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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. V.—No. 57.]

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 1893.



Photo. Russell & Sons

REAR-ADMIRAL C. C. P. FITZ-GERALD.

Southey

THE new second in command of the China station, Rear-Admiral Charles Cooper Penrose Fitz-Gerald, who is relieving Rear-Admiral Oxley in China, is one of the best known of our junior flag officers, and a man of marked ability and distinguished merit. He was born in 1811, and entered the Royal Navy in May, 1834, on the eve of the Russian War, in which Admiral Fitz-Gerald saw service in the Baltic, as a midshipman of the old "Colossus." He saw active service after that, in the same waters where he is now to fly his flag, in the second China War in 1858, as a midshipman in the celebrated old paddle frigate "Retribution." He was promoted to captain in 1880, and two years later took part in the Egyptian War, as flag captain to Sir Francis Sullivan, in the "Inconstant." From 1883 to 1885 Admiral Penrose Fitz-Gerald had charge of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, as captain of that institution. He received his flag in February, 1895. The gallant admiral is the author of the admirable life of the late Sir George Tryon which met with such success a few months ago. He holds views of his own in regard to modern Naval tactics, on which he is an admitted authority; and the nation is to be congratulated on the appointment of so able an officer as a second in command to Sir Edward Seymour in the Far East.

THE MAKING OF ADMIRALTY CHARTS.

THE surveying work of the Navy is carried out almost entirely by a small group of vessels, mostly old sloops and gun-boats, specially fitted out for the duty. They number eight in all, and are scattered for the carrying out of their work all over the world—in the Mediterranean, in the Pacific, in Australasian waters, in the West Indies. The ships are mostly at the disposal of Rear-Admiral Sir William Wharton, K.C.B., F.R.S., the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, who presides over the special department charged with the issue, revision, and correction of Admiralty charts, sailing directions, and general information for mariners in the matter of lights, beacons, and so forth. There are upwards of 3,000 Admiralty charts published, and the work of keeping them up to date is the main duty of those employed on the marine survey service. As anyone who has ever seen an Admiralty chart must allow, the work entails on all concerned enormous labour and care, and the closest attention to every detail. Of course much assistance is rendered by men-of-war on the different stations whenever any discovery, such



THE "EGERIA" AT ANCHOR IN BURGOYNE BAY, SMYTH'S CHANNEL.

as the shifting of a shoal, or the finding of some hitherto unobserved pinnacle rock in deep water, is made, and a large amount of odd information also comes to hand through the medium of merchant vessels; but these methods of getting information are subsidiary, reliance being principally placed on the work done by the special survey ships.

Our first photograph shows the "Egeria" on survey duty off the coast of South America. The "Egeria" is one of our oldest sloops at present in commission, and the duty on which she is for the time being specially employed is in carrying out the survey of Magellan's Straits, Smyth's Channel, the coast of Chili, and, to conclude the programme of work allotted within the "Egeria's" commission, a survey of the waters of British Columbia. Our photograph shows the "Egeria" at anchor in Burgoyne Bay, Smyth's Channel, on a day when her boats are away taking soundings in the Bay.

Our second photograph shows the winding in of a sounding wire from a depth of 2,300 fathoms after bottom has been reached. Great care has to be exercised to prevent the wire being jerked or kniked, in either of which cases it may snap and the operation has to be gone through again—a big business, considering the length of wire run out. A bluejacket is seen leaning over the side to lubricate and guide the wire.

Our third photograph shows the officers of the "Egeria" taking "magnetic sights," to check the ship's compasses and note any local deviation due to the earth's magnetic attraction. This operation has to be constantly seen to, and is carried out by a party landed from the ship for the purpose. The compasses are placed on tripods, and the bearings of certain well-known points and hills are taken, by means of which the extent of any deviation there may be between the direction of the magnetic North point, as shown by the ship's instruments, and the true North, as mathematically calculated, can be worked out.



WINDING IN THE SOUNDING WIRE IN 2,300 FATHOMS.



From Photos.

CORRECTING COMPASSES AT SANTA CATALINA.

By a Naval Officer.



Photo. W. M. Crockett, Plymouth.

A HAMMOCK is a very comfortable kind of bed, when one gets used to it. At first it is often liable to induce cramp, which naturally "murders sleep." There is, moreover, a certain art in getting into a hammock. No one who has not used one can appreciate the art. The men in the illustration look very much as if they were trying to get into one. The hammock is a very useful and comfortable article of furniture, and is very generally used on ships. It is very portable and can be used in any place. The men in the illustration are using the old "police" lanterns as they were called, which always seemed to possess a remarkable capacity for casting the light in the wrong place. One man is the happy possessor of a copy of *Tu-Biti*, a very suitable and handy journal for the hammock. In rough weather at sea a hammock is an admirable institution, the motion being scarcely felt.

JACK'S FOUR-FOSTER.

Copyright—Hudson & Kears.

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A SUB-LIEUTENANT'S UNIFORM.

A GOOD many years ago, but well within the recollection of many officers now serving, there was an extraordinary diversity of opinion in the Navy regarding the interpretation of the regulations as to uniform. Certain broad rules were universally adhered to, but for social functions and the ordinary work on board there was apparently an unlimited field for the exercise of private judgment. Thus, at an entertainment on shore, some officers might be seen in



SUNDAY MORNING INSPECTION.

white and others in blue trousers, and so on; and a visitor passing from one ship to another might find one officer of the watch in the severe propriety of a frock-coat and sword-belt, and another in an old monkey jacket. It began to be per-



Photos. Russell & Sons.

SEMI-TROPICAL DRESS.

Southes.



MESS DRESS.

ceived, however, that it was not creditable that officers should appear on shore in a diversity of costumes; and so it became the custom for the admiral to indicate by signal the dress to be worn—a custom which is still continued, though greatly simplified by the introduction of minute instructions. As an instance of the laxity which formerly prevailed, a signalman



Photos. Russell & Sons.

A COLD MORNING.

Southes.

has been heard to read out to the ward-room officers a communication to this effect:—"Dress for entertainment this afternoon, frock-coats, trousers optional," which admitted of a very whimsical interpretation, though none of the officers were bold enough to appear in Highland costume!

All this is changed nowadays, and there is a special dress minutely prescribed for all occasions, while a suitable dress for the tropics has been legalised. Our illustrations

show some variations in a sub-lieutenant's uniform, but the same rules prevail throughout all ranks. The frock-coat and cap, with sword, is a sort of Sunday morning dress, and used also for such occasions as an admiral's inspection, or a visit on duty to another ship, etc. The semi-tropical dress shows the comfortable monkey jacket now very properly legalised as the ordinary dress on board one's own ship; a white tunic is substituted in full tropical dress. For mess dress the gold-



BALL DRESS.

braided vest, which was used, quite illegally, in some ships for a number of years, is now made compulsory, and forms, with the mess jacket, a very pretty and suitable costume. The great coat is a most consoling garment in a north-easter. The distinction lace, as will be noticed, appears on the shoulder



Photos: Russell & Sims

READY FOR BATTALION DRILL.

Southsea.



GOING TO A COURT-MARTIAL.

strap instead of on the cuff. In the ball dress the epaulettes—or scales in the case of a sub-lieutenant—first appear. These same scales are somewhat unfinished-looking articles. Why not give the sub-lieutenant a little supplementary gold fringe? The landing dress in the sixth picture is in every respect a thoroughly workmanlike and suitable costume for its purpose. The combination of frock-coat with cocked hat and epaulettes



Photos: Russell & Sims

Southsea.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

is of comparatively recent introduction. It is used for court-martial, etc., and is a great improvement on the old arrangement of undress tail coat.

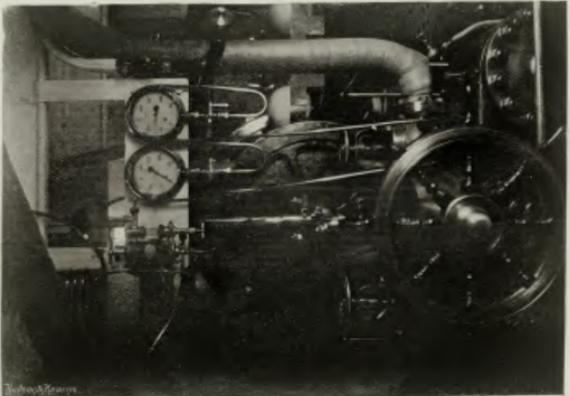
In the last illustration we see the sub-lieutenant in "full canonicals," so to speak, or, as he would put it, in "war paint." The Naval full dress, more especially that of the higher ranks, with gold-laced trousers and heavy gold fringe to the epaulettes, is universally acknowledged to be an exceedingly handsome and becoming ceremonial costume. It is used when doing honour to Royalty.

THE MACHINERY OF THE "RENOVN."

THE North America and West Indies station has of late years been remarkably lucky in the matter of its flag-ships. In February, 1892, the "Blake," then with her sister the "Blenheim" undoubtedly two of the finest cruisers we had ever possessed in our Navy, went out with Sir John Hopkins as Commander-in-Chief. The "Blake," however, was considered rather too large for a first-class cruiser, and so the next ship that went to carry the flag was the "Crescent." Both of these ships were gazed on with feelings of admiration by the loyal colonists, who thronged on board them whenever opportunity offered. But the Admiralty conceived that they had not done enough for North America, and so Sir John Fisher had orders to hoist his flag in the "Renown" and proceed to that station last August. The photos of machinery shown here were taken on board that vessel.

In the first of the four reproductions of photographs, which were all taken by electric light, and are wonderful specimens of the photographer's art, we see the steering engines of the ship. Ships are invariably steered by steam nowadays, though, as invariably, there is always an alternative handgear provided in case of a breakdown. We all know how important the steering gear of a ship is, and it is usually operated from down below, being connected by telegraph with many stations in the ship. Formerly it was rather untrustworthy, and constantly gave trouble by refusing to act, but of late years it has been so much improved that it rarely becomes inoperative.

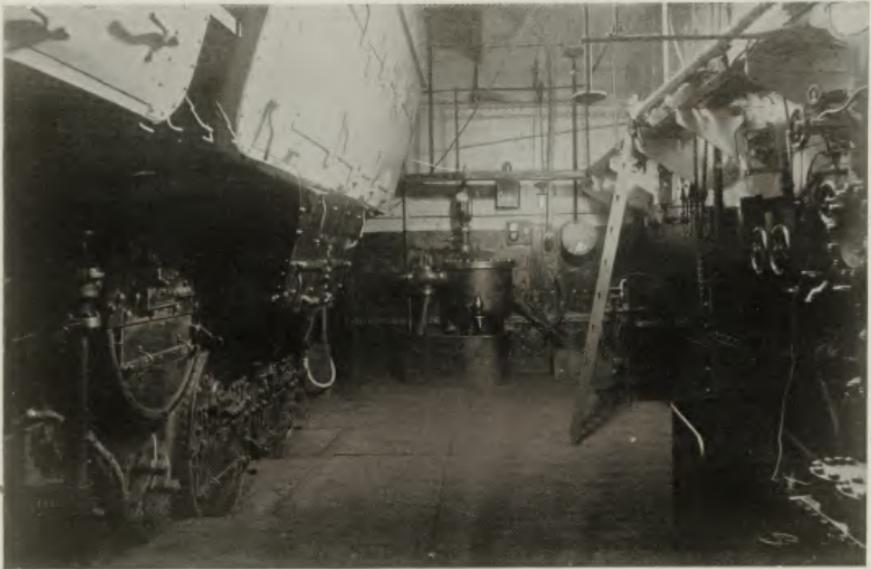
We have in the second picture a representation of part of one of the stokeholds, in fact the forward end. Of course, when fires are extinguished and there is no steam, cleanliness is carried to its utmost limits; but, if there are no fires in this particular stokehold, depend upon it there are plenty somewhere else, for what with perpetually distilling fresh water, running ventilating fans, working the dynamos for the electric light, and the numberless other duties that have to

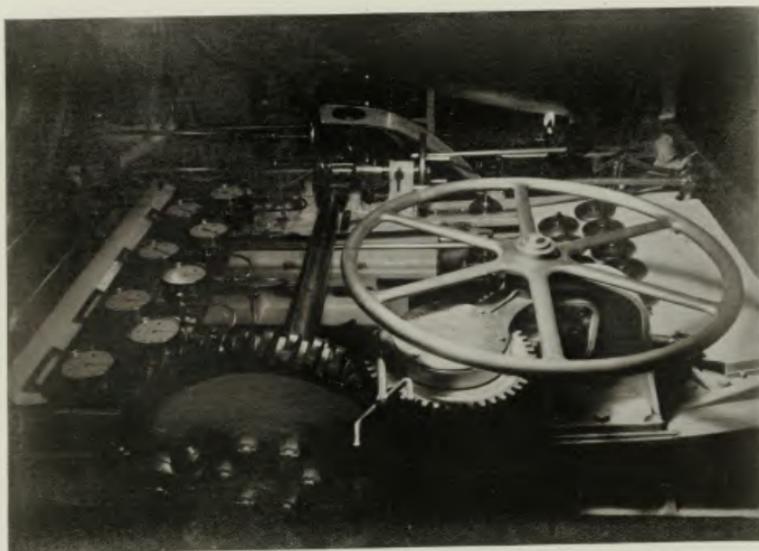


THE STEERING ENGINES.

be performed as much when a ship is in harbour as when she is at sea, in a modern man-of-war steam is always up, and its services are required.

The third and fourth of our pictures give us views of the "Renown's" mighty machinery, as depicted in her main engines and the starting platform. The engines consist of two complete sets, one to each screw. There are four cylinders to each set, one high-pressure, one intermediate, and two low-pressure. There are two low-pressure cylinders, because if there were only one it would be of too unwieldy a size. The starting platform is that part of the engine-room from which the engineer on duty must never be far away, as it is from there that the engines are started, stopped, and sent astern.





Perimeterh.

ON THE STARTING PLATFORM.



Wm. Symonds & Co.

THE MAIN ENGINES.



Photo. F. O. S. Gregory & Co., 51, Strand.

SMALL REPAIRS.

Copyright—Hulton & Katers.

HERE we have represented the chief gunner, with his mates and armourers, overhauling a breech-loading gun and effecting such small adjustments as may be necessary in the mechanism. A far higher standard of efficiency is demanded of the modern armourer than of his predecessor of muzzie-loading days, and some improvement or elaboration of the machinery for loading and working the guns is being constantly introduced, so that he has to very much up to date. The mechanism of a quick-firing gun, taken apart and laid about the deck, looks rather like the component parts of a gigantic and eccentric watch, and the problem, to the uninitiated, is how it is all going to be put together again in the right fashion. The method of securing the breech-block, by means of the intercepted screw, is plainly shown in the picture—a very ingenious and effective arrangement.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED NOTES & QUERIES SERVICE ABOARD & ON SHORE

As advances are made in the sciences, it is now possible for the public to keep in the closest touch with the same by means of pictorial reproductions shown by the latest improvements in photography. One instance is a new and most destructive weapon, the invention of Hiram Maxim, of Maxim gun fame. This inventor has just completed a Naval or coast defence automatic rapid-firing gun, which projects a shell weighing 9-lb. a distance of over three miles, and it is claimed for this weapon that it has a rapidity of fire more than double any other gun of its size. One of the latest pictures of the aptly-named Biograph shows the inventor, Mr. Hiram Maxim, firing this gun in full view of the audience. As a matter of fact, a boy of ten years could go through that performance, which is simply pressing the trigger. The gun automatically frings and ejects and reloading, as long as ammunition is within reach.

"C. W.," a young joiner who is anxious to get a berth in the Royal Navy in connection with his trade, had better write, giving particulars of his age, experience, and special qualifications, to the senior officer in charge of the Dockyard Reserve at Chatham, Portsmouth, or Devonport, or the captain of the port guard-ship at Penzance, whichever place may be nearest to him and most convenient. Of course, he would have to produce proofs of his general conduct and of his abilities as a workman, or inlentures to the satisfaction of the authorities.

THE magnificent fighting qualities and consistent loyalty of the Gurkhas may be said to be familiar in men's mouths as household words." There is, therefore, small need to do more than give publicity to the existence of a Gurkha Association, which has been formed for the purpose of providing and maintaining (1) the orphan sons of Gurkha soldiers who have died in the Service or been killed in action, and (2) the sons of Gurkha pensioners of good and deserving character, residing in India, who are in destitute circumstances. The central idea of the association is the foundation of a Gurkha Asylum, which, once started, would be kept up by subscriptions from the fifteen Gurkha battalions. Already a considerable sum has been collected, and it would be strange indeed if such a project lacked the support of the British public. If only out of gratitude for the glorious services which the Gurkhas have rendered, not to speak of the desirability of encouraging such an aid to Gurkha recruiting, the Gurkha Asylum should receive many English contributions, which can be sent either to Lieutenant Alban Wilson, the adjutant of the 44th Gurkha Rifles, or to Messrs. Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament Street, S.W., marked "Gurkha Asylum."

"W." The preparation of pemmican requires great skill and care. When it became necessary, in 1874, to manufacture supplies for the Arctic expedition then fitting out, recourse was had to the experience gained in 1867, when large quantities of the preparation were made at Gosport under the supervision of the captain-superintendent, Sir Edward Parry, and Dr. Nicholson, C.B., the inspector-general in charge of Hudson's Bay. The process, as then described, consisted in the purchase of rounds of beef dressed of all fat and skin. These, after the bone had been extracted, were cut into thin, uniform slices, and placed on hurdles over a kiln, where they remained until the experience of the men in charge advised them to be sufficiently dried, the minimum time being, on an average, twelve hours. The slices were then cut into small pieces and carried to a mill, where they were ground into powder—an important part of the process of pounding in a mortar. The meat thus obtained was mixed with suet, which had been carefully chopped, melted, and strained, curants, and sugar, after which it was packed into canisters. The process of manufacture was very slow, averaging 700-lb. of meat per cwt. or, after the admixture of ingredients, about 400-lb. of pemmican.

This process was closely followed in the preparation of the supplies for the Arctic expedition of 1875-76, two kinds, plain and sweet, being made, the former, of course, containing neither curants nor sugar. The meat purchased was the finest Aberdeen beef procurable, even the best of the men in charge being prepared, in the suggestion of Sir George Nares, to purchase the best of the best. The preparation of some 2,000-lb. of pemmican, at Gosport, for the Swedish and Norwegian Government. The quantities supplied was 1,400-lb. The other articles specially prepared at Penzance for the Arctic expedition were 1,000-lb. of beef, corned pork, and beefed bacon. The biscuit was also specially baked, and the rum supplied undiluted, and in as highly concentrated a form as possible. Meat biscuits, consisting of one-third pemmican and two-thirds biscuit and meal, were also prepared, on the suggestion of Sir George Nares. The whole of the supplies were regulated by a committee specially appointed for that purpose, and composed of officers possessing Arctic experience. In addition to the articles already enumerated, large quantities of excellent tobacco, Welsh wigs, down shirts, sealskin and box-cloth suits, moccasins, etc.

I AM asked by a correspondent to describe the colours of a cavalry regiment. Strictly speaking, cavalry have no colours at all. Regiments of Dragoon Grenadiers carry standards, and of Dragoons, guidons. The former are of silk blamuck, curried and fringed, with gold and blue, the latter of silk. The standard or guidon of each regiment is of a crimson colour, and bears (unless otherwise authorised) the royal or other title in letters of gold on a red ground in a circle, and the rank of the regiment in gold Roman characters on a crimson ground in the same, the whole within a wreath of roses, thistles, and shamrocks on the one side, ensigned with the imperial Crown. The white horse, on a green ground, is a crimson ground, is in the case of regiments having within a scroll, and the rose, thistle, and shamrock conjoined, on a ground of the colour of the facings of the regiment, within a scroll, in the second and third corners. In the case of regiments having particular badges, such badges are embroidered in the centre, and the rank of the regiment put in the second and third corners, within a wreath of roses, thistles, and shamrocks. The standard or guidon also bears the devices, distinctions, and mottoes which have been conferred by royal authority—the motto under the wreath in the centre. The tassels are of crimson silk and gold mixed, and the lance, including the royal crest which surmounts it, is 8-ft. 6-in. long. Standards and guidons, which are not borne in cloth, Hussar or Lancer regiments, are carried by squadron sergeant-majors.

SEVERAL correspondents ask questions about the guard and Reserve ships at the various ports and harbours round our coasts, whose presence there often arouses the curiosity of summer-time and other visitors. The former are simply the ships comprised in the Royal Naval Reserve Fleet, and are kept ready to put to sea within forty-eight hours of war being declared or a mobilisation for any purpose ordered. The ships would collect at some appointed rendezvous, and, according to the requirements of the district where each ship is stationed, and the merchant Service Naval Reserve men living in or attached to the district. The whereabouts and addresses of these men are at all times known to the captains of the ships, and a telegram would bring the men on board at short notice. Meanwhile, all the year round a ship's company of bluejackets, with officers amounting to something under a third of each ship's complement, are ordinarily kept on duty on board. The first Reserve fleet comprises the harbour guard-ships at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, and the coast guard-ships elsewhere from Hantay Bay to the Clyde and Queenferry, with certain small sea-going cruisers used as Royal Naval Reserve drill-ships, the whole providing a fleet of some sixteen to twenty vessels which would be available to support the Channel fleet or take its place in home waters. Contrary to common ships like the "Tralgarne," "Nile," "Rodney," and "Howe," with the additions of the "Camperdown" and "Anson" to be made next April, the Reserve fleet should be a match, after a few days' shaking down at sea, for any fleet likely to come into Northern waters.

HOSPITAL attendants or orderlies are taken, as a rule, from the Medical Staff Corps, and are trained in all the necessary duties of the sick and wounded. It is, however, usual to employ patients who are sufficiently strong on light duties, such as carrying round the medicines to the men in their ward, and generally assisting the nursing sister in charge, if there be no one. It is sometimes found necessary to employ a number of orderlies furnished by the Medical Staff Corps, in which case the medical officer in charge makes an application to the officer commanding the garrison or station, and, if necessary, to the steps for providing the men required from the troops in the garrison. When employed in this capacity a man is excused all regimental parades and duties, and usually continues to fill the billet as long as he is required by the medical officer. If the man under my exceptional care should be required to join his regiment or corps, the regulations demand that due notice be given to the medical officer.

MY answer to "X," who asks me whether I would advise an officer to qualify as an interpreter in the Navy, considering the extreme likelihood of never being employed as such, is, decidedly, Yes. I am well aware that out of the 44 officers who have qualified as interpreters in all the languages under the sun there are just six employed, and these fortunate ones are professors of Hindoo or Swahili for the most part. If I look forward to a great change in the latter, in the case of war, which is always threatened, though everybody believes it to be still far off, it is certain that interpreters will be sought after and rewarded in a manner little thought of now. In the meantime, the knowledge of a language would be the height of bad judgment for an officer who has the ability to neglect to get himself placed on the list of qualified interpreters, for it is always something to be known as having passed. It is always something to be able to read, and it is always something to have a reputation as a specialist, if only in such an every-day subject as French.

LAST we forget, and the heroic deeds of modern times, the services of such men as Sir Thomas Picket, I may remind my readers that there stands in St. Paul's a monument bearing the following inscription: "Erected at the public expense by the Legislature of the United Kingdom, Thomas Picket, K.G.C.B., who, after distinguishing himself in the victories of Basaco, Puentes de Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes, and Toulouse, terminated his long and glorious military services in the ever memorable battle of Waterloo, to the splendid success of which his genius and valour eminently contributed, on the 18th of June, 1815." There is also a column to his memory at Carruthers, near which his home was situated. "This brave soldier, who 'had never known defeat' in the whole course of his service, was born at Poysson, near Haverfordwest, in August, 1758. He joined his uncle's regiment, the 12th Foot, (Giles's), in 1776. The years of his and his country's glory were his own. He studied his profession. He served in the West Indies, and was for some time Governor of Trinidad. In that capacity he was accused of harshness and cruelty by the people of a personal enemy; and his home was situated. This brave soldier, they were, however, forgotten in the brilliancy of his Peninsular career. He has been described by a not too friendly historian as a "stern and unfeeling man, but a man of true and genuine complexion, caustic speech, and austere demeanour," but he was also kind-hearted, absolutely truthful, an ardent patriot, and a splendid soldier.

THE EDITOR.

A Glance at the Royal Dockyards.

By CHARLES GLEIG.



OUR relations with Afghanistan and the tribes are very much a question of the day, and I, therefore, took up Sir John Aylmer's "Indian Frontier Policy" (Smith, Elder, & Co.) with considerable interest. The conclusion was foregone, because the General has freely expressed his opinion on many an occasion. It is all for a backward policy. Because we foolishly attempted to set Shahi Soofah on the Afghan throne in '80, and paid for our rashness with disaster, and because forward steps have continually entailed us, we are to withdraw our isolated posts from turbulent districts, and devote ourselves to promoting the "welfare of the millions under our sway." All this is very interesting. But I do not think it will prevail with Englishmen. We still remember how those who feared a Russian advance to Merv were jeered at by a distinguished statesman as victims of "Mercenaries." Since that time the Transcaspian Railway has been built—an excellent line of communication, *pace* Sir West Ridgeway, and is now being extended to the Afghan frontier. We have guaranteed the integrity of Afghanistan. It is a guarantee consistent with a backward policy? Are we to suffer the tribes to become Rishpains? There is more than a spice of the marauder in them. The rich plains of India are below. It needs but a Muscovite bidding to throw them on the quarry.

So my statesman-like or marauder-like I take up a book dedicated to one "ever reliable, never knowing when he is beaten, saving his country in many a crisis when statesmen have failed." Who is that but the British soldier, Tommy Atkins? And the book, you say? It is a new edition of "Scenes Through the Battle Smoke," by the Rev. Arthur Male (Dean). Now Mr. Male has seen as much fighting as any parson living. He was determined to see it, and so found himself at Peshawar on the eve of the Afghan War. To absolute him was that old inscription to another clergyman, who "translated the Scriptures into the Afghan tongue, and was shot by his own chowkedar." Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Mr. Male's feelings are the deterrent. Where fighting is going on, there he tried to be in the midst. You hold your breath when he tells you how he "walked" the gauntlet of a frenzied crowd outside the Jellalabadi gate, eyed on the march by a couple of *maliks*. The incident is ascribed to the very life, with all the sights and sounds and smells of the war, humour breaking out here and there. "Oh those dead camels!" Words fail utterly to describe one's feelings under the circumstances of such a meeting. It is one thing to pass Kinnel's shop in the Strand, but another thing to pass a dead camel! Quite! But I have said enough. The story of the Egyptian Campaign is as good.

When you take up "Our Prombles in Poona and the Deccan," by Arthur T. Crawford, C.M.G. (Constable, 12s.), you expect a sober, solid treatment of a weighty question, but you soon find yourself laughing at the whimsicalities of the author. As to Poona, that is all right. No general disaffection prevails, and only firm government is needed, with a reformed police to crush the Hindu criminals. We have pampered and petted the pestilential sections of the Brahmins, and it is an imperative necessity to set the Mahomedan aristocracy by the side of the "twice-born." This is sound policy. To establish a balance of power between native races or castes was the guiding principle of Warren Hastings. Then there is the native pass to control, and here a humorous "temperature chart" is given. The patient, Dooltee (treacherous) Rao Lajee (bad character), B.A., J.P., was at fever heat under the treatment of Lord Grey (Government House alcohol in large doses, with rancid butter) and Lord Sandhurst (Log Council) frangibly, but Inspector-General John Bull approves the proposed treatment of cauterity, with perhaps an operation, and anti-Genghis pills. Although Mr. Crawford is thoroughly serious, he chooses thus to laugh with his reader, and to crack jokes out of characters as he goes along.

I like "Great Warriors" (Chambers, Wellington, Napoleon (Chambers, 2s.) for the spirit and vigour that pervade it. The worst fault of a "popular" volume is to be dull, and nothing of the kind in the case here. But great accuracy might have been striven for. We all know how, in the song, "our Nelson led the van," but that meaningless statement should not have been repeated. "Heroic Lives"—Livingstone, Stanley, Gordon, and Dunderland—is a braver volume.

And now your "Search-Light" must direct a beam to things of *outremer*, and with particular pleasure to the "final edition" of a work by that good seaman and admirer of England, Signor V. Vecchi, who calls himself playfully "Jack la Bolina." His "Bovetti di Vita di Bordo," or "Sketches of Life on Board" (Bemporad, Florence, 3 lire) do not do credit to the author's name, but they are capital. Here we have the Italian bluejacket and his superior in the life in their daily occupations and amusements, with a happy mixture of wit, drollery, and romance. I observe that Signor Biagi, who has evidently been to an English dinner and has an echo in his ears of something he heard there, announces a resolution to follow in his preface, as "You merry fellow." We do not often hear much of the Swedish Navy, and I was therefore glad to receive little pictorial work of building plates, "Fran Sveaska Flottan" (from Sweden's Fleet). It includes pictures of the Royal personnel, pictures of ships, and scenes of life afloat, indicating popular interest in the Service.

Before it is too late, let me signal the appearance of a few articles worth reading in the January magazines. The "Welfare of the Nation" in *Illustration*. "Deed that Won the Empire," by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, in the *Cornhill*. "Turtle Catching," by Admiral Fitzgerald, in the *Illustration*. The beginning of Mr. Seton's "Military Service," in *Illustration*. "Corvus," in *Harper's*; excellent contributions on "Portraits of General Wolfe," "Washington," and "A Myth of Waterloo," in the *Century*; and a very full account of the "Kaiser Wilhelm ier Grosse," as the "largest steam-ship afloat," in *Cassier's Magazine*. "Skate-Light."



HERE are, doubtless, many millions of English men and women who have enjoyed no opportunity of visiting any one of the great dockyards administered by the Admiralty. These can have but little conception of the importance of the ship-building and repairing work which goes steadily on at these great centres of industry; still less, perhaps, of the splendid system of organisation under which many thousands of skilled and unskilled workmen are employed in the construction of ships of war. Yet the gates of the Government dockyards are ever open to visitors. Policemen, stout of build but courteous in manner, stand at the portals, ready, and even willing, to conduct the enquiring "tripper" over the cobble-stones leading to the docks, building slips, and workshops; and do not, it is said, disdain to accept in return for these civilities the smallest silver coin of the realm. Those who can afford a day's excursion to Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Chatham, should not fail to pay a visit to one of these national shipyards.

To begin with, it is an extremely interesting fact that all the employees of the Royal dockyards enjoy the privilege of an eight hours' day. They have many other privileges denied to the bulk of British workmen, but this limitation of the hours of labour is of sufficient importance to interest all classes of readers. It is curious to note, too, that the experiment of instituting the eight hours' day was not the outcome of agitation on the part of the workmen employed in these dockyards, but that it is actually a State experiment, which was introduced as a concession to public opinion, and with the object of officially testing the results.

Trade Unionism has obtained no foothold in the State dockyards, for the employees are fully able to take advantage of the experiment of instituting the eight hours' day was not the outcome of agitation on the part of the workmen employed in these dockyards, but that it is actually a State experiment, which was introduced as a concession to public opinion, and with the object of officially testing the results.

Of the five dockyards, Chatham and Portsmouth are of almost equal importance as ship-building centres, each employing about 7,000 hands; and it is at these two yards that a majority of our battle-ships have been built. Devonport is next in importance, but has hitherto lacked plant for the construction of modern battle-ships, and has been more extensively utilised for cruiser building and as a refitting yard. At Pembroke we have a much smaller dockyard, but one which has long been supplied with plant for battle-ship construction. The establishment is controlled by a captain-superintendent, instead of a rear-admiral, but there are no facilities for docking or repairing ships at the Western Yard. The fifth and least important of the Royal dockyards is at Sheerness, and is chiefly utilised for the building of small cruisers.

A dockyard, as the name suggests, is not merely a building site, but also a site for docks and basins. These will be found in abundance at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Devonport; but, unfortunately, our modern battle-ships and cruisers have outgrown the majority of the docks constructed in the old days of convict labour, and new and larger ones have had to be designed to accommodate the "Majestics" and "Powerfuls" of the present day. Most of the older dockyard buildings, as well as the existing docks, were the outcome of convict labour.

Contract work, too, is responsible for the construction of many of our battle-ships and cruisers, besides having the monopoly of torpedo craft; but the Admiralty regards it as imperative that the Government yards should always secure their fair share of construction. The reason of this is tolerably obvious. Strikes might at any time paralyse the ship-building industry, and have ere now delayed seriously the completion of battle-ships and cruisers. But, under present conditions, and with over 20,000 workmen in its own employ, Government can at all times continue ship-building, and Trade Union agitators surge harmlessly against the dockyard gates. So, in time of war, it would be still more imperative to have the State dockyards available for rapid ship-building and the repair of shot-ridden hulls.

TOMMY ATKINS AFLOAT.

By ONE WHO HAS SAILED WITH HIM.



HE figure of Tommy Atkins ashore is a familiar one enough to all of us. Whether it be associated with a stirring brass band, which booms out a catchy air as he marches with his regiment through the village street, followed by all the juvenile population, and by the admiring eyes of half the country wenches in the neighbourhood, or, as a beafted creature, in all the glory of a red well-padded jacket, "doing the park" with a nursemaid, his presence in our midst somehow inspires us with a sense of security. We feel an interest in him, too; indeed, we almost regard him as part and parcel of our own personal belongings—a kind of romantic servant that we keep knocking around to do our unpleasant work across the seas, and keep the Czar, the German Emperor, and other troublesome potentates duly impressed with the might and dignity of the British nation.

We never see a regiment, or a component part of a regiment, without this almost unconscious feeling of proprietorship coming over us. They are "Our Soldiers"; and when we read of their glorious services abroad, their forced marches, and their invariable success, we begin to feel quite proud they belong to us, and only expand our chests and talk of England's greatness, as if we were individually responsible for it.

Yes, ashore, Tommy Atkins is as familiar to us as the

appears, from experience of both, that the hired transports are far cheaper and otherwise preferable to the regular troopers, only about two of which are in commission at the present time.

The ships are—man-of-war fashion—all painted white, both outside and on deck, when once they are chartered by the Government; the house flag is hauled down, and replaced by the transport ensign (somewhat resembling the R.N.R. flag, with the addition of a large yellow anchor), and special fittings are introduced below. These fittings are all stocked at Southampton and carefully marked, so that the regular passenger accommodation can be altered to that required for the troops in two or three days. As a matter of fact, some months ago one of the transports came in from Australia full of cargo and left again within eight days with 1,000 troops discharged, over 600 men being daily employed, and by the time she was gazetted to sail everything was as ship-shape as if the process of altering her interior arrangements had occupied as many weeks as it did days.

The departure of a transport is an interesting event, and many sightseers, besides his relatives and the girl he is going to leave behind him, assemble at the wharf at Southampton to see the last of Tommy who has been ordered to India or the Cape.

That he does not look forward, with particularly pleasurable anticipations, to his seven years' exile, goes without saying. Stories told by time-expired soldiers of the agonies of sea-sickness, the life among the "niggers"—as they invariably call every coloured race, be they real



postman or the tax-collector, but it is with Tommy as a sailor that I propose to deal in this article.

The moment he leaves the train at Southampton and gets his accoutrements aboard the transport, all the glamour with which we are accustomed to surround him fades away. He becomes quite an ordinary person, and his admirers who could see him doing fatigue duty on deck would scarcely recognise in him the dashing son of Mars who marched with such a brave step and martial carriage to the strains of martial music a few days before.

It was in 1864 that the Government decided to do away by degrees with the five Indian troopers so well known in the Service—the ships of the General Trooping Service are now almost forgotten—and replace them by hired transports. These were chartered from the three largest shipping companies—the P. and O., Cunard, and British India Companies—who between them placed five vessels, viz., the "Victoria" and "Britannia" (P. and O.), the "Pavonia" (Cunard), and the "Dilwara" and "Junna" (British India), at the disposal of the Imperial authorities during the trooping season.

They are all fitted as armed cruisers, and are invariably manned with European crews, most of the officers and many of the men belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve.

Thus the Government have reverted to the old-time method for the conveyance of troops, and it

West India negroes or high caste Hindoos—the heat of the climate, and the thought that he will not taste good, honest roast beef and bitter beer until his return, all tend to damp his ardour, which up to his embarkation has been artificially stimulated by the farewell glasses of well-meaning friends. He files up the gangway with his gear and accoutrements, with a long face, roundly cursing, beneath his breath, the land of the coral strand and the nigger aforesaid; for him he has, of course, the most supreme contempt.

Having left their belongings on board, the soldiers go ashore again to be told off to messes, each of which consists of from sixteen to eighteen men. Once on board again, they are given a good square meal that would bring water to the mouth of a deep-sea sailor, every man sitting down to his food at the same time. Then an inspection of the ship is undertaken by the captain, a Naval officer, a staff officer, and the colonel commanding, and the men are told off to fire and boat quarters. The arrangements in this particular have been so perfected by constant practice that the whole performance is gone through, for the first time, in half-an-hour. Armed men are stationed at the boats, to prevent any rushing in case of emergency, and the strictest discipline is maintained throughout.



After this has been performed to the satisfaction of the officers, the bedding is served out, and so careless is Tommy of his belongings, that frequent inspection is found to be necessary to prevent him losing his blankets. Neatly-fitted racks are made in the hammock-room

for the storing of the bedding during the day, and in addition to the non-commissioned officer in charge, a ship's officer and a military officer are always present at the issuing and the taking in. A hammock and two blankets are served to the unmarried of the rank and file, while the sergeants and their wives and families are accommodated with beds.

When all the more important duties have been assigned to the twelve or fourteen hundred men who form the complement of a large transport, the fatigue duties are given out, which consist in cleaning the ship, on deck and down below, and other matters which Tommy, however industrious he may be ashore, simply abhors afloat.

The "blanky" fatigues are the bane of his existence on ship board, and it is amusing to see the forty soldiers told off to wash decks go about their work for the first few mornings. Everything is new to them, and their eyes and minds are occupied upon anything but their work, and I fear very little weight is put into the broom until they get used to the strange scenes going on around them.

Holystone is a thing Tommy never takes to kindly. He looks upon dragging a stone over the deck as a wicked waste of an hour, that could be so much better employed in his hammock, and retains a firm conviction that a housemaid's scrubber and some soft soap would have the desired effect in half the time. He settles down to things better after a few days, and begins to feel more at home—that is, if he happens to be a good sailor. If he doesn't, he finds new and elaborate swear words appropriate to the "boat" (as he calls it), which, as his vocabulary of invective has been very liberally drawn upon for other occasions, requires no mean inventive capacity.

Sentries are posted about various parts of the ship, to prevent irregularities; and though Tommy is well accustomed to performing this kind of duty on shore, he often makes rather an awkward fist at it, at first, on board ship.

Most of the recruits who are sent to India have never been aboard a ship before in their lives—many of them have never seen one; and the names they give the various parts of the vessel and the rigging are calculated to make a sailor roar in derision. A sailor, by the way, for some reason, has anything but a high regard for Tommy, and so his duties are not appreciably lessened by Jack, who delights in the muds he gets in, and slaps his thigh as he slides by one of them militia blokes—"Jack calls them all militiamen—to his pals in the fo'c'sle, a portion of the ship from which Tommy is rigidly excluded. Tommy invariably calls the funnel the "chimney," the gangway the "stairs," and the deck the "floor," and distinguishes the fore and aft of the ship by calling them the "thin" and the "thick" end respectively. He never gets quite used to sailor terms, and, even at the end of the voyage, speaks of the "heaving of the boat," or the "blooming colonee on the bridge."

He is sorely puzzled as to how the ship's officers rank, and why they wear so little gold lace.

I overheard a fellow, who spoke as one navvying authority and not as the scribes, explaining the matter to his mate one day. "You see, Fred, it's like this. The (cuss word) bloke with the stripe on his shoulder—he's the (swear word) ship's capt'n. All the other blanketty blokes wot goes upstairs to the turret place—the'n the—lieutenants." "And who's that there joker?" asked Fred, pointing to the chief engineer, who was certainly more than seven; "e never goes upstairs, and e aint no steward." "Why, you blanky galoot, that's a middy." "A pretty old middy, aint 'e?" hazarded Fred, somewhat dubiously. "Lord love yer," replied his instructor, "there's tons of 'em as old as him; 'e's got as far as 'e can; 'e's been plucked, and 'e'll never get no further."

The lifebelt parade is, perhaps, the only portion of the ship's routine that Tommy

really takes any interest in. Besides being a novelty to him, it affords excellent material for chatter; and the comic artist (and there is often one among the men) invariably chooses the moment of "lifebelts" for his most scathing work. At the sound of the bugle the men fall in, as if for parade. The belts are passed up by those stationed in the ladders, and within fourteen minutes every Tommy on board has his belt on securely. Everyone in the ship, with the exception of the officers' wives and invalids, is bound to have a belt on when the captain and colonel go round on their tour of inspection, and a sufficient number of belts are taken to the hospital and their use explained to the patients.

At 10.30 every morning an inspection of the ship is made by the captain, the colonel, adjutant, and military officer of the watch, during which every nook and cranny of the vessel, and all the mess utensils, are overhauled. This over, the troops—who have been paraded on the upper deck the while—are dismissed, and, with the exception of those on guard, are at liberty to kill time as they please. And Tommy can kill time better than anyone I know. To most persons a long sea voyage, even relieved by the various distractions provided, is more or less monotonous, but it is by no means so to Tommy. As a general rule there is nothing he loves better than to loiter about the deck. He has made up his mind for a good steady loaf when he gets on board, and manfully he sticks to his determination during the voyage.

Some few regiments engage largely in calisthenic exercise. The adjutant of one regiment I sailed with used to rise every morning at six o'clock and make a number of his men go through all sorts of Sandow exercises until nine. These men landed in the pink of condition.

During the fine weather concerts are occasionally organised among the men, and on some of these occasions it happens that exceptional talent is displayed.

All sorts of amusements are supplied by the Government for the use of the troops, though the game that Tommy loves best is "lotto," or, as he calls it, "ouse"—meaning, I suppose, "house." This game, which requires very little skill, is, as most of my readers are doubtless aware, played with numbered cards and counters. Twelve cards, with various numbers printed in squares, are served to as many men, while a thirteenth man, acting as "bank," shouts out (much louder than is at all necessary) various numbers corresponding to those on the cards, which he reads from counters, one by one extracted from a bag. The man claiming the number covers the corresponding square with something—usually a piece of ship's biscuit—and the one who first fills his card is declared the winner. As Tommy always makes a strictly gambling game out of this, it is interdicted by Government, which is, I suppose, one of the reasons why he is so partial to it. He has a gamble whenever possible, quite content to risk the chance of punishment for his little bit of sport.

Talking of punishment reminds me that very little is generally required, and, although cells are fitted up in all the transports, they are rarely used. Extra fatigues, the stoppage of their "baccy," or the compulsory answering to their names every hour, when the bugle sounds, for "defaulters" are usually found quite sufficient punishments for the petty offences that the newly-fledged soldiers commit on the outward voyage.

Of course homeaward-bound men "doing time" for various offences are closely confined, except for a short time daily, when they are escorted for exercise on the fo'c'sle. The colonel of the regiment is, of course, the judge and jury, and justice is dispensed in a manner that would make some of our legal luminaries open their eyes.

One of the reasons for the orderly conduct of the troops during the voyage is the fact that no intoxicants are sold on board, except on

