

NEW BATTLE-SHIP AND CRUISERS.

[FROM OUR PORTSMOUTH CORRESPONDENT.]

THE subjects of our illustrations are two of our new cruisers and the battle-ship "Illustrious." The "Europa" and "Niobe" are practically sister ships to the "Amphitrite," which is to be launched on July 5 at Barrow-in-Furness.

They are improvements on the "Powerful" and "Terrible" class, not so long and unwieldy, and will do better. Talking about the "Powerful" reminds us of a story. A young lady, taking a stroll in Portsmouth Dockyard with a lieutenant belonging to a battle-ship, where they had been having a tea-party, came upon the "Powerful," and, being asked if she would like to see over her, replied, "No, thank you. I have been over her sister ship, the 'Horrible'!"



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THE NEW FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "ILLUSTRIOUS"



THE NEW FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "NIOBE."



Photo. Cribb.

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THE NEW FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "EUROPA."

Judging from the recent trials of the "Europa," these cruisers will be a grand addition to our Fleet. The "Diadem" was the pioneer ship of the class, and did well; but the "Europa" has done better, developing 16,298 indicated horse-power to the "Diadem's" 16,000. This was with twenty-four boilers afloat, or 75 per cent. of her boiler power. Four runs over the deep-sea course between Rame Head and the Dodman realised a mean speed of 19.33 knots, while two runs on a 24-knot deep-sea course, measured by bearings, gave her a speed of 20.9 knots.

The "Niobe" was ordered nearly three years ago, and it was estimated her total cost would be £571,450; but when completed her bill was increased by nearly £20,000. She has been running her trials at Plymouth, and they have been very satisfactory also.

As to the work of these vessels. Nelson always complained of the small number of frigates under his command, and the difficulty he had of gaining intelligence of the enemy's movements. Admirals in these days will not have the same cause of complaint, as in the Mediterranean we have ten battle-ships and nine cruisers.

In the old days the frigates were the "eyes of the Fleet"; so will the cruisers be now. Frigates seldom or ever fought in general action; our cruisers, save the protected ones, will not enter the line of battle.

They will act as commerce protectors. A squadron of six "Diadems" would be a very formidable force, and, with their latest pattern 6-in. quick-firers, could render a good account of themselves; added to this, their large coal-carrying capacity enables them to keep the seas for a long time.

A ROYAL COMMISSION.

FROM the command of a first-class torpedo-boat, through those of a first-class gun-boat and a second-class cruiser, His Royal Highness the Duke of York has now risen to the command of one of the finest first-class cruisers that the British Navy to-day possesses.

We have had sailor Princes in our Navy before, and they have always been thorough sailor men and good officers. In the unfortunate story of the last monarch of the Stuart line one fact stands out prominently—that whatever James II. may have been as a King, James, Duke of York, was a first-rate Naval officer and did much for that Service which is Britain's bulwark for defence and, *if necessary*, the greatest offensive weapon that any nation in the world has ever yet produced.

William, our second sailor Prince, was also a thorough seaman, and to the day of his death was in love with the Service, to his training in which he owed so much. Prince George is a worthy successor to his predecessors, for a keener seaman than His Royal Highness is not to be found in that Service in which there is more "keenness" and *esprit de corps* than in any other association of men in the world.

Our first picture is that of the Duke of York himself in the simple and unpretentious uniform of a captain in the Royal Navy. His rank is denoted by the four gold bands on the sleeve, the ring on the upper one denoting the executive branch. Not much gold lace and glitter about it, but assuredly the uniform among all those he is entitled to wear, the one that he must be most proud of. Below, on the same page, is a group of the officers of the "Crescent." A smart, alert-looking lot of men, by no means picked, but fully representative of that useful product of the Anglo-Saxon race, the British Naval officer.

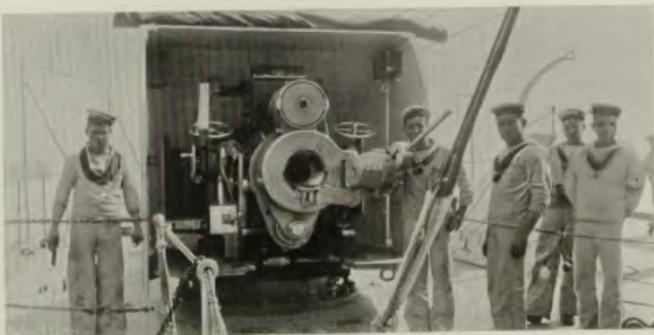
Our next picture shows one of the two



CAPTAIN H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, COMMANDING THE "CRESCENT"



6-in. quick-firers mounted on the fore-castle of Prince George's ship. The "Crescent" is one of a group of seven first-class cruisers laid down under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, and she and her sister ship the "Royal Arthur" differ from the other five in having a raised fore-castle, thus giving them a higher freeboard forward. On this deck, in lieu of the one 9.2-in. breech-loader carried by other vessels of the class as a bow chaser, they each carry two 6-in. quick-firers. The 9.2-in. gun throws a projectile of 380-lb., and can at 2,000-yds. range penetrate 17.2-in. of wrought iron. The 6-in. quick-firer throws a 100-lb. shot and can at the same range penetrate 8-in. of wrought iron (the latest pattern of this gun can at the



A 6-in. BOW CHASER.



THE "CRESCENT" AT THE SOUTH RAILWAY JETTY, PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.



Photos, Russell & Sons.

THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "CRESCENT."

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same range perforate 10-in., and at muzzle 16-in.). These 6-in. guns can fire six shots in the same time that it would take the 9 1/2-in. to fire one. The picture shows the rear of the gun and the mechanism for opening the breech for loading. The steel casing or screen for the protection of the gun's crew, and which moves with the piece, is known technically as "the shield."

The next illustration gives us a very typical view of Portsmouth Harbour, showing the south railway jetty, where Royalty usually embark, and also some of those old hulks which, thrilling mementoes of Britain's Naval glory as they are, offer a striking contrast to the up-to-date style of craft of which the ship His Royal Highness has just commissioned is typical. The quarter-deck, shown below, is that place in a war-ship which is consecrated to authority, and on putting foot on which, every soul on board, be he seaman or civilian, salutes. Seamen love their ships as men love their sweethearts, and decorate them as far as is possible within the regulations of the Service. This is frequently

done by inscribing in some prominent position mottoes of a patriotic or historic character, as in our picture will be seen that which is most appropriate to the place, "Fear God and honor the Queen." The neatness and orderliness which prevails in a man-of-war is also well shown by the way in which the ropes are flaked and flemished down, while the natty little gratings round the capstan are evidence of the seaman's love of ornament.

Another picture shows the deck-house from which



IN THE DECK-HOUSE ON THE FORE-BRIDGE.

the ship is navigated. This is situated forward in the centre of the fore-bridge.

Finally we see the forecastle of the "Crescent," with the two 6-in. bow chasers already referred to, the fore-bridge with light quick-firers mounted on each side of the deck-house, and below the latter, the steel structure known as the coming-tower, in which the Duke of York would command his ship if he were called upon to take her into action.



THE FORECASTLE OF THE "CRESCENT"



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 but slight exceeds 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 draw the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services of 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 off Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, men 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 thus supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM F. GATACRE, C.B., D.S.O., who is in command of the British Brigade in the Southern Division, was awarded a few months ago to succeed Major-General Kelly-Kenny in command of the 3rd Infantry Brigade. General Gatacre received his first commission in 1862. He served with the Hazare Expedition in 1888 as deputy adjutant and quartermaster-general D.S.O., and medals with clasps. He came into prominent notice by his services in connection with the operations of the Chitral Relief Force in 1895, when he commanded a flying column. The gallant passage of the Lowari Pass by the troops under his command was rewarded by a particularly honorable mention in Sir R. C. Low's final despatch. Major-General Gatacre was specially mentioned in the Sirdar's recent despatch on the battle of the Aitaba, in which "by the careful training and gallant conduct of his brigade he fully sustained his former high reputation." Again the Sirdar says, "The high state of efficiency to which the British brigade was brought is, I consider, in a large measure due to the untiring energy and devotion to duty of Major-General Gatacre." During the engagement General Gatacre showed a fine example of gallant leading." (See illustration on front page.)

SOME days the steering-wheel which we illustrate this week will probably be measured up as one of our most interesting Naval relics. It is the identical steering-wheel which saved the cruiser "Calliope" on that terrible morning of March 15, 1886, in Apia Bay, Samoa. Captain Kane, who then commanded the "Calliope," in his report thus speaks of his ship's escape: "I called on the half-swinging levers pound of speed he could give us, and slipped the remaining coils. The engines worked admirably, and little by little we gathered way and went out, flooding the upper deck with green seas which came in over the bows, and which would have sunk many a ship. My first aim that she would not steer, and would go on the reef in the passage out, especially as the 'Trenton,' the American flag-ship, was right in the pathway; but we went under her stern, and came out here with most of our crew. Once outside her, it was nothing but hard steaming." Mr. Goschen, commenting on Captain Kane's report, said, "So admirable, so heart-stirring was the sight of the ship as she steamed out to sea safety, that the brave men who were manning the drifting and sinking ships around her cheered her as she passed. They lost the sense of their own danger, and paid a tribute to the finest piece of seamanship they had seen." The "Calliope" is now on recruiting service for the Navy. (See illustration on page 351.)

"A. F."—There is in the Indian Army at present only one regiment with the official title of Guides. That is the famous Queen's Own Corps of Guides, of which the Prince of Wales is colonel. The corps consists of both cavalry and infantry. The cavalry comprises three squadrons—Sikhs, Pathans, and Dogras and Punjabi Mahomedans, numbering 499 natives of all ranks, with seven British officers. The infantry comprises a battalion of eight companies—Sikhs, Dogras, Ghoskies, Pathans, and Punjabi Mahomedans, and numbers 612 natives of all ranks, with ten British officers. Their uniform is drab or khaki, with red facings. Until a few months ago there was in existence what was known as the Madras Corps of Guides, originally raised in 1754 from picked men among the company battalions of the old Madras Corps Army for military intelligence work and surveying, they did good service against Hyder Ali and Tippanoob, being specially charged with the preparation of maps for our various campaigns in the Carnatic. After the fall of Seringapatam and the final establishment of peace in Southern India, the *raison d'être* of the Madras Corps

of Guides ceased, and they dwindled away until, when formally disbanded the other day, all that remained of the once notable corps were some fifteen men employed on survey work, with no military work about them.

WHICH is correct, lodestone or lodestone? This question was asked only a few days ago in the ward-room of one of Her Majesty's ships, and has often been asked since. The note may prove of interest. Although the spelling *lodestone* is more common than *lodestone*, it is, nevertheless, the less correct one of the two. The word, as is too often assumed, has no connection with the vulgar iron stone which it comes from the Anglo-Saxon *lāda*, meaning course, direction. It is connected with the old Saxon word *ladian*, a leader, and as such *lodestone* is preferable to the other form. Curiously enough the old language of France has the word *laine*, meaning a pilot or the man with the sounding lead. This word occurs also in Chaucer, as *lode-venage*, for pilotage, and to this day the French word *lavage* also means pilotage. In all these forms there is always the idea of direction, as in *lodestone*, which occurs in Chaucer as *lodestere* (Prof. W. G. and M. "Troilus and Criseyde," 232—1392), meaning pole star or directing star.

A GREAT deal has been said of late, and a good deal more will be said in the immediate future, as to the weakness of our native regiments in India in British officers. The present establishment, which has been culminated as too weak by authorities on the subject, from Lord Roberts downwards, is composed, taking a Bengal regiment of cavalry and infantry as typical for each arm, of 1,000 British and 1,000 native troops. Each regiment of Bengal cavalry is organised in four squadrons, distributed into eight troops or half squadrons, and has for British officers a commandant, four squadron commanders, four squadron officers, and one medical officer. The native establishment comprises four rissaldars, four rissaldars, and one world-major, or native adjutant, all of whom are commissioned officers. There are eight jemadars, eight cook-duffadars, fifty-six duffadars, including a farrier-major and salubrious veterinary non-commissioned officers, and eight trumpeters, with 536 sowars (including an assistant salubrious, sixteen farriers, and eight camel sowars). The regiment thus comprises 625 natives, or equal to ten Englishmen, counting in the medical officer and one of the squadron officers who acts as adjutant.

Each regiment of Bengal infantry consists of eight companies (except the 27th and 28th, which have each an extra company composed of Afridis). The British officers are the commandant, two wing commanders, five wing officers (two of whom are taken up for duty as adjutant and quartermaster respectively), and five medical officers. Under these are eight subadars and eight jemadars, the native commissioned officers of the regiment or battalion; forty havildars and forty naicks, the native sergeants and corporals; sixteen drummers and 200 Sowars. The whole makes up a total of 612 natives of all ranks to nine British officers, including the adjutant, quartermaster, and medical officer. Out of the staff of British officers there are, in the order of their places, always some absent on sick leave or for private affairs. The places of these are as a rule temporarily filled by the native probationers for the staff corps, temporarily attached to the regiments, but the system plainly leaves very much to be desired.

The "Sovereign of the Seas," built at "Wooditch in Kent in 1573," must have been a most extraordinary craft, judging by the description given of her in a MS. preserved in the Bodleian Library. According to this authority, "Upon the beak-head siteth royall King Edgar on horse backe treading upon seven Kings. Upon the main-mast standeth a Cupid, or a child resembling him, with a stringling and bridling a Lyon. On the bulk-head right forward stand six severall statues in sunnry postures. Upon the other six odd allegorickal figures, e.g., Triton, Mercury, etc. Upon the main-mast standeth four giants, Jupiters, Mars, Neptune, and Zeolus. On the sterns—upon the upright of the upper counter standeth Victory with the motto, 'Validis inclemente rentis.' One tree or oak made fore of the principal beams, forty-four foot in length, three foot diameter at top and ten foot at the stubbe. One peece which made the keelson was so great and weighty that 28 oxen and 4 horses with much difficulty drew it whence it was cut (downe unto the water-side." Of the same ship it is noted as a happy angry that she was of just as many tons (rather 1,573) as there have been yeeres since our Blessed Saviour's incarnation." She is further described as having two galleries on each side of most delicate carved work, the sides of the hull carved and gilded with sundry figures and types of honour, the whole richly covered with gold. Among other details she carried five lanterns, the biggest of which could hold ten persons standing upright. She had three flush decks, a fore-castle, half-deck, quarter-deck, and a main-deck; her armament consisted of "demi-cannon," "whole cannon," demi-culverins, whole culverins, and "murduring peece," while the contingency of fighting at close quarters was provided against by numerous loopholes for muskets being cut in the calises. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be well to state that the "whole cannon" was an 8-inch 60-pounder, 8-ft. 6-in. long; the "demi-cannon," 6-inch 32-pounder, 11-ft. long; a culverin, 5-2-inch 16-pounder, also 11-ft. long; and a mortar, 18 inches diameter. "Murduring peece," otherwise called a "fowler," appears to have been a sort of swivel gun mounted upon the after part of the fore-castle with the muzzle so raised as to command the decks with the view of repelling boarders.

"L. L. A."—Squadron sergeants-major and colonel-sergeants in infantry battalions wear three chevrons and a crown. A quartermaster-sergeant carries two chevrons and a crown, a sergeant-major carries three chevrons, a sergeant carries two chevrons, a corporal carries one chevron, and a private carries no chevrons. A horse-keeper is of course the distinguishing badge of a farrier, all are non-commissioned and not warrant officers. The first ranks are a colonel-sergeant of infantry, a sergeant-major, a sergeant, a quartermaster-sergeant, a sergeant, a corporal, a sergeant-major, and a private. A sergeant-major wears a crown, spur, and three chevrons. He ranks with a colour-sergeant. A spur is the badge of a rough-rider. The sergeant-instructor of musketry wears crossed rifles and crown as well as three chevrons. A sergeant who is qualified as an instructor in signaller's ranks wears in addition to his chevrons crossed flags. A pioneer is known by his crossed hatchets.

THE EDITOR.

The DEVILS
by
W. J. Shannon

AUTHOR OF
"BACK NAVY"
"AN ARRABLY-MADE
MAN OF WAR"



Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage, without any necessary or justifiable cause. — Smythe's Sailing Word Book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

A landing party from H.M.S. "Pimpernel" meets with a reverse in East Africa and re-embarks, leaving a sub-lieutenant in the hands of the enemy. Two bluejackets left behind, through their own fault, rescue him, but he is taken from them. They, with the assistance of a trader, track him, and one night capture the canoe in which he lies bound, and paddle away with it. In the morning they find they have got the first lieutenant. They are keenly disappointed. They deposit him in the trader's cave, however, and start afresh to search for the sub-lieutenant, although Twelves, one of the seamen, wishes first to help their friend to find his wife or her murderers, his horse having been burnt down during their absence.

CHAPTER VII. (continued.)

"COME on, chum," said Twelves. "You didn't ought to want persuadin' like this. You'll go in the sick list unless you rouse yourself. You musn't go dat, though it's had enough to make anyone."

Miss Angel took her brother's arm and led him to the open air, and then left him with the bluejackets. Mechanically he went with them to the canoe, and ordered the servant up to the cave. The three men then crossed the river, hid the canoe, and pushed warily across the plantations towards the house.

Wadi had told his master that the house had been attacked at dawn, and taken, looted, and fired within half-an-hour. The party, in which he recognised several carriers—Mombasa men—had gone off in the direction of the ford, taking some prisoners and leaving many dead servants behind. His mistress had been slain, and her body had been cast back into the fire.

The house was smouldering still, and round it were the dead, as Wadi had described. In the ashes was a charred body. Angel turned his head and tried to say, "Come away," but could not. He took up the track of the marauders, and walked swiftly across his devastated garden and amongst his cocoa nut palms, the bluejackets following. Twelves himself had a choking at his throat, and when Eaves said, "Goin' to walk it then?" he simply nodded.

Presently Angel stopped, and explained, almost calmly, what had happened, and that he was going to kill the leader of the party, and one or two more whom he knew, but he said the two seamen need not come, because there might be a trial afterwards.

"We may's well see you as fur as the ford," said Twelves, "because that's our way up to there. That's where they was makin' for, I understand, and that's the party we coincided wid, I s'pose. We'll take the canoe, wid your permit."

Angel acquiesced in the arrangement, but would not agree to report progress to his sister, as Twelves suggested. He had made up his mind, he said, and he was late already.

"Look here, Angel," said Twelves, when they were once more paddling up stream, "I don't like this idea of separatin our forces."

"No," said Angel, impersonally, as it were.

"No. And I think wives ought to come fust on any list of people to be rescued—at any rate, much before sub-lieutenants."

"There's no wife to be rescued."

"You don't know. I believe—"

"It really doesn't matter, Jim, what you believe. You want to go with me, and I don't want you, to that's all."

The three men paddled hard for a space. Eaves was moody, and had no wish to accompany Angel, whom he still distrusted. And Angel wanted to be left alone.

Twelves was thinking, and after a while spoke again:

"Angel, what's the good of you goin' alone?"

"No good," said Angel.

"Then why can't we go wid ye? I'll give in about the rescue truck, chum; about believin' her to be in their hands. Swelt me! I'll go wid ye in any capacity, and believe anythink you like."

"Jim, I really don't want you; thanks all the same."

"I don't think it's right, Angel, for a caravan ever to consist of on'y one man. I don't think it's possible, in fact, in Africa. It's all very well for them trappers and pink-eyed scouts in the prairies, because that's the fashion. But here, you know as well as I do, you'll have to protect your front and rare and flanks by day, and stand sentry by night, and be your own commissariat-apartment and ammunition waggon and fightin' line. Whereas if us three all goes, we can divide things up. I'll take on the fightin' line, and Mal can act provision carrier."

"Can he?" growled Eaves.

"Well, I'll give you a fair choice. You can be ammunition train if you care to."

"I don't."

"Very well, then. You can be the fightin' man of the expedition, and Angel and me'll carry loads."

"You haven't my consent yet," said Angel, half smiling.

"Nor you haven't consulted mine," said Eaves.

"Here, I say!" protested Twelves. "I have. I'm hoarse wid consultin'. I'm the on'y one what does me any consultin', and you're the on'y people to be consulted, so I reckon some of us is mistook. Fust of all Mal said he agreed to fight."

"I never," said Eaves.

"What ye goin' to do, then—run away?"

"But I didn't agree to the expedition at all," said Angel.

"Headed off on every side," said Twelves. "I refuse to make any further remarks. Let x equal the confounded expedition. That mutinous scoundrel there—that Eaves—he promised to obey the Articles of War and me."

"When?" said Eaves.

"In the cave. 'I am the cap'n,' I says, and 'you are the crew,' I says. And you says, 'I will obey all commands, however foolish, just as if you was a properly commissioned officer.' And I says, 'You better.'"

"One of us must have bin a little bit 'how come you so,' then," said Eaves, "because I don't remember a word about it."

"I ought to 'a' put it on paper," said Twelves. "If I'd chose the part of crew, as I could very well 'a' done, all this trouble wouldn't occurred. I'm sorry I didn't. But since I chose to be cap'n, takin' all the responsibility wid no extra pay, I think the least you could do, Mal, would be to act the crew wid meekness and goodwill."

"No doubt," said Eaves.

"And not act mutinous, like a fresh joined stoker. On an expedition you must admit that *somebody's* got to do the thinkin'."

"Not on ours," said Eaves.

"Not on ours! Do you consider that so fur this search party has run itself?"

"I do."

"Wid the help of Angel. You'll admit that?"

"I admit nothink."

"Then I resign the cap'n's billet. For forty-eight hours I've hardly slept, considerin' bases and lines of communications, and lookin' out for the welfare of the crew—that's you.

And now I chuck it. I'm goin' to take on crew, and the on'y place left open for you is commander. So give your orders, so's I can git some satisfaction in refusin' to obey 'em."

CHAPTER VIII.

LOST.

"THE first command I should give would be to knock off chasin' up and down this river," said Eaves.

"And that's the very first order I was surmised I wouldn't carry out," said Twelves. "Why, anyone 'ud think this perpetual motion was a pleasure, to hear the easy way you talk of stoppin'."

"Would they? Then I'd soon unpersuade 'em. And I wish, for your sake and mine, Jim Twelves, that sleepin' out wid no fixed abode was unlawful in Africa."

"Rags, you're gittin' tired, and I'm sorry my conscience won't allow me to sympathise wid you to the extent of obeyin' orders or wishin' the law was changed. If I was doin' all these excursions for my own pleasure, I should have knocked off some time ago for more restful pleasure, and you may lay to that."

"As there's on'y my pleasure to be considered besides your own, I s'pose it's for my sake you keep movin'. But please don't self-deny yourself because of me."

"Exertions like these, caused by the conscience—"

"You're sufferin' from fatty degeneration of the conscience, I believe," interrupted Eaves.

"It may be. But I'm kept up by the thought that conscientious dooties of a painful nature carried out for a week will afford me comfort for the rest of my natural."

"Then you are doin' it for pleasure," said Eaves.

"Look here, Mal, if you think because you're commandin' officer that you can take advantage of your position to aggravate me into answerin' back, and then lufin' me in for mut'ny, you're mistook. I refuse to argue. On and from this moment I've deserted. Angel, I am now a man wid no engagements, like they're always advertisin' for, and from my knowledge of African expeditions I should say it was madness for you to refuse to take me as a camp follower. And if you'll excuse my puttin' it so, I believe you have no plans except to go straight at the enemy."

"Precisely, Jim."

"Well, that style of warfare has died out, chum, and nowadays plans must be prepared and everything thought out."

"I'm not making war on a large scale, Jim."

"Things equal to a large thing are equal to one another, and therefore war properly conducted is in large or small quantities, accordin' to the forces at your disposal. But that don't affect the plans. They must always be intellectual. Now my idea is this: We pretend we're after the sub-lootenant—"

"What are we after, then?" Eaves asked, with interest.

"We mix amongst the tribes and say, 'Has anyone seen a sub-lootenant?' Naturally they aint seen him, because they wouldn't know him if they did. Then we describe what he's like, and that description—"

"Tallies with Angel's wife," said Eaves. "Well, of all the—"

"Excuse me, Cap'n Eaves. You conduct your own explanations. That description is where the art of war comes in. That description is stuck up wid the other County Council notices on the head-chief's hut, and—"

"You make war a very troublesome affair, Jim," said Angel.

"Well, of course you can't do things well unless you take pains," said Jim, as if he knew.

"I can't be quite so elaborate as you would like, Jim. I've friends in the next village, and I'll soon run this fellow to earth. I would advise you to go straight back to the ship, or else join up with the landing party. It won't have moved far from where we left it."

"Will you lend us the canoe, Angel?"

"Certainly."

"Thanks. And excuse me bein' silent till we come to the ford, because I'm disappointed in you, and Malachi, and everyone, and must mature my own plans."

"How do ye do that?" asked Eaves.

"Lay low and wait for information to drop in."

"But there's no scouts comin' in to tell you the movements of the War-Pokers. So how the devil are your plans goin' to mature?"

"That's what's troubling me. The great want on this campaign is fast cruisers to keep the enemy in touch. We can mobilise quick enough, and break the enemy's line if we find him, and—"

"But we know where these War-Pokers live. Angel told us it was further up the river, about eight or nine hours' paddlin' above where we was las' night, wasn't it, Angel?"

"Yes. But it will be useless for you to go there," said Angel, shortly.

"Now, don't git aggravated," said Twelves. "If I find it's no use to fight 'em, and I can't steal Charlie, like we done before, then I shall temporise."

"You'll what?" said Eaves, stolidly.

"I shall talk, Mal."

"The War-Pokers'll have to talk in English, then."

"That's as they please."

"Besides, what will you talk about? Offer to exchange Nutty for Charlie?"

"Brilliant notion," said Angel.

"Yes. When Mal gives over objections and throws in suggestions he's always good," said Twelves, thoughtfully. "O' course, I'll point out that a just lootenant is much dearer than a sub-lootenant—"

"That he aint!" said Eaves.

"I don't mean that the mess-deck likes him better. That's agin nature. I mean a sub-lootenant is cheaper. I must lay it down that Charlie won't be missed, except by his mother, and they can't expect much ransom from her, because she's poor—"

"Is she?" said Eaves.

"She will be for this act. But if they'll hand him over in fair exchange for Number One, I'll explain that he will be missed, because first lootenants is what the country is short of, and great rewards will be offered for him by Eevan and the Adm's, and therefore we shall all be better off."

"Except Nutty. S'pose he objects?" said Eaves.

"I can easy put a section in the treaty that the reward will on'y be payable if he's alive and in good condition."

"Except for fair wear and tear from this bolitin' climate, I s'pose," Eaves suggested.

"Yes. Oh, I should think he wouldn't object. First lootenants is always glad of a rest. I'll see to his comfort afore I sign the treaty."

"I should think he'd still object," said Angel.

"Not him," Twelves answered, confidently. "Since he's bin so religious he's always walkin' around and findin' out pleasures, so's he can deny them to himself; and if there's anythink disagreeable, he says, 'Allow me.' Now in that case, attended to by the Swithill and Miss Angel, he'll soon be well, and git quite miserable to find how comfortable and happy he is. So then I'll stroll in and mention that I bin exchangin' international courtships wid the War-Pokers in regard to Charlie, and wouldn't he like to fall in wid my arrangement? He'll be thankful, and say, 'Twelves, I see my lessons is not thrown away, and you do think a little for other people.'"

"You aint made this treaty yet," said Eaves.

"No. But I'm on the way to. O' course, I sha'n't make it at all if the War-Pokers don't throw in somethink wid Charlie for a make-weight, like a few elephant tusks or things like that."

"Twelves, take my advice and go back to your party," said Angel.

"Angel, take my advice and take me in your party," said Twelves.



"NO GRAVES—NO DEAD."

"Jim, take my advice and the fust lootenant, and return aboard," said Eaves.

"Dooty tells me to do all three," said Twelves. "But conscience inclines for Charlie. And when in doubt let conscience take the initiative, like Kruger said when he slapped down the noughts. Therefore, through doubt and sorrow, and disregardless of all kind fiends, I'm on for Charlie. I think this is your port, sir?"

"Yes. Here we are," said Angel. "I'd like you to preserve the canoe, if possible, Jim. But don't trouble if you get in a tight place."

"Angel, I'm still willin' to run off into side issues—"

"To wit. To come with me?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye. Good-bye, Eaves. I'm sorry I can't come to visit you aboard."

"Think they'd have you up for a deserter after all this while?"

"There's no doubt."

"What's to be done wid Miss Angel if you don't come back?"

"I shall come back."

"Will he?" said Eaves, watching Angel walking away along the rough caravan track. "Will he? I don't think it."

"No. If ever I seen madness in a man's right eye, it's in his," said Twelves.

"There's method in the other, Jim."

"How?"

"Why, he's fairly launched us into this uninhabited desert of soury-sour. And, 'I should advise, find your people,' says he. And, 'don't trouble about the canoe,' says he."

"And he means it," said Twelves.

"No doubt he do. Now it don't matter what we find—our own party, or Charlie, or the Pokers—he gits to the cave fust."

"What the devil did he come away for, then?"

"So as to git rid of us."

"Do you reckon he's the wicked uncle, then, and this is the wood? And do you surmise them vultures on that rock correctly represents the robins what's goin' to cover us up?"

"That's right—laugh. But attend to me, Jim Twelves."

"Did you observe how carefully he laid Number One on that box of our'n?"

"We laid Nutty on the diwan ourselves, as the softest and best place."

"Guided by him. And by there was the box. And Nutty overlaid it."

"Then it's perfectly safe, because he'll feel the corners when he wakes up."

"And chuck it out, and then she'll have it. And he'll be back to share."

"Nutty won't chuck it out. He'll be glad of the feel of it. That suits his style of religion. But why didn't you pick it up, or remind me?"

"Remind you! I couldn't git a word in edgeways. You was too much engaged in conversation to take any notice of a miserable blighter like me. I remembered why we went back to the cave. I don't forget what I come for when I'm sent on an errand for a treasure chest."

"I'm sorry I disremembered about it, Mal, these two times. But if I'd seen it, like you did, I'd have done a good turn for a chum, and picked it up."

"I couldn't, I tell ye. Number One was plumped down on it as soon as I seen it. And I'd bin keepin' it in view in all our sufferin's. I can on'y see one thing to do, and that is to go down stream as hard as we can, and arrive before him and demand it from her."

"If this is a plant, Mal, the deed is done. But your mind's diseased over that money. I almost wish I never found it."

"I quite wish we'd stopped lookin' when we did find it. I b'lieve we shall keep on goin' and comin' to that cave, and havin' other people about and other things to do, and we shall be dished out of it altogether. Even if there's no cheatin' goin' on, I think we best go and git the box. Once git that, and I'm with you as fur as Uganda. I shan't complain about the weight."

"I shouldn't care for you if you didn't complain, though, chum. I don't deny yourself any privileges. Let's have dinner."

The canoe had remained beached by the ford while the bluejackets were conversing. Angel had refused to eat before he set out, but the seamen had appetites commensurate with their labours, and ate heartily.

"Now," said Twelves, finishing, "the question is whether we abandon the search until we secure the di'monds for the pleasure of livin' wid 'em always, or whether we fust let Number One secure the box to lay on for his own private misery for a few days; second, find Charlie; and then, three, go and relieve Number One of the box."

"It aint," said Eaves, with some warmth. "It is whether, havin' come across treasure fust by our own exertions, and second, in our own spare moments, we're, three, to stand by from sheer forgetfulness and let rogues collar it."

"There is on'y one course open to us then, Mal, since we disagree on the fust three principles, and that is to submit to arbitration. If you will submit to come wid me as fur as the camp and inspect it, I'll arbitrate wid you to the cave."

"What for do you want to go to the camp?"

"I've bin uneasy since we left our party in the lurch last night, chum. I've bin dreamin' like a war correspondent. None of the natives pursued us, did they? S'pose they cut up our people?"

"My God, Jim! I never thought." And Eaves vigorously shoved off from the bank, headed the canoe up stream, and paddled breathlessly with Twelves for some time. "Jim," he again almost sobbed, "I never thought."

"Nor me," said Twelves, sobered at his own suggestion. "But then, it can't be. They was ambushed once, and they won't be twice. Oh, they best of that lot all right, and them natives was too frightened to come after us. I reckon them Pokers is gone round home by that backwater, and is holdin' court-martials on the chiefs. But still, we'll go and see."

When, after a long paddle, the camping place was reached, the seamen went ashore to survey the ground. Not a soul was in sight. The English had apparently broken camp in the morning and marched orderly away. The two sailors looked about keenly for traces of freshly-turned earth, and were relieved to find none. "No graves—no dead," said Twelves.

"I'm not feelin' so bad, now," said Eaves. "There's a Swythin, though, or one of them War-Pokers."

"A dead 'un?" Twelves asked, looking about.

"Here he is. Yes. That's just where you and me was crawlin' last night. I guess that same sentry shot him."

"And yet every now and then you complain about Providence and me. Dick Deadeye might jist as easy have shot you."

"I observe another native or two is layin' about, by them horrible birds flappin' away there, and I think we've seen enough, don't you, Jim?"

"Yes. We now haul our wind for your part o' the programme. After securin' the precious stones, the glass alleys, and di'mond brooches to your heart's content, I understand that you will cease obstructin' the search for Charlie."

"I've helped all the time, Jim."

"That's what you say."

"But I have."

"You've bin cold-blooded about it. You want to do it, I admit; but you want to do it from a mess-stool, and you want me to direct operations from the mess-deck. You must give over that, chum. We will return to the peace and comfort of the lower-deck when we've done what we set out to do."

"We on'y set out to git a sleep off the line of march, Jim."

"You can't surely call that settin' out, Mal? That was fallin' out, breakin' out, sleepin' out, any other out; but settin' out is when the conscience comes into play, Mal. Now, when we broke out of the ranks, conscience didn't come into action, did it?"

"Yours did't, I bet."

"No. Mine aint roused at insignificant occasions like a bushpapist's or a teetotaler's, else it would never 'a' lasted so long as it have. But findin' Charlie done it, chum. That's when we really set out. And now I can understand them blessed Crusaders, and why they stood to all them inconveniences of goin' to Jerusalem. It was because their consciences wasn't tender, and their minds took a long time to set. But once they set, once the consciences was inflated, there was no stoppin' 'em. It would 'a' bin jist the same if it had bin to Jericho. Once set, a big conscience like mine can't be changed. That's why I was so disgusted over Number One. If we'd set out for him, and Charlie had turned up instead, we should 'a' bin jist as disappointed."

"Not me," said Eaves, stoutly. "I should 'a' bin quite satisfied."

"Ah! so you think. But you wouldn't find it so. At any rate, here's the landin' place. No it aint, though; I made sure this was it, but one of these little beaches is jist like another. Up stream or down stream shall we look?"

"I believe it was higher up," said Eaves.

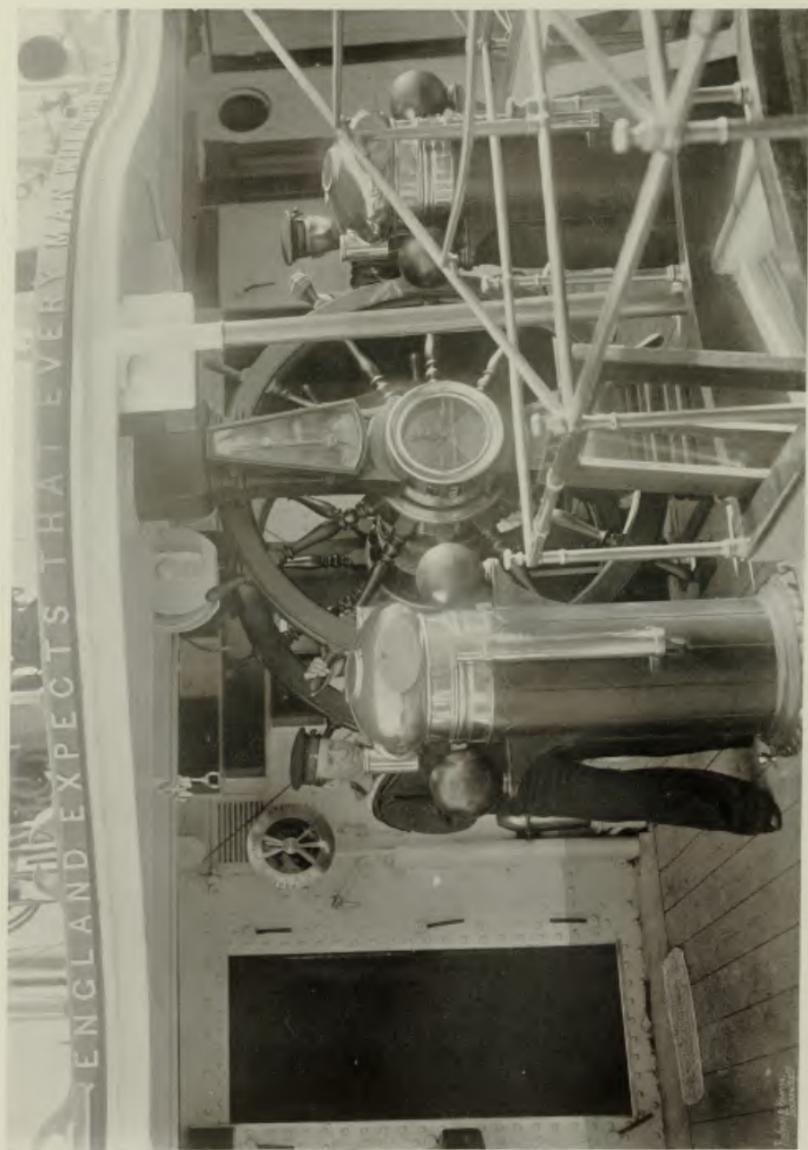
Search was made higher and lower.

"Did you secure her, Mal?"

"Course not. I shoved her out in the river to float about free till we secured her. Did I secure her!"

"I ast you a civilised question, and you answer as if you was a commissioned officer and never made mistakes."

(To be continued.)



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THE STEERING WHEEL OF THE "CALLIOPE."

(See Page 355.)

Photo. W. H. Cleveland.

THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, PORTSMOUTH.

[FROM A NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, is a somewhat ancient building, and in bygone days was quite large enough for the literary requirements of the Service. It was there that all the examinations were held for entry of officers, and also the final Navigation, or *v* examinations, of sub-lieutenants and second masters. Since the great strides

The "dear" old college (I use the word "dear" in fond remembrance of the few happy days I spent there when, in 1872, by the aid of a "Clever Young Man," I managed to get my 3rd Class, with sixty-six marks to spare) is now the home of the acting sub-lieutenants under examination for gunnery, torpedo, and pilotage. The quarters are comfortable, and the



THE COLLEGE, FROM THE FRONT.

made in the general education of the Service, the seat of learning has been transferred to Greenwich, where the final *v* examinations are held; while the entry examinations are now conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners.

"subs" have now plenty of time to work up their subjects carefully, and are not "rushed" as we were some twenty-five years ago.

The first picture is the front of the college. The block on the right is the residence of the captain of the "Excellent," who is also captain of the college. Under the dome, or cupola, which used to be the old smoking-room, is the main entrance, which opens into a fine hall with handsomely-carved old black oak doors, etc., which are now covered with dockyard paint. In the hall, the wily porter has his office. He gives information, and notes the names of "subs" who come in late. To the right of the hall is the pilotage study, and to the left the mess-room, a fine room in which many a good o'd seadog has dined. Going up the mess-room and turning ante-room, which is the left-hand block in the picture. Above the ante-room are the quarters of the lieutenant of the college. The upper storeys are cabins, bath-rooms, etc.

The next picture is a "sub's" cabin. These vary in size; the average is about 3-ft. square. Some of these are artistically decorated by the deft hands of a sister, not invariably the owner's. Many of our young "Nelsons" are just as clever at decoration as the fair sex. As the "subs" are



Photos. Russell & Sons.

A "SUB'S" CABIN AT THE COLLEGE.

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now longer at college than formerly, greater interest is taken in making these domiciles, as in the illustration, comfortable to the weary frame, and pleasing to the eye. The Government furniture consists of a bed and mattress, chest of drawers, washstand and gear, table and chair, the two latter articles being made strong enough to stand the wear and tear of a "sub." Another illustration shows us the library, which is off the pilotage study. It is not much frequented, on account of the dryness of the volumes and the "notice" over the fire-place. The last picture is the Quadrangle; over the covered doorway has been there since the college was built. The door in the centre leads into the hall, and the one on the left to the billiard-room, which is fitted with two very good full-sized tables, and all requirements. This room is well patronised, especially after dinner on Fridays—guest-night—when the "Excellent's" band discourses sweet music. We also illustrate a group of officers—a very good sample of a pilotage class, under the tuition of Staff-Captain Charles Brent, R.N., who is quite an authority on "subs" and pilotage. He is much beloved by all who have had the good fortune to be under his guidance. It may interest our readers to know the daily routine of a "sub" at the college. It is as follows:—

Breakfast, 7.15 to 8.30 a.m.; boats for Whale Island and "Vernon" leave "Excellent" steps, 8.50 a.m.; pilotage class, 9.0 a.m. to 11.45 a.m., with a "staid easy" of fifteen minutes at 10.30 a.m.; lunch, noon to 1.0 p.m.; pilotage class, 1.0 p.m. to 3.0 p.m.—gunnery and torpedo classes; lunch at Whale Island and "Vernon" respectively, and commence work again at 1.0 p.m. to 3.15 p.m., returning to college by 3.50 p.m.; dinner, 7.30 p.m.; lights out, midnight.

Every "sub" who has not special leave must be in college by midnight, otherwise he has to "toe pitch" the next morning.

In bygone days, anxious to ascertain the result of the examinations, it was the custom to repair to the college clerk; Sphinx-like he said nothing. If he presented a money-box, inscribed "For the Garden," you dropped in in a shilling—passed! No box—plucked!



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A PILOTAGE CLASS.



THE QUADRANGLE AT THE BACK OF THE COLLEGE.

The French in Southern Seas.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE appearance of a foreign man-of-war in New Zealand waters is no new thing, but the recent visit of the small French cruiser "Eure" to Lyttelton caused a considerable amount of suppressed excitement, owing to the fact that the cables were at the time full of the critical state of affairs in the Far East, and many of the colonists regarded this visit of a foreign war-ship as an ominous sign.

The general aspect of the "Eure" as a man-of-war was certainly somewhat disappointing; she had not the trim and smart appearance which we are accustomed to associate with British vessels, and she is, moreover, of an obsolete type, being built of wood—quite a curiosity nowadays—and having the very moderate maximum speed of about 10 knots. Her armament consists of four quick-firing and four machine guns. One of our illustrations shows the manner in which the former are lashed to the deck—an entirely novel arrangement.

She is commanded by Captain Le Cure, and her complement is 130.

The "Eure" is attached to the French Pacific Squadron, and is chiefly employed between New Hebrides and New Caledonia, her recent trip to New Zealand being for the purpose of recruiting the health of the crew. After leaving Lyttelton she visited Akaroa, a settlement in which there are a number of French residents, proceeding thence to New Caledonia.

One of our illustrations shows a signalman on the look-out, taking a long and careful survey of some distant object, steadying his glass against a small davit. Possibly he is on the watch for the return of the captain, whose advent must be duly reported to the officer in charge, in order that he may be received with due observance of etiquette; if he arrives unannounced the signalman hears about it.

Another shows a half-holiday on board, or what is termed in the British Navy a "make-and-mend-clothes day," though in these days of Admiralty clothing contractors there is not so much needle-work done as formerly. The deck is silent, and almost deserted, the sunlight streaming across between hatches and ventilators.

The quick-firing gun detachment in the other picture form a good group—a decided contrast, both in dress and personality, to our own blue-jackets, especially as regards the former, which can scarcely be called smart.



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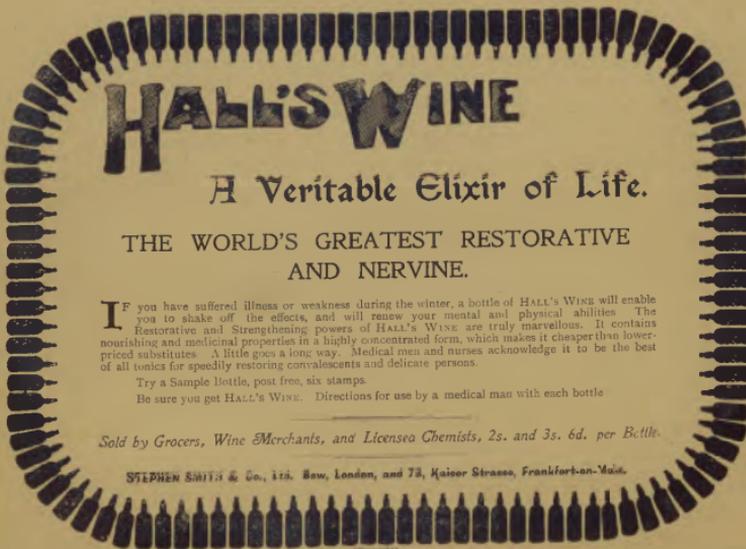
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