

stern, a life-buoy gripped tenaciously in both hands.

He had been in the water exactly 35 minutes. His lips were blue from exposure; his jaw hung listlessly as the boat was heaved to the davits.

He was placed in hospital immediately and received medical attendance. Later, an inquiry was held concerning the manner of his going overboard. It has been considered advisable to keep him under strict surveillance during the rest of the trip.

The approach to Fremantle is fairly easy and far less monotonous than that of Melbourne. To the uninitiated eye the deep-water channel is well buoyed and lit, although from Rottenest to Cape Leuwin the sandbanks have a camel-like habit of appearing on the horizon.

A launch conveys passengers up the Swan River to Perth. We did the trip in a blinding shower of rain—the first for many months. Off Five Fathom Bank lies the hull of the Orizaba; gulls and hawks circling round its weather-beaten sides. She was caught in a fog more than a year ago, and ran aground.

The Orizaba was a splendid sea-boat, and on account of her good qualities her insurance was reduced 50 per cent. The company had decided to withdraw her from the Australian service, but the fog willed otherwise, and Five Fathom Bank holds her till wind and sea shall have sundered her planks.

One hundred and fifty passengers, mostly young men, left at Fremantle, bound for Kalgoorlie and Leonora. The gang of Afghans streamed ashore, glad to be out of the stuffy forehold and eager to face the open camel tracks again.

Times are supposed to be dull out West, but the crowd of new arrivals think otherwise. "It's hot out beyond," said one; "but tucker and wages are all right. Good-bye, old man."

Perth itself was a revelation to us. We had pictured it a veritable Chinatown among the sandhills and ti-tree swamps. The railway from Fremantle to the capital serves a dozen thriving suburbs. Everywhere one sees the hand of the builder at work. Acres of outlying scrub are being cleared; homesteads and factories bob up from behind yellow sand hills and tree-covered heights.

Perth is probably the most modern of Australian cities. The streets are well laid out, and from east to west one feels the throb of new life streaming into the capital.

Here and there a dilapidated boarding-house peeps from the rows of well built dwellings. The mind goes back to the early nineties, when the East invaded the West, and the strenuous crowds of gold-hungry men flocked in from Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney. The ancient boarding-house suggests days and nights of wild excitement when the sand-bitten prospectors crowded back from Bayley's and the Murchison into Perth.

To-day the old coastal steamers are reminiscent of the old days when crowds of successful miners stampeded homewards in quest of elusive pleasures and the girls they had left behind. These were the days when champagne ran into the scuppers, and every steamer was transformed into a floating Monte Carlo.

"I remember when the first bit of fresh mutton came on to the Great Northern," said Bill. "Neck crops fetched eighteenpence a pound, and the heads were auctioned at five shillings apiece. The drover who brought 'em over started from Perth with 700 and landed 150. He said there wasn't enough feed on the way out to tickle the leg of a grasshopper."

A decade of stock gambling has produced a shrewd type of business man out West. He is not to be confounded with the Wall Street alligator or the London mining spivier. He is a shrewdly happy man, with enough nous to keep himself free from the soul-rotting influence of the game.

Telegrams to land announcing the wreck of the Mildura off North West Cape. She was bound for Fremantle, with several hundred cattle on board. Grim stories are already afloat concerning the last moments of the Mildura. . . . A stormy night off a treacherous coast. Heavy seas thundering over the frightened ship. Pens and boxes smashing to and fro. Dead cattle and top hampers flung for'd in Danteque heaps. A crew of sweating, half-maddened sailors heaving the dead beasts overboard.

"Cattle ships are hell!" said Bill, thoughtfully. "I was cook on the old Dominion, running between Halifax and Liverpool. Her for'd decks was like the Homebush Saleyards. We were carrying three hundred big-horned Canadian cattle to Liverpool, ugly long brutes that any decent Australian squatter would shoot

at sight. About three days out from Halifax we walked into dirty weather that took away our funnels and bridge as if they were made of tin.

"About midnight we heard a smashing of glass above, an' one of the stewards came tearin' below with the fear of Gawd in his eyes. He had been carryin' drinks into the saloon when the cattle barricades broke away.

"They're loose!" he sez, crawlin' under the table. 'Oh, my Gawd, they're loose!"

"We listened . . . an' heard the big barricades slamin' against the port stanchions. Then a sea lifted an' rolled us down an' down until the water poured through the blinded skylights. The next sea put us on our beam ends an' spilled the cattle over the deck in scores.

"Don't know that I'm a coward," went on Bill; "but I know when to fold up when the bullocks are out. One of the brutes, a big-horned starver, raced along the alley-way and galloped right over the stern. The others came after him until another sea downed the leaders, and in two minutes the alley-way was blocked with broken-legged cattle bashing the life out of each other on the greasy floor.

A bullock's body was half hanging across the stairs. They were piled in heaps around the skylight an' funnel stays. We had to shoot half of 'em before we could clear the deck an' hoist 'em overboard. Talk about Port Arthur! You don't get me on a boat that ships wild Canadian bulls!"

Bill passed for'd to assist a pantry-man with the dinner. A voice said "Baa" as he passed. Bill merely smiled. He returned an hour later with a roast fowl wrapped in a newspaper.

We left Fremantle at eight o'clock on Monday night, and began our climb north to Colombo. The journey across the Indian Ocean is apt to become monotonous. The endless stretches of sea and sky, the absence of bird life, has a numbing effect on the eye and brain.

We spent an hour looking at the ship's freezing chambers, and met a small procession of stewards carrying ice on their backs up to the saloon pantry.

Last trip the ship's cat got locked in one of the freezing chambers, and remained there for nine days, surrounded by frozen poultry and meat. It was a mystery how she kept herself alive in such an Arctic temperature. When released she bounded upstairs into the hot air, and fell asleep on the saloon couch. She was as lively as a kitten the next day.

The English stewards and deck hands appear to suffer from the heat already, and we are five or six days south of the Line. They are mostly fat, over-fed fellows, who believe in a good beef steak and a bottle of stout before going to bunk every night. No wonder they lie awake during the tropic nights, wearing a pale, bloated expression on their faces.

We have discovered that quite a number of New Zealand boys are working their passages to London. One took on a job in the stokehole, but gave it up before we had been three days out of Fremantle.

The ship's surgeon is busy this morning inside his little deck dispensary. A small procession of patients wait outside on the form. A fireman crawls along the port alleyway exhibiting a badly scalded foot to his comrades. A white-faced greaser with consumption in his luminous eyes enters the dispensary and is examined by the genial surgeon.

The Cockney fireman is a born tough. He does not mix with the rest of the ship's company. His work unfits him for polite society. The Sydney larrikin would not be seen dead in his company. Down in the throbbing spaces under the engine-room he slams things and rakes with slice-bar and shovel feeding the fire-hungry boilers that gasp and sigh for coal and yet more coal. His boots are ample shod to protect his feet from the burning plates. His hands and bod' are scarred and livid where he has been flung at one time or another against the boiler doors.

When ashore he finds much relief in fighting policemen. If he has been stoking for ten years, his brain is more or less affected by the terrible heat and the violent changes to which he is subjected. They come up from below dripping from head to shoe with coal-blackened bodies, sleek-jawed and limp as fever patients.

The Red Sea is the horror of all white firemen, and black ones for the matter of that. In the majority of cases the rum served out in cold latitudes is saved until Colombo and Aden are reached.

"Rum is our mother and father," said one of them to me. "It feeds us when we can't eat, and it makes us sing when the heat is crawlin' down our throats."

"But the after effects?"

"There ain't none. The firm sweat an



(Mrs Jones) What delicious TEA this is!
(Mrs Goodkiss) Yes, I always ask for ARTHUR NATHAN'S RELIABLE TEAS

ONE TELLS ANOTHER

ARTHUR NATHAN'S

"RELIABLE"

TEAS

Are **SURE** to Please.

International Exhibition, CHRISTCHURCH, 1906 - 1907.

The following **HIGH-CLASS MILLED, DESICATED and DELICATELY PERFUMED,**

LONDON MADE TOILET SOAPS

Were Exhibited by the Manufacturers:

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE CO. LTD.,

(LONDON & LIVERPOOL)

- "REGINA,"
- "REGINA CREAM," "REGINA VIOLET,"
- "COURT," "BUTTERMILK,"
- "PALMITINE BATH," "GLYCERIN CREAM."

These Soaps may be obtained through any **CHEMIST or STOREKEEPER.** Wholesale in

AUCKLAND,
CHRISTCHURCH,
DUNEDIN,
INVERCARGILL,
&c.

NAPIER,
NELSON,
NEW PLYMOUTH,
WELLINGTON,
&c.

The Company also Shewed Specimens of their Leading

Brands of:

CANDLES, NIGHT LIGHTS, GLYCERIN,

And of their Celebrated:-

"GAS ENGINE OILS,"
MOTOR OILS AND LUBRICANTS.

51 HONOURS AND AWARDS.