

**MINING IN AUSTRALIA**

**KALGOORLIE IS QUITE A NORMAL UP-COUNTRY TOWN.**

**An Unpleasant Red Dust is the Substance From Which the Miner Gets His Precious Metal—The Wild Town of the Early Days Has Given Way to a Respectable Community Water the Great Difficulty.**

Whatever ideas you may have formed of a great mining camp, drawn from Bert Harle or the tales of the early Australian gold diggings, will be upset on your first introduction to Kalgoorlie. You have traveled 370 miles from Perth, dined, slept, and breakfasted in the train in as much comfort as if you had been traveling in England or France, and you find yourself in a prosperous, but apparently not over busy, provincial town, with broad streets, tramways, churches, good hotels, shops and the usual well-appointed, hospitable Australian club-house, where you may meet most of the London papers within a month of their publication, or look on from a comfortable chair at a game of bowls played on a perfect green under rows of electric lights in the cool of the evening.

The streets of Kalgoorlie are not paved with gold, although it is one of the richest goldfields in the world. They are covered with a fine, red dust, which blows about very unpleasantly in the hot weather. But yet you may see within actual touch of the pavement some enterprising ad-venturer shaking the red soil in a sieve and extracting from it enough of the precious grains to make the labor worth his while; and there are shafts sunk in the very middle of some of the streets, though not the most frequent ones.

But the town has for the most part settled down to an ordinary, well-organized industry. A great tide of civilization, respectability, steady, responsible work has washed away the rough make-shifts of early days, the adventure and the wildness, the silver order and reckless profusion. The mine managers draw large salaries and settle disputes with the trade unions to which their men belong; the Stock Exchange keeps business hours in a handsome building, and my neighbor goes to his office at eight o'clock to pass his day in the open air; the gold escort no longer chatters off with horses and rifles on its long journey through the waterless bush, but watches a safe in a railway van; the women and children no longer roam in long, shabby, and somewhat laborious, dreary plants, but in trim villas with pretty gardens, go to school, and to church on Sundays, show their smart hats and dresses at the pretty races, where the grass is kept green all the year round and flowers bloom in profusion around the stands and about the stands.

But if you climb up to some point of vantage and look over the town you see that it is not like other Australian country towns. It spreads itself widely over the flat, red plain. There are no tall, thin chimneys, but iron chimneys, well stayed, rise high above the roofs. Gigantic, timbered, poplars stand over the mine shafts, huge mounds of "tailings" still retaining some of their gold, some of them with traces of silver laid on, are heaped up on hills. As if Nature had bestowed them there, the houses lean out towards the outcrops, and seem to have been dumped down anywhere on the red soil, little white shanties with no sign of green about them, and a few better ones here and there, with respectable lawns and little gardens. The eye takes in the long lines of stacked firewood for the furnaces—no coal is used at Kalgoorlie—the iron skips loaded with ore drawn along the overhead wires, and the empty ones going back to the mine alongside them, the low, flat, blue-grey scrub oases in an every side a limitless level of monotony, broken only by a few low hills, holding out no promise, no retreatment to eye or spirit. It is as if Nature had tried to cover up her buried treasure with the shallowest of carpets, the covetous man should never suspect that in this dreary spot out of the beautiful places in the world he could find anything worth the finding.

We put on old, stained suits of khaki, took one stand in the narrow ways and groped 1,360 feet down the boarded shaft, the higher tunnels of the mine, now jet-black caves, now dimly lighted, flashing past us. We lit candles and went along the rough-hewn passages—there are many miles of them in the different levels—from which the ore had been extracted. They were roughly roofed and held up by huge timbers here and there, and the narrow tramway line ran along their rock floors. At the end of one an hydraulic drill was pounding and hammering at the hard rock, making holes in which the blasting powder would presently explode and loosen the ore. Muffled reverberations from distant galleries told that the dark mine was full of workers. But there was nothing to show the inexperienced visitor that the rich gold was all but exhausted, rough lumps of grey stone, with sometimes a dull, leadlike glimmer where the rich telluride conceals its 30 or 40 per cent. of the precious metal. But sometimes the ore is so rich that it is brought up and loaded in sacks just as it is, and I held little pieces in the hollow of my palm that contained each seven or eight pounds' worth of gold.

In the early days of the stern Australian goldfields water was more precious even than gold. There was very little to drink and none to wash in. But the whole field lies on a sandy soil, and very soon after the first rush vast condensors were working to produce distilled water. But this was at best a miserable makeshift, and at last a great enterprise was set on hand to give the now large population of the fields a satisfactory water supply. A practically limitless supply of water is conserved by a weir 23 miles from Perth, and thence to the gold-fields, a distance of 300 miles.

**The Glory of Life.**  
To be a strong hand to another in the time of need, to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a time of weakness, is to know the glory of life.

**CLAIMS OF THE LEGITIMIST.**

**Princess Ludwig of Bavaria is Stuart Successor to the British Crown.**

Probably but few Canadians are concerned with the claims of the legitimists to the throne of Great Britain. The question is one of startling interest to many in Europe who still recognize for one reason or another the direct descendants of the house of the Stuarts as the true heirs to the British throne.

The legitimists are strong enough to issue a "Legitimist Calendar" which furnishes all the court information for the adherents of the Legitimist claims which ordinary people find in Whitaker or Burke.

Every year on the anniversary of his death decorations are strewn about the statues or the graves of Charles the Martyr, as they call Charles I. On last Jan. 30, on account of certain demonstrations by the Legitimists, they were forbidden to place wreath on the statue of King Charles at Whitehall. It is only fair to say the Stuart descendants do not countenance the demands of their indiscreet friends.

The present Stuart descendant who would be the Act of Settlement is the Princess Louise (or Ludwig) of Bavaria, born Mary Theresa Henrietta Dorothea, and formerly Archduchess of Austria-Este-Moldavia. As Queen of England and Scotland her title would be Mary IV. and III., by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, etc. She was born July 2, 1849, and succeeded her uncle, King Francis, Nov. 20, 1915. She married in 1868 his Royal Highness Louis Leopold Joseph Marie Aloisius Alfred, eldest son of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, and has had thirteen children.

In a table of descent recently compiled, and containing about 7,000 names, Queen Victoria was regarded as no nearer the throne by right than to be No. 4,289 on the list, while King Edward and his son George were 4,371 and 4,371 respectively, and Princess Victoria Mary came lower down on the list as No. 4,464.

Princess Louise lives very quietly at Munich, and has no personal pretensions to the throne of Britain. Her husband rules over Bavaria, and she is very well known in England and is popular with everyone with whom she comes in contact.

**Queer Taxes.**  
Henry VIII. taxed boards, and graduated the tax according to the status of the wearer. For example the Sheriff of Canterbury was constrained to pay the sum of three shillings and fourpence for the privilege of sporting his venerable whiskers. Elizabeth likewise fixed a similar tax on every beard of over a fortnight's growth. Elizabeth was also bent on making the country of a religious turn of mind, and all who stayed away from church on Sunday rendered them selves liable to a fine. In 1685 it was decided that the arrival of every child into the world should be greeted by a tax. The birth of a child to a duke cost the proud but harassed father thirty pounds, whilst the advent of a commoner's child into the world was hailed with a tax of two shillings. Moreover, it was an expensive matter to be, and bachelors and widowers also were compelled to pay for the privilege of single blessedness. With the advent of more constitutions dya freak taxation did not cease. It was due to William III. that the window tax was instituted. In the reign of George I. it was necessary to have a license in order to sell hats. There was the tax on hair powder, and the tax on watches and clocks. In the reign of George III. a duty of ten shillings and sixpence was imposed on bricks. At a later period in the same reign bricks were divided, for the purposes of taxation into common and dressed bricks, and the duty on each kind of brick was regulated according to its size.

**Actress and Social Worker.**  
Miss Tina Brand, the well-known actress, who so ably assisted her mother, Miss Marie Brena, in the production of Gluck's famous opera "Orpheus" at the Savoy, in London, recently, has interested herself largely in the social welfare of women, and five years ago started a weaving school at Westminster for the benefit of East End girls, with a view to saving some of them from the factory work which often proves so detrimental to health and character. Practically the whole of Miss Brand's dresses, as well as those worn by her mother, are made from the material woven by the girls at the Brena Looms—for such is the name Miss Brand has given to her weaving school. Miss Brand herself has a practical knowledge of weaving, although she confesses that she is quite a novice in the manipulation of the looms when compared with her "dear girls."

**Maori Salutations.**  
The Maori natives of New Zealand have many quaint and queer customs. One of these, somewhat akin to the British habit of kissing or shaking hands, is called the "Hongi," and consists of rubbing noses, much as a pair of affectionate horses might do. This greeting is always observed at the meeting of friends. They have the faculty of calling up affecting memories at will till tears flow freely. Falling on each other's necks their heads covered with their garments, they walk, sob and chant over the many phases of their life since the last meeting.

**To Seek Buried Hoard.**  
An affair is being made in Johannesburg to finance a treasure-hunting expedition. The treasure is the supposed hoard of old Chief Sekakuni, who is believed to have buried it in a certain cave in 1879. The story goes that the treasure consists of two big skins full of gold coins and a pot filled with diamonds. Details connected with the burying of the hoard have been obtained from an old native, and funds are being asked for in order to finance the expedition.

**QUEER INTERVENTIONS.**

**Two Cases Where Providence Seems to Have Interfered.**

In concrete instances it is unwise to find the cause of disaster become automatically the agent of salvation. Yet this is precisely what happened in the case of the British brigate Pique. Fifty years ago she went ashore on the coast of Japan. Hope had been pretty high aboard when, to the amazement of everybody she was off, apparently none the worse for her severe grueling. Except that she became a bit of a legend in sailing she kept aloft, and, in fact, completed her full term in the China sea. Then she rounded the Horn and, maintaining the even tenor of her way home, brought her stout-hearted crew safely into port.

Imagine their feelings when, being dry-docked at Portsmouth, she was found impaled on a granite tooth weighing several tons. Covered with weeds and barnacles, the huge boulder was with difficulty removed, and is now to be seen in the dockyard, offering literally a sermon in stone on the manifold mercies of Providence. At any moment it might have been dislodged, when, without warning, the brigate mast had fallen.

Paralleling in respect of its grim significance the instance just quoted is the case of a tombstone which saved its owner's life. It sounds paradoxical, but is readily explained. An eccentric pensioner, by dint of vigorous economy, had purchased the stone to be erected above his grave. Being bedridden and under the impression that his days were already numbered, he had the stone placed upright against the wall at the head of his bed. It was there, in the city of God, when the crazy tenant, containing the room in which he lay, was brought down by a recent hurricane. The falling wall killed nine people outright and severely injured many others, but the bedridden eccentric escaped without a scratch.

**A Famous English Lawyer.**  
The statement that Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., the great English lawyer, is said to be anxious not to receive the usual honor of knighthood, which is conferred upon the occasion of appointment to the office of Solicitor-General, may have more truth in it than many of the stories of a similar character which are current. Mr. Isaacs, who is of Jewish descent and the son of a London merchant, has always been a man of most democratic tastes, although for many years he has been recognized as a man of great wealth. Besides many extensive and remunerative investments, Mr. Isaacs has for some years past been making an income of \$100,000 per annum, and he can therefore afford the temporary loss of his practice at the Bar. He has had an extraordinary career. At a young age he served in the mercantile marine, but he soon tired of the sea, and went into a business office where he learned many things about stocks and shares, knowledge which had stood him in good stead when he had occasion to handle such difficult financial problems as were found in the notorious Whittaker Wright case. For the past ten years Mr. Isaacs has gone into society only on very rare and great occasions. After a trying day in the law courts he would go straight to his home, eat a very light meal and go to bed at nine o'clock. At four o'clock in the morning the devoted man servant, who has been with him for many years and who is known as "Faithful William," would prepare his master's breakfast and bring him a great bundle of briefs to read. For some time to come at any rate, Mr. Isaacs, or rather Sir Rufus, will be able to rise at less unusual hours and go to bed as late as he likes.

**The "Biscuit Baronet."**  
Popularly known as the "Biscuit Baronet," one of the most enterprising and generous business men of our time has passed away in the person of Sir Walter Palmer, who died recently. The third son of one of the founders of Messrs. Huntley and Palmers, the famous biscuit-makers of Reading, Sir Walter was beloved by all who knew him. He was possessed of vast wealth, and was a physical scientist of considerable repute. For many years he was chairman of the council of Reading University College and a member of the Senate of London University. Besides being a director of the famous biscuit firm, which now employs 6,000 hands, Sir Walter devoted great attention to agricultural subjects, and is the author of a book on "Poultry Farming," which has been translated into several European languages.

**"Silent French."**  
Lord Kitchener and Gen. French have this much in common—that they are both models of taciturnity. Perhaps the latter's character may best be suggested by the remark of a "Tommy" whom he had sentenced, with commendable brevity, to fourteen days' "C.K." "Old French," quoth Tommy, "don't bark a bit; but, crikey, don't 'e bloomin' well bite!" Gen. French began life in the navy at the age of fourteen, which perhaps accounts for the fact that he was predominantly the "handy man" of the South African campaign. Gen. French's rise has been a speedy one. He was born fifty-eight years ago, was a captain at eighteen, and a major at twenty-one.

**Quebec's Wood Wealth.**  
Quebec's forest lands cover an area of over a hundred million acres. A permanent exhibition has been opened by a New York engineering society of safeguarded machines in operation, models, charts and photographs. It's naughty to flirt unless you are in earnest, and then you can't.

**THAMES AND THE FLEET.**

**What the Old River Has Produced Since the Old Britain.**

The laying down of the keel of the new Dreadnought, the Thunderer, at the Thames Ironworks, a day or two ago, will bring into existence the model-war hull for the royal navy on the river during four centuries of warship building. In that total is counted every class of war craft of which there is record, from sailing three-deckers of the olden time, and modern first-class battleships, to gunboats, sloops of war and frigates of the days of sails, and modern torpedo boats and destroyers.

Of the twelve hundred and twenty-six British warships launched on the Thames, which can be traced, considerably over half the number were ships carrying each fifty guns, and between 1747 and 1780, and "seventy-four," "eighties" and "ninety-eight's" up to 110-gun ships—ships rated for the line of battle, as the old phrase went. Ten of Henry the Eighth's warlike—to go back to the earliest times from which there are records—were Thames-built; thirty of Queen Elizabeth's; ten of James the First's; seventy of Cromwell's; forty under Charles the Second; eighty under William the Third and Queen Anne; and some three hundred and twenty during the eighteenth century, between George the First and George the Third; and 1815, the close of the Great War with Napoleon, in addition to upwards of sixty from 1815 to the present time, including the battleships Duncan and Cornwallis, now serving at sea, the modern frigate, the new cruiser Black Prince, and the new Dreadnought battleship the Thunderer, now being begun.

At Trafalgar, in fact, eleven of the twenty-seven ships that formed Nelson's line of battle were London or Thames built ships; four of them launched from the royal dockyards of Woolwich and Deptford, seven built for the navy in private shipyards—at Blackwall, Gravesend, Rotherhithe, and elsewhere on the river. Eleven out of Nelson's thirteen ships at the battle of the Nile had been sent offloat on the Thames; seven of them built at private yards, the other five at Deptford and Woolwich. Thirteen of Duncan's sixteen at Camperdown were Thames-built man-of-war, nine of them in private yards.

Not a few of the Thames-built ships were ships that made their mark in history, that won fame that will last as long as the British navy itself lasts. Grenville's immortal Revenge was a Thames-built ship; as was our first Victory, Hawkins' flagship in the battles with the Spanish Armada, and also our second Victory, one of Blake's hardest fighters, and also one of Blake's flagships, The Armada Dreadnought, and Swiftsure; Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite, the first Warspite; the historic Sovereign of the Seas, Charles the First's "Warrior of the World"; Cromwell's Naseby, which Evelyn saw and made a caustic comment on just after her launch; the famous Loyal London, built out of subscriptions in the City for Charles the Second, were built by Thames labor in Thames yards. Benbow's flagship the Broaden on board which he lost his life, was another famous Thames man-of-war; as were the first Shannon, on board which Collingwood began his sea life; the Royal George, which went down so tragically at Spithead with Kompenell's twelve hundred nine hundred and thirty; the famous Brunswick, which fought so desperate a duel with the French Vengeur on the "Glorious First of June"; Nelson's flagships at St. Vincent, at the Nile and at Copenhagen; (the Captain, the Vanguard and the Elephant), all were Thames ships. The heroic Colossus, a seventy-four in Collingwood's line at Trafalgar, was a Thames-built ship, and in the battle was manned, too, mostly by Londoners, of whom, indeed, one prepared his master's breakfast and brought him a great bundle of briefs to read. For some time to come at any rate, Mr. Isaacs, or rather Sir Rufus, will be able to rise at less unusual hours and go to bed as late as he likes.

**And Kitchener Said "Get Out."**  
When Capt. Fred Jones returned to St. John, N.B., from the Boer war he was asked by his friends if he had seen Lord Kitchener. He replied that he had, but that their chat was somewhat brief.

"It was like this," said the captain to an admiring group of friends. "I had received my marching orders for home and did not wish to leave until I had seen the commander-in-chief, of whom I had heard so much. I asked a horse gunner if he could direct me to 'K.'s' tent, and he told me where to go."

"I followed the instructions and, looking through an opening in the canvas, I saw a tall man, who hadly needed a shave, sitting at a small table smoking a short clay pipe and writing despatches. He wore riding boots, khaki breeches, and a grey flannel shirt."

"I went back to the horse gunner and accused him of joking, as I felt sure that the man I had seen could not be Lord Kitchener. He swore that it was, however, and I went back to the tent and walked in. When the tall man looked up from his writing I said, 'Lord Kitchener, I presume?' He replied tersely: 'Yes, who are you?' I answered: 'I am Captain Fred Jones of the Canadian militia.' He said: 'Well, get out of here, and I came away.'

**Insult to Children.**  
They haven't come to such straits yet in Australia. The Minister for Public Instruction in N.S.W., commenting on the Labor Government's proposal that poor school children should be fed by the state, says that such a policy would be a stigma on the children, and is repugnant to every right-thinking parent in the country.

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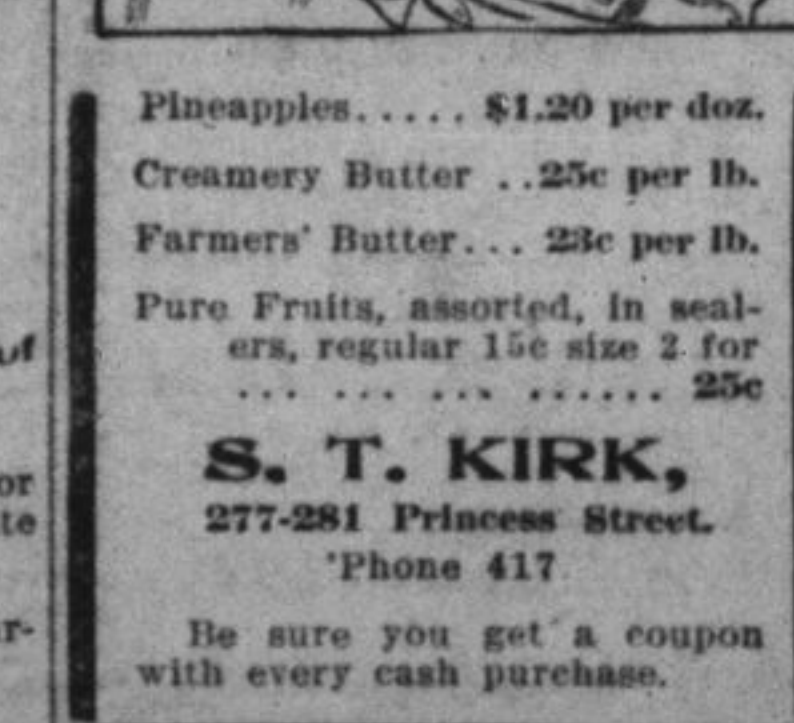


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