

the return trip, when a tot of rum is allowed the time-expired men at a penny a head. On arrival at the various ports of call, also, the troops are kept strictly to the ship, except at places like Cape Town, where they are marched for a few hours daily, if the ship remains more than three days in port.

The outward-bound canteen is what Tommy calls a "dry" one, though lemonade, sherbet, etc., are sold, in addition to "extras," *i.e.*, jam and other dainties, which are all of the very best quality. Pickles, which seem to take Tommy's fancy as a cure for sea sickness, are retailed at one penny a small bottle.

The hours for meals on a transport will strike most late diners as peculiar. Breakfast is served at seven a.m., dinner at noon, and supper at four p.m. In cold weather all the men are in bed by eight p.m., and asleep by nine. They seem to be capable of putting in a good eight hours' sleep, despite their snoozes during the day, and then turn out at reveille looking as if they had only had a few hours' repose.

The warrant officers—the bandmasters, regimental sergeants, and schoolmasters—are entitled to second-class fare, while the non-commissioned officers, the next in rank, are given what is termed class sixteen. The wives of the non-commissioned officers are berthed and messed in the class next to class sixteen. This accommodation is excellent. Certain portions of the poop deck are marked out, and allotted to the various grades, and I have seen more squabbles over these little squares than over anything else on board. Mrs. Tommy Atkins, in class sixteen, observes that Bandmaster Burns's wife is taking up about 2 in. of her room space, so, instead of condescending to remunerate with the trespasser, she immediately informs her husband, who at once proceeds to lodge a complaint against these irregular proceedings. It is always the unfortunate husband who is hauled over the coals if anything is wrong, whether in such cases as that alluded to, or in the event of a cabin not being clean or tidy. In the majority of cases, Tommy has to submit to the strictest petticoat government, for soldiers' wives have but few hobbies outside their babies—which are numerous—and, like their husbands, evidently make up their minds to "stand easy" during the voyage. If Tommy ever considers abstruse questions at all, the vexed problem as to whether marriage is, or is not, a failure, is certain to be definitely decided by him on his first sea trip. As a rule, in most regiments, there are one or two gentlemen in the ranks, and if they are pushing sort of fellows they generally get easy jobs given them on board, which carry with them a little saloon fare. Then, again, the regimental cooks, bakers, and the pantry hands, told off to assist the ship's company, are envied by their comrades as persons who revel in pickings and easy times. In many times soldiers are very like children, and "a good square feed" of dainties will send them into the seventh heaven of contentment.

Although it was not considered necessary during the first season, all the transports now carry a permanent military staff, consisting of four deck-sergeants, one quartermaster-sergeant, and six medical staff, who remain in the ship during the troping season. They render excellent service to the ship's company, as they soon learn the ropes, and become quite sailor-like at the end of their term of service.

Each transport carries a Roman Catholic and a Protestant chaplain, who are considered sufficient to attend to the spiritual welfare of the troops, all of whom—with the exception of those sick or on duty—are compelled to attend the two services held on Sundays, and the prayers which are delivered at 9.45 a.m. daily. It is no use Tommy declaring himself an Atheist. He would not be excused if he worshipped the sun, or pinned his faith to a spook. Whether the religious instruction he receives at the hands of his official teachers does him much lasting good is, perhaps, a matter open to doubt; but a country bent on Christianising the benighted savage could consistently do no less than look after the spiritual well-being of its own servants, even though rum and



opium do not form part of the process in the latter case, as they too often do in the former.

Nearly every regiment possesses a private pet, which has very often to be left behind on embarkation, as the regulations on this subject are very strict.

In India Tommy keeps any number of pets, and on his return loves to bring a parrot with him. The regulations allow twenty-five per cent. of the men to bring home parrots, and I have seen as many as 300 or more of these birds distributed about the troop-deck.

During the hot weather large sail baths are rigged up in each well deck for the use of the troops. Regiments returning home make good use of these baths, though the outward-bound men are not very partial to too much cold water. It is, indeed, surprising what a difference there is between the outward and homeward bound soldiers, both as regards cleanliness and general capability. One year in India does them more good than four years' service at home.

Tommy's great delight is to get a little information from one of the ship's officers as to the speed of the vessel, the probable time of her arrival at the port, or, better still, something about the weather. Possessed of this knowledge, he will inform his pals "that according to his judgment" the ship ought to be going at such and such a speed, or, "the sea will increase as we round the next point," all which latter piece of information he has the satisfaction of seeing his hearers making tracks for more pickles, and feels bound to back his opinion by following suit.

Almost every voyage the outward-bound transport passes the homeward-bound one in the Suez Canal, and then there is a free exchange of compliments, the returning warriors generally, by virtue of their undoubted sounder premises, getting the better of the good-humoured worthy warfare.



"You're going the wrong way," "Ow's yer liver?" and enquiries as to whether their respective mothers are aware they have left home, greet the India-bound troops, who reply with similar sallies, the while the hands on both vessels attempt to drown each other, and continue to play lively, and more or less appropriate, airs, until they eventually steam out of hearing.

No cavalry regiments, with the exception of those bound for the Cape, carry their horses with them, and the chargers of the colonel, the senior major, and the adjutant, besides the Government stud horses, accompany the soldiers on their outward voyage. For these, special grooms are carried, and one of these men is in attendance on his four-footed charges night and day.

The transports generally arrive at their destination between the hours of six and eight a.m. On such occasions the troops have to turn out at four a.m., return all the ship's gear, pay for deficiencies, and prepare themselves for disembarkation.

Naturally the greatest bustle prevails, but it is remarkable how quickly each soldier procures his own rifle, bayonet, and valise. At Bombay huge baskets of helmets are sent off to be fitted on the troops before they land, for during the voyage those who use them at all wear helmets supplied by the ship. At some of the ports there are no wharves at which the ships can come alongside. At Durban, for instance, they lie in the open roadstead, and here the troops have to be landed in baskets accommodating four at a time.

Once on land again, Tommy quickly becomes the smart, dapper fellow we know so well; and, in the novelties of colonial experience, soon forgets the trials and pleasures of the trip across, and settles down into the admirable fighting machine that Rudyard Kipling has immortalised, on whose glorious deeds no Briton is ever tired of expatiating.





## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Wood is an officer on the staff of the Intelligence Department of the War Office engaged with certain confidential questions pending with the United States Government. It is the height of the London season, and he is sleeping late after a ball, when he is roused to hear some startling news. A lawyer, Mr. Omilin, has called to tell him that an unknown relative, an American millionaire, has left him a colossal fortune. Almost at the same moment an American detective warns him that he has enemies plotting against him and his fortune, and that he goes in imminent danger of his life. Arrived at the Intelligence Office, where he is late, he is sharply reprimanded, but explains, and is given some especially confidential work to carry through connected with an attack on New York. Returning to his chambers, he again meets the American detective, who details the nature of the plot against his fortune and the military secrets he possesses. After office hours he starts for the Park in quest of the young lady with whom he is in love. He sees her in the Row, but she cuts him dead. Returning disconsolate to his club, he is invited by an American acquaintance, Lawford, to join a party at the opera, where he meets the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. At the opera, Wood's suspicions of foul play are strengthened, but he goes on with his new friends to other entertainments and, at last, meets Frida Wolstenholme at a ball, where he makes his peace, proposes, and is accepted. He picks up a cab, and scarcely settles into it when he is attacked, hounded, and loses consciousness. Recovering at length, he finds himself tied and bound, and subjected to a cruel and painful ordeal.

## CHAPTER IX. (continued).

"YOUR signature to certain papers—deeds of gift, surrender, and assignment—legal documents by which you transfer, of your own free will, the bulk of your fortune to this Guild."

"I will sign nothing of the kind," I said without hesitation, hotly.

"That we shall see. Bring the documents; place them on the table before him; loosen his right arm."

In obedience to this order an outstretched hand thrust several parchments under my eyes. I was struck by this hand. It was a well-shaped, well-cared-for hand, rather dark-skinned, but scrupulously clean—the hand of a gentleman, or, at least, of one who had done and did no hard work.

Another point caught my attention and fixed it just for one moment, something that I quickly realised might prove of great importance by-and-bye, if I won out of my present trouble. I saw what might, if committed to memory, afford a clue to identity at some future time.

The hand was margined by the conventional white shirt cuff, but this, in the movement with the papers, had been caught and drawn back so as to bare the wrist and expose the forearm some way up.

On this fleshy part there was a mark, a tattoo mark, a curious device rather less than an inch square, which is here figured:—



"Once more!" The cold, hard voice recalled me to my situation. "Think well how you will act. Put your hand to those papers, and you shall be molested no further. You shall

be escorted to your rooms in Chorges Street and left in peace. There will be no outward change in your situation; you may still pose as a rich man. We do not grudge you a fine income and an ample expenditure. But that will be dependent on our good will. What we may grant you we may also withdraw. You will hold everything—your whole fortune, your very life—at our disposal, if occasion should arise. Should you fail us—well, you have heard the penalties of treachery or disobedience visited upon the brethren of the Guild—"

"I am not a member, and will never become one."

"We shall see. But be advised. Come in freely and without coercion. You shall be warmly accepted by us, you may take a leading part then among us, become—who knows?—a member of the council and dictate terms to others as we are now putting pressure on you."

"I tell you it is useless. I will sign nothing under compulsion."

"Think, Wood. Consider the alternative. You must choose between life and death."

"You mean to murder me?"

"Ah! Does that touch you? You cling to life, perhaps? Now, in the heyday of your youth, with all to make life joyous—health, wealth, the love of woman."

The vision of my darling rose before me to intensify the bitterness of my trial.

"But we shall not kill you, Wood—not outright. That were too merciful, too easy a restitution for your obstinate contumacy. We would rather you lived as the slave and servant of the Guild, which prefers to work through you rather than after you. For that reason we demand your submission, and if you will not make it of your own accord we must force and compel you—we have the means."

I laughed aloud, daring them to do their worst; but my heart sank within me as, in the same metallic, passionless voice, the president unfolded their plans.

"We shall hold you here, or elsewhere, a close prisoner in our hands until you yield. The place is remote—secret; it has been specially prepared for your reception. No one will see you here, or, indeed, anywhere, for the world shall be made to believe that your disappearance has been voluntary. What say you? Will you sign?"

"I would rather die."

"You shall not die—you shall live, I tell you, live to suffer daily, hourly, a living death, without mercy or compunction, until you sign. We shall starve you, flog you, torture you continually. Lay all this without to heart—"

"Friends! Hell hounds!" I cried, goaded nearly to madness, but still without a thought of surrender. "I dare and defy you."

"This has gone far enough. We will landy words no longer with you. The tribunal leaves you to ponder over its warnings, to weigh well the alternative of resisting it or accepting its clemency. But that you may fully realise its power and the dread weapons it wields, there shall be now administered one touch of our quality."

At these words I was overwhelmed with a new spasm of pain. The stab of a thousand knife points, the scathing torture of fire, made me scream aloud. Then a horror of black darkness fell upon me. I seemed to be swallowed up in a vast bottomless abyss, and lost all sense of being in absolute annihilation.

## CHAPTER X.

From Saul J. Snuyzer, of Messrs. Saraband and Sons,  
of New York City and Chicago, Ill.

In my earnest desire to further the wishes and interests of your firm, I visited the gentleman named in your last pleasure, and put before him briefly and with much circumspection the reasons why he should secure the services of Messrs. Saraband and Sons. Captain Wood did not respond very cordially to my proposal, which he guessed was not serious. It is my settled conviction now that he would give the earth to reconsider that hasty and mistaken reply.

As I was satisfied he would yet be glad to put himself under your protection, I proceeded to set a private watch on him at once. This has led to rather unforeseen and, I regret to add, unfortunate results. I must mail this letter to-day, and, so far, I can do no more than report my proceedings.

I was fully conscious, from the outline you forwarded of the nefarious design projected against Captain Wood, that he was likely to soon find himself fixed up in a tight corner, but I was not exactly prepared for the promptitude with which his enemies would operate.

I shadowed him the evening of the first day, now just forty-eight hours ago, following him to the Hyde Park, to his club, to his house. I was at first in my own clothes, but I changed to the disguise of a street rough, and as such was much interfered with, I may state, by the London police. In this dead-gone country a man is judged by the coat he wears.

In Hyde Park only one person spoke to Mr. Wood. I knew him by sight and name—a half American, Jimmy Lawford—having crossed with him once in the same Cannular and taken a hand in the same game of poker in the smoking saloon. He passed then as an ocean drummer, although some said he was engaged in the Secret Service of the Federal Government; now, I take it, he just loafs around. Just the sort of chap to be in this crowd against Wood.

I did not hear what he said to Wood, but when leaving by the Park gates I noticed Jimmy in close talk with a hansom cabman, who had got off his perch, and was very particular to hear what Lawford said.

I only caught the last word or two: "Any time to-night or to-morrow night. You'll get the office, mind you're on the *quai vive!*"

Something told me that this talk between Lawford and the hackman might have to do with Captain Wood. I just made the lucky shot, and when I got the chance I warned my gentleman not to trust himself in strange cabs.

He did not cotton to my advice much, as you will see. I thought at first he had, for he left the Opera in a smart carriage with friends. I got behind. We travelled west, and at Rutland Gate I learnt that the carriage was that of some Spanish Duke; but it meant nothing to me. Only as an agent I am bound to place that Duke, and I propose to make some enquiries concerning him to-day or to-morrow.

After Rutland Gate Captain Wood made two calls; the second was a late one, in Prince's Gate, and it was night on 3 a.m. before he came out.

I was still hanging about, although dog tired, and just by his elbow when he saw two ladies into their carriage. I heard him say plainly:

"Good night, Mrs. Wolstenholme: good night, Frida. I shall be round in Hill Street before long."

Then he must have caught sight of me, for he turned in a tantrum, and I was hard put to it to face him out.

"See here, my friend," he says very sharply, "what's your game? You've been at my heels all day. What d'ye mean by it? Speak up, or I'll hand you over to the first policeman."

All at once the tone of his voice changed, and he burst out into a great laugh.

"Oh, good Lord!" he cried, "if it's not that blessed Yankee detective. Why, you garden idiot, if you can't do it better than that, who do you suppose would employ you?"

"Easy, guv'nor, easy," I answered, as bold as possible. "I don't know yer, and yer don't know me. Cab or carriage, sir? What name, sir?"

He was not to be humbugged that way, and he told me so. "I see it, see it all; but it's not good enough, Mr. Snuyzer. Now, be pleased to clear out. You go one way, I go the other. Walk right away."

I felt uncommonly foolish, but he was not to be gainsaid; and we parted, taking opposite directions.

It was not for long, however. I turned as soon as I thought it safe, and again made after Mr. Wood.

I could see nothing of him, although the road ran straight as far as the Knightsbridge Barracks. But I pressed on, expecting to overtake him. Then a cab passed, and I was for taking it, but the man would not answer my hail. It rolled on ahead, and I thought I had lost it till I saw it stop quite short in the street.

"Got a fare after all," that was my idea, until I heard a couple of short, sharp shouts, and back comes the cab ten miles an hour, cable standing up and flogging his horse like mad.

It was so near daylight that I got a view inside the hansom as it passed me full tilt. I caught sight in that short moment of a muss of people inside the cab, two or more men struggling and fighting with someone underneath them.

Of course, Captain Wood was being hounded and carried off. I reckoned that up on the spot, and gathered myself together then and there to give chase to the cab.

I followed it steadily down the Kensington Road, losing my distance, of course, very fast. By the time I reached the High Street I had lost the cab.

But a man at an early coffee stall had seen it pass holding straight on the main road towards Holland House. I heard of it again at St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, and was told that it had turned up Addison Road. I traced it by Holland Road to Shepherd's Bush Green, and there a herring was drawn across the scent.

I was on the track now of two cabs, one going by the Shepherd's Bush or Uxbridge Road, the other by the Starch Green Road.

I followed the first, and drew blank. It was a night hawk working home to his stables, and where, by-and-bye,

I caught the chap settling into his crib. He swore he hadn't had a fare for the last two hours, and I could see he was speaking truth, for his horse had not turned a hair.

I harked back then to the Starch Green Road, asking all and several for my galloping hansom cab. There were very few people about at this early hour, only the policemen, and they looked very shy at my tramp's clothes, giving no answer. A loafer I met winked when I spoke, suggested that the cab was "on the cross," and bid me mind my eye. At last a couple of decent farm folk bringing in milk told me they had passed a hansom with a worn horse on the far side of Hammer-smith Bridge, in the district of Barnes.

By the time I reached the Strathallan Road it was broad daylight. I found a long road of detached villa houses, each in its own garden, many with stables adjoining. I figured it out, as I walked up and down this road twice, that one of these cottages was just suited for the purpose of sequestering Captain Wood, if he could be gotten to it. He could be driven straight into the stable-yard; the cab would be no more seen when the coach-house door closed behind him, and no one, neither the neighbours nor the police, would be a bit the wiser as to what mischief was being worked inside.

It took me just two hours to examine the entrance gates of every villa house with stables in that road. In three of



them there were the new tracks of wheels marked plainly in the thick-lying summer dust. I could not discover which were the most recent, but I carefully noted the numbers of these horses, meaning to put a watch upon them all.

I called up the boy Joseph Vials—a very smart young squire, too—from the office in Norfolk Street, as soon as I could get a telegram through. By the time he arrived, I had narrowed my investigations to a single point for further observation.

The day had so far advanced that the business of life was well begun. I saw the blinds drawn up in two of the houses, the front doors opened, the women helps busy shaking the mats and washing down the stoops. Presently some of the young folks ran out into the gardens, and I could see the family gatherings round the breakfast tables, from which on the early morning air came the smell of hot coffee and English breakfast bacon, with the temptation of Tantalus for a starving man who had been out all night.

All this while the third house remained closed, hermetically sealed. It was closed up, tight sluttered, not a sign of life in it.

If there was a mystery in any part of this Strathallan Road, it was surely in there behind those silent walls. This third house I especially recommended to Joseph's attention when he joined me.

"Watch it, young squire, with both your eyes, and if you see anything strange, anyone come out or go in, just wire me to Norfolk Street and to Dumbleton, and I will come right to you; only be careful you're not seen yourself."

As soon as I was certain he quite understood his orders, I made the best of my way back to the town.

For, you see, gentlemen, although I had a strong pre-suspicion that Captain Wood had been carried off in this cab, I was by no means certain. The fact of his disappearance must be verified, if I was to act with any assurance on the strange information I thought had come within my knowledge.

#### CHAPTER XL.

WHEN I reached my lodgings in Norfolk Street I was pretty well washed out. After a long day I had been on the track the whole night through, without a wink of sleep or a scrap of food. A detective needs to have a robust constitution, and mine is tricky, in spite of the care I take of myself. But let that pass. I know my duty, and I do not shrink from it.

But I turned in for an hour after treating myself with two meat extract capsules in boiling water, with a "pacifying pillule." It is a Philadelphia patent, and I can strongly recommend it as a tonic and pick-me-up.

At 10 a.m. I awoke much refreshed, and dressed myself with care, having regard to my self-respect, my high place in your confidence, and the probable requirements of the business in hand.

As I dressed I pondered deeply over this business, and the course that I should adopt. My first and most urgent duty was to secure the release of Mr. Wood, always supposing that my gentleman was the person actually carried off in the cab.

At present I had no certainty of this, only a bit more than strong suspicion. Yet if I could ascertain that he had not returned home I should be justified in taking surmise for fact.

Before going out I called in Dumbleton, the second assistant, from the office, which, as you have been informed, is *en suite* with my own rooms, and desired him to remain on duty until he saw me again. He was not to quit the place for all the earth, to attend to the telephone, and receive all telegrams. I was expecting to hear from Joseph Vials at the Strathallan Road.

Then I went to Clarges Street. The man there remembered me, but looked strangely when I inquired for Captain Wood.

"You have not heard the news, then?" he said.

"What in thunder is there to hear more than I have to tell you?" I asked, nettled at thinking someone was before me.

"Why, that the Captain has met with an accident."

"What sort? When? Where? Isn't he at home?"

"At home, bless your heart! Of course not. He slipped up somehow last night, or early this morning, and hurt himself badly."

"Who told you that story? Do you believe it?"

"I believe the Captain's own hand-writing."

"What did he say, exactly?" I was quite taken aback, as you may suppose, but did not want to show it too much.

"Here, read it for yourself. It's not all his own, of course, and you will understand why. But that's his name at the bottom there, sure enough."

It was written on good grey note-paper, in a fair running hand, and it said

"Savory, I've come to grief driving home. Horse slipped up on the curb, and I was thrown out of the cab. Some kind people picked me up and are taking good care of me. But I shan't be able to move hand or foot for some days. Send me by bearer pertemanteau of things, shirts, dressing gown, dittoes, cheque-book, letters, papers, and the rest.

Yours,

"W. A. Wood.

"17A, Laburnum Street, Harrow Road."

"And you sent them—how?"

"By the cab that brought the letter."

"Why didn't you go with them yourself?"

"I thought of it, certainly, and wish I had."

"You may well wish that. And now if you will be guided by me you'll go and find out 17A, Laburnum Street right away, if there's any such place at all."

"Oh, but there is. It's in the directory."

"Is that so? Well, if you come across Mr. Wood there I'll run you for next President of the United States. You've got just the face for a postage stamp."

"What in the name of conscience d'ye mean? What's 'appened to him, then?"

"It's my opinion that Captain Wood has fallen among thieves, brigands, worse—ruffians, who'll hold him to ransom for blackmail, rob, murder him, God knows what, unless some of us can circumvent their backguard manoeuvres. And I am going to try. I don't believe in cab accidents and Laburnum Streets. You may, so you'd better go and judge for yourself."

"I'm going now at once." With that he set to whistling, and the Captain's dog, a beast with whom I had a fierce encounter the day before and was beaten badly, came bounding down the stairs.

"The Captain'll be glad to see Roy. I wonder he didn't ask for him. They can't bear to be parted long, dog least of all. Wherever Captain Wood is, Roy wants to be there too. He'll find him any day in the thickest crowd."

He was not going to find him in Laburnum Street, I was pretty sure of that, but it was right to look there, on the off chance that this story was true. For myself, I was more than ever persuaded of foul play, and I considered I was bound to lay the whole matter before the London police.

I was not very well received at Scotland Yard. I never thought they'd go back on one of their own sort, but they wouldn't allow I was a partner at all, and the head man, I saw—an inspector only, for the colonels, and captains, and commissioners were as invisible as the editor of a New York daily—looked me up and down with a jeer and a sneer.

"Oh, you're one of them brilliant private detectives," he said, "that puts us professionals straight, and wipes all our eyes, eh? Such 'bloomin' clever people want no help or advice from us. You play your own game, your own way."

"They put my back up, still talked to them fairly and civilly. There was too much in the business to them fairly and civilly. There was too much in the business to them fairly and civilly. There was too much in the business to them fairly and civilly."

"We don't know who you are," said the inspector at last. "That's the plain straight tip for you. Bring us proper credentials: that card of Sarabauds is no good. Anyone can show a card. Get a certificate from your Consul. If he'll warrant and support you, we'll take the thing up. Can't do it on your own simple statement—not such a tale as that; no, not by no means. Good day."

He was terribly riled, but not to waste time, I took a cab straight to Great St. Helen's, where, of course, I was perfectly well known. One of the senior clerks came to me directly.

"What can we do for you, Mr. Snuycer? Want an introduction to the Metropolitan Police? Why, certainly. Reckon it's no use asking what you're after? Big case?"

He was a friend, and had often given me information in a small way. I thought perhaps he might help me now, for I'd heard from you they were mostly Americans working this conspiracy, and it was likely enough they'd know at the Consulate whether any big "toughs" and "bucco men" were in London just then.

"It's something to do with the McFaught millions," I said. "You've heard, no doubt, of that young Englishman's luck?"

"Scissors! why, yes. He was here this very morning, only an hour ago." (It was then about one o'clock.) "Captain William Aretas Wood, they called him. Is he your client?"

"It hit me like a blow this news, for I saw at once what it meant. Captain Wood could not be lying injured in a street off the Harrow Road and walking about Great St. Helen's. I wanted no more proof of foul play."

"We are acting for Captain Wood. Case of attempted fraud. They've soon found he's fair game. But what brought him here, if I may ask?"

(To be continued.)



Photo Russell &amp; Sons

Baker Street

*LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR F. W. E. F. FORESTIER-WALKER.*

**L**IEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR F. W. E. F. FORESTIER-WALKER has the distinction of being the youngest lieutenant-general on the effective list, and is not yet fifty-four. He is a Scots Guardsman, having joined that regiment, as an ensign, in 1862, and left it, as lieutenant-colonel, in 1886. His main foreign and war service has been in South Africa, where he was for several years assistant military secretary. He served in the Kafir War of 1878, for which he received the C.B., and his conduct also earned him mention in despatches. During the Zulu War of 1879 he was the principal staff officer to No. 1 column, was present at the action of Inyeyane, and formed one of the force shut up in Ekowe. After the relief, he served on the line of communications, and was in command of Fort Pearson and the Lower Tugela district. He next accompanied the Bechuanaland Expedition, 1884-85, in the capacity of assistant adjutant and quartermaster-general, and for his services therein received the C.M.G. He commanded in Egypt from 1890-95, and is now in command of the Western District. His well-earned promotion to K.C.B. came to him in 1894.

## OLD BATTLE-FIELDS—HASTINGS.

OF all the characteristics of the English race, none is more permanent and striking than their intense hatred of any foreign rule. It was to this feeling that Harold, son of Earl Godwin, owed his support from the nation on his succeeding to the throne of Edward the Confessor. And he needed all the support obtainable, for he was soon beset with troubles on all sides. The first blow was struck by his brother Tostig, formerly Earl of Northumberland, who had fled the country after the Northumbrians' revolt, and had entered into negotiations with Harold Hardrada, King of Norway. Thereupon a Norwegian fleet ravaged the Yorkshire coast, Scarborough was taken and burned, and a decisive victory gained at Fulford. Harold immediately hastened with his household troops to the North, and engaged the Norwegians in a desperate engagement at Stamford Bridge, in which Harold Hardrada and Tostig were killed.

Harold had no time to rejoice over this victory before he heard the news that William had landed at Pevensey, and was ravaging the country all along the coast. To put an end to this, he was forced to hurry South, and to give battle without delay. Arriving in London, he hastily summoned his subjects to arms, and then determined to have at least the advantage of choosing his own ground. Arriving at *Deniac*, a "low spur of the Sussex Downs," there Harold arrayed his somewhat motley army—in one long line, extending to almost a mile in length, facing the South, and defended all



Photo. Valentina &amp; Sons.

THE HILL OF TELHAM.

Dundas

along the front by a rough trench and a strong palisade. The land sloped gently down to marshy ground on the right, to the centre it sloped more steeply, while again to the left the approach was comparatively easy.

In the centre, round the Royal Standard and the Golden Dragon of Wessex, were ranged Harold's bodyguard, or *hus-carls*, clad in full armour, and wielding heavy axes; the English having learnt the art of military equipment from the Danes, who had settled in the country after their numerous incursions. On the flanks were the less heavily armed troops, and the masses of untrained men who had flocked to obey Harold's summons to fight against the invader.

From the mound of Telham, William surveyed the English position. He had no alternative but to fight. To remain on the defensive meant starvation; to march to London without fighting, even if it were possible, would have led to his being cut off from his ships. He posted his men in three rows—archers in front, next the armed men on foot, then the armed horsemen.

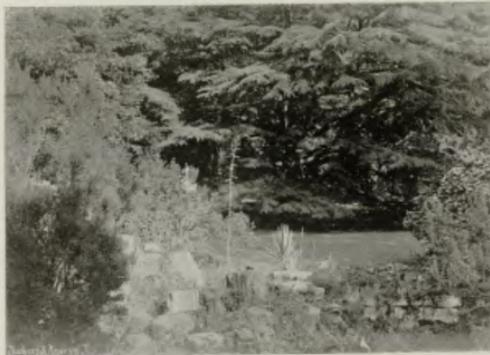
Under cover of a deadly shower of arrows from the first line, a general advance was made, followed by a charge on the centre of the English position by the knights, while the mercenaries gathered from Brittany and Maine attacked their flanks. But determined and furious as the charge was, it made no impression on the stockade. The Normans fell back disheartened, and became entangled in the marshy ground on their left. A rumour was spread that William was killed. Something very like a panic ensued, and if it had not been for his decision and resolution in rallying his troops, the battle would have been lost. Gathering his men together once again, he led another furious charge which broke down the English defences, though it could not shatter the steady row of warriors, who remained almost unmoved by the shock.

William now saw that his only hope of victory was to make another charge from the left and then to draw the English from their position by feint of flight.

This he did with great success. Then, ordering his men to turn on their enemies, they made another charge, and the hill seemed almost won. At six in the evening the issue of the battle was still in doubt.

The High Altar of Battle Abbey now marks the position of the Royal Standard, round which the struggle was longest and fiercest, Harold's bodyguard showing the utmost determination never to yield, but to fight, if need be, till not a man should be left.

At last, ordering his archers forward to shoot into the air, so that the arrows should fall on the heads of the English, and at the same time leading another charge, William soon completed the victory. One of the first victims of the arrows was Harold himself, who fell shot through the eye, and the battle ended in a desperate hand-to-hand fight over his dead body. Night coming on, the Conqueror pitched his tent on the exact spot where Harold fell, and "sate down to eat and drink among the dead."



THE SCENE OF HAROLD'S DEATH



Photo. Bradshaw.

SENLAAC.

Hastings.

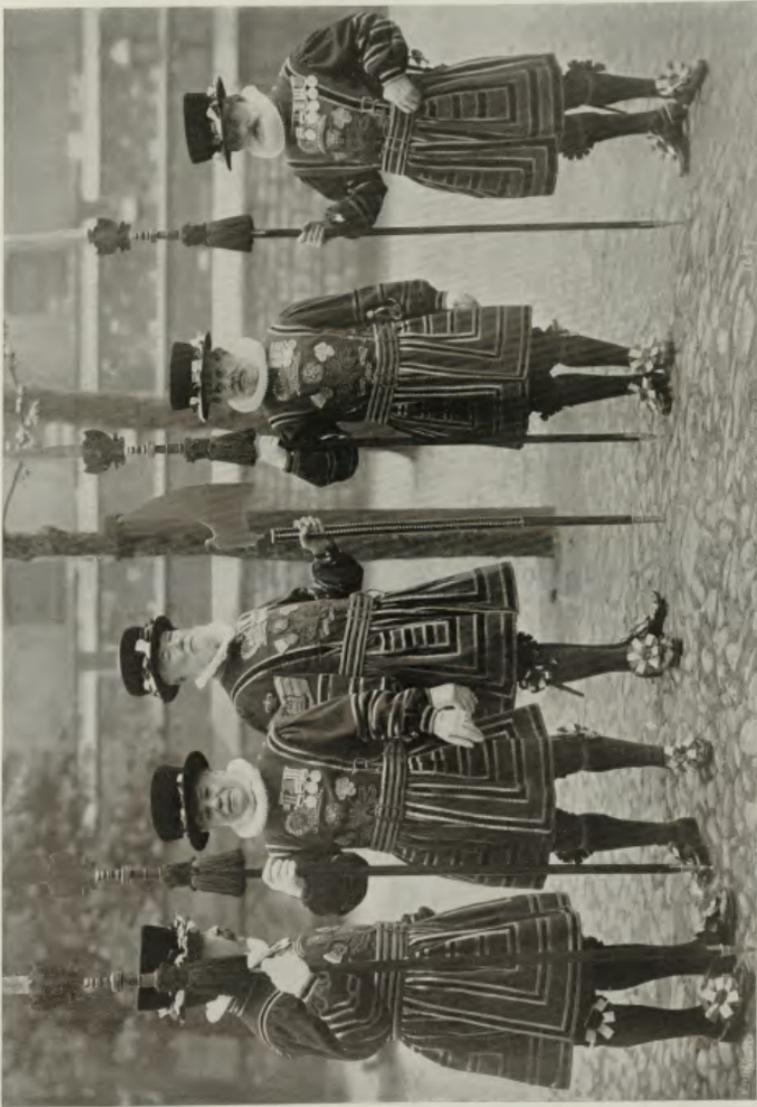


Photo. F. G. O. S. Gregory & Co., St. Spire.

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

Copyright.—Hudson & Keane.

HER MAJESTY'S Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard was instituted by King Henry VII., and did duty for the first time at the coronation of that monarch on the 30th October, 1485. Since that date it has invariably been on duty on all occasions of State or Royal ceremony. The corps consists of 40 yeomen, all of whom have been non-commissioned officers in the Army and are decorated for service in the field. It is commanded by a captain, who is always a peer, but not necessarily a military officer. The appointment is purely political. The other officers are the lieutenant, the ensign, the clerk of the cheque and adjutant, and four Exons, all of whom must have held commissions in the Army or Royal Marines, and have seen service. The first captain was John de Vite, Earl of Oxford. Earl Waldegrave, the well-known rifle shot and enthusiastic volunteer, now fills the office.

## FOOTBALL IN THE ARMY.

FOR some years the authorities have encouraged the pursuit of football in the Army. Nor can the value of such an excellent sport be overrated. It develops not only the physical but the mental faculties of the soldier and is productive of courage, self-reliance, and dash.

Each company in a battalion has its own team, and strives to eclipse the others by systematic training and constant practice. The best players in the battalion are, of course, chosen to play for the regimental team. On no occasion are men of all ranks so excited as when an inter-regimental match is being played. Indeed, a contest for the Army Cup is considered an event of much graver moment than a royal review or gigantic field-day. As is befitting, this



TEAM OF 51-65 REGIMENTAL DISTRICT.



Photo Whieldon.

TEAM OF "F" COMPANY 2ND BATTALION ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS.

Cook



Photo Pe'ls'ny.

TEAM OF 2ND BATTALION NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.

healthy rivalry is fostered by the officers, who themselves frequently are pillars of the regimental team.

The last photograph on this page is that of the team of the 2nd Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment. It is among those teams which compete this season for the Army Cup, and beat that of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders by two goals to one. At the time of going to press it has yet to play the team of the Black Watch—or Royal Highlanders, to use their more modern title. A tough battle between the two may reasonably be expected. Colonel Williams, who evinces a strong interest in the game, appears on the right, and the Quartermaster, Lieutenant Burrage, on the left.

Colonel Clark, the officer commanding the 51-65 Regimental District, is another officer who encourages football among his men. He has presented a shield to be competed for yearly by the depôts of the Yorkshire Light Infantry and the York and Lancaster Regiment at Pontefract. If a team wins two out of three times, its name is engraved on the shield.

The first match took place on the 16th December, 1897, and was won by the team of the depot King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry by three goals to two. A representation of the shield is seen between the two teams in the upper photograph, taken by Colour-Sergeant Hewes, of the 3rd Battalion King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

Not only are regiments accustomed to compete. There exists a healthy rivalry between companies of the same battalion. The remaining photograph shows the team of "F" Company 2nd Batt. Royal Irish Fusiliers as composed last season.

It was successful against "B" "E" and "G" Companies, and won the company challenge shield, which is shown in the centre of the group. Such enviable trophies have combined to make football the most popular pastime in the Army.

## THE AFRIDI WAR.

WE are able in this issue to place before our readers a very interesting series of photographs, which not only illustrate the life of our troops now fighting on the North-West Frontier, but also bring vividly before us the difficult nature of the country for military operations. The first group of officers are those of the 9th Bengal Infantry, one of those glorious Ghoorka rifle regiments whose name is now as well known and loved in England as it is in India. In another photograph the regiment is shown fallen in and prepared to man the breastworks of the entrenched encampment at Bara.

The 9th Ghoorka Rifles inherit the battle honours of Bhurtpore and Sobraon, served through the last war in Afghanistan, and are now again doing yeomen's service in the same wild country. The group of turbaned officers wearing the steel chain shoulder straps are those of the 9th Bengal Cavalry. This is the corps with whose fame India rang in the Mutiny days, when it was the celebrated Hudson's Horse, and since the Mutiny it has seen service in Egypt and Chitral, but was not employed in the last Afghan War. The group well illustrates what lots of opportunities for seeing service fall in the way of the Indian officer, for it will be noted that out of the ten officers only three fall to sport a medal ribbon. In another group are depicted the officers and non-commissioned officers of the commissariat and transport staff of the Peshawar column. Behind them



OFFICERS OF THE 9th GHOORKAS.

a group of fine bearded Lancers represent the Bengal cavalry attached to them for escort and orderly duties. Not much glory or honour is to be won out of the work that these men have to do, but none the less it is true that the safety of the Army and the whole success of operations are in a very great measure in their hands. It would be impossible to overrate the difficulties in the way of organising and transporting supplies in a country such as the troops have of late been campaigning in. The public, therefore, should remember that in every campaign a very large portion of the credit for any successful operation should go to the commissariat and transport staff.

From our photographs a very good idea of the nature of the country is to be obtained, and they show well the stony character of the level ground and the sparseness of the vegetation, with, for a background, the bare rugged hills through whose defiles the troops have to fight, and over which the long miles of supply train have to be unwearyingly and unceasingly guarded. The men in the curious costumes are not, as might be imagined, some sort of foreign miners, but our own sturdy lads of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, clad in the Baluchava caps and warm winter jackets served out to them, for it can be cold, and bitter, deadly cold in the Tirah uplands.

In another photograph—that of the group in which the front rank are kneeling with their rifles at the ready—a section of "F" Company of the Oxfordshire is shown, and illustrates excellently the Service kit worn under ordinary weather conditions in India. A not unimportant function of camp life is shown in the photograph of the officers of the Inniskilling Fusiliers at breakfast in the camp at Bara. No man can either fight or march well on an empty stomach, and, judging from the well-supplied tables, the officers of the Inniskillings don't mean to.

In camp at Bara a picnic in the open may be enjoyed in peace and comfort, but when the wily sniper was about, it was not at all improbable that the meal a man was sitting down to would be his last, and, moreover, that he would not live to finish it. More than once during the campaign officers were shot by snipers while actually at meals.

In the large photograph the lines of the Inniskilling Fusiliers in camp at Bara are depicted, the time being high noon. It will be noted that in the foreground of the picture there are associated with the British soldiers a number of native soldiers, who, from the gnom in their turbans, evidently belong to a Sikh regiment. They seem on excellent terms with their white



COLONEL GARSTON AND OFFICERS, 9th BENGAL LANCERS.



From Photos.

by a Military Officer.

OFFICERS OF THE COMMISSARIAT AND TRANSPORT, PESHAWAR COLUMN.

comrades, and are, probably, a native regiment brigaded with them. No more speaking testimony to the excellent morale of the Indian Army exists than the cordial *camaraderie* that so often springs up between a British and a native regiment.

The photograph which represents General Hammond and his staff reconnoitring the Gandao Pass on November 5th is another one that very interestingly illustrates the hill scenery in this part of the world. In certain places thick pine forest is to be found; but hills bare of vegetation, desolate boulder-strewn plains, are generally the distinctive features of the landscape.

One of the smaller pictures gives us a very good idea of the sort of accommodation the officer has to put up with when campaigning under these conditions. The small tent is his abode, and protection from the heat of the mid-day sun and the bitter cold of the winter night. This officer, however, fares fairly well, for the men of his company have turned to and considered a proceeding that will cause its occupant to sleep considerably warmer than before.

The two other landscape scenes are of very special



THE OXFORDS IN BALACLAVA CAPS AND WINTER SERVICE JACKETS.

interest, as they illustrate the celebrated position of Dargai, the storming of which aroused such keen enthusiasm at home.

The first photograph shows the position as seen from the Chagru Kotal. The Chagru Kotal was the position held by the guns under the support of whose fire the infantry advanced to the attack. A glance at the position is enough to show how, held by brave and determined men armed with weapons of precision, magnificently defensible it was, and to explain the great loss of life that was involved by its capture.

In the other landscape we see in the centre the village of



OFFICERS OF THE INNISKILLINGS AT BREAKFAST.



THE OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY IN SERVICE KIT.

From Photos.

By a Military Officer.



THE 9TH GHOORKAS MANNING THE BREASTWORKS AT BARA.

Dargai, now burned by our soldiers. In the foreground the portion of the encampment shown consists of the quarter-guard and hospital. In the background the mighty Dargai hill, Narikh Suk as it is generally called, stands out against

Finally, of the greatest interest are the two groups of Afridis, showing in the one an Afridi company of the 27th Punjab Infantry, the other the same men, dressed not in uniform, but in their own tribal costumes. But few



GENERAL HAMMOND AND STAFF RECONNOITRING GANDAO PASS.

the sky-line. This hill was, after the engagement, occupied, and became the principal heliographing or signalling station between Shinawari and the front.

regiments of the Indian Army are entitled to enlist Afridis, and of these the 27th is one, and magnificent soldiers they make; for though proud, fierce, and vindictive, they can, by



From Photos

THE INNISKILLING FUSILIERS IN CAMP AT BARA.

By a Military Officer

judicious handling, be subordinated to discipline, and are never deficient in those qualities of courage, endurance, and hardihood which go to make a good soldier. And hardly ever have these men proved untrue to their salt, but have



AN OFFICER'S SLEEPING QUARTERS.

always been faithful and loyal, with but rare exceptions. It is true that there have been exceptions, but they are so few that they ought not to give rise to a suspicion of the fidelity of the frontiersmen actually enlisted into our own Army. When Lord Roberts's force was storming the Peiwar Kotal, an Afridi of one of the regiments fired a shot to give the alarm to



DARGAI, FROM CHAGRU KOTAL.



From Photos.

AFRIDI COMPANY 27th PUNJAB INFANTRY IN UNIFORM.

By a Military Officer.



Afridi 27th Punjab Infantry in Oriental Costume.

the enemy, and was immediately bayoneted. Again, during a recent frontier campaign, two shots were fired during a night advance. Isolated cases of this kind are all that can be brought against the Pathan in our ranks, though over and over again, in frontier campaigns, he has fought for us against his



From Photos.

By a Military Officer.

THE SCENE OF THE FAMOUS CHARGE.

own or kindred races. Of the men here shown many have their homes, relatives, and families in Tirah. Those homes have been burned to the ground, their relatives, friends, and families are now homeless and foodless, and exposed to all the rigours of a severe winter in the higher ranges of the Tirah mountains; and yet, though many Afridis are with different regiments at the front, there have been scarcely any desertions. In truth, the anger of the men seems to have been bitterly aroused against their fellow clansmen. They consider them foolish and blameworthy for having taken up arms against a Government that has always treated them with justice and fairness, and deem that the punishment that has been meted out to them has been fully deserved. The Afridis, as a tribe, are one of the largest and most important of all the frontier tribes, and their geographical position renders them doubly of importance, for it is this tribe which controls the Khyber Pass, practically the main trade channel between India and Cabul. The groups shown in our illustrations represent all the important sub-sections of this great tribe, such as the Malikdeen, Kheyils, Kuki, Kheyils, Zalka, Kheyils, Orukzais, etc., etc. Though bitterly fanatical and revengeful, the Pathan has his good points, and many a border thief is a gentleman at heart, as witness Kamal in Kipling's fine ballad "East and West." Moreover, he is a fighting man born and bred, and, when the British officer has had his way with him, makes a trooper, or a rifleman, not easy to beat.



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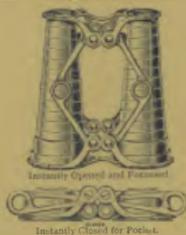
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