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T. C. TROSDON, Director.

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Having just received shipments of the latest crop of MOCHA and EAST INDIAN COFFEES, we are now using these in our famous brand of TERA I COFFEE, and as a special inducement are enclosing in the 4lb, 1lb, and 7lb Tins DOCKETS for us.

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which is still running with great success, thousands of these beautiful timepieces being sent out during the course of the year, and for which we have received hundreds of testimonials.

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FREMANTLE and PERTH.

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Illustrated INTERVIEWS

A Noah's Ark—The Call of the Wild
A Charming Actress—Is Charmed with Perth
Back from Down Under—Affairs at the Antipodes

We often hear of big game hunters who go out to shoot lions and tigers for the mere lust of killing and boasting, but we seldom see the men who penetrate the wild parts of the earth for the purpose of capturing the creatures, dangerous and otherwise, that roam around those regions.

One of these is Mr. Ellis S. Joseph, who arrived on the 22nd of last month with a lot of animals and birds that he secured in West Africa, and an hour with him amongst his menagerie is an hour of quiet entertainment.

They all know him, and he handles them as we do our domestic pets.

"Now, this fellow might do some damage," he says, as he opens the door of a small cage and a powerful baboon springs out attached to a chain.

Mr. Joseph puts him and bosses him around while he is being posed for a photograph, but the long-armed ape does not show any resentment, and with another patting is bundled back into his box.

"Here we have a young hyena," continues the collector, letting out an ugly, dog-like beast. "I had his mother, but she died," he goes on.

The brute is a sullen fellow, and jumps and tugs at his chain. Though comparatively small, one would not like to have a tussle with him.

"You know, he had a £10 dinner the other day," said Mr. Joseph. He broke out and got one of my South African deer and killed it. Of course, you can't trust these fellows. There are a couple of North African wolves and a tiger cat and some chimpanzees. They all know 'father,' but they could make it nasty for a man."

"No, I did not get any big game this trip. I was after some rhinos for Perth Zoo, but did not succeed. In reply to questions as to how he escaped he showed a forearm that had been scarred by a lioness.

"That was in April, 1908," he explained, "at a camp about 50 miles from Bulawayo, in Rhodesia. I was in the act of transferring the bones from a trap into a case when some of the lashing broke, and when the niggers saw that they cleared. I saw my only hope was to hold the bars in place and did so, calling to the boys to come back. Meanwhile the lioness got one of her paws through, and she gave me the blow."

It was a close call.

"Yes; another 30 seconds and I might not have been here this trip. Of course, that is all in the game, and there are risks and fate in all things. It was intended that I should be a doctor, but parents propose and boys dispose. I had no liking for carving human animals; I wanted to get out amongst the beasts and birds. It was the call of the wild, I suppose."

"So one day when I was 15 and had two dollars I let out from as good a home as there was around East Angles. I spent one dollar on trams and half a dollar on birdlime, and I had half a dollar left as a capital. Then I worked through to Kalkoorie, and when I realized I had 50 dollars.

"That is how fate decides.

"Well, I was away from my dear old home, and my people found I was at Seattle, and they sent my brother up to capture me, which he did, and I had to put in another year at school. But it was no use. You know, some men are just like lichen—they stick on one bit of rock; others are like seed that is blown about the world, and perhaps never stay long enough anywhere to germinate."

"The wanderlust, it was suggested.

"Yes; I have been north, east, south and west over the five continents. I have been across Africa, through South America, Arabia, Asia, Minor, India, China, Burma, Europe and Australia.

"Twenty-five years I have been wandering, and if I sold out to-day and there was a steamer leaving for Africa to-morrow I should be off. I like the life, though it is not all beer and skittles."

Had he met any of the big-game hunters, he was asked.

"Yes, I have come across Selous or Selton, but I have been with Ian Ruyen, the Dutchman, who is next to Selous. I consider, Oh! yes; I have captured elephants, tigers, lions, hippos, giraffes, and so on, but I never got a rhino.

"This trip I captured 72 monkeys of various kinds, 15 deer, chimpanzees, eagles, ostriches, a mermaid, a serval, two bush pigs, 964 grey parrots, and those other things I mentioned previously.

"But here is the pride of the lot, a king penguin, from Kerguelen, on the way to the South Pole."

His price was suggested.

"I want £500 for that bird," said Mr. Joseph. "Not in the Antarctic regions, but you get one, and I would not take a penny less."

Mr. King Penguin looks like half-tired and half-dumb. "They say his wings are evolving into fins, and scales are coming on his back."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Joseph, "I have sold a fair number of animals to your Zoo. I offered some things to your museum. The Curator wanted to know if I'd present the bird to the institution. What do you think of that?"

The "Trotting Derby Thousand," a £1000 race for trotting pacers and pacers, arranged by the Melbourne Trotting Club, will be run in March, 1914, as advertised in the present issue, and the results of 1912 foals are due with the secretary, Mr. A. J. Gray, 161 Russell-street, Melbourne, on or before 29th inst. The race will be run in two divisions, one for trotters and one for pacers, and this arrangement will provide a perfect and fair contest in each class. No charge is made for nominating.

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"I had no idea that Perth was such a pretty place," said Miss Hilda Spang. And she said it with such vivacity and transparent enthusiasm that you could not help believing that she meant it.

"Really, I thought I was coming to a little out of the way town about half a century behind the rest of Australia; but what do I find? A most delightful city, with everything up to date and beautiful surroundings."

Well, it was suggested, it must be an agreeable surprise to strangers who are misled by terrestrial misrepresentations by our Eastern brethren.

"Oh! I think they are just as ignorant as I was," pleaded Miss Spang. "Anyhow, when you get that railway through, there will be no excuse for them, and when they come they will find, as I have done, that Perth is one of the prettiest cities in the Commonwealth."

We rather pride ourselves on the fact, was the comment.

"And well you may, but although this is my first visit, do you know that I was associated in a way with your great goldfield?"

That was indeed a surprise for us.

"Yes, for shortly after I went to London I played in a piece called 'The Duchess of Coolidge.'"

You were the Duchess!

"For once I wore a coronet. It was quite exhilarating, because I had to feel like a duchess, and be a duchess for the time being. But that is the way—whatever one is on the stage, one has to live the character, otherwise it is foolish."

This play, "Everywoman," it must be very exacting.

"It is. There is so much light and shade. One moment everything is bright and cheerful, and then there is a sudden change into deep drama. It is a wonderful play, so different from the ordinary type."

American?

"Yes and no. The author was Walter Brown, an Englishman, who had lived in America for some years. When they were rehearsing it for the first production he was attacked by pneumonia, and died three days before the opening performance. It was very sad."

It does not rely upon plot?

"Oh! no. There is very little plot, but there is a subtle interest all through which takes the place of plot. And what other plays do you produce in Perth?"

"Hudson Chamber's new drama, 'The Passers By,' which is a fine piece of work by that Australian writer. Another play is 'Alice, Lilliput, Lilliput.'"

MR. W. W. LOWE.
Who has just returned from a nine-month trip to the Old World.

Surrey lines, from Victoria-street, there were no trains on some parts of the morning for intervals of over an hour. If you know London you will understand what this means."

As if our half-hourly Fremantle service was retrenched to once daily?

"Quite so. In every part of England the train services were reduced to the lowest possible limit. I was at a race meeting in Nottinghamshire. In three races there were no fewer than 17, 18, and 20 horses listed, but in two events only two horses started, and in the other only three. The railway company could not supply trains or horse-boxes."

Coal is king?

"There is nothing truer in England. In Lancashire the mills could not run for want of coal, and thousands of willing workers had to remain idle and see their wives and children suffer. Where in ordinary times manufacturers would want from four to six weeks in which to supply orders, they had to ask for such monstrous quantities to their operations being thrown out of gear."

The Old Country is going through a period of industrial unrest, is it not?

"Yes; the disaffection is widespread. The contention is in some parts that England is in the position we were twenty years ago, and the people there have got to learn the lesson which we have learnt, at the same time, business with the manufacturers is particularly good, but owing to the trouble there is great difficulty in executing orders."

Is that condition reacting on prices?

"Of course. There is a rise of 10 to 20 per cent on commodities, owing to the increased cost of production, and you may rest assured that we are not going to get any cheaper goods from any part of the world in the near future."

Then we help to pay the cost of labor treated in other countries?

"That is inevitable. International commerce and finance is now so interwoven that we are sure international."

Which proves normal, Australia's contention.

"I have not investigated that aspect of the question, but I know that I am correct in saying that prices are now international and not local."

Did you go to Germany?

"Oh! yes. I spent a month there, and was immensely impressed with the great industrial development in that country since we met, at five or six years ago, and the magnificent conditions under which they work, especially the selling rooms and the managers' quarters. They do not spare any expense in securing their own comfort."

And what about the workmen?

"Their workmen's conditions are better than those of British workers, but the German hours are very long, practically from 7 in the morning to 7 in the evening—10 to 12 hours a day in the majority of industries."

"Another thing that struck me was the immense amount of work done in the fields by the women. In fact, for every man you see five or six women."

What are the men doing, then?

"They are either soldiers, railway employes, or hotel porters. I understand that the soldiers have a preferential right to employment on the State railways. Speaking of the German railways, I found them the dirtiest and slowest in the world, and they have very few express trains. They do not compare in any way with the company-managed railways of Britain."

The public generally are ruled by the Government, which is really a military one. Was word Verboten? meets you everywhere in Germany.

Is the feeling against Britain as bitter as represented?

"No; the manufacturing classes, who want to be allowed to conquer the world industrially, and not with the sword; but the military classes and Chauvinists are always talking war, and will until the people assert themselves."

How is immigration proceeding from the Old Land?

"Large numbers are still leaving England every week for Canada, and it would be very hard to divert them to take your chances—thousands have done so to their own undoing."

Still, I had a lot of inquiries from young men who wanted to come here, and I am sure that a long time as they are prepared to come out and work there were unlimited opportunities for everyone."

Were they a desirable class?

"Oh! yes. A fine type of Anglo-Saxon. Of course, there were other fellows who had a bit to say, but I told these that we already had an over-supply of politicians in Australia—the market was glutted. What we wanted was workers, not voters."

Well, £6 and £12 a week, with a possible £2000 a year, with £2 a day travelling perks, are a great attraction.

"I suppose so."

MR. ELLIS S. JOSEPH.
Who Knows all About Wild Animals.

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MISS HILDA SPANG.
The Talented Anglo-Australian Actress.

which will be put on. Then we are rehearsing 'Camille,' but this will only be staged on the goldfields."

You are going to Kalkoorie?

"Yes, and I am anxious to see that remarkable place. They have told me all about it—an inland city away beyond the limits of civilization, and yet they have everything there that can be obtained in modern days."

It was explained that Kalkoorie is very much like the mining cities of Western America.

"Indeed," exclaimed Miss Spang, "that will be interesting. I have been all through America, and eight times to California. I know my America as well as I know London."

The Americans—good people?

"Splendid. They are full of the joys of life, and are very sincere. They are much like Australians."

Ha! That was a neat way of complimenting the Gumniggers.

"It's true," protested the lady. "I know the Australians are a fine people to play to. They are quick and responsive, and seem to say, 'We have taken you to our hearts. We give you a frank welcome. Now we leave you to care for it.' That's very nice, you know—they pay one in advance with kindness."

Are you en route to England?

"No, I am going back East to play in Melbourne and Sydney. Then I shall leave for London, but I want to come this way and play a farewell season in Perth. I love it."

Very peculiarly the fountain pen formed the shorthand outline of "Camille."

"No," insisted Miss Spang. "It is quite true. I think Perth is a charming town."

And there was a genuine ring in the voice as she added, "and it will be a great city yet."

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Known Everywhere Sold by all Chemists, Druggists and Stores in boxes at 1s, 2s 6d 4s 6d, 11s and 20s . . .

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A Substitute for Alcohol

A DRINK, A TONIC, AND A DIGESTIVE COMBINED
WITHOUT ALCOHOL OR GAS.

O.T. is derived from the finest natural foods—Fruits and Herbs. It mixes perfectly with all other drinks, and greatly improves their flavour and palatability. It moderates the intoxicating effects of Alcoholic, lessens the flatulent effects of aerated drinks, and acts as a corrective for drinking water.

O.T. is an excellent Stomachic, a proved remedy for Indigestion, a valuable aid for Colic and Stomach Troubles, and a great Pick-me-up and Tonic after Alcoholic excess. Being a real aid to Digestion, it is a splendid After-Dinner Liqueur.

O.T. is a preventive and remedy for Colds and Influenza, and it has properties which specially commend it to ladies when needing a stimulant.

TRY THESE BLENDS:

LEMONADE	& O.T.	WHISKY*	& O.T.
GINGER ALE	& O.T.	SCHNAPPS	& O.T.
GINGER BEER	& O.T.	GIN	& O.T.
SODA	& O.T.	BRANDY	& O.T.
SARSAPARILLA	& O.T.	SHERRY	& O.T.
QUININE	& O.T.	PORT	& O.T.

WATER (hot or cold) & O.T. (add Juice of Lemon)

Obtainable at Hotels and Stores.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

For Abstinents and Non-Abstainers

For Digestion and Indigestion

FOR COUGHS

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

COUGHS AND COLDS MAY LEAD TO CONSUMPTION

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

It's the little things in Life that always cause the most trouble. It's easier to dodge an Elephant than a Microbe. It would be impossible to calculate how many Microbes could rest on an Elephant's whisker. Millions could sit on his eye-lashes without making him blink. So tiny are they, that only the Scientist with his powerful microscope can see them.

The atmosphere is swarming with these Microbes or Germs (call them what you will), and we are continually breathing them into our Lungs. Of course, if you are sound in Health, the White Corpuscles (Leucocytes) in your blood will deal with the invaders in their usual business-like manner. But, if you have a Cold on the Chest, it weakens the Tissue of the Lung, and then the White Corpuscles lose a certain amount of their fighting-power, and so the Germs get a lodging place. Then, unless Nature is assisted, those wretched Germs multiply with extraordinary rapidity and commence to consume the Lung.

DON'T TRIFLE WITH A COUGH. Germs just love Coughs. Get right on to **Hearne's Bronchitis Cure**. It chucks out the Germs and heals the Lung. Of course, you may instead elect to take your chances—thousands have done so to their own undoing.

DON'T GAMBLE WITH DEATH. The worst case of Consumption that ever was, COM-MENCED with—"JUST A COUGH." Surgery has accomplished many miracles, but no Surgeon has yet been able to replace a Rotten Lung with a new Healthy one.

DON'T LET THE GERM OF CONSUMPTION GET THE UPPER HAND. Consumption has never been known to develop where "Coughs" have been properly treated on their first appearance with **Hearne's Bronchitis Cure**

The Finest Remedy in the World for Coughs and Colds