost complete denial of its power. The great and so-called wise ridiculed the teachings of a church whose ceremonies they slavishly observed; while the poor and so-called ignorant grew restive and impatient under a system that exacted from them the utmost farthing of compli-

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ance while it was wholly indifferent to their commonest needs.

Leo X., the third son of Lorenzo di Medici, built the most stupendous temple of Christendom, St. Peter's of Rome, and yet when he found in his library a Greek copy of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, he did not know it and asked his attendant where the writer lived.

"If God spare my life," said Tyndal to a learned controversialist, "ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plow to know more of the scriptures than thou doest." In 1525 he fulfilled his promise and brought to England the first edition of his New Testament, which was promptly burned by Wolsey in St. Paul's Church yard.

The world has moved since then. All the fires that can be kindled would not suffice to burn the Bible to-day. The book goes out into the world at the rate of 10 million copies per year, a mighty stream of the water of life, which if it was freely used would make this earth a paradise. But alas, many do not read therein and a closed book is worse than no book. Its possessor adds pretence to his ignorance.

The world was dotted with costly Christian temples without the spirit of Christ in 1498; to-day the world is strewn with unread Bibles.

Savonarola's world drifted into the hopeless tangle of centuries of religious strife and massacres, followed by tyrannies and revolutions in all of which murder and destruction were the outstanding features no matter by what fine names we disguise them and our world has drifted into a world war, which locust-like, is devouring what the cankerworm hath left.

Jesus once wept, not far from the spot where the angels announced, "Behold I bring you tidings of great joy" and the burden of His lament was: "I would . . . and ye would not."

Yet He triumphs and He only. Policies and politics end in disaster; systems and schemes have their day

and cease to be; the glory and beauty we raise from dust and ashes, returns to dust and ashes again; the Cross triumphs and Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, to-day and for ever. Of that Triumph both Savonarola and Dr. Horton have written, each in his own way and for his own age.

"This little book is not a treatise on Christian doctrine, but a pocket book which a man may carry with him, as a soldier carries his Red-book, for frequent reference. It is not a collection of stimulating thoughts or passages. It is a reminder of the beginning and the end of a Christian life, an epitome of the things which really matter for one who would be a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Dr. Horton's book is true to this foreword. It is a clear evangelical statement without the absurdities of erratic evangelists who mistake crudity for unction and sentiment for holiness. It gives the truth in sledge-hammer sentences.

"I confess that to preach the Cross does not seem polite. There is a certain rudeness about it which no refinement of manner can ever take away. The Cross is unsparing in its condemnation of sin. It does not flatter or flatter. What we like, of course—what men have always liked—is to be told that sin is greatly exaggerated. We are pleased if some genial philosopher will tell us that it is a stage in evolution, as it were, 'the growing pain of humanity.' We are still better pleased if some one will tell us that it is the blundering

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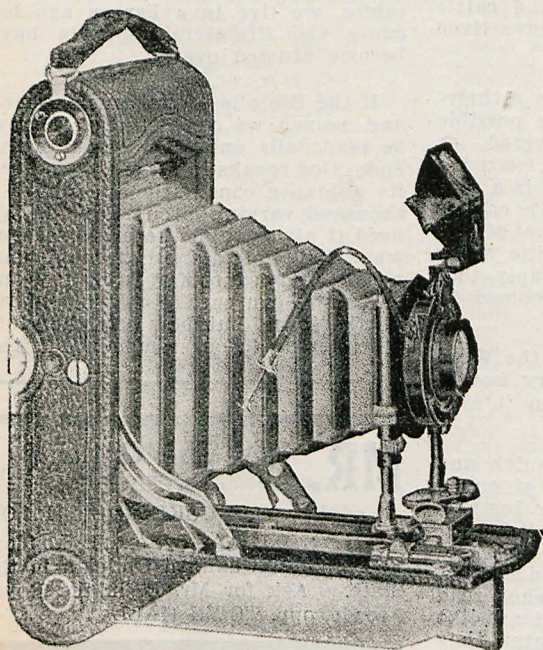
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quest after God, and perhaps we are best pleased of all if some one will tell us that it has no existence, but is a delusion of mortal mind. This is satisfying to us, this rosewater Gospel of to-day."

The book contains a remarkable chapter on proving Christ: "I found Him declaring that He had come from God, and that He had come into the world to seek and to save that which is lost. This seemed very wonderful and I thought I must test it. What else did He say? Well, He gave me some rules of conduct and told me how I ought to live. He said that I must be pure in heart; He said that I must love my neighbor as myself; He said that I must seek not my own good, but what He called the Kingdom of God. All this seemed good and beautiful. Surely, I thought, if He had been a deceiver

or deceived, He could not have spoken like this. . . ."

The book will go in your pocket. A chapter can be read in a few minutes and suffice to give you food for thought for days. The Christian life, its hope, its foundation, its responsibilities, its fruit, are all touched upon. It is the kind of book a man can take with him in lonely places where church bells do not ring and it will lead him into the presence of the Living God, whose temple is wherever men worship. It is the sort of book that can be put in the corner of a country pulpit and should the preacher fail to come, any man that can read decently can edify the congregation by reading one of its chapters, and it will help the Sunday School teacher to lead his class to Christ. It is procurable at the Methodist Book Depot, William-st., Perth, for 1/6.



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A Covered Spring.

Toby, one of the station blacks, was in a bad temper. He was out with the boss and the boss was not treating him well. He made him wear a pair of boots and the boots were new and pinched. Toby wanted to take them off, but the boss insisted that he should keep them on. Toby sat down on an outcrop of stone and sulked. By and bye he got angry and started to kick and kicked most vigorously at the stoney ledge on which he had been sitting and after a particularly hard kick the toe of his new boot went through the stone and water began to trickle from the hole. The boss forgot all about Toby and his woes and started to remove some more of the stones and obtained an abundant water supply. The Francis Spring in the region west of Lake Eyre had been discovered and has ever since been of service in watering flocks of sheep and cattle that otherwise could not have lived there.

In Australia there is many a thriving settlement that became possible because some one uncovered or opened up a hidden spring, securing a water supply. For water is a first necessity. Without it we cannot live, and when Jesus spoke of the Word of God and called it the water of life, He did mean to imply that without it humanity is doomed to perish.

Water is abundant; so is the Word of God. In our land every household has a Bible, but often it is a hidden spring.

The Word of God is quick and powerful and all scripture, given by inspiration is profitable for instruction in righteousness, but if it is shut up it can make no mighty men and unread it neither makes men nor nations righteous. Those who read therein and are guided by it are like the trees by the rivers of water, they

do not wither or fade and bring forth fruit in due time; those who do not are like the chaff, carried away by the first breath of wind and found no more. The contrast is startling and fearfully true. This age, this country is sadly lacking in great, strong, righteous men; we have no leaders. Our newspapers are full of the names of many "illustrious obscure" whom we puff and praise and mention with all their titles and letters, but those whom we esteem and trust and follow; those on whom we pin our faith and whose words we treasure, are few and far between and yet this is an age of learning and we stand upon a high intellectual level. The prevalence of mediocrity and the absence of great men is due to the fact that we are not learned in the highest wisdom, the Word of God lies unread upon our tables, we live in a barren age because the life-giving springs have become crusted over.

If the Bible is to make us the men and women we ought to be, it must be read daily and from beginning to end. God speaks in all of it; we need its guidance constantly and under a thousand varying circumstances. We need it always and there are seasons when the Bible alone can supply our need. God is not far from any one of us; we can speak to Him and He speaks to us, but how can the Holy Spirit bring to our remembrance the

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ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

words we did not take the trouble to read?

The following compilation is designed to guide those who realise the importance of a thorough knowledge of the whole Word of God. It is a list of daily readings, divided into morning and evening portions which will enable the reader to read through the Bible once in each year. The longest portions will not take more than ten minutes, add to that five minutes for prayer and meditation, and you have half an hour per day for soul cul-

ture. The selected scriptures start at three points: law and history, from Genesis to Esther; prophecy, from Job to Malachi; and gospel, from Mathew to Revelation. The division is not perfect, but designed to keep the reader in touch each day with all classes of the Divine word. In this number will be found the portions for April and May. The others will be published in due time, so as to make it complete during this, the third year of the "Drill of the Foot-hills."

Scripture Reading for Each Day.

Day.	Morning.	Afternoon or Evening.
April 1	Lev. 25, v. 1—17 Psalm 85 and 86	Lev. 25, v. 18—39 Luke 6, v. 31—49
" 2	Lev. 25, v. 39—55 Psalm 87 and 88	Lev. 26, v. 1—10 Luke 7, v. 1—23
" 3	Lev. 26, v. 21—46.	Psalm 89. Luke 7, v. 24—35
" 4	Lev. 27	Luke 7, v. 36—50 Psalm 90
" 5	Num. 1, v. 1—4 and 47—54 Psalm 91	Psalm 92 Luke 8, v. 1—21
" 6	Num. 3, v. 1—13.	Luke 8, v. 22—56 Psalm 93 and 94
" 7	Num. 3, v. 40—51 Psalm 95	Psalm 96 Luke 9, v. 1—22.
" 8	Num. 4, v. 1—20 Psalm 97 and 98	Num. 4, v. 21—33 Luke 9, v. 23—45
" 9	Num. 4, v. 34—49 Psalm 99 and 100	Num. 5 Luke 9, v. 46—62
" 10	Num. 6. Psalm 101	Num. 7, v. 1—17 Luke 10, v. 1—20.
" 11	Num. 8 Luke 10, v. 21—24	Psalm 102 Luke 10, v. 25—42
" 12	Num. 9 Psalm 103	Num. 10, v. 1—10 Luke 11, v. 1—26
" 13	Num. 10, v. 11—36 Psalm 104	Num. 11, v. 1—15 Luke 11, v. 27—36.
" 14	Num. 11, v. 16—35 Psalm 105	Num. 12 Luke 11, v. 37—54
" 15	Num. 13 Psalm 106	Num. 14 Luke 12, v. 1—12
" 16	Num. 15	Psalm 107 Luke 12, v. 13—27
" 17	Num. 16	Psalm 108 Luke 12, v. 22—40
" 18	Num. 17 Psalm 109	Num. 18 Luke 12, v. 41—59
" 19	Num. 19 Psalm 110 and 111	Num. 20 Luke 13, v. 1—23
" 20	Num. 21	Psalm 112, 113, 114 Luke 13, v. 24—35
" 21	Num. 22	Psalm 115 and 116 Luke 14, v. 1—24
" 22	Num. 23 Luke 14, v. 25—35	Num. 24 Luke 15
" 23	Num. 25 Psalm 117 and 118	Num. 27 Luke 16
" 24	Num. 28 Psalm 119, v. 1—40	Num. 29 Luke 17
" 25	Num. 29, v. 17—40 Psalm 119, v. 41—72	Num. 30 Luke 18, v. 1—30
" 26	Num 31	Psalm 119, v. 73—104 Luke 18, v. 31—43
" 27	Num. 32	Psalm 119, v. 105—136 Luke 19, v. 1—27
" 28	Num. 33	Psalm 119, v. 137—168 Luke 19, v. 28—48

ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

SCRIPTURE READING FOR EACH DAY—(Continued).

Day.	Morning.	Afternoon or Evening.
.. 29	Num. 34	Num 35 Luke 20, v. 1—18
.. 30	Psalm 119, v. 169—176	Deut. 1, v. 1—19 Luke 20, v. 19—47
May 1	Num. 36	Deut. 2 Luke 21, v. 1—24
.. 2	Psalm 120, 121, 122	Deut. 4, v. 1—13 Luke 21, v. 25—38
.. 3	Deut. 1, 20—46	Psalm 128, 129, 130.
.. 4	Psalm 123 and 124	Luke 22, v. 1—30
.. 5	Deut. 3	Psalm 131, 132 Luke 22, v. 31—53
.. 6	Psalm 125, 126, 127	Deut 7 Luke 22, v. 54—71
.. 7	Deut. 4, v. 14—49	Luke 23
.. 8	Deut 5	Deut. 10 Luke 24, v. 1—35.
.. 9	Deut. 6	Psalm 139 Luke 24, v. 36—53
.. 10	Psalm 133, 134, 135	Psalm 140, 141 John 1, v. 1—28
.. 11	Deut. 8 Psalm 136	Deut. 14 John 1, v. 29—51
.. 12	Deut. 9 Psalm 137, 138	Deut. 16 John 2
.. 13	Deut 11	Deut 18 John 3
.. 14	Deut 12	Deut. 20 John 4, v. 1—26
.. 15	Deut 13 Psalm 142	Deut. 22 John 4, v. 27—54
.. 16	Deut. 15 Psalm 143, 144	Deut. 24 John 5, v. 1—27
.. 17	Deut. 17 Psalm 145, 146	Deut. 26 John 5, v. 28—47
.. 18	Deut. 19 Psalm 147	Deut 28 John 6, v. 1—14
.. 19	Deut. 21	Prov. 4 John 6, v. 15—36
.. 20	Psalm 148, 149, 150	Deut. 30 John 6, v. 37—58
.. 21	Deut. 23 Prov. 1	Prov. 6 John 6, v. 59—71
.. 22	Deut. 25 Prov. 2	Prov. 7 John 7, v. 1—31
.. 23	Deut. 27 Prov. 3	Deut. 31 Prov. 8
.. 24	Deut. 28 v. 45—68	Josh. 2 John 8, v. 1—11.
.. 25	Deut. 29 Prov. 5	Josh. 4 John 8, v. 12—59
.. 26	Deut. 31	Josh. 6 John 9, 1—12
.. 27	Deut. 32	Prov. 12 John 9, v. 13—41
.. 28	Deut. 33	Prov. 13 John 10, v. 1—21
.. 29	John 7, v. 32—53	Prov. 14 John 10, v. 22—42
.. 30	Josh. 1 Prov. 9	John 11
.. 31	Josh. 3 Prov. 10	Josh. 12 John 12 v. 1—19.
	Josh. 5 Prov. 11	John 12, v. 20—50
	Josh. 7	
	Josh. 8	
	Josh. 9	
	Josh. 10	
	Josh. 11 Prov. 15	
	Josh. 13 Prov. 16	

BIRKS, Chemist, Perth,

Our latest testimonial is from Victoria, and reads:—Dear Sir,—I had such a good trip over, thanks to taking your Anti-Mal-de-mer. I am taking no chances about the return trip, so I am sending herewith P.Ns. for 6/6 for two bottles and postage.

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CURRENT HISTORY.

The summer of our discontent is nearly over. From Christmas to the end of February church work is not encouraging. Those who can get away, go for holidays; those who remain have to work till late gathering in the fruits of their labor, hot weather makes travelling long distances toilsome and there is such a feeling of lassitude that we do little more than mark time.

ROLEYSTONE.

Since we have met fortnightly the services have improved. Nearly every family connected with the place has made it its business to be at church on church days and when we have a church meeting, every member attends. Miss Mabel Parker has been appointed Sunday School superintendent in place of Mrs. H. Buckingham, to whom a vote of thanks was recorded on the minutes for her services.

KELMSCOTT.

Mr. Savage renders us good service by taking the pulpit when there is a disappointment. This has happened several times lately. At our last church meeting Mr. Bickford was asked to take office again as deacon. Mrs. Paul, after being for years connected with the church, has removed to North Perth. She and her daughters will be missed. Miss Jean Paul was a willing helper both in the Sunday School and the Girls' Club.

BEDFORDALE.

The Sunday School picnic of Bedfordale is an event always looked forward to. It is usually held on the South Beach, Fremantle, and was as successful this year as at any time. This is what the secretary reports.

"We held our annual picnic on the 26th January, 1917. It was a nice day and the affair was a success. The train leaves rather early in the morning for South Beach for those who

live far away, but somehow we all got there. We arrived at 9 a.m. and were not long before we had a dip in the sea. Some stayed in the water for hours; it was too nice to come out. Some of the children had pennies to spend and they eagerly patronised the ice-cream shops. One boy had six icecreams and mentioned twelve before the day was out. (The boy survived.—Ed.) Then we had sports and games after dinner, another dip in the sea and then the day came to an end all too soon. Everyone was happy although some came home with sunburnt faces and legs. One lady enjoyed herself so much that she said she would never miss another picnic.—Vera Plant, Secretary."

ARMADALE.

When Armadale's Sunday School picnic should have taken place the school holidays were not over and the event could not be held. We also held one deacons' meeting and one church meeting, which did not come off. On the evening of the second Sunday in the year there was a total attendance of 12 persons. Happily we are recovering from this mid-summer dreariness. The Girls' Club has been altered to a helpers' club, intending for the present to concentrate on knitting socks, etc., for our soldiers at the front. They meet and work every Thursday evening under the superintendency of Mrs. Burgess. Several members have been added to the choir and visiting ministers speak enthusiastically of how the singing helps their preaching. While Miss M. Saw was on holidays Miss Eileen Cornish took the organ and when she also went for a change, Frisco Beukers came from Perth to take the instrument.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES.

In our locality there has been a phenomenal fruit crop. The hills

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literally dropped fatness and rejoiced on every side. Thanksgiving services were held in all the churches and in each the display of fruit was wonderful. Vegetables, particularly root crops, were conspicuous by their absence. The fruit brought to the churches was very good indeed and was promptly despatched to its destination. Roleystone sent theirs to the Dulhi Gunyah Orphanage at Victoria Park. Mr. Serls saw to the Armadale fruit, Mr. Bamlett to that of Kelmscott and Mr. E. Parker sent Roleystone's contribution away. We had a problem in fruit packing to solve at Armadale for among the gifts was some bottled jam and a card box of eggs. Puzzles, pack eggs and apples and jam and don't break them. We managed. We took the jam and the eggs as personal luggage to Burswood and dropped them on the station platform with a note to the stationmaster to hand it to the orphanage together with the other harvest thanksgiving and so it came to pass that it all got there. Mr. Richards, Mr. Bamlett and the pastor have received letters of thanks. We print one:

Dulhi Gunyah, Victoria Park,

March 14, 1917.

Dear Mr. Beukers,—

I am writing to ask you to thank the kind friends of Kelmscott Church very much for us, for sending us all that lovely fruit which we all enjoyed very much. I have also written to the Armadale secretary and our children have written him as well. We have a lot to thank our heavenly Father for this year. We had fruit sent from several churches, North Perth, Subiaco, and Victoria Park Congregational Churches, as well as others. I have made quite a lot of it into jam, so that it will be a great help to us. I think it is splendid the way in which the people of the different churches have thought of these children and everything, fruit and vegetables I mean, is so fresh and lovely. . . Praying

that God will richly bless you all, I am, yours in His glad service,

ELLEN TAYLOR.

At Bedfordale there was a social evening on Wednesday, 14th March. Mr. Richards brought his lantern and showed a number of slides, illustrating his lecture on England's fight for freedom in the 17th Century. Then there was a good supper and a sale of gifts in aid of the church funds.

VISITING MEMBERS.

The pastor visited Ballidu and Dalwallinu in the place of Rev. B. C. Wieland, who went as chaplain with a troopship and Rev. Geo. H. Wright, M.A., took the services in our district. On March 11 an exchange was made with Rev. R. E. Chapman and on March 18 Rev. Robert Hanlin preached here, while the pastor conducted the services at Scott's Church, Fremantle, and the harvest thanksgiving service at Bibra Lake.

THE BOY SCOUTS.

Both troops are learning signalling. The elder lads who know the code are teaching the younger ones. We may perhaps have a competition later on. Kelmscott boys have made several country trips and were hospitably treated, both by Mr. Luxor on the Canning Mill road, and Mr. B. V. Cross at Bedfordale.

Miss Florence Thomas, who was for four years in charge of Roleystone State School, has been transferred to Ballidu East. On her departure she was presented with a beautiful handbag, the gift of the scholars and their parents.

Miss Purselove has been transferred to Wellington Mills, to the great sorrow of the Armadale children. She had only very brief notice of the change, but ere she departed she was presented by her fellow teachers and the children with a wristlet watch.

Miss Bird is at present in charge of Beenup school.

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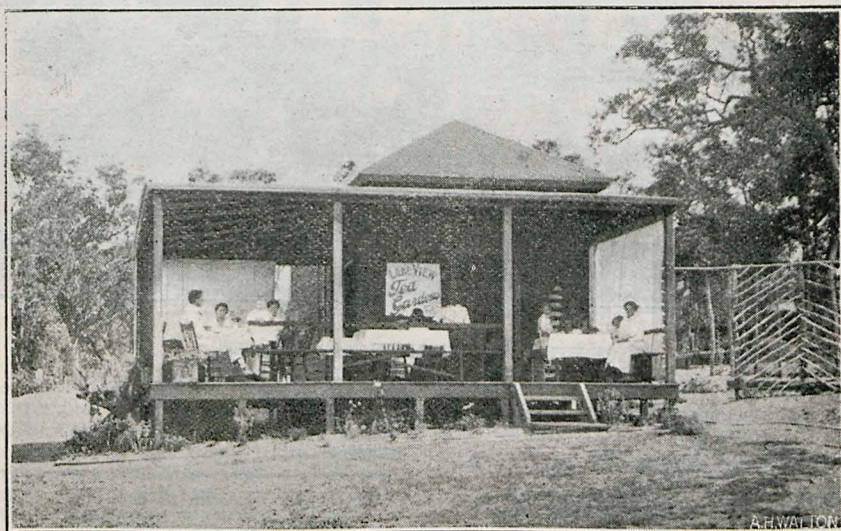
A Little Known Beauty Spot.

BIBRA LAKE.

There are many localities in West Australia, beautiful for situation and easily accessible, which somehow remain unknown to the general public. Such a spot is Bibra Lake. It is only six miles from Fremantle, and a drive along the wide, well-made road, bordered by homesteads and forests, is a pleasure trip in itself.

The Lake has all the haunting beauty of the primeval wilderness, but it is a wilderness inhabited,

sheltered by thick woods and bordered by whispering reeds where the wild fowl rears its young in perfect security. No shooting is permitted at present, for it is designed to encourage the black swan to make its home there. A fence keeps cattle from trespassing, while many little gates give access to the water front. A hard road skirts two sides of the lake and on this road, under shady trees, seats have been placed on which the



Bibra Lake Tea Rooms, Albert Lyon, Proprietor.

though as yet its habitations are hidden, a wilderness where the vine and the fig tree flourish and patches of rich green cultivation are to be found among the sombre green of the native woods.

The lake lies in a gentle depression of the sandy country, a peaceful water

visitor can rest while he contemplates the quiet beauty of the surrounding landscape. Until lately the visitor had to provision himself if he went there, but that disadvantage has been removed. On a slope overlooking the lake, at the junction of the Canning Bridge-road and the Forrest-road Mr.

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A. Lyon has established a nursery and opened tea-rooms. It is also intended to form a tennis court at this spot, and the passing traveller or visitor can now get his wants attended to as cheaply and swiftly as in the middle of a town. There is some endowment land in the neighborhood of Bibra Lake, 250 acres, vested in the

tables astonished me to begin with. Then the list of the hymns to be sung was handed over to me. I glanced over them and noticed that the first was one which is hard to sing and exorcising to endure if not sung properly, and so I exercised my privilege in cutting out a couple of verses, but no sooner had the man at the or-



Bibra Lake Looking East.

Fremantle Council. Should this land be deemed suitable, it is the intention of the Council to cut it up into 10 acre allotments for the benefit of returned soldiers. Sand is, not the most fruitful of Australian soils, and there is much sand in this neighborhood, but there are many spots decidedly fertile, and the fruit and vegetables grown on them are excellent. I saw a fine display of the products of the land on a harvest thanksgiving occasion, celebrated in the little Presbyterian Hall situated on the northern extremity of the lake. At that harvest thanksgiving, held on the afternoon of the 18th of March, I came in for several surprises. The variety and goodness of the fruit and vege-

gan touched the instrument than I repented in sackcloth and ashes; he was a real artist at the organ and the singing was tip-top.

ESTIMATES SUBMITTED ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

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From the Tea-rooms the Forrest-road bends towards the Bibra Lake railway siding, crosses the railway and then turns to Jandacot. A school, a hall, and a railway station are the public buildings of that centre, which has perhaps the most unique system of roads to be found in this State. We publish an illustration of the plank

eyes open, may behold many members of the West Australian flora, not mingled elsewhere in the same combination. Near Fremantle flourish the giant tuart (*E. Gomocphala*) and the peppermint or West Australian weeping willow (*Agonis Flexosa*, further on is a touch of jarrah forest (*E. Marginata*), mixed with sheaoks (*Casua-*



Jandakot Permanent Way Gang.

road which runs for nine miles from Jandacot to Forrestdale, formerly called East Jandacot. It is a wooden roadway, of which the rails consist of three planks, each laid on sleepers and united with road metal, forming thus one of the smoothest tracks, and a bicycle ride on that track is indeed a joy-ride. If it was not for the three-quarters of a mile of heavy, unadulterated, heartbreaking sand between Forrestdale and the Wongong River, the road from Armadale to Fremantle would be perfect. Why this little bit of sand remains unbridged passes the understanding of the ordinary individual, for the area crossed by the Forrest-road is one of the most unique in West Australia. On that track the traveller who has his

rina), banksia, grevillias, hakeas, pimelias, hibbertias, zamia palms, and blackboys. Paperbarks and ti-trees, spearwoods and wattles, are thick on the lower-lying lands; sedges, grasses and bottle brushes (*Caestemon*), with the rigid Christmas trees, blazing with a flood of orange flowers in the summer season and on the Armadale end the *Kingia Australis*, found nowhere upon the earth except that part of West Australia that lies on the west side of the coast hills between the Swan River and Albany. The accompanying illustrations supply a glimpse of that interesting region, and the picture of the railway gang shows the men who keep the Fremantle-Armadale track in good repair.

Paradise, Potatopolis, and the Ferguson River.

Four and a half miles north of Ficton Junction, a road turns at right angles from the Perth-Bunbury road, crosses the railway, and goes straight to Paradise—distance three miles. The country is flat, and consists for the most part of a light-colored clay, which when cleared and left to itself, as has been its fate in some places, grows excellent couch grass and affords abundant pasture. Its native growths consist of paperbarks and ti-trees, wattles and bottle brushes, banksias and hackeas, red gum (*Carophylla*) and white gum or wandoo, besides a number of plants which await examination by the trained botanist. In summer the surface gets very hard and the roads are smooth without being dusty, but when the winter, with its abundant rain, comes, water lies everywhere, and the land needs draining. Hence the cultivated lands are intersected, and the roads are flanked with ditches, which, when overgrown with grass, form lively pitfalls into which the unwary pedestrian is liable to tumble when he cuts across country. The fruit of that land is good if the trees get the needful attention.

The background of the Ferguson Hills, the rivers bordered with the West Australian weeping willow, the stately gums, the symmetrical ti-trees, fringing the fields and intermingling with gardens and orchards, over which the lights and shadows play when light cloud banks drift from the sea and kill the mountain tops, combine to give an endless variety of peaceful, picturesque rural scenery. The land was thrown open for settlement some years ago, and many thriving farms exist on it now. About midway between Dardanup and Waterloo a school has been built. It

was absurdly small and six feet of building was added and still it is not large enough for the land is rich in children. There were seven children in the house where I lodged, the oldest being 12. When I arrived at the school to give a lecture a man was busy getting the place ready; he was the father of eight children. The next person with whom I shook hands was

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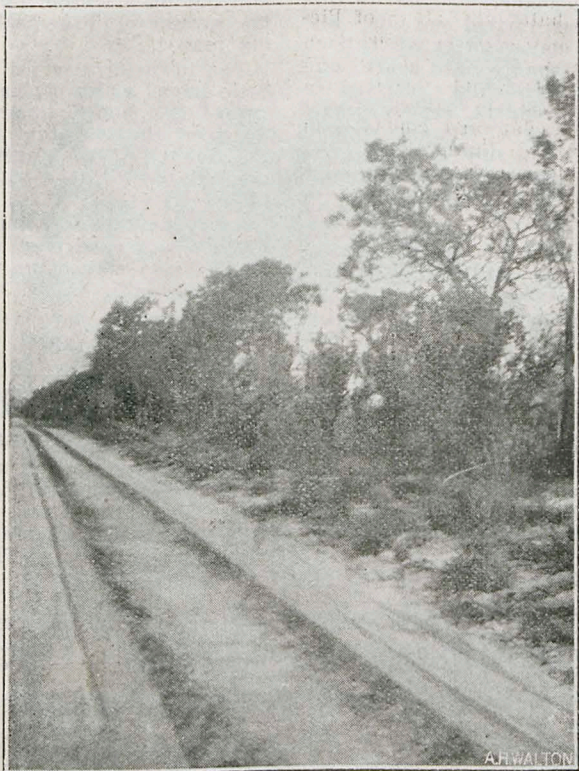
IDEAL POSITION.

RIVERSIDE ROAD, KELMSCOTT.

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a lady who was the happy mother of ten. Two of hers wear the King's uniform. In brief, there are 10 families connected with this mission, and they have 52 children among them at present. I lectured them that evening, and preached there again the next morning, the people

They all attend committee meetings, and they all come to church. If one happens to be absent the others want to know the reason why. Mr. Craigie drove me to my appointments on the Sunday and we dined with Miss Strachan—we have a strong desire to dine at the same place as often as possible



Jandakot Plank Road Looking East.

cramped on seats that were too small for them and wedged together like sardines in a box.

Rev. Reginald Eugene Chapman began work here in July, 1913, having then been appointed by the Congregational Union to mission work in this district. It is under the most sensible management that I have come across. The Church Committee consists of all the heads of the families.

for the dinner was good—and Miss Strachan was so enthusiastic about the work that we asked her to write a report about it. Here it is:

"Paradise Sunday school was started on August 21, under the auspices of the Paradise Congregational Mission. It was opened with 28 scholars under the superintendency of Mr. Breet with Miss Strachan as secretary and Miss Olive Tyrrell as treasurer,

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a senior scholar in Miss Strachan's class who was afterwards appointed infant teacher. No change has taken place in the teaching staff since the school started. They have continued to "carry on," as the boys do in the trenches. On a roll of 25 not one had a bad record, and nine of them had an unbroken attendance. Last Boxing Day, Mr. Brett invited parents and children to a day's outing at Tulloch when we had the usual sport and games, while each child received a small present from the Sunday school funds. We hold a Sunday school social each year in July, when parents and children provide the programme and we close the proceedings with a substantial tea.

The children's collections are as regular as their attendances. For the last two years they have given up their prize money for others. In the first year of the war £1 6/ was sent to the Belgian Relief Fund and £1 to the Home Mission, and last year £1 was again sent to the Home Mission and £1 6/ to the Red Cross. Each year a girl takes a Home Mission card and a boy one for the L.M.S. The two oldest of our S.S. boys are in camp. Each has been persecuted by the S.S. with a fountain pen. We are sorry to lose them, but we are very proud of them."

Potatopolis.

Burecup, the siding, is four miles from Brunswick Junction, is of comparatively late origin as far as settlement is concerned. The land lying between the Collie and the Henty, which here have left the hills and spread over the plain, began to attract notice some 10 years ago. The soil of the flats adjacent to those streams is very fertile, works up well and retains the moisture so that potatoes are grown on it to such an extent that the place is nick-named Potatopolis—try and pronounce that quickly and notice how it seems to tie your tongue in a knot.—The yield of

200 acres will be railed from the siding, and it is expected that it will amount to a thousand tons or more. Orange groves planted a few years ago are already appearing as distinct features in the landscape, and stone fruit do well. Poultry raising is another industry laid out on scientific lines, and some fine strains of white leghorns are being reared.

The township has yet to grow. A little school and a big hall and a store with a telephone box are the beginnings of the city that is to be, but the houses of the farmers are substantial, comfortable, and indicative of prosperity.

From a religious point of view the district was neglected until Rev. R. E. Chapman visited the district. This is his report as handed to us:

"Burecup mission was begun on the last Sunday of August, 1913, and the

METHODIST BOOK DEPOT.

NEW BOOKS.

- The Bible and the Future of Britain (By Marr Murray), 3/6.
- Bible Prophecies and the Present War (By Marr Murray), 3/6.
- The Red Cross in France (By G. Barker), 3/6.
- The Billy Sunday Book, 6/.
- Letters by John Wesley (Edited by Geo. Eayrs, F.R.Hist.S.), 13/.
- The Whole Armour of God (By J. H. Jowett, M.A.), 6/6.
- Somme Battle Stories (Recorded by Capt. A. J. Dawson), 3/6.
- Lord Kitchener (By D. Prothero), Paper, 1/6; Cloth, 3/.
- Daily Mail Year Book, 1917, 9d.
- Pocket Diaries, 1917, 1/9, 2/, 2/6, 3/, 3/6.
- Torrey's Pocket Notes (A concise exposition of the International S.S. Lessons, 1917), 1/4.

T. HIGGINS, late of Armadale, has definitely taken over the Blacksmith's Shop on the Main-road Kelmscott. Wheelwright, Blacksmith, Horse-clipping. Various vehicles for sale.

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meeting took place in the old school. In September a Sunday school was formed under the superintendence of Mrs. A. Muldoon, who carried on the work among the children with mark-

Crampton, T. A. Dungey, and A. Muldoon are the Church Committee.

"In 1914 a block of land was purchased for building purposes, and later on the committee bought a small



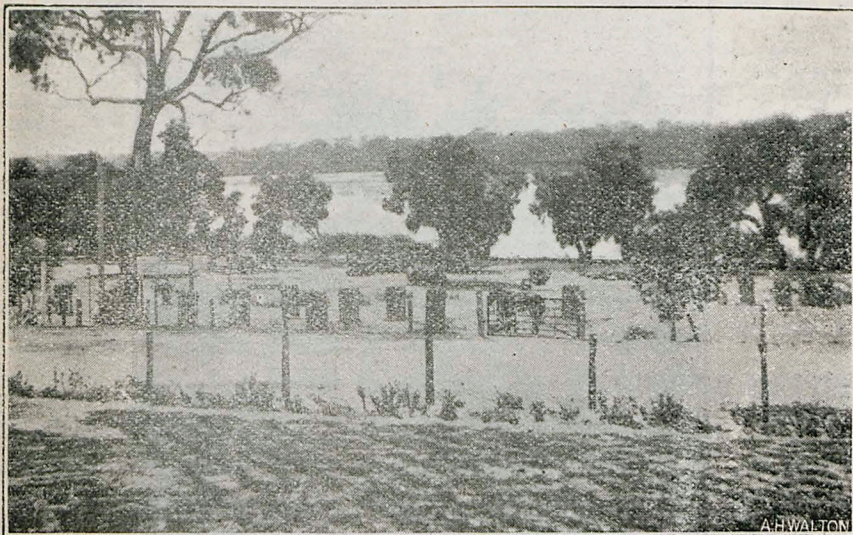
Kingia Australis.

ed success for two years. Mrs. Chapman and Miss Muldoon now carry on the Sunday school. Messrs. G. N. Lowe (secretary and treasurer), A.

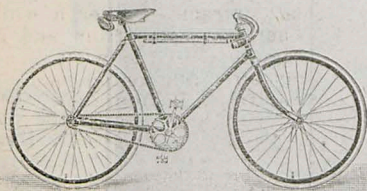
organ. In 1915, on the completion of the Public Hall, the church changed its home to that more commodious building, and in the same year the pastor made his residence there."

ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

Mr. Chapman was the first to preach there, open Sunday school, give religious instruction to the children, and made the place the centre of his work, and then the usual thing happened: The Bishop of Bunbury walked, or rather was driven, through the length and breadth of the land, and thought it good enough to send an Anglican incumbent, who went round, visited every house and succeeded in beating up a congregation. Two little congregations now meet the same day in the same hall, where formerly there used to be one.



Forrest Road, Skirting Bibra Lake just below Tea Rooms.



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ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

Rev. George H. Wright.

Master of Arts.

Rev. Geo. Wright is being more and more looked upon as one of the leading men of our denomination. He holds the position of Chairman of the Congregational Union for 1916-7, and has just entered upon his pastorate of the North Perth Church, vacant since the retirement of Rev. F. J. Searle. Mr. Wright was born in Melbourne, Victoria, and spent his boyhood partly in Melbourne, on the Murray, and in the Western districts. He came West in 1896 and began to preach as a layman among the Methodists in 1904. In 1905 he joined the Leederville Congregational Church and when he felt called to the ministry realised that his place was in the Congregational body. He graduated in the Adelaide University in 1906 and in the same year he went to England studying for the ministry under Dr. Forsyth at Hackney and New College, London. In 1910 he settled at the Great English Railway Centre of Swindon, where he held the pastorate of the Sandford-street Church till 1913. Then he returned to Australia, having been called to the pastorate of Johnstone Memorial. He continued his studies and graduated as Master of Arts in 1915.

During his sojourn in this State he has served on every denominational committee and has shown himself a workman approved. Mr. Wright is a good chairman at Executive meetings, for it is only during his presidency that it has come to pass that no unfinished business was left till the next meeting. As a rule we came early and went late, with a lot of work undone; now we come late and go early and everything is done.

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Rev. George H. Wright, M.A.

Jack Livingstone, now at the front, has sent home a very interesting record of his trip. The following is just a small extract:—"After a while I asked where he came from and he said 'Karragullen,' so I said we're not so far away after all, for my name is Livingstone, from Bedfordale. 'Oh,' he said, 'I know you now; your people were advertising apples in the 'Drill of the Foothills.'"

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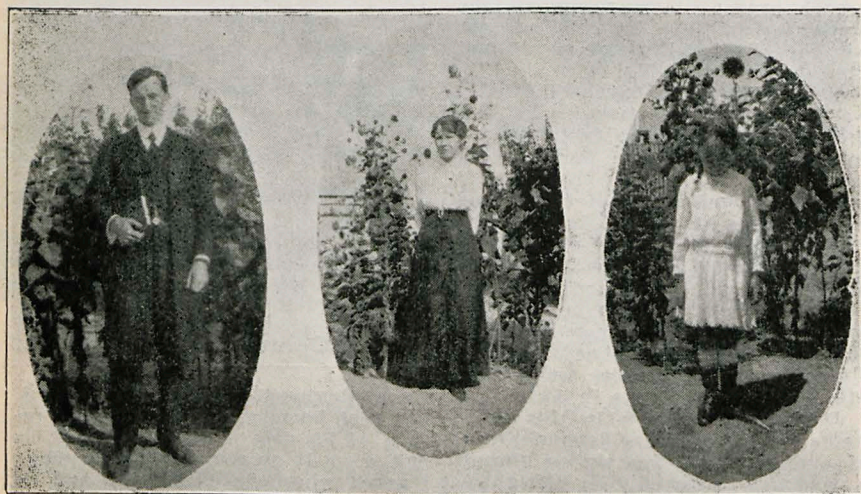
ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

Rev. David Davis.

One Sunday in October, 1911, a stranger, rather pale of countenance and slim in stature, made his appearance at the Boulder-road Congregational Church in Kalgoorlie. The pastor was absent, but one of the deacons spoke to him at the door and asked if he cared to come along to Sunday School in the afternoon.

"Oh, yes," he replied and came, and when the pastor returned from Perth he found a new Sunday School

teacher installed who was remarkable for the punctuality with which he came and the unobtrusiveness with which he disappeared. We did get into conversation in due time and then we discovered how the said stranger, together with two others, had for a considerable time carried on the services of a mining church in the neighborhood of Seattle, Wash., U.S.A. It was further elicited that during his sojourn at the Black



Rev. David Davis and Family.

Diamond he was a member and deacon of the Congregational Church under the pastorate of Rev. Richard Bushel. "You have preached, then?" "Oh, yes." "Well, what about taking a service here, say, Wednesday week?" Mr. Davis hung back a little on the plea that he had to think in one language and speak in another—Welsh being his native tongue—but eventually consented. In those days there was no chance for any one to preach an old best sermon on Wed-

nesdays in the Kalgoorlie Church, for we always expounded the lesson of the school for the Sunday following and so Mr. Davis had to take a text from the region of the scripture with which the lesson dealt. Apart from a little timidity that sermon was a success. It had several distinct merits. It showed that Davis had a grip of the scripture, that he knew how to apply the lesson with which he dealt, and when he had said all he knew, he finished. After that he got

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into regular harness. Boulder Church became vacant and Rev. A. C. Nelson, then a Parkin college student, spent his vacation there, and during that time, January to March, 1912, Mr. Davis assisted him regularly with the two places in Boulder. When Mr. Nelson went away Mr. Davis was appointed for the time being to the oversight of the Boulder cause. The church did not absorb all his time and as it could not pay him enough to keep himself on the gold-fields and his wife and child in Wales the moderator advised him to stick to his job on the mines in the meanwhile. On the same advise he applied to be admitted as an extra mural student under the Education Board of the Congregational Union and showing himself a workman approved, was recommended to the Collie pastorate in October, 1912. When he accepted that charge he gave up mining and in due time sent for his wife and child, who arrived in this State in June, 1913.

His pastorate for 3½ years was an era of prosperity for Collie Church, such as it had not known before. The manse was built, the church block fenced, the church renovated, the debt considerably reduced and all obligations met.

In the latter part of 1915, the authorities that were thought that Mount Hawthorn and the Welsh Church might thrive jointly under the pastorate of Mr. Davis. Some curious blunders were made with

which this chronicler has at present no concern, but Mr. Davis listened to the urgent overtures made to him and resigned Collie and came to Mount Hawthorn.

The task was difficult, but he has done it well. Mount Hawthorn has made good progress, the membership has increased from five to seventeen and the Welsh Church has held its own, which is a good record for these degenerate times. Leederville having become vacant and being adjacent to Mount Hawthorn, Mr. Davis has been called to that pastorate and from the 1st of April will be the minister of Leederville and Mount Hawthorn. Mr. Davis is a native of Poutardulais, South Wales, where he was born on October 8, 1879. He was brought up in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church, of which he was ordained a deacon in 1905. He gave us his transfer ticket in the Kalgoorlie Church, but we had to take him on faith for we could not read the writing thereon. He went to America in 1906, returned to Wales in 1910, and came to Australia in the following year. J.B.

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Armada Sunday School

The annual tea took place on Wednesday, 28th March. A goodly company partook of the good things provided as well as the children. The public meeting which followed was well attended. The children sang and recited well, the reports were clear, brief, and well read. A sea of flowers was spread before the feet of the children, creating a lovely picture, and Rev. Geo. Wheatley gave an address that was helpful to everybody. Bedforddale was well represented, and Mr. B. V. Cross spoke a few words of congratulation and encouragement. The treasurer, Miss E. Richards, presented a balance-sheet that showed the school's finance clearly. The income for the year amounted to £21 19/7, and after donations, expenses, etc., are met the year ends with a credit balance of £2 19/5. Miss Annie Saw, who has been connected with the school since its inception 18 years ago, distributed the awards, and was herself presented by the school with a volume of poems as a keepsake from her co-workers. We append the annual report:—

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

For the Year Ending March, 1917.

In presenting to the parents and friends our 18th Annual Report, we feel we owe to Our Heavenly Father a debt of gratitude for His continued presence and guidance. We started our school year with 79 scholars on the roll. During the year 18 have left and nine have joined, leaving us with 70 scholars to start the new year.

Teachers.—With reference to teachers the past year has been a continual coming and going, Mrs. Goddard at the beginning of the year left us for South Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Groom joined us, then removed to Maylands. Mrs. Beukers took up the work, and after a few months had to retire on account of ill-health. The secretary, who was

also a teacher of the senior boys, joined the military forces, and is now in France.

Cradle Roll.—Twelve members last year, 18 this.

To help the Y.M.C.A. in their work among the soldiers the school got up a concert last September, which brought in £8 7/, of which £8 was handed over to the Y.M.C.A. The school has also donated from its funds £2 to the General Fund of the Church.

The most treasured and pathetic property we carry around with us are the bundle of letters written by friends that are no more. Tied with ribbon, yellow with age, torn at the folds, we dread to touch them, for each handling injures them. If you put your letters in an automatic binder they will not suffer from handling. They don't need to be untied then; you can read them like a book and they will not fade. Sands and McDougall, 644 Hay-street, Perth, sell those binders in great variety.

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Bedfordale Preaching Plan.

Rev. John Beukers will preach at 3.30 p.m. on the following Sundays: April 8 and 22, May 6. The 20th of May is Home Mission Sunday, when Rev. Lincoln Sullivan, from Boulder, will conduct the service. Sacramento April 8 and May 6.

Diaconate: H. Saunders, secretary; G. F. Marsh, treasurer; A. V. Cross, B. V. Cross, H. Champion.

Organist: Miss Champion.

Sunday School: B. V. Cross, superintendent; Miss E. Plant.

Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.

Service, 3.30 p.m.

Roleystone Preaching Plan.

Rev. John Beukers will conduct the service at 3.30 p.m. on Sunday, April 1, 15 and 29, and May 13 and 27. Sacramento April 15.

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Armadale Preaching Plan.

April 1, 11.0 a.m. John Beukers.

6.45 p.m. J. Serls.

„ 8, 11.0 a.m. T. Skewes.

6.45 p.m. John Beukers.

„ 15, 11.0 a.m. John Beukers.

6.45 p.m. Walter S. Clancey.

„ 11 a.m. John Richards.

6.45 p.m. John Beukers.

„ 29, 11 a.m. John Beukers.

6.45 p.m. J. W. Stevenson.

May 6, 11 a.m. J. Serls.

6.45 p.m. John Beukers.

„ 13, 11 a.m. John Beukers.

6.45 p.m. L. Warrell

„ 20, HOME MISSION SUNDAY.

11.0 a.m. W. Seddon.

6.45 p.m. Rev. L. Sullivan.

„ 27, 11.0 a.m. John Beukers.

June 3, 11.0 a.m. C. Mellar.

6.45 p.m. John Beukers.

Diaconate: J. A. Richards, secretary; W. J. Turner, treasurer; A. Briggs, E. Mills, J. Serls.

Sunday School meets at 3 p.m. J. Serls, superintendent; Miss Cornish, treasurer.

Western Congregationalist, Mrs. A. Briggs.

Choir Conductor, Mr. John Richards; organist, Miss M. Saw.

Communion first Sunday in the month.

The Anniversary of the Armadale Sunday school took place on Sunday, 25th March. Mr. C. Mellar preached in the morning, Mr. W. Seddon in the afternoon, and the pastor conducted the evening service. The services were very successful, the children sang well, and in the evening there was not a vacant seat in the Church. As we go to press the annual report had not been presented, so we reserve that for the next number of the "Drill."

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Kelmscott Preaching Plan.

April 1, 11.0 a.m. D. Nuckey.
6.45 p.m. John Beukers.
.. 8, 11.0 a.m. John Beukers.
6.45 p.m. N. Uren.
.. 15, 11.0 a.m. Walter S. Clencey.
6.45 p.m. John Beukers.
.. 22, 11.0 a.m. John Beukers.
6.45 p.m. T. Savage.
.. 29, 11.0 a.m. J. W. Stevenson.
6.45 p.m. John Beukers.
May 6, 11.0 a.m. John Beukers.
6.45 p.m. T. Skewes.
.. 11.0 a.m. L. Warrell.
6.45 p.m. John Beukers.
.. 20, HOME MISSION SUNDAY.
11.0 a.m. Rev. L. Sullivan.
6.45 p.m. J. Serls.
.. 27, 11.0 a.m. Miss Harris.
6.45 p.m. John Beukers.
June 3, 11.0 a.m. John Beukers.
6.45 p.m. C. Mellar.

Diaconate: H. Fancote, secretary;
J. A. Buckingham, treasurer; N.
Uren, J. H. C. Bamlet.

Sunday School meets at 3 p.m. H.
Fancote, superintendent; Miss J.
Paull, secretary; Miss R. Bell, treasurer.

Organist, Miss Pascoe.

Baptism.—Albert Laurence, infant
son of Albert Edward and Maria Mag-
dalena Blakers, born 2nd January,
1917, was baptised in the Kelmscott
Church at the morning service on 11th
February, 1917.

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With this number we begin the third year of our paper. It is much larger than the first number and we wish to increase still further. We propose to chronicle the transactions of those with whom we labor, the men and women who do their daily bit in our part of the world. We want to describe the country in which we live; we intend to place the work of extending the Kingdom of God in the foreground and stimulate the growth of Christian life and citizenship. We are bound by no traditions and shackled by no parties; neither are we nor do we intend to be under financial obligations to anybody. In this paper, as in the pulpit, we seek our message from God, and when we receive it we

will deliver it. There are many things on which we would like to express ourselves, many vital questions in church, state, and society on which we have very decided opinions and we would like a little more elbow room wherein to write. If this magazine commends itself to you send us your subscription forthwith. It is only 1/3 per year.

We are ready to add several fresh features to the paper as soon as we can get an increased income, and every reader can help us to achieve that purpose by promptly paying his own subscription and bringing the paper under the notice of others.

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We have read a number of soldiers' letters, many of them are very interesting, and we would like to have the space at our disposal to print some. Here is an extract from one who had paid a visit to Edinburgh. Some of his observations are decidedly original.

" . . . This is a bitter, cold climate. The frosts for the last six weeks have been very heavy and thick almost as snow. Every night it is the same, and it is a matter of getting a wash overnight, for you don't get it in the morning. All the taps are frozen. I am just back from a four days' trip to Scotland, and had a right royal time, though as a rule the Australians are not liked in Edinburgh, so I am told, as they nearly all claim to be cattle kings and station owners. It used to work alright, but the people have dropped to it now. I got in tow with a very interesting old gent, who showed me all the sights of Edinburgh Castle. Holyrood Palace, where the King stops when in Scotland. There is a ruined chapel in the ground which contains the bodies of Mary Queen of Scots, her husband, and two sons. They also show you the rooms where they lived. The bedchamber is still the same now as then and the furniture is still intact. They have what is called the Royal Mile, which runs from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood, and in this street you have all the houses of Scotland's famous men. You see where Bobby Burns wrote most of his poems, the house in which John Knox, Queen Mary's famous preacher, lived (She didn't like him much.—Ed.) where Robert Bruce used to stay, etc.

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The Stick in Your Hand.

Throughout the Bible we are among a pastoral people. Abel kept sheep. Abram and Lot were rich in cattle. Isaac spent his life in digging wells for his flocks, and the wonderings of Jacob were occasioned by the necessity to find pasture. Moses was a herdsman for Jethro, his father-in-law. When Gideon was called to deliver Israel from the Midianites he was convinced of the Divine choice by the dew upon a sheep's fleece. From following the ewes, great with young, David was taken to be the King-Shepherd of Israel. Amos gloried in being a herdsman of Tekoa. To shepherd's abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night was announced the coming of Him who called Himself the Good Shepherd; His tenderest parable was that which told of the lost sheep; the sweetest song in the Bible is the shepherd's Psalm, and in the final consummation of all things, God's people are invited to the bridal feast of the Lamb of God.

The Bible also abounds with figurative language taken from the sheepfolds and many of the symbolical toys, which give gracefulness and dignity to public ceremonies and offices, are simply the glorified implements of Israel's herdsman.

Take two of them, the rod and the staff, used by the shepherd. The latter was five or six feet in length, not unlike the broomstick of the boy-scout. It was useful in walking and climbing, and when the shepherd stood at ease on the ground where the flock was feeding, the sight of the shepherd resting on his staff was a guarantee of perfect security. "Thy

rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Examine the pictures of royal pageants, and you will notice rows of gorgeously clad men with sticks in their hands, goldsticks in waiting Carlyle calls them; that stick is nothing but the shepherd's staff. And when grand society apes this pageantry it is unconsciously decorating itself with the walking stick of the Bedouin shepherd.

The rod was different. It was about three feet in length, had a leathern loop on one end by which it was carried, and a thick knob at the other. A formidable weapon in the hand of a skilled man who could kill the ravening wolf with it and punish the thief who climbed into the sheepfold for to kill and to destroy. It could also be hurled with precision at straying sheep, and thus became a rod of correction as well as a rod of authority. The man with the rod in his hand, providing he knew how to use it, was the master, and little by little this thing began to signify authority. It was placed in the hands of kings and chiefs and leaders as the symbol that they were clothed with power. The truncheon held by Napoleon's marshalls, the staff in the hands of the admirals of England and Holland, the sceptre in the hand of a king, the mace borne before a speaker or a mayor, the hammer in the hands of the master of a lodge are symbols, derived from the shepherd's rod of the wilderness. To rule with a rod of iron signified severity, and had reference to the iron wherewith the stout knob was often plated. So, indeed, the shepherd's rod has become symbolical of many things, and like

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all symbols, its significance depends upon the man who holds it. It may be nothing and yet may become great enough to bring to nought, things that are.

II.

In our youth, when our life, with all the promise that it holds, lies yet before us; we dream dreams and see visions and because we feel within us the stirring of constantly expending powers, all things seem possible unto us. We fully believe that we can be made to control a business, lead an army, guide the destinies of a nation, and that our exertions can bring the golden age within striking distance.

In our plans for the future we make no allowance for opposition or failure, yet we soon experience both. Our powers are not so great as we thought them to be, every step onward is over contested ground; we are beaten back, and before long we are disappointed men. Some fret over this and grow cynical, some shrug their shoulders and settle down to the commonplace, all of us have our outlook on life much altered; at the age of 20 we think we can reform the world, at 30 we are not so sure about it, and at 40 we are content to pay our debts—if we can.

Dreams and visions have vanished, mentally we run to the other extreme; once we thought we could do all things, now we are not sure of any; once we suffered from swelled head on the least provocation, now we are not sure that we have a head.

This experience is part of life's stern discipline. They who miss this discipline usually come to grief. History is full of the records of uniformly successful men, who rising like Lucifer, son of the morning, fell like him and without hope of recovery. While those who endured "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" recovered and did great things, having learned in various extremes the true worth of themselves.

III.

The records of the past show no figure so great as that of the Lawgiver of Israel. Moses contended single-handed with the greatest world

power of his day and won. He delivered his people, turned a mob of slaves into a nation, and the land of the Pharaohs never recovered from the humiliation he inflicted upon it. The laws he gave to Israel can never be set aside or grow antiquated, for they must form the foundation of every government that sets itself the task of regulating human conduct. The name of Moses is one of the few names that will endure for ever, no matter what happens, or which way the world wags. Yet this great shepherd of Israel passed through the common human experience of wonderful self-confidence, followed by the most abject distrust of his powers.

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the wisdom and learning Egypt could give him, he made the right choice when the time came. He refused to be called the son Pharaoh's daughter, but burned with righteous patriotism and fled at the first opposition. When God called him at the burning bush he no longer considered himself equal to the task, and met every argument brought to bear upon him with the words: "Send by whom thou wilt send," or in the common language: "Hadh'n't you better get someone else that can do it better?"

Moses feared to be regarded as a fanatical firebrand; he dreaded the laughter of the court; should not ambassadors be furnished with the semblance of the authority that is behind them? At his age he knew the difficulty of doing anything with the crowd, he lacked the elements of popularity, nor was he sure that he, a hermit of the desert, could inspire the leaders of the settled population of the land of Goshen with confidence in himself for his former failure stood out clearly in his memory. He was furnished with the necessary credentials. God did not dress him in a costly and glittering robe, nor did he furnish him with the winning ways of the popular leader but took the rod, the sign of his occupation and made it his letter of introduction and the symbol of his authority, and before long the uplifted rod of Moses became more terrible than an army with banners.

The potent rod of Amram's son, waved round the coast in Egypt's evil day, became a scourge to the oppressor, and the instrument of hope to the oppressed.

IV.

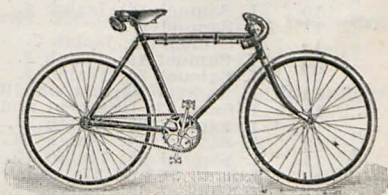
"What is that in thine hand?" "A rod." But we seldom pay much attention to it, it is so familiar and commonplace, so worn and polished with much handling. Consider, however, that the polish on the implement of an ordinary occupation bears witness to the possession of powers that may enable us to do great things if we have learned something in the course of our pilgrimage, and possess one implement at least that we can use

well. We can then make a fresh start and our powers can be used in ways that may even lead to greatness. The "homely, slighted shepherd's trade," is capable of glorification. The commonplace is more important than we think.

What is the first and indispensable condition of the minister of the Gospel? That he should rule his own house well and have his children in subjection under him. Failure in that little circle spells failure everywhere. Which consideration is also of value in the selection of statesmen. The man who cannot rule his own house or manage his own business has no qualities to rule a State.

Common things are the most precious and enduring. The sweetest melodies are the simplest, the songs and the books that all generations cling to, deal with the ordinary and the commonplace. They are the products of men who wrote and sang of what they knew. They were surprised into greatness by making use of what was in their hand.

It is the divine method, this making use of the thing in your hand. We can only hope to save men and women by discovering the good that is in them and making our appeal to further progress from that vantage point. We criticise and scold, lecture and frown and harden the hearts of men. It is so easy to find fault. For our faults stick out for every one to see; our virtues and graces are so hidden.



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that they need to be sought out and that is always laborious. Sometimes we are so discouraged by reason of the predominance of evil, and we doubt whether we are capable of anything. Let us think of our noble impulses, let us take heed to the gleams

of the divine that flash through our souls, take courage and confidence from the thing in our hand and do that which we are bidden to do, and like that lonely man by the burning bush or Horeb, we shall find that He who calls will not fail us.

Scripture Reading for Each Day.

Day.	Morning.	Evening.
June 1	Joshua 14; Prov. 17.	Joshua 15, 1—19; John 13.
" 2	Joshua 16; Prov. 18.	Joshua 17; John 14.
" 3	Joshua 18; Prov. 19.	Joshua 20; John 15.
" 4	Joshua 21.	Prov. 20; John 16.
" 5	Joshua 22.	Prov. 21; John 17.
" 6	Joshua 23; Prov. 22.	John 18.
" 7	Joshua 24.	John 19.
" 8	Judges 1.	Prov. 23; John 20.
" 9	Judges 2; Prov. 24.	Judges 3.
" 10	Judges 4.	Prov. 25; John 21.
" 11	Judges 5; Prov. 26.	Acts 1.
" 12	Judges 6.	Prov. 27; Acts 2.
" 13	Judges 7.	Prov. 28; Acts 3.
" 14	Judges 8.	Prov. 29; Acts 4.
" 15	Judges 9.	Acts 5.
" 16	Judges 10; Prov. 30.	Prov. 31; Acts 6.
" 17	Judges 11.	Acts 7.
" 18	Judges 12; Eccl. 1.	Acts 8.
" 19	Judges 13; Eccl. 2.	Acts 9.
" 20	Judges 14; Eccl. 3.	Eccl. 4; Acts 10.
" 21	Judges 15; Eccl. 5.	Eccl. 6; Acts 11.
" 22	Judges 16; Eccl. 7.	Acts 12.
" 23	Judges 17 and 18.	Acts 13.
" 24	Judges 19.	Eccl. 8, Acts 14.
" 25	Judges 20.	Acts 15.
" 26	Judges 21; Eccl. 9.	Acts 16.
" 27	Ruth 1 and 2.	Ruth 3 and 4.
" 28	Eccl. 10, 11 and 12.	Acts 17.
" 29	I. Samuel 1; Cant. 1.	Cant. 2; Acts 18.
" 30	I. Samuel 2; Cant. 3.	Cant. 4; Acts 19.
July 1	I. Samuel 3 and 4; Cant. 5.	Acts 20.
" 2	I. Samuel 5 and 6; Cant. 6.	Acts 21.
" 3	I. Samuel 7 and 8; Cant. 7.	Acts 22.
" 4	I. Samuel 9; Cant. 8.	Acts 23.
" 5	I. Sam. 10 and 11; Isaiah 1.	Acts 24.
" 6	I. Samuel 12; Isaiah 2.	Acts 25.
" 7	I. Samuel 13; Isaiah 3.	Acts 26.
" 8	I. Samuel 14; Isaiah 4.	Acts 27.
" 9	I. Samuel 15; Isaiah 5.	Acts 28.
" 10	I. Samuel 16; Isaiah 6.	Romans 1.
" 11	I. Samuel 17.	Romans 2.
" 12	I. Samuel 18; Isaiah 7.	Romans 3 and 4.
" 13	I. Samuel 19; Isaiah 8.	Romans 5 and 6.
" 14	I. Samuel 20; Isaiah 9.	Romans 7.
" 15	I. Samuel 21; Isaiah 10.	Romans 8.
" 16	I. Sam. 22; Isaiah 11 and 12.	Romans 9 and 10.
" 17	I. Samuel 23; Isaiah 13.	Romans 11.
" 18	I. Samuel 24; Isaiah 14.	Romans 12 and 13.
" 19	I. Samuel 25; Isaiah 15.	Romans 14 and 15.
" 20	I. Sam. 26 and 27; Isaiah 16.	Romans 16.
" 21	I. Samuel 28; Isaiah 17.	I. Cor., 1 and 2.
" 22	I. Samuel 29 and 30.	Isaiah 18; I. Cor. 3.
" 23	I. Sam. 31; Isaiah 19 and 20.	I. Cor. 4 and 5.
" 24	II. Samuel 1; Isaiah 21.	I. Cor. 6.
" 25	II. Samuel 2; Isaiah 22.	I. Cor. 7.
" 26	II. Samuel 3; Isaiah 23.	I. Cor. 8 and 9.
" 27	II. Sam. 4 and 5; Isaiah 24.	I. Cor. 10.
" 28	II. Sam. 6; Isaiah 25 and 26.	I. Cor. 11.
" 29	II. Sam. 7 and 8; Isaiah 27.	I. Cor. 12 and 13.
" 30	II. Sam. 9 and 10; Isaiah 28.	I. Cor. 14.
" 31	II. Samuel 11; Isaiah 29.	I. Cor. 15.

Books.

The Books of the New Testament, by John S. Banks, Doctor of Divinity, Methodist Book Depot 1/3, has been chosen by the West Australian Sunday School Union as the text book for Sunday school teachers in connection with their study for the work they do. It is a useful synopsis of the contents of the New Testament in its literary aspect. For the last hundred years the books of the Bible have been subject to critical examination. They have been assailed by all kinds of enemies, they have been questioned on all sorts of grounds; they have been overhauled, pulled to pieces, whole libraries have been written in order to support one antagonistic system or another; unchristian socialists and scientists, philosophers and philologists, historians and travellers, wise or otherwise, have exhausted their ingenuity and learning to show that what the Bible said was not so; Christian men, learned in the same branches of knowledge, have taken up the challenge, examined and re-examined, driven the critics from one point after another as our soldiers are hunting the Hun from one village to another, and the final result is that the Books of the Bible and particularly those of the New Testament, stand on ground that can no longer be assailed. Those books are what they claim to be. Records of the sayings and doings of Jesus Christ and His apostles, the letters of the preachers of the Cross. They fit in with the history, the geography, the topology of the times and the country with which they deal, and as far as human research and ingenuity is capable of forming a judgment, that judgment is that the New Testament books are true books. The average man does not realise that the critical battle has almost been fought, and the issue is the complete rout of those who opposed the Word of God. The book under review records the results. It is not the kind of book that should be read through hurriedly. To get the best out of it each portion should be read with the part of the N.T. to which it refers. Those who care to

go further in their studies will find themselves guided to other books that deal with the subject in a more exhaustive manner. The appendices are useful and the index is good. It suffers a little from brevity, and to the books recommended for further perusal we would like to add the three volumes produced by Canon Farrar, the Life of Christ, the Life and Epistles of Paul, and Early Christianity. Those are still, to our mind, the books best adapted to the general reader. J.B.

Letters on Life. W. Robertson Nicholl (Claudius Clear). Methodist Book Depot, William-street, Perth, 1/3. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll is one of the

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successful men of our day. He is the editor of a newspaper that has the distinction of being read all over the British Empire, and of which the contents are never out of date, and his personality pervades the whole production. For over 30 years it has won its way from point to point and from coast to coast without puffing and blowing, by the sheer merit of its leading articles. Another curious thing about the British weekly is this, that whoever is familiar with it will assert that what ever he may not read of it, he always makes it a point of reading the first page article and the correspondence of Claudius Clear. These contain the marrow of the deepest thinking, put in the clearest of language and reveal a wonderful knowledge of men and books. The book under review is a reprint of a number of articles dealing with the conduct of life. Each article contains food for thought, and cannot but inspire the reader, but whoever seeks for a little guidance in his own conduct in connection with the vexed relations of master and servant, employer and employee will find the articles, "Firing out the Fools," "A Fellow by the Name of Rowan," and "The Sin of Overwork," most suggestive.

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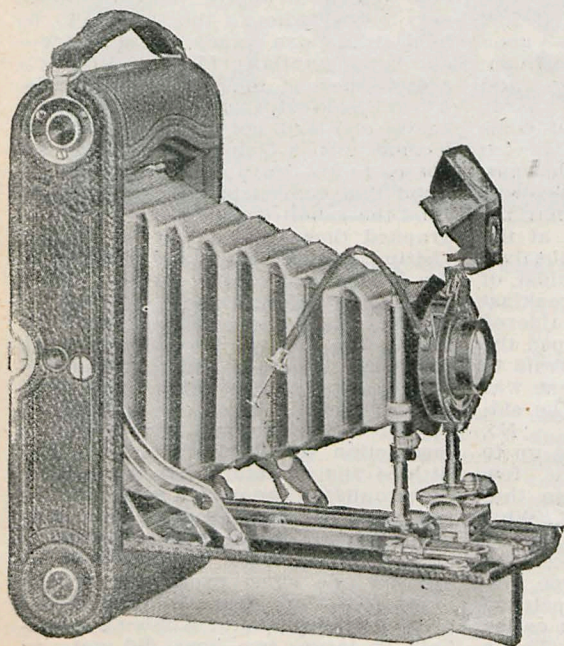
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The Rise of England.

No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. England became the people of a book, and that Book was the Bible. Sunday after Sunday, day after day, the crowds that gathered round Bonner's Bibles in the nave of St. Paul's, or the group that hung on the words of the Geneva Bible in the devotional exercises at home, were leavened with a new literature. Legend and annal, war song and psalm, State roll and biography, the mighty voices of prophets, the parables of evangelists, to stories of mission journeys, or perils by the sea and among the heathen, philosophic arguments, apocalyptic visions, all were flung broadcast over minds unoccupied for

the most part by any rival learning. The power of the book over the mass of Englishmen showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously than in the influence it exerted over ordinary speech. The familiarity of grand poetic imagery in prophet and apocalypse gave a loftiness and ardour of expression that we may prefer to the slipshod vulgarism of to-day. Still greater was its effect on the character of the people. Life was steadied to a definite aim by the spirit of religion. The whole temper of the nation felt the change, a new moral and religious impulse spread through every class.

(Green's Shorter History of the English People, Chapter VIII., Section 1.)



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Beyond Wongan Hills.

When Rev. F. J. Searle signified that he was able to take the first Sunday in May at Armadale, Kelmescott and Bedfordale it was possible for me to go to Ballidu and Dalwallinu. The Northern express leaves Perth at 7.30 p.m. twice a week and makes good speed between Perth and Northam, stopping at Midland Junction and Chidlow's Wells only. The guards are agreeable and possessed of commonsense, and if the train is not too crowded, the travelling is pleasant. The night was warm and the sky was overcast, and when the train left me on Tuesday, May 1, at 5 a.m., at the Ballidu siding, I stood in absolute darkness and silence in the midst of featureless surroundings. Breakfast was my next anxiety, and I shouldered my camera and swag and tramped the three miles to the first farm, afraid to arrive too early. My breakfast was waiting. "Shall I preach at the siding to-morrow, Mrs. Wallis?" "No, we and our neighbors are going up to Kimber's to-night. There are few people at the siding, and those that are there don't like you much." "Why, what harm have I done?" "Oh, something you wrote." "That's more than likely; my writing often gets me into trouble." "You see when you lectured in the little hall last year you called it a tin box in the paper." "That's

not very bad, is it?" "Oh, well they are very proud of that little hall." "Let me herewith do full penance by declaring that the hall is not a tin box but a structure built of iron, very useful when a meeting is to be held—it is also handy for a dance—and is substantial evidence of the progressiveness of the people of Ballidu. After breakfast I went on the tramp again, and had not walked far when I came upon a teamster yoking up six horses to six drays laden with sandalwood that came from the country beyond the rabbit proof fence. I photographed those teams and went on, visiting several farms and arriving at the Kimber homestead, Ballidu East a good while before dinner.

"The roads are good, the moon is bright, the farmers are not too busy, so that I expect a good number of people here this evening," so Mrs. Kimber said. In the afternoon I visited the school and gave religious instruction to 13 children, and then little drops of rain began to moisten the ground. The clouds grew thicker, the rain came heavier, and by the time people should have started to come to church, there was a steady downpour and no one came except one young man from the nearest farm. We preached, however, for Kimber's household is large, two boys did not go

home from school, and the teacher and her sister were also there.

Next day between showers I got to Beaumont's, who told me he was very sorry it rained when I came. He gave me the money he always contributes to the service, and sent his boy to drive me in his covered sulky to the railway siding, where I expected a goods train. For two hours I sat in the little shed, listening to the patter of the rain and the whistling of the wind, watching the clouds roll over

Pithara was out of the question, and I sat in the S.M.'s office till a goods train came along, which landed me in Pithara in time to see the school children but not early enough to give them religious instruction. Pithara is 174 miles from Perth; it is connected with Moora on the Midland line by a fairly good road over the sand plain, 46 miles long and another road goes eastward for some 20 or 30 miles through country more or less settled. In this stretch of country there are



A Morning Congregation in Paradise.

the plain, until darkness came. My next station was Pithara, but I knew no one there, and let the train take me on to Dalwallinu. It was still raining when I arrived there at something after 9 p.m., and walking three miles on the sticky roads was not to be thought of. The stationmaster was out, but I knew where to find his bunk and simply turned in. He was a startled man when he came home and found an unexpected man in his bed.

Gradually getting thinner, the showers of rain kept falling during the night, and the next day. Walking to

few farms that have not at some time or another been visited by Rev. B. C. Wieland. The railway reservoir is at Pithara; there is also a school attended by 30 children, a post office, and a store. The dwellings of the railway fettlers and an hotel is in course of erection. It is situated on the edge of the land of exceptional quality on the Northern line, and is, in my judgment, the geographical centre for our mission. I had a chat with the school teacher, Miss Tynéal, a bright young woman, who fosters a Sunday school as well, and gathers into it all the children that live within

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easy distance. I gave a lecture at that school that evening, and though the weather was cold and the roads bad, there was a good audience. The next day I walked back to Dalwallinu and in the afternoon Miss Harris, coming from North Dalwallinu school, drove me home. I say home, for that is exactly how I feel when the homestead of Mr. A. J. Harris comes in view. On Saturday I gave a lecture at the Dalwallinu school, and on Sunday conducted service there in the afternoon. Mr. O'Dea came from Pithara East—14 miles away—and drove me to his place, where I found on arrival at 7.20 p.m. that the congregation had already assembled. They had a good fire in the room and appeared to be very snug, so I said to that congregation: "Just content yourselves for a little while for the service is not coming off until the Minister has had his tea," which sentiment was heartily endorsed by Mr. O'Dea. I remained there that night and walked back to Dalwallinu the next day. Having gone through the length and breadth of the central portion of our mission, and listened to remarks such as: "Can't you hold service at Pithara siding as well?" "Would it be possible to visit us a little oftener?" "Can't you shake up that union of yours and do something for this district?" "You people occupy this ground, why don't you work it." "What about being a bit more regular so that we know where we are?" etc. I came to the conclusion that something should be done here forthwith. So I asked Messrs. Harris and Mosedale, both willing preachers, that if I made a regular plan of working whether they would fit in with the machinery at my direction and having received their assent I wired the chairman of the union to meet me in the church office. He was there and we agreed that the time had fully come that we should make arrangement for regular services to be held and steps to be taken for a man to be placed there. Negotiations and enquiries are in progress

and the result will in due time be laid before the proper authorities.

We are collecting the materials for a descriptive article of the district mentioned here and this will probably appear in the August number of the "Drill of the Foothills."

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CURRENT HISTORY.

DISTRICT COMMITTEE.

The District Committee met on Monday, April 2, in the Armadale Church. Present—J. Serls and E. Mills, of Armadale; John Buckingham and J. H. C. Bamlett, of Kelmiscott; B. V. and A. V. Cross and H. Saunders, of Bedfordale, and A. Rees, of Roleystone.

There was some correspondence from the Congregational Union relating to the pastor's visit to the Wheatfields. There was some uncertainty about the pulpit supply in his absence, and the committee left the matter in the hands of the pastor.

It was felt desirable to endeavor to hold services again at Wongong. After some discussion the pastor and J. Serls were appointed a committee to make arrangements for fortnightly afternoon services, beginning with April 15.

It was reported that Banjup people had decided to maintain their own services. It was more convenient for them to meet further away, and this additional distance made it difficult for outside preachers to supply them. Though this centre is thus no longer under our supervision, it is satisfactory to know that through our efforts religious services and Sunday school have been initiated.

The returns laid on the table of the money expended on bicycle repairs showed that the amount was within the estimated cost, named by the pastor when he took the work of the district over.

Members resolved to attend the deacon's conference in Trinity Church on April 16. The pastor presided. accounts were passed for payment.

BEDFORDALE.

Bedfordale has been remarkable for marrying and giving in marriage, no less than three having taken place. Charles Young Saunders, brother of our district secretary, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Elizabeth

Ann Kilfoyle on the 5th of April, the ceremony taking place in the Congregational Church at Leederville, where the mother of the bride resides, at whose home the wedding breakfast took place.

On the 21st of April a quiet wedding took place at the residence of Joseph Richard Dowell when his daughter Hettie Annie Dowell, was married to Edward Vagg, of Fremantle.

The following Saturday in the Armadale Congregational Church, Edward Dowell and Lillian Martha Wither's were united in the bonds of

EMPIRE DAY.

Empire day was very fittingly celebrated at Bedfordale. Early the whole neighborhood gathered to give the school children a day out. There were all sorts of sports in the afternoon, well managed, beautifully varied and heartily entered into. There was a sumptuous repast spread on the table in front of the hall of the kind for which Bedfordale is famous, and then there came a children's concert in the evening of varied content and very much enjoyed. The second frame containing the portraits of Bedfordale's men at the front was unveiled during the evening.

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matrimony. The Church was quite full with friends and visitors who came to witness the ceremony, and the wedding feast was held in the Armadale Hall afterwards. There was a little delay because the motor which should have conveyed the bridal party did not turn up. It did not come because a sick child had to be taken in to Perth, but Mr. B. V. Cross obligingly placed his sulky at the disposal of the bride and bridegroom.

Roleystone.

The anniversary services of the Roleystone church were held early in April, and the social took place in Easterweek. We had a very good social, a good part of the programme being contributed by the Parker family. Mr. Luxor delighted us with his violin. Mrs. Luxor sang, and Bobbie played on the instrument wherein he excels. Grietje and Christian Beukers walked up the hill and took part in the musical portion of the evening.

Sam Verrier, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Verrier, of Karragullen, who attended the Sunday school in Kelmscott as a boy and who during the last year of two often worshipped at the Roleystone Church, has been killed in action and a service in his memory was held on Sunday, May 13. The largest congregation that has been seen in that church gathered on this occasion, and the service, both the musical portion and the address was very impressive. A number of the lads of the 85 Kelmscott troop of boy scouts, were present in uniform. The pulpit was covered with the Union Jack, and the church was very finely decorated with white flowers, palm leaves and purple cloth.

As the service is only held fortnightly the church offered the use of the building to the Anglican congregation on the Sundays that it is not used by us. Rev. Haines thanked us for our kindly offer, but stated that his congregation was but small, and they considered it hardly worth while to remove their place of meeting.

The annual members' meeting was held on the 14th of May, when Mr.

Hawkins presented the report and Mr. Reed the balance-sheet. We are still solvent, having a credit balance of 5/10 on closing the year. Mr. A. Reed was appointed secretary, Mr. H. Buckingham treasurer, and Mr. Hawkins accepted the duty of auditor.

A letter was received from the Woman's Home, thanking us for the fruit sent on the occasion of our harvest thanksgiving.

KELMSCOTT.

Years ago we were present at the annual gathering of a church at which the annual report was read. It was not a humorous gathering, and the secretary was not a humorist, but a portion of that report always makes us laugh. It was the following: "We have much to be thankful for. During the past year we have never had an audience without a preacher, and no preacher has ever come here without some sort of an audience." This fits Kelmscott to a T.

Miss Harris had a good morning service at Kelmscott on the 27th May. The evening service on the same date was poor. When service time came the church was in darkness; no deacon or official made his appearance. The lamps were lit eventually, but during the second hymn the service had to be stopped to put oil in the lamp. When that had been attended to the rain came down so loud on the roof that no speaking was possible for a while. Happily the pastor was there himself, so no visiting preacher was inconvenienced. This will not happen again, as Mr. Norman Kenney has been appointed to look after the lamps and light the church.

WONGONG.

Fortnightly afternoon service will be held at Wongong. Mr. A. Kroenert will take the service on June 10; June 24, Mr. Macready; July 8, Mr. L. Warrell; and for July 22 no preacher has yet been appointed.

ARMADALE.

Sunday, May 27, was Cradle Roll anniversary. Afternoon and evening services were well attended, and on both occasions excellent addresses were given by Miss Harris. Miss Richards has taken on the office of cradle roll secretary.

SOLDIERS' COMFORT SOCIETY.

(Late Girls' Club.)

A meeting of the Committee of the Girls' Club was held at the close of the summer recess. Our president, Mrs. Beukers, tendered her resignation according to doctor's orders, and after a discussion on the work for the year it was unanimously decided to put the club into recess "for the duration of the war," and to form a society to work for comforts for the men whose names are on our honor board.

Mrs. Burgess was asked to take charge, and she has done so, with the efficient help of Mrs. Caldwell as treasurer. The first meeting was held on February 15, and since then we have met every Thursday evening from 7.30 to 9.30.

Every member pays a weekly subscription of 1d., and we have collected in this way up to April 26 £1 1/1. When we started we had a balance in hand from the Club of £3 12/, which had already been voted for the purchase of wool. Altogether £4 10/ has been spent on wool and 2/4 in postage, leaving as will be seen a very small balance in hand. In these times wool for a pair of socks costs at least 2/6 (and usually more), so it requires a good many half-crowns to keep our members—numbering nearly 20—supplied with wool.

We hope that friends in the church, who are unable to help us by actually working, will come forward with donations of wool or cash, and so feel that they are doing their "bit" to make our boys know that we as a church are remembering them. One member of the church is donating a head of wool (three pairs of socks) per month, and we are very grateful for this help.

Each soldier whose name is on our board has had a parcel sent to him except one, and his is nearly ready, and we hope soon to have our second

round completed. We shall welcome new members, and if the long, dark winter evenings make it difficult for any to attend the meetings, it is possible to devote Thursday evening at home to the work of the society.

The most treasured and pathetic property we carry around with us are the bundle of letters written by friends that are no more. Tied with ribbon, yellow with age, torn at the folds, we dread to touch them, for each handling injures them. If you put your letters in an automatic binder they will not suffer from handling. They don't need to be untied then; you can read them like a book and they will not fade. Sands and McDougall, 644 Hay-street, Perth, sell those binders in great variety.

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" 10, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., A. Kroenert.
" 17, 1.0 a.m., H. Moorhouse.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
" 24, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., W. Macreadie.
July 1, 11.0 a.m., J. Serls.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
" 8, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., L. Warrell.
" 15, 11 a.m., Supply.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
" 22, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., J. Serls.
" 29, 11.0 a.m., Miss Harris.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.

Diaconate: J. A. Richards, secretary; W. J. Turner, treasurer; A. Briggs, E. Mills, J. Serls.

Sunday School meets at 3 p.m. J. Serls, superintendent; Miss E. Richards, treasurer.

Western Congregationalist, Mrs. A. Briggs.

Choir Conductor, Mr. John Richards; organist, Miss M. Saw.

Communion first Sunday in the month.

Roleystone Preaching Plan.

Rev. John Beukers will preach at Roleystone June 10 and 24, July 8 and 12. Sacrament July 8.

Henry T. Buckingham, treasurer; A. Reed, secretary.

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Kelmscott Preaching Plan.

June 3, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., C. Mellar.
" 10, 11.0 a.m., A. Kroenert.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
" 17, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., H. Moorhouse.
" 24, 11.0 a.m., W. Macreadie.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
July 1, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., N. Uren.
" 8, 11.0 a.m., L. Warrell.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
" 15, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., J. Serls.
" 22, 11.0 a.m., W. Seddon.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
" 29, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., Miss Harris.

Diaconate: H. Fancote, secretary; J. A. Buckingham, treasurer; N. Uren, J. H. C. Bamlet.

Sunday School meets at 3 p.m. H. Fancote, superintendent; Miss J. Paull, secretary; Miss R. Bell, treasurer.

Organist, Miss Pascoe.

Bedfordale Preaching Plan.

Rev. John Beukers will preach at Bedfordale June 3 and 17, July 1, 15 and 29. Sacrament July 1.

Diaconate: H. Saunders, secretary; G. F. Marsh, treasurer; A. V. Cross, B. V. Cross, H. Champion.

Organist: Miss Champion.

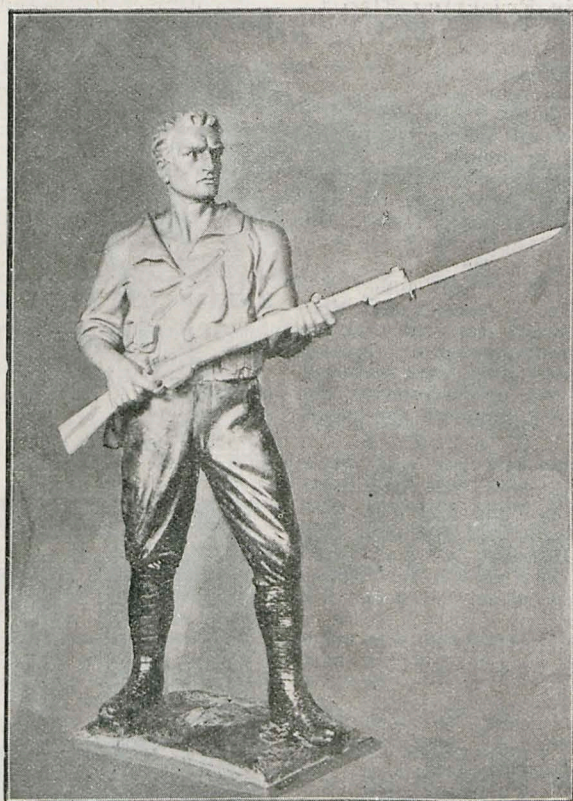
Sunday School: B. V. Cross, superintendent; Miss E. Plant.

Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.

Service, 3.30 p.m.

"What mean ye by these stones?"
To keep green the memory of those that here we see no more, but whose love once encompassed us. Consult Matthews and Baker, Monumental Masons, Murray-street, near Milligan-street, if you desire to erect a cross or headstone to mark the last resting place of your departed ones.

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Pithara and Dalwallinu Services.

In order to guide those interested as to the times and places where the Gospel will be preached and divine service conducted, we herewith produce the preaching plan for the months months of June, July and August. Mr. A. J. Harris holds services at his house at Dalwallinu apart from the monthly services under the auspices of the Congregational Mission, and gives a hearty welcome to all who wish to be present. Mr. A. J. Mosedale aids him and in order not to make too many repeats the initials M. and H. indicate the preachers:—

- June 3.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (H.)
 June 3.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (H.)
 O'Dea's, Pith., 3.30 p.m. (M.)
 Pithara school, 7.30 p.m. (M.)
 „ 10.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (M.)
 „ 17.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (H.)
 „ 24.—Dalwal school, 3.30 p.m. (M.)
 July 1.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (M.)
 O'Dea's, Pith., 3.30 p.m. (H.)
 Pithara school, 7.30 p.m. (H.)
 „ 8.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (H.)
 „ 15.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (M.)
 „ 22.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (H.)
 „ 29.—Dalwal school, 3.30 p.m. (H.)
 Aug. 5.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (H.)
 O'Dea's, Pith., 3.30 p.m. (M.)
 Pithara school, 7.30 p.m. (M.)
 Pithara school, 3.30 p.m. (H.)
 „ 12.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (M.)
 „ 19.—Mr. Harris's, 3.30 p.m. (H.)
 „ 26.—Dalwal school, 3.30 p.m. (H.)

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No. 14.

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1917

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The Lonliness of Life.

We are made for fellowship and hate to be alone. We are born in a family circle; we seek companions and form friendships, establish associations, alliances, societies, states and federations, and yet we are constantly disappointed in the expectations we had of such unions. Sometimes our experiences are so bitter that we become unreasonable, refuse to have anything to do with our fellow-men, attempt to live for ourselves and of ourselves and end up by becoming eccentrics, caring for none, uncared for, forgotten and unlamented when we depart this life. The fact is that we often expect from our fellows what they cannot give us. Our individuality cannot be merged in that of others. We remain separate beings with wills, motives, desires, hopes, joys, sorrows and responsibilities that cannot be shared; in the deepest and holiest experiences of life we are alone.

Consider Jesus Christ, the High Priest of our calling, who took unto Himself the form of a Servant and was made in the likeness of man. He who came to give Himself for the sins of the whole world, whose special mission it was to unite the scattered sheep, wandering upon a thousand mountains, so that there should be eventually one fold and one shepherd. His life was a life of utter loneliness. His own family circle understood Him not for they wist not that He must be about His father's business. He came unto His own

and His own received Him not; His disciples, who listened to His words and saw His works, understood Him not for He had continually to rebuke them, telling them that they knew not of what manner of spirit they were; He loved them deeply and they loved Him, yea the time came when they would count all things but loss for the excellency of their Master and yet when He most needed the comfort of their presence He complained because they could not watch with Him one hour, and how awful must His loneliness have been when through the pall of darkness over Jerusalem there came that mysterious cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

If the life of Him who taught
In loveliness of perfect deeds
With Human hands the creed of
creeds,

was so lonely, dare we hope our own to be otherwise? Contemplate life's relations and begin with the family circle. The most ideal home has water-tight compartments. The wishes and desires of the best of parents do not always coincide with those of the most dutiful of children. We misunderstand our brothers and sisters and they must return the compliment no matter how loving and united the household is for

As we grow we gather much
And learn the use of I and me.

Our individuality develops with the years and is never lost in that of

another. Even when a man leaves his father and his mother and is joined unto his wife and they become one flesh and no jarring note ever disturbs the harmony of two hearts that beat as one, yet the woman has a holy of holies where no man ever enters and the husband has thoughts which his wife never shares.

Joy and gladness call forth our social qualities. We want to share them and drop our selfishness. The glory of the sunset, or the beauty of a flower are increased if there is some one at our side to whom we can say: "How lovely."

And yet we cannot share each other's joys. What a wonderful joy is a mother's first born; how eagerly she brings her babe and makes her boast and yet does it apologetically. Her treasure can never be to others what it is to her. We are exhorted to rejoice with them that do rejoice and some of us try to do it but there is a difference in the way we are glad of our friend's success and the manner in which we rejoice when it is our own.

We sit alone in the darkness of bereavement and sorrow. We welcome sympathy, even crave for it, but what can the best sympathiser do for us except open the wound of our hurt afresh? Every heart knoweth its own bitterness and the stranger intermeddled not therewith.

Our best and noblest work has often to be done in solitude. When we strike out on a fresh track, announce a forgotten truth, or exhibit a fact, not understood by our friends and neighbors, we shall either be laughed at or persecuted. If we keep on, have enough faith in our work and are strong enough to go alone, we shall win and shall receive as much as formerly we were criticised but the praise will not come till our dust has returned to dust again, for it takes a long time for men to see the fruits of our work. In the meantime we will have to do our task alone and in its prosecution may have to endure the opposition of our households.

We shall be wounded in the houses of our friends.

We entice and are enticed into sins. There is usually a tempter at hand who whispers, "Thou shalt not surely die." But however popular or general our transgressions may be, no one can share its guilt with us. That burden we bear alone. Heavy tidings have lately come to many a house. The son and brother that left us full of life and enthusiasm has fallen somewhere in France, so the curt, yet sympathetic official message has informed us. We did and we did not expect to receive such a message. We find it difficult to realise our loss and we always think that our boy's death would have been easier, had we been there to render the last offices for him. We believe what we think and no doubt "Our home-bred fancies flatter us," but—no matter where or how, we die alone.

Gentle hands may smooth our dying pillow and weeping friends may be near to anticipate our every wish; not one can go with us. The light of

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life will give place to utter darkness and in that darkness none can hold our hand. That final journey of the soul we enter upon unaccompanied.

II.

"Ye shall leave Me alone," said Jesus to his disciples, "and yet I am not alone for the Father is with Me." This is the firm foundation for every human soul. God is our centre, not man. From His hand we came, to Him we shall return and our appointed path must be travelled under His guidance. We lose our faith when we lose God. Kings and thrones perish because the kings have forgotten that it is by Him that they reign and prosper and that thrones must be established in righteousness. Democracies become destructive mobs because they are so often ruled by "Discord with its thousand various mouths." Scripture teaches the brotherhood of men under the Mastership of Christ. It knows nothing of the comrade business of the modern socialist and whosoever expects anything from it will be disappointed. Our joys will be of a fleeting character unless we rejoice in the Lord. Grievings and calamities will crush us unless we learn "to cast our burden upon Him." There will be jarring notes in our family life whenever we love wife or child, father or mother more than God. We tremble before men because we have not trembled before God, we dread the darkness because we have so often mocked at the Light. Our life becomes a dreary pilgrimage and this world a vale of tears the moment we eliminate God, for He is the one abiding reality that confronts us when all our little parts are played. Heaven and earth pass away, He abides. Men fail and become untrue, He is "the same to-day, yesterday and forever." Call upon Him while He is near for He will go with us where none else can. There is no loneliness to the soul who has received from Him that never failing assurance, "Lo I am with you always."

The most treasured and pathetic property we carry around with us are the bundle of letters written by friends that are no more. Tied with ribbon, yellow with age, torn at the folds, we dread to touch them, for each handling injures them. If you put your letters in an automatic binder they will not suffer from handling. They don't need to be untied then; you can read them like a book and they will not fade. Sands and McDougall, 644 Hay-street, Perth, sell those binders in great variety.

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W.C.T.U.

The Armadale branch of the W.C. T.U. was organised by Mrs. Helen Barton in July of last year.

It started with a membership of fourteen; since then we have increased to eighteen or twenty.

It has met with many discouragements. The difficulty of finding a suitable place in which to meet, then the scattered district, and the busy lives of the women make it difficult for them to attend the monthly meetings as regularly as they should do. There has also been the usual amount of outside criticism, which has had some influence on some of the members. However, in spite of all these difficulties it has recalled its first anniversary and within the last few months a growing interest is noticeable, which gives encouragement to continue and affords the members some justification for its existence.

Then the addresses that we have had from time to time have been very helpful and inspiring. In December of last year we had Mr. Farrelly, who gave an address on Social Purity, in connection with child life.

In May of this year, we had a visit from Mrs. Jones (State Secretary) who made a strong appeal to the women to continue in the work. Four new members were added on that occasion.

In June we had the Rev. D. Ross, of West Perth Presbyterian Church, who gave a stirring address urging the women to make their homes a place of perfection for the men by making them bright and attractive and in the care of their children to safeguard them by giving them the best example possible for them to copy from in the Christian lives that they themselves live.

Many visitors were present and listened with great interest.

July 12th the Rev. J. Beukers gave an interesting address basing his remarks, Second Corinthians, 5th chap. 11th verse, "Knowing therefore the

terror of the Lord, we persuade men." He said there are three methods of dealing with the liquor traffic—by legislation, by education, by persuasion. The first is in his opinion the least useful; it is somewhat cumbersome, and then when the end has been attained it is very difficult to enforce the law. The second, by education, is better, he said, but there are difficulties in finding the best method to present the evils of the drink traffic to people, especially to children.

The third method, by persuasion, is in his opinion by far the best—the power of personal persuasion. He was listened to with much interest and a short discussion followed.

As it was the annual business meeting the office-bearers for the different departments of the work were elected by ballot and the various phases of the work discussed.

In starting on a fresh year of work each one must try and do their share and not leave it for one or two and then expect great results and remember in the words of Robert Browning that

All service ranks the same with God,
If now, as formerly, He trod Paradise.
His presence fills our earth
Each only, as God wills, can work,
His puppets, best and worst are we,
There is no last, or first.

C. H. COLE,
Rec. Secretary.

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Scripture Reading for Each Day.

All flesh is grass and the goodness thereof as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth forever.

Day.	Morning.	Evening.
Aug. 1	II. Samuel 12.	Isaiah 30, I. Cor. 16.
" 2	II. Samuel 13.	Isaiah 31, II. Cor. 1.
" 3	II. Samuel 14.	Isaiah 32, II. Cor. 2 and 3.
" 4	II. Samuel 15.	Isaiah 33, II. Cor. 4 and 5.
" 5	II. Samuel 16.	Isaiah 34, II. Cor. 6.
" 6	II. Samuel 17.	Isaiah 35, II. Cor. 7 and 8.
" 7	II. Samuel 19.	Isaiah 36, II. Cor. 9.
" 8	II. Samuel 19.	Isaiah 37, II. Cor. 12 and 13.
" 9	II. Samuel 20.	Isaiah 38, II. Cor. 11.
" 10	II. Samuel 21.	Isaiah 39, II. Cor. 11.
" 11	II. Samuel 22.	Isaiah 40, Gal. 1.
" 12	II. Samuel 23.	Isaiah 41, Gal. 2.
" 13	II. Samuel 24.	Isaiah 42, Gal. 3.
" 14	I. Kings 1.	Isaiah 43, Gal. 4.
" 15	I. Kings 2.	Isaiah 44, Gal. 5.
" 16	I. Kings 3.	Isaiah 45, Gal. 6.
" 17	I. Kings 4.	Isaiah 46, Eph. 1.
" 18	I. Kings 5.	Isaiah 47, Eph. 2.
" 19	I. Kings 6.	Isaiah 48, Eph. 3.
" 20	I. Kings 7.	Isaiah 49, Eph. 4.
" 21	I. Kings 8.	Isaiah 50, Eph. 5.
" 22	I. Kings 9.	Isaiah 51, Eph. 6.
" 23	I. Kings 10.	Isaiah 52, Phil. 1.
" 24	I. Kings 11.	Isaiah 53, Phil. 2.
" 25	I. Kings 12.	Isaiah 54, Phil. 3.
" 26	I. Kings 13.	Isaiah 55, Phil. 3.
" 27	I. Kings 14.	Isaiah 56, Col. 2.
" 28	I. Kings 15.	Isaiah 57, Col. 2.
" 29	I. Kings 16.	Isaiah 58, Col. 3.
" 30	I. Kings 17.	Isaiah 59, Col. 4.
" 31	I. Kings 18.	Isaiah 60, I. Thess. 1 and 2.
Sept. 1	I. Kings 19.	Isaiah 61, I. Thess. 3.
" 2	I. Kings 20.	Isaiah 62, I. Thess. 4 and 5.
" 3	I. Kings 21.	Isaiah 63, II. Thess. 1.
" 4	I. Kings 22.	Isaiah 64, II. Thess. 2 and 3.
" 5	II. Kings 1.	Isaiah 65, I. Timothy 1 and 2.
" 6	II. Kings 2.	Isaiah 66, I. Timothy 3 and 4.
" 7	II. Kings 3.	Jeremiah 1, I. Timothy 5 and 6.
" 8	II. Kings 4.	Jeremiah 2, II. Timothy 1.
" 9	II. Kings 5.	Jeremiah 3, II. Timothy 2.
" 10	II. Kings 6.	Jeremiah 4, II. Timothy 3 and 4.
" 11	II. Kings 7.	Jeremiah 5, Titus 1.
" 12	II. Kings 8.	Jeremiah 6, Titus 2.
" 13	II. Kings 9.	Jeremiah 7, Titus 3.
" 14	II. Kings 10.	Jeremiah 8, Philemon.
" 15	II. Kings 11.	Jeremiah 9, Hebrews 1 and 2.
" 16	II. Kings 12.	Jeremiah 10, Hebrews 3 and 4.
" 17	II. Kings 13.	Jeremiah 11, Hebrews 5 and 6.
" 18	II. Kings 14.	Jeremiah 12, Hebrews 7.
" 19	II. Kings 15.	Jeremiah 13, Hebrews 8.
" 20	II. Kings 16.	Jeremiah 14, Hebrews 9.
" 21	II. Kings 17.	Jeremiah 15, Hebrews 11.
" 22	II. Kings 18.	Jeremiah 16, Hebrews 11.
" 23	II. Kings 19.	Jeremiah 17, Hebrews 12.
" 24	II. Kings 20.	Jeremiah 18, Hebrews 13.
" 25	II. Kings 21.	Jeremiah 19, James 1.
" 26	II. Kings 22.	Jeremiah 20, James 2.
" 27	II. Kings 23.	Jeremiah 21, James 3.
" 28	II. Kings 24.	Jeremiah 22, James 4.
" 29	II. Kings 25.	Jeremiah 23, James 5.
" 30	I. Chronicles 9.	Jeremiah 24, I. Peter 1.

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AUSTRALIA AND JAPAN.

The Empire of the Rising Sun has risen, silently and persistently, and is now established in the Orient and we, in Australia, part and parcel of that Orient, may well take the trouble to learn all about her. Japan's friendship may prove of incalculable value to us in the years that are to come and unless we are blind to our own interests, there is much we can learn from her.

Whichever way the war may wag, it destroys, and when the end comes, the West will be exhausted, crippled and disorganised. Every morning the newspaper columns are filled with paragraphs which indicate the breaking down, the falling to pieces of institutions, states, organisations, and combinations and each day seems to add to the problems that will have to be solved "After the War,"—when- ever that may be. No doubt there will come a period of reconstruction, but it is almost certain that Australia will be in a very isolated position for many years to come. Meanwhile, the European struggle may shift to Asia. China may be in flames at any moment, German propagandists may yet succeed in setting the Indian nations by the ears and raise rebellion and discontent among the Malays. Should such a combination of circumstances take place Japan must become in the East, what England has become in the West, and we, of the West but in the East, must co-operate with her.

The rise of Japan is without parallel in recorded history. In less than 50 years she has risen from barbarism to the position of a world power of the first magnitude and her upward course is due to the fact that she readily assimilated and carried into practical use the best lessons the West had to teach her. Japan can teach us, not because we are ignorant of the truths she knows, but because we have grown slack in their application. We have lost our first love.

The root of our greatness is forgotten in the enjoyment of its fruit and some are even foolish enough to cut down the tree to save them the labor of climbing for what is to gladden the heart.

There is no difference in the value we place upon education between us and Japan. We apply differently. Every Australian knows what is being done in our country to develop the young and train them and here is a page of Japan's effort:

In 1910 Japan had 98.86 per cent. of the children of school going age under instruction or a total of 6,473,592. Secondary institutions consisted of middle and high schools for boys and girls. In 1910 there were 305 middle schools with 5,891 teachers and 118,133 pupils; 8 high schools for boys with 332 teachers and 6,029 pupils; 178 high schools for girls with 2,743 teachers and 51,781 pupils.

For the benefit of those who do not wish to go to the university and yet desire to advance in some special subject of their choice beyond the secondary stage, 60 special schools are maintained. These teach fine arts, music, painting, designing sculpture, chiseling, metal casting, lacquer work, medicine, pharmacy, religion, foreign languages, etc, they are attended by 26,945 students, instructed by 1,760 teachers.

In addition to these there are 5,644 schools, with a total enrolment of 289,902 pupils specially conducted for those desirous of securing educa-

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tion of a technical nature. These institutions offer high or low courses as the pupils may wish in almost every trade.

These figures reveal the fact that Japan has educational machinery at work to train her people to the highest of which they are capable. The Japanese are brainy and alert and the power of 53 millions of them, laying hold with all their might and adopting to practical use what the West has painfully acquired through many centuries, is simply impossible to conceive. Nor does she stand alone. She has colonies in Formosa, the Pescadores, Korea, Saghalien, Kwantung and Manchuria. What her methods of stiffening may do for those people cannot be gauged at present.

And we?—We also have schools and our newspapers and the orators whose speeches get printed in our newspapers, perpetually emphasising the value of thorough technical education for our youth, but if one of our boys desires to learn a trade, it does not matter how eager or how fit he may be, we refuse him, unless the law of the land, one apprentice to four men, is complied with. The number of mechanics being below the average at present many of our best boys are learning nothing. By and bye the period of reconstructing the world will come and skilled men of all kinds will be needed by the thousand. Japan will be able to send enough and to spare; we won't have any. Japan has been learning and training; we have been wrangling, electioneering and passing resolutions. The subject is worthy of study. Two books may serve, cheaply and concisely to introduce this enquiry.

Japan and its regeneration by Otis Cary, 1904, price 1/3.

Japan's Modernisation by Saint Nihal Singh, 1914, 1/3.

Both can be had from the Methodist Book Depot, William-street, Perth. The 10 year's interval of publication shows ten years of wonderful growth. Both books are small

and packed with information, and both contain lists of books that give opportunity for further study.

—J.B.

"What mean ye by these stones?" To keep green the memory of those that here we see no more, but whose love once encompassed us. Consult Matthews and Baker, Monumental Masons, Murray-street, near Milligan-street, if you desire to erect a cross or headstone to mark the last resting place of your departed ones.

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ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

Ballidu, Pithara, Dalwallanu, Latham.

To the average traveller who journeys from the Northern Goldfields to the city, these are mere names of lonely sidings, passed in the night. They mark the boundaries and the centre of a not unimportant wheat-growing district. The distance from Ballidu to Latham is 68 miles, through a country, consisting of wide open sand plains, belts of forest where salmon gum, York gum, gimlett wood and mallee flourish, with

but each year it is harder to get. We were fortunate enough to meet a string of sandalwood drays, six of them, and managed by one man, George Fitzgerald. The picture was taken on the road from Ballidu to Ballidu East, when the teams were on their way from the rabbit proof fence to the railway.

All the farms along this road show indications of very vigorous pioneering work, great slices of country have



George Fitzgerald's Sandalwood Teams, Ballidu.

an occasional stretch of lowlying country, which becomes a lake region when heavy rains descend upon the earth. Until a few years ago sandalwood was its chief product and the tracks of the teamsters carrying this wood to the Midland railway line formed the arteries of communication. Sandal wood is still obtained,

been cleared, dams sunk, fences erected and the large wheat stack at the railway siding indicates that the country can grow good wheat. Through the persistent efforts of Mrs Kimber, a school has for several years been established, built by themselves, hessian walls, mud floor and thatched verandahs, but it answered

HUNT'S CORONATION CRACKERS. Best for the Children.

the purpose; children have been taught there.

A new building, however, is contemplated on a piece of ground near the main road and this will serve for church service as well.

All the curious names of the railway sidings are not poetical native appellations. Ballidu is a compound. On the first map of the construction it was called Balli-balli. There was some objection to this name being used for the siding and Duli, another native name of some locality, was thought of. This, however, would cause some confusion as there is an unimportant siding of that name on the Kalgoorlie line, so the railway department compromised by taking a syllable from each—Balli from the first and du from the next, thus compounding Ballidu.

All the old tracks through this region go east and west, terminating at some point on the Midland railway. The main road leading north goes from Goomalling to Moora by way of Wongan Hills and joins with another road leading from Moora to Pithara and so the traveller who makes his way from siding to siding must either go a long distance out of his way or struggle the best way he can through the scrub and sand and bog beside the railway line, for the railway crosses the Demboring lake region, heavy, toilsome and blistering when the summer heat bakes the surface, but wonderfully picturesque when the clay pans are lakes, overhung with the umbelliferae peculiar to the country and the sand plains dotted with its prickly vegetation, clothed with its curious flowers. Northward of the Marne (was this siding named when French's contemptible army rolled back the Hun waves of von Kluck's legions?), the forest country begins and continues as far as Nugadong, six miles from Dalwallinu, a total distance of 19 miles. Take this strip of railway, with an average of from 4 to 6 miles westward, and from 8 to 14 miles eastward, and within those limits will be comprised the most fertile

patch of country along the northern railway and of that patch Dalwallinu is the centre. With the exception of Maya, which is 17 feet higher, Dalwallinu is the highest point above sea level, the station being 1,100 feet high. This is also higher than most of our hill stations. Very few folk realise that our inland country is not a plain into which we descend when we have climbed the hills visible from the coast, but almost illimitable plateau of which our coast ranges are but the foothills. There is consequently no water supply apart from the pools left behind when rain has fallen, no springs, no rivers and the wells that have been sunk only collect the local drainage. In a very dry year, some of those wells may give out; not one of them affords a supply. When the first settlers were dependent upon the Dalwallinu well it took them often the greater part of a day to fill a hundred gallon tank. There is good holding ground, however, with fine catchment areas and the number of dams and reservoirs is increasing each year, but the amount of stock the country can carry is determined by the amount of water that has been conserved. There is abundance of pasture when the early and the later rains fail not. On a recent trip I saw relics of last year's can grass, a fine native fodder, over a foot high and among the dry stuff the green of this year even higher. On the railway ballast between Nugadong and Dalwallinu the grass was bending thickly over the rails. Whether Dalwallinu or Pithara will be the future town is as yet a moot point. Dalwallinu is the centre and has the largest number of ratepayers, but there is no promise of a town. Where the town has been laid out is the catchment area of the reservoir and no building is allowed on it by the Water Department.

Adjacent to this is the reserve and the Lands Department will not let that become a residential area. Meanwhile Pithara has no such restrictions, contains already the nucleus of a town, a new school has just

ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

been built, and in it there are some 30 children being taught, main roads from Wongan Hills and Moora converge upon it and it is likely that the projected railway line from Bologart will junction there with the northern railway line. Time will tell. The following statistical information was collected by Miss G. E. M. Harris, the school teacher of Dalwallinu, concerning the Dalwallinu Road Board district. The land occupied comprises 305,000 acres, only partly cultivated. Land surveyed, but not yet occupied, 131,000 acres.

is between 800 and 900. There is supposed to be a gold mine not far from Wobin, but it pays no dividends. In some parts of the world the advent of man means the disappearance of wild life. The reverse is true of this district. A bird lover told me that birds who used only to visit the country in the rainy season now make it their habitation. "When I came here first the bush was dreadfully silent in the summer time. No sound of birds could be heard, but now it's different, all the year round, night and day, you can hear some birds if



The Renwoldt Family of Pithara.

Land not yet surveyed 446,000 acres. There are 35 water reserves and 650 miles of declared roads, partly cleared. (Some of those roads are very tenacious and when it has rained, the mud of them sticketh closer than the traveller cares about.) The wheat exported from the district last season amounted to over 384,000 bushels. Buntine siding collected 13,000 bags, Wobin 25,000, Nugadong 10,000, Dalwallinu 50,000, Pithara 30,000, and the Marne had also a very large stack. Including women and children the population of this district

you listen for them. There is plenty of water now for them and they needn't leave in the summer time." Kangaroos delight in grazing over the burnt ground and the stately walk of the turkey may often be seen in the wheatfields. North from Nugadong are rolling downs over which the eye can roam from horizon to horizon. It was a cold, clear morning when I first looked upon them from the train. The sun rose with scarcely a cloud and as we were nearing the place for breakfast I awakened a drover who occupied the compart-

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ment with me. He got up, lit his pipe, looked out for a second and said, "There will be rain again in a day or two." I was amazed, but forbore to contradict; it seemed so absurd to talk of rain when no sign was visible that I could see, but he was right. Rain fell again before twice twenty-four hours had passed. Buntine is the place where the train stopped for meals and under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Platten the traveller can rely on good meals, excellently cooked, quickly served, and partaken of in comfort. Eighteen miles further north is the siding of Latham, the centre of a belt of forest country. Here also the land grows good wheat and settlement stretches for 14 or 15 miles on both sides of the railway line. A wedding took place there on the 22nd of June, when Walter Harry Taylo, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Katherine Henrietta Pool. I had no sooner set foot on the Latham ballast than I began to realise my importance. The guard who took my ticket heaved a sigh of relief as he said, "I'm glad I've brought you safely thus far, they can't do without you here. Take care you don't lose yourself in the bush." On which another individual who took the mails remarked, "We'll see to that for we are going to have a day out." A lady was welcoming two of her children and as I passed her she smiled benignantly and said, "It's to be at our place and when I've collected my baggage I'll drive you up."

I thanked her and left my bundles with the sulky while I walked on. I was cold and needed exercise. "Warrah," the residence of Mr. W. H. Jefferies, a well-known Perth architect, eldest son of Dr. Jefferies, was five miles off, but the walk thither was glorious. It was a day brilliant with sunshine, forest and plain had put on their most beautiful garments and the cultivated lands were covered with carpets of waving green. The sulky overtook me, but I preferred to walk and in due time reached the homestead where everybody was hard at work and the number of workers increased every moment. Visitors came from all parts and in all sorts of ways, on horseback, in sulkies, in spring carts; some drawn by one, some by two, and some by three horses; youths and maidens, matrons and children, fathers with their families, all of them with the marks of travel upon them, but in their Sunday best and the arrival of each

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new company was heralded with shouting and peals of laughter. Many hands made light work and by mid-day the tables were set, the dinner was ready and then the ceremony was performed and the twain made one. Then came the repast and the speech making and finally a presentation of the Latham settlers to the newly-married couple.

Close by the house there is a remarkable tree that bends over and

Somewhere between 4 and 5 o'clock the bride and bridegroom got their things together preparatory to departure, rice was limited, but wheat was plentiful and they were well besprinkled; the company gathered around them, handshaking took place, good luck, farewell, hip-hip-hurrah, and then the sulky moved at a good pace along the winding road between the bushes. They had not gone far when Mr. Jefferies might



Wedding Group around Walter Harry Taylor and Katherine Henrietta Pool at Latham.

forms an archway. In that arch the bridal party was grouped, surrounded by the guests and their picture taken. It appears among the illustrations.

The afternoon was very pleasant indeed. It has seldom been my lot to be among a company so free from all useless restraint, so genuinely happy and sociable and so perfectly at ease. Of course the afternoon was quiet because there was more fun to follow later on and how long that might last I couldn't say, but one youthful virgin, who had been hard at work all day and who was rather pitied by her mother, murmured as she passed me: "Tired or not tired, this poor little thing is going to dance till morning."

have been seen in hot pursuit. "Eh, eh! Come back! Stop!" etc. He succeeded in getting the couple to realise that something was up and they stopped. When he got up to them he mopped his brow and dived under the sulky as he said, "Old boots

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for luck is all very well, but somebody has hung my boots on your axle and I want to go to Perth in them." So they were married, and if their first day is to be a pattern of

living far apart, isolated and removed from the ordinary comforts and conveniences of civilisation, are really the folk who supply civilisation with its bread.



The Glory of the Wheat Belt—E. Salmonopholia, Dalwallinu.

the days that are to come, they will no doubt live happy ever after.

There is as yet no school for all the children that can be seen in the group; the locality is too far away to be visited by a preacher from Perth, and the time has fully come that provision should be made for the support of a minister who can move in and out among those people, who,

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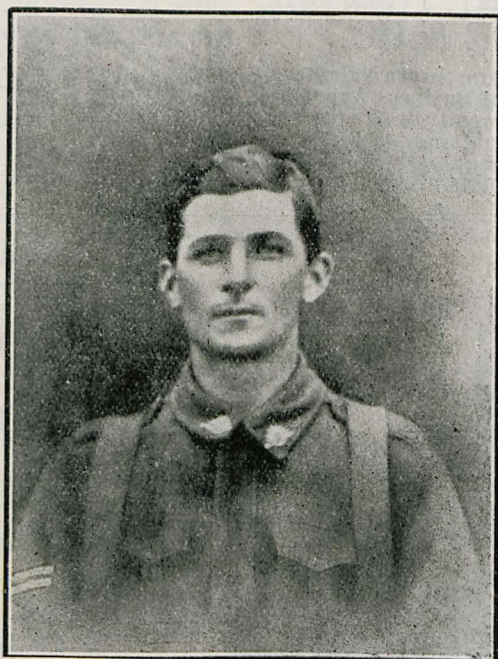
Farquhar Hugh Arpafeelie Smith.

A Tribute by Gehedobeu.

Prompted by a high sense of duty he responded to his country's call, taking his place with the defenders of the Empire. He now sleeps in a soldier's grave Somewhere in France.

Farquhar Hugh Arpafeelie Smith, the only son of Mr. W. Alex. Smith, J.P., and Mrs. Smith, of Blencowestreet, West Leederville, was a fine

his unostentatious goodness is pleasant. A keen intelligence, self-respecting, kindly, a fine blend of Australian resourcefulness and Scottish efficiency. A rich life sacrificed on the altar of his country. One of the many thousands, who, hearing the call, went right forward and fell—in freedom's cause.



Mr. F. H. A. Smith.

representative of young Australian manhood. A son and brother, capable in business and having excellent prospects; loyal to his church and never ashamed of his principles; a good sportsman and a splendid companion; a man every inch of him, respected and beloved; the memory of

Born Enmore, N.S.W., 14th April, 1888.

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Embarked for Europe, 9th August, 1916.

Died from wounds 1st March, 1917.
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to the father and mother of such a son and to the sister of such a brother. We mourn because we cannot help it, but "We mourn not as those without hope."

And how can a man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods.

(W. Alexander Smith, J.P., is the manager of the Cyclone Company and his son was associated with him in the business.—Ed.)

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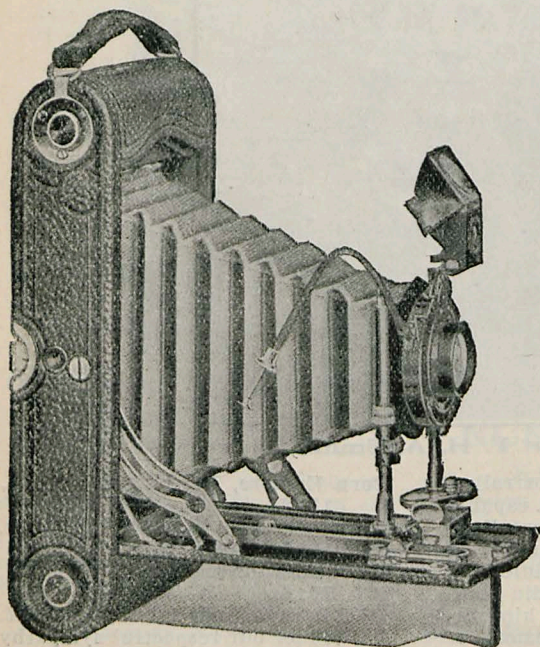
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CURRENT HISTORY.

DISTRICT COMMITTEE.

The regular meeting should have taken place on Monday, 4th of June, but it rained that night—rain has fallen on a good many other nights besides during the last two months, but that particular rain kept distant members away. The three Kelmscott members stood shivering in the porch when the pastor arrived and no others turning up the meeting adjourned till Monday, 2nd July. There were present: Messrs. Turner, Serls and Mills of Armadale, Buckingham, Fancote and Bamlett of Kelmscott, Reed and Cross from Roleystone, H. Saunders from Bedfordale, and the pastor in the chair. After the reading of the minutes correspondence from Armadale Church was dealt with first.

The feeling has grown of late that the Home Mission machinery has grown too expensive for our denomination. Such a feeling makes it impossible to advocate mission work whole-heartedly and no response is forthcoming to appeals. It was hoped that the Deacons' conference would present an opportunity of taking the matter into consideration, but while that gathering was well attended, it listened to four addresses from four ministers, but there was no conference.

One of the Armadale deacons therefore brought the matter before the Armadale Church, which passed a motion drawing the attention of the denomination to this dissatisfaction. The motion was sent to the District meeting with the request to pass it on to the Executive. The District Committee took the matter into consideration and being unanimously of the opinion that the Home Mission management ought to be investigated and dealt with in a business-like manner passed a resolution drawing the attention of the Executive to the existing feeling of dissatisfaction.

Twelve pounds ten shillings (£12 10/-) is due to the Chapel Building

Society at the end of July on the Wongong property. We borrowed £50 and are under obligation to pay this back in four yearly instalments. Our income from Wongong is very small and the money due is not in hand. We decided to inform the C.B.S. of this and also that we would take steps to obtain the money.

Arrangements were then made for the forthcoming Re-union of the Churches. This event will take place on Saturday, 6th October. All our friends and sympathisers are asked to help us with gifts of produce which will be sold by auction in the afternoon (sale to start at 2.30 p.m., business arrangements in hands of the Cross Bros.). The proceeds of this auction, as well as those of the tea which is to follow are for the District Fund. The District treasury pays the travelling expenses occurring in connection with our work and is responsible for the financial needs of obligations the Churches engage in jointly.

The tea will be held from 5.30 p.m. to 7 p.m., and will be jointly provided by the churches of the district. This will cost 1/ for adults and 6d. for children.

As early as we can after 7 p.m. there will be a public meeting at which music will be rendered by singers from each of the churches, the annual report read by the secretary and addresses from prominent ministers. The ministers fraternal of the Congregational Union will meet early in the afternoon. The ministers will come by the 11.55 a.m. from Perth and lunch will be provided for them by the ladies of the Armadale Church. All our lay-preachers will be invited and representatives from the metropolitan churches. They can leave Perth by the following trains: 12.55, 1.12, 1.50, or 2.50 p.m. The meetings will be over in time for visitors to catch the 10.10 p.m. Armadale to

HUNT'S Coronation Crackers. Give some to the children for school lunch.

Perth. This will be a unique occasion in the history of our churches, for we expect to have with us on that occasion not alone our own leading men such as Rev. Geo. H. Wright, M.A., Chairman of the Congregational Union, and Rev. Sydney H. Cox, Chairman-elect, but also Ref. W. J. L. Closs from Melbourne, the President of the Australasian Union, who will then be paying a visit to this State. Not alone will we have the privilege of an address from him, but there will be plenty of opportunity for him to make the acquaintance with our people and get a glimpse of this important district, so little known by those who dwell in the East.

We have the fullest confidence that our folk will make this occasion worthy of themselves, so that Armadale and district may prove not the least among the principalities of Judah.

KELMSCOTT.

Like all other places Kelmscott is more than satisfied with the quantity of rain that has fallen. Rain and sloppy roads are not conducive to big congregations, but the attendance for the last two months has not been too bad. The services of Revs. Lincoln Sullivan, Geo. H. Wheatley and Principal Oxer, M.A., B.D., have been much appreciated. Mr. and Mrs. Clegg have joined the fellowship of the church. We are glad of that, for they are a real acquisition to the church's life.

Alfred Ensor, infant son of James Alfred and Jean Hand, who was born on 26th August, 1916, was baptised by the pastor on Sunday morning of the 17th June.

Mr. John Richards delighted the folk with a lantern lecture on Wednesday, 6th June.

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Lights and Shades of the Golden West.

My First Mission Field in W.A.

The Congregational Union was formed a little while before my arrival in this country. It was not by any means a large concern. In the lead came Trinity Church, under the pastorate of William Thomas Kench, then on the high tide of popularity. In those days you had to go early to Trinity if you wanted to get a seat at the evening service. Trinity was beginning its suburban extension work; it mothered the little iron church in the sand waste of Leederville, had assisted Claremont with its first hall, was worrying over Cannington and sent a preacher occasionally as far as Kelmscott, which was then considered as lying at the outside edge of metropolitan influence. Next in importance was Johnston Memorial in Fremantle, under Frederick W. Turton, also a most able preacher, of a most genial disposition and a man in whose company I delighted. This Church took a paternal interest in North Fremantle, of which William H. Peters was minister, who travelled as far as Claremont, had made a beginning at Cottesloe and was about to accept the pastorate of Leederville. North Fremantle had called Leonard F. Lee, who had resigned his pastorate of Bunbury and when I was appointed to Mission the South-West, my first task consisted in holding the fort at Bunbury until the arrival of George Herrington, who came thither from Milang, South Australia.

Bunbury, 115 miles from Perth by rail, now almost the second Port in the State, was in 1896 a very small place. A huge rib of a seamonster, standing up post like in one of its silent streets was the sole relic of its whaling days. Communication by Perth was difficult before the railway came. A coasting vessel paid a visit once in a while, teams and coaches

travelled along a main road that was not too good and so Bunbury grew provincial by reason of its isolation. It contained four churches: Roman Catholic, with a convent and school; a quaint old Anglican building, a newly erected Methodist Church, and a tiny whitewashed building, with a porch and a bell, where the Congregational people worshipped.

It was comfortably furnished and was the spiritual home of many leading families who were always fully represented at the morning service. During the four weeks in which I was the pastor pro tem, those Sunday morning services were seldom at-

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"THE STORY OF THE ANZACS."

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"The Story of the Anzacs" has been splendidly written, and the author has produced a work that gives a clear and concise account of what has been done by Australia and New Zealand until December, 1915.

The opening chapter is a fine piece of work, and shows the danger to this country should Germany win the war. It also indicates the freedom and liberty that we enjoy, and shows that this is due to the protection we have had from the Motherland, and that it is not only our interest, but our duty, to fight to the end.

ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

tended by less than 60, and the Wednesday prayer meetings stand out in my memory as delightful seasons of worship. When George Harrington came the place soon grew too small and the larger church was built in due time.

During my sojourn in Bunbury I was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Andrew Buchanan at their residence at Hall Craigh. The Rev. Buchanan had been Bunbury's pastor for many years and in connection with that pastorate missioned the South-West as far as there was any settlement. From Quindalup to Cookernup and from Bunbury to the banks of the Blackwood River there is no spot which had not at some time or another seen a visit from Rev. Andrew Buchanan. Perhaps, as I have rambled over the same stretch of country on the same errand, I am in a better position than any one else to bear witness to the faithfulness and difficulties of his 40 years ministry. As we write this Mr. Buchanan is still living in a hale and hearty old age and wishing to have from his own hands a record of the earliest days I wrote to him when I was editor of the Western Congregationalist for his story, and we subjoin what he has written.

Copy of Rev. Andrew Buchanan's Manuscript.

Mr. Allnut and family arrived in this colony in December, 1843. Mr. Allnut took up his abode at Australind and at once set up the household altar. I have been told that the sound of praise proceeding from the dwelling of the newcomers attracted the attention of the neighbors and it was no uncommon thing to see parties listening with deep interest as the evening sacrifice of praise and prayer was offered by the head of the household.

A Sunday School had been established prior to the arrival of Mr. Allnut, conducted by Mr. Clifton formerly but shortly after it was handed over to Mr. Allnut. He had been superintendent in the place of his

abode in England for many years. And such was his devotion to this important work that he was absent from his post only once during 20 years; the cause of his absence being called to London on important business.

I have met those who attended Australind Sunday School and they spoke of Mr. Allnut with profound respect and they retained in their minds a lively recollection of his instructions, the only education which they had received being that which they obtained in the Sunday School.

Mr. Allnut also began to conduct religious service at Australind and in this good work he was aided by the late Mr. Chas. Hough. These pioneers of Congregationalism began to turn their attention to Bunbury, where a few people had settled. Worship was conducted originally in

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HUNT'S Coronation Crackers with Jam. No need to make jam tarts.

the private house of Mr. Jas. Moore.

In those days the means of locomotion were limited and imperfect; horses were scarce and carriages unknown.

Mr. Hough used to tell us how he managed. He used to ride on horseback, but his appointments were rather primitive. For a saddle he had a sack and for stirrup leathers twisted straw ropes.

Ultimately a place of worship was erected; almost every one contributed either in money or in kind, and in 1861 the congregation in Bunbury had a home, though humble and unpretentious and Mr. Allnut had the satisfaction of seeing God worshipped in a place set apart for the purpose. The Chapel was a plain brick building, 33 x 18, with seating for 80 persons, with a good old-fashioned barrel pulpit, reached by four steps. The building with fittings cost £175 14/. Towards the erection of the building £177 17/4 was promised or given. The subscription sheet shows a number of subscriptions to pay, £17 6/ in all. It is hoped the parties paid up. The place was opened I believe free of debt. The list was headed by G. Eliot, Esq., with £42. A sermon by Rev. J. Johnston realised £8. Here Mr. Allnut conducted worship and preached until his decease, when Mr. Jas. Hough took up the work and carried it on until 1866 when a minister arrived from the old country.

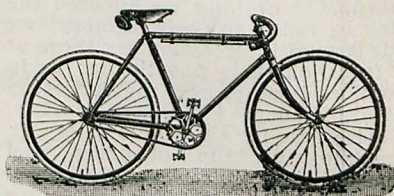
The Settlement of a Regular Pastor.

About 1863 Rev. Jos. Johnston had been in communication with the Colonial Missionary Society and the then secretary paid a visit to Australind and Bunbury. He preached in Australind and Bunbury. His sermon in Australind was in memory of one not long deceased, Mrs. Allnut. His text was "Our Lord One and His name One."

The result of this visit was the appointment of a Mr. Johnston, but through mental failure he returned,

only having got as far as Albany. The settlement of an ordained pastor took place in 1866. The selection was made by the Colonial Missionary Society.

To be Continued.



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OUR BOYS AT THE FRONT.

Sunday, 3rd June, the occasion of the King's Birthday, was observed as a day on which to bring our soldier boys to remembrance. Both at Bedfordale in the afternoon and in Armadale in the evening we honored the fallen by rising to their memory; we made special intercession for those at the front, on their way thither, or in prison, and we passed the following resolution adapted for each locality, in Bedfordale for the whole valley, in Armadale for the members and friends of the Congregational Church. Resolved: "That we send greetings to all our boys who have left us at the call of duty.

"We rejoice in the good reports that come to us of your conduct at the front; we are proud of your heroic deeds and your unswerving fidelity; we admire the cheerful manner in which you endure the privations, hardships and wounds incidental to the campaign.

"We want to assure you that we eagerly await tidings about you, that we have you constantly in mind and pray for a speedy triumph of the cause for which you have given yourselves. We commit you to God and to His grace and will ever be mindful of the sacrifices you are making for our sakes."

Copies of this resolution were posted to the Bedfordale men by Mrs. Stephens and to the Armadale men by Mr. John Richards.

Eight children from the Bedfordale Sunday School and six from the Armadale School sat for the annual Sunday School examinations in July.

Roy Butcher and Gertrude Millard were united in the bonds of matrimony on Thursday, 12th July, in the Armadale Church by Rev. John Beukers. It was a quiet wedding. The church was very nicely decorated with a small variety of Leucopogon, so plentiful on our hills and which suits admirably for that purpose.

The wedding party drove from the church to the residence of James

Butcher at Roleystone where the wedding breakfast was partaken of.

The fortnightly services have been continued at Wongong. Mr. E. Mills has done good service in taking out the preachers. Mr. J. Richards was out on a recent Sunday. He will give a lantern lecture there on the 1st of August and the Sunday School Anniversary will be held on the first Sunday in September.

Mr. Daniel Clarke keeps the Sunday School going at Banjup. The second anniversary was celebrated on the first Sunday in July. Of his brothers (Tom and Arthur Joyce) at the front, one has been killed in action and the other has been wounded. It may be remembered that both were bidden farewell at the last Sunday School Anniversary.

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ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

Armada Preaching Plan.

- August 5, 11 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m. J. Serls
,, 12, 11 a.m., Supply
6.45 p.m., John Beukers
,, 19, 11 a.m., W. Seddon
6.45 p.m., Supply
,, 26, 11 a.m., H. Moorhouse
6.45 p.m., John Beukers
Sept. 2, 11 a.m., John Beukers
6.45 p.m., L. Warrell
,, 9, 11 a.m., J. Serls
6.45 p.m., John Beukers
,, 16, 11 a.m., John Beukers
6.45 p.m., W. Clancey
,, 23, 11 a.m., J. Keaughran
6.45 p.m., John Beukers
,, 30, 11 a.m., John Beukers
6.54 p.m., Supply

Diaconate: J. A. Richards, secretary; W. J. Turner, treasurer; A. Briggs, E. Mills, J. Serls.

Sunday School meets at 3 p.m. J. Serls, superintendent; Miss E. Richards, treasurer.

Western Congregationalist, Mrs. A. Briggs.

Choir Conductor, Mr. John Richards; organist, Miss M. Saw.

Communion first Sunday in the month.

Kelmscott Preaching Plan.

- August 5, 11 a.m., J. Serls
6.45 p.m., John Beukers
,, 12, 11 a.m., John Beukers
6.45 p.m., Supply
,, 19, 11 a.m., Supply
6.45 p.m., Supply
,, 26, 11 a.m., John Beukers
6.45 p.m., H. Moorhouse
Sept. 2, 11 a.m., L. Warrell
6.45 p.m., John Beukers
,, 9, 11 a.m., John Beukers
6.45 p.m., J. Serls
,, 16, 11 a.m., W. Clancey
6.45 p.m., John Beukers
,, 23, 11 a.m., John Beukers
6.45 p.m., J. Keaughran
,, 30, 11 a.m., Supply
6.45 p.m. John Beukers

Diaconate: H. Fancote, secretary; J. A. Buckingham, treasurer; N. Uren, J. H. C. Bamlet.

Sunday School meets at 3 p.m. H. Fancote, superintendent; Miss J. Paull, secretary; Miss R. Bell, treasurer.

Organist, Miss Pascoe.

Bedfordale Preaching Plan.

Rev. John Beukers will preach there on 12th and 26th August, and 9th and 23rd September. Sacrament August 12 and September 9.

Diaconate: H. Saunders, secretary; G. F. Marsh, treasurer; A. V. Cross, B. V. Cross, H. Champion.

Organist: Miss Champion.

Sunday School: B. V. Cross, superintendent; Miss E. Plant.

Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.

Service, 3.30 p.m.

Wongong Preaching Plan.

There will be service at Wongong on August 5 and 19, and September 2, 16 and 30 if we can secure preachers.

Roleystone Preaching Plan.

Services on August 5 and 19, September 2, 16 and 30. Sacrament September 2.

Henry T. Buckingham, treasurer; A. Reed, secretary.

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PITHARA.

Sept. 2, O'Dea's, 3.30 p.m., A. J. Harris
School, 7.30 p.m., A. J. Harris
Oct. 7, O'Dea's, 3.30 p.m., J. Mosedale
School, 7.30 p.m., J. Mosedale

DALWALLINU.

Aug. 26, School, 3.30 p.m., A. J. Harris
Sept. 30, School, 3.30 p.m., J. Mosedale

Those services are conducted on behalf of the Congregational Mission. If it is possible to send a preacher from Perth the services will be taken by him. On the other Sundays there is service at Mr. Harris's residence at 3.30 p.m., to which all who desire to attend are cordially invited.

Soldiers' Comfort Society.

The weekly meetings have been held regularly—sometimes with very small attendances due to the inclement weather. But we are pleased to report that the members have been working, even if prevented from coming to the meetings.

At the date of writing we have sent away 41 parcels and there will be some more ready for the next mail.

We have received two letters of acknowledgement for socks received—one from Sergeant Witney, who got his parcel on the eve of going to France (where we regret to know he has since been wounded) and one from Eric Shaey. It is probable that other letters of thanks went down with the Mongolia. Evidently the boys greatly appreciate the fact that the Church is thinking of them and trying to help them. Our thanks are due to the friends who have helped us with donations of money or wool and we hope the members and adherents of the Church will continue

to give us their support. We shall also welcome new members. The winter is approaching in the Old World and our boys will need warm things.

South Beach, Fremantle, has become a very popular seaside residence. Living is cheaper there than elsewhere and many folk spend a few weeks enjoying the seabreezes during the heat of the summer months. We recommend the following trades people who will see to your daily wants and make your stay pleasant:

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Pastor: Rev. JOHN BEUKERS.

No. 16. SEPTEMBER, 1917 (Special Edition) Price, 3d.; 1/3 per Year Posted.

The Uninterned Enemy.

That Germany would prove England's most formidable foe and was secretly preparing to undermine the British Empire, was not believed by the generality of Englishmen. Warnings were uttered by men who were in a position to know, but no heed was paid to them and August, 1914 found the Empire unprepared for a world war. Events moved with startling rapidity after Austria's ultimatum to Servia, but nothing was so startling as the revelation of the systematic thoroughness with which Germany had for many years made ready for this war.

Not alone had she the most perfect war machine at her command but her agents were secretly at work within the boundaries of every civilised and semi-civilised country of the globe preparing the way for the complete Germanisation of the earth should the tide of conquest turn definitely in her favor. "Deutschland uber alles" was not an empty boast. It came dangerously near being an accomplished fact.

England sprang to arms. From east and west and north and south her sons rallied round the flag and the "contemptible little army" of General French, as the Kaiser called it, has grown into a host that almost defies computation, but the war is not yet won. We believe that we will win; we say so in every political speech, and scribble it in every newspaper article; we bubble over with

enthusiasm; we move resolutions of fixed determination; we make sacrifices and are prepared to make more; we overhaul our governmental and industrial machinery again and again and are twice as efficient as we used to be but—the war is not yet won; we know not when it will be, and we have every right to ask: Where is the cause of our failure?

We have been hampered by the enemy within; a foe that has undermined our strength, destroyed our effectiveness, and prevented our best conceived plans from being carried out, and the name of that enemy is "Strong Drink."

This is but the sober statement of a mournful fact, not an intemperate temperance assertion. England has been warned against this enemy, but refused to take heed. Forty years ago one Prime Minister said in the House of Commons: "If you do not control the drink traffic, the drink traffic will control you," and in a speech delivered to the electors of Bangor on 25th February, 1915,—that year so disastrous and humiliating to England,—the Hon. David Lloyd George, strongest of statesmen, bore witness to the awful grip the drink trade had on England when he said: "You must remember that a small minority of workmen can throw a whole works out of gear. What is the reason? Let us be perfectly candid; it is mostly the lure of the drink. They refuse to work full time and

HUNT'S Coronation Crackers. Have them for breakfast instead of bread.

when they return their strength and efficiency are impaired by the way in which they have spent their leisure. Drink is doing us more damage in the war than all the German submarines put together."

The prophecy of 40 years ago has come true. On another page we print a number of extracts from "Defeat," written by Arthur Mee and J. Stuart Holden. An Australasian edition of this book is for sale and every page tells of the awful havoc drink is making. The calm recital of the bare facts makes this little book one of the most humiliating records of a nation's decay and there is but one conclusion—England must either grapple with the drink trade or go under."

II.

What is the position in West Australia? Here also the drink traffic stands condemned at the bar of public opinion as the most formidable and unscrupulous of our national foes. Pulpit and platform, teacher's desk and magistrate's bench ring incessantly with warnings against strong drink and the daily record of crime, divorce and bankruptcy chronicled by the press, show that those warnings are not superfluous. Drink is the chief factor in the production of that degraded humanity whose offensiveness and evil propensities constitute a perpetual menace to our civilisation. This is not denied, even by the trade itself. The evil produced by the drink trade is so great, and has assumed such gigantic dimensions that it can no longer be hidden or explained away. Yet every effort to curtail or stamp out this evil meets with the most determined opposition.

Has the drink anything to say for itself? Most decidedly. It has two chief reasons which it trots out on all occasions why it should not be interfered with. One is that if you curtail the drink traffic, you will diminish the profits of those who deal in drink. The trade has vested rights and Great is Diana of the Ephesians. Prussian Junkerism had shares in

Krupps and how could those shares pay dividends if there was no war? So there is much money sunk in breweries and distilleries, in public-house property and wine cellars, and how shall the shareholders of those concerns obtain their dividends if you stop the flow of drink? Of course the argument is not put that way, but that is the plain English of it. The vested interest anxiety is carefully hidden under the cloak of the Drink Trade's Philosophy expressed as follows: "What's the good of prohibition or restriction? You can't make a man sober by Act of Parliament." And then the orator stops as if he had uttered the profoundest of wisdom when in reality he has merely spoken a hackneyed parrot cry which is as false as it is old.

Not a hundred miles from Perth there is a little place that has it's village drunk. He may be described as no man's enemy but his own. He is not a bad workman, and can get plenty to do when he is sober, but as long as he has any money or can get drink by any manner of means, he wanders from the wine shop to the public house and back again a burden to himself, a nuisance to his neighbors, and the butt of the children. That man will never be anything but an animated bundle of rags as long as he can get drink, but pass one Act of Parliament to shut up the wine shop and the beer counter and see to it that the Act is carried out, and that man will become clothed and in his right mind, and turn out a respectable and useful citizen.

Acts of Parliament to make men sober! We have never tried any, and they never will be tried as long as men, interested in the drink trade, have the making of the laws.

Meanwhile the machinery that makes men drunkards moves with little hindrance. It is hard to put on the brake and to reverse it seems impossible.

III.

There has been plenty of agitation in favor of reform. Public meetings

ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

without number have been held, attended by the best people in the State; unanimous resolutions have been passed, and deputations have gone to those in authority. Those deputations have been respectfully received, attentively listened to, sympathetically answered but—with few exceptions, the result has been the same; the trade wins every time. Have its vested interests a hold on our legislators?

Has the drink captured the press? Nowadays we have a number of beliefs that are not so.

Our belief in the freedom of the Press is one of our delusions. The cause of reform gets no aid from our newspapers; they have even ceased to be fair to that cause.

On the 9th August a meeting was held in the Town Hall in Perth to consider the advisability of shutting up the public houses during the war. On the same day there appeared in the Press a complaint from Mr Robt. Salter, the secretary of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, that he could not obtain a ticket to that meeting. The next day the president of the Women's National League went with an explanation to the editor of that paper and was told that he would not put in any temperance stuff. She had eventually to put her explanation in as an advertisement and was billed accordingly. Now, that's where we are in Western Australia, and it is about time we woke up. We are not helpless. If it came to a real, genuine count of heads it would be found that those who are against the drink traffic are more than those who are for it. In this democracy the majority, like the majorities in other so-called democratic institutions, are not considered of any account, and are simply dictated to by a few who have succeeded in getting power into their hands. And this will continue as long as we remain asleep.

After all, the politicians depend on our votes for their places; many of those that sneer at us and call us

fanatics depend more or less on our patronage. Supposing we tackled this thing with both hands, rebelled against this usurped authority and declared those black who are against us, perhaps we would get a fairer deal when we plead for measures that are the expression of patriotism in its highest dimension.

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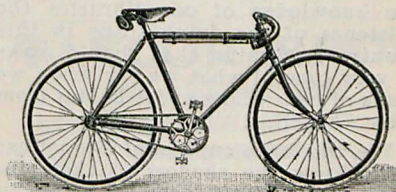
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“DEFEAT.”

THE SADDEST OF BRITAIN'S RECORDS.

By this name we designate the pamphlet called “Defeat” and obtainable for six pennies at the Methodist Book Depot or the office of the Temperance Alliance. It should be carefully read by every man who desires to know his country's failings as well as its glories and we print a few extracts by permission to indicate the scope of the book.

THE TRAGEDY OF MAN POWER.

We call ourselves a great country, but for all these years a private trade has grown rich by sapping our foundations. We call ourselves the pioneers of health, but all these years a private trade has sown broadcast in our land the seeds of weakness and disease. We call ourselves lovers of children, but all these years we have tolerated a trade that kills them, and we send the men who bolster up this trade, not to prison or the gallows, but to the House of Commons and the House of Lords. We think ourselves a little model to the mighty world, but it is a vain conceit. Unto whom much is given from him much shall be required; and in the light of the knowledge of our libraries the existence of the drink trade in this country is a thing that should make us very careful what we say when we speak of men who murder babies from their Zeppelins.

We, too, have our Count Zeppelins; they throw the shadow of their instruments of death over all we do in peace or war. In war this social Zeppelin has brought us nearer to defeat than Napoleon ever could; in peace this Zeppelin throws its bombs of death in every hamlet and every town. We have to grow as ashamed of a public house as of a baby farm. We have to make a constituency ashamed of giving up its place in Par-

liament to a representative of this foe that kills our children. We are fighting the forces of barbarism in Europe, but there is a force of barbarism in the United Kingdom that drags the nation down as if a millstone hung around its neck; for every stone that is laid in the slow building up of the British Millenium is hindered and weakened by this enemy within our gates. Take up yesterday's paper, or to-day's, or to-morrow's, and your heart will sink as you think one moment of the glory we are fighting for, and the next moment of the sickening horrors that exist at home. In a public house in Birmingham, in one half-hour 200 men were seen to enter a bar, all in their teens, and seven of them drunk. Two girls of 16 and 17, working on munitions walked drunk into an explosive works in a Midland town and placed the lives of the workers there in jeopardy.

We do not like to read of those things, but that is the price we pay for drink. A member of Parliament was appealing for recruits and a young man asked if the Government would look after his wife and children. The M.P. assured him and the young man enlisted. One day he was wounded and the time came when he saw his home again. He saw what he saw there and he went to the House of Commons and called out the M.P. and he refused to shake hands with him because, while he had been fighting to make good a broken word, the Government had broken its word to him, for he had come back wounded to find his home broken up and his wife a drunkard. He had fought to keep the Germans back, but the enemy greater than Germany had destroyed his home.

ASK FOR HUNT'S "BLUE RIBBON" MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS.

THE SOLDIER'S PERIL.

Here is a story from the chapter on the canteen system:—

"Dr. Norman McLean was riding in a tram and an old man sat there in great distress. He had lost his boy at the front. When he joined the Army he had never tasted alcohol, but he found drink in his camp, he found it in the trenches, he found it all the way between and when he came home on leave to see his mother he was drunk every night. He was drunk the night he went away and in three days he was dead. "The last we saw of him," said the poor man between his sobs, "was his going away drunk, and his mother who is old fashioned in her faith, cannot get it out of her mind that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of God." There are tales like this by the hundred and they lie at the door of whatever degenerate mind it is that over-rules these things in Whitehall.

BRITAIN'S DRINK BILL.

The drink bill since the war began is nearer 450 millions than 400 millions, but let us call it 400 millions only. It is about one-tenth of the cost of the war so far,—that is to say, for every sovereign we have spent in fighting Germany we have spent two shillings in fighting and weakening ourselves. The war has cost us 4000 million pounds. That figure stands for the working capacity of the United Kingdom against our enemies. Very well. The drink trade has cost us 400 million and that figure stands, on the Government's own showing, for the loss of national working capacity against our enemies. We have therefore sacrificed to drink one-tenth of our working capacity. There is no escape from that and it means, as the war is now 900 days old ("Defeat" was published in January, 1917) that the Government itself has estimated the price we pay for our drinking as ninety days of our national strength.

We shall never know the full truth of the famine in shells, or how much of it was due to drink, but we do know that at that crisis of the war drink was robbing the great industrial yards of the North of one day's output a week, covering ships and guns and shells as well.

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Book Review.

The Real Men Behind the Guns.

Oliver Wendel Holmes says in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" that in every conversation between two persons there are six persons present. Say that John and Thomas are talking, then there are the following:—1st, the real John, only known to his Maker. 2nd, John's ideal John; never the real one and often very unlike him. 3rd, Thomas' ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either. In like manner there is the real Thomas, Thomas' ideal Thomas and John's ideal Thomas. If it is so hard to get at the real man when only two persons are involved, and they known to each other fairly intimately, how much more difficult will it be to get to know the real men whose service means so much, not alone for the Empire, but for the whole world. A correct portraiture of our men behind the guns, who shall describe them? In "The Soul of the Ranker" (Methodist Book Depot, 1/3), E. G. Miles goes a long way towards satisfying that desire. In that little book we have a number of sketches from the hospital, the front, the playground at the base, and other places where our soldier boys are, and we get an insight into the innermost thoughts of the men. Once you start to read those sketches it is impossible to refrain from thinking. All the gruesome descriptions of gas and its results are put in the background by the gesture of horror wherewith a poor gassed soldier tries to prevent someone from lighting a pipe. A poor blind man objects to the sobriquet of "Lights Out" as applied to him. In the night he hears the call of the watchman and reproves him. The watchman does not know he is speaking to a blind soldier, and says it's his orders that "All lights must be put out until the morning." Later on, when the matron was taking her rounds she

was arrested by some subdued mumbling somewhere; it came from the man with the bandaged eyes, and this is what he said: "Lights out till the morning. Lights out till the morning—till the morning—the morning."

Here are some verses of Edward Vance Cook, which a gunner had cut from a newspaper and kept in his tunic to steel himself against unworthy conduct:—

Oh, oh, did you tackle the trouble that came your way

With a resolute heart and cheerful,
Or hide your face from the light of day

With a resolute soul and a fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,

Or a trouble is just what you make it;

For it isn't the fact that you're wounded that counts,

But only—How do you take it?

You were beaten to earth, well, well, what's that?

Come up with a smiling face;

It's nothing against you to fall down flat,

But to lie there, that's a disgrace.

Why, the harder you're thrown the higher you bounce,

So be deaf to a coward's cry;

It isn't the fact that you're fighting that counts,

But—How do you fight, and why?

And though you be done to death, what then?

If you battled the best that you could,

If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, God will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,

But whether he's slow or spry,

It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,

But only—How did you die?

"The Soul of the Ranker," by E. G. Miles. Methodist Book Depot, William-street, Perth, 1/3).

A Pebble for the Enemy on our Backs.

(Reprinted by kind permission of the "Daily Chronicle.")

You may take a man's house in England now, you may take his motor car, or his workshop, or the business he has built up during fifty years, or the money he has saved for his old age; you may take away his liberty and his only son, but you must not touch his beer. If you are the Government of the greatest Empire on the earth, if the fate of human liberty is in your hand, and if a pot of beer stands in your path, you must not kick it out. Let it be; it is the only holy thing of England.

The Sapper of our Strength.

If it is true, as it is, that in fifty years we have thrown away an army as great as we have under arms to-day, it is beer that has consumed quite half of it. It has cut down the flower of our manhood less quickly, but not less horribly, than German shells are doing now.

It has bred weak joints, weak muscles, weak brains, and little stunted bodies with feeble minds, where we should have had men fit for soldiers and women fit to make a soldier's home. It has chained our men in the slums that are not worth fighting for; it has put a millstone round the neck of industry so that we have lagged behind our enemy; it has poured our wealth into the gutter; it has written "rejected as unfit" against the names of half a million men who were willing to join our army now in France.

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RIVERSIDE ROAD, KELMSCOTT.

Broken Bottles and Graveyards.

"Did you ever walk out, about a quarter of a mile away from the publichouses?" asked the manager of the Government Date Plantation at Hergott Springs, whose guest I was for a few days.

"No," I replied. "Why should I? The land is as flat as a pancake and there is nothing but bare ironstone gravel."

"We'll take a stroll in that direction presently. I think I can show you something you haven't seen before."

He led me to the place indicated and halted before a prodigious heap of broken bottles. The quantity of glass broken and whole was astonishing. Never in my life had I seen such a heap of broken bottles; there must have been several acres covered with the straggling heaps of bottles, all shapes and sizes that once held fiery liquor. The gaudy label had become tarnished, dirty, unsightly and repulsive, but still indicated the country from which they had come. There they lay, their journey ended, their work done. We walked away again, but somehow that broken glass exercised a fascination over me, and I mused there one night and thought of the horrible tales those bottles could tell. Broken glass is voiceless and conjecture useless, but that glass lies there for all time a mute and significant witness of Australian civilisation, for that glass will not rust or wear away to mingle its particles with the dust of the soil on which it lies; the rays of the sun and the beams of the moon have no power to cause that heap to crumble; the rain and the wind will have no effect upon it; even the dust will not cover it, for the rocks of that desert lie naked and polished. No one will disturb that heap of bottles, no one will ever take it away, and so it will remain there for ever, a true historical relic of the activities of our race.

All things upon the earth are subject to change and decay. Some things succumb easily, others have the power to resist the tooth of time, and those who resist the longest become to later generations the silent witnesses of a past that has gone. It is thus that the Pyramids of Egypt, the sunburnt bricks and sculptured stones of Babylonia, the giant cities of Babylon and the ruins of Rhodesia bring us information concerning races that are no more.

We are better than those nations of the past. We think so. We are more scientific, more philosophic, more literary, more practical. Of course; still when we gaze upon the Pyramids of Egypt and their perfect Orientation, we cannot resist the conviction that the Egyptians knew a little mathematics. We cannot deny that the architects of those desert cities knew a kind of science and made use of knowledge that has since been forgotten. We have learned something from the ruins of the ancients—philosophy, history, folk lore, poetry and the foundation principles of some mechanical arts—but what will future generations ever learn from our heaps of broken bottles? What do they bear witness to?

Sit down for a little while by that pile of broken glass and do a little thinking. Project yourself two thousand years into the future and imagine that conquering hordes have swept over Australia, as they swept over other countries, have burnt its cities, killed its people and carried away its treasures. The destroying wave passes and Australia is left as Captain Cook found it, except that it bears traces of having been occupied by the Anglo-Saxon race. Now, think of what the future explorer and excavator is likely to find amidst the rank growth of vegetation or the rocks of the desert. All our building will have crumbled into dust, for we do no

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longer build durable work. Nothing will remain of our written or printed books, for we cannot keep the leaves of our books together while we read them; our iron machinery will have rusted away with the exception of an unsightly piece here and there; but those broken bottles, defying all the consuming elements, will lie there much as they do now; they will remain when all the traces of our science and our literature, our art and our industry shall have disappeared. This is day dreaming with a nightmare in it.

It is rather humiliating to think that those evidences of a nation's vices will outlast the tokens of its achievements; and yet, those heaps of broken bottles, decently out of sight in the city beautiful, but lying in their hideous nakedness over the floor of the desert, wherever civilised man has been, will be a true witness to the reason of our decay.

The traveller that goes from Hergott Springs of Oodnadatta and makes the journey on horseback, and not in the train, yet keeping to the track that runs closest to the railway line, will see many of those heaps of broken glass, and in between them little graveyards where scores of our strong young men are buried. Put up fingerposts that point from the broken bottles to the graveyards, and you tell the exact truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And if ever the future historian shall have to point to the grave of Australian civilisation, he can erect his fingerpost in the centre of that heap of broken bottles and fasten the supporting stays to the rusting remains of our breweries.

The finished work of those broken bottles forces itself on one's attention with painful persistency. There are plenty of superior men in that interior of Australia, well mannered, well bred and well educated. When you meet them you feel instinctively that they do not wear their rough garments from choice nor follow their occupation because of its charms. You wonder why they are what you

find them, until some day you see them drunk in some bush shanty. Then the secret is out. They have lost their first estate through drink. They still receive a letter now and then from those that still remember them as they were; but the letters get fewer and fewer and they feel less and less inclined to reply to them; better if they should be decently forgotten, so they think, and in due time they sink into the oblivion of a nameless grave while their share of the broken bottles litters the desert.

"Parson are you? Well, what's the use of coming to me? My soul, if ever I had one, is dead long ago. Sometimes I think its in hell already. I don't want you and your talk. You can put your horse in the paddock and I'll give you some tea and damper, but don't you preach to me. I know all that you are going to say, and its of no use to me. I suffer tortures here for a few weeks at this well, but as soon as I get money enough I'm going to Farina to get drunk. That's all I live for."

So spoke an old wretch of a man to me, albeit not so coherent as I have put it, and interspersed with unprintable adjectives. "If you would set fire to every publichouse in the country there might be some hope for me. It's one comfort to know that if I am going to hell so are the publicans."

This was his one topic of conversation, and I wondered how many broken lives were represented by that heap of broken bottles.

Not a hundred miles from Hergott Springs I spent an afternoon in setting the children of a railway ganger some lessons. They were nice tractable children, and their ages ranged from four to 12. When the lessons were over and the youngsters had gone out, I said to the mother: "You ought to be very happy with that family."

She looked at me and asked: "Do I look happy?"

The question was unexpected and embarrassing to a young man, but she looked straight at me and I could but scrutinise and perceive that there

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were lines about her countenance that told of grief.

"Well, now you ask me so point blank, I don't think you look too happy," I replied slowly.

"If it wasn't for those children I'd be dead. I don't know that I ought to talk to you, but I must tell some one or my heart will burst. For fourteen years or more I have been tied to a drunken brute. Oh, yes; he is a nice enough to you and he'll behave himself while you are here, and it won't be pay-day for a few days, so you'll have the remembrance of a happy home; but, I tell you, every fortnight when he gets his money he drinks every penny of it. I don't know if he pays anybody in the township; I never see the money and often we are short of tucker. But he is always drunk when he comes back, and brings a lot of drink with him, and then he knocks me and the children about and calls me by the vilest names that can be thrown to a woman. That's my life. I don't know how much longer it is going to last."

Think of that poor helpless woman, shut up in a railway camp, miles from everywhere; no friend, no helper, in the heart of a scorching desert and nothing to look forward to but the fortnightly period of abuse and ill-treatment; and then ask if the time has not fully come that some determined effort should be made to prevent those heaps of broken bottles from accumulating.

I stood in the street of Hergott Springs one morning as the passengers gathered for the train. A man, his wife and two children came along. She was anxious, he was noisy with drink. Half-way across the street he met a mate and stopped to talk. She urged him to hurry for the train as it was getting late, and he swore at her in reply. He and his mate decided to have another drink; she implored him not to, and he told her "to go to hell," he was boss. The engine gave a warning whistle, and, growing desperate, she pulled his coat to draw him back. He swung

round and knocked her over; she stumbled, and mother and children rolled in the dust. On to the public-house he went, and the train moved off. There was neither manhood nor indignation among the loafers that hung about the bar room door; they went in with the brute and helped him to drink away his money. That same evening he lay on the road, his watch broken, his clothes torn and his money gone, and that same evening another number of empty bottles was thrown on the pile slowly accumulating outside the township.

Nothing looks less alluring than the average bush publichouse as I have seen it. As a rule it is a filthy, low-roofed den, and the liquor sold in it the vilest imaginable. Many of the keepers of those dens are believed to manufacture the various brands of spirits from materials only known to them, but of such a nature that if they came out of a chemist's shop the owner of the shop would be arrested for selling poisons. Yet there are plenty of men living in the interior whose only holiday consists in knocking down a cheque at one of those places. After a more or less lengthy spell of work they arrive one day at the publichouse, dump down their swag and hand a bit of paper across the counter to the publican with the words: "Tell me when it is all gone," and then settle down to a regular debauch as long as the cheque will last.

For a week or ten days they would not have a sober moment, for no sooner had they slept off one drunken stupor than they would start on another, eating little or no food in between and filling themselves with the vilest concoctions that were ever sold under the name of spirituous liquors. Some of these men have iron constitutions, but the physical condition of the strongest is one of complete wreckage when the money is spent. Then the publican begins to cut short supplies, and then, in addition to other sufferings, they are tormented with an incessant craving for more drink, which prompts them to sponge on anybody that comes along. This

lasts a few days and then the publican will come to the conclusion that it is about time the undesirable was sent off.

"You've loafed around here long enough, Bill! I've kept you for days past for your cheque has run out long ago, and its time you made tracks. I don't want to be hard on you; straighten yourself up, get your things together, and I'll give you a bottle full to take away with you in the morning. Come in now and have another drink just to show there's no ill-feeling."

Poor fellows! More fit for a hospital than the hardship of the wilderness; sometimes with a touch of delirium on them, their whole frame weak through want of nourishment, they would start on their tramp across the blistering waste with a flask of firewater that was more likely to increase than to allay their burning thirst. Thirst! It is not possible for a man with a water tap always at his elbow to conceive its tortures. But when you painfully trudge through a great lone land, where the fiery rays of a pitiless sun have made the atmosphere like unto that of a furnace heated seven times; when your tongue grows thicker and lumps rise in your throat which you cannot clear away; when the perspiration ceases to moisten your temples because the juices of your body are drying up, why, then you feel as if you could sell your soul for a drop of water and be justified in making the bargain. Men go absolutely mad when they are in that condition; they tear off their rags and go naked; they dig their hands into the unfeeling earth, and anon whirl round and round in the madness of despair; and when to this is added the burnt condition of the drunkard's body, together with the disordered imagination of a mind off its hinges through the influence of alcohol in its worst form, then it is difficult to conceive a death more terrible. And yet another horror has to be added to the picture.

There is no spot so waterless or desert but the Australian crow is

there. Not in an obtrusive manner, for you may travel all day and not see one, but the moment that you come to a halt and make preparations for camping, you will hear the rush of the clumsy wings and a few moments later a subdued "caw-caw-r-rr." You rather enjoy the companionship of those birds, and in their shining black plumage, and the familiar way they make themselves at home quite close to you, they are not at all unattractive. You throw them scraps of food and they come almost at your call; but when you begin to reflect that they would just as soon make their dinner from your bones as out of your tuckerbox, then these same birds become ghastly and objects of loathing.

Can you imagine the agonies of the perishing drunkard and the fire without being only a faint image of the fire within a diseased brain, conjuring up all sorts of fantastic shapes, and ever and anon across the blurred vision the shadow of black feathers and in dying ears the rustle of fearful wings?

Many a man has died just so. From Coward Springs to Billa-Kalina there are 25 miles of stoney tableland without a drop of water anywhere. During the three years that I travelled the interior four men perished on that track of thirst, and no inquest was held. The remains of two were unrecognisable when found, and the remains of one have never been discovered.

(From the "Humor and Pathos of the Australian Desert," by John Beukers. Methodist Book Depot, Perth).

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West Australia's Deadliest Foe.

We are publishing this Special Issue of the "Drill" in conjunction with the Women's National Movement because we believe that unless the electors of West Australia bestir themselves and grapple with the Drink Traffic, this country will be tied hand and foot to the Beer cart. The wrangling of rival politicians, the spineless attitude of men in authority and the wavering of parliamentarians when dealing with problems of grave moment have provided very humiliating reading for every man who loves his country. But on no subject has there been such vacillation as on the liquor question.

Everybody knows that drink is our deadliest foe; the catalogue of its ruinous influence is so appalling that every thinking person realises that something should be done to stop its ravages. And yet nothing or next to nothing is done, because there is money in the business and it pays goods dividends. To restrict its operations means that some men will have to look for other jobs, and that some capitalists will have to invest their savings elsewhere. Better that every drink-seller should have to change his occupation, my friend, than that your son should become a drunkard, or your daughter one of those pitiable objects, those caricatures of womanhood that every now and then ask with quivering voice for another chance from the magistrate who sentences them to so many days in prison. Better that every capitalist should find his drink scrip waste paper than that another man should be murdered in the streets of Perth trying to stop a drunken brawl. You and I, who are entrusted with the franchise, are responsible for these things as long as we consent that men interested in the Drink trade have the making of our laws. The Women's National Movement is seeking for parliamentary candidates who will legislate for a sober nation, a moral nation, and an

economical nation. Mr. Ilbery, of Wooroloo, who will contest the seat for the Swan electorate, has agreed to adopt their platform, and we strongly urge our readers to listen to what he has to say on this momentous question.

Grasp the nettle, my friend, whosoever you be, that reads this magazine, and take your side, for if this drink business is not curbed our country is doomed.

Preaching Appointments.

ARMADALE.

- Oct. 7, 11.0 a.m., J. Serls.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
Oct. 14, 11.0 a.m., Rev. Lincoln Sullivan.
6.45 p.m., Miss Margaret Russell.
Oct. 21, 11.0 a.m., T. Savage.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.
Oct. 28, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., Mr. Stevenson.

KELMSCOTT.

- Oct. 7, 11.0 a.m., John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., J. Serls.
Oct. 14, S.S. Anniversary morning and afternoon to be announced.
6.45 a.m., Rev. Lincoln Sullivan.
Oct. 21, 11.0 a.m. John Beukers.
6.45 p.m., T. Savage.
Oct. 28, 11.0 a.m., Mr. Stevenson.
6.45 p.m., John Beukers.

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The Northern Mission.

The excessive winter rains made travelling in the northern areas difficult, and it was not till the end of August that I arranged for a trip up country. Travelling at night when the air is cold and frosty is no pleasure, but to see the golden sunlight flood the boundless plains and gradually disperse the misty gossamers that wreath the hillcrests compensates for the discomfort of the night. I had breakfast with Mr. Ruwoldt at Pithara and then packed up my traps and tramped to Pithara East, a distance of six miles, where I held service that same evening (August 31) and preached to a very good congregation. A report from there appears elsewhere. On the first of September I tramped back to the siding, and then Mr. Ruwoldt said that he would lend me a horse to do the rest of my journey. I availed myself of his offer, but— I was never what may be called a rider, for twelve years I had not crossed a horse's back, and Boliver was a tall horse, so I cannot say that I was bubbling over with delight. I climbed on him, and for the first two miles I resembled Agag in that I went very delicately, but once familiar grown and confidence returning I considered that it is much easier to ride on horseback than to walk and carry one's travelling paraphernalia. The following day was Sunday, and service was held in the Dalwallinu school in the afternoon, and in the Pithara school in the evening. The latter service was unique; we had no hymn books and at first no Bible, and looked as if all things would have to be done without a book; but we found the school Bible, we sang hymns we knew by heart, and got along satisfactorily.

The next morning I was so fortunate as to be able to travel with a cattle train as far as Ballidu Siding. The Damboring region was very picturesque. It is now a succession of lakes and still waters in endless variety, on which water fowls disport themselves, among which might

occasionally be seen the stately movements of the black swan. All the bordering wattles and accasias were glorious with yellow and orange blooms, variegated with the great scarlet blossoms of the calestemon and the grevillias, while the ground was carpeted with yellow, pink and white everlastings. From Ballidu I did a nine miles' walk to Kimber's farm, and on Tuesday, 4th September, I visited a number of people around there, held service in the evening and was driven by Mr. Beaumont to the Ballidu Siding, where I had a wait of two hours for the train to take me back to town. The crops look very well, and from the forward condition of some of the fields I should think that there will be an early harvest this year.

The price of paper has increased very much, and there is as yet no indication that it will become cheaper. If you have much writing to do it will pay you to get your materials direct from the manufacturers, Sands and McDougall, wholesale and retail manufacturing stationers at 664 Hay-street, Perth. Account books, note books, minute books, envelopes of all kinds, billheads in endless variety and adaptable to every grade and business. Orders and enquiries from country customers promptly attended to.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—While the Postal Authorities cannot give us any definite information as to when the last mail for the Front will leave, we advise posting all parcels before the end of September to ensure delivery before Christmas.

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CURRENT HISTORY.

ARMADALE.

When the Anzac entertainers came to Armadale they asked for the loan of some of the church seats to increase their seating accommodation and the secretary lent them. The seats were duly returned the next morning, but some one made a lot of trouble about them being loaned. At the church meeting held on the 31st July the action of the secretary was unanimously upheld. The whole church was fully in accord with the desire to help returned soldiers in every way possible. To avoid any future misunderstanding it was also resolved that discretionary power be given to the secretary when requests of that nature are made.

On 1st August the Ladies' Guild arranged a social the object of which was to make a beginning with getting in some money to provide our soldiers with some Christmas cheer. The social was an unqualified success. The church was full, the singing and music was good, the speeches were short, the tea well made, and the decorations looked nice, and £1 17/6 was gathered. Private Beatty was welcomed home on this occasion.

Sunday, August 5th, being the anniversary of the gathering of the children who signed the pledge, and also the day after the anniversary of the declaration of war, a special service was held to which all the children were particularly invited. It was the wettest Sunday of the wettest winter, but nearly all the boys braved the weather, and, though Scout parade was a damp duty, it was held, and there was a good gathering to listen to an address on "Drink and the War." The pastor read a number of extracts from the book "Defeat," by Arthur Mee and J. Stuart Holden and explained how difficult it was for the democracy to grapple with the drink question. Democracy is the rule of the majority and if the ma-

jority are lovers of drink, then drink will rule, no matter how much evil it may occasion. The remedy for this was an active campaign of securing total abstainers so as to create a sober community. If the children of to-day would set their faces against the evil they would be able to wipe the drink traffic out when they became responsible citizens.

On the evening of September the 22nd the Armadale Soldiers' Welfare Committee intend holding a gift night for our men in the trenches. A good programme will be presented and admission will be by gift.

The Reunion of the Congregational Churches of the district, to be held on Saturday, 6th October, promises to be an important function. The speakers at the evening meeting consist of Rev. W. J. L. Closs, B.A., of Melbourne, and Revs. Geo. H. Wright, M.A., of North Perth, and S. H. Cox of Trinity, chairman elect of the Congregational Union. Each of the churches will take part in the musical programme and there will be singing of the Kelmscott, Wongong and Bedfordale children.

Wongong is on the move up. Miss Graham and Miss Edna Marsh, lately assisted by Miss Elsie Saw, have kept the Sunday School in working order. Service has been held fortnightly and on a recent Sunday there were 18 present. A lantern lecture given by Mr. J. Richards and the pastor on the 30th of July was much appreciated. At a recent deacon's meeting of the Armadale Church it was decided that Mr. J. Richards be appointed to represent the deacons in the oversight of Wongong.

The subscription to this paper is only One Shilling and Threepence per year. This does not represent the cost of production. But the price is kept thus low in order that every one may secure the paper. Send us 1/3

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and the paper will be posted to you for a year.

This issue is printed and published as an extra in the interest of the Temperance cause. We could not do this without the consent of our advertisers and when we asked them whether they would stand by us in the expense, they with one accord

Howie read the lesson, Mr. Taylor prayed, Mrs. Taylor (who is very aged but is regularly taken to the service by her sons) gave the children their prizes, while Mr. Sartisen and myself put the children through their programme. We had a large attendance, a most enjoyable day was spent and every one did justice to the



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said: "Yes, certainly." We thank them heartily.

BANJUP.

Mr. Daniel Clarke, the secretary of the Banjup Mission, writes as follows: "On July 1st we had our Sunday School Anniversary. The children sang solos and recited. Mr.

repat that was provided. The Sunday School has collected £2 10/ in a little over three months and sent in 18 pairs of socks for the 44th Battalion Trench Comfort Fund. Considering that we have only five scholars this feat is great. The church is going strong. We take our

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turns each Sunday at acting the minister and considering the state of the roads we get a good attendance. We can always put up 14; often we have 20, and last Sunday we had 29. This is all I can tell you of our doings lately.

BALLIDU

(Wheatfields Mission).

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wallis, of Miladu Farm, Ballidu, have received advice of the death of their son, Private Leslie Wallis, of the A Company of the 16th Battalion. He left Melbourne in December, 1914, was in the Gallipoli landing, wounded there; a few months in England, returned to Egypt, went thence to France where he was wounded again and has now been killed in action.

The monthly meeting of the W.C. T.U. was held on Thursday afternoon, July 16th. As a result of the inclement weather the attendance was scanty. The report of the Convention was read by the three delegates who attended and a short address was given by the President on 13th chap. 1st Corinthians.—C. H. Cole, rec. secretary.

Mrs. Beukers, wife of Rev. John Beukers, has lost a much-loved mother and the many friends of Mr. Charles Fox Roberts, of Stratham Park, Capel, will learn with regret of the death of his beloved wife. After an illness extending over some weeks Mrs. Roberts came to Perth for expert advice, all to no purpose, for she gradually grew worse and eventually succumbed on the morning of the 14th of August. After a happy wedded life of 53 years she died at the advanced age of 76, surrounded by her husband and family. She was the sweetest and best of mothers and her children rose up to call her blessed.

PITHARA SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The anniversary of the Pithara Sunday School was held in the local school-room on Sunday, July 22. There was a good attendance of scholars and parents. Mr. Mosedale con-

ducted the service, and delivered an interesting address. He mentioned several points of interest that had happened in the district, and applied them to the lives of the children, urging all present to unite in helping each other. Several songs were sung by the children in a very creditable manner, Mrs. Jones presiding at the organ.

Miss Tyndale, whose mother is the teacher in charge of the Bedfordale State school, is the young lady to whom the Pithara Sunday school owes its progress and being. It is no mean achievement to have carried it on for a whole year. Mrs. Jones renders valuable help, and their combined effort gives centre and fixity to the propagation of the Kingdom of God in Pithara.

On the 24th August, 1917, at one o'clock in the afternoon, we heard an unusual commotion in the Armadale school yard. Being in a hurry to catch a train we sent over our junior reporter, who handed the following to the press for publication:—

Account of Bazaar.

The bazaar was got up by the Fourth Standard, with the help of a few of the Sixth. The funds of which were to be given to the Red Cross. It was opened with a speech from Mr. Richards.

The children worked enthusiastically trying to sell all they had. They succeeded in doing this because the refreshment stall had to get fresh supplies twice. At the close of the bazaar there was nothing to be seen except the dirty scraps of paper and

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the dirty cups and saucers. I am sure that the Red Cross will appreciate the children who worked so hard to get the money that was handed over to Mrs. Harrison, the secretary of the Red Cross. Amount was £2 10/.

The following are the results of the Sunday school examinations:—

Armada: Allan Burges 93, Corona Cornish 82, Grietje Beukers 77, Christian Beukers 72, Alma Wright 54. The result of Eunice Beukers' papers have not come to hand as yet.

Bedfordale Sunday School: Douglas Marsh 96, Roy Uren 64, Hammond Cross 63, Annie Jones 52, Rose Livingston 50, Keith Jones 50. This list is also incomplete, the result of Vera Plant's and Benjamin Cross's papers have not come to hand.

Miss Margaret Russell, of the Zenana Biblical and Medical Mission, of Bombay, gave a descriptive talk of her work in the Armadale Church on 29th August, and the following evening in the Kelmscott Hall. She is a very entertaining lecturer, manipulates her lantern expeditiously, and when she finishes most people are like Oliver Twist, they want more.

She dresses up a number of girls in Indian costume and goes through the scene that presents itself in the room of the medical missionary. It is very effective, and gives more information in a few minutes than the average person will learn from a lot of reading. Miss Russell was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Buckingham, Kelmscott. She has promised to take the services on Sunday, 14th October, and as she is a thorough evangelical lady we anticipate a very profitable time.

The Ladies' Guild had another successful gift evening for the soldiers on Monday, 3rd September. Mrs. Serls presided, Mr. Richards made a speech, a chorus by the girls, Eunice recited, Miss Richards, Miss E. Richards, Miss Corona Cornish, and Miss Lily Robinson sang solos, while Frisco Beukers delighted the audience with rendering several organ selections. The refresh-

ments provided by the ladies were good and quite a number of things were obtained to send to our boys at the front.

WONGONG S.S. ANNIVERSARY.

July is the month in which this should be held, but by postponing it we hoped to dodge wet weather, and lo and behold the rain would not be denied. Sunday, 2nd September, was not so bad, but on Wednesday the clouds grew heavier and heavier, and by evening the road was in a dreadful state. It was also a little late for the moon, and to the mud and wet darkness was added. Still the children were there; they had their tea and fully prepared for the evening gathering, and so there was nothing for it but to face the darkness and the gloom. It was an edifying spectacle to behold the Chairman of the Congregational Union, the pastor and two deacons of the Armadale Church, and four courageous young women strag-



HUNT'S CORONATION CRACKERS. Delicious with Stewed Fruit.

gle along from one side of the road to the other by the gleam of a fitful lantern, hopping over ruts and missing the worst puddles. It shows that heroism is not yet extinct in church work. It was worth going, for the children did sing as if they enjoyed it very much. Cassy Bodicot, James Grafham, and Joe Cassels recited. In the absence of Mrs. Beukers, Mrs. Grafham, who has been a real mother to the church, was asked to give out the prizes, and all the speakers gave very short speeches.

PITHARA EAST.

(From Our Correspondent.)

Church service was conducted at "Killenora" the residence of Mr O'Dea, by the Rev. John Beukers, and was very well attended. We look forward with great pleasure to these periodical visits as they are the only occasions on which we have the opportunity to attend church of any kind. We appreciate the efforts that are made to satisfy our wants in this direction. It is no sinecure to make a trip through the wheat belt and those who undertake it are deserving of all the encouragement and help that we can give. We consider that it is our duty to make a fixed grant for this work for if we are to be served by a minister regularly and supplied with his services we ought to do what we can for his support.

We also feel that we are deeply indebted to the officers and members of the Armadale-Kelmscott churches for so generously allowing their minister to visit us. We wish to assure them that this work among us is not in vain, but will lay the foundation upon which a strong church of the future will be built. We are at present only in the embryo state, but time will show what the district is capable of.

We also feel grateful to Mr. O'Dea for placing his house at our disposal for the services. It is centrally situated, and enables many to come who

otherwise would have too far to travel.

After service we had some supper, and then as we had not met each other for a considerable time we enjoyed some music and singing and discovered a good deal of talent among ourselves.

(It was 11.55 p.m. before the congregation dispersed some had nine miles to go and I wanted to go to sleep.—Editor.)

Missing Soldiers.

Those whose sons are reported missing may be glad to learn that as soon as a man is reported missing the Red Cross commissioners in England begin their enquiries, and as soon as they obtain any information it is cabled out to Australia free of charge. They are able to do this through the kindness of the Eastern Extension Cable Company.

The most treasured and pathetic property we carry around with us are the bundle of letters written by friends that are no more. Tied with ribbon, yellow with age, torn at the folds, we dread to touch them, for each handling injures them. If you put your letters in an automatic binder they will not suffer from handling. They don't need to be untied then; you can read them like a book and they will not fade. Sands and McDougall, 664 Hay-street, Perth, sell those binders in great variety.

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THE DRUNKEN DOCTOR.

It is my practice now and again to get away by myself for a day in the temples not made with hands to renew one's strength by waiting upon God is a necessity for those who desire to do the Lord's work upon earth.

Having a bicycle for a few days, it came to pass that I went, not so long ago, a little further than usual to a township some twenty miles off. At one time it was a very busy mining centre, but the gold is worked out and glory and the people have for the most part departed therefrom.

When I made its first acquaintance it had five publichouses, but the number now is reduced to two, without the aid of any local option—a sure sign that the place is going down. At the best, one of the two, usually very quiet during the week, and kept as well as bush hotels can be kept, I stopped for dinner.

Our company at the table consisted of the host, four boarders (evidently miners of the locality) and an individual whose clothes marked him out as a professional man of some sort. He was very drunk and kept slobbering over his dinner in the manner peculiar to drunks, and which is so objectionable to those who are not in that condition. Being well known to the rest of the company at the table, I entered into conversation with them, but was every now and again interrupted by the senseless and purposeless remarks of the drunken man opposite. This was resented by the others, who gave vent to their displeasure in remarks such as:—

"Oh, shut up, can't you?" "Give it a breeze, we are not talking to you. Try and behave yourself while there is decent company at the table"; or, "Now then, Doc., eat your dinner and try and pull yourself together a bit."

When he arose from the table and went for his coat and hat, he presented a pitiable spectacle. A silk hat, very much dented and crumpled

was stuck sideways on his head; he had on a dress coat and vest to match, with a pair of trousers of a different style; he had no braces, but kept his pants up with a belt, but so ill adjusted that a goodly portion of shirt showed all round the waist. From head to foot he was covered with dirt, bits of chaff and an odd fluffy feather or so made one think he had tried to roost among the fowls. As he walked with an unsteady step up the narrow passage of the hotel I asked, "Who is he?"

"The doctor of the town; he came here a fortnight ago and has been on the drink ever since; this is about as sober as he has been up till now."

"Has he got charge of the hospital, too?"

"Yes, everything; but, you know, there is not much sickness here. He'll pull himself together directly then I'll talk to him. No use speaking to him now."

I paid for my dinner and wheeled my bicycle to the spot where the woodline crosses the main road. There I sat and rested. My surroundings were picturesque; at least I could see beauty in them. A tangle of tree-clad hills, neither trees nor hills were high, but the foliage on the timber was glorious green, and beneath it were bushes of a more sombre hue and the background of red was not at all displeasing to the eye, the more so as the whole was variegated with the yellow wattles which were in blossom. But I had no eye for the wild landscape. I watched the smoke curling from the mining camps, listened to the regular beat of the battery, glanced along the railway, and I thought of the helpless people who were at work in the mine, the bush, or upon the train. I had visions of a wire rope giving away and a cage full of men tumbling to the bottom, coming up with broken and bruised limbs to be attended by a

HUNT'S CORONATION CRACKERS. Just the thing for Afternoon Tea.

muddled doctor. I thought of a flying axehead cutting an industrious man, and I pictured his mates bringing him helter skelter to the place where there is a hospital to which they subscribed only to find that the medical man was sleeping in a drunken stupor on the manure heap of the publichouse. I

serious; there was no other medical man nearer than 20 miles, and practically no communication between the other place except a goods train, uncertain in its running, and horse and trap if one was handy, and I wondered at the awful wickedness of those in authority that permitted a man to be



ARMADALE DISTRICT HONOR ROLL.

imagined an anxious mother watching suspicious symptoms in a dear baby's throat, running with it to the doctor to see if it was anything serious and obliged to sit and see the life of the child ebbing away because the doctor was drunk. Mind, the situation was

in charge of the medical branch of the town who had not been sober since his arrival.

I mentioned my experience to a friend of mine, and his face assumed at once an expression of deep resentment.

"Yes," he said, "that's how an uncle of mine came to an untimely end. He was hurt in a railway accident. The fellows that were with him tied him up as well as they knew how, and then ran the train as hard as she would go to a place where they knew there was a doctor. The brute was so drunk that when he undid the bandages he could not do them up again, and poor uncle bled to death in the guard's van."

A week or so later my wife looked over the paper and read me a death notice, which stated that the unfortunate doctor, lately appointed to —, had succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. He had a brilliant University career, and was the son of —, well-known in —. No inquest was considered necessary.

"That must be the man you met at the publichouse," said my wife.

"Most likely; there could only be one doctor in that place, but I did not

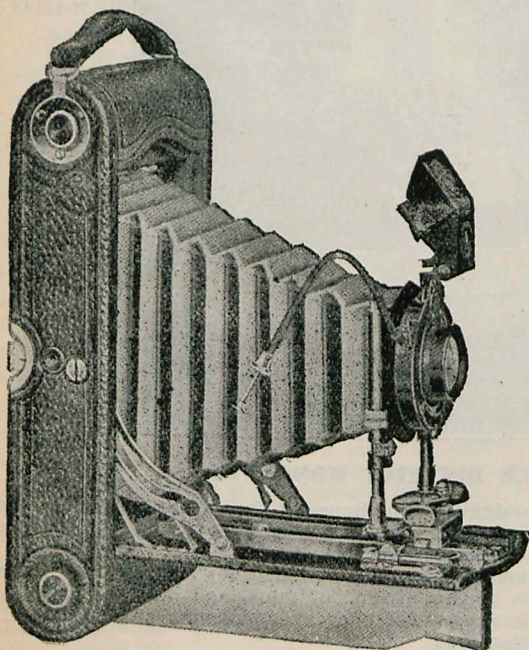
get his name at the time. What does the paper say he died of?"

"Pneumonia! Fiddle-sticks! Drink. The fellow had not been sober since he had been there, but, of course, they won't put that in the paper. Drink killed him, and drink ought to be blamed; but the profits of the drink trade are so enormous that the people will get no justice done in that direction."

"What mean ye by these stones?"

To keep green the memory of those that here we see no more, but whose love once encompassed us. Consult Matthews and Baker, Monumental Masons, Murray-street, near Milligan-street, if you desire to erect a cross or headstone to mark the last resting place of your departed ones.

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All the Saints—A Song of the Living.

"For all the saints who from their labours rest" is a popular hymn for funeral occasions. "John C. Harris," presumably the Rev. John C. Harris, and a chaplain in France—sent to the London "Christian World" a song inspired by the hearing of this hymn at a military funeral in France. He sings thus, not of "dead" saints, but of "living" ones:—

For all the saints who have not found
Thy rest,
Whose faith was never in our creeds
expressed,
But in their human lives Thy life
confessed.

Alleluia !

For saints who wear no halo in the
fray,
Who see no visions gleam upon their
way,
But bear the heat and burden of the
day.

Alleluia !

For saints who sail the sea, and dare
the sky,
With nerve of steel, cool brain, un-
flinching eye,
Saints loving life, but unafraid to die.

Alleluia !

For saints of forge and factory, mine
and bench,
Saints of the trawler and the muddy
trench,
Who give their very blood hell's fires
to quench.

Alleluia !

For all the saints, far hidden from
the strife,
Saints of the home, and ward, and
healing knife,
For mother, lover, comrade, loyal
wife.

Alleluia !

So as our hearts recount the nameless
host
On bloody field, or camp, or mine-
strewn coast,
We sing to Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost.

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My First Mission Field in W.A.

(Continued).

The minister elect arrived in Bunbury, via Adelaide. He was accompanied to Bunbury by Rev. Jas. Innes of Perth Congregational Church. The induction took place in the chapel on the evening of 1st of July, when Mr. Innes preached and addressed the minister and the people on the subject of their relative duties. The chapel was filled on both occasions. The ordination of the minister elect took place on October 8, 1865, in Ewing Place, Congregational Church, Glasgow. In the ceremony of laying on of hands Revs. H. Boehln, W. Pulsford, D. Russell, G. McCallum, W. Thompson, Dr. Aitkinson of Anderson United Presbyterian Church took part, Dr. Aitkinson giving the ordination charge and R. W. Thompson describing the field of labor to which the newly-ordained minister had been appointed.

Services were conducted morning and evening at Bunbury and at Australind in the afternoon. First Sunday morning 30, afternoon 33, evening 50. No Anglican church was held in the evening. Week evening attendance average 30 to 40.

At a meeting held at the pastor's residence (home is now known as "Toronto") in the evening of October 5th, the following persons organised the Bunbury Congregational Church:—

James Hough, sen.	Mrs. Hough
Abraham Hurst	James Moore
Mrs. Moore	G. R. Teede
James Ramsay	Mrs. Buchanan
Andrew Buchanan.	

The names of Mr. Narroway, Mrs. Narroway, Mrs. Allnut and Mr. Gibbs residing at Australind and Mr. and Mrs. MacAndrew, Wedderburn, Mr.

Edwards and Mrs. Higgings residing at Ferguson were added to the roll. On Sabbath, 7th October, the Lord's Supper was dispensed in Bunbury; 11 sat down, and in the afternoon at Australind, when 7 sat down. Besides the services in Bunbury there was a Sabbath morning meeting for prayer with an attendance of 30, Sunday School morning and afternoon 56, and an evening prayer meeting at the close of the service to which nearly all the congregation stayed. The country services were:—Sunday — Brunswick, Ferguson, Stratham, and Australind in the afternoon; week evening, Tuesday, Parkfield, Brunswick, Ferguson, Harvey, Picton. I was assisted by as many as four layhelpers—Hough, Gibbs, L. S. Eliot and Louis von Bibra. The church was known as a mission church and Busselton and Blackwood were visited.

The first anniversary of my settlement was celebrated on 7th July, 1867, when Rev. J. Johnstone preached at Australind in the afternoon and in the evening at Bunbury. At the communion the church roll showed 30 names; 12 had been added during the year.

As I wish to confine myself to the subject assigned me I now bring this review of the early days of congregationalism to a close only adding that having accepted the invitation of mission in Adelaide I resigned my pastoral charge. The church was then in good working order.

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