

THE WAR: Notable Ships in the Spanish Fleet.



EVENING ON BOARD—THE MASTER-AT-ARMS AND HIS MEN.

WE have already given a picture, and with it some account, of the Spanish battle-ship "Pelayo"—"El Solitario," the only one. In these stirring days it must be interesting to see more of her and her officers, to whom was intrusted the work, not like the old half-legendary hero Pelayo, of founding a kingdom, but of fighting for one of the last West Indian possessions of the formerly vast Trans-Atlantic possessions of Spain. Captain Ferrandiz is

there with his officers. He has the very aspect of an Englishman, and won golden opinions when the ship was being reconstructed at La Seyne. The officers of the ship were all picked by the Spanish Admiralty for their proved qualities. The outbreak of the war, or rather the conditions that made it inevitable, caused work night and day to be carried on for the completion of the ship, which had been delayed by a strike at the ship-building yard. By what was



Photos. J. David.

ON BOARD THE "PELAYO."

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described as a *tour de force* she was made ready to leave for Cartagena upon urgent telegraphic orders, though not all the plating of the new redoubt for quick-firers was in place. The Spanish seamen have their special gallantry, but it is not of the enduring and tenacious quality of the Anglo-Saxon race. Still, they are generally excellent fellows, if not always well trained, and "Honor y Patria" is ever their watchword.

From the "Pelayo" we turn to look at the battery deck of the armoured cruiser "Cristobal Colon," the finest of all the belted cruisers to leave Cape Verde, under command of Rear-Admiral Pascual Cervera y Topete, one of the most experienced of Spanish flag officers. The "Colon" was built by Ansaldo at Sestri Ponente, near Genoa, as a sister of the "Garibaldi," which was sold from the same yard to the Argentine Government; her displacement is 6,840 tons, her length 328-ft., and her beam 59-ft. 8-in. Great success attended the trials of this cruiser, which caused the greatest satisfaction in Italy. Like the "Pelayo" and our own "Scagull," she was fitted with Niclausse water-tube boilers, of 14,000 horse-power for 19½ knots, and 15,000, forced draught, for 20 knots, but, on a run of more than 20 miles,



THE OFFICERS OF THE "PELAYO."



Photog. J. David.

THE THIRD-CLASS CRUISER "ISLA DE LUZON."

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she attained a natural-draught speed of 19½ knots, and on some runs reached 20 knots. Great attention was devoted to the protection of the cruiser by giving her a complete nickel-steel belt 6-in. thick, bulkheads of the same, and 5-in. on the barbettes, besides a steel deck. The armament was well disposed by the designer—in each of the barrette turrets, fore and aft, a 9½-in. breech-loader, and ten 6-in. quick-firers in the battery, with wide firing arcs, besides as many 1-pounders and several Maxims. Altogether the cruiser was a credit to the foreign builders.

The "Isla de Luzon," which is also illustrated, had for some time been in Philippine waters with her sister, the "Isla de Cuba," while the third sister, the "Marques



THE BATTERY DECK OF THE ARMoured CRUISER "CRISTOBAL COLON."

de la Enseñada," was at Havana. All were built at Elswick about four years ago, upon a displacement of 1,040 tons, with the excellent qualities with which the famous yard invests its constructions. The idea was to build small cruisers of 1,040 tons, with fair speed and roomy character, suitable for work in the tropics; and a steel protective deck, with a maximum thickness of 2½-in., was provided, while the armament included six 4.7-in. Hotchkiss breech-loaders, four 6-pounder quick-firers, and several Nordenfietks. It was to the "Isla de Cuba" that Admiral Montojo, in the engagement at Manila, transferred his flag from the "Reina Cristina" when she took fire. But both the "Isla de Cuba" and the "Isla de Luzon" perished in that terrible catastrophe for the Spanish Navy.

Spain did not relinquish her right of employing "auxiliary cruisers," if not privateers, and to the ships of the Compañía Transatlantica—the "Buenos Aires," 3,765 tons, "Antonio Lopez," 2,238 tons, and some others—has added, by purchase from Germany, the two magnificent vessels we illustrate—the "Normannia" and "Columbia," of the Hamburg-American Line, which both, curiously enough, were on the list of German "auxiliary



THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "COLUMBIA."

cruisers." They were built about eight years ago, and are splendid ocean greyhounds of 19 knots' speed. The "Normannia" displaces 10,500 tons and is close upon 500-ft. long, with 57-ft. 6-in. beam, and has engines of 16,250 horse-power. The "Columbia" displaces a thousand tons less, and is 462-ft. long, with 56-ft. beam. The "Normannia" was strengthened at Cadiz by English engineers to receive her guns, and similar work has been carried out in the "Columbia." Under the German arrangement with the Hamburg-American Company they were to carry eight 5.5-in. and four 4.7-in. guns, with four small quick-firers and about a dozen machine guns.

Our last illustration is of a parade of marine infantry at the Cartagena Barracks. These are very good fellows, patient and hardy, if without the smartness we are accustomed to expect in such troops. Spaniards are patient soldiers and sailors, frugal and hardy, and not wanting in patriotism; but it sometimes happens—Manila was a sad instance of it—that they make poor use of the weapons or ships they control, or are sacrificed by want of power in their leaders.



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THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "NORMANNIA."

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Photo, J. David.

SPAIN'S SEA REGIMENT—MARINE ARTILLERY ON PARADE.

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THE "TERRIBLE"—BOWS ON.

(See Page 215.)

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which they rightly exceed that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of subscribers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it is described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.

THE WAR.—Our readers will also be interested to know that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is fully represented by a corps of photographers at every likely scene of action, who will supply illustrations of all the important incidents which happen during hostilities. A special steamer has been chartered to accompany the blockading squadron of Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, upon of great experience as artist photographers, will furnish scenes of life on board the vessels of the United States Squadron as well as on shore in the blockaded cities. The material so supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.

Few officers can boast of such an excellent record of service as Major-General Archibald Hunter, who lately distinguished himself at the battle of Atbara when commanding the Egyptian troops. He served in the Nile Expedition in 1884-85, was mentioned in despatches, and obtained his brevet-majority with the 4th Class Osmanieh and 3rd Class Medjidieh. General Hunter accompanied the Frontier Field Force in 1885-86, and was severely wounded at Ginnis, being mentioned in despatches. For his services he was created a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order. In the operations on the Soulan frontier in 1886 he commanded a brigade at Arguin and Goudi. During the latter battle he was severely wounded. In the words of Major-General Grenfell, K.C.B., "he commanded his brigade in a cool and soldier-like manner, and remained on the field after having received a spear wound in the arm." For his gallantry he was made brevet-lieutenant-colonel. He was Governor of the Red Sea littoral from August, 1892, to July, 1894; Governor of the Frontier and Commandant Frontier Force from July, 1894, to November, 1896, and was appointed Governor of Dongola in December, 1896. He became brevet-colonel in January, 1891, but it was in the Dongola Expedition of 1896 that General Hunter proved himself an able leader. At Firket he rendered distinguished service, and in consequence became major-general November, 1896, at the early age of fifty. (See illustration on front page.)

WHAT is the uniform of a Naval instructor? This question could have been answered a few years ago in one word, for until 1891 they had none. By the dress regulations issued in that year, however, a distinctive uniform was prescribed for these gentlemen, and it is similar to that worn by paymasters—that is, gold lace on the cuffs, consisting of two half-inch stripes for a Naval instructor on first appointment, a quarter-inch stripe placed between these after eight years' service, after fifteen years' service, carrying the relative rank of commander. The Naval instructor's branch is distinguished, however, by the addition of light blue cloth between the gold stripes, just as the medical and engineer branches have red and purple respectively. The badge on the cap, as with other officers of the civil branch, is all in gold, the military branch wearing a silver anchor, and gold and silver in the case of a carpenter, the latter being of the civil branch; but after ten years' service a boatswain or gunner wears a quarter-inch gold stripe on the cuff, with a ring, which is another distinguishing mark of the military branch, the carpenter of similar standing wearing a straight military branch. A chief boatswain wears a half-inch stripe, with a ring, similar to a sub-lieutenant.

THE "Crescent" recently visited by the Duke of York at Portsmouth, and on board of which vessel it is now quite certain that the Duke will hoist his pennant as captain on June 8th, is one of the finest of our North American steam sailing ships, having golden opinions from all the American Naval officers who saw her and all our own officers who served in her. The "Crescent" is one of the sisters of the "Royal Arthur" now flag-ship in Australia, and the gunboat "Georgina" late flagship at Osborne in a few weeks ago.

APPROPOS of the comment raised by Lord Wolsley's statement that we have at the present moment, ready for war outside England, two British army corps, a note on the composition and strength of an army corps in our Service will be of interest. The official organisation of a British army corps is as follows: Three infantry divisions; one divisional battalion, with two machine guns; one squadron of divisional cavalry; two field and three horse artillery batteries; five ammunition columns; one engineer company; one bridging troop; half a telegraph battalion; and one balloon section. Each of the infantry divisions comprises two infantry brigades (each of four battalions), with two machine guns, one squadron of cavalry, three field batteries, one ammunition column, and one engineer company. The army corps as a whole comprises twenty-five battalions, four squadrons, eighty-four guns of four different calibres, and the bridging, telegraph, balloon, and ammunition details above noted. Its total strength is, in round numbers, 1,160 officers, 37,000 rank and file, and 10,160 horses. With each Army Corps will be utilised for war service a so-called Independent Cavalry Division, composed as follows:—Cavalry: Two brigades, each of three regiments, comprising twenty-four squadrons, and comprising machine guns. Artillery: Two horse artillery batteries, and one battalion of mounted infantry, with two machine guns and one mounted engineer detachment. The strength of the division, in the official estimated numbers, would be 37 officers, 6,378 of other ranks, and 6,664 horses.

THERE is something childish in the perpetual whine, "Why is England disliked abroad?" that has been heard so frequently of late. The true reason is the same now as it was in the early part of the century, and was thus explained by a German officer of rank in the English Service. Writing a few years ago, he said: "One of the main reasons for the prevalent ill-humour is the immense contrast between the unshaken firmness of England and the abjection of its contemporaries; it will be more slandered and its influence more exaggerated it develops." The hyper-sensitiveness that some people display is mistaken by foreigners for a sign of approaching senility, and it ill becomes a nation which has fought its way to such a position in the world, and that has possessed the means of defending it. During the early stages of the Peninsular War, the Army lent on the Navy as a crutch; in fact, without this support, the small force that was landed could hardly have hobbled along. "That the Navy was to be depended upon had been proven at Trafalgar, and while we had scarcely a foothold on the soil of Europe our Navy dominated the ocean, and was at hand for our Army to fall back upon in case of disaster. This independence of the Army in the brief campaign, ended in the Convention of Cintra has scarcely received adequate recognition from historians of the war, who, moreover, have never alluded to the admirable spirit shown by the officers of the Army in acknowledging the efforts of the military chiefs when their assistance was invoked."

A VERY noticeable departure in the training of infantry troops has been taken by that smart corps, the 5th Buffs, now in the Tihrah, which is taken to training to men act as scouts in mountain warfare. Hill climbing is part of the training of our mountain batteries, the men in these who are picked for their physical fitness, and those who show signs of weakness in wind or lab' once returned to garrison batteries. A considerable number of British battalions are always stationed in Himalayan cantonments and other hill stations, and it is no reason why the example set by the Buffs should not be widely followed. The value of men used to hill climbing was amply testified in the late campaign by the success of the Ghoorka scouts. It is by picking men from each regiment and putting them in the hands of the Aldershot that the best of each regiment a certain proportion of trained mounted infantry, and there is no reason why a similar course should not be adopted, by which we would have in each battalion a percentage specially trained for hill fighting.

APPROPOS of the above, it may be mentioned that at the athletic sports of the 5th Brigade at Lundh Kotal one of the events was a hill race open to all natives. Colonel Aslam Khan, one of the native political officers, had circulated the news very widely amongst the Afridi tribesmen, with the result that many of our late enemies contended with their former foes, but this time in friendly rivalry. The course was marked out up a hillside some little distance from camp, British officers being posted at various points to see that competitors took the correct route, and in length of the race, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, competitors being started for the descent having to mount to some 1,300-ft. at the starting-point. The prizes were the gift of the British officers of the Ghoorka scouts, and ninety Afridi warriors were the victors and tributed. The result was a great victory for the scouts, for of the nineteen men first past the post eighteen were Ghoorkas.

THE position of H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg is a peculiar one. He is retained on the list of Admirals of the Fleet by a special Order in Council, and is at the same time the Sovereign of a German State. A few weeks ago the Duke was in the "Surprise" from Malta to Alexandria, and going on board in his British uniform, hoisted his flag as Admiral of the Fleet. It is suggested that by this action his position as Admiral of the Fleet is a little irregular, and that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg assumed for a week the supreme command of the Mediterranean Squadron, and that the proceeding, unless sanctioned by the Admiralty, must have been highly irregular. It has not transpired whether the Duke flew his flag, but the Admiralty cannot be sure whether the Duke flew the "Jack" or the "Surprise" flag, but it is so well acquainted with the Naval regulations that it seems highly improbable he should have flown his flag without being authorised to do so. Technically speaking, the admiral in command of the Mediterranean Squadron cannot be considered to be the Duke's flag as he is not a member of the Admiralty, but in reality no such change was effected. Then, again, the Duke is, presumably, entitled to draw the pay and allowances of an Admiral of the Fleet, but what would be the work of flag as a compliment to the Navy, in which the best years of his life have been spent, and it is not probable that the Duke has any intention of resigning to be over such a case. The Duke has always been popular in the Royal Navy, and is justly regarded as a capable admiral.

The
DEVIATOR
by
W. J. Shannon

AUTHOR OF
"DAKE NAVY"
"MAD TRADY-MADE"
"MAN O'WAR"



"Deviation—a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage, without any necessary or justifiable cause." — *Signifies sailors' word-book.*

"I have not in my lifetime known better men and possessed with gallanter minds than Your Majesty's people" (*i.e.*, seamen) "are for the most part."—Sir Francis Drake to Queen Elizabeth, April, 1588.

CHAPTER I.

THE PITH HELMETS.

"**C**ARE for campaignin', Mal?" asked Jim Twelves of his friend Malachi Eaves.

"Campaignin'! I reckon this is primosin'! Else why do we wear spades?" growled Eaves.

H.M.S. "Pimpernel" had landed fifty men to subdue a turbulent chief on behalf of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and now, after supper, the bluejackets were sitting round the camp-fires discussing the first day's march.

"Why do we wear spades?" repeated Twelves. "Because, chum, war is now conducted wid order and method, and that's why this Wallace spade is marked all over wid soundin's, so we shall know the right depth of trench to dig under all circumstances, day and night. And graves."

"We don't want to know," said Eaves.

"Admire it for itself then, Mal. Think of its manifold works. It cannot only dig. It can cut down trees. It can—"

"I don't believe it can be used for a corkscrew," interrupted Eaves.

"No. That's a distinct point agin it," said Twelves, slowly. "And yet a point wid no parts and no magnitude, for there isn't any halfway houses along the road."

"Is that why they calls it darkest Africa, Jim?" asked a man.

"That's it, chum. Because publics is a sign of churches, and churches is a sure sign of light, and lightness is a form of sin, and Miss Whatname says to drink is to sin, and therefore if you can't drink there's no light. Which is what you might call arguin' in circles."

"And what's the good of that?" said Eaves, frowning.

"Why, then you can draw your own conclusions," said Twelves. "And that's the real pleasure of it."

"I don't derive any pleasure from them sort of arguments," said Eaves.

"Mal, it's time you turned in. The Adm'alty wasn't to know how disgraceful that spade would behave to you in African woods, nor what a profane, awkward instrument it is to live wid."

"Then what's the Adm'alty for?"

"The Adm'alty," said Twelves, "is for to look after the lower deck as much as it can, because on that, wid the ward-room and the good Providence of God, the kingdom chiefly depends."

"Then the kingdom will be let in," said Eaves.

"The kingdom will not. The Adm'alty is up to all the latest quiffs, and is most thoughtful about it, and us. These pith helmets is a standin' proof."

"I reckon they bought 'em dirt cheap off the sojers," said Eaves. "Helmets for bluejackets! And spades!"

"No. This isn't any sudden move, Mal. This is all thought out. Because things don't come by chance in the Navy. Not even the tape on our white frocks."

"How did that come, Jim?" asked a young seaman sitting by.

"Them three rows of tape, my young friend, signifies the three great battles of the Navy."

"Which three?" asked the man.

"Which three?" said Twelves with scorn. "Which three?"

"Well, which?"

"Why, Nelson and the North and the glorious fust of June; and you look up the third standard hist'ry books for yourself in future, and don't come sabb'in' on them what takes the trouble to git superior knowledge, like me."

"But how about the battle of the Nile?"

"Well, what about it? There was no white frocks at that time. But we've gone quite fur enough wid this diversion. I was tellin' Malachi Eaves how the Adm'alty takes care of us. Why, the Intellectual Department is full of books and charts, and the very secretest and most knowin' officers studiy'n them charts and books, and decidin' about capribbons. Every hair of your head is numbered, widout you're bald. Now when these people is persuaded of the value of a thing, they straight away takes notes on it, so's to be more sure."

"Have they got so fur as to take notes for to give us a meal in the evenin', Jim?" said another man.

"I think they must have, Bowser. Because they always eats themselves at that time. Oh, they always does things for us in time. Now there's these pith helmets, what you men don't admire to wear. If you imagine it's on'y officers and sojers what has brains to be protected, you're mistook. Us bluejackets has convolutions of grey cells inside our skulls, although you might not think it; and the Fleet surgeons says we requires pith helmets to keep them convolutions cool."

"Yes, and as an additional precaution, landin' parties is always to march in shady woods, like to-day, I s'pose," said Eaves.

"Whenever possible, o' course," said Twelves, calmly.

"I've seen the order."

"Why have we on'y just got that helmet and them gay convolutions, Jim?" said another man.

"The convolutions is on'y just invented, Brown, but the pith helmet was discovered about—about—oh, a demoralisin' long time ago, when bulrushes was fust thought of, I think, which was in the days of Moses. So the Adm'alty makes a note of this, and enquires whether it's a real improvement over straw hats or white cap covers. As soon as they are convinced on that point, which was the other day, they orders in a stock immense and widout further delay, and says the poor malow ant to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun no more."

"I'm sorry for that," said Eaves.

"Patience, Mal, patience. You are full of complaints and legitimate grievances, I know, but they shall all be abated. You shall be took in the sun. And then you'll prefer shade."

"I don't believe the Adm'alty do care for us so much as you say," said Eaves.

"Well, I admit that this case of the helmets was hurried on not so much for us as for the sufferin' officers, because at court-martials the incapacitated officer always excuses himself by remarkin' that he had sunstroke years ago and kep' brandy in his cabin ever since. The Adm'alty was gittin' tired of that. And that's why, when the cap'n served out these helmets to us he says, 'Now mind, if anyone gits sunstroke wid one of these patent gadgets on, I'll court-martial him at once, so as to save future trouble.'"

"I never heard him say that, Jim," said Bowser.

"No, blame it all. I have to do all the observin' and hearin' in this ship, all by myself. So long as you people git your grog reg'lar you don't care. If you don't think he said so, ask him."

"Goo on, Jim," chorused all the men round the fire.

"Now the special use of helmets, you might surmise, is to keep the sun off and to preserve the brain power. But that is only what the parson would call a secondly use. Their primeval use is to be laid on. They will make the blessedst pillars on the earth beneath, or on ships. And I am what you might call authoritative on pillars. I've experimented on all things, from a bo's'n's pipe to a sheet anchor, at all times of the day and night, and have bin uniformly successful, excip' wid the one thing—

"The hookpot," said everyone with conviction.
 "The same, brother sufferers. The hookpot is special Adm'alty made, and them corners in all directions was invented to keep bluejackets from gittin' their weary heads on it. But I'm afraid that if these remarks of mine comes to the ears of the Sea Lords, they'll be havin' a spike shoved in the top of the helmet, so as to irritate us when we retire to rest."

"Is that why sojers has a spike, Jim?" asked Brown.
 "Precise. That gaudy little spike in the pongo's helmet is simply put in so's he shan't go layin' about on it, and spoilin' Gov'ment property."

"I understood it was to butt the enemy, Jim," said Malachi Eaves.

"That's bluff, Mal. No, the truth is as I say, though the commandin' officers don't admit it. They say it's to act as a lightnin' conductor."

"The blue marines has a knob atop o' theirs. Why's that, Jim?"

"Favouritism, chum, favouritism. Blue marines is always treated like that. Look at 'em on a landin' party, wid nice pipeclay belts and khaki uniform, happy, jist like officers, whilst us miserable bluejackets has to impress the natives in our oldest serge suits. But sojers is treated even better'n marines, because sojers is hard to git, and has to be treated tender when you've got 'em. They don't have to drag round a reg'lar pantechican of luggage on a campaign, like us, else they'd faint away. No; they has commissariat wagons and proper pioneers, what really *loves* diggin' and Wallace spades, and all they've got to do is to follow a made road. And jam and ice cream goes wid the fightin' line. And Sir Garnet don't simply telegraph to the nearest officer when there's trouble, and tell him to quiet it, like the Adm'alty does. He sends a special general from London, what brings along his own staff of sweepers and engineers, so as to git bridges put up artistic, and to have dead corpses removed. But there goes 'last post,' and I'm goin' to turn in."

"That night and every night the bluejackets lay upon their helmets, and held Jim Twelves to be as authoritative on pillows as he was on most things.

The reconciliation between the Sultan and his subject, was not effected by the captain of the "Pimpernel," because the subject had taken to the woods with all his men by the time the Naval Brigade reached his village, which was after three days of hard work. So the village was burnt, and the force turned towards the sea again. On the third morning Jim and his friend Eaves fell out and retired to a quiet place to sleep, thinking they could easily overtake the column winding slowly through the bush. But they over slept, and the brigade reached the place of embarkation without them in the afternoon.

The beach was wide, and the men straggled carelessly from the bush over it towards the ship's boats, which lay awaiting them. The "Pimpernel" herself lay far out, as it was too shallow for her near the shore.

Just as the first of the expedition reached the boats a thousand rifles rang out from the bush. The captain of the "Pimpernel" and his men had given no thought to ambushes,

having marched for nearly six days without opposition, and were taken utterly by surprise. Instinctively the officers held up their swords, and the men formed up into rallying squares and fired at the bushes. But it was of little use. The enemy remained hidden, and the seamen in the open were mown down rapidly.

At last a bluejacket whose ammunition was expended, and whose chum was shot down by his side, deliberately fixed his sword-bayonet and rushed at the nearest bush from which flashes came. In a twinkling his shipmates were following suit, and charging blindly at invisible foemen. But on a bluejacket's skirting a bush, the native behind it darted to another, and few bayonets got home.

The captain then ordered the "retire" to be sounded, much to his men's disgust. Each man stayed for one final satisfactory lunge, and more casualties occurred as the surviving officers followed them up and compelled them to desist. Every officer was wounded or killed by the time the force was embarked, and fully half the men, but no one was left behind, it was imagined. When the ship's company was mustered, however, one officer and three men were reported missing.

The first lieutenant, Mr. Cutwater, who had not been with the party, was eager to call for volunteers and land at once, but the wounded captain would not allow it, considering that it would only entail a further and useless loss of life.

He believed a larger force to be necessary, and ordered the anchor to be weighed that they might run over to Zanzibar and obtain it.

CHAPTER II.

MAROONED.

UPON a rocky hill within three or four miles of the sea, Jim Twelves and Malachi Eaves stood panting and astonished, staring at their ship steaming away to sea. It took a minute or two for them to quite grasp the situation. Then they fung themselves down, threw off their accoutrements, and swore with deep feeling.

"Fine end to a campaign!" said Eaves.

"D—d thoughtlessness!" said Twelves. "They might 'a' mustered fust!"

"You'd 'a' thought they'd missed us, without musterin', Jim."

"I surmise they did, Mal. And they was so glad to get rid of a rough character like you that they sacrificed me."

"There was a adm'l shot for runnin' away, once, Jim, and his name was—"

"There'll be a cap'n shot over this turn-out, Malachi, if J. Twelves gets home to write notes to the Adm'alty. Look at the bloomin' skunks steamin' away, as if all the niggers in East Africa was 'em!"
 "After we've made all these exertions to ketch up, too. We might as well 'a' finished our nap."

"Well, I shall speak to Eevan about it," said Twelves.
 "I know the Articles of War and what I'm entitled to. Every officer commandin', subject to this Act, shall suffer death if he don't use his exertions to bring his ship into action, or sich punishment as is hereinafter mentioned. Very well, then. Did the cap'n use his utmost exertions? No. And on that to that he adds scandalous and fraudulent conduct, unbecomin' the character of an officer, and runs away in deragation of the good manners of me and you."

"He does," said Eaves.
 "Added to which he leaves us behind."
 "I'll take me oath to that," said Eaves sadly.
 "I don't mind bein' aggravated and experimented wid in reason," said Twelves, "but to be blightin' well marooned in soundin' it too deep."
 "Anyone 'ud think we was pirates, Jim."



"You look like a good and blood-thirsty substitute, Mal, at these presents," said Twelves, looking his friend up and down critically.

"That may be," said Eaves. "But I didn't ship as a pirate. And appearances is deceitful. You said so yourself the other day when the johndy run you in."

"So I did. Then you aint a pirate. More am I. Neither has we any aptitude for piratin'. So there was no call to maroon us."

"No. I joined the Navy so as to live and die a harmless, peaceful bluejacket, and to be treated civilised, but cert'n'y not to be marooned."

"And me. And this is the wust case I ever heard tell of, too. For all the buccaners in books was marooned on islands of a suitable size, where they could easy find their way about, but here's me and you planted out on a confounded confinement, butty, and lost, fair lost. We must protest agin this at the earliest opportunity, because, if we don't, unconsiderate cap'n's will always be doin' it to uncomplainin' blue-jackets. This is what they calls a precedent."

"Oh, is it? Then I don't mind tellin' you that I don't care for presidents. Give me the Queen's Regulations as they are, and more pay, and I'll be satisfied."

"Got a bit o' pencil? We must draft a chit to the Commander-in-Chief while all the aggravation is worryin' us, explainin' the circumstances under which we was cast away, and demandin' a court-martial."

"Don't you think we might let that swing for a day or two, Jim, till we're quite sure we're still alive?"

"What is there to be afraid of?"

"Why, drown it all, these niggers! If they've beat off a whole ship's company, which seems they have, for there they are on the beach all celebratin' their victory, it's quite possible they'll be equal to tacklin' in two, aint it?"

"H'm, I s'pose so. But if they try to incommode and investigate us, Mal, we mustn't be took prisoners. I don't care about practisin' bein' a holy martyr."

"More do I. We'll keep a charge or two."

"Yes. Although I admire them Arab chiefs' way of doin' it, best."

"What way's that?"

"When they're cornered, or don't care to run, they take the sheepskin rug off their camel and lay it on the ground, like a jossmat. Signifyin' they refuse to move off till they're broke up."

"We aint got any camels, Jim," said Eaves despondingly.

"Malachi, Malachi, camels aint a necessary of the case. We'll spread out our blankets, and stand on them."

"The enemy may miss us altogether, Jim. Besides, we've got plenty of time to run, or to fortify ourselves."

"Good on ye, Mal. You're gittin' quite cheerful. We can't run. Mombasa's too far. We best wait here a day or two. Mark out this fort."

"Are you a good hand with a shovel, Jim?"

"I am. Since my earliest ages I've ambitioned to be a shoveller, and especially since I've carried this Wallace turn-out. You'll find me a don hand at makin' entrenchments or other peaceful buildin's. Come on." And Jim turned up a spadeful of earth.

"Hang on a bit, Jim. Let's trace out some sort of idea what we're goin' to do."

"I never was good at mental arithmetic, Mal. My name's not Piper. You do the tracin' all by yourself."

"Well, we might get that cliff agin our backs and chuck up some dirt round us in a half-hour."

"Right you are, rags. Build a sort of escarpment redoubt. A barrette. Oh, there's plenty of excitement in campaigns, conducted properly."

By nightfall a little semi-circle of earth was thrown up, and the bluejackets rested, watching the enemy's camp-fires twinkling away off by the beach. Their ship had disappeared, and they were cold and forlorn, and felt utterly forsaken. As they sat, they fell to speculating as to why really the "Pimpernel" had bolted. They finally came to the conclusion that war with Russia had been declared and a bluejacket more or less couldn't be waited for. Then, on Eaves agreeing to take the first watch, Twelves lay down. In a short time he sat up again.

"Malachi," said he, "I don't want to leave this lovely helmet, so soft as the arms of Morphia."

"Soft as what?" said Eaves.

"Don't be so scientific, Mal, always 'whatin' and 'whyin'. These little touches don't need to be understood. They are the ornaments, the antimacassars, so to speak, of polite conversation. Savvy?"

"I prefer conversation plain, Jim. Talk that I can grasp. Who the devil was this Morphia, and what's she got to do with two abandoned fools of bluejackets?"

"Morphia was a he, my friend. And he used to carry a harp and admire hisself all day in a pond, and was a proper tired member, always singin' hisself to sleep. But now to come to the point."

"Ah!" said Eaves, with relief.

"We aint provisioned for a siege. Neither have we watered ship."

"No. We aint victualled for more'n the time an emergency ration'll go," said Eaves, sorrowfully.

"You're right, Mal. Therefore common-sense says we must shift our camp to the water and go and confiscate a few things from the enemy's commissariat apartment."

"Common-sense says nothing of the sort, Jim. You lay down and go to sleep. I'll call you at eight bells. There's water tricklin' down the rock."

"Not enough for a good drink, hum. Besides, if you think I'm goin' to starve for thirty-six hours on an emergency ration, you're mistook. I'm goin' to reconnoitre that camp. Are you on?"

"No. By the Holy smoke, don't you fancy these niggers knows enough to post sentries?"

"Me dear Mal, the sentries may be posted, but no nigger sentry is yet made that could resist all this banyan round the camp-fires. Besides, I don't think they will be posted. The enemy, hang him, has run away to sea, and these chaps will argue, and argue right, that there's nothin' to be feared of."

"I know as well as you do that Swyhilis aint the most reliable sentries, Jim, but the risk is too great."

"There's no risk, Mal. Hark at 'em havin' a sing-song and passin' round the tambu. Observe the sound of devilry by night, and for further particulars read the books on the subject."

"Oh, shut up."

"Well, good-bye, hum."

"Hang on a bit, Jim. I may as well be shot at once with you as starve here all alone. So I'll come."

"Not wid that spirit," said Twelves. "You'd make a lovely kind of a scout, about as cheerful as an undertaker's mate. You stop here and hold the fort."

"Go ahead," said Eaves, taking a step forward.

"Don't come if you don't care to, Mal. Don't let me influence you agin your conscience. Remember that all great men acts for their own discretion in these matters and don't give a tuppny damn for other people's. Therefore look to your own inside and see what it says."

"Too dark, Jim. But I know this is a wrong move."

"Have I ever led you off the narrow path, Mal—this commission?"

"No. Because there's no broad roads in Africa, and that's why. Besides, the commission's on'y just started."

"Aint my instincts always sound?"

"They aint. Proceed with this skirmishin' though, and I'll go to look after you."

The two men toiled with difficulty down towards the Swahili camp, which had become quieter, and which they reached in about an hour and a-half, and crawled near the first fire. The natives were mostly asleep, and apparently no one was keeping watch. Standing beyond the fire, against a tree, was a marine, with all his accoutrements on and his rifle at the ready, dead. Presumably he had been placed there for amusement. The scamen drew back deeper into the woods.

"Think there's any pris'ners?" said Eaves.

"I don't seem like it," said Twelves, gloomily.

"I'm a bit shook up, Jim. We best retire on our camp. These chaps 'll be servin' us like that poor Joey, any minute."

"I'm not feelin' so good as I was, Mal. But we might a' reckoned that our people was badly defeated, by the ship steamin' away. Consequently we might also have reckoned on one or two bein' shot. Still, this makes ye realise it, properly."

"I said we oughtn't to 'a' left camp, Jim," said Eaves, petulantly. "Let's git back to it and rest thankin'."

"Seem' a dead shipmate didn't ought to make us forget them stores we come for. I'm sober and thoughtful enough now, though, so you can trust me to do the job alone, whilst you follow your jumpin' judgment, which wanted excitement the other day."

"I take it back, Jim. Goo on."

They crept near another fire, and then another, but there were no outlying bales or boxes to be carried off. But going towards a fourth they stumbled on a couple of cases, and gradually worked them farther and farther from the camp, until they were able to lift them and carry them up with great labour to their own little shelter.

"There, that's safe," said Twelves, throwing his down. It fell with a hollow sound.

"An empty," said Eaves.

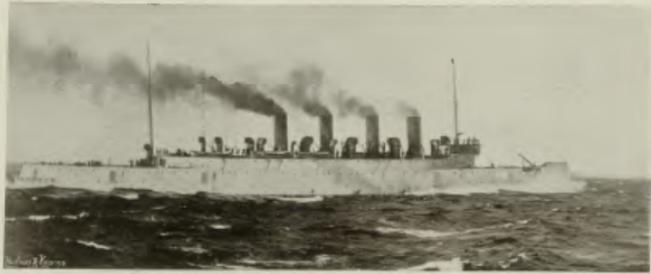
"Not it," answered Twelves. "Think I'm a automatic man, and don't know the difference between a box of corned beef and a case of wind? It's the ground. Thow yours down."

Eaves did so, and produced the same sound.

(To be continued.)

THE WAR: WITH THE AMERICAN FLEETS.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON will go down to history as the first American officer who has held the chief command in the United States Navy against a great Power since the early fights with the French and ourselves. Commodore Dewey, who fought the furious battle of Manila, is his senior by three years in the Service, and Commodore Schley entered the Naval Academy just a year before him; but neither of these officers has come before the public so much, nor has occupied so prominent a position in the United States Navy, as "Captain" Sampson, the well-known ordnance expert, who at length, after thirty-five years, has found practical use for guns in serious warfare. He was a young lieutenant in the Civil War, in which he had thrilling experiences. Appointed to the Naval Academy from the State of New York in 1857, he received his commission in 1862, and was in the iron-



THE "COLUMBIA" OVERHAULING A PRIZE

clad "Patapasco" in the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron when she ran upon a torpedo in Charleston Harbour, in January, 1865. He has since served in Europe and Asia. Chiefly, however, he has devoted himself to the scientific side of the profession.

He was at the Naval Observatory for three years, and on the International Prime Meridian and Time Conference, 1884. Then he was in charge of the torpedo stations, and a member of the Fortification Board, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, and delegate to the International Maritime Conference. During the last ten years he has devoted himself closely to all that concerns ordnance. As an all-round and practical seaman, the United States Navy has no better officer than William T. Sampson.

Some of our pictures well illustrate the work of his squadron. Cutlass drill is a routine exercise of the men,



THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON" NEARING CUBA.



UNITED STATES "JACKIES" KEEPING THEIR HANDS IN.



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ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR PRIZES.

though it cannot be pretended that it is so valuable as in the days of the great boarding exploits. Yet, in times when sail-drill is vanishing, it is well to retain anything that can conduce to alertness of eye and hand; and who shall say that American seamen will not find use for the cutlass again? They were keenly alert certainly at the very opening of hostilities in quest of prizes, and the capture of the "Buena Ventura" whetted the appetite for what is a very satisfactory and often a very profitable feature of Naval war. In our old wars, when rich prizes were taken by the dozen, many a good haul was made, and the "Admiral's eighth" has placed many a family in affluence, though such men as Nelson and Colling-

wood gave very little thought to the profits of the war. Some other notable vessels of the fleet are illustrated also. There is the battle-ship "Oregon," which was in the Pacific when hostilities broke out, and came round to the Atlantic side through the Straits of Magellan. The utmost secrecy was maintained as to her movements, and the Spaniards were much on the alert to capture or destroy her. The ship is a sister of the "Indiana" and "Massachusetts"—which were assigned to the squadrons of Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley—a fine vessel of 10,231 tons, 348-ft. long, with 69-ft. 3-in. beam, and 24-ft. mean draught. For about three-fifths of her length she has Harvey steel side



Photo. West & Son.

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THE "ST. LOUIS," NOW SCOUTING IN THE ATLANTIC

armour, with a maximum of 18-in. thickness, and 7-ft. 6-in. high, and at the ends of this protected space are transverse bulkheads, 17-in. thick, so that the vital parts of the ship are admirably defended. The armament comprises four 13-in. guns in the great turrets and eight of 8-in. calibre in four smaller turrets, two on each side, as well as about thirty quick-firers and seven torpedo-tubes. This remarkable vessel has steamed at 16 7/8 knots over a sixty-mile course.

We turn now to Commodore Schley's most notable vessels, the "Columbia" and "Minneapolis." The Commodore himself has had a war experience, and has seen a great deal in his sixty years of life. In the Civil War he was in the West Gulf Blockading Squadron, and in all



THE "ST. PAUL" NOW EQUIPPED AS A CRUISER.

the engagements which led up to the capture of Port Hudson, as well as in several cutting-out expeditions. It was not until later that he received his commission as a lieutenant.

He has since had much practical and scientific experience, and was in charge of the Greely Expedition of 1884.

No vessel could be better fitted to form part of his Flying Squadron than the "Columbia" (7,475 tons), which we illustrate. She is, indeed, an ocean greyhound, which may be expected to steam at something approaching 23 knots, and to cover 13,000 miles at 10 knots, with her maximum coal capacity.

She has protection for her guns, which comprise one 8-in. breech-loader and two 6-in., eight 4-in., twelve 6-pounder and four 1-pounder quick-firers. The "Harvard" and "Yale," originally the "New York" and "Paris," of the American Line S.S. Company, have been acquired and fitted as cruisers. They were already, like the "St. Paul" and "St. Louis," which we illustrate, on the auxiliary list. These latter vessels are magnificent ocean liners, displacing 11,623 tons, 535-ft. long, and with engines of 18,000 horse-power, calculated for a speed of over 22 knots. The armament is one 8-in. B.-L., five 5-in.-Q.-F., ten 9-in. smooth bore guns, and several 6-pounder and machine guns.



REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON.



COMMODORE SCHLEY.

Something About the "Terrible."

THE "Terrible," to begin with, is one of the biggest Naval and engineering experiments ever made. She is, in fact, our first large ship to be fitted with the water-tube boiler. For upwards of ten years, indeed, the water-tube boiler—which is the exact opposite of the ordinary locomotive tubular boiler, comprising as it does a nest of tubes holding the water to be raised into steam, through which the flames of the furnace pass, instead of as in the ordinary locomotive boiler the heat being carried in tubes through the water—had been known to engineers, but its Naval use had been mainly

confined to gun-boats and the like. Its success in the "Terrible" and her sister ship the "Powerful" has proved it to be the marine boiler of the future.

The "Terrible" was laid down a few weeks before the "Powerful," and was delivered at Portsmouth Dockyard for her trials the first of the two, after being two years and four months in building. She is the longest war-ship in the world, being 500-ft. from stem to stern, and 71-ft. broad. The "Terrible" can carry enough coal to take her completely round the world at an ordinary cruising speed of 10 knots an hour, or she can go across the Atlantic at full speed, 22 knots. She displaces 14,200 tons.

The "Terrible," and her sister ship the "Powerful" come next in point of size among our war-ships after the first-class battle-ships of the "Majestic" type. The "Terrible" has cost over three-quarters of a million sterling, and she carries 350 people as crew. By way of contrast to the big cruiser (illustrated on page 208), we show here one of her little picket boats. The "Terrible," indeed, is so big that since she was first begun in February, 1894, we have had to specially enlarge and build docks to take her and the "Powerful" at Portsmouth. She is now running a series of special trials in the Channel.



THE PICKET BOAT OF THE "TERRIBLE."

Photo Gregory.

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Reinforcing the China Squadron.

THE "Hermione" is the latest addition to the strength of our fleet in the China Seas, which she is now on her way to reinforce. This, by the way, is the "Hermione's" third commission within little more than three years. Her first—excluding temporary commissions for the Naval manoeuvres—was at the time of the German Emperor's celebrated telegram to President Kruger, when the "Hermione" hoisted the pennant at Devonport as one of the ships of Rear-Admiral Dale's Flying Squadron. When some eight months later the Flying Squadron was broken up, on the ships of the command being distributed among the permanent fleets in commission, the "Hermione" joined the Channel Squadron, with a new set of officers and men. From the Channel she passed for a few months to the "A"

reserve at Devonport, her home port, whence the "Hermione" sailed a month ago for the Far East. She was commissioned at Devonport for her present service, in fact, on April 7th last, and sailed ten or twelve days later. Her captain, Captain George A. Callaghan, is shown in the centre of the group of officers, and is readily recognisable by the oak-leaf embroidery on the peak of his cap, and, of course, the four rings of distinction lace on his sleeve. He has had the curious fortune—it is a very unusual thing at the present day—to twice hoist his pennant in the same ship, on board this very "Hermione," which Captain Callaghan previously commanded when she was in the Channel Squadron. Our second photograph shows some fine samples of the sturdy



Photo. W. M. Crockett

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CAPTAIN CALLAGHAN AND OFFICERS OF THE "HERMIONE."

sons of the West Country who now form the company of the "Hermione" and are on their way to Hong Kong in her. They number 318 in all, including all ranks and ratings. The present "Hermione," by the way, is only the third of her name that we have had in a hundred and thirty odd years. Our first was a Spanish frigate, which was captured, heavily laden with treasure, in the Pacific in the Seven Years' War. Our second "Hermione" was a frigate of the Nelson time, whose name just a hundred years ago rang through the world in connection with the terrible tragedy of the mutiny of the "Hermione." Our "Hermione" of to-day is a second-class cruiser of 4,350 tons, and one of the smartest and most successful vessels of her class—a 20-knot ship, and a first-rate sea boat.



Photo W. M. Crockett.

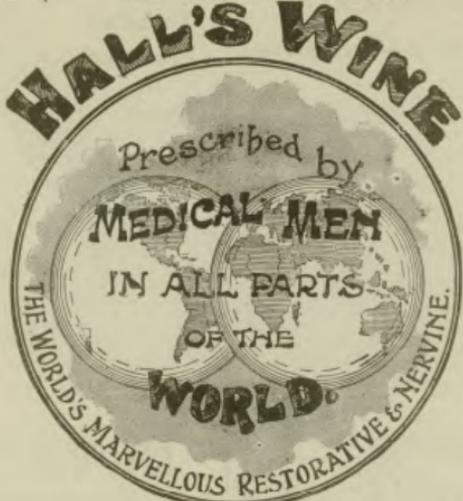
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