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The Digger of the Future

As April 25th approaches each year much is written and said regarding the Gallipoli landing and all the people who took part in it. We want to take this opportunity to commend to the reader the book Gallipoli by J. W. L. Eade, which bore a striking resemblance to the almost impossible. References are made to that spirit of junkerdom which made the world war inevitable, and to the fact that our appalling expenditure of blood and treasure was the price paid for the continuance of our own social and political institutions. One also hears frequent repetition of the phrase, "The world made safe for democracy", especially from old gentlemen who were at the time of the war, and who took good care that their own sons did not leave Australia without commissions. But we are all too prone to treat our present security as something static, something that has been skilfully achieved and will continue. Of late there have been many indications that another war, just as unlikely, is by no means impossible. Twice within the last ten years Britain has had to despatch troops overseas, once to the Mediterranean and once to China, to demonstrate her intention of safeguarding her interests with armed force should the situation demand it. The Soviet agents are active throughout the Empire, and at any moment a violation of the Indian frontier might embroil us with Afghanistan. We are doing our best to develop a spirit of peace consciousness, but readers of history will realise that an era of peace talk has always been followed by a thumping great war. The lion can be induced to lie down with the lamb, but he relinquishes the prime position just as soon as the lamb goes to sleep.

Eternal vigilance is the price of security. Readers will doubtless remember having heard that phrase before, but even if not original it is none the less true, and just as true today as when it was first uttered. If we and the generations that succeed us are to be fully loyal to the memory of those who fell, we must preserve in its entirety the heritage for which they fought and died—our land, our social and political institutions. As Captain P. B. C. Lohman, former days (himself a soldier) wrote—

"We won our land from a nerveless race, Too mean for their land to fight. If we mean to hold it, we must face The danger that might is surely true. Looking at the matter—from this standpoint the glowing accounts of the recent brigade camp at Karrakatta must have been extremely gratifying to returned men and women who have their country's welfare at heart.

The camp itself was an interesting and wonderfully successful experiment. For the first time since the war this Military District has been able to give the members of the citizen forces a course of brigade training. This, in itself, as the culmination of the year's work was of interest to those concerned, added to which there were other features, such as anti-aircraft Lewis gun work, and instruction in anti-gas measures, which were novelties to the young soldier. The night operations and bivouac, followed by the firing of a muskettry course were of special value in demonstrating to the individual soldier the importance of his duties; and, for this reason and the like—are not mere advisory exercises, but factors which make for efficiency in the field, and he received a practical illustration as to their application under active service conditions. He should have gone far towards that stimulation of interest, without which successful instruction is impossible.

One fact the papers neglect to mention—"the fact that several years of the training have been suspended, and that the training itself is practically restricted to the metropolitan area. Boys in such important centres as Northam, Kalgoorlie, and Geraldton, not to mention other country towns, receive no training other than the meagre amount of physical training given in their schools. This is mainly due to the drastic retrenchment that occurred in the Department of Defence some years ago. The tongue of the average politician is so attuned to party dogmatism that he cannot utter the truth, while his mind is so warped that he cannot grasp an idea beyond the apparent gain of the moment. Therefore, while extravagance is tolerated and even encouraged in directions that are likely to secure votes for the party, the pruning knife is always applied in the Defence Estimates, when some Cleon advocates economy. The military authorities do their best, and it has been demonstrated that their best is a wonderfully good best, in spite of Federal parsimony and public apathy. But the professional soldier, by the very nature of his calling, cannot be very outspoken on public matters. He may make reports and recommendations which are usually shelved or turned down entirely on the score of economy.

We returned soldiers who have been absorbed into civil life are in a more fortunate position. We can be more articulate than our regular comrades, and we should be very vociferous in this all-important matter of Australian defence. We regard it as an insult to ourselves when politicians tamper with national safety, and to those who are at present striving to create new institutions, and neglect to provide an adequate defence organisation. For the benefit of those purblind individuals who cannot differentiate between defence and imprisonment we might explain that an adequate defence force is a form of national insurance. We are not aiming at military aggression or conquest of other lands. No one least of those who went through the last war, wishes to engage in armed conflict, but we are determined to hang on to what we have already and to defend it against all comers. Even Soviet Russia, that Mecca of red-ragged intellectuals, realises that the maintenance of the status quo depends upon the existence of a large and well-trained army. The will to defend and the courage to endure are alike unavailing without training and efficiency. The League as an organisation has already made representations regarding this. It must continue to do so and more forcibly still. We would be false to the memory of our dead comrades were we to allow politicians and others to jeopardise the things they were so further, parting away of the Defence vote.

"SWAN" BRAND TOMATO SAUCE is Delicious
STATE EXECUTIVE MEETINGS
3rd April, 1929.

Present: Messrs. Collett, Freedman, Watt, Sadler, Logie, Smith, Tozer, Pady, Philip, Tyler, Margolin, Cooke, and Lovell. Apologies were received from Messrs. McAdam, Cornell, Hunt, and Dunkley.

The Rev. C. L. Riley applied for leave of absence for two meetings owing to illness. This was granted.

Federal Executive Meeting: Delegates' Report.—Owing to the absence of Mr. McAdam, the consideration of this report was again deferred.

"Menin Gate at Midnight."—The Secretary stated that a letter had been received from the Federal Executive, advising that the Australian War Memorial Committee had purchased 400 prints of Mr. Will Longstaff's picture, "Menin Gate at Midnight." The distribution of the first payment had been made, and this State's proportion had been received. The letter also requested the return of the copy of the picture which it was understood had been donated to this Branch. The Secretary submitted the suggested reply to the Federal Executive, requesting that the cost of this picture be deducted from the next cheque due, as it was desired to retain possession. This action was agreed to.

Soldiers' Institute, Geraldton.—The Secretary reported that a copy of the title had been received, showing the property in the name of the Soldiers' and Soldiers' Memorial Institute, but an opportunity had not presented itself to make further enquiries. A further report would be submitted to the next meeting.

Federal Correspondence.—Correspondence from the Federal Executive concernimg a number of subjects was received.

Membership Drive.—This letter advised that circulars had been forwarded for this drive. It was moved by Mr. Sadler, seconded by Mr. Pady, that the matter of the distribution of these circulars be referred to the Management Committee, with power to act. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Yeates, seconded by Mr. Logie, that the necessary authority be given for printing the circulars as required to be prepared by the State President. Carried.

Insurance, Soldier Settlers.—This matter had been referred to the State Government to ascertain if a comprehensive policy of insurance to cover soldier settlers' properties could be inaugurated. A reply had been received from the Secretary to the Premier that consideration had been given to the matter, but the Premier regretted that the matter had no statutory authority to bring about such a system.

Moved by Mr. Yeates, seconded by Mr. Logie, that this Executive suggests to the Government that consideration be given to the introduction of the necessary legislation to give effect to the proposal already outlined. Also a copy of the proposal submitted be forwarded to each returned soldier member of Parliament. Carried.

Invitation.—The Claremont-Cottesloe Sub-Branch extended an invitation to members of the Executive to their Reunion, to be held on April 4th. Messrs. Parker, Smith, and Tozer were appointed.

War Pensions Appeal Board.—The Federal President requested by wire that this Branch's nomination as the League's representative on the Entitlements Board was moved by Mr. Smith, seconded by Mr. Watt, that the name of Mr. E. J. Dibdin be forwarded. Carried.

It was also requested that one name be submitted for the Assessment Tribunal. This nominee must be a returned soldier and a barrister or solicitor. Moved by Mr. Watt, seconded by Mr. Smith, that this matter be referred to the Management Committee, with power to act. Carried.

The Federal President also advised that instead of calling a special Executive meeting, which would be costly to State Branches, he intended returning to State Branches the money in the case of each tribunal for voting purposes. This action was agreed to.

Dismissals, Taxation Department.—After the last Executive meeting the Management Committee had met and had forwarded a telegram to the Prime Minister and also a copy of same to the Federal President, requesting consideration towards the retention of the services of the men concerned. A reply had been received from the Federal President stating that owing to the positions concerned being filled by permanent officers, it was regretted that it was no longer possible to retain the men involved. A letter of explanation was following. Further action was deferred pending the receipt of this letter.

Retrenchment, Railway Workshops.—The Railway Workshops Branch requested that a deputation consisting of Mr. R. S. Watt, the State Secretary, Mr. K. Gibson (President, Railway Workshops Sub-Branch), and Mr. W. J. Lovell (Secretary, R.W. Sub-Branch), together with Mr. J. Connolly (Railway Workshops Sub-Branch), be appointed to investigate the retrenchment of ex-service men from the Workshops, and to approach the Acting Commissioner of Railways or the Minister. The request was acceded to.

Lemnos Board of Visitors.—The Chief Secretary's Department advised that approval had been granted to the appointment of Col. E. L. Margolin as the League's representative on the "Lemnos" Board of Visitors, vice Mr. Humphrey, resigned.

Soldier Settlers' Disabilities, Manjimup.—The Manjimup Sub-Branch forwarded a communication suggesting that invitations be issued to Government officials to attend the Manjimup Show in order that the opportunity may be taken of presenting to them difficulties in connection with soldier settlers in that district.

Moved by Mr. Philip, seconded by Mr. Yeates, that the Manjimup Sub-Branch be informed that this Executive cannot agree to the departure from the procedure already suggested, i.e., that individual cases be forwarded for the consideration of the Executive Land Committee. Carried.

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"SWAN" BRAND PRODUCTS secured 1st Prize 1927 Royal Show
Group Settlement Complaint, Cowaramup.—The Cowaramup Sub-Branch requested assistance in obtaining the post-pomeration of principal repayments for Group settlers. This matter was referred to the Land Committee.

Efficiency Trophy, W.A. Infantry.—The District Commandant wrote suggesting that the League might care to present an efficiency trophy for competition amongst W.A. Infantry Units of the Australian Military Forces. He forwarded a wooden model of an A.I.F. Infantryman, and suggested that, if considered suitable, it be cast in metal. Moved by Rabbi Freedman, seconded by Mr. Tozer, that this Executive present the trophy as suggested by General Joss to the W.A. Infantry, in the terms and conditions set out in his communication of the 2nd April.
—Carried.

10th Light Horse Official History.—Col. Olden requested the Executive to interest itself in dispensing of unsold copies of his book, entitled “Western Australian Cavalry in the War.”

After discussion, it was moved by Mr. Cooke, seconded by Mr. Logic, that in order to help the further carrying on of the objects of the League, which aim at preserving the memory and records of those who fought and died for the Nation, a Committee be appointed to confer with the authors of war books published in Western Australia, for the purpose of devising a scheme for the speedy sales of such publications.—Carried.

The Management Committee was appointed.

Anzac Day.—Advice was received that His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor would be present at the Anzac Day Commemoration Service on the Perth Esplanade, but could not find it possible to attend the luncheon on Anzac Day. The suggested general arrangements for Anzac Day were approved and carried.

Bunbury Re-Union.—General Sir John Monash acknowledged with thanks the message forwarded him from the Bunbury Re-Union. The Secretary was instructed to forward a copy to the Bunbury Sub-Branch.

Notice of Motion.—Mr. C. P. Smith asked leave to defer his notice of motion until next meeting, and to amend it as follows:
“Thisl Branch grants its patronage and official support only to one Re-Union each year, to be held in centres in turn, approved by the Annual State Congress, and that the date—say, Easter Week—be permanently fixed.”

Reports.—State Secretary read a report of the operations of the office for the preceding fortnight. The report was received.

House Committee.—The report of the House Committee meeting held on the 26th March was received and adopted, on the motion of Messrs. Sadler and Tozer.

Employment Bureau.—The report of the operations of the Employment Bureau for the month of March was received.

Noombling.—Mr. Logic reported having visited the Noombling Sub-Branch on the 30th ultimo.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Capital</th>
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*If you can’t get SWAN BITTER where you go, go where you CAN get it*

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The Membership Drive

**NEEDLANDS' SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENT.**

All sub-branches are expected to make a big drive during and after Anzac week to increase the membership of the League.

The Membership Drive will greatly assist which are being distributed throughout the State containing appeals from Countess Haig, Earl Jellicoe, Capt. Dvett, Generals Chauvel and Monash, the five Divisional Generals, and our own President, Colonel Collett.

Some sub-branches are not waiting until Anzac week to make their effort, and a splendid example worthy of emulation is being set by the Nedlands Sub-branch, which is conducting an organised personal drive throughout their district each Sunday morning. So successful have their efforts been that in their comparatively small area they have actually increased their financial strength in the first two Sundays by 84 members.

Congratulations to Colonel Denton, the sub-branch president, and his splendid band of workers.

We understand that they will continue their drive until every eligible person is roped in.

**The R.S.L. Centenary Ball**

**MAY 8th.**

The State Executive of the League is organising, as a special Centenary effort, a ball to be held in the Temple Court ballroom on Wednesday, May 8th, and tickets are now available from executive members and the State Secretary. We have it on good authority that many diggers who have not danced since pre-war days are practising the new steps in order that they shall get the maximum of enjoyment from this function. The special committee, consisting of Messrs. Cooke, Sadler and Philip, are leaving no stone unturned to make the ball the success of the year, and all are asked to assist by their presence.
Anzac Day Messages

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HARRY CHAUVEL, G.C.M.G.,
K.C.B., Inspector-General:

"To my old friends and comrades-in-arms, greeting. Each passing year shows more clearly that time does not dim, but only hallows, the memories of the associations for which Anzac Day, so fitting a symbol, now stands. That you and yours may long enjoy health, happiness, and prosperity, is my earnest wish."

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN MONASH, G.C.M.G.,
K.C.B., V.D.:

"The memory of fallen comrades grows greener with the passing of the years. Time but enables us to form a truer estimate of the sacrifice which they made, and we realise that whatever of prosperity and freedom we may now or henceforth enjoy is due to the spirit and example of the good and brave fellows who did not return. As the nation grows in prosperity and prestige, so will the debt increase, and as a people we honour their memory on Anzac Day, reverently bowing in remembrance, and determining that, as far as we can ensure, the memory of their deeds and sacrifices shall endure for ever. They have given to posterity a glorious tradition of heroism and sacrifice. To us they are a present memory, but we, too, shall pass away. We can, however, strengthen the tradition, and make it richer and a force inspirational to the generations that are to follow, if we bequeath to them an example of fidelity to the memory of our valiant dead, a deep and abiding recognition of their services to their country, and sympathy with, and a ready acceptance of our responsibilities to, those whom they left bereaved. These feelings are expressed by memorials in every town and village in every State. But as we fought as a people, we wish to express ourselves in a national memorial in which all can share. Thus, the beautiful Shrine of Remembrance is being raised, dedicated to and perpetuating the memory of those who died that the nation might live. It will not be only a national memorial, but also a national inspiration."

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN TALBOTT HORBS,
K.C.B., K.C.M.G., V.D.:

"In view of the constant reference to possible future wars, it is, I think, the bounden duty of those who have experienced its horrors, to instil, into the hearts and minds of the present and future generations, its uselessness, folly, and the appalling suffering and loss entailed, together with the aftermath of unemployment, misery, and discontent, even to the victors. Thus can we, honour the memory of those gallant and devoted men who sacrificed their lives in the belief that the fight they engaged in was to end War. It is hard, in a few words, to say all one would like, but I think peace at home and abroad is the thing we most desire and require at the present time."
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D. M. Benson, State Secretary and Organiser

Empire Buyers are Empire Builders
AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE LEAGUE

In most of his addresses lately, Colonel Colet has stressed the necessity of the League taking a deeper and practical interest in national affairs, and thereby enhancing its influence and usefulness by enlarging its scope.

Having gained most of its personal objectives, there is yet much to do in husbanding them by guiding its individual members who may encounter difficulties, but if the League is to retain its power and self-respect, it must embark further into the unselfish fields of public service. Its personnel is eminently fitted by hard experience, to set a practical lead to the rest of the community.

The pressing need in Australia today is for men and markets, and the League can do much to relieve this pressure.

By purchasing our own products in preference to those of foreign extraction, we will be making our country economically sounder and better able to absorb greater numbers of our own kith and kin from the Mother Land.

Such organisations as the New Settlers' League, having for its object the peopling of this empty continent with British stock, should receive every support from the R.S.L., particularly its country sub-branches which are often in the position to give practical assistance.

The League has adopted a slogan, "Wherever You Trade, Buy British Made" and can do much to develop in the community a "Buy British" conscience. Sub-branches have been circulated by the State Executive, requesting them to assist in making a success of Empire Shopping Week, which will be held from May 20th to 25th (inclusive). This week is being organised by a body of public spirited citizens, including representatives of the State Executive of the League, calling themselves the "Empire Trading and Shopping Council of W.A."

The objects of the movement are to convince Empire citizens—

That they can and should secure everything either locally, within Australia, or from Empire sources.

That it is the duty of every resident in every portion of the British Dominions to give preference to goods produced within the Empire, and so conserve employment and wealth for fellow citizens in all parts of the Empire.

The Movement is designed to enlist the co-operation of shopkeepers throughout the Empire, so as to secure the benefit of the advertising value of their shop window and shop displays. British shopkeepers, during Empire Shopping Week, provide some hundreds of miles of shop window displays of products of the overseas Dominions. This has proved of inestimable value in popularising the use of Australian canned fruits, dried fruits, and fresh butter, and other commodities, and places Australian primary producers, under a debt of gratitude to British Shopkeepers.

Australian shopkeepers are invited to reciprocate by displaying Australian and other Empire products, with a view to showing their loyalty to the Empire, and their appreciation of the importance of developing inter-Empire trade.

Their advice is to buy within the Empire, in the following order of preference:

1st. Western Australian. 2nd. Australian. 3rd. Empire goods generally. It is expected that sub-branches will do all in their power to assist in the success of the week. Already Meringin Sub-Branch is hard at work, and in addition to their other efforts, they have offered a prize to the shopkeeper in their town with the best window display of Empire goods.

Here is a golden opportunity for the League to not only talk nationally, but to act nationally. Remember that Empire buyers are Empire builders.

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Temporary Employees in Commonwealth Service
SERVICES CALLLOUSLY DISPENSED WITH

The preamptory dismissal of returned soldier temporary employees in the Commonwealth Service in general, and the Taxation Department in particular, is causing anxiety in this State, and we believe, in other States also. During the month a number of men, with service up to 10 years have been dismissed from the Taxation Department in order to make their jobs available for permanent men.

Most of these men have given to the Department, and their country, at the war, the most vital years of their lives, and will find it extremely difficult to find suitable employment. If it was necessary to dispense with the services of these temporary employees, in common decency they should have been given time to look for new jobs, and/or given some compensation.

The important factor that has created the embarrassment is the desire to provide advanced forms of work for the boys taken into the service since the war.

The Prime Minister (Mr. Bruce) made a definite arrangement with the Public Service Board that such appointments, be made available for appointment to the permanent staff. Selection should be on a 50-50 per cent basis between temporary returned soldiers and the rising generation, etc. If all the temporary returned men are put off, what becomes of this arrangement? Will the Department give those late temporary men an opportunity to accept permanent appointments, as and when vacancies occur?

We know that the Board is up against considerable difficulties, but they are by no means insurmountable, if the Board steadiy bears in mind, not only the letter of the Federal Government's principle of the preference, but the spirit of the arrangement. The Board has been founded—just as applicable now as when first framed.

The same question has agitated the minds of returned men in England, and the matter was recently referred to a Government. In reply, Mr. Samuels gave the following undertaking:—“I undertake that no efficient ex-service temporary clerk who has been employed continuously since the 1st of January, 1917, or earlier, shall be dischargd from the Government service to make room for a successful candidate from open competition.”

This is clear and definite, and a praiseworthy example for our own Governments.

The enquiries of the Commonwealth Public Service Commissioners, taled in the House of Representatives recently, said inter alia:

1. Regarding the preference extended to returned soldiers in making appointments, the Board states that the departments have indicated that the practice of employing men of matured years upon work appropriate to junior clerks has been the reverse of economical, and has militated against efficiency of service.

2. While recognising that the claims of returned soldiers are paramount, the Board has found that the holding of examinations for junior clerks can be resumed shortly without impairing those claims. It reports that the suspension of these examinations since the war has been marked.

3. Future examinations will be open to two classes of candidates, males between the age of 15 and 51 and returned soldiers up to 51 years of age, with a condition as to preferential employment of the latter class.

4. When instituting the system of preference to returned soldiers, the Federal Cabinet must have, or should have, examined the subject very closely in regard to its effects in the future. It must have been obvious that it they accepted any large number of boys into service these would be men in a few years, and would seriously complicate the position, as in fact they have.

It would be ridiculous for anybody to say it was the principle that was the reason for accepting any age of “what did you do in the war?” have no claims to secure employment. They have, and very cogenent ones too, and the League would be the last to fail to recognise them, but the principle of preference to returned soldiers, given for good, and sufficient reasons, cannot be vitiated by such factors now arising. If, as is clear, the good and sufficient reasons upon which the policy of preference was based, hold now as then.

We said that the Federal Cabinet must have, or should have, foreseen the present position. If it was foreseen, and a policy allowed to be embarked upon that would, in a few years, nullify the preference to a good extent, it would suggest that someone had not played fair. We don’t believe that Bruce or his Cabinet had any thought of foiling the Digger. The alternative is then that the present temprary employees have not foreseen, but if so, it would manifestly be most unfair to penalise returned soldiers at this stage for an error of policy with which they had nothing to do.

The men of whom we speak gave service for the Country in the war. Upon return, relying upon the promises of the Federal Government, they continue to give excellent service in another sphere. Upon the strength of their legitimate faith in those promises they have assumed great responsibilities that steady employment will alone enable them to discharge. Shall they now, either because of trickery or lack of vision by the Federal Government, be pushed to the wall?

It would seem quite fair and reasonable under the circumstances to only accept the lads—who would have many advantages in the matter of finding other employment—upon a temporary basis until the question is finally adjusted by the death or old age of Diggers.

Under the circumstances we claim that the argument advanced in paragraph two of the Commissioner’s report above is quite unsound, and must not be allowed to go unchallenged.

The League has protested and worked vigorously in the interests of these men, but with little satisfaction to date. The R.S.L. wisely stands aloof from party politics, but will not permit politicians to ride rough shod over them. If weight of fair argument is insufficient to obtain justice, the League will be forced into becoming militant, when it will assert the power which it undoubtedly possesses.

“Thers’s a slip twixt the cup and the lip,”

Said the girl who always used care,
So she dropped the heir to the million,
And married the millionaire.

“Sure,” said a friend, “how did you happen to become a contortionist?” asked the interviewer.

“I was the smallest of eight children,” explained the circus star, “and father owned just one Ford.”

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THE LISTENING POST

April 19, 1929

General Chauvel’s Visit

Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Chauvel, who paid a visit to the State in connection with the recent Brigade Camp, was one of the outstanding figures of the Palestine Campaign. As every Digger knows, he commanded the largest force of cavalry ever assembled in one campaign during the whole history of the Australian military people. General Chauvel commenced his soldiering in the old Queensland Mounted Rifles, a regiment which has produced some of Australia’s most distinguished soldiers, such men, for example, as Sir C. B. White, the later General Selheim, and Lieutenant-Colonel “Dickie” Dowse. One of the first to volunteer for the Boer War, Sir Harry went to Africa as a captain in command of a squadron of his own regiment. He soon gained distinction. Things had been going very badly with us. General Gatare had met with disaster at Stormberg; Methuen, who afterwards as Governor of Malta, told the Maltese they were as good as any Australians. General Chauvel dashed disastrously in an attempt to relieve Kimberley, and the eyes of the Empire were on Buller. Then came the news of the Tugela reverse. It looked as if the bottom were falling out of the Empire.

At the outbreak of the war, Kruger had formally annexed all the British colonies in South Africa. This was no mere flambéyant gesture. He knew that many of the Cape Dutch might desert to the Boers, and the annexation gave a semblance of legality to their taking up arms against Britain. Towards the end of December, 1899, when things were looking blackest, the Empire was electrified by the news of a brilliant little cavalry action at Sunnyside, in Northern Cape Colony. Lieutenant-Colonel Pilcher, in command of a mixed force of Canadians and Queenslanders, surprised a camp of Pioneers, and completely routed them. The success of the operation was very largely due to the efficient manner in which Captain Harry Chauvel handled his squadron. Sir Harry’s first scrap in the field was during the Boer War days, but it restored the confidence of British sympathisers in South Africa and in this country, and effectively checked the spread of rebellion in Cape Colony.

A Question of Preference.

The State Government will have a golden opportunity, for putting into practice the principle of preference to returned soldiers; when Mr. E. A. Andrews, a cabinet of Cape of Good Hope, retires next June. It has not been decided, as yet, who will be appointed to the vacancy, though tipsters within the Department are busy with their forecasts. The names of two gentlemen have been mentioned, all of whom were of military age when the war broke out, none of whom is a returned soldier.

One was a former honorary commission with the Junior Cadets, a rather meaningless distinction, is stated to have said that he would have gone to the war, if the military people had given him his rank. Another enquired a notorious slack as “one of the men who stuck to the Department during the war.”

“The League cannot accept as authorities on education men holding such points of view as those indicated. There seems to us a certain dishonesty of thought in giving preference to returned soldiers when appointing a yardman or caretaker, and violating the principle when it becomes a question of the appointment of a high Government official.

Of course, the Government may shelter behind the consideration of seniority, but the League and its ideals apart, such appointments should be made by selection and not by seniority alone. The mere fact that a man has years of routine work behind him does not constitute him a public authority on education. Frederick the Great had a transport mail-ship that had been through twenty campaigns. It still remained a camp-mule. There are among the junior inspectors of the Department, several gentlemen who saw service during the war, whose attainments, administrative experience, combined with that breadth of vision which only war service or travel can give, render them eminently qualified for the directorships.

Seniority, where there are no other outstanding qualities present, makes for narrowness and autocracy, tending to turn an otherwise amiable man into a pantserboard Mussolini. Minister Drew ignored all questions of seniority in making another important appointment in the Education Department, and we contend that he should act similarly on this occasion and give preference to returned soldiers. Apart from sentimental considerations, there is the question of the general good. The appointment of a younger man, that is to say, one who is not going to reach the retiring age in five, six years’ time, will ensure continuity of policy, and so maintain that efficiency which the public has a right to expect from any Government department.

Diggers and Roads Boards.

It is always gratifying to see returned soldiers entering into the public life of the community. At the recent election, two diggers, Cliff, Sadler, V.C., and Sam Cunningham, were elected unopposed for their respective wards. Cliff, for Hackham Ward, Claremont; Samuel for North Ward, Canning. Both have served in the British Army, and were a reservist when war broke out. He fought the big fight as a member of the A.I.F. For some years after the war he was a warrant officer on the Instructional Staff, being attached to the Victoria Park Area, but ill health compelled him to retire on pension about two years ago. Two other diggers, the “LISTEN...”

Concerning Another Landing.

A great weight was lifted from the collective mind of the community when the report came through that the “Canberra” had located the Kingsford-Smith party. It would indeed have been a disaster to the development of flying had the crew of the “Spirit of Progress” been writing their names in the skies, added themselves to the long list of air tragedies. But while we rejoice at the rescue, our feelings are tempered with anxiety when we read, morning after morning, the names of the men who are still missing. Anderson was to have made the Pacific flight with Kingsford-Smith and Uni, and there is still litigation pending over an unfortunate misunderstandings arising from that venture. Notwithstanding this, Keith Anderson obtained backing, chartered a plane and flew to the relief of the men with whom he had quarrelled. People had almost given up hope regarding the safety of the Kingsford-Smith party. It is to be hoped that Anderson, too, will turn up somewhere safe and sound.

Marshall Foch.

One by one, the great figures of the war are fading from the screen of life. Lord French, Earl Haig, Cadorna, Louis Botha—men whose names were household words during the war years—have gone to that Valhalla of all good soldiers, and now the world (all the parts of the world that matter) is mourning the demise of Marshal Foch. The war record of the late Marshal is well known and need not be recapitulated here. He was Generalissimo of the largest armies during the most strenuous war of all history. Further, he achieved the unique distinction of being a theorist in military history and strategy who had the opportunity of testing his theories successfully on the actual field of battle. Like most great men, he was one of simple tastes and unassuming habits. In an age of rationalism, and in an extremely rationalistic country, his private life was actuated by piety and strict adherence to the tenets of his own church. We cannot help feeling that France’s loss is the world’s loss, for, as someone once wrote, “Chaque sonde dans l’égoiste, et la France.” and truly many diggers still look upon France as a second Fatherland. Within a few days of the death of Marshal Foch, France sustained another loss, General Sarra, who commanded the French troops on the Salonika Front.

“My darling,” said the young lover, “you simply must marry me.”

“But have you seen father?” she asked.

“Oh, yes, several times, but I love you just the same.”

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LOUIS E. HORNE, F.A.I.S., Secretary.

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Personal

"Billy" Hughes informed a meeting of his North Sydney constituents that he is not a poodle to follow any political master. No doubt Colonel Le Souef and other prominent members of the Kennel Club will take due notice. Billy has been called many things in his time, so in volunteering the information regarding his species he is getting in ahead of political opponents. So far the opposition papers have been content to classify him in quite another zoological order.

There passed away on the 23rd March, Doctor Alfred Edward Morton, of Victoria Park, Doctor Morton was born in Mercara, Corog, India, in 1877, his father being a civil servant there. After being schooled in India, he studied medicine at the Edinburgh University, obtaining his diplomas in 1902. He practised in England and Wales, and later as a ship's doctor travelling to the Far East. The Doctor came to Australia in 1908 and worked at Bunbury, Williams, Wreley and in 1914, at Bullentich and Southern Cross. In the A.I.F. the Doctor was M.O. to the Australian Air Force, and in the later stages was attached to the 4th Pioneers. On his return to Australia he settled in Victoria Park, where he worked up a large practice. He was local medical officer for the Repatriation Dept. and visiting doctor to the Edward Millen Sanitorium since its inception. Dr. Morton was a member of the Victoria Park Sub-branch R.S.I., and although of a quiet nature, was very popular with the boys, by whom he will be greatly missed. Those who mourn his loss most are his widow and three daughters, to whom we extend sincere sympathy.

A public spirited fellow is H. H. (Harry) Pelham, of Lake Grace. In addition to being secretary of the local Sub-Branch of the League, he acts in a similar capacity for the Primary Producers' Association. There is a big soldier settlement at Lake Grace, and although the doings of the Sub-Branch do not get much publicity, they are nevertheless, useful and extensive. They have their own pictures, which show five nights per month.

The Superintendent in Charge of the George IV Mission Station, which has come into such prominence during the month, is a digger in the person of the Rev. J. R. E. Love. Although a parson when war was declared, "Bob" Love enlisted as a private, and served in the Imperial Camel Corps and the 14th Light Horse, where he received the D.C.M., and later, after getting a Commission for bravery, he was awarded the M.C. He has devoted his life to the cause and well-being of the aboriginal. Bob is a practical Christian. Doctor Love, a member of the Netherlands Sub-Branch, is a brother.

The health of Padre "Tom" Riley, Senior Vice-President of the League, has, of late, been causing his friends some concern. The popular padre is, at time of writing, recovering from an illness, and it is hoped that he will be well enough to take his place at the Anzac celebrations.

Members of the Railway Workshops Sub-Branch, and of the 11th Battalion A.I.F. in particular, will regret to learn that Alex. G. Dickson has suffered again recently, through the death of one of his children. Alex. has had a rather rough spin of late, and the sympathy of all goes out to him in his trouble.

Imperial Printing Co. Ltd.

Perth's Particular Printers - Returned Soldiers

The Late Mr. George McLeod

During the month there passed away, suddenly, at Katanning, a true friend of the ex-service man, in Mr. George McLeod. His efforts on their behalf were so outstanding, that in 1922, he was awarded the League's Certificate of Merit.

The regard in which he was held, particularly at Katanning, can be best demonstrated by omitting the following verses, which were written by E. St. Ives Bilston, and published in our November, 1922, number:-

He is still amongst the diggers - doing all the good he can
To assist the cause of Brotherhood, the same as he began;
A certificate of merit he was recently awarded
A move which those who know his worth spontaneously applauded.

We cannot give full utterance to half what each one feels
Towards a comrade so magnanimous, which simple facts reveals.
As readily as he 's willing to alleviate distress,
No earthly power can rightly or sufficiently express
The extent of our indebtedness, however we may try.
May his years be long and happy! May his memory never die!
How many diggers "next of kin" has George McLeod assisted?
What others did in theory but in point of fact desisted.

We've to thank our benefactor for the club-room where we meet;
A comfortable structure with conveniences complete.
He very seldom mentions what he purposes to do,
But let his actions illustrate a character so true.
For when a deed is necessary he does it there and then:
The Soul of Generosity, a man indeed amongst men.
Am out and out philanthropist, which no one can deny.
May his years be long and peaceful!
May his memory never die!
RETURNED SOLDIERS DESERVE THE BEST!
WE HAVE IT!! Our Goods are "on their own"
Our Motto: "LOWER PRICES AND BETTER QUALITY."

WE DO REPAIRS WELL AND AT A CHEAPER PRICE THAN ELSEWHERE

EZYWALKIN LIMITED
Wholesale Price Retailers,
MOANA CHAMBERS, HAY STREET, PERTH — And All Leading Towns.
The United States has laid formal claim to a considerable slice of those lands lying round the South Pole. This attitude does not seem inconsistent when we remember how the Yanks "polled" on the Allies during the Great War.

During the war most churches adopted the practice of displaying on their walls honour boards containing the names of members of the congregation away on active service. This reminds us that in the Presbyterian Church, at least, this form of protest was not always a mark of honour. During the Indian Mutiny that four old Scot, Sir Colin Campbell, warned his Highlanders that every shirker would have his name put up on the door of his own parish kirk.

The Quartermaster was not in the best of tempers. In fact, he was crimson with rage.

"What's the matter, Joe?" asked the Transport Officer. "You look pretty hellicise to-day."

"Oh, if I know," retorted the Quarter-bone. "Anyhow, you're not too blinking thin yourself."

A couple of young men going home to Queen's Park the other night noticed that the rain seemed rather solid, and realised that they had passed through a shower of frogs. In fact, there were dozens of the beggars crawling all over the roadway. But this gift of second sight—or should we say double sight?—is not confined to Queen's Park. A "Snoopy" friend informs me that out his way showers, not only of purple and white frogs, but of pink and white striped snakes, are frequently visible. Lodge night he tells us, is the best time to see them.

He was a resplendent figure in the uniform of the staff, and the polish on his boots and sam-browne had been applied with no naggingly hand.

"What does that A.P.M. on your arm stand for?" asked the sweet young thing with whom he was lunching.

"Abvocates and Messines," interjected the digger who happened to be seated at the same table.

When Major "Dick" Geddes was O.C. 8th Training Battalion, a concert party which included one lady performer came down to the camp. The lady, who was a soprano, turned, played up to Dick, who, as O.C., naturally occupied a seat in the front row, and the diggers were greatly amused to see stage love pelted at their major. After the show, when the party adjourned to the officers' mess for supper, Dick was escorting the lady. A couple of diggers were hanging about near the stage door, and as the guests emerged one was heard to exclaim excitedly: "There you are. I told yer the Major'd catch er."

C.O. (to digger paraded for leave): Seven days' leave! Why ill? Darned lie. Wrote to your wife yourself to make certain about previous leave. Says she's quite well. Doesn't want you home. Now what have you to say for yourself? Digger: Only this, sir. There are two of the biggest lads on earth in this battalion. I'm one of them. I'm not married at all.

Walking in Subiaco one day during 1920, it was apparent to me that the sign in the shop of a digger who arrived in England at the end of 1918 and did not see any service, had annoyed some other digger who regarded himself as a dinkum. The workman's sign—"Late A.I.F."

bore an additional legend, "Yes, blantly late."

A nervous woman went to have her throat examined by a specialist, who, while adjusting the laryngoscope, remarked: "You'd be surprised to know how far down we can see with this instrument."

"Is that so, doctor?" faltered the patient.

"Then, after a pause, she said: "Before you begin, doctor, I ought to tell you that I really hadn't time to mend that hole in my stocking before I came here."

Here are some answers to the question: "Why do you call a ship a 'she'?"

If you ever tried to steer one, you wouldn't ask.

Because it takes them so long to get them ready to go anywhere.

They need almost as much dolling up and painting as any woman.

A ship's got to have its own way or it won't go.

A well-known lady, who was a great friend of Kitchener, was twitting him one day with his dislike of the fair sex. He interrupted her by saying that he did not dislike them at all. "Anxhoy," said his friend, "you must admit that you always keep them at a distance." Perhaps, answered Kitchener, "but you know the old proverb: "Femininity breeds contempt.""

"Well, Lord Kitchener," remarked the lady, "you know it takes a certain amount of familiarity to breed anything!"

A Scotsman went to the grocer's for some eggs. "How much are these eggs?" he asked. "Two pence-halfpenny each," answered the boy. "The cracked ones you can have for a penny," "Crack me a dozen," said the Scotman.

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FEDERAL CORRESPONDENCE

DELAY IN PENSION CASES

At the recent meeting of the Federal Executive, the following resolution was passed: "That the Repatriation Commission be requested to make such arrangements as are considered necessary in order to provide that the delay in pension cases should be obviated." The Minister in Charge of Repatriation has replied stating that he has requested the Chairman to make every effort to minimise delays.

TRAVELLING TO HOSPITALS

The following resolution, which was carried at the Federal Congress, was sent to the Minister in Charge of Repatriation:

"That in urgent cases of illness arising from service, the Government Medical Officer in country towns be empowered to issue Railway Vouchers to returned soldiers, enabling them to travel to Repatriation Hospitals for treatment."

To which the Minister replied as follows:

"I desire to direct your attention to correspondence, which passed between the Chairman, Repatriation Commission, and myself, in August and October, 1928. I particularly direct your attention to paragraph 3 of the letter dated 31st August, which read:

'So far as the Commission is aware, the existing arrangements have proved adequate and satisfactory for many years, and no instance wherein hardship has been occasioned any particular ex-soldier thereafter, have been reported to this office.'

and the first paragraph of the communication of the 19th October, which indicates that if your League is aware of any instance where delay or hardship has occurred, details should be furnished to enable an investigation to be carried out.

'I see no reason why the existing arrangements should be altered, and suggest that you cause action to be taken as desired by the Repatriation Commission.'

RAIL WARRANTS WITH SLEEPERS

At the last Federal Congress, the following resolution was carried:

"That first-class railway warrants with sleepers be granted to returned soldiers travelling to and from Repatriation Hospitals in connection with pension review, or for medical purposes."

To which the Minister in Charge of Repatriation has replied:

"I desire to inform you that the Australian Soldiers' Repatriation Regulations provide for the issue of first-class cases with sleepers where medical opinion indicates that the condition of the patient or pensioner warrants such accommodation being granted.

"This provision appears to me to be ample, and I see no justification for extension to cover all cases."

POPULARITY OF FLYING IN AMERICA

The following communication was recently received by the General Secretary from the Secretary, Prime Minister's Department:

"With reference to your letter of the 5th December, embodying Resolution No. 83, passed at the 13th Annual Congress of the League, in which attention is drawn to the fact that the subsidy granted by the United States Government to Colonel Lindberg resulted in an increase in the popularity of flying in America, and expressing the opinion that similar consideration accorded Australia's great airmen would have beneficial results to the Commonwealth. I am directed to advise you that this matter has received consideration.

"The Defence authorities are not entirely in agreement with the opinion stated in the Resolution that the subsidy granted to Colonel Lindberg has resulted in an increase in the popularity of flying in America. The great flights performed by Lindberg and others have had a profound effect on public opinion in the United States, and, in the opinion of the Controller of Civil Aviation, it is these efforts, combined with the sound Government policy in force there since 1927, that have been entirely responsible for the enormous influx of public subscription to commercial aviation enterprises of many kinds.

"It is considered that those Australian airmen who have done outstandingly fine work have been treated generously by the Government, and, in the circumstances, it is not deemed desirable that the action on the lines proposed in Resolution No. 83, referred to, should be taken."

The East Fremantle Sub-branch will be following their usual custom on Anzac Day by holding their memorial service in the Fremantle Cemetery at 10.30 a.m., after which floral tributes will be laid on the graves of ex-service men buried therein.
and his 'medium,' the actor, do not make an indelible impression in a short time, they have failed. Moreover, the grimmer aspects of 'Journey's End' are relieved by inimitable touches of humor, and judging this as a sample, the show should attain a high rank among soldier publications. It is hoped that the publication will be ready somewhere about September next.

SHELL SHOCK AND SHIVERS

Described by critics as the finest war play yet staged, "Journey's End," has been having an eminently successful run at the London "Savoy." The play is of especial interest to Australians, as Commander H. G. Stoker, formerly of the R.A.N., plays the role of command. The first act is very laudatory, press notices. Commander Stoker was in command of the Australian submarine A.E. 2, when she dived beneath the mine field at the Dardanelles. Although the sub was damaged, she did considerable damage to Turkish shipping before she was finally captured in the Sea of Marmora. "Journey's End" is a real active service play. The author, Mr. R. C. Sherif, the sub's surviving six of the actors saw service in France, two being badly wounded. Another feature of the piece is that it contains no woman character; nevertheless, according to the critiques, the eleven actors hold the audience spellbound for over three hours.

Judging from the illustrations appearing in the London papers, the author seems to lay undue emphasis on war nerves. Not to mention blue funk. Since Bernard Shaw, in such plays as "Arms and the Man," and "The Man of Destiny," drew up on that first-hand experience of modern war, which he obtained in the seclusion of his study, it is no wonder that the author, who has not seen the battlefield, has become the fashion to represent the man at the front as a poor nerve-ridden creature who does his duty in spite of himself. Soldiers themselves are the worst offenders in this respect. In their desire to escape the shell shock the truth is, because they were just a shade less frightened than the other fellow; all of which is merely swank inverted.

A modest demeure becomes every-man, but here they carried it to the verge of more nauseating than gasconading. War nerves did exist, certainly. One became "fed up" and even "got the wind up" on occasions, but fun was definitely the soldier's normal reaction to trench life. Had it been so, the VAT would have been vitiated, and the Great War would have petered out in its first six months owing to lack of combatants.

Still we request not quarrel too much with our playwright on this score. While the novelist is able to proceed leisurely and more subtly, the dramatist, owing to the very nature of his craft, may be allowed to indulge in a little over emphasis, if for he

Defects of this nature drag down what might have been truly great novels to the level of socialist pamphlets. Even Barbusse's realism is a little overdone. He is certainly forceful, but so is a garbage tin when the lid is knocked off, and we fear that the obsession of having a message to deliver to mankind has caused Barbusse to sell his literary birthright for a pot of messages.

The bishop had been salmon fishing in the Highlands when two gillies were heard subserviently discussing his merits, and one of them remarked: "He's a very nice gentleman, he is, but he do swear something dreadful."

"Swear? explained the other, aghast. "And him a bishop?"

"Aye," said the first. "A salmon started to rise and I asked him, 'Shall I row after that, flush, m'lord?' And he said, 'Yes, do!'"

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Opposite Wesley Church
THE PRICE OF VICTORY

We are indebted to Colonel Collett for these tables, which have been compiled by him from official records, and give in detail the losses of the Infantry in the four theatres of war in which the A.I.F. were engaged. There is also a summary of the losses in other branches of the service. Details concerning the artillery, etc., will be furnished later. Portion of this information was published recently; but, unfortunately, a number of errors occurred, which rendered a careful and complete revision necessary.

TOTAL CASUALTIES, A.I.F., 1914-18

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<th>Theatre</th>
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<th>Other Arms</th>
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<td>M.E.F.</td>
<td>476</td>
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<td>6,359</td>
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CASUALTIES IN THE INFANTRY, 1914-18


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### CASUALTIES—OTHER ARMS, 1914-18

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<tr>
<th>Theatre</th>
<th>M.E.F.</th>
<th>E.E.F.</th>
<th>B.E.F.</th>
<th>L.K.</th>
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<td>106</td>
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<td>115</td>
<td>13,142</td>
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(a) No records available.
(b) Not constituted as such until 1916.

### CASUALTIES IN THE AUSTRALIAN CAVALRY, 1914-18

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Total Deaths: 224, 205, 159, 115, 107, 111, 108, 105, 100, 95, 90, 85

Note: Late in the Palestine Campaign the 14th and 15th L.H. Regiments were created from the personnel of the Camel Corps.
### Division and Brigade Casualties—Infantry, 1914-18

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<tr>
<th>Division</th>
<th>Brigade</th>
<th>Total Casualties</th>
<th>Battalion suffering heaviest casualties in Brigade</th>
<th>Battalion suffering heaviest casualties in Division</th>
<th>Battalion suffering heaviest casualties in Aust. Corps</th>
<th>Brigade suffering heaviest casualties</th>
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<td>566</td>
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### Anzac Day Arrangements

The Anzac celebrations this year give promise of eclipsing any previous functions. The various organizing bodies appear to be doing their work well and all that is needed for success is fine weather. Sub-branches throughout the State are taking the lead in paying tribute—and homage to dear mates who paid the supreme sacrifice. It is to be hoped that speakers on the day will draw on the inspiration direct from the noble, patriotic and self-sacrificing deeds of the war, and will not make the mistake, so often made in the past, of using the occasion solely to preach a religious sermon. Although sermons are good for the soul, and many of us should listen to them more often, there is a time and place for everything. Speakers could well follow the lead given by that grand-old-leader, Archbishop Riley, who on Anzac Day always delivers a patriotic address.

Two new features of the Perth celebrations this year are the inclusion in the march of the sons of fallen comrades and the laying of wreaths on the State War Memorial at dawn. It is to be hoped that all men who served the colours will proudly march with their comrades in the various parades. The details of the parade in Perth have been well published, so we don't propose to repeat them, except to state that the "fall in" will be at 10 a.m. and the following will be the order of march—Cars with Maimed and Wounded; Soldiers: Sons of Fallen Comrades; R.S.I. Band; Possessors of V.C; Commander of Parade and Staff; Executive of the R.S.I.; Royal Navy and R.A.; Cavalry; Artillery; Engineers; Pioneers; Tunnellers, etc.; Infantry; Machine Gun Corps; A.A.S.C.; A.A.M.C.; R.A.A.F.; New Zealand Expeditionary Force; Ex-Imperial Service Men; South African and Imperial Veterans; Australian Imperial Forces; Y.A.L.: Boy Scouts; Girl Guides. The State Executive has appointed the following representatives for Anzac services— Fremantle, Lieut.-General Sir J. Talbot; Cape Town, Lieut.-Colonel J. F. Thady; Mt. Hawthorn, Rev. D. J. Freedman; Kelmscott, Mr. W. J. Hunt and Mr. W. Lovell; Nedlands Park, Lieut.-Colonel E. L. Margoli; Maylands, Mr. R. Cooke and Rev. C. L. Riley; Mt. Lawley, Capt. H. J. Tozer; Osborne Park, Lieut.-Colonel L. E. Dunkley; Leederville, Lieut.-Colonel A. C. N. Olding; DalRnig Range, Mr. G. H. Philip; Midland Junction, Mr. R. E. Tyler and Mr. C. F. Smith; Guildford-Bassendean, Mr. F. S. Watt; Claremont-Cottesloe, Major H. S. W. Parker; Subiaco, Major F. J. McAdam; East Fremantle, Mr. T. Brennan; Boulder and Kalgoorlie, Mr. Y. Yeates and Mr. J. Cornell; Carnamah, Lieut. C. Sadlier; Keltberein, Capt. W. Logie; Narrogin, Mr. H. E. Wells; Wesley Church, Perth, Capt. H. J. Tozer; St. Mary's, North Fremantle, Mr. T. Brennan; St. George's Cathedral, State President and others; St. Mary's, Perth, Messrs. Watt and Cooke; Salvation Army, State Secretary and others; St. Mary's Cathedral, Perth, State President and others; North Fremantle, Mr. T. Lynch; Belmont Road Board, Lieut.-Colonel R. J. Nicholson.

An Irishman who was dying was asked by the priest if he had any request to make. "Would you have my heart passing to the next world?" "Yes, Father," said the patient. "I would like to be buried in a Jewish cemetery." The priest was greatly shocked, and said, "That's a strange request from one who has been so true to the old faith. Why do you make it?" "I have been thinking," said Pat, "that a Jewish cemetery is the last place on God's earth the devil would think of looking for an Irishman."

"Jim, what's the difference between normal and abnormal?"

"Well, do you see that cow in the field there?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's normal. Do you see that thistle on the bank there?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's normal. Do you hear that lark singing up in the sky?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's normal. And—"

"But, Jim, what's abnormal?"

"Well, I was just going to tell you. If you saw that cow balanced on that thistle, singing like that lark—that would be abnormal!"

A lady estate owner used to collect her own rents in order to save expense. One morning she found one of her tenants in a very disconsolate frame of mind, and began conversation with a complaint of her own. "Your kitchen is in a very bad state. Mrs. Smith," she said. "Yes, ma'am. It's—snapped the tenant: "and you would look the same if you hadn't any paint on you for five years."

Two members of the club were standing by the window when another member drove up in his car. "Jones' car must be a jolly good make," said one of them. "He told me he hadn't spent a penny on repairs for over a year," "Yes," replied the other drily, "the fellow at the garage told me the same thing."

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Kismet

(By Jas. Pollard.)

"Tis all a chequer-board of nights and days,
Where Destiny men for pieces plays."

—Omar Khayyam.

Just behind Messines Ridge, and not far from that delectable resort known as Spy Farm, there is a stretch of which this story treats—a dilapidated line of trenches known as "Nugent's Supports." The time, about August, 1917. "Nugent's Supports" was a reserve line then, with the front line well beyond the ridge; Messines was nothing but a heap of rubble and bricks.

Now this area was hardly a particularly healthy spot, neither for a body of men nor for the individual. At that time there were many excellent gun positions around the place—in the scattered clumps of trees and shrubs, in the old redoubts and sunken roads—and our artillery loved those places, for the range was just suitable to those规程-shooting monsters, the 9.2s.

Consequently, those who were unfortunate enough to be occupying "Nugent's Supports" as reserves were placed in a very harassing position, to say the least. For the range was, of course, actually suitable—if not more so—to those 9.2s on the other side. And with your own guns belching out a deafening roar in your ears, at ten-minute intervals night and day, and high explosive shells from the "other side" burting down in a haphazard way that was alarming, one was apt to weary of it all very soon.

Behold, then, Johnnie and his pals, after three days' enforced stay in that region, brought up from "below." For three days they had endured all this, punctuated with daily stunts at salvaging operations, and nightly ones of fatigue.

For three days Johnnie had been engaged in demolishing, and re-erecting, a particularly pernicious forest of ancient and very rusty barbed wire; had dug up and stacked hundreds—it seemed thousands—of cork-screw pickets, and gathered together a great heap of dud shells and scrap iron of a variety infinite. And on three successive nights he had been one of a party to make a journey from the railhead, which was thereabouts, to the firing line: to the outposts, and further still, on to No Man's Land: sometimes on a Bundle of fresh wire—on a pick-handle—carried over his shoulder, along roads and trenches which were mostly mud and floating duckboards, and shell-holes—in fact, mostly shell-holes, of all sizes and shapes, and most of them cunningly camouflaged with green, stagnant, and very wet water, as Johnnie had discovered on several occasions.

On this fourth day Johnnie was indeed weary of the game. When one takes his place at 11 o'clock at night, in a long crawling line of dim and shadowy figures, one, and all armed with a bundle of visionary-bristling barbed wire, which generally was perched over the leader's shoulders in direct line with one's face, or with a large unwieldy rivetting from, which, when one went too close was seemingly all corners; when one fell in with this party more than once and trudged off in the direction of No Man's Laird, the play lost all charm. These little jobs were generally done on nights when there was neither moon or stars, and when it rained. And so one would fall into and crawl out of shell-holes in a monotonous way that soon became an unconcerned habit; and often in so doing one would stumble on to that bobbing coil of wire in front and receive a scathing indictment in sepulchral tones from the owner thereof.

No wonder, then, that Johnnie and everyone else in the battalion were well and truly fed up with the game, and one and all were longing to depart, either to the safer haven of the front line, or out again, somewhere behind those 9.2s.

This fourth day was Sunday, about 9 a.m., and Johnnie, who had been one of half his company on fatigue last night, and who had crawled into his blankets at about 6 a.m., was still there.

The 'other half' of the company had slept through the night, and been aroused early to go and renovate a near-by cemetery. The renovation of that cemetery does not concern us for the present. No doubt you can picture it.

Imagine, then, something of Johnnie's feelings, lying there believing—oh, simple son!—that he would be allowed to enjoy the cozy comfort of his blankets until dinner time, when the gentle voice of Corporal McCullock floated along the trench to his ears:

"A Company! Church parade down by the old cookhouse. Hop, along!—and a numming chorus of protest arose from the denizens of the dugouts.

The corporal made his way gently along the trench, coaxing one and all from their couches, and Johnnie crawled out with a sulphurous exclamation.

Last night's fatigue party had gone to bed in full dress—that is, with their footwear—and in something less than five minutes most of them were wending their way slowly along the trench, in the direction of the old cookhouse.

Cemetery at Gallipoli, 1915

Corporal McCullock was in charge of the parade, and he and Johnnie went along in company. These two had been "diggers" together in the early days and were old pals.

The corporal had been one of those who had accompanied the fatigue party last night, and Johnnie knew that he had probably had no sleep at all. For there had been an accident just as the party got home again. Danny O'Moore had got in the way of a lump of shrapnel, and gone down with a hole in his chest. Stretcher-bearers were all away and Corporal McCullock, telling his men to go to bed, had attended to the man himself.

CON. O'BRIEN

(Lajie 11th Batt.)

Court Hotel
Perth

"Dad" Fanning

Late 46th Batt. & Dongup Sub-Branch, has purchased a

Fruit Barrow

stationed in front of Commonwealth Bank in FORREST PLACE, Perth—where he sells the BEST OF FRUIT at

THE LOWEST PRICES
These two, then, traversed the trench some distance behind the last of the party going to church. Just as they were rounding the last corner, with the corporal in the lead, there came a vicious whirl-hang-whiz! The corporal jumped back almost on top of Johnnie, and a shower of mud and stone descended upon them. Just a couple of small shells, directed by that sausage-shaped balloon away on the skyline—just two out of the millions—that were being wasted those days—and Corporal McCullock escaped because they fell around the next corner.

He laughed. "We'll need to keep off the top to-day, eh, Johnnie?" Johnnie agreed, and they crossed the little open stretch which intervened between the end of this piece of trench and the old cookhouse.

This cookhouse was the one solid dug-out in the line, a great concrete mudhouse, which had once been used to shelter a "field cook". Its drawback was that it opened in the direction of Germany and was not, very safe to anyone inhabiting it, but at the back a score of men could gather round, and he sheltered from those shells coming from Fritz.

Here Johnnie found his pals settled, most of them on the ground, as was the habit with a group of "diggers" when they'd nothing else to do; and awaiting the coming of the chaplain. Johnnie looked around for that worthy, and away down the road his glance fell upon a gentleman in uniform, coming along on a bicycle.

In a few minutes he was amongst them, and jumped off his mount with a cheery "Good morning, boys."

Amid the chorus of replies to his salute, he unstrapped a small bag from the bicycle and produced therefrom a number of small hymn books. These he handed round among the men, took his place in the open facing the cookhouse, and bared his head. Then men crept to him to come amongst them in shelter, but it was—"No, no, boys." And he remained where he was.

And there, to the accompaniment of the rumbling barrage in the north, the service was held. Here was no gowned and surpliced preacher, nor choir, nor pulpit, but an ordinary every-day man, leading a handful of dirty, mud-bespattered "diggers" in their praises to the All-Supreme.

The service was short and simple. Half an hour brought the Benediction. Then the chaplain gathered his books together again, strapped them to his bicycle, bid the men "Cheerio!" and, mounting his cycle, pedalled quietly away. That was his third service that Sunday.

Corporal McCullock dismissed the parade, but Johnnie stood awhile, watching the cyclist slowly travelling along the road, until he passed out of sight beyond the furthest poplar, musing as he watched on the strangeness of things—where a man came on a bicycle to hold divine service, in a region transplanted straight from Hades.

Then he turned and set off in the direction of his dugout. Looking forward, he noted Corporal McCullock nearing the trench, and even as he looked there came a roar and a shattering explosion, and a shell landed almost at the corporal's feet. And as Johnnie saw the man fling backward, and hurried towards him, with the impression of the recent service still upon him, he experienced a sickening revulsion of feeling, which brought a cry of bitterness from the very depths of his soul: "WHY, OH GOD, WHY?"

Later, when all that remained to be done had been carried out, Johnnie sought the seclusion of his dugout again, with the warmatemala, the persistent hammering for light in the darkness of his brain: "Why—Why—Why?"

Did somebody give you a pat on the back? Pass it on! If it heightens your courage or lightens your pack Pass it on!
To Australia
With the Wounded and the 1914 Men on leave returning home, Autumn, 1918.

The following lines are from the pen of Sir Robert Bridges, British Poet Laureate. Sir Robert wrote few poems during the war, and the following is one of the few:—

A loving message at Christmas time
Sent round the world to the under-side,
A-sail in the ship that crosses the foam
Carries the wounded Aussies home.

Who railed at War's far thundering call,
When England stood with her back to the wall.

To fight for freedom that never shall die,
So long as on earth the flag flies.
O hearts so loving, eager and bold—
Whose praise hath claim to be writ on the sky.

In letters of gold, or fire and gold—
Never shall proving tale be told.
Than how'rye fought, as the knights of old,
Against the heathen in Turky,
In Flanders, Artois and Picardie.

But all the triumphs that else ye have won,
This is the goodliest deed ye have done.
To have served with blood, in a desperate day,
The love-bond that binds us for ever and aye.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

The Executive of the British United Services Association extend to all and each who have served in the Imperial Forces, a very cordial and hearty invitation to parade with them at the sign of the Union Jack in St. George's Terrace, outside R.S.L. Headquarters, on Anzac Day, the 25th, at 9.45 a.m., for the annual service on the Esplanade. It is hoped and fully expected that the year's muster will be a record one. Dress, uniform with decorations and medals. The parade will be commanded by Capt. E. W. Edmonds, President of the B.U.S.A.

The following list shows the percentages of deaths on active service of the different parts of our Empire. Proportionately, Australia was the heaviest sufferer:—

Australia ..... 14.35 per cent.
British Isles ..... 11.97
Canada ..... 8.29
New Zealand ..... 7.09
India ..... 1.16
South Africa, Newfoundland and other colonies .... 3.14

Like Calls to Like
If you walk as a friend you will find a friend.

Wherever you choose to fare,
If you go with mirth to a far strange land,
You will find that mirth is there;
For the strangest part of this queer old world
Is that the like will join with like
And who walks with love for his fellow men
An answering love will strike.

If you walk in honour, then honest men
Will meet you along the way;
But if you be false, you will find men false.
Wherever you chance to stray,
For good breeds good, and bad breeds bad—
We are met by the traits we show;
Love finds a friend at the stranger's door.
Where hate finds ever a foe.

For each of us builds the world he knows
Which only himself can spoil,
And an hour of hate or an hour of shame
Can ruin a life of toil;
And though to the utmost ends of the earth
Your duty may bid you fare,
If you walk with truth and a friendly heart
You will find friends waiting there.

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Men's Fawn All Wool Gabardine OVERCOATS, full belt, smartly cut, inverted pleat at back, 75/-, 78/-, 80/-, 90/-, 106/-.
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Men's Pure Wool CARDIGANS, in fancy designs, 15/6.
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Men's Cream FULL-OVERS, with coloured v-neck, 11/6 each.

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Bon's "Verybest" Match 2, 19/6

April 19, 1929
The Translation of Lofty Lennon

(By "Pip" Tok.)

The long slim figure was built like a greyhound, but the fertile manner in which he moved about the bathing machines aligned along Salthaven strand suggested rather a grey wolf sinking through tall timber. He tried door after door, without any result beyond a futile rattling. The careful hikers had locked them before venturing into the water. Between these experiments he gazed despairingly across the two hundred yards of open shingle that stretched between him and the tiny promenade. Two steps led from this promenade to the strand and at the head of each was a trim khaki-clad figure whose red cap covered indicated his business even at this distance. Patrolling between the two was another steely figure in blue. The man by the bathing machines was literally between the military police and the deep sea.

"Darn them," he growled, "they've got the local W.O. on the job, too. If that prom wall weren't so confoundedly high a bloke might make a dash for it. Fraid there's no hope.

There was certainly no chance of getting on to that promenade without encountering at least one of the three watchers, and the expanse of shingle that intervened would not yield sufficient cover for a mouse. Desperately, he tried another door, the last but one of the line. To his surprise, and his relief, it yielded to his touch. He was inside the bathing box like a flash. Here was a temporary refuge at least.

"Thought I was gone a million," he muttered. "Whyever did I come on to this one-horse town?"

Why, indeed? Salthaven is not one of England's fashionable watering places. Neither was it on the beaten track for soldiers of the A.I.F. on "blighty leave" even when that leave had been extended without authority. But, while unimportant from the viewpoint of tourist agencies, Salthaven was a place of considerable importance in the eyes of the British War Office. It possessed a wireless station. On the cliffs overlooking the town was a fort, inconspicuous, but wonderfully efficient, while vessels of the motor boat patrol dashed in and out of the haven itself all hours. Visitors as a rule kept away from the place. They were too likely to be pulled up and questioned by khaki-clad gentlemen in red caps. The spy scare was very acute at the time and Salthaven an important place. Of course, our fugitive would have had no difficulty in proving that he was Private Lofty Lennon, of the A.I.F. His pay-book and leave pass afforded ample evidence as to his identity. Still, he had no desire to be interrogated by over-zealous redcaps. You see, the final date on that leave pass did not coincide with the date of that morning's paper.

"Why did I land myself into a trap like this?" he asked himself again.

It was the old story of the way of a man with a maid. The maid in question was a girl he had met some days earlier in London. She was a demure little village maiden, but not too shy to help him consume dinners and sit out shows. Then, one day she tearfully informed him that she had been wooed for. Her mother was ill and she must go home, but would he come down for the remainder of his leave? His leave happened to be up that very day, but a small thing like that could not deter a man of Lofty's calibre. Of course, he'd come. He'd be able to meet her people and they could have further conversation about that goat farm he had asked her to share with him after the war. There was the trifling matter of her fare home, and she needed some clothing. Like a true knight, Lofty advanced her a fiver. Her father would repay him when he came down to-morrow.

Yes. Salthaven was the name of the place. If he came by the morning train, she would meet him at the station. But she did not. It took Lofty a couple of hours to realise that the demure damsel had done what he himself had often done to others. He gave her a false name and address. It was while killing time on the promenade that he had attracted the hostile notice of two redcaps. His height would have made him noticeable in any place, but here his Australian uniform rendered him doubly conspicuous. He cursed the girl for landing him into a fix like this. Fortunately, the temporary owner of the bathing machine was still in the water. With a sigh, Lofty took stock of his immediate surroundings.

"Hell!" he gasped, "I'm worse off than ever." Hanging from the hooks before him were the various articles of an officer's uniform. Gingerly he fingered the tunic. There were the crown and stars of a colonel on the shoulder straps. He turned it round. Each lapel bore the cross of a chaplain. "Well, what do you know about that? A blinkin' padre." Then something registered in his brain.

"Saved!" he yelled gleefully, tearing off his own jacket. "Pair exchange is no robbery, but the change hurriedly effected by Lofty was not only unfair, but, from the military standpoint, a serious crime. However, necessity is a great little circumstance sometime, and a few moments later the M.P. at the head of the nearer stepway was tossing a very regimental salute to a tall angular colonel padre whose ill-fitting jacket carried the South African and the Long Service ribbons.

"Now, what next?" he asked himself. His question was answered for him almost immediately.

A short man in clerical attire rushed forward to greet him. "Ah! There you are, my Lord! The hotel people told me you had gone in for a dip, so I thought I'd come down to meet you. I'm Swankley-Evans, you know."

Lofty did not know, but as he gripped the other's hand he was able to appreciate the situation. The Reverend Swankley-Evans was evidently the local rector, but who the devil was Lofty himself supposed to be? However, he decided that the strong silent man must be his pose until he obtained further information.

"We haven't much time to lose, my Lord," the Rector informed him, "but I have my car here, and we'll do the distance on time."

The Reverend Swankley-Evans was a pleasant little man blessed with that pinkish plumpness with which the old Italian masters were so fond of endowing their cupids and child angels. In fact, despite his modern garb and obvious middle age,
one might imagine him being caressed by some shingled madonna in a cheese-cloth frock. His pale blue eyes beamed through his spectacles, while his face indicated that all was well with this best of all possible worlds. Was he not driving a bishop? A colonial bishop, certainly, yet a bishop for all that. Throughout the drive he prattled incessantly, but notwithstanding this, Lofty was unable to gather any clue as to his supposed identity or their ultimate destination. He was still half dazzed by the turn things had taken when he found himself on the lawn of a red brick house, with Swankley-Evans introducing him to a number of ladies.

"His Lordship the Bishop of Boolaroo, Our Principal, Miss Ormsby-Gore, Mrs. Swankley-Evans, and the two Misses Swankley-Evans."

"So that's who I am," Lofty mused.

"His Lordship the Bishop of Boolaroo, Our Principal, Miss Ormsby-Gore, Mrs. Swankley-Evans, and the two Misses Swankley-Evans.

"So that's who I am," Lofty mused.

"H'm, Miss Ormsby-Gore, our Principal. Some school ma'am or other. These English people are great on parting their names in the middle. Well, I suppose I must go through with it." He felt as he had under the barrage at Pozieres. Miss Ormsby-Gore flashed a smile upon him, revealing a double row of large teeth that reminded Lofty of piano keys.

"The girls are in the assembly room, my Lord. The function will not be a long one. Of course, you will make the girls a little speech before you present the prizes."

"Quite," Lofty assented grimly, trying to cultivate the accents of a bishop in a play he had once seen.

"So I am a bishop," he thought. "One of those Johnny who sticks a cross in front of his name, just like a bloke who can't write at all. Where the hell is Boolaroo?"

He had a vague idea it was somewhere in Northern Australia—or was it in New Zealand?

"The girls will be so anxious to hear all about the dear aboriginals," Miss Ormsby-Gore informed him.

"Aboriginals? Ah, them. I was in Australia. Had it been New Zealand she would have said Maoris. School-ma'ams are rather well up in that sort of thing."

"Is your diocese a large one?" Mrs. Swankley-Evans asked.

Here he was on safer ground, for he knew that many Australian cattle stations are larger than English counties. "About the same area as the British Isles," he replied, ohfandently.

"Dear me!" chorussed the ladies.

"How shy he seems," remarked one of the Rogues. "I suppose they had taken their seats on the platform."

"Ah, yes. These dear colonials are so quaint in their ways. I suppose the dear Bishop does not often meet white ladies."

"How badly his jacket fits," remarked the other, "with a simper."

This was indeed the case. It has been mentioned before that Lofty was tall and slim. While, the real bishop had all that episcopal bulge about the waist, the camouflaging of which is probably the main reason why bishops wear aprons.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Swankley-Evans. "He's a bachelor, I understand, and you know how careless the clergy are in these matters. When I married you dear father—but hush, your father is speaking."

The Reverend Swankley-Evans was now on his feet introducing the visitor. It was the usual speech of the "We have with us this afternoon" variety. It fairly brimmed with touching references to "crimson threads of kinship," "our glorious dominions that have so nobly rallied to the help of the motherland," and "that far-off country to which you dear young ladies send your mission contributions."

Then the little man sat down. There came a sound as of rain pattering upon dead leaves. Lofty was dully aware that this was polite maidenly hand-clapping in anticipation of his speech. He tried to recall his own boyhood and the occasion when the member for the district presented his prizes at the little bush school he attended. If he could but remember that speech he would do famously. What an experience! What a tale he would have to tell the mob when he got back to the battalion! It would be worth a stretch of cliche.

"Fellow electors and electors of the future," he commenced. "As you were.
I was forgetting you women don't get votes in this country —

Some of the girls fiddled, and Mr. dishevelled his tan. Miss Ormsby-Gore nodded approvingly. She had been a suffragette, a militant one in a ladylike way. She had once talked "Votes for women" on the platform of the local railway station.

"How thrillingly quaint," he heard Mrs. Swankley-Evens say.

"Delightfully so," someone else murmured.

Then he realised that his initial blunder had been received as an eminently successful attempt at humour, so he plunged in fearlessly.

"It is only this afternoon, as I face this gathering of beauty, wealth and talent, that I am able to realise what your support has meant to me."

Fragment of the politician's speech were coming back to him instant by instant. Effrontery had completely vanished. Fear. He proceeded to add a little on his own account—"the tales diggers were in the habit of telling girls in England and France, all those aspects of Australian life that were never seen on sea or land, the boomerang plantations, the corroboree hunts, wild rides with the hounds after wowsers—and he ended his discourse with a vivid account of the national Australian sport of kangaroo racing. He was superb... The Reverend Swankley-Evens folded his arms across his paunch and beamed on the audience.

Miss Ormsby-Gore heaved a sigh at the thought of her lot being cast in such an humble surroundings, where sixty young ladies between the ages of seven and seventeen resolved that if they could not marry Australian soldiers, they would engage in missionary work and go out to this wonderful land of romance. Lofty's effort was applauded so enthusiastically that the subsequent prize-giving was rather an anti-climax.

The last prize had been presented, that awarded to the most 'amiable girl in the school—she was a rather stupid minx, but then her father was a very wealthy supporter of the school, and she had to get a prize for something. Lofty was about to resume his seat when he heard a sound like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He glanced in the direction whence it came, and beheld the local policeman standing apologetically at the side door. Behind him, struggling in the grip of two military policemen, was an extremely irate corpulent man, who seemed to be bursting out of an unbuttoned jacket, while an Australian hat was too small for him balanced precariously on the side of his head.

"Ah!" he apologised to the people on the platform. "One of my poor lads in trouble. I see. I fear I must leave you and straighten out this matter. Awfully sorry. I'll not be able to remain for afternoon tea. The higher duty, you know."

And, bowing to the assembly, he strode to the door, as Caesar might have trod in his hour of triumph.

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Buying Minutes with Blood

(By H. W. Smith, late Coldstream Guards.)

On the 28th and 30th of March, 1918, the Guards were heavily attacked, but repulsed the enemy storm troops with heavy loss, the Grenadiers making a counter-attack near Bois-le-Sec, and driving the Huns from the ground they had gained at the point of the bayonet. April 11th to 14th round the Guards still fighting around the Forest of Nippen, between Lepetitne and Vieux Berguin. The Germans had driven the Portuguese m, hopeless panic before them and, with the full weight of their forces were endeavouring to widen the gap between Armentieres and Merville by gaining the crossings of the Lynn.

Grenadiers, Irish and Coldstreamers were sent forward along the Hazebrouck-Estaires road when the situation was at its worst. The men of the 13th British Division and other units had fought themselves to a standstill in continuous rear-guard actions so that some of those still in the line could hardly stand. The Guards, therefore, were asked to hold the line at all costs for forty-eight hours at any cost, and they were relieved by Australian troops. The situation was well-nigh desperate, as the German tide was already seeping round the flanks of our sorely tried men. But the Guards held them.

Fighting in separate bodies, their heavy pressing in on both flanks, greatly outnumbered, the Guards beat back attack after attack, thus gaining hours—vital hours—by the most noble self-sacrifice. One party of Grenadiers was so closely hemmed in that the officer in command sent back the message: "My men are standing back to back, shooting on all sides. The Germans poured rifle and machine-gun fire into them until only eight were left. Those eight, standing amid their dead and wounded, refused to surrender. The Army needed another 48 hours. They went at the enemy with the bayonet and drove them through. A wounded corporal of the Grenadiers who afterwards got back to our own lines lay in a ditch and the last he saw of this devoted band was when they were still fighting amidst a press of Germans. They literally bought precious minutes with their blood.

The Coldstreamers were surrounded and fought out it in the same way. The Army had asked them to hold out 48 hours until the Australians came, and this they did. The enemy filtered in on three flanks, came crawling round them with machine-guns, and sniped them at short range from behind the cover of ditches and up-ended earthen. Compelled to fall back, the Coldstreamers retired fighting their way through in small parties, firing coolly in every direction, and making every shot tell. Every round of ammunition had to drop a Hun and so gain a little more time.

One private of the Coldstreamers remained in an outpost position until everyone of his comrades was killed or wounded.

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ed, and for twenty minutes after that—twenty minutes of those 48 hours—kept the Germans back with his rifle, until they killed him with a bomb. Forty-eight hours is a long time in a war like this, yet for two days and nights the Guards stemmed the time of the enemy’s advance.

The Irish Guards, who had advanced to the support of the Grenadiers and the Coldstreamers, endeavoured to make a defensive flank, but the enemy worked round them and attacked them on both sides. Still, the Irish Guards were gaining time. They asked that all they could do was to buy precious minutes with their own blood. One man fell; then another, but minutes were gained which grew into quarter-hours and hours. Small parties lowered their bayonets and charged into the masses of grey wolves surrounding them. First one party of the Guards, then another, made those bayonet attacks in the teeth of machine-guns and volleys of rifle fire. They bought time at a high price, but they did not stint themselves nor cease to bid on account of the costliness. The Brigade of Guards held out those forty-eight hours near Vieux Berquin and some of them were still fighting when the Australians arrived according to time-table.

“Billosophy”

(By “Nossivad.”)

“It ain’t what a man is that makes him a man, it’s what he ain’t.”

This profound bit of philosophy emanated from Bill as we rested against the side of the sap leading up to the Messines ridge.

“What intricate process of reasoning led you to arrive at that logical conclusion, Bill?” I asked.

“Lofty,” said Bill, reprovingly. “When you get as old as me, you won’t go about talkin’ like a bloke out of a book, because blokes don’t do it in Australia. What you mean by all them long words was Wherein get the dinkum oil from, wasn’t it?”

“Well, yes, but . . .”

“Well, when you wanter say a thing, say it so’s a bloke can get the guts of the thing without lookin’ through a dictionary to find the meanin’ of it. What’s wrong with the Australian language, me an’ Bill talks?”

“I think it’s particularly descriptive,” I replied. “But . . .”

“Mean you it dinkum,” said Bill, “dinkum’s th’ best word in the Australian language. You can use it in such a lot of ways: if you give a bloke a dinkum go, it means y’ don’t mean a square go, cause that means it ain’t against th’ law. When y’ say a bloke is dinkum bloke y’ don’t mean a good bloke or a straight cove or bloke what don’t go over th’ line, but y’ mean a bit of each. Compree?”

“I comprree, Bill.” I said.

“Ain’t nothin’ with a dinkum bloke; they got’er find out what he is an’ ain’t goin’ to be a worry; then is second skin, an’ y’ find e ain’t a flamin’ cow; an’ keep on peelin’ the skins off until y’ find that underneath ‘em all e’s as white as a notion.”

“That’s all very true,” I argued, “but sometimes, after all the peeling, the onion or the—er—bloke, to all intents and purposes appears white, but in the heart you find a decayed and rotten portion. Your metaphor is weak, Bill.”

“Sen’aphore ain’t got nothin’ to do with it. A bad heart in a nonion don’t make th’ rest of it bad, an’ y’ can always tell if there’s a bad heart by th’ way a nonion smells or a bloke talks.”

“Bu’ Bill, look at Alick,” I said; “he isn’t a wosser and he isn’t a flamin’—cow, and so on, and we know he’s a dinkum chap, but he hardly ever talks. How do we know that he hasn’t a bad heart?”

A flicker of a grin crossed Alick’s face.

“A sudden crash in the sap, and I felt a jarring pain in my right leg. Alick was bending over Bill, muttering at his gas helmet.

“Gas shell, Lofty,” he said, quickly adjusting Bill’s helmet.

“I felt weakly for mine, and discovered to my horror that it was torn to ribbons.

“Alick, it’s torn—Alick,” I gasped; “drag me—ap—on top.”

“Here’s mine,” he said, as he tossed it across. “Bill’s bleeding badly.”

“Get ter hell out of it, y’ blasted fool.”

said Bill, weakly, but Alick stayed until he had adjusted the tourniquet, then he turned to me, his eyes inflamed and streaming.

“Alright, Alick,” I gasped; “leg broken—no bleeding—get out on top.”

He climbed over the side of the sap and stumbled away, breathing with those horrible sobbing moans of a man badly gassed.

“Then blessed unconsciousness stole over me.

When I woke, the three of us were lying on stretchers in a field ambulance dressing station.

Bill was leaning on his elbow smoking a cigarette, apparently taking his wound very lightly.

“Alick’s alright,” he said, “ow’s yer feelin’, Lofty?”

“Decent,” I replied, pathetically.

“Say, Bill, Alick didn’t say much; did he, but what he said proved his heart was good?”

“Too—right,” said Bill; emphatically.

A little girl was taught to close her evening prayer—during the temporary absence of her father, with: “And please watch over my Daddy.” It sounded very sweet, but after a slight correction from her mother one evening she added: “And you had better keep an eye on Mummy, too!”

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“SWAN” BRAND PRODUCTS secured 1st Prize 1927 Royal Show
Non-Combatants and League Membership

"C.R.C." RETURNS TO THE ATTACK

With all due respect to J. S. Y., I cannot agree that the Founders and Executive of the League were in any way illogical in restricting the membership of a soldiers' and sailors' association to those who were actually soldiers and sailors. We have a name for our show, and a constitution in which the conditions governing eligibility for membership are clearly defined. For the love of Mike let us adhere to them, and not commence whittling away the very distinctiveness of our organisation. If we admit non-combatants, where are we to draw the line? For instance, the Australian Comforts Fund man in London did as good and just as dangerous work as his comrade in Belgrade. Personally, it is equally with the Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. people, while the folks behind those organisations in Australia worked as hard, if not harder, than those who went away. Possibly, J. S. Y. will remind me of the word "Returned" in the name of our League, but at the risk of appearing Euclidean I would meet this objection with the axiom, "That which is not a soldier cannot be a returned soldier." We must have a hard and fast rule, otherwise we are going to stultify the whole concern, and after all there was never yet a rule made by man that did not inflict an apparent hardship on somebody or other. It has been previously stated that members of these non-combatant organisations often came under enemy fire and suffered casualties, and, of course, there were the usual gibes at base wallahs and clink birds. It is remembered, however, that the base wallahs and the vast majority of the clink birds too, for that matter, had had their share of the front line. With respect to the former, they were for the most part men with categories while the latter, those who found their way behind the bars for disgraceful offences are, as J. S. Y. well knows, debarred from League membership. The base wallah and the L. of C. troopers who had not been under fire at some period of the war were the exceptions rather than the rule, whereas the reverse was the case with the non-combatant organisations. I speak, of course, of the Western Front. During the Somme Winter I saw a comforts fund shack in the forward zone, and later on in Ploegstrct Wood there was a Y.M.C.A. outfit working on a heavily shelled road; but these shows were run, not by disinclined non-combatants, but by diggers whose medical categories were Temporary Base, and who, for the time being, were attached to these organisations. Again, it is conceded that wailing occurred during the war, but why should it be assumed that the complaint, wangler was to be found only in combatant units? I mention these things because comparisons have been made which are hard to make. There is a dangerous line of tactics for the non-combatant and his advocates to pursue.

To return to J. S. Y., I hope he will acquit me of intentional discourtesy if I suggest that his reference to mercenaries is merely drawing a herring across the trail.

J. S. Y., L. of C. troops and base personnel were combatants and, provided they were fit for general service, could be called upon to fight whenever the exigencies of the situation demanded it. They frequently were in France, such occasions as the Retreat from Mons, and the Big Push of 1918, being cases in point. On the other hand, though the authorities accepted their services, the personnel of non-combatant organisations were civilians and not members of the A.I.F. Their officials were granted relative honorary rank, but this was a mere courtesy which was extended to assist them in carrying out their duties. Regarding their pay, I know of only one who, in volunteering his services, refused to accept any rank, or emoluments. That was Sir Adrian Knox, the present Chief Justice of the Federal High Court. There may have been others, but I hardly imagine that the bulk of the non-combatants went abroad at their own expense and maintained themselves out of their own pockets for the duration of the year.

After all, why are these people so anxious to be considered returned soldiers? There is no objection to them forming an association of their own. There are two or three Berlin Troops in the East—the Rejected Volunteers' Association, and what is popularly called the Dad's Association—which function actively and co-operate with the League on every possible occasion. There is nothing to prevent Y.M.C.A. people, Red Cross and Comforts Fund workers, munition workers and similar personnel who served abroad from doing likewise. But while we are a Returned Soldiers' and Sailors' League we must, however reluctantly, deny membership to those who were neither soldiers nor sailors.

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Sub-Branch Notes

RALLY AT NORTH DANDALUP

Under the auspices and organisation of the committee and members of the Murray (Pinjarra) Sub-Branch of the R.S.L., a rally and smoke social was held in the Agricultural Hall, North Dandalup, on Saturday evening, March 23rd. There was a very large gathering of returned men present from the sub-branches at Pinjarra, as well as returned men from Whit-taker's Mill and North Dandalup, who are strongly in favour of making one big branch. There were also visitors present from other sub-branches in Mr. Francis (Middle Swan Sub-branch) and Mr. W. G. Winton (No. 3 Railway Mill Sub-branch), with colleagues. The president of the Murray Sub-branch (Mr. Ross McLarty) presided over the gathering, and had on his right Colonel Collett, State President, and on his left Mr. D. M. Benson, State Secretary, and Mr. Cooke, a member of the State Executive.

The chairman extended a welcome to the visitors. He particularly referred to the good work done by the League under Colonel Collett's wise and able leadership, and to the work of the State Secretary (Mr. Benson), on behalf of the returned men. The momentum of the League and of Colonel Collett and Mr. Benson was, he said, amply demonstrated at the recent successful re-union held at Bunbury. After the loyal toast had been honoured, the toast of "Fallen Comrades" was observed by a one-minute silence and glasses reversed. The toast of "The State Executive," compiled with the names of Colonel Collett and the State Secretary, was ably proposed by Mr. W. H. Stirling, and supported by Mr. E. H. Potts, North Dandalup. In replying to the toast, Colonel Collett said he quite agreed that the League was doing good work and had justified its existence, and had been doing a great work of good since its inception in 1916. In that year a lot of men had returned for whom the future looked very dim and dismal. The League banded itself together in order to relieve the Government of the day and recognised them as a body with whom they could deal with. Dealing with the repatriation of returned men, Colonel Collett stated that Sir Jas. Mitchell had paid that $60,000,000 had been spent on land-settlement, but that $60,000,000 had returned £20,000,000 in produce. After dealing with the benefits that the Repatriation Act gave to the League of returned men, Colonel Collett appealed to these present to do their utmost in standing out to join the League. It was not what they got out of it themselves, but the assistance that they gave to the dependants of men less fortunate perhaps than themselves. That right of the League, to have a voice in the government of the country, Colonel Collett said he did not agree with the views expressed recently, by a distinguished visitor, that the League had too much power. The work of the League was far-reaching. There was a great need for them to band themselves together, especially in remote districts, such as North Dandalup and elsewhere, and they could do very good work in assisting hospitals and other objects for the benefit of their town and district. He urged them also to wear their badge and show an example to those who were standing out of the League. They were instituting a "drive" this year with the object of endeavouring to enrol every returned man as a member of the League. In conclusion, he asked them to believe in the League and to work for it by inducing others to join up.

Mr. Cooke also responded, and after stating that he always felt at home in the company of returned men, referred to the recent re-union of returned men at Bunbury from all over the State, and stated such a thing would not have been possible had it not been for the existence of the League. The question had been asked, "Does the League justify its existence?" He quoted extracts from the constitution that did justify its existence.

Mr. Benson, the State Secretary, also responded at length in a very fine speech in praise of the work of the League. He stated, however, that out of approximately 1,000,000 returned men, not 25 per cent. had fulfilled their obligation of becoming members. The R.S.L. offered no apology for its existence. Mr. Benson referred to the work the League was doing in the education of the children of returned soldiers of which 600 in this State had finished their education, while provision is being made for between 700 and 800 more. Referring to the Anzac Day service, Mr. Benson said he hoped they would always hold that day in remembrance of their fallen comrades.

Other toasts proposed were "Kindred Sub-branches," proposed by Mr. Strang, and responded to by Mr. Francis (Middle Swan); "The R.S.L.," by Mr. Tom Perrie, and supported by Mr. B. Anderson; and "The Press," by Mr. W. T. Foster, and replied to by Mr. W. T. F. Hume, of the "South-Western Advertiser," Musical items were supplied by Messrs. S. Anderson, Francis, C. Johnston, and a fine whistling solo by Mr. V. R. Green.

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NAREMBOON.

Owing to the Secretary's absence, the Annual General Meeting called for the end of March was postponed till 12th April.

Ance Day Committee report special arrangements for that day. Members are requested to be on parade at the R.S.L. Club, at 10.45 a.m., on Thursday, 25th April.

The relief work done by the Sub-branch has been amazing, and it is to be hoped that in days of prosperity that the Narembeen R.S.L. will be remembered.

Back again in "ole" Narembeen, ex-Vice-President Arthur S. Webb, Arthur reekons the "ole town" is having a rough spin, which unfortunately, is only too true. Members, come along with your subs, and help the cause along.

MIDLAND JUNCTION.

The members, together with their wives, entertained the Poppy Sellers at a trip down the river on Easter Sunday. Leaving the Perth Jetty at 10.30 a.m., in the launch "Valfirda," they landed at Point Walter, after which there were sports for the children, every child receiving a prize. A bag of golliwogs, fruit, and soft drinks. At three o'clock in the afternoon they got on the launch again, enjoyed a trip to Fremantle, and back to Peppermint Grove for tea. After more games and a swim, the launch left for Perth. Much credit is due to the Social Secretary, Mr. J. K. Shanahan, and his helpers, also Miss F. McDonald, for rendering musical items on board.

GERALDTON.

Farewell to Rev. Milton Maley.

On Saturday evening, 6th April, members gathered at Logan's Tea Rooms to bid farewell to their late President, Vice-President Mr. A. Green, who occupied the chair, and that in losing Mr. Maley, they were losing a generous friend, a faithful adviser, and above all, a dinkum Digger. Mr. P. Briers expressed regret
at parting with Mr. Maley, his work as treasurer brought him into constant contact with him, and his advice and help would be greatly missed. Our loss would be Kalgooorie's gain, and in wishing him the best of luck in the future, he hoped soon to see his name in active work of the League in Kalgooerie. Mr. Green- way on behalf of the committee said that he hoped in the near future to attend another function to welcome Mr. Maley home again, and that the new President, whoever he may be, would have a stiff job to keep up the standard set by Mr. Maley. The Chairman then called upon Mr. Lane, stating that it was due to his efforts that Mr. Maley became President of the sub-branch. Mr. Lane in his speech explained the wiles and ruses he employed to entice Mr. Maley, the branch being then in a very poor state, and he thought that Padre being at the head of affairs had a very restraining influence.

Mr. Green presented Mr. Maley, with a chiming clock, a gift from the branch, hoping that at all times it would remind him of his association with the members. A Past President's Certificate, issued by the State Executive, suitably framed, was also handed to Mr. Maley. Mr. Maley in responding, thanked the sub-branch for their gift and professions of goodwill, and said he regretted severing his connection with the Geraldton Sub-Branch. He specially thanked the committee for their loyal support during his occupancy of the Chair, and trusted that in his new sphere he would find as loyal a bunch of comrades. He hoped in Kalgooerie to still take an active part in League matters, and, wishing the sub-branch every success, he would bid them an affectionate farewell.

OSBORNE PARK

The sub-branch inaugurated the social season last month when the local hall, gaily decorated, was attended by a large gathering. At the opening, two minutes silence was maintained in memory of Marshal Foch, under whom many members served. The "Marsella" was afterwards rendered by the audience. Music was supplied by Mrs. A. Glass and Mr. J. Wannell, and Mr. D. Foreman was M.C. The Easter Gift of the branch postponed from last year, owing to so many calls for public assistance, was drawn in the Soldiers' Hall, on March 23, and was a success. The prizes, both numerous and substantial, were donated by the local residents. The result has been a satisfactory addition to the branch funds.

A social gathering was held last month and was attended by members of the Press Branch, Mt. Hawthorn, Nedlands, and Campion. The President, Mr. H. Nugent, was in the chair, and amongst those present were the Minister for Agriculture (Mr. H. Millington), Mr. C. Chantler (Perth Roads Board), Mr. G. Hill (Chairman Health Board), Mr. W. E. Robinson (President, Agricultural Society), Messrs. C. P. Smith, and Lovell representing the Executive. The President referred to the success of the branch and stated that 75 per cent. of soldiers in the district were members. The Minister for Agriculture, in reply to the toast of "Parliament" asserted that the reason the returned soldiers were respected was because they looked after their comrades and dependents, and when they returned to civil life they made it their duty to help humanity. There were four R.S.L. Branches in his electorate, and

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they more than justified their existence. The toast of the Executive was responded to by the two representatives present. Musical items and instrumental music was given by Messrs. B. Farr and H. Wannell.

The local Agricultural Society has sent a letter of thanks to the branch for its donation of £30 towards the Agricultural Hall extension, obtained by the holding of a series of socials and dances.

On August 3, 1927, the local branch communicated with the Health Board asking that when temporary clerical assistance was required, incapacitated soldiers in the district should be given preference. It was reported at a meeting of the branch held last month, that four school girls during the holidays, had been employed by the health office in preparing health notices. The matter was reported to the Executive, who considered it was a local matter and should be dealt with by the branch. Communications were opened with the Health Board, and at a meeting on April 3rd, a letter was read from the sub-branch pointing out that the board had promised that, when extra clerical assistance was required, preference would be given to returned soldiers. The board was asked that the claims of the returned men should not be ignored. It was moved and seconded that the letter be received, no comments being made. Sillynee is golden.

Is it Dinkum?

That the two candidates for the Roads Board Election flirited with the returned men for votes.

That it will not be long before we have a soldier candidate for local honours.

That Njooenbooroo wants representation.

That an effort is being made to get control of our Agricultural Hall transferred to the Perth Road Board.

That the local branch received in silence the request of the sub-branch for preference to soldiers when clerical assistance was required.

That at a social the chairman sang, with apologies to "The Mikado."

Four little girls from school are— Writing memos for the O.P.B.

When our scribble now you see— Local Court! Local Court!

Four little girls from the seminary— Posting notes for a dirty dairy.

Earning food for our "Little Mary."

Four little girls from school (Crescendo in violin).

NOOMBLING

This Sub-Branch held a successful Smoke Social on 30th March. The attendance was not as great as expected, on account of an oversight in choosing the date, which, unfortunately fell on Easter Saturday. An apology was received from Mr. Benson (State Secretary), who was unable to attend.

The Executive was represented by Mr. Logie, who gave an interesting address on the work of the R.S.L. Also among the guests were Messrs. Brown and Donny M's LA.

The musical items and excellent supper provided were much appreciated. The success of the evening was largely due to the efforts of the energetic Secretary. (Mr. A. S. Pennington).

VICTORIA PARK

This Sub-Branch is organising combined services to be held in the Memorial Gardens, Victoria Park, on April 25th, Anzac afternoon.

Every effort is being put forward to make these services a greater success than previous years. All the churches are being asked to co-operate, and the Rivervale Choral Society, who did so much towards making last year's service a success last year, are again being asked to oblige.

One of the leading bands will be in attendance to head the procession, which will be composed of fallen soldiers' widows, the children of fallen soldiers, widows of South African veterans, Girls Guides, Boy Scouts, distinguished soldiers wearing decorations, and the rank and file, to be followed by the South African veterans.

Muster for parade at 3.15 p.m.

Victoria Park Women's Auxiliary

Victoria Park Women's Auxiliary, in conjunction with the local Sub-Branch, held a combined social and dance, at the Broadwater Hall, on March 2nd. In between the dances, guests were entertained by the young entertainer, Mr. Stringer. This artist, with the aid of his talking doll, made the audience rock with his wit and whimsy, and at a subsequent function in the evening, he amused those present with his conjuring tricks and sleight of hand. This was not the only treat, however, Mrs. Rosita, of Queen's Park, thrilled the audience with her beautiful singing.

The evening was a dainty supper supplied and served by the ladies of the auxiliary. The orchestra, the members of which gave their services on this occasion, was greatly appreciated.

This dance will be repeated on April 24th.

Members, assisted by the menfolk of the Sub-Branch, gave the R.S.I. kiddies a treat on Easter Sunday. Four truck loads of happy youngsters were conveyed to the Zoo at shortly after 10 a.m. by Messrs. Gibb, Wren, and Healey. On arrival, they were given ginger beer, lollies, ice cream, fruit, etc., and after lunch they were able to compete in races arranged for the sports committee. Here the menfolk again obliged. The tired, but happy, children were taken home at 9 o'clock.

MERREDIN

At the annual meeting of this Sub-branch the following officers were elected—President, Mr. J. H. Kendall (retiring president); vice-presidents, Dr. Eaton-Shermerdine, Messrs. A. Kearney (retiring vice-president) and L. Riches; executive committee: Messrs. White, Richmond (retiring members), Logan and Limbourne; secretary, F. A. Law; treasurer, J. H. Kendall. Intimation was received from Brig.-General Bessell-Browne that he would be pleased to accept the office of patron to the Sub-branch.

KOORDA

The members of this sub-branch are giving their support to the local authorities in commemorating Anzac Day in a fitting manner. Arrangements have been made to conduct an Anzac Day service in the local hall, commencing at 3 p.m. The returned men will parade through the town and march to the hall. The school children of the district are also being organised to march to the service.

In the evening, the sub-branch will hold an Anzac Dinner in the Koorda Hall. Excellent support has been promised, and a good roll-up should result.

A membership drive is now in progress, and unfinancial members are reminded that subscriptions are always welcome.

The members, who visited Bunbury on the occasion of the recent re-union, Messrs. Cole, Carter and Key, were enthusiastic in their praise of the manner in which the Bunbury Sub-branch catered for the welfare of the visitors.

The President of the Sub-branch, Mr. F. G. McCormick, has been forced to resign from the chair, on account of pressure of work not enabling him to devote the time necessary. At the general meeting which will be held on May 18, members will be asked to elect a successor. A full attendance is desired on that date.

The returned men of the Koorda district report that their Hospital Consultation is rapidly filling. The consultation promises to be a success, and the committee are not relaxing their efforts to provide Koorda district with the much-needed hospital building.

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