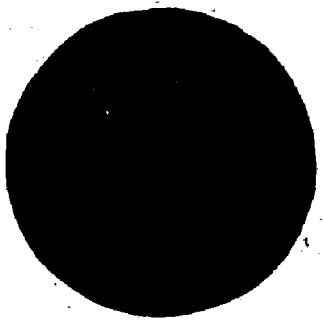


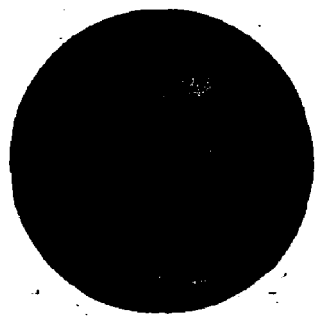
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THE CAPTAIN

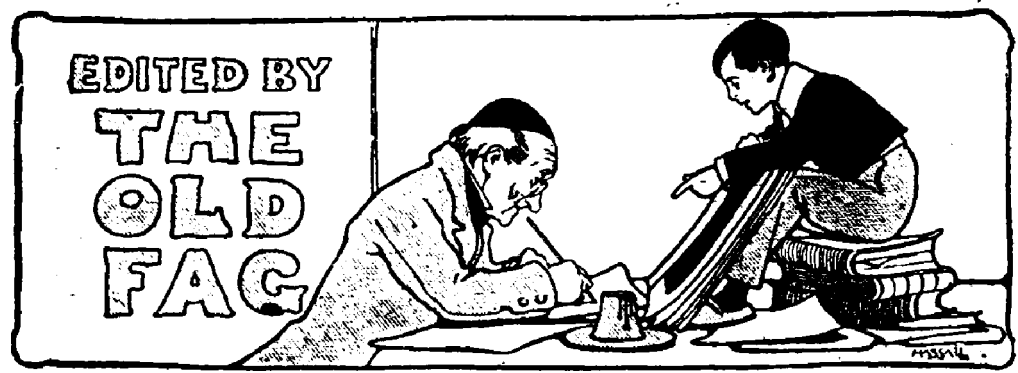
A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"



E. J. NANKIVELL,
Philatelic Editor.



A. WILLIAMS,
Cycling and Photographic Editor.



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INDEX.

	PAGE
"ACTION" PHOTOGRAPHS. By Readers of THE CAPTAIN	174
ACT OF GRACE, AN. By Harry Trevor (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	540
AFLOAT ON THE BOUNDLESS ETHER. By Felix Leigh	413
ANGLO V. SAXON. By H. Burton Gates (Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.)	37
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By the Editor	91, 187, 284, 382, 477, 573
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By the Cycling Editor	24, 145, 242, 318, 520
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By the Philatelic Editor	69, 142, 253, 509
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By the Photographic Editor	66, 156, 223, 334, 501
APRIL EVENTS. By Readers of THE CAPTAIN (With Illustrations.)	31
ARENA, CHILDREN OF THE. By "Eques" (Illustrated by Paul HarJy.)	44
ATHLETIC CORNER, THE.	
THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME. By P. F. Warner	54
EXCITING MATCHES I HAVE TAKEN PART IN. By P. F. Warner	125
SOME ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	559
"AT ALL COSTS." By Adrian Leigh (Illustrated by Alfred Pearse.)	407
AUGUST EVENTS. By Readers of THE CAPTAIN (With Illustrations.)	448
BARTON CUP, THE. By Stuart Wishing (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	552
BOYLE AND DOYLE. By C. L. England (Illustrated by Rex Osborne.)	146
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. By Ernest Blaikley	289
"CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.	
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. Conducted by Archibald Willis	33, 117, 219, 330, 452
ART V. BUTTON-PRESSING	63
SOME USEFUL SUGGESTIONS	153
SAVING TIME	220
STOPS AND SELF-TONING PAPERS	331
CORRECT-SHADE PHOTOGRAPHY	497
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	85, 177, 276, 373, 467, 565
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS.	84, 181, 267, 376, 472, 564
CLOSE CALL, A. By John Patrick (Illustrated by George Soper.)	78
COX'S COUGH-DROPS. By R. S. Warren Bell (Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.)	70, 164, 258, 363, 453
CRICKETERS, VERSATILE. By A. Wallis Myers (Illustrated by Fred. Buchanan.)	434
CYCLING CORNER, THE. Conducted by Archibald Williams	
SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON FIRST AID TO CYCLES	21
THE LARGE FIRM V. THE LOCAL MAKER	143
THE CHEAP MACHINE	239
THE LIGHT CYCLE	316
CYCLE-CAMPING: CYCLING IN FRANCE	414
THE HEIGHT OF THE HANDLE-BAR, &c.	517
"DAILY ROUND, THE." By Readers of THE CAPTAIN	230
DASH AND DOT. By Charles Whitlock (Illustrated by Edgar A. Holloway.)	244
DIVISION OF SPOIL, A. By P. G. Wodhouse (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	502
FATE OF THE SUSANNA, THE. By Major G. H. Lane (Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.)	48
FRENCH FISHING-BOAT COMING THROUGH THE BREAKERS. From the <i>Panorama</i> , by C. Napier-Hemy	238
GERMAN BATTLESHIPS, SOME. By A. B. Cull	243
HEARD AT HENLEY. By Felix Leigh	385
HOW SPARKES NEGOTIATED A LOAN. By H. Hervey (Illustrated by Edgar A. Holloway.)	118
HOW THE CRIMINALS WERE BROUGHT TO BOOK. By A. T. Story (Illustrated by Frederic Whiting.)	23
HUNTER, A MIGHTY. By A. E. Johnson (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	396
INDIAN ACROBATS	129
IN THE BAD OLD DAYS. From <i>The Malesian</i>	325
"INVASION" OF DINAN, THE. By John L. C. Booth (Illustrated by the Author.)	234
JULY EVENTS. By Readers of THE CAPTAIN (With Illustrations.)	326
JUNE EVENTS. By Readers of THE CAPTAIN (With Illustrations.)	213
LATIN PROSE, HALF AN HOUR FROM THE LIFE OF A. By P. Esdaile	223
LIFE-SAVING DRILL. By C. W. Broughton	465
LONDON BRIDGE TO THE SEA. By Frank L. Crosse (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	547

	PAGE
MAKING OF A MAN, THE. By Captain F. H. Shaw (Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.)	130
MASTERPIECE, A. By Herbert J. Brandon	171
MAY EVENTS. By Readers of THE CAPTAIN (With Illustrations.)	112
MOUTH OF THE CAVERN, THE. By H. Hervey (Illustrated by Edgar A. Holloway.)	510
MYSTERIOUS JANUAR, THE. By E. Cockburn Reynolds (Illustrated by the Author.)	24
MYSTERY OF THE EMILY GRIMES. By Captain Charles Protheroe (Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.)	524
NATURALISTS' CORNER. Conducted by Edward Step, F.L.S. (Illustrated by Mabel E. Step.)	82, 167, 254, 367, 38, 521
NIGHT ATTACK, A. By G. H. Davis	471
OLD HULK, THE. By C. G.	266
OUR FIRST ACQUAINTANCE. By Herbert J. Brandon.	47
OUR MOTHER TONGUE. By Felix Leigh	1
PIG-STICKERS, THE. By Captain Theodore Tharp	257
PORTLAND PIRATES. By George Hawley (Illustrated by the Author.)	253
PREPARATORY SCHOOL AIR-RIFLE ASSOCIATION, THE. By A. G. Gonfoll, M.A. (With Illustrations.)	172
PROFESSOR'S BEES, THE. By "Martia" (Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.)	440
PYRAMID, THE. By Arthur Stanley	506
RAILWAY ENGINEERS ABROAD, THE DEMAND FOR RAM CHUNDUR, HAVILDAR. By E. Cockburn Reynolds (Illustrated by the Author.)	372 319
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS :	
FEBRUARY	96
MARCH	191
APRIL	288
MAY	384
JUNE	480
JULY	576
ROWING, ENGLAND VERSUS AMERICAN. By Ralph D. Paine	259
SATISFACTORY WEAPON, A. By Felix Leigh	481
SANDSTORM IN THE DESERT, A. By David Ker (Illustrated by Edgar A. Holloway.)	59
SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS.	348, 562
SEPTEMBER CELEBRITIES. By Readers of THE CAPTAIN (With Illustrations.)	534
SHREWSBURY SLANG. By an Ex-Captain of Shrewsbury School	62
SILHOUETTE, A. By Captain Theodore Tharp	193
"SMART SET" SHAKE, THE. By Felix Leigh	97
STAMP COLLECTOR, THE. Conducted by E. J. Nankivell	
THE MAKING OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE	67
THE GREAT STAMP EXHIBITION	138
THE EMPIRE OF INDIA	250
THE GREAT EXHIBITION	357
CHINESE STAMP DESIGNS	507
STOUT HEARTS AND RED DECKS. By Norman Duncan (Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.)	335, 387
SWEDEN AND ITS PEOPLE. From <i>The Porpoisian</i>	534
THE OLD FAG. (Editorial)	89, 182, 280, 377, 473
TRACK OF MIDNIGHT, THE. By G. Firth Scott (Illustrated by George Soper.)	3, 99, 195, 301, 418, 483, 569
TRIUMPH OF PEACE, THE. By Major G. H. Lane (Illustrated by Lawson Wood.)	350
VICTORIA PARK MODEL STEAM YACHT CLUB, THE	345
WOODVILLE, R. CATON. By Arthur Warren (Illustrated from Paintings and Sketches by the Artist.)	291
WOLF-MOTHER, THE. By E. Cockburn Reynolds (Illustrated by the Author.)	157



OUR MOTHER TONGUE!



"Gisabitbillee?"
"Garnbqilyred!"



WILTON DUG HIS HEELS INTO THE HORSE'S SIDES AND FORCED IT INTO THE FLOOD.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1906

No. 85.

THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT.

By G. Firth Scott.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

CHAPTER I.

THE SQUATTERS TURN OUT.

THE time was prior to the discovery of gold, which attracted, in subsequent years, so many thousands of people to the shores of the island continent of Australia, that time when it was as a convenient dumping-ground for the convict surplus that Great Britain chiefly regarded the territory destined to hold so prominent a place in the list of the nation's colonies.

With shiploads arriving every month, the authorities had as much as they could do in maintaining discipline at the various settlements where the convicts were stationed. From time to time outbreaks occurred, and from time to time men escaped and took to the bush. At first they were left to perish either of starvation or at the hands of the blacks, unless they returned to give themselves up, as many a one was only too glad to do after a few days of lonely hunger in the inhospitable "interior," as the district beyond the narrow fringe of settlement on the coast was then termed. But, in course of time, some of the escapees became friendly with the blacks, and fraternised with them to the extent of joining their tribes and becoming warriors after the native fashion and husbands of dark-skinned wives. Later on, when the squatters went farther and farther inland in search of fresh pastures for their rapidly growing flocks and herds, the escapees had no necessity to join the blacks, since there were solitary and often helpless men of their own colour to prey upon. Thus it was that

bushranging came into existence and grew and flourished to such an extent that every district had its tales of terrorism and outrage.

The men who were risking everything in their efforts to carve out homes for themselves from the silent wilderness of the bush grew impatient at the tardiness of those in authority, for the Government made apparently great, but virtually little, effort to cope with the evil. To fight the blacks they had had to combine, and they profited by that experience in their treatment of the later menace. As soon as the doings of any particular gang became too pronounced, word was passed round, and a gathering of the squatters was arranged to discuss the matter, with the inevitable result that a band of them went "out" to remedy the evil that threatened them and their interests. Sometimes they had the assistance of a stray police trooper, and their work was then facilitated, for in their efforts to help him arrest the offenders they generally managed things so well that when the day's work was over there was nobody left to arrest, and the trooper was compelled to report that the bushrangers had been shot "while escaping."

When there were no police present, the proceedings were varied by there being no report sent in to the authorities; otherwise, the effect upon the outlaws was identical. Occasionally, in the fight that occurred when the squatters met the rangers, some of the former paid the penalty for taking the law into their own hands, but, as a general rule, they had numbers on their side, and the hunted criminals had only a remote chance of succeeding either in escape or in the defeat of their pursuers.

An exception to this was one band of desperadoes which succeeded for years in spreading disaster in all parts of the district they frequented. The leader was well known by repute, and was said by all who had had the misfortune to come within his clutches to be a particularly cold-blooded scoundrel, with a long black beard and a big head of hair of the same colour. That he was able as well as wicked was proved by the fact that neither he nor any of his band had as yet been caught, though the Government had sent as many as two troopers to carry out the task of dispersing the gang and arresting or shooting the leader. Again and again the squatters had turned out to be avenged upon the marauders, but always to return baffled and dejected. The most arduous and indefatigable organiser of these expeditions was William Giles, and his zeal in the cause had won from the Government the recognition of a local magistracy.

A recent escapade of the gang under the leadership of Captain Midnight, as he was termed in deference to the colour of his hair and beard, had been more than usually daring and irritating to the squatters. They had just returned after a prolonged search for the desperadoes when the news was passed round that fresh outrages had occurred, one consisting of the robbery of a very fine black horse which the squatter leader Giles had ridden in the last expedition, and the other the murder of the owner of Melelee Station, the next estate to that which Giles owned.

The murder of Doolan, the owner of Melelee, had been more than usually barbarous. The few men he employed were away from the head station at the time, and on their return they found the unfortunate squatter lying in front of his own door, riddled with spears. At first the men regarded the outrage as due to blacks, but they were undeceived by a piece of paper which was tied to one of the spears and on which was rudely written, "*Account Settled.—Midnight.*"

The site of the outrage was named as the meeting-place from whence the avenging band would start on the track of the common foe, and a greater number assembled than had been together on the previous and fruitless occasion. More than that, two troopers who were travelling in the district heard an account of the tragedy and joined the expedition, which started away with Giles at its head, vowing to give a short shrift to any of the bushrangers who might have the misfortune to be captured.

For the purpose of meting out summary justice they carried several coils of strong rope

with them; in order to follow the murderers right up to their lair, wherever that might be, they also carried enough provisions to last them for a month.

Before they had been many days out, rain set in. The creeks, flowing down from the high tableland, came down "bankers" long before there was sufficient local rain to flood them, and the fact filled the avengers' hearts with glee. They knew that higher up there was a perfect network of creeks and gullies which would, in their flooded state, seriously hamper the escaping gang. It was evident that blacks were with the outlaws, for, as the squatters advanced, they found evidences of that in many a token plain enough to their bush-trained eyes. So they pressed onward, getting over and through creeks which, under ordinary circumstances, they would have left alone, but which, aided by their zeal and the ropes they carried, they safely forded.

But that which they anticipated would prove an impassable obstacle in the path of their retreating foe was also an obstacle in theirs, and at last they arrived at the bank of a creek which was at once seen to be impassable. Chafing at the enforced wait, they wandered up and down the bank in the hopes of finding some place where they could get across. The search was rewarded, for the scouts who went farthest afield came back with the news that they had found a narrow gorge through which the stream rushed, and over which men could pass with the aid of a rope. The most daring, headed by Giles, hastened off to examine the place. If once the rope were stretched across they could get over, they averred, although getting the horses over too was out of the question. The two troopers who were with the party expressed doubts as to the chance of any one breasting such a current; but the squatters, who were mostly young men, laughed to scorn the caution of the police. Nor did they stop at laughing, but said so many biting things about the quality of the troopers' strength, skill, and courage, that the younger of the two blazed up in a rage, and said he would prove his grit by crossing the stream himself.

The attempt was postponed until the morning, and the evening was spent in debating the best means of carrying out the wild scheme. It was decided that the best course would be for the trooper to take the water as far up the stream as the length of rope would permit, and, with two inflated water-bags to support him, strike out for the other shore in a slanting course, going with the stream as little as possible. One end of the line was to be made

fast to a tree and its entire length passed along on the outside of the trees that grew on the bank, up to the place where he was to enter the stream.

At daybreak the band repaired to the scene of the proposed crossing, and for an hour or so all were busy helping, advising, and looking on. When at length everything was in readiness, the trooper, with the slack end of the line made fast to his temporary buoys, slid into the water and struck out vigorously for the other side. The current carried him along at a rate that seemed to make it impossible for him to get across before the limit of the line was exhausted; but he was a powerful swimmer, and, moreover, had his blood up, and the watchers could not restrain a cheer when they saw him clutch

horses at the camp. He galloped furiously up, and breathlessly gave the information that nearly opposite the camp an armed horseman had appeared on the other bank. The band



THE TROOPER CLUNG DESPERATELY TO THE ROPE.

and hold an overhanging tree on the other side of the narrow-boiling creek.

The cheer was rudely checked by the arrival of the man who had been left in charge of the

tried to signal the intelligence to their comrade, but he was too much occupied in securing the rope to heed them. As soon as the line was made fast, it was pulled taut and his

fellow trooper expressed his intention of going next.

With his own and his comrade's weapons and ammunition strapped across his shoulders he started, his anxiety to get over and have the first brush with the outlaws overcoming his prudence. He reached the middle of the stream, the line straining at the pressure put upon it. Suddenly, he was seen to shoot rapidly down the current, and a cry of dismay went up from the impatient watchers. The knot had slipped on their side and their frail bridge was gone.

The trooper clung desperately to the rope, and managed to keep afloat until the current carried him to the bank where his comrade stood. As he emerged, the squatters realised that they were cut off from participating in the fray. They saw him pointing away to where the armed horseman had been reported to have been seen, and then the two vanished into the bush.

CHAPTER II.

A WHITE NOMAD.

WHILE the squatters were gathering at Melelee, James Wilton was on his way down to Sydney, from away "out back," with a full load of wool and hides piled up on his heavy dray, all that remained of what he had, not so very long before, regarded as the nucleus of a mighty fortune.

Five years before he had come to the then little-known land of Australia, the rumoured possibilities of obtaining large tracts of valuable agricultural and pastoral country having tempted him from his home in a southern English county. There was abundance of land, millions of acres of it, away in the vast unknown interior, and thither Wilton had turned his footsteps. With all his capital invested in "a mob" of sheep and cattle, he had travelled away with them in search of the rich pasturage which was to increase and multiply them until he became a rival to the patriarchs of old and in time find himself able to return to his old home with re-established fortunes. But fortune is not always to be easily wooed. The misfortune that had overtaken Wilton in his native shire followed him to the land of his adoption, and, as year after year went by, his flocks and herds not only refused to increase and multiply, but steadily diminished, until a long spell of dry weather, followed by a bush fire, completed his discomfiture. Piling the *débris* of his wrecked fortunes, a few bales of wool and hides, on his dray, he had set out for the coast.

The long spell of dry weather which had proved so disastrous to him, broke soon after he had started, and the rain continued to fall the heavier as he proceeded. The early stages of his journey were over a high tableland, broken into low stony ridges, from which the water ran in rapid little streams down to the lower country where the soil was more fertile and, consequently, in wet weather, worse for travelling over with the clumsy vehicle which, with its team of bullocks, now comprised Wilton's wherewithal of livelihood. The small streams foamed and roared over the boulders that stood along the bed of the creeks; but the water ran off too soon for any of them to be difficult obstacles in his path, and he safely reached that part of his journey where the continual decline warned him that he was approaching the lower and more flooded levels.

As he descended, evidences were more and more plentiful of the bad state of the country he was approaching, until at length he arrived at a small flat, over which the water lay some inches deep. But it was not the water that disconcerted him. He knew that the ground below would be saturated and soft, and that the broad wheels of his dray would sink in it to the axles, and that his team would have to strain and work to the utmost to get the load across to the firmer ground on the other side. The track went right across the flat, and the growth of the timber all round precluded the possibility of his making a fresh track. He walked on ahead and waded into the water, the soft, spongy earth below warning him of the danger of getting bogged if he attempted to drive his team across.

But he had hitherto had such good luck on his trip that he was doubtful whether all the tales he had heard from older and more experienced men about the dangers of getting bogged were really true. He felt the ground carefully as he splashed across the flat. The water did not reach to his knees, and he did not find that his feet sank so deeply into the mud beneath as he had anticipated. Had he sunk up to his knees he might have been satisfied that the dray would stick; but as he only felt spongy turf below his feet, he was sure that his bullocks could get the load over safely. To wait where he was for the water to go off the flat was, to his mind, only trifling with fortune. Lower down he might meet with creeks running "bankers," which would compel him to camp until they became passable. That would be delay enough, without anticipating it now for a bit of a flooded flat.

He returned to his team, and, swinging the

long-handled whip with its great length of greenhide lash, he cracked it and shouted to his team till he had the bullocks going at a good pace towards the treacherous flat. They splashed and floundered as they came to the water, stirring up the mud and lifting soil-stained hoofs. The dray sank lower and lower at every stride of the team, and, as it sank, so much the harder did the bullocks strain and pull, and so much the more energetically did Wilton crack his whip and shout. Slower and slower was the progress, until the axles were level with the water, and Wilton knew that nearly a quarter of the wheels was embedded in the mud.

By that time, however, the dray was half-way across the flat, and Wilton, thinking the battle already won, and feeling the effects of his continuous wielding of the heavy whip, allowed his team to rest.

Thus he lost the struggle; for, as the dray stood with all the weight of the load pressing down upon the wheels, it sank until the axles disappeared beneath the water.

He started at his team, using every means known to him to make each bullock pull its utmost; but all in vain. Though they strained forward on their yokes until they sank knee-deep in the bog, the dray refused to move forward an inch, and at last, worn out with his exertions, he saw that darkness was coming on and that his dray was as firmly embedded as though it had been buried. Angry at himself, his team, and everything else, Wilton loosened the animals from their yokes, and hastened towards dry ground in search of a place to camp for the night.

The rain, which had ceased during the day, now began to fall again. His food and blankets were in the dray, and as the first drops splashed around him when he was half-way between the dray and the dry ground, he turned back. He would camp till the morning under the shelter of the tarpaulin which covered the load, and do the best he could with some beef and damper until daylight. When he reached the dray again he clambered up, and, taking off his sodden boots, wriggled along under the tarpaulin to the place where he had put his blankets and rations. It was only a little crevice between two wool bales, and had been left at the suggestion of an old carrier who had assisted in the loading up of the dray. The bales rested on the hides which formed the first tier of the load, and the odour that rose from them was not pleasant. But Wilton was too used to it to notice it, and he wriggled into the space and crouched up, so as to leave room in which

to open his "tucker-bag" and get at the food.

By the time he had finished his repast, darkness had taken the place of light, and the rain beat steadily and monotonously upon the tarpaulin which covered him and his load. He put the remainder of his provisions into the bag, and stretched himself out to as great an extent as the narrow, confined space would permit.

"Well, I'm safe here from floods, bush-rangers, or blacks," he thought, as he drew out his pipe and prepared to enjoy a smoke before sleeping. When his pipe was filled he lay down with his head towards the small opening through which he had crept under the tarpaulin, and, with his tucker-bag as a pillow, he took out his flint and steel to strike a light for his pipe. He had raised the steel to strike when the silence of the night was broken by the sound of men shouting as they shout and halloo when they ride round a mob of cattle to "round them up."

He slid along until he could put his head through the opening under the tarpaulin. He could hear more clearly then, and the sounds of galloping horses came to him as well. He could also hear the cries more distinctly, and he shivered as he heard them, for they were the loud, hoarse shouts of the white man and the shrill, keener yells of the black. A momentary break in the clouds allowed a stray glint of moonlight to faintly illumine the darkness, and, before it had passed, he saw his bullocks charging madly down towards the flooded flat. Surrounding them were quickly moving black figures, and behind them figures of men on horseback. In a flash the stories he had scouted came to his mind. Only one class of white men travelled with blacks, and those of a kind who were worse in every respect than their darker brethren.

The transitory gleam of moonlight passed and darkness hid the scene from his eyes; but the babel of sounds that came to him told him that his bullocks were being slain and that soon the men he had seen would be seeking for him. And to find him meant at the best robbery, for to the men of his own colour who were with the blacks the life of a fellow creature was even less than the life of a white man was to the natives. They, at least, had some reason for their warfare in the occupation of their country; but the white outlaws had none, and so were the more relentless and the more bloodthirsty against every one who had not been branded with the convict taint.

Wilton pulled the tarpaulin down closely, tucking the loose edge in as tightly as he could,



HE SAW THE FIGURE OF A BLACK FELLOW WITH HIS SPEAR POISED.

and then crept back to the farthest corner of his crevice, dragging his tucker-bag with him and wedging himself in between the bales.

Then he waited, reviling himself for his folly in travelling unarmed, in spite of all the warnings he had received from his fellows, and fearing what would follow when the attention of the men on the shore of the temporary lagoon was attracted to the dray.

CHAPTER III.

NATIVE REVELS.

HE had not long to wait. The noise of the shouting ceased for a while, and then a cry, nearer and clearer, and an

answering shout from the distance, told him that his hiding-place was discovered. He tried to force himself further between the bales, and in doing so discovered that he could just squeeze himself into a corner where another bale lay across and, as he had thought, blocked the end of his narrow shelter. At the same moment he heard a yell and a voice say something in a language he did not understand. He scarcely breathed as he listened to some one climbing up on to the dray and clambering over the tarpaulin.

Then there was a lot of splashing, and a voice exclaimed :

"We're in luck if it's stores."

"Stores ain't packed like that, you fool,"

came in reply. "It's hides by the stink, with some wool on top, I expect. Here, you Billy, what name?"

"Baal it me know," Wilton heard a native answer, the reply coming from just over his head.

"Take the tarpaulin off and see," said the man who had first spoken.

"What do we want with a tarpaulin? Let's find the carrier and see what he's worth."

"He won't have anything worth the taking if he's only got hides on board, unless he'll join us."

"We're too many already for comfort, and we don't want no peachers round the camp."

"Well, then, pot him."

"Not much. We don't want to waste our powder. We'll make him run and let the niggers spear him as he goes, like we served Jim Doolan when he——"

A sharp exclamation from the other man interrupted the speaker, and the greater distinctness with which Wilton heard them speaking told him that the loose corner of the tarpaulin was found.

"Here's his nest and here's his boots," he heard the man cry out.

Then the voice sounded almost at his ear as he heard the words:

"Come out, or I'll shoot you."

Wilton pressed closer against the sheltering bale and held his breath.

"He ain't in there," one of them said. "He's gone ashore to camp and we'll round him up."

"Come out or I'll shoot," the man cried out again, and Wilton heard the click of the spring as the hammer of the firearm was drawn back,

"That's wasting powder if you——"

A flash of light and a report of a shot stopped the sentence, and a bullet plunged into the wool bale scarce two inches from Wilton's head. The smoke of the powder filled the narrow space and nearly choked him, but he pressed his face against the rough covering of the bale and managed to keep back the cough which would have betrayed him.

"I told you he wasn't in there," he heard one of them say angrily.

"Oh! you're too clever, you are. Here, you black thief, come down out of that and look for him ashore," the other growled, and Wilton heard the man slide down the tarpaulin and splash into the water by the side of the dray. Then the voices and the splashing grew fainter and he breathed more freely.

Time passed, and as there was no token that the men were going to return, Wilton deter-

mined to find out what they were doing. He crept along the opening under the tarpaulin and looked out.

The water all around him was glittering in the moonlight as it rippled in the light breeze which was blowing. He glanced across to where he had seen the black figures chasing his bullocks. Three or four large fires were blazing, and the light from the flames helped the moon in making the immediate surroundings clear.

Round each fire a number of men were sitting, and their attitudes and constant movements were enough to tell him what they were doing. His team had been slaughtered, and the blacks were holding high revel, feasting as only blacks know how to feast. He had learned enough of their habits to know that while anything was left to eat they would gorge, and that nothing would draw them away from the feast but a hostile attack. Here, then, was a chance of escape while the blacks were revelling in gluttony.

As he lay watching, he saw two men, whose clothes suggested that they were white, passing from one fire to the other and evidently urging the naked blacks to some action. They came to the fire that was nearest to the water, and he could see them pointing to the dray. One of them stooped, picked up a blazing brand, and held it out to one of the blacks, waving it at the same time towards the dray.

The two men, doubtless the two who had already visited the dray, were urging the blacks to wade out and set fire to it, in order, perhaps, that they might appease their disappointment at not finding him, by an act of wanton destruction.

Although the tarpaulin was the only article likely to burn, it would be quite enough to roast him, or, at all events, make his hiding-place so unbearable that he would have to get out of it, and, in doing so, show himself to the enemy, and meet the doom he had already heard suggested. There was not much to choose between the chance of being half-roasted and suffocated or speared as he ran for his life, but of the two he preferred to risk the latter.

He glanced down at the water. It was not so very far to slide down, and if he were once in he might be able, in the shadow of the dray, to wade ashore and hide himself amongst the thickly-growing vegetation. He looked towards the fires again.

One stalwart black was standing between him and the nearest blaze, his figure showing conspicuously against the light behind him. In one hand he held a long war-spear, and

Wilton saw him turn and hold it towards the fire. When he withdrew it the end was blazing, and, poising it, he sprang forward and hurled it towards the dray.

Wilton craned his neck to watch the flight of the blazing spear. The aim was straight, and it seemed as though the missile could not fail to strike its target, but happily the thrower had put too much strength into his task, and the spear skimmed over the top of the load and plunged, hissing, into the water beyond.

A loud shout came from the direction of the fires, and Wilton turned his head towards the shore where his enemies were gathered.

The blacks were running about from one fire to the other, shouting and yelling in a wild chorus. Without waiting to think, he slid forward and fell into the water.

As he raised his head above the surface, he understood the meaning of the activity round the fires. All the men had seized spears, and were preparing to hurl them, with blazing tips, at the target their fellow had overshot. Even as Wilton looked he saw half a dozen of them leap forward and fling the spark-trailing spears in his direction.

When he fell into the water he had the sense to keep his body below the surface and only to allow his head above it. But the water was not deep, and he was compelled to stretch himself out to keep his body under cover. The result was that he was actually more exposed to danger than if he had remained wedged in among the wool bales.

The spears were already in the air when he realised his position and struggled round to the back of the dray. For a moment he breathed more freely; but only for a moment. Two of the spears struck the target, and, plunging into the tarpaulin cover, left the fire-brands with which they had been embellished, hissing and spluttering on the top. Once the tarred cloth caught fire Wilton knew how it would smoke and blaze.

He could not see the fires from where he stood, but by the noise he judged the men were still excited, and the constant swish of the spears through the air told him that they were still striving to set the dray on fire. The tarpaulin was already smoking.

Gradually the moonlight faded, and glancing upwards he saw a big mass of clouds slowly sailing across the moon. It was his one chance to get across the intervening space of water to the shelter of the bush.

He waited until the cloud entirely obscured the moon and then started for the shore, keeping his body as much below the surface as

possible. He was almost within cover of the shade cast by a dense patch of undergrowth when there was a terrific shout from the direction of the fires.

At the same moment a ruddy light beat round him and lit up the shadows of the bush in front of him. He glanced over his shoulder. The tarpaulin was in flames.

He turned towards the bush to make a wild rush for liberty. Springing forward, his foot caught in a snag and he stumbled headlong. As he scrambled to his feet he saw, straight in front of him, in what before the tarpaulin blazed had been a dark shadow, the figure of a naked blackfellow, his body streaked with the tokens of war and his spear poised.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLACKS.

WILTON stood and looked blankly at the figure in front of him until a renewal of the shouting in the direction of the fires roused him. He took a quick glance round and saw that he was discovered. A score of natives were already in the water wading towards him with brandished spears and wild discordant yells.

With a half-formed idea in his mind that it would be better to face one than twenty, Wilton plunged forward, when to his surprise he saw from every bush the figure of a naked warrior appear, until, instead of the solitary blackfellow who had first threatened him, a greater number appeared within the shelter he was seeking than were approaching him from the other side.

A shrill cry echoed through the trees, and as if moved by a single impulse he saw the poised spears, which, he had imagined, were about to be launched at himself, fly from the hands of the warriors and soar over his head towards the line advancing from the direction of the fires. Directly afterwards the warriors leaped from the shelter and advanced into the shallow water, yelling their short sharp battle-cries, and beating their small wooden shields with their clubs.

They dashed past him, and he promptly sought the shelter they had left. Crouching beside the protecting bulk of a fallen tree, he peered through the low bushes and watched the progress of events.

The men who had rushed towards him when they caught sight of him, stopped directly they heard the battle-shout of the band secreted amongst the trees. Others, who had remained

on the shore, hastened to join their fellows, and when the flight of spears which followed the battle-cry reached the limit of the throw, they fell amongst a crowd of men, many of whom were brought down.

As the band left its shelter, the men they were attacking spread out into line, leaping and splashing in the shallow water while they chanted a weird battle-song and waved their spears over their heads.

Suddenly one leaped in front of the line and, poising his spear, hurled it at the foemen. His action was immediately followed by the rest, and a cloud of spears hissed through the air and fell round and amongst the advancing band.

But the advance was not checked. Both sides were moving towards one another, beating their shields and evidently intending to fight a hand-to-hand conflict with their clubs, when a fresh and unexpected force took the field.

With a loud shout the horsemen whom Wilton had seen when he first discovered the raid on his bullocks rode into the water. The blacks with whom they were travelling broke and left space for the horsemen, of whom Wilton counted five, to ride down upon the opposing band.

Apparently doubtful as to the meaning of the display, the warriors from the bush stopped, and the horsemen, dropping their reins, raised their rifles and fired. Five men fell, and the blacks behind the horsemen yelled their satisfaction. The sound of these victorious cries, and the sight of their five comrades writhing in the water, acted upon the remainder of the band in an exactly opposite manner to what the appearance of the horsemen had done. With harsh yells they sprang forward, surrounding the horsemen and engaging the men of their own colour at the same time.

There was a confused *mélée* of figures and a hideous din of shouting and yelling. Wilton saw one man fall from his saddle, and the horse, freed from restraint, plunge and kick its way from amidst the crowd that surged and swayed in the fight. It made directly for the dark shadow of the bush where Wilton was hiding.

As it emerged on to the hard ground he was beside it, and, catching the loose bridle that hung from its head, he sprang upon its back and urged it forward into a headlong gallop past the fires where the remains of his team still lay, away from the uproar and noise of the fight into the darkness beyond.

Gradually the sounds of the conflict became fainter and fainter, until at last he lost them in the noise of his horse's hoofs. The moment

he ceased to hear them the thought came to him, what if the fight were over, and the remainder of the horsemen were riding after him?

He reined in his horse and turned his head in the direction from whence he had come. The air was still and quiet, and no sound came to him to suggest that the conflict was still in progress; but whether it was because he had ridden too far, or because the battle was over, he was not able to decide.

He was bootless and hatless, and his clothes clung to him in their chill dampness. Worse than that, he was hungry, and with the discovery that his adventures had not robbed his appetite of its existence, came the memory that he was without the means of satisfying it. He felt in the leather pouch attached to his belt, in which he carried his pipe and tobacco, and found a sodden piece of the latter; the pipe he had left in the dray. And it was in the dray that there was food as well.

After passing the flat, had he got over it safely, he would have been five days, he anticipated, before he reached the first station, presuming that the road was not blocked by flooded creeks or impassable bogs now that the rain had come. Mounted on a good horse he might cover the distance in two days under ordinary circumstances, but his experience on the flat warned him that the country before him was heavily flooded, so that it might be weeks before he would be able to get through. And how was he to exist under those conditions? Two days without, not only food, but a smoke or a fire, was bad enough to expect; a week would be fatal. There was only one way to avoid it, and that was to go back and see whether the enemy had departed, and whether there was anything left of his dray.

The first tinge of dawning grey was in the sky when Wilton decided upon running the risk which he felt might result from his return to the scene he had been so anxious to get away from a few hours earlier.

"I should have been all right in the scrub. The blacks were too much occupied in their own business to bother about me, and as for the white fellows, I reckon they had enough to do with that yelling mob before the end of it," he thought. But he was careful to get into the bush and off the open track as the daylight increased.

As he approached the scene of the fight he dismounted from his horse, and, leading it until he found a suitable spot, he hitched the bridle to a tree and proceeded, cautiously, on foot.

When he left the track he had gone well into



the bush, guiding himself entirely by what he considered to be the direction of the flat. As it happened, he had gone more to the side than he believed, and when he reached the stretch of water that covered the flat, he was half-way past it. A chance opening between the trees revealed it to him, and, as he crept to the edge of the water, keeping well under cover all the time, he found that he was immediately opposite the dray on the other side to that where he had struggled ashore.

Peering over the bushes towards the place where the fires had blazed the night before, he saw that smoke was still rising gently; but he could not see any signs of life. Looking over the water he saw, here and there, dark spots, while over at the place where the fight was raging when he left, he could see more dark spots and the slender shafts of spears showing above the water like sloping reeds. But there was no sound and no sign of life.

Moving with the utmost caution, he crept round the edge of the water until he was near enough to the still smouldering fires to distinctly see what was around them.

The remains of his bullocks first caught his eye, as they lay between the fires and the water. Beyond them, away towards the bush, lay the body of a horse, with spears sticking out all over it, giving it the appearance of a mammoth porcupine. The fires were reduced to smouldering embers, and Wilton, emboldened by the still silence that was in the air, crept nearer. As he did so he noticed that beyond the horse the body of a man lay on the ground, a man dressed in European clothes.

He glanced quickly round. Near to where he was standing one of the black spots appeared on the top of the water, and he was close enough to see that it was the back of a dead black-fellow which just rose above the surface of the water. Then all the others were dead black-fellows, too, and here was one dead white fellow as well.

One he himself had seen fall, and the one before him accounted for two out of five. He walked over to the horse, and, as he went, he noticed the prints of the horses' hoofs in the soft earth. They were going both to and from the water; but the former were smooth impressions, while the latter were deep scars, as though the animals that made them had been madly charging. The dead horse had fallen in its stride, and there was the impression where its rider had struck the ground, and also the marks where he had slipped as he tried to clamber on to his feet before the spear, which had struck him in the back and pierced him so

as to stick out a couple of feet from his chest had been hurled at him.

"My side won after all," Wilton thought, as he stooped over the body of his countryman. There was a pistol in the belt and a bag of ammunition, while on the ground, between him and his horse, lay the bushranger's rifle. Wilton hastily gathered up arms and ammunition and carried his spoil into the bush; then he returned to the shore opposite the dray. From what he saw, he reasoned that the fight had gone against the white men and their allies, and that they had fled with the victors in full cry after them. But both parties would know of the amount of food that lay round the fires, and it was quite impossible for a blackfellow to continue a chase very long while there was such an opportunity to gorge. So he anticipated that it would not be long before some of them returned, and in the meantime he determined to get what he could.

A closer inspection of the dray revealed the fact that, although the covering of tarpaulin had been reduced to ashes, and the top of the wool bales scorched, the load was practically uninjured. As Wilton prepared to climb into the narrow crevice where he had left his "tucker-bag," his foot struck against something solid in the mud. He reached down and found it to be one of his boots, and a little way off he came across the other. The pain that he had endured in his barefoot walk through the bush made the find the more appreciable, and, when he clambered up on to the dray, his first act was to put the saturated articles on his bruised and cut feet. Then he gathered up his blankets and "tucker-bag," and, having put all the provisions he had into the latter, waded ashore with the lot. He returned to where he had deposited the firearms and ammunition, and, taking them up, pushed on to where he had left his horse.

He was hungry and fatigued when he arrived there, but fearing that the blacks might return to the neighbourhood at any moment, he strapped his "swag" on to the saddle-bow, and with his rifle slung across his shoulders, and the loaded pistol in his belt, he started off again from the scene of his disastrous *rencontre* with the blacks and their dastardly white leaders.

CHAPTER V.

BARRIERS ON THE ROAD.

THE sun was high in the heavens before he would allow himself to draw rein. By that time he had ridden some miles away from the flooded flat, and had come to a



WILTON SAW ONE MAN FALL FROM HIS SADDLE.

rocky creek down which the water was rushing with a force and volume that utterly precluded any idea of fording it. He dismounted, and, after a brief search, found a well-sheltered nook high above the reach of floods, even if the creek were twice as full, and near which was plenty of feed for the horse. He took off the saddle and swag, and, having hobbled the animal so that it should not stray, he set to work to make a fire, and, while his billy boiled, to arrange as comfortable a camp as he could. After he had enjoyed a hearty meal from the contents of his tucker-bag, he stretched himself out on his blankets and fell into a deep and heavy sleep.

When he awakened he fancied it was just after sunset, and he arose and went to his fire to fan the embers into a flame. He was surprised to find that it was not only out, but cold, and he hastened to start another so as not to be left in the darkness without the companionship of a fire. Instead, however, of the dusk growing darker, it became lighter, and Wilton realised that he had slept right on from the previous afternoon. The fire that was to have kept him company during the night now served to prepare his morning meal, and when that was finished he started to look for his horse. It had not strayed very far, and soon after the sun was up he had it saddled and was riding along the creek looking for a place where he might safely get across. Lower down, the stream widened, and, putting his horse into it, he managed to reach the other side, though the current was so strong as nearly to carry his horse off its legs in the middle of the ford.

Directly they arrived at the other side the horse, of its own initiative, turned up stream and trotted off as if it were taking a well-known road. Without paying any particular attention to the fact, Wilton gave it a free rein as he filled his pipe. He was lighting it when the horse turned in its course and walked rapidly up a steep rise, over which big boulders were scattered. Beside one of them it again turned and stopped, and Wilton found that he was in front of a narrow opening in the rock.

The meaning of the horse's action, and the significance of the opening, flashed into his mind. The horse had taken its own road home, and had brought him to the bushrangers' lair!

His first impulse was to ride away as fast as he could, but on second thoughts he altered his intention. He was armed, and at least two of the gang were killed, while the others had ridden away in an opposite direction after the fight, even if they had not also been slain. Besides, he might obtain some valuable information by a brief exploration of the cave.

Jumping from the saddle, he fastened the bridle where he could easily seize it if he had to run from the cave. Then, with his rifle in his hands and his pistol loosened in his belt, he stepped into the cavern.

He entered a medium-sized chamber, the floor of which was smooth and sandy. In one corner several rifles leaned against the wall, with a pile of saddlery and harness beside them. Some blankets lay in a heap in another corner, with such odds and ends of bush life as axes, billy cans, and tin pannikins scattered about.

"It's only a temporary camp after all," he muttered to himself, as he wandered round the place. He pulled the blankets away from where they rested, and, in doing so, exposed the top of a small keg just showing above the sand.

"If it's powder I'll waste it, and then hurry on to pass the word to the police. It may be news to them, for I never heard of a gang up this road before."

It was powder, and near that one keg Wilton discovered some others, all of which he carried outside the cave and hid away amongst the boulders on the hill. Then he remounted his horse and rode away back to the ford where he had crossed the creek, carefully noting the situation of the cave as he went. As soon as he reached the ford he struck out for the track, and, finding it, hurried along in the direction of the nearest station.

He successfully negotiated the first two streams he met on his route. The track, after he had crossed the second creek, turned in the direction of the general slope of the country, and as Wilton rode along he found more and more evidences of the flooded state of the land, until he was convinced that he would not be able to travel very much farther, but would have to camp beside some impassable stream until the waters had had sufficient time to run off.

It was not long before he arrived at such a creek. A deep, narrow gully traversed the track as it scored the hillside. In dry weather it was an awkward place for a horseman to negotiate, but in its present state it was absolutely hopeless, for the water which had collected on the heights above found in the gully a convenient course to the lower levels, and rushed down, foaming, roaring, and whirling, filling the gully almost to the top.

Wilton sat watching the mad whirl of the waters, while his horse sniffed and snorted at the noise of the rushing flood and the mass of *débris* that was carried along in the stream.

"It will soon run off at this rate," he mut-

tered to himself as he wheeled his horse round and looked about for a site upon which to pitch his camp for the two or three days that he anticipated he would have to remain before he could cross.

He made himself as comfortable as a shelving rock and a fair amount of bushman's aptitude to make the best of things in general could enable him to do, and then resigned himself to the inevitable. Two days, he had fancied, would have seen the stream passable, and had the weather continued fine his anticipations might have been realised, but the rain began again the day after he arrived, and, judging by the unabated volume of water coming down from the heights above him, he guessed that it had never ceased on the tablelands he had travelled over.

"It will be terrible on the country down below," he mused as he watched, hour after hour, the mass of water rushing down the gully. And for five days it continued to rush, and then decreased in volume with the rapidity which is so marked a characteristic of floods that swell hillside streams in their passage from high to low levels of country. By the sixth day the crossing was passable, though not entirely safe, but Wilton was too keen to reach some place whence he could obtain the necessary help to enable him to return and rescue his dray from its precarious position, and also whence he could despatch information to the police authorities as to his discovery of the hiding-place of a bush-ranging gang.

He struck camp, and with nothing more serious than a wetting managed to get across the stream and press forward on his journey.

But that was not, unfortunately, the only creek between him and the settlement, and he had not ridden very many miles before he was again compelled to halt on the bank of a fiercely rush-

ing stream. He had reached a different class of country now, and was amongst the irregular gullies and dwarf ridges that are to be found where the long descent from high tablelands merges into the plain country below. Consequently, the streams that he had to negotiate were either spreading out in wide, deceptive reaches, or rushing between narrow, steep banks, the one being as treacherous and dangerous as the other.



WILTON URGED THE HORSE FORWARD, PAST THE FIRES WHERE THE REMAINS OF HIS TEAM STILL LAY.

Striking out for a short cut, he had come upon the creek at a place where it swerved round a projecting point, the current boiling and eddying in a hundred swirls. Beyond the point the stream widened, and the high bank on which he stood sloped down, while on the opposite side the bank was high all along. He rode down slowly to see whether there was not some means by which he could get over, but it only needed a brief inspection to show him that the feat was quite impossible in the face of the awkward bank on the other side. Had it



shelved down the same as that on which he stood, he would have swum his horse over, but it would have been suicidal to attempt such a thing with a precipitous bluff affording no foothold as a landing-place.

He continued to ride slowly along the bank, looking for a likely spot where his horse would have a chance of emerging if it managed to get through the current. A mile or so farther along, the stream again widened, and the banks on either side sloped down until they were little above the surface of the water. He was debating whether to risk it or not, and glanced back whence he had come and where he had noticed an excellent site for a camp. In doing so he caught sight of two men, both armed with rifles, slipping behind the trees.

Without more ado he rode his horse straight for the water. The animal shied and swerved aside at the bubbling stream, but he dug his heels into its sides and forced it into the flood. He heard a loud cry from the top of the bank where he had seen the two men, and a rifle shot echoed through the gullies. At the same moment he felt his horse lose its foothold, and, slipping his feet from the stirrups, he threw himself out of the saddle as the horse stumbled forward. Still holding the bridle he tried to keep the horse's head from turning down stream, while both battled with the current and swam for their lives. In spite of their efforts they were swept along by the current, and Wilton realised that the only chance that was left for them ever to reach the shore again was by keeping themselves afloat and trusting to their being carried near enough to get a foothold, or into water sufficiently slack to permit them to make some progress.

Weighted as he was with the rifle strapped across his shoulders, he already felt exhausted, and the horse was snorting with fear and fatigue, when the stream narrowed and the current whirled them along like straws. He tried to look towards the banks past which they were rushing, but the eddies were so strong that he was spun round before he could do more than get a blurred idea of high bluffs on every side. He felt a tug at the bridle and knew that it had been jerked from his grasp. The horse was out of sight—there was an ugly roaring in his ears—a swift vision of blue sky and green leaves—a rude blow at the back of his head, and, helpless, exhausted, and nerveless, he ceased his fight and sank into oblivion.

When Wilton recovered his senses he was lying on the ground with a group of men gathered round him.

"Where am I?" he asked, when he had recovered sufficiently to speak.

"You're under arrest," one of the men replied.

"Then you are police?" Wilton asked in a gleeful tone.

"Not all of us, but quite enough so for you," the man who had spoken replied.

"Better arrest him properly now that he can understand," one of the group remarked.

"That'll do any time," another said. "We've got to learn a lot first, and there may be trouble with 'over the creek there' if we don't start our business before they come into it."

There was a murmur of assent from the others, and Wilton, anxious to understand all that was going on, made as if to sit up. Two or three of the men at once forced him down again and proceeded to tie his arms and legs. Then, when he was securely fastened, they propped him up in a sitting position against a tree.

"I'm not going to run away," he said.

"No more than you ran from the police over the creek?" one of the men asked with a laugh.

"I never ran from the police. They are the very people I want. I am on my way now to warn them," Wilton exclaimed.

"On a stolen horse and under arms; what next?" rejoined the other.

"He's too old a bird for you, Johnson. Let me have a yarn with him."

The speaker was one of the men who had not, up to that moment, taken any part in the conversation, but had stood a silent spectator of all that was going on. Wilton, looking towards him, saw a slimly built, wiry man, with iron-grey hair and, what was a noticeable peculiarity in the bush, a clean-shaven face. He approached Wilton, who noted the closely-set thin lips and the look of fixed determination in the steely grey eyes.

"Now, my lad, if you want to save trouble, out with it, smart. Where are the rest of you?" he said, standing beside Wilton and looking down at him.

There was a domineering tone in the voice which grated upon Wilton's temper.

"You'd better say who you mean," he answered.

"Keep your tongue civil or you'll get more than you ask for," the other said with a frown as he stirred Wilton with his foot. "We don't waste time over men of your stamp. There's a handy tree and we've plenty of rope, so just answer my questions properly. Where are the rest of you?"

"Who are you?" Wilton exclaimed angrily.

"I'm William Giles, of Billah Station, and a

Justice of the Peace, as you very well know, so no more of that nonsense."

"Never heard of you," Wilton answered.

"I suppose not, and that explains how you are found with a horse that was stolen from my paddocks only a few weeks back."

"I can tell you all about that," Wilton exclaimed, "now I know who you are——"

The men standing round laughed loudly.

"Now he knows who you are he does not mind talking to you, Giles; only don't be too familiar," one of them said banteringly.

The frown on Giles' face grew sterner.

"I'm not going to waste all the day," he exclaimed angrily. "Where are the rest of you?"

"Well, there is only my horse besides me, or rather your horse, as you say he is yours," Wilton began, when the renewed laughter of the group interrupted him.

Giles turned quickly towards them.

"Is that how to treat one of Doolan's murderers?" he cried savagely.

The laughter ceased at once, and one or two of the men muttered something which Wilton could not catch.

"We don't know that he is, yet," the man whom Giles had addressed as Johnson, said.

"And we're not likely to, either, while you let him make fools of the lot of us," Giles retorted. "If you've forgotten our murdered neighbour, I've not."

"Let him tell his story in his own way," Johnson said.

"And waste time in listening to a pack of lies and enable the rest of the crew to get well away," Giles replied. Then before any of the others could speak he turned again to Wilton. "See here," he continued, "we've had enough of this. If you can't remember we'll assist your memory."

He picked up a length of strong rope which lay on the ground near Wilton, and, fastening one end to a stone, threw it over a branch of the tree against which Wilton was propped. As the stone fell, dragging the rope with it, he caught it and untied the knot, retying it in the form of a noose.

"Now, then, you know what that's for; and if you don't tell us where all the rest of the crew are hiding, and how many you are, and all about the murder of Doolan, up you go," he said.

"I can't tell you what I don't know," Wilton exclaimed. "All I know is——"

"You shall have five minutes in which to remember," Giles interrupted.

"Give him a show," another of the group exclaimed. "Let him go on."

"My name is Wilton," he went on. "I was on my way down to the coast with wool and hides when I got bogged in the flat beyond the Stoney Creek. A mob of blacks came up and speared my bullocks. They had white men with them. I was escaping when another mob of blacks appeared and began to fight the first lot. Then the white men joined in and one was knocked off his horse. I caught the beast and rode away for my life, but as I had no food, and all the creeks were in flood, I went back to see if I could get at my tucker in the dray. I found that every one had cleared except the fellows who were killed, amongst whom was another white man, and it was from him I took the firearms. When I had got my tucker and blankets I started off for Melelee Station, as the nearest place where I could get help and send word to the police. On my way I was stuck up by the creeks, which were running bankers, but the horse took me to a cave where I found a lot of arms and powder. That is what I wanted to tell the police. I can tell you where it is. You go——"

"Two minutes gone," Giles interrupted. "Three minutes more to tell the truth or swing."

"This is the truth," Wilton cried.

"What do you say, boys?" Giles said to the assembled men.

"Lies," some one exclaimed.

"I should rather think so," Giles added.

"I tell you it is the truth. Go and see for yourselves," Wilton retorted.

"Now listen to me," Giles went on, speaking seriously and with his brows drawn down in an ugly frown. "This is no game we're playing. You're one of the gang that murdered Doolan of Melelee, because we found you with arms that we know, by the marks on them, were stolen from his station, and with a horse that was stolen from my paddocks about the same time. We give you this chance for your life. Say where the gang are hiding, and we will let the authorities decide whether you are to swing or not. Refuse, and we run you up as a warning to others that we are not going to be left to the mercy of every escaped convict that the Government is too lazy to catch."

"That's the talk!" a man exclaimed.

"Go on; out with it," Johnson said. "We mean business."

"You said you were police," Wilton cried.

"We know what we said. The Government can only spare two police, and they are the other side of the creek, so we're acting for

ourselves over here. Now then, hurry up," Giles said.

"I know nothing more than I have told you," Wilton exclaimed. "I'll guide you to the cave and to the flat, and then you can see for yourselves. If you don't find what I tell you——"

"None of that. You'll tell us what we want to know, or swing," Giles interrupted.

"Perhaps this will help him," another of the men said as he stepped forward, and, passing the noose over Wilton's head, drew it closely round his neck.

"Hang on to the slack a bit," he cried, and Johnson, seizing it, pulled it until the noose jerked Wilton's head forward.

"I've told you the truth!" he shouted; "I'm not a bushranger!"

Another jerk of the rope was the only answer he received, and the men standing round glared at him savagely. The noose grew tighter and tighter, until it was nearly choking him.

"Give him a real taste. Remember Doolan," Giles cried, and a hoarse and angry murmur came from the men. Johnson jerked the rope again, and Giles, reaching up, caught hold of it too, and pulled so hard that Wilton was lifted for the moment off his feet.

He felt as if his head were bursting and thought that his last moment had come, but his tormentors had no intention of letting him die so quickly. They relaxed their hold of the cord, and, as he came to the ground again, Giles loosened the noose enough to permit him to breathe

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE TRACK.

THE two armed men whom Wilton had seen, and whose appearance had made him jump into the stream, were the troopers. As he turned round in his saddle one of the two recognised him.

"It's Wilton, who was squatting away 'out back,'" he exclaimed to his companion. "He's escaped from the gang and wants to give us the tip, I'm sure."

"They'll hang him the other side if they catch him, whoever he is," his comrade replied. "They're as hungry for killing as ever I saw men."

"Then we'll go back and stop it. That Giles is a fool at work like this. He always spoils a capture."

They climbed along the bank until they saw Wilton dragged from the water, and, later, saw the rope thrown over the branch and the noose

placed round his neck. They shouted, but to no purpose; and at last, as they saw him swung off his feet, the younger of the two ran down to the water's edge and plunged into the current, with the intention of swimming over and saving Wilton from the wrath of his captors. He was still battling with the flood when Giles let go the rope and allowed Wilton to fall to the ground.

With the noose loosened, he gasped for breath and tried to plead for mercy.

"Tell the truth, or up you go again, and this time not to come down," Giles cried, and his companions, their worst passions roused now that a victim was in their power, crowded round him with horrible threats and proposals. One proposed that they should burn him; another that they should flog him; and yet another that they should fasten him down by an ant-hill.

"Up with him! up with him!" the men yelled, and a dozen hands seized the end of the rope and pulled him off the ground.

"Stop! It's murder!" cried a voice behind them. They turned as one man and faced the trooper who was staggering towards them from the creek, dripping and breathless. Then, laughing as they pulled the harder, they crowded together and cheered as their victim struggled in the air.

"Let him down. He's innocent. It's Wilton, a squatter from 'out back,'" the trooper cried as he strove to fight his way through the crowd to where Giles and others hung on to the rope. But they were too much incensed to listen to any one who talked about liberating their victim.

The men against whom the trooper threw himself easily repulsed him, and he let his tongue run loose as an aid to his efforts to drive back the crowd. Two or three of those who were nearest to him turned upon him, and, seizing him roughly, sent him staggering back until he tripped and fell. To that fall Wilton owed his rescue, for the trooper had stumbled over a rifle that one of the squatters had thrown on the ground in his haste to lend a hand at hauling on the rope.

The trooper picked it up, and, aiming in that haphazard manner which is often the most effective, pulled the trigger. He had acted so quickly, and the men were so engrossed in their work, that they were unprepared for the sound of a rifle shot so close to them. They were seized by a momentary panic, each one turning to where he had left his rifle, under the idea that the bushrangers were upon them. The bullet from the rifle struck the rope as it passed over the branch, and the body of Wilton dropped

down upon those who stood immediately beneath him. Had he fallen direct to the ground, his career would have been terminated at once, but his fall was broken and his life practically saved by those who a moment before had been trying to take it. One of his heels struck Giles on the forehead, tearing an ugly wound and stunning him. Two others also shared the force of Wilton's descent, and the four lay in a confused heap together, while the remainder, uncertain as to whether the branch of the tree had broken, or the bushrangers were upon them, scattered for their weapons.

With the now empty rifle in his hands the trooper sprang forward, and, pulling the noose loose from Wilton's throat, stood over the prostrate men. His movements made the squatters recover their wits and understand what had occurred. They realised how their victim had been snatched from their hands at the very moment of victory, and their rage broke out anew. With angry shouts they turned upon the trooper. He brought his rifle to cover the man nearest to him.

"Stand back, or I'll shoot," he cried, and the squatters, surly and menacing, drew back.

"This man had come to put us on the track of the gang. He's Wilton, a squatter. I know him well. And you've nearly killed him," the trooper said excitedly.

"He said that, but we didn't believe him," one of the men, whose head was cooler than the others', answered.

"That's so," Johnson exclaimed. "It was Giles that said the chap was lying."

The brief conversation was sufficient to turn the anger of the band, and, as the trooper stooped over Wilton, others lifted up the three men who had been injured by his fall and did what they could to restore them.

Giles had received the severest hurt, his two companions in distress recovering in a few minutes. But he still lay senseless. They bound up the wound in his forehead, but in such a necessarily clumsy manner that when it ultimately healed a scar was left which branded and disfigured him for the rest of his life. His comrades carried him back to the camp, laid him on a roughly improvised couch, and then waited patiently for him to show some signs of returning vitality. Wilton was also carried to the same place and similarly treated, for the men were not versed in any of the methods by which the recovery of both of the injured could have been accelerated. A strong constitution was the remedy in those days for all ills that could befall a man, and if any one were sufficiently unlucky to meet with an injury when his con-

stitution was not strong enough to fight and overcome it, a hole would be dug at the foot of a tree, the dead man's initials rudely carved on the bark, and the tide of settlement, would flow on as if it had never been interrupted.

So it was that the men stood or sat around the two patients, smoking and discussing what chance either had of "bucking up." Not because they lacked sympathy, nor because they were indifferent to the lives of their fellow men, but because their constant association with danger in the rough and tumble of their everyday lives robbed the situation of its solemnity.

Wilton was the first to recover, and, as he opened his eyes and glanced at the men standing near him, he struggled to recall the events which had preceded the dark shadow that had come across his memory. The trooper went over to him.

"Hullo, Wilton, how are you feeling?" he asked. Wilton looked at him questioningly.

"You know me, don't you? Farrell, the trooper who travelled with you."

"Yes, I know. But how did I get here?" Wilton asked weakly.

"Oh, that's all right. Tell me all you know about the gang that stuck you up."

Wilton started up. "I remember!" he exclaimed. "They were going to hang me."

"Well, they didn't, so there's nothing to get excited about," Farrell said.

Remembering so much, Wilton discovered that his neck was swollen and sore, and that his throat pained him so much that he could only speak with an effort.

"Tell me all," he said.

Farrell gave him a brief outline of what had transpired.

"Directly I knew who you were I fired to attract your attention, but you rode slap into the stream and came as near drowning as any man could without finishing the business. Then the men on this side collared you and insisted that you were one of the gang, and were actually about to hang you when I managed to get across the creek and tell them who you were."

Giles was more difficult to soothe when he recovered consciousness. His personal injuries were bad enough, but the escape of Wilton seemed to be the greatest evil in his eyes. He raved and raged at every one, insisting that Farrell was in league with the outlaws, and that Wilton was one of them, and finally announced his intention of returning to his home at once and having no more to do with any further attempt the squatters might make to put down the bushrangers.



The creek was rapidly falling, and by sunset the other trooper got across and joined in the heated discussion which was raging round the camp-fire, for under the altered bearing of Giles discord had come into the band, and some were for returning to their homes, while others clamoured for an immediate advance.

"Well, we go on anyhow, whether we go alone or with any of you," Farrell said angrily. "If you had listened to Wilton, and acted like sensible men, we could have been miles on the track of the gang by this time."

"I'm with you," Wilton said.

"You're right, trooper," Johnson remarked. "We blundered there and now it's only fair to follow your lead."

There was a general murmur of assent; then some one turned to Giles and asked what he intended to do.

"Mind my own business and be done with the lot of you," he replied; and when the morning came and the men made ready for the advance, no one was very much surprised to find that Giles had started, presumably for home, taking with him the horse Wilton had brought down, as well as his own.

"We're well rid of him; he always upsets the business," Farrell said to Wilton. "Somehow, he's a man I don't trust."

The fact that Giles had taken Wilton's horse did not delay the starting of the party, as there were several spare horses. An hour or so after sunrise they were riding along the banks of the creek towards a ford which was situated farther up. The rapid rate at which the waters were running off enabled them to cross with little difficulty, and when they halted for the mid-day meal there were only a few miles between them and the cave that Wilton had found, and which was to be the first place visited by them.

They pushed on as rapidly as possible and were soon on the track of Wilton's horse, the imprints of whose hoofs were clearly marked in the soft ground over which he had ridden. They had followed them for a mile or so when a sharp exclamation from the man who was riding in front caused every one to ride up to where he sat on his horse pointing to the ground.

The hoof-prints of two other horses had suddenly appeared beside those that Wilton's

horse had made, but they were turned in the opposite direction and were evidently going to and not from the cave.

Farrell jumped from his horse and examined them closely.

"They're fresh made," he exclaimed as he stood up. "Forward, lads, and we'll have them before sunset."

The enthusiasm of the band was again aroused, and they galloped forward with their rifles slung ready for use and their ammunition-bags handy. Nobody spoke, but every one kept a keen look-out on all sides as they followed Farrell, who had taken the lead, at a hand-gallop.

At the ford where the horse had turned aside to go to the cave, Farrell reined in his mount and pointed to the ground. The rest of the men crowded round him and looked. The double tracks were both going to and coming from the cave.

"They cross the creek," Johnson exclaimed.

"Then we'll push on after them," Farrell cried.

But opinions were divided, some of the men being for visiting the cave first, in case the track of the horses was only a blind.

"We can follow it till we come to the horses if that is so, and with the horses in our possession we can soon run down the men," Farrell maintained.

Further argument was cut short by the troopers and Johnson riding over the ford, and even those who had urged that the cave should be visited first followed.

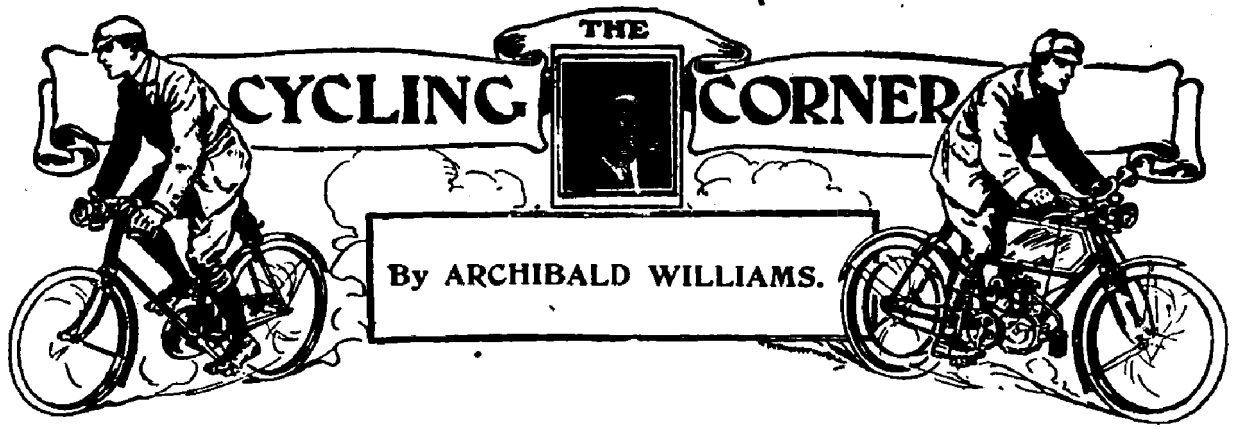
They had not gone very far on the other side when Wilton pointed out whereabouts the cave was situated, and as they stopped to survey the spot a column of white smoke shot up, and a dull report echoed amongst the boulders.

The men looked at one another in amazement. There could be no doubt about the significance of what they had seen. A mine had been prepared for them in the cave, and had they visited the place instead of crossing the ford they might all have been blown to atoms!

"There's only one man fiend enough to lay a trap like that," Farrell said. "Midnight's not far away, I'll be bound."

"Then here goes after him!" one of the men replied, and the horses were wheeled round and set again to gallop along the track.

(To be continued.)



SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON FIRST AID TO CYCLES.

SOME years ago a friend of mine, whom we will call A, was cycling with a companion, B, through the New Forest. B rode a hired machine, a wheel of which suddenly buckled and put the machine out of action. The two then hired a cab to carry B and his cycle for the remainder of the day. This cost twenty shillings. At last they reached the station from which they intended to take the train home. A porter, seeing the condition of B's machine, suggested that a good pull of the right kind sometimes caused a buckled wheel to spring back into its original shape; and took this cripple in hand. It gave a twang! and was its proper shape again. A and B naturally felt rather sore over the loss of a sovereign and a lot of time, which would have been avoided had they but known "how to do it."

I must confess to a period of similar ignorance. I owned a tricycle many years ago, on which a sister took a ride. There was an upset, and one wheel assumed the shape of the brim of a hat. As I was then in my early teens, I took the disaster much to heart, and with sorrow sought the village blacksmith, the proper oracle to be consulted on all wheel troubles. He got out his sledge hammer, took the wheel off, and laid it on his iron wheel-plate. But hardly was it down, when it startled us both by bounding up with a ping! Joy of me! it was itself again! Some time afterwards I read, in a cycling hand-book of the day, full directions for coping with such mishaps, which appear to have been fairly common among the old "ordinary" (or perhaps we should now say "extraordinary") bicycles.

METHOD OF STRAIGHTENING BUCKLED WHEELS.

What those directions were I have forgotten, but I can easily tell you what to do with the

wheel of a safety. Lay the cycle on the ground and turn the wheel till it rubs the forks; then grasp the wheel at that point and at the other end of the diameter and put your whole weight, or that of two persons, if necessary, on it. It will probably straighten itself with a jerk, as already described, if it was buckled by a collision or spill.

A few days ago I had to deal with a more serious case. I was teaching a friend to ride when he fell and *trod* on the back wheel, which was distorted into the shape shown in Fig. 1. Also the right pedal was bent, so that it struck the chain. At first I feared that the wheel would have to be rebuilt. But I thought that



FIG. 1.—Showing a wheel which has had the tyre bent out of truth from the point X to the point Y.

I would have a go at it myself before consulting a professional, and took it out of the frame. In my workshop we laid down some wooden blocks arranged (see Fig. 2) so that one supported the wheel at each end of the buckled part; and two more at other points. The "buckle" had its convex side uppermost. Four feet were applied as shown; the pressure of D being only sufficient to prevent the wheel tipping up, and most weight going on to foot A. We soon had the wheel within one-eighth of an inch of truth.

To find the extent of the "buckle" I mounted the wheel by its spindle in a vice and tested it with an opened pair of scissors—one blade vertical, and resting on the bench, the other horizontal, over the wheel. We chalked the wheel along the part of the circumference which showed "dip," and arranged it on our blocks accordingly.

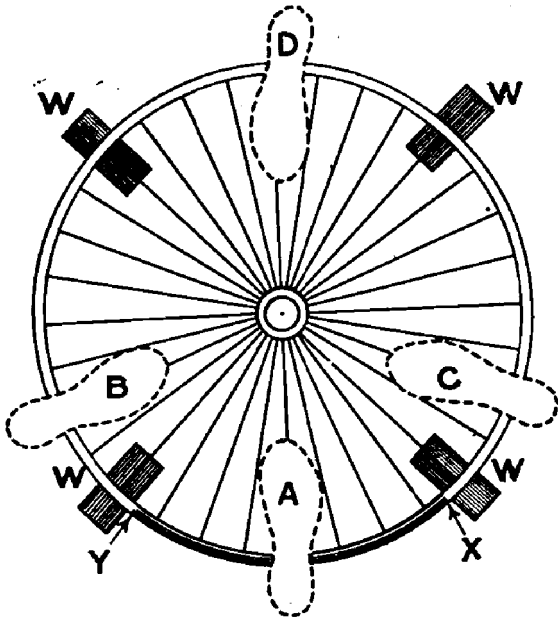


FIG. 2.—The wheel laid on floor, supported on four blocks W W W W. The shaded part of the rim denotes the buckled portion, convex side upwards. Feet are placed on the rim as shown, and A is pressed down most vigorously to restore the shape of the rim.

HOW TO STRAIGHTEN A BENT CRANK.

We now had the crank to deal with. This was a comparatively easy job. We placed it, convex side up, on two brass bars laid on an anvil (*see* Fig. 3), and I smote it with a heavy hammer, taking care to interpose a copper soldering bit to take the wear of the blow, which would have knocked all the nickel off the crank if delivered direct. By testing it

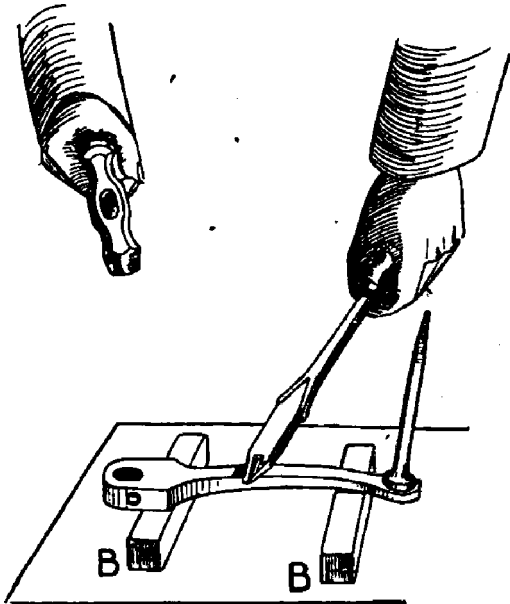


FIG. 3.—Straightening a bent crank. It is supported on two bars B B laid on an anvil or large stone slab, and struck with a heavy hammer at the point where the bend is most apparent. A soft metal object should be interposed to protect the nickel from the hammer.

between blows with a steel straight-edge, I got it almost perfectly true. In about an hour after the accident I was riding the machine again.

KNOCKING OUT COTTER PINS.

These are the little steel wedges which tighten the cranks on the pedal spindle. If you have occasion to remove one, unscrew the nut until it just protects the tip of the bolt, and then use the hammer. When the bolt proves obstinate and hard blows are required, the crank end should be supported underneath by a heavy metal object such as a sledge hammer to take the shock off the bearings. The best support of all is a piece of iron or brass tubing with a bore rather larger than the blank end of the cotter pin, and long enough to lift the cycle just off the ground. With this in place, you can hif as hard as you like, but take care now to interpose a piece of brass or copper between hammer and cotter pin, otherwise the thread may be damaged. I should have said that it is best to remove the nut altogether when you come to hard slogging.

REPLACING THE COTTER.

Be sure that it goes in the same way as it came out. The cotters of the two cranks ought to point in opposite directions. Drive the cotter well home and tighten up the nut pretty hard. The nut's function is to prevent the cotter from working loose, *not* to draw it into place, as some people think—with dire results to the threads.

SHORTENING A ROLLER CHAIN.

Fig. 4 shows part of a chain which needs shortening by one link. If we took out link B only, the open links, A and C, would face one another, and could not be made to engage except by bending the plates of C inwards at the end, and furnishing the screw rivet of A with a roller. This is a very tinkering method, because between roller and rivet there should be a steel "liner," which you will not be able to get out of the removed link B (into which the two rollers are built) without, in all probability, breaking it. If the liner is omitted the chain will crack unpleasantly every time the screw rivet takes the driving strain. You should therefore expend a few pence on a special junction link (D in Fig. 5), which at one end is open and has a screw rivet, and at the other is of the same breadth as B and carries a properly built-in roller. B and C should *both* be taken out (by filing off the heads of the rivets and punching them through the rollers and side-plates) and D be substituted. To lengthen



FIG. 4.—The junction portion of a roller chain which requires shortening by one link.

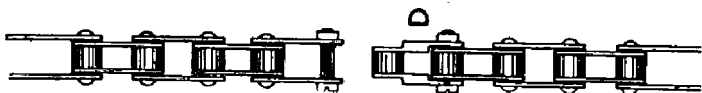


FIG. 5.—The same chain. Links B and C have been removed, and a special junction link D substituted. Observe the shape of D.

a chain you merely have to add a D link at the original junction.

LEARNING TO RIDE.

There are, I find, still *some* adults who can't ride a cycle; and by the laws of Nature there must be a number of youngsters coming on every year to the age when this part of their education must be taken in hand. Ever since I have filled the Cycling Editor's chair I have assumed that all my readers *can* ride, so that my advice may seem a little belated. There are, however, a few suggestions that I should like to make:

(1) The first stage should be conducted on a free-wheel cycle, and be confined to the art of balancing.

(2) Second stage, on very low *fixed* wheel "ladies'" machine. A free-wheel is hard for a beginner to pedal, and the top bar of a diamond frame makes dismounting more difficult.

(3) When the learner can pedal satisfactorily, mounting should be mastered on a low "gent's" fixed-wheel machine from which a hurried descent will not be serious. (I refer here to male learners only.)

(4) Finishing touches on a free-wheel of proper height for the rider.

(5) Extra superfine polish got by riding between small objects placed close together on the road; and in and out of a row of sticks set three yards apart on the lawn.

The learner should not be satisfied till he or she can mount and dismount by the pedal on either side; and circle with equal ease to right and left.

CYCLING CLUBS.

I have been asked to give some hints for the formation of a juvenile cycling club. My chief difficulty is a doubt as to the possibility of schoolboys or schoolgirls getting sufficient leisure during term to figure regularly in anything approaching the nature of "club runs." Cricket and football occupy the half-holidays of most boys who attend or are quartered in our public schools; and I have an impression

that cycles don't figure largely in "young ladies' academies." Still, there must be a percentage of readers who come under the heading of juvenile and yet can call Saturday afternoons their own; and I mustn't forget that there are such things as the Easter and Summer holidays. So I may as well make an effort to satisfy my correspondent. Of course, a juvenile cycle club would not be run on the same lines as one for adults. I shouldn't stipulate for a subscription, books of rules,

enforced attendance at "runs," with exclusion as the penalty of repeated absence, &c. &c. The primary object would be to secure such companionship as will tend to add interest to outings a wheel; and this would not necessitate the inclusion of more than a dozen members, provided that they were keen cyclists. A miniature club of this sort might well aim at the cultivation of some hobby of common interest, such as photography or botany, or both. A little picnicking now and then would liven things up; but I don't think that I need say much on this point, as young people know very well how to look after the commissariat department.

Members might arrange to subscribe maps, guide-books, &c., for the common use. "Old crock" cycles should be discouraged, as they act as a drag on the company by repeated breakdowns. Arrangements for runs should be made by an appointed committee, one of whom would act as captain and expect to exercise a certain amount of control over his companions. In using the masculine possessive adjective I do not mean that sisters should be excluded from the club; for they—and parents, too—might prove a useful and ornamental addition. Parents would figure as "honorary" members; and you know what "honorary members" of mature age and means are expected to do in return for honour conferred by their juniors, when expenses have to be met.

A USEFUL LITTLE BOOKLET.

Any cyclist who has a "New Departure" Coaster Hub on his machine will find some useful information in a *gratis* booklet issued by Messrs. Brown Bros., of Great Eastern Street, E.C., which contains excellent illustrations of the general arrangement of the hub and of its parts. Hints are given on adjustment, lubrication, the dissembling of the parts, and the assembling of the same. At the end appears an illustrated list of every component part, priced and numbered, so that a "spare" may be ordered by post without risk of having the wrong thing sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cecil R. Ash.—The C.T.C. is of advantage to its members inasmuch as—(1) it smooths the way for travel abroad; (2) obtains rebates on hotel charges at many hotels if the ticket of membership be presented—(a list of hotels which make these reductions will be found in a book issued *gratis* to all members); (3) the *C.T.C. Gazette*, also *gratis*, is very interesting, and keeps one up-to-date in matters appertaining to cycling; (4) it helps members to redress local abuses, such as the dropping of hedge clippings on the road, and will even fight a case in the Courts if it is one which affects the cycling public.

The subscription is 5s. yearly, plus an entrance fee of 1s. The offices are at 47 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. Membership of the N.C.U. is useful for persons who go in for cycle-racing, as one of the functions of the N.C.U. is to watch over meetings and keep the amateur and professional elements apart.

I hope you will like your new mount. You have selected a good make, and the change-speed gear mentioned is excellent. Thanks for good wishes.

P. M. Monckton.—(1) Yes; a good investment. (2) The Pedersen Gear costs £3 3s. I hardly think that it would be worth your while to have it fitted to your machine, but when you next order a new one, include it in the specification. (3) I am hardly the right person to answer this question, as I use the G.W.R. much more than the G.N.R. and L. & N.W. I will go so far as to say that, as regards comfort, the G.W.R. is as good as either of the others; and as regards speed on long runs, rather better. I certainly much prefer the G.W.R. corridor trains to those I have sampled on the G.N.R. For punctuality the last-named system is renowned. And if you dislike tunnels the G.W.R. is the one for you—no tunnel for ninety miles out of London, when one strikes the Box tunnel. For picturesqueness the L. & N.W. takes the bun. So, you see, I have shirked the question. (4) Depends on your age, the condition of the roads, and the time in which you mean to do it. If you are over twelve, of average development, and know how to "save" yourself, fifty miles on good roads should not hurt you.

"Can."—The Cyclists' Touring Club is the thing for you. Its Gazette deals largely with tours. The best plan for making out a tour is to invest in one of Bartholomew's two-miles-to-the-inch map, and a county Guide, such as A. and C. Black's; and, if you can spare the cash, a C.T.C. Road book of S. England. With these and the Hotel List you could map out a tour according to your means. I have several times dealt with touring, and in two numbers at least given sketches of routes. If you want to be "proposed" for the C.T.C., write to me again, giving full address.

"An Enthusiastic Wheelman."—Many thanks for your letter, which certainly shows enthusiasm for going thoroughly into a subject. As I hope to treat the matter at some length in my next article, I won't say more here than to remark that I think

you are under a false impression with regard to the local maker "making each part himself." In a few cases he may do so, but it would be false economy, as he can buy parts as cheaply as he can make them—probably a great deal cheaper. Unless your local man is really first-class, go for a cycle bearing a well-known transfer. I am interested to see that you have a school cycling club. You will notice that I refer to such institutions in the present article.

A. C. D.—(1) Cycling will probably tend to cure the trouble you refer to. I have known people who have been allowed to cycle, but not to walk any distance. In cycling the body's weight falls on the machine, and the legs have only to do the propulsion thereof, which on level roads requires very little effort. (2) No; have the rim brake. There is less likelihood of trouble with it. (3) Lucas's "King of the Road" is still one of the best oil-lamps. I don't know any better.

E. Garnett.—(1) I referred some months ago to the wet-vesta method of cleaning inner tube ready for patch. It is certainly excellent. (2) Yes; the rubber should be cut with a bevelled edge, and the thin edge of course goes next the tube. Put rubber solution on both sides of the patch, and you won't have any curling troubles. (3) Petrol removes the solution from the fingers better than anything else that I know of.

M. McDonnell.—I believe that the proper thing to mix the gold-bronze with is gold-size. I should imagine from your description that the particular brand that you have got hold of must be a very inferior one. All such paints and enamels should be of first-class quality. If you still have trouble, try varnishing the bronze when dry with shellac varnish to exclude the air from it.

Yaromaxe.—The N.H. is a very good machine; as good as any other. It is very unlikely that you will have any bother with a change-speed gear. It may require slight adjustment from time to time, but with the most recent patterns this is an easy matter. I think you would be well satisfied with the Hub, Fagan, Villiers, Sunbeam, or Sturmey-Archer. The last is a three-speed.

"Bronko."—I don't think that soft rubber blocks would be of the slightest use to you. The rims would wear them away in no time. The red composition is far more durable. Rubber was used on plunger brakes because it had to work on another rubber surface; and necessarily was softer, so that the wear might not be taken by the tyre.

"R. A. B."—No! No! I cannot say which is the best. There isn't one. Everybody you meet swears by his own particular mount as *the*, &c. &c.; and backs up his opinion by saying, "I have used it constantly for ten years"—which proves that he cannot have had much experience of any other make.

H. Wallis.—You can tell your friend from me that you are absolutely and entirely correct in your opinion. It is quite obvious that a hard tyre must penetrate soft mud and get a good grip on the harder stratum beneath much more effectively than a flabby, flattened-out tyre.



HOW THE CRIMINALS WERE BROUGHT TO BOOK.

By A. T. STORY.

Illustrated by Frederic Whiting.



THE LAD'S TRICKS AND ANTICS GAVE HIS MASTER MANY
A HEARTY LAUGH.

ONE of the things that bothers the foreigner more than almost anything else in regard to the English is how we manage to establish and maintain our rule over so many millions of native races with so small a show of power. Of course, to describe in detail how this is done would take up much more space than is at my disposal here. But, briefly, it may be said that it is done by character—by the power of one strong man here and there, so to impress the native mind as to make him appear a hundred times more powerful, a thousand times more far-seeing than he really is. Scores, hundreds of instances might be given of men of character of this type who have averted disaster in times of crisis and peril, or checked the machine when it seemed plunging to ruin, and that by the force of their individual will, by the dynamic power of their per-

Vol. XV.—4.

sonality. But where one instance of this kind occurs, involving the fate of thousands, perhaps millions, of human beings, scores are almost daily happening in which, though minor, still very momentous issues are at stake, and are only kept from going astray by the steady hand, by the cool and collected brains of one man, and that man one who is never talked about outside the clubs.

An instance of this kind recently occurred in the district of Southern Nigeria under the charge of District-Commissioner Ommanney. No one could ever make out—no outsider, that is—how it came about that Felix Ommanney came to be appointed to such a post. So they tell you: but in the same breath, from those in the know, you will hear that of all the district-commissionerships in that dark Dependency none is so well managed as that over which Ommanney rules.

No one goes about with so small a retinue ; no one trusts himself among armed savages with such apparent disregard of caution, and yet nowhere throughout the country is the white man's rule so implicitly respected and so literally obeyed.

Put the question : " How does he do it ? " —and the answer will come pat : " Oh, somehow it is his character," or else it will be—" It is his wonderful coolness and daring, and his power of impressing the natives." And thereupon, if you show yourself interested, you will find yourself listening with deepest attention to stories of the prowess of this minor satrap, this District-Commissioner Ommanney. I could retail a number of these striking tales, some of them amusing, some well-nigh incredible, others so thrilling that they will tingle the nerves for days, but one will be sufficient to show you the nature of the man, and also something of his work. It is one that struck me very much, and that because it exhibits in so telling a light the simplicity of the native African mind, while at the same time it shows with what instinctive aptitude a ruling mind will seize upon apparently the most trivial expedient to gain his end, should it seem likely for his purpose. It is interesting, too, as showing by what trivial means great ends are sometimes accomplished, especially in dealing with native races.

I should say that during the first half of the month Ommanney is always on circuit, trying cases and settling disputes between one chief or one village and another and generally keeping things going. On these journeys he moves in great state. At the head of his column marches a great elephant named Mahoot ; a few native police in simple blue uniform and red-bobbed kepis follow ; then come his bearers, his milch cows, his goat, &c., with their keepers, the servants of his household, a file or two of drilled blacks, and finally himself—Felix, or, rather, " Steel and Velvet," Ommanney—bringing up the rear.

When he halts for the night, or to meet the chief or chiefs of a given section, everything is done in the strictest order, and with the greatest ceremoniousness. Ommanney indeed is punctilious and ceremonious to the last degree. Nothing is allowed to interfere with the fixed order and disposition of things. No slackness or indifference must be allowed. When he dines, with no one to sit at his table but himself, he dines in evening dress, just as he would at home, or at his club in

Pall Mall. And before he puts on his evening wear he bathes and combs and scents himself, and generally has himself done " up to the nines," as if he were going to meet the fairest of London's wealth and beauty, for, be it known, our District-Commissioner is no " Nobody," but a man well connected and highly respected in his own circle, though regarded as something of a crank.

There is nothing in his official orders or instructions, of course, to lead him to adopt this ceremoniousness, this pomp and show, so to speak ; it is his own idea ; he says it influences the natives, and most certainly it does. They look on and wonder. Other men have other ways ; this is his—it is the way his character comes out. Some of his fellow commissioners smile at his oddities ; but, all the same, few of them attain their ends so well and so completely as he does. They strain after him, try his expedients, but never impress the minds of those with whom they come in contact or carry things through with the care and thoroughness that he does.

In some of his expedients there is not unfrequently a touch of genius, as in the one now to be described.

It happened that in the northern and most unruly section of his district there had been several murders, with suspicions of cannibalism, and though Ommanney had sent his officers with orders to the chiefs to find out and give up the guilty parties, they had replied thus far with evasions and prevarications. So there was nothing for it but he must go himself to have the murderers or the ringleaders arrested at any cost, and see justice meted out and order maintained.

It was a nasty business, but it had to be done, and so, without hesitation or delay, District-Commissioner Ommanney set out for the scene of the trouble. And all the time as he went he was casting about in his mind for the best and surest way to effect his purpose with the least friction, but the necessary light did not come with the quickness it might, or as he would have liked. However, he did not trouble, for he knew it would come in time, as it always did.

Now he had in his employ a native lad or young man named Garboil—Ben Garboil—who had in his short life been many things, including wild-beast showman and sailor. Ommanney had picked him up at Lagos, where, having left his ship by reason of ill-treatment, he was temporarily doing



FREDERIC WHITING

OMMANNEY STRODE UP TO THE FRONT.

duty as assistant engineer on a Government steam-launch. The District-Commissioner liked the lad because of his open genial nature and English ways, and thought he could make something of him as a sort of general factotum. Nor was he mistaken, for Ben had not been in his following a month before Ommanney found him well-nigh invaluable. He learned very quickly, and was soon an expert in the trade-English which was the chief medium of communication with the natives. This, too, he could help out on occasion with native words and idioms picked up in chatting with and

listening to the black-boys around the camp fire. How useful this knowledge proved we shall presently see.

Garboil when on the march liked, above all things, to be perched on the elephant's back. It had been his post in the olden days when he went about with Wombwell's menagerie—for though African born he had spent several years in England—and had learned to tumble and do other tricks connected with the showman's trade. And, as in those days, he soon taught Mahoot the elephant to know his voice and in certain respects to do his bidding.

Ben's cleverness in these and other ways often caused the District-Commissioner to send for him when he reached the nut and wine stage of his solitary refection. The lad's tricks and antics, and, I may add, his snatches of song, gave his master many a hearty laugh and so helped him to a sound sleep when nothing else would. But there was something more in these laughs than the quiet dreaming-time they gave. Ommanney had found—as who has not?—that a hearty laugh seems to blow away cobwebs and the dust of thought from the brain, and give a clear course for new ideas. Hence he would say: "Here, Garboil, my lad, take some nuts and a glass of wine." Then he would add, "Do you like this life better than that on shipboard? It is not so monotonous—not so dull—eh?"

"Not by a long chalk, sir," Ben would answer.

Then the Chief would start him on some of his tricks or gambols by saying: "How did you amuse yourselves on board?" or it might be that he would send the lad's thoughts back to his showmanship days by saying, "I've no doubt you often made the rustics laugh with your hanky-panky tricks."

It happened in this wise the night before

the Commissioner's present destination was reached. He had not yet satisfied himself as to the best way to meet the chiefs who refused, or, at least, hesitated, to give up the murderers. By "going for them," as the phrase is, in the high-handed manner, he might create a blaze and thus necessitate the sending of an armed force, with all that that meant. That was a thing to be avoided if by any means possible. He used to say that with natives you could, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred get round them and bring matters to a quiet issue by a little diplomacy. And so, having worried himself all day to find a way, without success, he sent for his black friend, factotum and jester, to relieve the strain of his thought and give a shake to his idea-box by a laugh.

"Take a glass of wine, Ben, and tell me how things have gone with the boys to-day," said he when Garboil entered his tent. "All right?"

"Yes, sir, right as gold."

"What was that I heard you singing at noon, chop?"

"Oh, a silly old chanty, sir."

"Can you sing it again? Or are you too tired?"

"No—not too tired."

And then he sang, as most sailormen know how to sing, though with a better voice than nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand have, a cheerful song concerning a sailorman and his lass.

The chanty, delivered with spirit and humour, pleased Ommanney not a little. It was followed by others, and then by one trick after another until a new thing came to light—a bit of cleverness the District-Commissioner had no idea his laugh-maker was capable of. He lay back in his camp chair and laughed, then listened and laughed again.

This new talent of Garboil's suggested to him a way to get out of his tangle with the chiefs. He explained it to Garboil.

"Do you see it?" he asked.

"O plenty!" replied the boy.

"Well, can you do it?" the chief demanded eagerly.

"Can I? Can I not?" said the lad. "You just say what you want, sir, an' I'll do it like winking." And the boy laughed.

So their two heads were put together, and before Ommanney laid himself down to rest the thing was arranged. In the morning the start was purposely delayed, and when the mid-day halt was called, there was still a

half-day's journey to do. "We shall reach our destination about night-fall," said the Commissioner, as he talked over the final arrangements with Ben. "See that the torch-bearers have their torches ready to light just as darkness comes on. Then as we near the village, and I walk up to the front, you can slip down from Mahoot's back and come to my side."

As arranged, so was the thing done. Just as night fell—and night falls very suddenly in those equatorial regions—torches were lighted; and under their smoky illumination the long straggling procession of black, red-tufted police, bearers, animals, and camp-followers, headed by Mahoot the elephant, and brought up by the chief in his palankeen, presented a scene at once weird and romantic, as it came in sight of the native village. Curious eyes were descried peeping from behind trees and bushes as the procession moved along, but no one came out to meet it; nothing stirred in the native village, and a dead silence reigned.

Suddenly the Commissioner's trumpeter sounded his trumpet, which awoke resounding echoes; then, as the flag-bearer gave his standard a wave, and it shimmered in the light and smoke of the torches, Ommanney strode up to the front, carrying his gold-headed cane in his hand, and throwing up his white-helmeted head, so as to add, if possible, an additional inch to his stately and imposing figure. Barely had he taken his place just ahead of, and to the right of, the elephant, ere Garboil was by his side, albeit not quite in line with him.

It was now seen that there was a semi-circle of black warriors drawn up at the entrance of the village to receive them. In the centre stood several head men, carrying long spears and wearing broad gold bracelets and chains on their arms. Behind them were grouped a number of other natives, dark, scowling men for the most part, though there were several women present also, the whole, with the huts, shaded by palms and bananas, forming a striking and never-to-be-forgotten picture.

When the head of the procession had come within about ten yards of the assembled warriors, the Commissioner called a halt, advanced a few steps, and saluted the chiefs. These likewise saluted, but coldly and haughtily. Then the Commissioner advanced a step or two nearer, holding out his hand to the tallest and oldest of the chiefs.



THE MEN THREW THEMSELVES UPON THE GROUND AND BENT THEIR FACES TO THE DUST.

But before the two could meet and clasp hands, the elephant took two lumbering steps forward, and, thrusting his trunk in front of the Commissioner, barred his advance. Ommanney looked round inquiringly, and as it were with a checking motion of his left hand, whereupon—strange as it may appear—Mahoot; the elephant, in a loud, deep voice, bade him stand, and then proceeded to say: “No make-a handshake wid dem people till em give up kill-men men debbils. Dem men-killers dare—I savey um—let um go down on groun’—hide um

face else I make-a gone blin’—nebber see no more. Down I say one time—down!”

Anything more sudden and weird than the scene which immediately followed, it would be impossible to imagine. Two men who were cowering behind the chiefs brushed past them, followed by several women, but while these latter stood trembling and horror-stricken in front of the group, the men, with a simultaneous shout of terror and despair,

threw themselves upon the ground and bent their faces to the dust, and remained prostrate while the Commissioner, addressing the chiefs, said (albeit in the trade-English they knew):

"You see—you hear, friends, what the wise elephant says. He knows better than we do. He has discovered the men killers and eaters. Let these men-killers be taken charge of till to-morrow; then let them be brought before us to be dealt with. Is it good?"

The chiefs answered with grunts and nods. They were hardly less frightened and awed than the culprits, who were now summarily removed. Then, after a few more words, Ommanney, addressing the head men, said he would like to see them presently in his tent.

In the meantime his great marquee had been erected and preparations got well on the way for dinner, so that by the time the Commissioner was dressed, scented, and jewelled, everything was in readiness for him to sit down and forget the toils of the day in an excellent meal.

This function over, Ommanney bade his cunning coadjutor show in the chiefs, and

in state he received and palavered with them congratulating them and himself on the fact that the malefactors had confessed their crime, that justice would now be done, and the will and law of the great White King obeyed.

As he spoke these words the Commissioner turned and bowed to the portrait of the King, which, shadowed by the Union Jack he always had hung up in his tent, over where he sat, on important occasions. The chiefs followed his eyes and bowed too.

Glasses of an innocent punch were now handed round, and of this the sable chiefs partook with pleasure, and would, probably, have continued to partake of it for some time longer had not the Commissioner excused himself, when he thought they had had enough, on account of the press of business he had still on hand, and, handing them a few uncostly presents for their wives, bowed them politely out.

On the following day the murderers were tried and sentenced, and the District-Commissioner returned to headquarters, Garboil's ventriloquism this time having been the agent by which he had achieved yet another notable triumph!

PUTTING ON SIDE.

PEOPLE who know you, as a rule, are sorry for you when you are down. . . . But make your own way. Win in the game, and you will find that your old friends usually show you the hard, critical face. You will want to keep well with them, but you will find it all but impossible. They find fault with you for the least thing. . . .

Of course, the reason of this attitude is easy enough to understand. There are not enough prizes to go round in the world. Everybody can't win the race. And the reason of your old friends' attitude towards you is because they feel jealous and envious at not having won the prize that you have won. They would never admit this were you to tax them with it, but the fact, nevertheless, remains. They are consciously, or unconsciously, jealous and envious of you. And they justify their unfair attitude towards you by accusing you of things of which you are no more guilty than the babe unborn. Whatever you do, you can't please them. Be as civil and as considerate as you may, and they are not satisfied.

Success has made you a kind of an Ishmael—at least, amongst the majority of your old friends.

You feel this deeply, for you are probably one who feels that old friends are the best friends. You would like to keep on with them, and it hurts you very much indeed when they accuse you falsely of ignoring or patronising them—of putting on side. But it is of no use. You can do nothing.

And in the end you become hardened. You become really guilty of the crime of which you have been so long accused.

You put on side.—BART KENNEDY, in the *Evening News*.

APRIL EVENTS.



THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

From the picture by J. T. Sennes.

THE threatening nature of the armed neutrality of the northern league in 1801, demanded the serious attention of the British Cabinet, and, remonstrances having failed, a

The Battle of Copenhagen.

fleet was despatched to Copenhagen, under the command of Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as his second—though the latter really commanded during the subsequent action.

The British fleet consisted of eighteen sail of the line, with frigates, gunboats, and bomb vessels. The Danes had moored floating batteries between Copenhagen and the sandbanks which defend its approach, and posted before the town thirteen men of war.

Nelson led in the greater part of the fleet and anchored off Draco point, though two ships grounded on the shoals and could not be brought to their intended stations, and Sir Hyde Parker with the remainder menaced the Crown Batteries.

The action was hot, and Sir Hyde hoisted the signal to desist, but Nelson, turning to Foley, his captain, said, "I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes." And then, putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals."

The Danes fought with desperate valour, sustaining the battle for four hours, but by half-past three the Danish ships had all struck. Nelson then sent a note, under a flag of truce, to the Crown Prince, to try and arrange for the removal of the helpless wounded Danes, many of whom were bleeding to death for want of proper treatment. During the negotiations, the Danish fire having ceased, and their whole line having been captured, sunk, or burnt, Nelson skilfully withdrew the British fleet outside the shoal water. One ship, the *Monarch*, had received twenty-six shots between wind and water.

After an interview with the Crown Prince, Nelson agreed to an armistice.

Our loss in killed and wounded was 953, while that of the Danes, including prisoners, amounted to about 6000.

This glorious victory, gained on April 2, 1801, is well described in Nelson's own words: "A day, when the greatest dangers of navigation were overcome; and the Danish force, which they thought impregnable, totally taken or destroyed, by the consummate skill of our commanders, and by the undaunted bravery of as gallant a band as ever defended the rights of this country."

G. AUSTEN TAYLOR.

BOTH in his private life, and at the celebrated "Literary Club" where his peculiar exhibitions

**The Death
of
Oliver Goldsmith.**

Oliver Goldsmith, who died on April 4, 1774, was beloved of his friends.

of serio-comic sprightliness and naïve simplicity made him a somewhat ridiculous and quaint little character,



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

Goldsmith's life was a remarkable exhibition of the power of the heart. The key-note to his character may be summed up in one word—generosity. Even when at college, in the deepest poverty, he would write ballads and songs, get a publisher to give him a few shillings for them, and on the way home fling the money to the first beggar he met. He would borrow a guinea for the sole pleasure of giving it away, and he would have taken the clothes off his own bed if, by doing so, he could have lessened the suffering of some impoverished child. Most of his writings, also, and two—"The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village"—undoubtedly, the greatest of them, were labours of love. Both were works of great natural tenderness and graceful simplicity, as also was his "Vicar of Wakefield," distinguished alike for its quaint, shrewd humour, and its simple, flowing, attractive style.

Goldsmith, like all men, had his failings,

but they seldom erred on his own side. He was extremely frank, and gave utterance to all his thoughts, some of which, occasionally, were foolish ones. He was somewhat vain, too, and was inordinately fond of fine clothes, having a child's passion, also, for flaring colours. He was imprudent, was far too generous, and was much too simple for a life in the city. But all his faults were trivial, and can't besmirch, even in the slightest respect, the character of one of Nature's noblest gentlemen. "Yes," said Johnson, "he was a very great man."

JAMES MACGREGOR.

ON April 14 1865, a crime was committed in Ford's Theatre, Washington, which shook the American Republic to its foundation, and **The Assassination of President Lincoln.** This was the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America.

The day was one of general rejoicing for the loyal people, as it was the anniversary of the evacuation of Fort Sumter just four years before. A special programme had been arranged at the theatre, and President Lincoln,



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From an Engraving. Rischgitz Collection.

his wife, and - some others, had been invited.

About an hour after he had entered amidst thunderous applause, a pistol shot was heard, and a man leaped on the stage from the President's box, exclaiming, "Sic semper tyrannis." Brandishing a dagger, he added, "The South is avenged," and escaped.

The assassin was recognised, however, for some one in the audience shouted, "John Wilkes Booth," and the scene immediately changed to one of wild confusion.

President Lincoln, with a bullet wound in the head, was carried to a house across the street, where he lay unconscious all night, and died at seven o'clock the next morning. The assassin was shot in a barn twelve days later, after refusing to surrender.

The motive for this awful crime was revenge on the part of the Southern States' leaders, for having been so completely beaten by General Grant.

It had, perhaps, no far-reaching effects, for the greatest work of Lincoln's life was virtually accomplished, viz., the abolition of slavery in America. It was also a useless crime so far as the South was concerned, for, instead of helping their cause, it caused the whole loyal nation to rise and crush them.

President Johnson, General Grant, and the other members of the Cabinet worked with a will, bringing the war to a speedy close, abolishing slavery, and thus keeping ever-green the name of Abraham Lincoln—"The saviour of his Country."

HENRY J. ROSS.

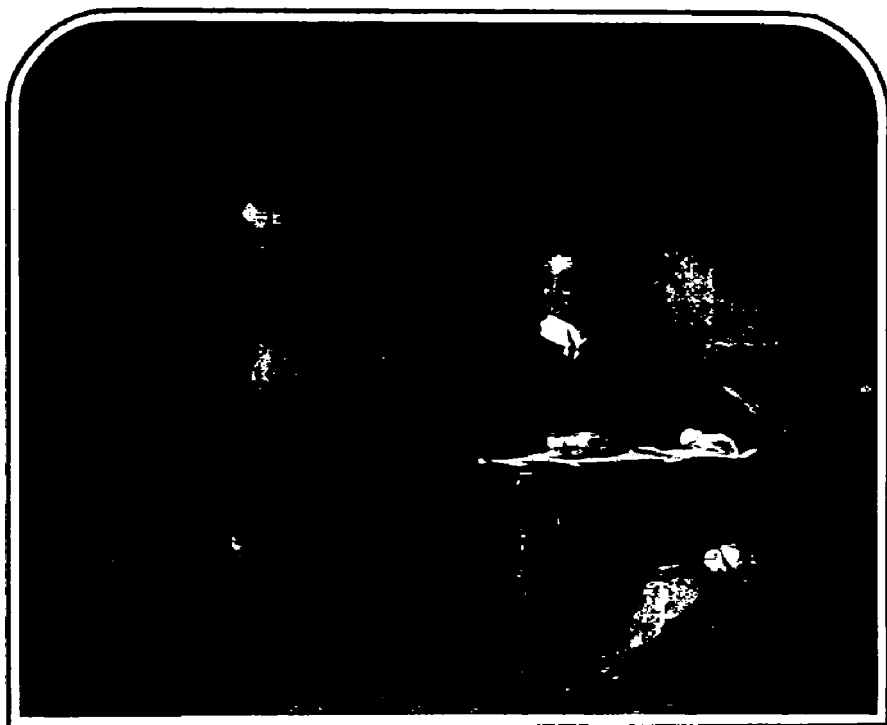
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At no period in the history of Great Britain has a man, by his own individual exertions, achieved so much against so many strong opponents, both in peace and war, as Oliver Cromwell, who was born April 25,

The Birth of Oliver Cromwell.

1599. Although Cromwell sat in the Long Parliament of 1640, his name did not become universally famous until the heated state of affairs between Charles' supporters and the majority of the Parliament produced that most dreaded form of strife—civil war.

A series of disasters befell the Government's forces in the beginning of the year 1643, and only the great Cromwell's successes at Gains



CROMWELL DICTATING TO HIS SECRETARY, MILTON.
From the picture by F. Newenham.

borough and Winceby turned the tide of misfortune.

The famous leader, with the brain of a born general, set to work to remedy his army's one defect—lack of cavalry. By unceasing exertions he banded together his famous Ironsides—men as untiring as himself, men who knew not fatigue when ordinary fighters would have been exhausted. Cromwell drilled them to perfection, and their irresistible onslaught at Marston Moor scattered the Royalists in ignominious flight.

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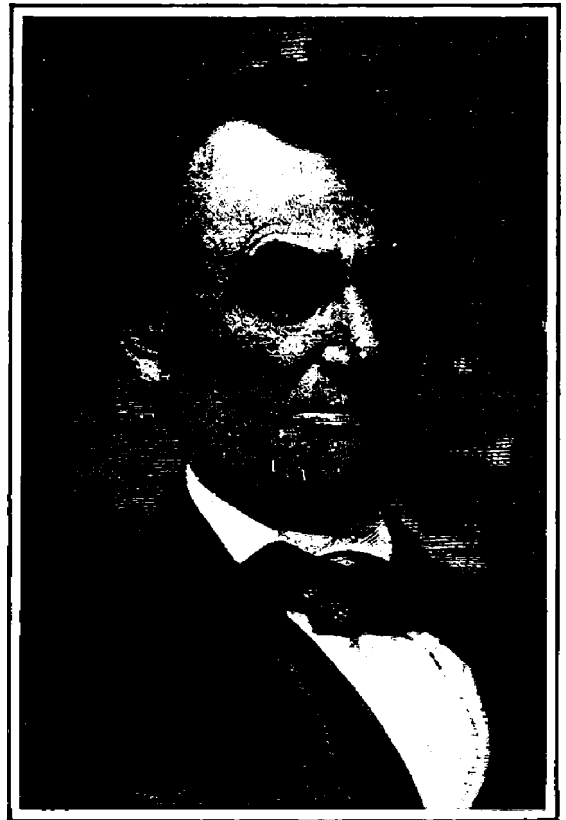
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on June 14, 1645, by this warrior of iron, and three months later his ally Montrose was also defeated at Philiphaugh.

His firm ruling in political affairs and his immediate dissolution of the Long Parliament stamped him as a leader of quick and unerring decision. He wisely declined to act as king when offered that position by the Barebones Parliament, but accepted the more palatable title of "Lord Protector."

There have not lived many men who would have dared, as Cromwell did, to rule a disaffected country by a Government minority supported by an armed force.

Worn out by his strenuous life, Cromwell



HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.
From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

died in 1658, leaving behind him, both as a military and civil leader, a never-to-be-forgotten reputation for invincible strength.

LEONARD ARTHUR PAVEY.

THIS treaty, which has become one of the most famous in English history, by reason of the advantages it gave to Great Britain, was arranged between England and France

Treaty of Utrecht.

on April 11, 1713. The negotiations on the English side were in the hands of St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, who was an able man of business, and who had been raised to the peerage by Queen Anne. He was the chief Tory minister of his day.

The treaty put an end to the long war of the Spanish Succession, in which the Duke of Marlborough had made himself the most conspicuous figure. It also acquired Gibraltar, Minorca (taken from the Spaniards by General Stanhope, and lost by Admiral Byng in 1782), Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, for Great Britain. But the point for which we were nominally fighting, viz., to secure the crown of Spain for a Bavarian prince, did not bring any advantage to us, as Louis' grandson, Philip, was allowed to ascend the Spanish throne, and the Netherlands were given to Austria.

This peace, though it gave us many advantages, was disliked by the Whigs, and the government only got it confirmed in the House of Lords by creating twelve new peers, whose votes overwhelmed those of the Whig majority.

Gibraltar, which was handed over to us at the conclusion of the treaty, has become a most important stronghold, as it keeps open the commercial highway through the Mediterranean Sea to the East Indies. Nova Scotia and Newfoundland laid the foundations of our Empire in Canada, the whole of which latter colony we took possession of in 1763.

Thus, this Treaty of Utrecht has become famous, for not only did it secure our trade with the East, but it also did a great deal to found our mighty Empire, of which we are so justly proud.

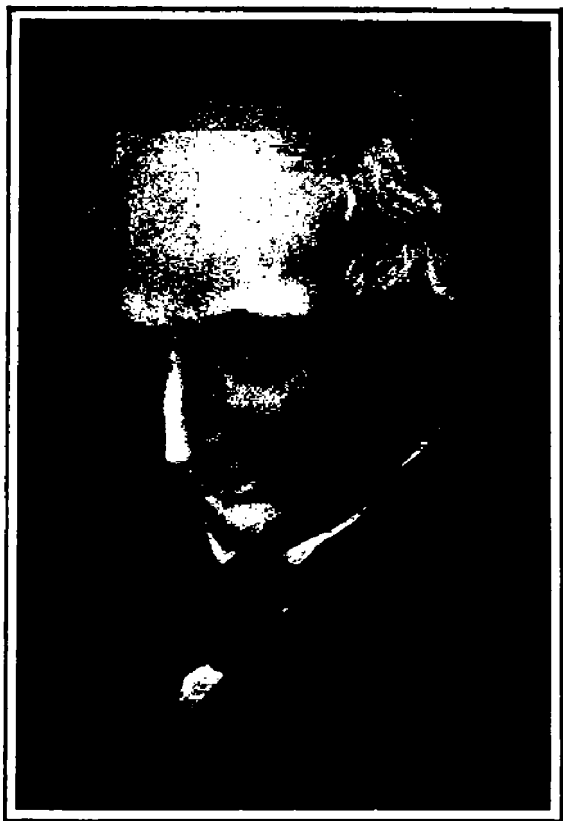
W. B. SEYMOUR-URE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the great metaphysical poet, and one of the noblest figures in English literature, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, on April 7, 1770. Wordsworth was descended from very old

The Birth of William Wordsworth.

families. His mother died when he was eight years old, and Wordsworth was sent to a "dame's school" in Penrith. Afterwards, when in his ninth year, he was placed at the grammar school at Hawkshead, a small town on the borders of Lancashire. It was while here that he became an orphan, his father having died from the effects of a chill caught on the mountains, and the boy was put under the care of his uncle.

During these years at Hawkshead the poet did not in any way distinguish himself. In 1787 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. He did not concern himself about his degree, devoting far more time to the study of the poets than to anything else, and his indifference by no means pleased his uncle. Wordsworth



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
From a Painting. Photo. Rischgitz.

stayed at Cambridge for four years. A friend, whose death-bed he had attended, bequeathed him £900, and with this sum and some moneys due to his father, he was put beyond want. After travelling on the Continent, the poet settled in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire with his devoted sister, and, thirteen years later, married Mary Hutchinson, whom he had known from childhood. From about this time Wordsworth lived in the Lake District.

It was at this period of his life that he attracted notice as a poet of a new school, and when he had his hardest fight with the critics, of whom the most powerful was Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*. John Wilson, "Christopher North," was, indeed, at this time, the only favourable critic Wordsworth had.

But he overcame at length; and now he has taken his place amongst the immortals—Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Jonson, and all the men who have made our literature great.

ERIC MOORE RITCHIE.

On April 2, 1865, there passed away a true and inspired patriot in Richard Cobden, the apostle of "Free Trade." Born during the troublous times of the mighty conflict

with Napoleon, he soon proved his commercial ability by founding a prosperous cotton printing business in Manchester.

The Death of Richard Cobden. Earnest economic conviction, however, triumphed over the baser but perfectly natural desire for worldly gain, and, in 1838, he abandoned his lucrative occupation for the purpose of devoting his whole time to the Anti-Corn Law League, in the formation of which he had been the moving spirit. For the ensuing six years he worked indefatigably, speaking and writing without cessation in support of the great creed he advocated. His goods, his body, his intellect, his very life's blood, were devoted to the noble work, and, under his brilliant leadership, the power of the League increased enormously. Protection was assailed in its own strongholds; meetings held in Drury Lane and Covent Garden were crowded with his political opponents, who, nevertheless, were wholly convinced by the gentle, yet incisive, power of his oratory. Time-honoured fallacies and false doctrines nurtured by ignorance were impotent before the devastating truth of his arguments, substantiated as they were by incontrovertible fact. Aided by John Bright, J. D. Smith, and other enthusiasts, he educated the country, and conversions to his tenets became frequent among thoughtful politicians.

At last, in 1846, success was attained; England became a Free Trade country.

His life's work accomplished, he advocated the abolition of the law of entail and primogeniture in land, the substitution of direct for



RICHARD COBDEN.
From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

indirect taxation, and the principle of non-intervention in national, that is to say, un-denominational, education.

As a speaker, his style, although not adorned



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.
From an Engraving. Rischgitz Collection.

with sparkling wit and pointed epigram, was clear, dignified, and served with an abundance of carefully selected and well-arranged facts. It served his purpose better than the showy but meaningless coruscations which are the

delight of so many speakers, for it had a quality all too rare in political oratory—the power of convincing.

In public as in private life, Richard Cobden was the soul of honour. Never was he known to profit by or countenance a dishonourable action. He died as he had lived, loved by his friends, respected by his opponents, the venerated political ideal of the people of Great Britain.

PERCY H. GIBBINS.

It was in the year 1746, during the reign of George II., that the Duke of Cumberland began to push northwards from the Midlands with an army of 8000 picked men, to revenge Preston Pans and Falkirk, at the time when "the Young Pretender," as Charles Edward Stuart was called, had returned to Scottish territory after his hazardous advance into England.

When the Pretender's men heard the news of the Duke's approach a great number of them deserted from the cause, but with the 5000 who still followed his standard, Charles Edward marched out from Inverness and attacked the Duke on Culloden Moor, where, after a fierce battle, he was defeated.

The price of £30,000 was put upon the head of Charles Edward, who lurked for five months in the West Highlands before he could find a ship to take him to France. He passed through countless perils in safety, and found no man among his unfortunate followers mean enough to betray him in the day of adversity. After this gallant, if reckless, expedition, Charles Edward Stuart never appeared again in English politics.

ARNOLD HEATHCOTE.

“THE CAPTAIN” CALENDAR, APRIL 1906.

		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1. Sun.	Fifth in Lent.	7.30.	17. Tues.	Benjamin Franklin <i>d.</i> , 1790.	7.56.
2. Mon.	Hans Andersen <i>b.</i> , 1805.	7.31.	18. Wed.	Relief of Chitral, 1895.	7.57.
3. Tues.	Washington Irving <i>b.</i> , 1783.	7.33.	19. Thurs.	Lord Beaconsfield <i>d.</i> , 1881.	7.59.
4. Wed.	Oliver Goldsmith <i>d.</i> , 1774.	7.34.	20. Fri.	Napoleon III. <i>b.</i> , 1808.	8.1.
5. Thurs.	Rt. Hon. Lord Lister, O.M., <i>b.</i> , 1827.	7.36.	21. Sat.	Baroness Burdett-Coutts <i>b.</i> , 1814.	8.3.
6. Fri.	James Mill <i>b.</i> , 1773.	7.38.	22. Sun.	First after Easter.	8.5.
7. Sat.	Archbishop of Canterbury <i>b.</i> , 1848.	7.39.	23. Mon.	May CAPTAIN published.	8.6.
8. Sun.	Sixth in Lent.	7.41.	24. Tues.	Daniel Defoe <i>d.</i> , 1731.	8.7.
9. Mon.	King of the Belgians <i>b.</i> , 1835.	7.43.	25. Wed.	C. B. Fry, athlete, <i>b.</i> , 1872.	8.9.
10. Tues.	"General" Booth <i>b.</i> , 1829.	7.45.	26. Thurs.	Sir A. S. Scott-Gatty <i>b.</i> , 1847.	8.11.
11. Wed.	V. F. S. Crawford, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1870.	7.46.	27. Fri.	W. J. Oakley, footballer, <i>b.</i> , 1873.	8.13.
12. Thurs.	Rodney's Victory off Dominica, 1782.	7.47.	28. Sat.	Order of St. Michael and St. George in-stituted, 1818.	8.14.
13. Fri.	G. J. Holyoake <i>b.</i> , 1817.	7.49.	29. Sun.	Second after Easter.	8.16.
14. Sat.	Princess Beatrice <i>b.</i> , 1857.	7.51.	30. Mon.	Lord Avebury <i>b.</i> , 1834.	8.18.
15. Sun.	Easter Sunday.	7.53.			
16. Mon.	Sir Hans Sloane, naturalist, <i>b.</i> , 1660.	7.54.			

ANGLO v. SAXON.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY H. BURTON GATES.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.



AT the railway station of a German University town a train drew up.

These German trains are not as English ditto, although they both owe their existence to George Stephenson. Continental engineers are loth to confess the obligation.

In the continental carriages corners are rounded off which the Englishman leaves square, compartments are labelled, "No Smoking" instead of "Smoking," and luggage-racks are made like hammocks instead of being built "for light articles only."

The continental locomotive has most of its anatomy on the outside, whereas in the English type everything possible is packed inside the frame. A curved and twisted tanglement of pipes and rods meets the eye instead of the solid clean-cut mass of glittering power which thrills the heart of the British engineer, and of the British school-boy too.

Thus this train, looking like a snaky animal with a Medusa kind of head, came rattling and "chut-chut"-ing up to an extremely low-built platform; and from it alighted two passengers.

By this, of course, I mean two passengers in particular, not two passengers only: readers of THE CAPTAIN may puzzle their English-masters with queries as to the correctness of the phrase.

Again, when I say that they alighted, the method of performance was this. The first of the two—an English college student, brown-haired and brown-eyed, slim of build and gracefully quick in motion, carrying in his left hand a smallish brown leather bag, and in his right a silver-mounted bamboo-handled umbrella—not noticing the unexpected lowness of the platform, stepped upon thin air, and descended, with a thrill of uncomfortable surprise, through a space of three feet to the solid brick below, which he

struck with a stinging shock. The umbrella in his right hand opened half-way, the leather bag dropped, and his bowler hat rolled into the next line of rails.

Then came the second representative of the English-speaking race—a tall young man of big bones and chunky muscles, a long face big in the forehead, grey eyes, stiff sandy hair, and a half-grown moustache of the same colour. Like the rest of him, his tweed suit was recognisably Scotch. In his right hand he carried a very thick stick, and in the left a hand-bag of quite moderate dimensions. Looking carefully for firm support on which to place his feet, he emerged upon the footboard of the carriage, and perceived his companion on hands and knees. A small smile curled the left end of his mouth, and he spoke.

"You will be doing upon German soil what William the Conqueror did upon the English," said he.

"And what Edward the First did with the Scotch," replied the Southron.

"No matter, we have wiped out that score," said the man of the North. "Germany is our common enemy in these days."

"Yet we are taking a holiday here."

"When I say that the Germans are our enemies, I mean that the enmity is mainly on the other side."

And Jamie, the Scot, carefully replaced the detached bowler hat upon the head of Harry, the Englishman, after brushing a small quantity of dust from the smooth felt crown thereof.

Then, taking again into their hands their small quantity of impedimenta, the two friends passed forth out of the railway premises, beneath an elaborate stone archway and down (or up) the stone-paved street of the celebrated University town of _____.

In consideration of the townsmen's feelings I will not disclose the exact locality.

Having decided previously, with the assistance of Baedeker's guide-book, on a certain

hotel whereat to make their home for their short two days' visit, they opened to the daylight the town map attached to the said Baedeker's encyclopædic volume, and proceeded to locate themselves and their destination. At this juncture they obtained a first insight into the manners of the German University student of the less studious class.

Around the angle of an adjacent side street wound a procession, in single file, of young men. These young men, aged from eighteen to two- or three-and-twenty, presented a considerable variety of appearance—some being shaven, some raggedly unshaven and with unkempt mats of hair; some also among the older ones wore visages elaborately decorated with lurid scars and obtrusive patches of black sticking-plaster, while a good sprinkling added to their charms the conventional spectacles.

As for their garments, these likewise were of every variety known to the *fin-de-siècle* period, varying from the height of dandyism to the depth of ostentatious contempt of convention.

The variegated procession was headed by a brazen-faced, mischievous individual, clothed in a military cap and trousers combined with a jacket of ordinary civil pattern, and having a scar on one cheek and a mutilated ear. It came direct towards our heroes who, engrossed in Baedeker, did not heed its progress. The leader, as he passed, snatched the guide-book from Harry's hand, glanced at the open page, and returned it to its owner.

Harry and his friend stood motionless, taken aback with surprise; while the second in the file of students snatched the book, glanced at it, and returned it in the same manner as the first—all with the gestures of exaggerated politeness, bowing till his knees met his nose. Then Harry made as if he would put the book safely into his coat-pocket, but the third in the quickly marching line, with a dive, captured it and repeated the performance according to example.

The two Britishers now realised that they were the victims of an extraordinary development of the game of follow-my-leader. To save their property from violence, Jamie gave his opinion: "Let them have it, if they are wanting it."

The file of students, keeping more or less to a military march step, doubled round the helpless travellers in a narrow circle and, threading through its own ranks, passed onwards down the middle of the roadway,

bringing to a standstill a row of carriages. The leader climbed upon the box of the first in the row, passed over, and down upon the other side; then he climbed upon the second vehicle, and passed over in the same way; so also with a third private carriage he entered at the side-door, and passed between the knees of two ladies seated therein, making his exit by the opposite door. In all these peregrinations his *queue* followed faithfully. Then he did a yet more extraordinary thing. Walking up to a shop front of plate-glass, with a swipe of his fist he brought it crashing in fragments to the pavement. Then through the jagged arch of broken glass he strutted, still followed by the faithful *queue*, into the shop, that of a pianoforte seller, took his course the whole of the way around a large show-room, thence into a private sitting-room at the far end thereof, and by various passages into an alley far out of sight of our wondering friends, who yet were standing on the same spot of pavement where the procession first found them, while the last of a regiment of four hundred individuals was toiling past them.

When these at last were gone, and after a period of twenty odd minutes the volume of Baedeker rested quietly in its proper pocket, James and Henry watched amazedly the repetition up to the four-hundredth time of every other prank which was being played in the street; and yet even more astonished were they to see the last of the lively specimens interviewing the pianoforte seller, and giving him, in a heap of silver florins, compensation for his broken window. They did not know that this wealth was the result of a general contribution, at one florin per head, towards the expenses of the day's entertainment.

Thus ended the first, and more amusing, encounter between the explorers and the natives of the country, and we pass to the second and more serious episode.

After some few hours spent in contemplation of ancient structures, sacred and profane, Harry and Jamie found themselves with a large, unsatisfied capacity for food, and chose a brightly illuminated *café* for the purpose of the necessary gastronomic experiments.

"They call this a *bier-garten*, I suppose?" remarked Harry.

"I think a bear-garden," replied the other. For indeed the house and adjoining pavement were crowded with students of the same class, or rather mixture of classes, as their early adventure had acquainted them with; each with his pewter-lidded jug of beer.



THEN THROUGH THE JAGGED ARCH OF BROKEN GLASS HE STRUTTED.

There was a sound of a band, a genuine German band, playing in the main hall; but from time to time the voices of one party of students or another, singing a rowdy ditty, swelled above the sober tones of the instruments.

"This is scarcely the place for a *table d'hôte* dinner," said Harry. "I think we have got into the wrong shop."

"Tut, man, we shall be sure to get something solid; and if there's more fun going, we shall see it," said Jamie, and pointed to a group of men who were engaged in varying the monotony of beer with alternate strata of black bread and purple sausage. "There's a waiter," he went on; "now, my laddie, a little of your best German, please."

Harry requested the waiter, in text-book phrases, for some *futter*, and the waiter, bowing stiffly, requested of him, in an untext-book-like flow of language, to enter an adjoining room.

Following the gesture of the waiter, he and

James entered this apartment, and found therein about a dozen small tables, each with chairs around it. A few of these tables were in use by students, and at one of the unoccupied our friends seated themselves.

The waiter, a middle-aged man of solid build, square-faced, with the usual bristling upright hair, and moustache more or less *kaiserlich*, trotted in after them and carefully arranged on the table an assortment of bread-stuffs in various shapes and colours, with a ditto, ditto of sausages; then, making a second journey, he planked down before his inquiringly attentive customers two glass quart jugs of translucent lager beer.

Having thus performed his duty, the waiter repeated his formal bow and smile, and said, "Funf mark, Herren."

"Five marks?" said James, in English, "for this!"

"Ja, Herr." And again the waiter repeated the motion. The money was counted out and the waiter scooped it up, muttering as

he did so, "Englischer Preis." Our friends could not but be affected by this suggestion, which probably they were intended to hear; and the result appeared in the countenance of each. Harry raised his eye-brows and stared fixedly at the vanishing waiter; James flushed, his eyes sparkled, and he half-rose from his seat. "The villains!" said he.

Then Harry smiled, and remarked: "It's not much to worry about; let us eat our five marks' worth."

They turned their attention to the food before them. A slice of *pumpernickel* (rye bread) was sampled, and the opinion expressed that it was "peculiar." Liver sausage and donkey sausage were pronounced "edible, but not fascinating." In spite of all the novelty of flavour, hunger being the best sauce, a good meal was made in a short space of time, and no article of diet was left substantially intact except a specimen of *wurst*, which offended both nose and palate with quite too strong a dose of garlic.

The while this meal was proceeding, and our friends were engrossed in the attractions of their own table, the other occupants of the room focussed their optic rays upon these obvious strangers, and commenced a conversation in this style:

"What are these foreigners doing among a patriotic German community?"

"Look at the way they handle decent food."

"The man who turns up his nose at *leberswurst* must be an uncivilised savage."

At length the subjects of these remarks, wishing to send liquid refreshment to join the solids within, found it necessary to experiment with the beer jugs. Each jug is provided with a metal lid, hinged, which protects the beer from pollution. There is a knob on a lever which raises the lid from behind. The right way to hold the jug is to pass the hand through the handle of the jug with the exception of the thumb, which depresses the lever raising the lid. As this trick was being learned, the remarks of the critics continued.

"Does that tall one think he has got hold of a tea-kettle?"

"What delicate sips that little one takes; one would think that he had never drunk beer before."

"Has no one a baby's bottle to offer him?"

Let it be noted that they were themselves disposing of quarts with steady regularity.

And then a big blustering specimen of German chivalry, assuming an air of dis-

dainful dignity, advanced to the table of the strangers and said:

"Du bist Fremde?" (You are foreigners?)

"Ja!" replied Harry.

"Englischer?"

"Ja!"

"Ja! Englisher," chorussed the students.

"No, I am not!" exclaimed Jamie.

"Tell me the German word for Scotland!"

The big German took no notice of this interruption, but, turning to a circle of comrades at his back, with a gesture of wide contempt pointed to the unfortunate Britons. "They are wretched little Englishmen!" cried he.

The chorus of students supporting him waved beer-jugs threateningly, and gave vent to their feelings of enmity by shouting, "Miserable Englishmen!" "Murderers of the poor Boers!" "Butchers!" "Down with the criminal Chamberlain!"—and continued the uproar for a minute or two, singing abusive songs, until at last the leader opened his mouth and spat towards the despised Anglo-Saxons. Up to this point Jamie had restrained himself, but at this action his blood ran suddenly through his veins. Stepping quickly to the door of the room, he shut it and locked it; then, turning to Harry, who stood calmly awaiting the fray, he said: "Are you game for a scrimmage?" "Let 'em all come," replied Harry, quietly, with a slight smile twitching his features.

Now our heroes prepared themselves for business more serious than any yet undertaken in all their travels by removing such garments as would impede their movements, the while the audience of Teutonic natives awaited curiously the result of these preliminaries. Harry quickly counted the numbers of the foe. "Twenty-five," he said.

"A dozen each," replied Jamie, "and a thirteenth for the lad who gets through his dozen the quickest." And stepping forward, he dealt the big German a "knock-out" blow on the jaw which made his little eyes jump from his head. Twirling like a teetotum, his carcass went across the room and collapsed against the skirting-board.

Harry was not to be "blate," and sprang instantly upon a short and stubby specimen near to him. Tripping the enemy neatly, he seized him with one arm about the waist as he toppled over, and flung him bodily over a marble-topped table and two chairs, grasping in his hand a beer-jug, from which foaming fluid showered upon the assembly.

At the sight of these sudden misfortunes,



SOUGHT PROTECTION BEHIND THE ENTRENCHMENT OF THEIR OWN TABLE.

the enemy opened their mouths and let forth a bellowing noise of indignation. Two more champions rushed to the fray, and met with as sharp treatment as the preceding couple. They rolled in crumpled heaps beneath the previously festive board.

Then stepped forward an active, keen-eyed individual, with a stern frown and square chin. He engaged Jamie, the more worthy of his mettle, being the bigger of the two; and for a few moments Jamie found himself sparring on practically even terms, the

Perfunctorily a fresh pair of beer-swillers, with doubtful glances, offered themselves as targets for the redoubtable blows of the all-conquering invaders. Two feints, and Jamie's man staggered to a bench for support. There he leaned his head upon his hands, and dazedly contemplated the blood which dripped from his nose upon the marble slab of the table before him.

Harry seized his man by the wrist and twisted the arm until he squealed. Letting the wrist go suddenly, he got the man's



THERE YET REMAINED ONE . . . A SCHOLAR.

activity of this *vis-à-vis* compensating for want of technique in the noble art of self-defence. One by one, nevertheless, Jamie got home a few smacks on tender points of his opponent's anatomy, and at each the spirit of the latter lost a few degrees of intensity, until at length he received the full eleven stone of Jamie's porridge-made muscle and bone concentrated on the centre of his wind-box—when lo! he grovelled with his leaders.

Something like a groan echoed through the still caverns of the distant corners of the room, and then fell a mysterious silence. The two friends broke it ruthlessly with one accord, crying, "Come on."

spectacled head in chancery and pummelled it: after that enemy number three scrambled away on all fours and hid himself.

There was again silence. Again the heroes called upon all and sundry to "Come on," but this time none responded to the appeal. "I am one ahead at the interval!" quoth Jamie, with restrained self-satisfaction.

"Seven," quoth Harry, "from twenty-five leaves eighteen."

As he uttered these words, a movement passed through the company of the enemy. Looking round at one another for encouragement, the eighteen charged forward with a trample of heavy feet and a hollow double-

bass trumpeting from deep in their half-closed throats.

Fortunately the battlefield was obstructed with chairs and tables, which, in military terms, hindered the operations of cavalry. Our two British heroes reluctantly but adroitly sought protection behind the entrenchment of their own table, which was just a convenient distance from the wall.

Now the fiercest portion of the engagement was decided. Driving straight, full blows with strict impartiality into every set of scowling features and every wind-box within range across the width of the table, their knuckles cracking on the solid bone and growing gory with every blow, and dodging, meanwhile, the wild and short-aimed efforts of the enemy, our heroes accomplished in the space of a minute more deadly work than could be afterwards recollected.

One by one the enemy bit the dust with exclamations of surprising pathos, and the ranks across the table thinned out into nothing at all.

The unconquered two walked out from their strategic position. In the midst of the battlefield there yet remained standing a pair of shrinking combatants. Taking each his man, Harry and James would have meted out their doom; but the demolished enemy fled incontinent. Without cunning to take advantage of the natural facilities of the ground for dodging, they were soon overtaken. Harry, swinging round his arm, caught his quarry round the neck and brought him with a thump to the hard floor, full upon his back. Jamie, with a long reach, landed a *socdollager* between the shoulders of the broad back receding before him, having measured his distance to an inch.

Each then, with a deep breath, turned to survey the "theatre of war." Around and about them, incapacitated, though not dead, bodies lay silently, some moving as if feeling for their whereabouts. Where the great stand had been made they formed a stratified deposit upon the primary rock of the restaurant floor. One or two were reclining across tables. Chairs were mixed in various proportions with the humanity, and puddles

of beer were expanding themselves slowly upon unoccupied portions of the floor.

But there yet remained one unhumiliated challenger. Remotely seated, he gazed cynically upon the scene as if it were no business of his. He was a scholar, and raised his hands in deprecation of violence as Harry, who was the nearer to him, approached. "I am sorry," said Harry, "but it *must* be done"; and, seizing his left ear, he dragged him from his seat, jerked him off his equilibrium, and left him in the necessary recumbent humiliation. Then gleefully he called to Jamie: "I am one ahead at the finish, son of a gun! Old England for ever!"

"I am not minding it," said James. "One in a dozen is of no account whatever." And each survivor of the fray gripped the right hand of the other in his own with the crushing grip developed by the use of ten-pound dumbbells.

Then garments were readjusted, and the victims left the field. In the silence a groan came from one of the vanquished, and a faint sound of weeping from another.

As they passed through the door, shutting it quickly behind them, the orchestra of the restaurant was impressively rendering the patriotic tune of "Ehren on the Rhine." The noise of instruments and chorus had effectually prevented the patriots without from receiving any hint of the tragedy occurring to the patriots within.

How the tragedy was eventually discovered, what the individuals who first looked upon it said, whether there was a commotion in the restaurant, whether the all-investigating German police were called in, and what explanation the victims gave of their condition, Jamie and Harry never knew. The more or less express train was carrying them at a speed of something between thirty and fifty miles per hour towards the port of Flushing, whence the Zeeland steamboat company's mail-boat would bear them beyond the reach of retribution.

In due course they were both once more at their own studies—the Scotsman at his native Alma Mater of Aberdeen, going in, extraordinary to relate, for divinity; and the Englishman taking a final course in medicine at a London hospital.



CHILDREN OF THE ARENA.

BY "EQUES."



Illustrated by
PAUL HARDY.

[This is the first of a series of articles which "Eques," who writes from personal experience, will contribute to *THE CAPTAIN* on curious and little-known facts about circus life.]

THE circus is one of the oldest—if not the oldest—of entertainments, and easily ranks as the most noble, for it presents not the mere mimicry of reality, but actual feats of human prowess. Furthermore, it has been patronised and encouraged by the best in the land. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, for instance, frequently "commanded" the Sanger Brothers to present their respective programmes before her and the royal children, and I have seen an enormous ring containing three hundred and sixty-four small diamonds, and one large one—each to represent a day in the year—that our present King and Queen gave Mr. George Sanger ere they assumed the regal crowns.

The late Duke of Wellington was a splendid supporter of the circus, and for a long season loaned his crack riding-school in Knightsbridge

to Van Hare, the circus proprietor, for performances, and commissioned Landseer to paint a picture of Van Amburgh, the famous tamer, in the lions' den.

The stage and its devotees have been written upon from almost every aspect, both truthful and untruthful. Yet it would be difficult to single out one book that gives an authentic insight into the lives of circus folk. Many people are prone to associate them with the gypsy. Such a comparison is utterly fallacious, for circus folk are as far removed from the gipsies as the English are from the Esquimaux.

They are the real Bohemians. The term Bohemian has been very much misused; in fact, it is often employed to describe a person of bad taste and indifferent manners. Bohemians are not necessarily lovers of Bacchanalian revelry, but those who exhibit a marked dis-

regard for the conventions of everyday life. Circus folk are Bohemians. Let me jot down a few odds and ends about their characteristics.

They have a weakness for conspicuous appearance, not that they wish to attract the attention of the outside world so much as to act in obedience to some inexplicable traditional imperative that is born within them. They wear their hair rather long at times, and have a liking for two extremes in dress, either plain black, or plaids and tweeds of elaborate pattern.

Superstition runs riot amongst circus artistes. I could fill a book on things to do and not to do in order to court fortune. However, a stray instance or so will serve as illustrations. It is most unlucky to cross a circus-ring directly; and to invite speedy disaster, it was at one time only necessary to employ the colour yellow. But the iconoclasts have proved this to be a fallacy, and now yellow is the most used colour in the business. To step on a tent-pole is considered very unlucky.

Then there are the "Jonahs." Should a series of mishaps follow the engagement of an employee, he is quickly recognised as being a "Jonah," and is disposed of with even greater celerity. An American circus proprietor, named "Yankee Robinson," once determined to suppress this idea, and made a practice of engaging people who were reputed "Jonahs."

Of course, his concern went on just the same, and as time proceeded the prejudice received a violent shaking. But Jonahism flourishes yet, for poor "Yankee Robinson" in after life lost his show and died in none too prosperous circumstances.

A love of diamonds is a perfect craze with circus people, particularly the Americans. I don't think it is so strong amongst the continental section; they seem to be more determined upon providing for that period of their lives when they will be beyond work. However, there is a great affection throughout the entire domain of the circus world for the turquoise. It is considered a mascot by them all. The weakness for diamonds is only equalled by that for advertising. Here again, the Americans score easily. The majority of them have not the slightest sense of modesty in claiming a position in their branch of the profession. The American artiste generally styles himself "The great So-and-So," and every performance is "the greatest in its line."

I was reading an American professional paper a short time ago, and came across the advertisement of two sensational cyclists of the "looping the loop" order, who were soliciting

engagements. It was a large advertisement, principally pictorial, and at its foot came their names and the following modest description of themselves. "The Intrepid Pair Who Twice Each Day Shake The Dice With Death, Skirting The Borderland Of Eternity On The Wings Of The Whirlwind. The Greatest Open Air Attraction On The Face Of The Earth, Bar—None."

However, in the "profession" it is never considered bad taste to dilate upon one's capabilities. This is, perhaps, the only objectionable feature about the circus artiste.

But it is almost condoned when one considers the applause, the enthusiastic encores, and the flattering Press notices occurring, as these do, almost every day, it is not surprising that they turn the simple Bohemian's head and make him imagine himself a much greater person than he really is.

Circus people are extremely moral, a large proportion of them being teetotalers and non-smokers. Strange to say, I have found, contrary to general opinion, that those engaged in hazardous performances are the most addicted to intemperance. Children of the arena evince a conspicuous facility in the rapid learning of foreign languages. The extensiveness of their travels seems to imbue them with a capacity for adapting themselves to any company into which they may wander, where they will display ease and coolness, always leaving a favourable impression behind them.

Theirs is a wonderful, fascinating life, in which time seems to fly. There is a wonderful witchery in it which hides all the possibilities of to-morrow. The wiseacre will enlarge upon the glories of certainty, but they are nothing compared with the charms of chance. If you do not know what to-morrow will bring forth, your mind is full of play, you conceive and stimulate fresh ideas. If you do know, your mind hovers about the next day and suffers a sort of cramp.

There is a certain magnetism about these people who are always travelling. They have a strange facial expression that is artistic. Artistic because they have lived natural lives and have always gazed on ever-changing, natural scenery. There is a lustre in their eyes that naturally comes to those who travel.

The old tales of the dreadful hardships endured by circus children are the most utter rubbish.

Whilst appearing before thousands daily, circus people live in a world of their own in which wife and children play the biggest parts. I am acquainted with hundreds of circus people,

and can truthfully say that I know of no class of people who are keener on securing the finest possible future for their children. They have no desire to make them "stars." In the first place, they are generally sent off to a good boarding-school, and on the completion of their education they have only to express a desire for a profession or a business, and every effort is made to gratify it.

Those who have a desire to enter the "profession" are always placed under an older person who is an exponent of the particular branch they wish to adopt. The sad-faced person "who knows" will tell you of the enormous amount of practice these children have to endure in order to obtain perfection. Well, supposing they have to rehearse a great deal, I have never known any accomplishment that is worth acquiring that did not require a deal of practice, and I don't imagine circus practice is nearly so tiring as the hard work necessary to secure good positions in the commercial world. Then it has its reward. The skilful execution of arenic feats brings rounds of prolonged applause and lucrative engagements, both of which are highly encouraging. You are talked about, you become a sort of public character. And publicity is the very breath of life to a performer.

The little boys seen in acrobatic troupes are more often apprentices than sons of proprietors, and smart, intelligent, well-mannered little fellows they are. Many of them before they are twenty have been all over the world.

The circus girl is a veritable model of womanly health and strength. From early childhood she is able to ride a horse, and indulges in all sorts of gymnastics, the result being that she becomes lithe and shapely and taking to the eye. There is nothing more graceful than a well-habited girl on the back of a fine horse.

Circus girls are conspicuous for their simple tastes. Public applause has but little effect upon them. They have various hobbies which they follow at their leisure; they do not seem to appreciate the true charm of the life because they have never known any other. They are ever under the supervision of their parents; for all circus girls have circus parents. You never find lone women in a circus as you do in a theatrical company. In this way, proper



HE IS QUICKLY RECOGNISED AS BEING A "JONAH."

parental influence dominates them until they marry, when they become excellent wives and mothers.

Circus performers have a distinct language of their own which never alters. Like all other cant languages, its object is to enable the initiated to converse within the hearing of others without being understood. Undoubtedly it originated during the Puritanical period years ago when a person who was connected with performers of any kind was considered "shady." People tried to work their way into their society for the purpose of obtaining ideas for fresh strictures. The stranger who entered into any sort of conversation with them was questioned and answered with a frequent inter-spersion of the slang, so that it was possible in a moment to tell whether he was a "traveller" or not.

The slang exists to this day, and unfortunately it has been pilfered by other classes. No matter how you try to avoid it, you find yourself using it. It is the same as the love for colour, and the eccentricities in dress and jewellery. It is a part of one's life. But I

don't think it is used so much as it was years ago. An affinity now exists between the public and the artistes. Many have married into the outside world, and many have settled down into retirement in non-professional districts. But it is doubtful if many real circus men enjoy retirement from business; if they are not too old, they invariably open up a new concern and finish their days on the road.

I will just quote a few words and their meaning from this queer language.

The ground on which a circus performance is given is the "tober." The horses are "prads," the performer is a "traveller"; in America they call him a "trooper." The performance is called a "slang"; in America it differs—there it is called a "stunt." In fact, with the Americans these two words are standard expressions, whilst for other things they have a stock of fresh words every season.

"John Audley" is one of the oldest expressions in English professional parlance. It is a signal to the artistes for the abbreviation of their performance, and was originated by a comedian named Shuter who appeared with Richardson's Show at old Bartholomew Fair. An old menagerie proprietor once told me of a rather funny incident that occurred at a country fair through "John Audley." Business was very good and the people were flocking in and out of the various attractions with great rapidity. So much so, that the proprietors realised that it would be well to curtail the performances in order that a greater number might be given. At a menagerie owned by

my friend, they considered the show had proceeded far enough, and so some one went inside and asked in a loud voice if "John Audley" were there? The performer who was appearing at the time, acknowledged the hint by replying "Yes, sir."

A yokel in the audience, hearing this, said to his mate: "Who be this John Audley? First they shouted for 'im in circus, then in waxworks, then in ghost show, an' now they're askin' for 'im 'ere. Why, John Audley's everywhere."

Though, perhaps, there are not so many "tenting" circuses in England to-day as there were twenty years ago, it must not be imagined that the circus industry is on the wane. The circus to-day appears in the variety theatre entertainment, of which I have always contended that the circus people are the founders.

The acrobat, the contortionist, the juggler, the hand-balancer, the versatile musician, the trapezist, the strong man, the wrestler, the animal trainer, the bird charmer, the male and female riders, and the wire-walkers, all belong to the circus. Delete such of these acts as are presented in a big programme, and you will find that you have nothing left but a few select types of song and dance and sketch.

They are a wonderful people—a splendid study for the sociologist; a class that fought the bitter opposition of a sour age, and have succeeded in teaching the public to appreciate performances of physical accomplishment—the purest form of entertainment.

Our First Acquaintance.

WHILE pushing on through mud and rain,
My snug, warm home I longed to gain;
But, hurrying to catch my train,
We met.

I saw him but a yard away;
There was not time one word to say;
I'd never seen him till the day
We met.

Our bags went flying far away;
Stars shone around in bright array;
I missed my train because—the jay!—
We met.

I started swiftly to the right,
And so did he—the senseless wight!
'Twas owing to his error quite
We met.

I tried to make a sudden dash;
He did the same—'twas very rash;
And then, with one resounding crash,
We met.

HERBERT J. BRANDON.

The Fate of the *Susanna*.

A TALE OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

By Major G. H. LANE.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

I.

PATRICK CARNEGIE, the hero of this yarn, had for many years been Commodore of a small line of steamers, running between London and the Hague, owned by the Brothers Browne. When the brothers inherited the fleet from their father, it had consisted of only two vessels, but such was their diligence and enterprise that it now numbered five. The last and largest addition, indeed, had only recently been purchased from an Australian company trading in the Black Sea. To meet the ever-increasing demand for passenger accommodation to the Netherlands, the vessel's capacity in that respect had been considerably enlarged. Her boilers, too, had been replaced by new ones. The day before our story opens, the vessel had been discharged from the shipbuilder's yard, moored alongside Mark Tapley's wharf, just below London Bridge, and duly rechristened the *Susanna* by the elder Mrs. Browne.

The Commodore was a silent and morose man, an ardent Baptist, and a confirmed bachelor, content to perform his duties—now taking in a cargo of bulbs or shrubs, now landing horses, now in ballast—without desire of praise, and expected his crew to do theirs. The latter respected and obeyed him; his employers also respected him, and asked and accepted his advice on all matters pertaining to the fleet. They recognised in him a valuable servant, and, from a sensitive feeling of inferiority in nautical matters, readily acquiesced in his ofttime abrupt suggestions. Beyond handing in his ship's papers, without comment, on his arrival in port, Patrick Carnegie was not known except by sight at the offices of the company.

Great was the astonishment of the Brothers Browne, therefore, when their head clerk

announced that the Commodore wished to have a word with them. An anxious feeling crept over them. Had their old servant been offered a better job and come to give notice? Their surmises were dispelled, however, by the entry of the Commodore.

"Ah, captain," said the elder brother, rising and shaking the sailor's weather-worn hand, "back again? Sit down."

Each paused, expecting the other to speak. The younger asked Carnegie what sort of weather he had experienced.

Disregarding the question, the skipper commenced, "I want to command the new boat for ten days, sirs, to take off a cargo of rich refugees from St. Petersburg—Grand Dukes and so on. No paper-money; cash down, twenty pounds a head. Better than bulbs or horses."

The captain, overcome by such an effort of verbosity, took out a large blue-and-white spotted handkerchief, mopped his face with it, and then replaced it in his spacious pocket. The brothers gazed at one another in dismay; the proposal was quite contrary to their object in purchasing and refitting the *Susanna*.

"But—but," stammered the senior partner, "the vessel hasn't a crew. No coal on board, no provisions, no—no—"

"Besides," interposed the younger brother, "we should have to insure her at war risks."

"I'll man her, victual her, coal her, insure her, and command her. Leave it all to me. It will pay for the boat," volunteered the skipper.

"Well, captain, we must consider it. It is impossible to decide so important a matter as this off-hand," said the elder brother.

"There's no time to consider," replied

the captain. "Half the towns in Russia are burnt already. The last boat left the river on Sunday, and others are too scared to enter. The mate of the *Jason* told me, and he don't lie."

The senior partner asked the skipper to step outside for a few minutes while they consulted.

"Carnegie never blundered," was the epitome of the conference. In a short time, Carnegie was called in and informed that his request was acceded to.

The captain put on his cap, touched its peak, and left the office.

Throughout the day the partners had grave misgivings as to the wisdom of their decision, and at six o'clock that evening they visited the vessel with a view to postponing, if not cancelling, its departure. However, at the sight of Captain Carnegie seated on the taffrail placidly smoking his pipe, they felt reassured, and decided that there was no urgency in the matter. They would defer taking definite action until the morning. So, after exchanging a few commonplace remarks with the skipper, they bade him "Good night."

Carnegie winked at the ship's cat, snoozing on the sponson.

"A risky go," said the junior partner, breaking the silence as they walked away.

"Risky?" said the other, "I call it rash—a mad gamble."

And thus on their way to the station, and in the train, did they continue to discuss the momentous matter which might bring ruin to the firm.

The brothers remained awake throughout the night, turning over the pros and cons of the venture. They rose early, and after a futile attempt at breakfast, caught the first train to the city, fully determined to cancel the departure of the ship.



AT THE SIGHT OF CAPTAIN CARNEGIE PLACIDLY SMOKING HIS PIPE, THE PARTNERS FELT REASSURED.

The *Susanna*, fully manned and provisioned, had sailed at 4 A.M., and by the time the brothers reached their office, was well clear of the Thames and threshing her way through the North Sea. What the captain had said was true. No time was to be lost. Incendiarism was rife throughout Russia, towns had been burnt to the ground, and both army and navy were in mutiny. Prisons were broken open, banks and shops were looted, and Jews massacred by thousands. The who'e of the aristocracy were striving to escape from the Fatherland—anyhow, anywhere,



THEY TREMBLINGLY OPENED THE PAPER.

Realising the futility of recriminations, the brothers philosophically determined to console themselves with the reflection that "Carnegie never blundered." Days passed without news of the ship. Startling headlines in the newspapers told of the excesses of the Black Gang and the reactionaries. The paper-boys shouted their worst items of news to dispose of their evening editions.

The brothers were silently crossing London Bridge when a cry burst on their ears:

Loss of the "Susanna." Two thousand hortocrats burnt alive. Speshawl.

Seizing a paper with trembling hands, the brothers opened it and read:

"The s.s. *Susanna*, London, Captain Carnegie, left the *Neva* this morning with some 2500 refugees on board, including many of the Grand Dukes, nobility, and first families in Russia. Scarcely had the ship

started on her way down the river than she was observed to be in flames from stem to stern. The officers jumped overboard soon after the outbreak, leaving passengers and crew to their awful fate. The vessel foundered amid an inferno of fire and loud explosions, and the shrieks of the passengers could be heard for miles. As yet no bodies have been recovered."

Sympathy bids us dwell but briefly on the anguish of the brothers, who, on their way to the city on the following morning, read in the more sedate papers a repetition of the news. Clustered round their offices were a group of reporters, who were abruptly told that there was no information to be given, and that no interviews would be granted, on which material long articles appeared in two early special editions.

The letters and telegrams were being listlessly opened, when the elder brother uttered a forcible exclamation and handed a telegram to his junior, who read: "*Stockholm, 18th. Susanna coaling. 1500 passengers. All well. Arrive Thames Thursday.—Carnegie.*"

"Eighteenth! Why, that's today. This was sent off this morning. 'Carnegie never blunders.'"

Had not the sober disposition of the owners of the Hague line been well known to their clerks, the latter might well have concluded that their chiefs had resolved, owing to adverse circumstances, to convert their business into a dancing-saloon.

II.

CAPTAIN CARNEGIE, after receiving his employers' sanction to commission their new vessel, lost no time in summoning all hands from his own boat—then about to be docked—with a view to prevailing upon them to "sign on" the *Susanna* for a special trip to the *Neva*.

"How about the risk, master?" muttered some.

"I'll see you are properly done by, lads, or I'll—I'll—I'll resign," replied the Captain.

That was enough. The crew all signed on. They knew the value of their skipper's word, and also how his resignation would be viewed by their employers.

Leaving the crew under the orders of the first mate, Carnegie negotiated the insurance

of his ship at a 25 per cent. rise for war risks, and sent off his various officers to engage extra stokers, cooks, and stewards. He himself attended to the speedy provisioning and coaling, both of which operations were completed by 3 P.M. The decks were washed and the ship trim an hour later, and the crew were allowed ashore until eight in the evening. Thus it was that, when they came on board at six, the brothers found their commodore calmly smoking his pipe. Little did they realise that the vessel, now so still and deserted, had but a few hours before been the scene of great activity. Still less did they dream of the tons of mutton which hung but a few feet below them, of the quarters of American beef, or the crowded collection of sacks of flour, of the filled bunkers, or the ready-laid fires in the furnaces. But Carnegie knew his masters, and, fearing lest they should repent their decision, had planned everything—not to deceive them, but to carry out his designs, which were, in his opinion, to the interest of the fleet.

So, at 4 A.M., the *Susanna* left the wharf, and, after an eventful voyage, was moored amidstream in the Neva, opposite St. Petersburg. Her arrival caused no little sensation, and when it became known that her destination was London, so fast did applications for passages pour in that within a few hours the full complement of fifteen hundred persons had paid for berths and were on board.

The boats were hoisted up to the davits, and the hawser was about to be loosened from the mooring buoy. Sums of a hundred, a thousand roubles were now offered for a passage by some left behind. But the captain was inflexible. He was full up, and said so.

Accommodation for those on board was allotted according to space. The saloons and decks alike were a welcome sanctuary to the refugees.

A few hundred yards ahead of the *Susanna* was moored a Russian gun-boat, a fact brought into startling evidence by the discharge of her port gun. The shot struck the water a few yards in front of the passenger ship's bows.

The panic-stricken refugees realised their perilous situation when they saw the red flag of revolution flying at the masthead of the war-vessel. The breathless lull of silence which followed this incident was broken by the rattling of musketry on the quay, mingled with the shrieks of the mob which could be seen rushing this way and that, as the

Cossacks chased them up and down the streets leading to the riverside.

Instantly grasping the situation, Carnegie, through the medium of his interpreter, exhorted his terrorised passengers to remain calm and obey orders. Or, if they preferred it, he would take his vessel alongside the quay and disembark them. With a choice of the devil and the deep sea, the scared passengers elected to accept the latter alternative.

"Lower the gig," shouted the skipper.

"Aye, aye, sir," returned the quartermaster.

"Haul down the company's flag. Send the Russian cook forward," continued Carnegie.

Then, whispering through the engine-room tube, he ordered a full head of steam to be made up and the engineer to stand by. A hasty set of instructions was given to the officers surrounding him, though what they were the passengers, from ignorance of our language, were unable to comprehend. Turning at last to the passengers, he directed them to go below and obey orders implicitly.

Then, accompanied by the cook, he disappeared over the ship's side into the gig, and, seating himself in the stern, ordered the crew to row swiftly towards the mutinous man-of-war. A few moments brought the boat below the gun-boat's gangway, when Carnegie rose and saluted a forbidding-looking individual who was leaning over the bulwark, surrounded by a crowd of half-drunken sailors.

Addressing his interpreter, the Russian cook, he said, "Tell that Admiral with a dirty face and a blue-stocking on his head that my ship will be on fire in a few moments, and all the passengers fried to death. They have already been battened down below for the purpose. The officers, of whom there are eleven, will, on the hoisting of the red flag, all jump overboard, and wish to be picked up by the gun-boat. The blazing vessel will then be allowed to steam without control full speed ahead down the river."

This information having been duly interpreted by the cook to the mutineers, the Captain again saluted and ordered his men to row him quickly back to the *Susanna*, leaving the self-gazetted commander and his muddled crew to puzzle out the mystery. The gig was hastily hoisted on board, and the red flag run up to the masthead. Soon afterwards, flames began to pour through the foremost port-holes.



EXPLOSION AFTER EXPLOSION THREW UP SHOWERS OF SPARKS ABOVE THE TOPMASTS.

"Full speed ahead for all she's worth," shouted the skipper to the engine-room.

As the vessel leapt forward at a bound in response to the moving of the levers, the flames spread with alarming rapidity. Port-hole after port-hole poured out huge tongues of fire. The yells of the passengers were augmented by the wild shrieks of the syren. Explosion after explosion threw up showers of sparks above the tops of the masts. Even the mutineers were appalled and rendered powerless of action in the presence of this holocaust—this sacrifice made on behalf of an ignorant and newly-fledged democracy.

From the deck of the rebel battleship, through the smoke enveloping the burning steamer, figures of men jumping astern could be seen. Friends and reformers no doubt, but impossible to rescue.

Twenty minutes after the tragic occurrences narrated above, the stewards were busy preparing the tables for the first meal of the hungry, puzzled passengers on board the *Susanna*, who, in accordance with the Captain's commands, as interpreted to them by the Russian cook, had shouted themselves hoarse, and were now pronounced to be out of danger. Though realising that they had been brought through a crisis, they failed to understand why frying-pans filled with burning pitch and resin had been held out of the port-holes, why the saloon table-cloths,

saturated with paraffin, were allowed to blaze from iron rods held over the side of the ship, or why the syren shrieked and dummy figures weighted with shot were, on passing the *Petrolovitch*, cast overboard, to leave but a few caps floating to record the occurrence. The only one on board able to explain was now busy with the staple dishes about to appear in the saloons and wherever room could be found to feed the passengers.

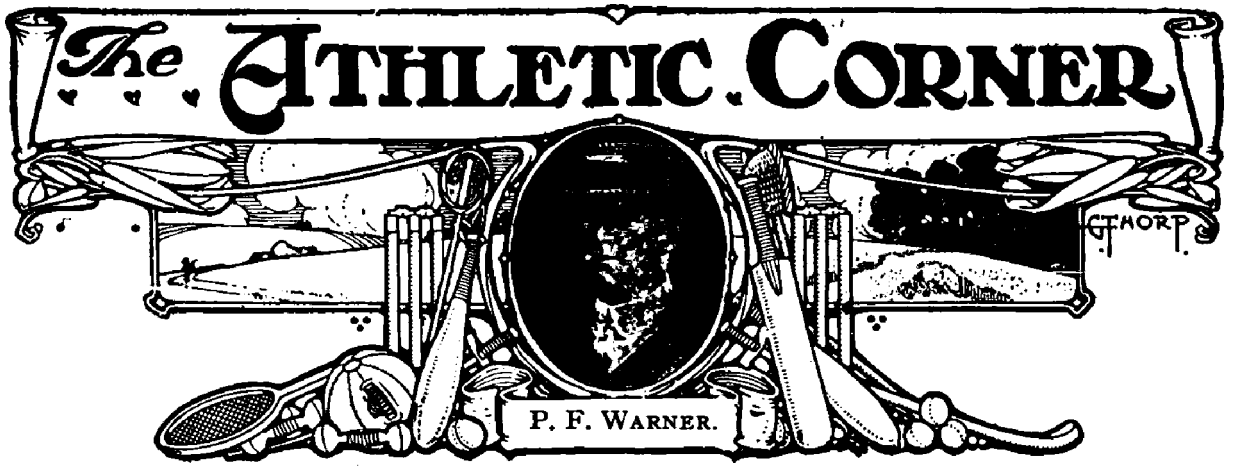
After the *Susanna* had cleared the Gulf of Finland, the course of the vessel was directed to Stockholm, whence the telegram before-mentioned was despatched. Greatly surprised were the passengers and crew at the enthusiastic greeting they received on passing Gravesend.

A few days later, when the circumstances of the *Susanna's* escape became known, the German Emperor wired his intention of decorating Captain Carnegie with the 4th Class order of the Black Eagle. The Russian Sovereign, in recognition of the skipper's action, which resulted in the salvation of the flower of his bureaucracy, bestowed on him the 7th Class order of St. Peter. Later on, he received a knighthood from his King, a heavy purse from his passengers, and a pension from his employers.

Sir Patrick has now given up a seafaring life, and passes his time in fret-work and chip-carving.

In a German University.

THE routine of a German course is somewhat different from that of a 'Varsity course at home. The first thing to be done is to matriculate, for which you go up on certain appointed days. Here the German has to produce a certificate to the effect that he has passed with credit through the course of one of two particular kinds of school. This is quite an easy matter for the secretary to verify. But when the poor man gets an English document presented to him, as he cannot read it he has to go by books, and, if it is official-looking, it passes, but not otherwise. Numerous stories are told of the subterfuges of foreign students who arrive without a diploma of some kind. Passports are favourite substitutes, a document stating that during the present term the bearer's German had improved but his Latin was very bad, and so on, did duty quite recently, and it is even said that some daring spirits have done wonders with an American one-dollar bill and a piece of sealing-wax when there was not time to send home for a diploma. However, this being safely over, you repair on the following Saturday to the aula, shake hands with the pro-rector, and receive an identification and a sheet of paper of some two or three square feet, setting out in Latin that you are an honest young man and that in the name of the Kaiser and Prince Albrecht you have been admitted a student of the University. If you then want to take a degree you must study at least three subjects, one major and two minor, with a dissertation in your chief subject. This usually takes two or three terms, of which there are two in the year, of four or five months respectively—somewhat longer than our academic years. When you have finished this and are ready, you may take your examination when you like. This does not last so long as the ordeal we are used to, but is considerably more trying while it does last. You are examined by a board of three professors, one in each of your subjects, and the first stage of the process is to go round in evening clothes in broad daylight and make a call on these gentlemen—the same to be repeated when it is over. Then on the appointed day the three professors have you for two hours, and are at liberty to ask you what they like. However, it has also the advantage that you are not kept some weeks in suspense afterwards, but are told your fate straight away.—From *Allan Glen's Monthly*.



THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME.

Some Remarks on "Trickery" in Rugby Football.

ALL is fair in love and war," is an everyday expression with which we are all familiar, but, like other expressions of the same description, it is highly misleading. When we speak of "the exception which proves the rule," we really mean, "the exception which proves that there is a rule," and, when we say that "all is fair in love and war," we mean that, "all *should* be fair in love and war." A sense of fairness and chivalrous generosity in the fields of war and love has been the charm of many a noble character, both in fiction and in history, and one of the primary aims of present-day education should be the encouragement and fostering of these virtues. There is, however, no part of a boy's education which calls forth and stimulates these sentiments in the same way, and in the same degree, as the game in which he takes part, and the little boy who, when first he goes to school, has no compunction about appealing for "leg before wicket" upon every possible occasion, no matter where he himself happens to be fielding,

VERY SOON DISCOVERS THAT THIS IS
NOT "PLAYING THE GAME,"

and no longer appeals when—the wish being father to the thought—he thinks the batsman may be given out. In the same way that it is contrary to the spirit of the game to try and bluff a man out, it would generally be regarded with disapproval if the bowler ran a man out who happened to be backing up, unless he had first warned him of his intentions, but no one has a word to say

against the bowler who can bowl an off-break with a leg-break action, or for the man who bowls the "swerver." There is, therefore, in every game, a code of unwritten laws which every self-respecting man does his best to observe, and which goes to make up what is meant by "the spirit of the game."

Now, in Rugby Football the number of these unwritten laws is very numerous, and there are, unfortunately, a great many men who fail to realise their vital importance to the game, and who come on to the field determined to win at all costs. We have no sympathy for the team which is practically beaten before it begins the match, and which makes no fight for victory, but we admire the team which can take a defeat like men in the firm hope of one day retrieving the disaster, instead of descending to

THE FEEBLE EXPEDIENTS OF ROUGH PLAY AND UNFAIR TRICKS,

which ruin the game and degrade those who resort to them. It is still more unfortunate that these expedients, which are generally the last resource of the side which has more strength than science to recommend it, are also practised by some of the cleverest and most scientific teams in the land, either from a mistaken idea of what is, or is not, contrary to the spirit of the game, or because there are black sheep in every flock who delight, out of sheer devilry, in playing as near the whistle as they can and, if possible, stealing a march on the referee. This conduct has changed the position of the referee; his functions are now greatly in-

creased by having to keep a sharp lookout for unfair practices instead of merely deciding the ordinary points of the game; he has, in fact, to enforce the observance of the unwritten laws as well as to decide matters concerning the written laws of the game. But this prerogative is limited, and there are certain offences which are grossly against the spirit of the game, which it is often impossible for him to detect, and which it is frequently beyond his power to penalise.

The old practice of putting the ball into the scrum with a spin on it, so that it twisted back into the feet of one's own forwards, was soon detected, and referees are, therefore, in the habit of having the ball put in on *their* side of the scrummage in order that they may see if it is put in fairly; but another trick has only just been made illegal. It was the custom of many half-backs, when the ball was being heeled out by their own forwards, to kick it back into the scrum just as the opposing half-backs came rushing round, and they then appealed for offside and were frequently allowed a free-kick. Fortunately this sharp practice has been stopped quite recently, any attempt on the part of the half-back to carry out this manoeuvre being rewarded with a free-kick to the opposite side.

ANOTHER TRICK IS TO PRETEND TO PUT THE BALL INTO THE SCRUMMAGE

and then appeal for "legs up," but as both sides are probably guilty of this breach of the rules, a referee is seldom taken in by the appeal. A half-back is often guilty of picking the ball out of the scrum, but this is a fault which even the most exemplary players may commit, out of sheer over-eagerness and excitement; nevertheless, it is frequently done on purpose, especially if the referee is not very smart.

But it is in the scrum itself that most of the rough play and unfair tricks take place, and it is here that the referee has most difficulty in seeing what is going on. It is no uncommon thing to have an opponent's fingers clutching at your throat, or to have his knee brought up sharply under your chin or into the pit of your stomach, but this, fortunately, is only in a certain class of football which the average man avoids as much as possible. Getting the ball back with one's hands is another trick which the referee cannot always see, but, perhaps, some of the most unfair play takes place out of touch, when a shove in the face or back just as the ball is being thrown to a man

puts him momentarily off the ball, which is secured by the perpetrator of this trick. One great difficulty exists in marking out of touch; if your opponent jumps for the ball and you wait to see if he catches it, he will probably run off with it or pass it out to his three-quarters; thus it is a sore temptation to take the bull by the horns and grass your opponent when he jumps; nine times out of ten he has the ball, but, if he hasn't, such an action on your part leads to friction and should, therefore, be avoided as much as possible. One of the most irritating things is to be tackled when you are dribbling, or when you have either passed or kicked the ball some appreciable time before, but these are everyday occurrences.

ALL METHODS OF OBSTRUCTION ARE ALSO · ODIUS,

being quite contrary to the spirit of the game. A few years ago a gross case of this sort occurred at Oxford, when a certain player in a certain team which was playing against the 'Varsity deliberately ran alongside one of his own men and shielded him from the attempts of his opponents to collar him. Such open obstruction was detected and penalised, but there is a great deal of obstruction which cannot easily be detected and which only a keen sense of fairness will prevent. The practice of forming up crooked in the front rank, in such a way as not to give the opponents a fair shove, is also contrary to the spirit of the game, at least, in its inception, for the traditions of the game have always supposed a trial of strength between the forwards. A referee has, indeed, to be very wideawake when certain teams are engaged, and he has more-over to make up his mind very quickly; any semblance of a try and the half is bringing the ball out for the place-kick, whilst the supposed try-getter is receiving mock congratulations from the rest of the team. The referee must verily have a will of iron and be uncommonly sharp not to be taken in by this sort of bluff.

This seems like painting a very lurid picture, but it is none the less true that among a certain class of players, that has never grasped what is meant by the spirit of the game, these tricks and fouls are of common occurrence. No one would suggest that it was contrary to the spirit of the game to swerve or feint, and no one minds being handed off if he is foolish enough to go high for his man, whilst any one who objects to being

tackled hard should not play football; but it is the underhand tricks and deliberate roughness which tend to ruin one of the finest games in the world. Surely the class of wilful offenders must be very numerous when

NO LESS THAN FOURTEEN REASONS ARE ASSIGNED FOR GIVING FREE-KICKS

by way of penalties; for example, "if any player wilfully hacks, hacks-over, or trips-up;" or "not himself running for the ball, charges or obstructs an opponent not holding the ball," or "wilfully prevents the ball being fairly put into the scrummage," a very common form of unfair play, though the dividing line is here rather difficult to see. It was found impossible to penalise J. Daniel's famous method of getting the ball with his knees, because the ball was of necessity in the scrum before he got it, and no one considered this act of his as contrary to the spirit of the game, though the deliberate practice of getting in crooked in the front rank to disconcert your opponents, which is adopted by some teams, is perverting the true spirit of Rugby football; and yet it is very difficult to penalise. The trick which some players have of jumping over an opponent who goes for their ankles

cannot be called unfair, though it is exceedingly dangerous to both parties concerned, and should, therefore, be discouraged. An elaborate system of signals is likewise somewhat dubious, though undoubtedly within the letter of the law.

In conclusion it may be said that although the distinction between what is fair and what is unfair is not always easy to draw, there exists in the minds of most men a certain knowledge or sentiment, which should prevent them from offending against the spirit of the game. For example, it is not unfair for the side which is playing with a strong wind or bright sun on their backs to kick high and follow up, any more than it is unfair to put the fast bowler on down the hill;

THIS IS STRATEGY, NOT TRICKERY.

But there is no gainsaying that a great deal of sharp practice and rough play takes place which is most detrimental to the game, and no amount of legislation, no increase in the prerogative of the referee, nor any form of penalty, can put a stop to this unless men have a clear understanding of the spirit of the game, unless they learn that it is no disgrace to be beaten in fair fight, and unless they realise that it is possible to play hard, and play to win, and yet play fair.



RUGBY INTERNATIONAL STATISTICS.

IT is now thirty-five years since the first Rugby International match was played.

The match in question was between Scotland and England, and to Scotland fell the honour of winning it.

It was in 1879 that the Calcutta Cup was given for competition between Scotland and England; but, as the match of that season ended in a draw, it was not until the following year that the Cup was won, England becoming the first proud possessor of it. Since then, Scotland has won the Cup eleven times to England's seven, and from 1892 Scotland has triumphed nine times to England's twice, whilst two matches have been drawn.

Ten years ago England and Scotland were regarded as the greatest Rugby countries, but during the past years a great change has taken place. England has steadily lost ground, and has been in the unenviable position of winning the "wooden spoon" three times; Scotland

still retains her old reputation; but the greatest change has taken place in Wales and Ireland.

It was in 1883 that the Championship was based on proper lines, as, previous to this, Wales had no match with Scotland. By 1892 Scotland had won eight out of the ten matches played against Wales, and had only been once defeated by the Principality; whilst England, out of nine matches played against Wales, had won seven, and had also been beaten but once, one match being drawn. Since 1892, however, Wales has defeated Scotland eight times out of twelve, and England nine times out of fourteen—facts which show for themselves that Wales has made enormous strides during the last twelve seasons.

Ireland, too, has made a name for herself. Up to 1894 England had won fifteen times to Ireland's once, but since then Ireland can claim nine victories to England's four.

Wales gained the Championship for the first

time in 1893, and since then have won the Triple Crown thrice—1900, 1902, and 1905.

Ireland has also been at the top three times, the first occasion on which she won the Championship being in 1894.

In 1891, Scotland, which then won the Triple Crown, scored seventy-four points to a solitary goal scored by England. This establishes a record for points scored in International matches.

Appended is the position of the four countries since 1892, excluding all Internationals played this year.

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	For.	Agst.
Wales . . .	36	23	1	12	367	224
Scotland . .	37	19	5	13	211	192
Ireland . . .	38	16	3	19	186	243
England . . .	39	11	3	25	244	340

R. O. MACKAY.

It would probably be a revelation to most people to see a game in one of the playgrounds at Redland Hill. There, fellows who know every inch of the ground and surroundings, and how to use every piece of wall or opening to the best advantage, will accomplish most extraordinary feats of skill in rushing along with the ball, passing opponents, and shooting brilliant goals; it is, indeed, as Mr. Warner describes it, "artistic jugglery."

As you might expect, our Old Boys' team, the "Old Redland Hillians," as they are called, is about the best in this part of the country.

Hockey is, indeed, a magnificent game, and there is no doubt that the more it is known and played, the better and more interesting will it become.

DOUGLAS L. PAKEMAN.

A HOCKEY SCHOOL.

I WAS exceedingly pleased to see Mr. Warner's article on Hockey in the February CAPTAIN, especially as I belong to the school which he mentions at the close of his remarks as being the school where hockey is the only winter game played. He has made a little mistake in the name, however, which he gives as "Redhill School," whereas it should be "Redland Hill House School." It is situated near the famous Clifton Downs—Redland being one of the principal suburbs of the city of Bristol.

In other respects, however, he is perfectly correct, for I have never yet come across another school that plays hockey alone in the winter. For this reason I am sending you a photograph which was recently taken of our School XI., and which I thought might be interesting to the readers of THE CAPTAIN.

We have been enjoying a very successful season, our record to date being as follows: Played, 14; won, 9; lost, 2; drawn, 3; goals, for, 78; against, 25. Of course, we always play men's teams, as, until recent years, there was hardly a chance of even an occasional inter-school fixture; and whenever we do happen to play such a match, we generally win by a pretty substantial margin—the most recent being eleven goals to two, and the one before seventeen to nil. I remember, one week last term, we had two matches, one on the Wednesday, the other on the Saturday. In those two games alone we scored an aggregate of thirty-three goals: surely that must be something like a record!

Vol. XV.—81



REDLAND HILL HOUSE SCHOOL HOCKEY XI., 1905-6.

FULL-BLUE SUGGESTION.

THE advance of hockey is marked but dimly by the slight acknowledgment it receives from the Universities, who only grant a half-blue to representative players, in spite of the fact that at the two seats of learning there are about 1500 devotees of the game. Surely it is now time that a full-blue was granted to representatives at this branch of sport. Cambridge were the first to grant a half-blue, in 1894, and Oxford followed suit in 1900. Some few years ago a proposition to Cambridge to grant a full-blue was defeated by one vote only. Another proposal of a similar kind might mean that 'Varsity hockey men will get the full honour, as they undoubtedly deserve.—*Daily Chronicle*, February 22.



AWAY, AWAY, ON OUR MATCH AGAINST TIME WITH DEATH.

A Sand-storm in the Desert.

By DAVID KER. Illustrated by EDGAR HOLLOWAY.



UNRISE on a 'glorious May morning in Central Asia; in the background, the hot brassy desert melting drearily into the dim, blue, infinite sky; in the fore-ground, a wide waste of smooth water, beside which squat a group of dusky, wild-looking, ape-like figures, and several huge

ungainly camels, couched on the warm, dry earth, with their long pipe-like necks outstretched in lazy enjoyment; and, a little beyond them, a steaming Russian tea-urn watched by three bearded vagabonds in grimy forage-caps and ragged cotton jackets, once white, but now the colour of a collier's table-cloth.

This water (which is fringed with a scanty growth of short, coarse, wild grass, of an ominous blood-red tint) is the famous freshwater lake marked on our maps as the Sea of Aral, and formed by the two great Tartar rivers, the Oxus and Jaxartes, now known as the Syr-Daria and Amu-Daria, or "Clean River" and "Dirty River"—a somewhat invidious distinction, both alike being as dirty as they can well be.

The three scare-crows round the tea-urn are myself and two young Russian officers, who have come up to the lake from one side just as I reached it from the other; and the skin-clad hobgoblins in the rear represent our Tartar servants and Kirghiz camel-drivers.

Men are apt to make friends pretty quickly in one of the wildest wastes of Asia, amid a hostile population and an atmosphere of constant peril; and in a trice I am on a quite companionable footing with the newcomers, who greet me with that frank, kindly courtesy in which the Russian officer of the right sort is not surpassed by any man alive. They invite me to share their desert breakfast, to which I make a few additions from my own stock; and in less than five minutes we are all three chatting away like old acquaintances.

"Have you got enough food to carry you

through to Fort No. 1? We have far more of this white bread of ours than we shall want, and it will be better eating for you than that gritty biscuit."

And the kind young fellows actually force upon me a small white loaf, to the huge delight of my Tartar henchman, who regards such a thing as a first-class dainty, having gravely asked me, only a day or two before, "if one got white bread to eat in heaven."

But the sun is mounting fast, and ere long it is time to be off once more. The waterskins are re-filled from the lake, the camels are yoked again, the servants and drivers take their places on the rude waggons. My young hosts take leave of me with a cheery "*Stchastleevi poot!*" ("Prosperous journey!") and away they go to the west and I to the east, never to meet again.

The kindly farewell of the young Russians, however, does not seem very likely to be prophetic, for by far the worst part of my journey is still to come. I have, indeed, got safe across one desert; but a second, even more perilous, lies just before me, and what with sand-storms, hot winds, pitfalls, wolves, and occasional robbers, I may certainly think myself lucky if I can reach the Syr-Daria without some serious mishap.

But just at first all goes well. The camels, refreshed by their halt, scud along bravely; and though the "road" (a mere caravan-track over the bare, shifting sands) is marked only by piled-up heaps of the bones of horses, camels, and even *men*, my gaunt, swarthy, keen-eyed driver—who is evidently well used to these ominous mile-stones—never pauses or hesitates for a moment.

So, hour after hour, the long, weary, burning day drags on. The same tomb-like silence and utter, awful loneliness; the same whirl of stifling dust-clouds—the same quivering film of intense heat along the horizon—the same blistering glare, seeming to drink up one's very life—the same bare, parched, gritty soil, split with countless dry, dusty clefts, like thirsty lips gaping in vain for water.

[It is a curious fact, by-the-by, that the three great deserts of Central Asia are called respectively—Kara-Koom (Black Sand), Kizil-Koom (Red Sand), and Ak-Koom (White Sand), and that the sands of all three alike happen to be pale grey!]

Evening is just beginning to wane into night, and the sun is setting gloriously in a cloudless sky, when we see far away in front of us a long, low rise (it can hardly be called a hill) breaking the dreary sameness of the grey, unending level. At the same moment I feel a faint breath of wind from the north-east—the first that day, for the air has been unwontedly still—which, in place of being heated by its passage over so many miles of burning desert, is strangely and startlingly cold!

Looking up, I notice that our three camels are snuffing the air uneasily, and manifestly quickening their pace, while the Kirghiz, with a very grave look on his gaunt, swarthy, wild-eyed face, is gazing fixedly up at the sky to windward. Look as I may, I can see nothing in that quarter to account for his visible anxiety; but my Tartar, Murad (who knows these perilous wastes better than I do), explains all by uttering, in a low, hissing whisper, a single word:

“*Tebbad!*” (a sand-storm).

That one word is more than enough to tell the whole story.

But if I can see no sign of danger, our camel-driver evidently does; for his long whip (idle till now) is in his hand at once, and he lays it on to the flying camels (which are harnessed to the waggon three abreast) with all his might and main, encouraging them at the same time with a succession of ear-piercing howls that would make the best war-whoop ever uttered by a Red Indian hide its head for shame.

But the poor camels needed neither scourge nor shout to urge them on. Their unerring instinct had already warned them of what was at hand; and their long shambling trot became a perfect rush, so impetuous that nothing could be seen of them amid the dust-clouds which they flung up, save a passing glimpse of huge, black, bony limbs darting to and fro like the piston-rod of an engine.

Away, away, on our match against time with death—the red sunset turning the great plain around us into a lake of blood, over which the light waggon goes leaping, bumping, and banging to and fro, like a boat in a stormy sea. Louder and wilder

grow the yells of our Kirghiz driver, whose lean, dark, wolfish face looks scarcely human as he shakes the reins with one hand, and hangs forward to ply the whip with the other.

And now I suddenly perceive that the distance to windward is growing blurred and dim, as if seen through a wet window-pane; and, recalling at once all that I have heard of such appearances in the desert, I begin to realise, at last, that we are indeed in a very ugly scrape.

But there was no time to think of it, for by this time our headlong rush (the speed of which, over such ground, was nothing short of a marvel) had brought us right to the foot of the low ridge that had been so far away when we first sighted it. Up it we scurried helter-skelter, stones and gravel flying on every side, and the waggon jolting and jumping as if it would turn right over.

And now we were half-way up—and now we were close to the top—and now, with heaving flanks and quivering lips, the frantic beasts whirled us up right on to the crest of the ridge, where, to my utter amazement, the Kirghiz brought them to a dead halt, just where we were exposed, with not a hand-breadth of shelter, to the full fury of the coming whirlwind!

Just at that instant the sun plunged below the horizon, and all was dark.

Quick as thought, the camels couch themselves flat on the earth, and the driver throws himself down behind them, pulling his long sheepskin mantle closely over his head.

My Tartar and I have barely time to muffle our faces in like manner, and to fling ourselves down in the bottom of the waggon, when suddenly a leaden dimness swoops down over the whole sky, and there comes a rush and a roar, and we are blinded, deafened, and strangled, all in the same moment.

Beneath the sweep of the charging whirlwind, our strong waggon rocks and reels like a wave-lashed wreck; and the whole air is filled with the howl of the storm, and the shrill “*pirr-pirr*” of the flying sand against the tilt and sides of our shelter, very much like the piping of a million of mosquitoes.

Half-stifled as we are, we seem to have lain there for many hours (though, in fact, it is a good deal less than one) listening to that deep unslackening roar that rages above us as if it would go on for ever. But at last the hideous uproar begins to die away—



WE VENTURED TO PEER CAUTIOUSLY FORTH.

the trembling of the waggon grows less and less violent, the rush of the driving sand fainter and fainter—till at length we venture to draw aside our muffings, and to peer cautiously forth.

A pale gleam of moonlight is just struggling through the hurrying clouds, and it lights up a strange and startling scene.

All around, far as eye can reach, the smooth sand is billowed into ridges and hollows like the surging waves of a stormy ocean. Our waggon itself is half-buried, and what little of it can be seen above the sand looks as if it had just been steeped in fresh lime. Our camels have vanished outright; and when our driver starts up all at once from the huge sand-drift that has entombed him, it is just as though he had actually risen from the grave.

In spite of all my wrappings, my face is gritty enough to strike a match on, and my Tartar's dusky visage looks like a freshly dug potato. The warm and genial air, too, has suddenly grown chilly as a tomb; for this Siberian hurricane has brought with it cold memories of frozen seas, and leagues of snowy moorland, and half-seen ice-bergs

drifting wearily beneath the Polar night, and this pale grey sand is one of the coldest surfaces in the world at night.

But all this is a trifle compared with the mortal peril that we have just escaped; for, on any spot save this—where the sweep of the storm-wind along this bare ridge-top has kept whirling away the sand ere it had time to accumulate—a few moments would have sufficed to bury us fathoms deep, at once and for ever. The camels shamble to their feet again, and shake themselves clear of the clinging sand—the stoical driver, with true Mussulman apathy, climbs to his seat again as if nothing had happened—and off we go once more.

Wrapping myself anew in my trusty shawl, I go quietly off to sleep again, in spite of the joint-cracking jolts of my primitive chariot. My philosophical Tartar promptly does the same; and when we awake once more, it is to find our waggon at a standstill in the tiny Kirghiz village that has grown up around Fort No. 1, and the setting moon glimmering faintly upon the wide, smooth, dark stream of the historical Syr-Daria.

SHREWSBURY SLANG.

BY AN EX-CAPTAIN OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

EVERY public school has a certain number of words or expressions peculiar to itself, which, if collected and tabulated, would form an interesting paper; but the aims of the present writer are far more humble. He wishes to give his mite by attempting some sort of description of the slang at present prevalent at Shrewsbury.

The average Salopian sleeps peacefully through first and second bells and only wakes at the prolonged ringing of "third bell" at half-past seven. He then rises more or less rapidly, says his "digs" (or prayers), snatches up a towel and rushes to the "swills," which consist of a pipe with a long split in it through which the water dashes down on to him. He will probably have to "hare" or "tow" if he wants to get into chapel and so avoid two "detentions." After chapel comes "first lesson" for an hour—all this, of course, providing he has not got a "long lie" for illness, supposed or real, or some other reason. Before going into breakfast, if he is a boating man, he will run to the pavilion and "ram" for a boat in the morning, "after twelve," or after lunch. Breakfast over, he will probably be one of a "struing party," and go rapidly through his "strues" for second lesson, let us hope without a "cab," or key. This also is the time to be "head-roomed," or had up for one's sins before the monitors of the house or school præ-posters as the case may be. After two hours of second lesson, in the winter there may be "doul-ing," or compulsory football (from *doulos*, a slave), or possibly a "house tow" or compulsory run. In the summer, cricket is not compulsory, but for "new scums" there may be "rolling" on the cricket pitch, in lieu of a horse, and certainly there will be "fielding at nets" for one or two unhappy mortals; the rest will play "small game," "slack it," or "sap" (work) as their mood directs. Nay, not a few, contrary to their inclinations, will be on "detentions" till half-past twelve, and perhaps after that "on idle list" till half-past one. On "detentions" they will write forty-six lines of Latin grammar, but if they are in the upper school fellows do not attend "deten-

tions," but write at their ease two "penals" (of twenty-three lines) for each "detention."

On Milton has devolved the honour of being the author from whom all "penal lines" are set, and so when anyone is "given a book" it is not a complimentary presentation, but rather some few hundred lines of "Paradise Lost" for him to write. No one can "go down town" unless he be a monitor or "poster," or get leave. But this rule does not, of course, apply to "skytes," which euphonious name, derived from *skuthos*, the Greek "outcast," is applied to day boys. Unless there is either a "half" or "monthly excuse," there will be third lesson at three, either till four or five. In the winter, "lock-ups" will begin before six, and fellows will "brew" tea or cocoa in their studies, and then wash their cups, except the monitors and fellows in "end studies," who have scavengers to do such jobs. Then at a quarter to seven all such as have brewed wisely and not too well will proceed to tea, and during this meal the "hall crier" will cry any article lost or found, prefacing his remarks with "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez," and ending with "God Save the King, and down with the Radicals!" He also cries any notices ordered by the "hall constable," who, with the other less envied officials, is elected at the beginning of each term at "hall elections." At half-past seven the lower half of the school go to the school buildings for "top schools," or preparation till nine, while the upper school work in their own studies. At nine there is "call over" and prayers in the several houses, and at ten o'clock the bell goes for bed. After two more bells—one for "digs," the other for "lights out"—the gas is turned off by the house master and "John" (man servant). Should anyone still wish for light, he would light a "tolly" (candle); but this is rarely done, as the monitor himself is generally too conscientious, and anyone else would assuredly meet with his deserts in the shape of a "swiping." And so, unless some other dormitory starts a "rag," talking is soon stopped by the monitor, and so ends a specimen day of the average Salopian.

O. S.

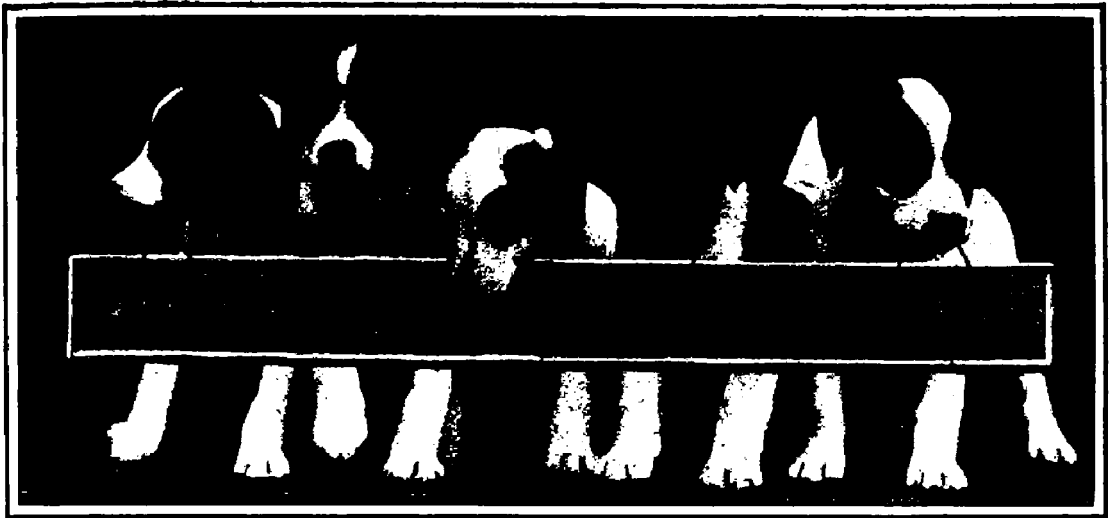


Photo. by]

[Chas. J. Hankinson.

ART V. BUTTON-PRESSING.

THE approach of another photographic season gives me a good opportunity for putting into words sundry thoughts that have been simmering in my head for some time past. They focus on a topic to which I have referred incidentally once or twice before; and are prompted by the hundreds of competition photographs which have come under my notice.

Scattered all over the Empire are many keen photographers who send in their prints month by month in the hope that the word "Prize" may appear before their names when the results are announced several weeks later. Now, your Photographic Editor is very pleased to see such keenness. It would be a sad day for him were the large piles of envelopes and packets of various size, which the competitions now bring in, replaced by a meagre dozen or two of entries. The more the merrier, says he. But, speaking in strict confidence, he would like to see better quality as well as greater quantity. There are, indeed, always *some* very good pictures in each class, yet their number varies greatly from month to month; nor are the leanest months necessarily those during which the light is least favourable to photography.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

In this coming summer we want our friends of the camera to endeavour to make the most of their opportunities. Photography offers so splendid a field for the exercise of taste and workmanship that every beginner may be said to carry a potential Gold Medal in his camera bag. Apparatus is wonderfully cheap; so are

materials of all kinds. But what never can become cheap is *good taste and care*. You must remember that nowadays no, or little, credit attaches to the fact that you can "take photos." Anybody who has bought apparatus, chemicals, and a book of instructions may turn out a very respectable negative at the first essay. And it



"FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE."

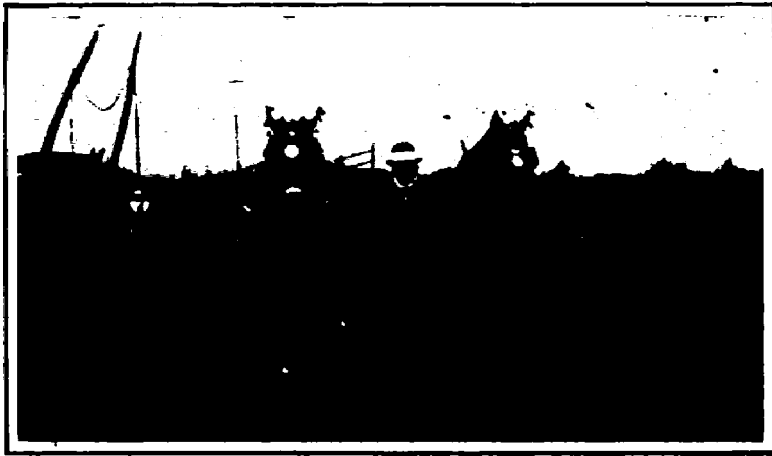
G. S. B. Cushnie.

The composition is very good. The photographer has here made a very creditable choice of subject.

therefore happens that an invitation to "come and look through my album" is not always very gratefully received. You know what the average amateur's album amounts to: a collection of prints good, bad, and indifferent—mostly the two last—powerfully conducive to yawns and boredom. The owner of the album may feel interested in every one of the prints, because he remembers incidents connected with the making of them. But he mustn't expect other people to be similarly affected.

THE HAND CAMERA

is a very good friend, but should not be made too much of. I am here thinking particularly of the cheaper fixed-focus variety. For certain



"THE PRIZE WINNER."

An interesting soap spoilt by a bad background, which includes a cycle, out of keeping with the general suggestion of rusticity.

purposes it is invaluable; but just as it serves those ends better than the stand camera, so does the stand camera claim a field which should not be invaded overmuch by the other type. But concisely, the hand camera is intended for *record-making*: the stand camera for *picture-making*.

When I sort out THE CAPTAIN photographic competitions I find the hand camera very much in evidence. Perhaps it wouldn't be overstating the case to affirm that two-thirds of the prints are from hand-camera negatives. And about three-quarters of the prizes are awarded to the stand-camera products constituting the other third. This isn't because I have a bias in favour of any particular class of photo., but because I simply give the prizes to the best entries.

TWO METHODS OF WORKING.

Jones is a beginner, and he owns a hand camera which holds, let us say, a dozen plates.

He starts out in the morning with the intention of exposing them all, so that he may have a nice hour's development in the evening. Two dangers lie in his path. Either he may, at first, be very easily pleased as regards subject-matter, and blaze away his plates one after another, so that when really good subjects *do* turn up he hasn't any more plates left for them; or, on the other hand, he may reserve his fire too long (as he thinks) and, when the light begins to fail, quickly snap right and left to avoid going home with any plates unexposed. I suppose that we've all done this at one time or another. But the resulting negatives, as a rule, furnish uninteresting prints, many of which are hurled at the P.E.'s head for swift judgment. Jones and his imitators are labouring under the impression that progress in photography is to be gauged by the number of negatives made in a given time. Of course, this is quite a mistake.

Next let us watch Smith, who has passed through the twelve-shots-a-shilling stage, and would bag one pheasant rather than a hundred sparrows. *He* doesn't want to lumber up his room with hundreds of negatives hardly worth printing from. He argues, and quite reasonably, that if you must develop a plate it may as well have something on it worth developing.

So he uses his camera—yes; I think it would be a stand camera—with discretion, always keeping the competitions and his album in mind. It does not afflict him if he has to turn from one subject to another as unsuitable, and to wait a considerable time for something to turn up. You might as well expect a butterfly-hunter to lose his temper if his rambles don't enable him to net Purple Emperors. But when he *does* get a chance Smith makes the most of it—shifting his camera first this way, and then that, so as to have the best possible composition and the best possible lighting. If clouds temporarily obscure the sun, and he wants bright sunlight, he waits patiently for them to roll by; and the exposure is according to calculation.

When Smith's photographs arrive in our office they receive respectful attention. "Hullo!" says the P.E., stopping his shuffling of the cards, "here's something really nice! This chap means business." And they go on the "selected" pile for further examination.

ENTRIES OF THE RIGHT SORT.

A good picture requires a good subject as well as mechanical skill. If you ask me, "What ought I to photograph?" you put me in the position of the literary editor of whom a would-be contributor demands, "What shall I write about?" It is obviously impossible to suggest things which one has not seen; and to go in for mere generalities, and say, "Oh! make good animal studies or good landscapes," would be equally futile. Our chances are different; and each amateur must exert his individual powers. I would, however, respectfully hint that certain "lines" are somewhat overdone—exteriors of houses; interiors of drawing-rooms; interiors of churches; dogs (All right, Basketville, I wasn't thinking of *you!*); groups; younger brothers reading *THE CAPTAIN*; swans; horses in the plough. These are all so familiar; and if you abjure them, you still have an unlimited scope for your camera. There are things and scenes all round you which would make interesting pictures. The back lane, as well as the Yosemite Valley, has its possibilities. A couple of children working the village pump might by an expert be made the subject of a Prize-Medal picture.

AVOID INCONGRUITIES.

Keep all inharmonious detail out of your pictures. While focussing, pay attention to objects of secondary importance. Otherwise, when the print is made you may have reason to repent your carelessness. Kind friends will ask, "Why did you show this or that? It doesn't look very nice, does it?" and you have to confess that it doesn't. Some photographers seem to lack the sense of incongruity. One of these recently sent me a view of a charming stretch of river. In the foreground was an old punt among rushes—quite in keeping with the scene. Further away floated a boat containing a prosaic, shirt-sleeved young man and his pipe, which utterly spoiled the whole effect. Instead of being able to meditate on Nature's solitudes, I had to think of early closing day and a bob's-worth on the river.

MOUNTING AND FINISHING.

As a rule our competitors take considerable trouble to dish up their
Vol. XV.—9.

entries in a tasty manner. I am glad to notice an increasing tendency to drop the glossy P.O.P. in favour of more artistic papers—bromide, platinum, &c., of dull surface and several colours. Red and green tones should be used with judgment, as they suit only a comparatively few subjects. The "sunk" mount is preferable to the flat. Mounts with embossed frameworks round the edge of the print-space are sometimes very effective.

The practice of mounting the print on the top-most of several layers of coarse-grained paper, graduated in size so as to give borders of various tints, is commendable, but demands care in the squaring of the papers. I get very home-made specimens sometimes. The print itself must have clean-cut edges. A sharp knife should be used to sever the paper at one draw. If it



"AN IRISH PENSIONER"

Geoffrey Harrison.

The old man's attitude is very natural; and he occupies the proper position. The picture would have been spoiled had he been placed in the centre of the doorway.

is cut nearly through, but not quite, and the trimmings have to be separated by tearing, an untidy finish is given which militates against success. It grieves me to be obliged to put a really artistic print second to one of less merit as a picture because the last process has been hurried over. Remember that even the finest academy painting owes something to the manner in which it is framed.

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR TASTE.

Whenever you get the chance, spend an hour in a good photographic exhibition, where you will see the work of the leading exponents of the art, and whence you will perhaps come away



TIGER MOTH ON FOOD PLANT OF LARVA.

C. V. Monier Williams.

Shows sense of selection. Heavy shadows below moth rather spoil the general effect.

with a somewhat diminished pride in your own achievements. Don't hurry round the exhibits too fast, but have a good, steady look at those which arrest your attention, and try to pick up some hints for your own use. If you are not filled with greater enthusiasm than ever for the camera, you cannot be a photographer of the right sort. The fact that other folk do much better work than you ought not to depress you, but rather to inspire you with the determination to turn out finer pictures in the future.

SLIDE-MAKING BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

Messrs. J. Edwards and Co. issue a brand of lantern-slide plates which may be developed by gas-light or candle-light. They are called "Kristal" Plates, and are to ordinary lantern-plates what Velox is to Bromide paper—comparatively insensitive to actinic rays. A valuable accessory for the process is the "Kristal" Magnesium Lamp, a flat box containing a coil of magnesium ribbon with one end protruding through a little brass nozzle in the circumference of the box. Round the edge is a scale of inches to gauge the length of ribbon extracted. After each exposure the flame is automatically extinguished by the nozzle, which has a notch at the side so that a fresh length can be drawn out. The ready-filled lamp costs 1s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. A. D.—The plates you condemn have a good name, and I am surprised to hear that you and your friend have had trouble with them. I use Imperials myself, and for them I have nothing but praise. They are first-class—I have never yet struck a bad one. And, as you say, you can buy them anywhere, which is a great advantage. If you use one speed of plates indiscriminately for hand- and stand-work you must allow for the fastest kind of work, and employ "Special Rapids," which are about four times as sensitive as the Ordinary. As a general rule, the slower the plate the better the results with a correct exposure. I shouldn't use fast plates where circumstances permitted a long exposure. Reduction of an over-dense negative by a bath of hypo + ferrocyanide of potassium is a standard method. I fancy that over-exposed negatives most usually require reduction. Under-exposed plates call for intensification, or, at any rate, only for very local reduction.

A. S. Craig.—I haven't any personal acquaintance with the camera you mention, but the description sounds promising. You would certainly do well to purchase the 30s. article in preference to the 21s. A Rapid Rectilinear Lens is absolutely necessary for all architectural subjects, for, as its name implies, it reproduces straight lines in the original as straight lines in the negative. It is made up of two Achromatic lenses, each of which counterbalances the tendency of the other to cause spherical distortion. Some months ago I wrote a couple of articles on lenses. Look these up. I should advise you to buy three dark slides with your camera. One is insufficient for work at any distance from a dark room.





THE MAKING OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

THE welding together of the German Empire may be said to have begun with the fall of Buonaparte. In 1815, the free cities of Germany formed themselves into a Confederation under the leadership of Austria. Three years later, Prussia introduced a Customs Union popularly known as a Zollverein for the establishment of free trade amongst the German States forming the union, and the levying of duties at the common frontier. In 1848, the year of revolutions, French and German, a strenuous attempt was made to found a German Empire. But jealousy is said to have defeated the scheme. The rivals for the supreme headship of the proposed Empire were Prussia and Austria, and this rivalry culminated in the war of 1866, when Austria was defeated by Prussia at Sadowa. That victory put an end to the old German Confederation. Hanover, which had thrown in its lot with Austria, was annexed by Prussia, and the States of Northern Germany were formed into the North German Confederation, with Prussia at their head. In 1870, the war with France secured the alliance of the Southern States, and during the Siege of Paris, King William I. of Prussia received the title of German Emperor from the united German States and free cities. The title of German Emperor continues to-day, though it is said the present holder of the title would like to convert it into the more powerful and resounding one of Emperor of Germany.

This welding together of the German States into the present German Empire may be largely traced in the passing of the separate postal issues of the various States. Most of them were gathered under the wing of Prussia as the head of the North German Confederation on January 1, 1868, and the postal issues of this Confederation, with those of the few remaining Southern

States, were merged into the German Empire in 1872 after the war with France.

Taking these separate States in alphabetical order we shall clearly note the process of absorption.

Baden.—The Grand Duchy of Baden was a miniature State in the south-west corner of Germany. In the war of 1866 it threw in its lot with Austria, and had to pay a war indemnity and join the North German Confederation. Its first issue of stamps was made in 1851, and its last series in 1868, which remained in use till 1871, when the Grand Duchy was finally incorporated with the German Empire.

Bavaria, the second in size and population of the German States, also sided with Austria in the war with Prussia, and had to pay the penalty and cede territory to Prussia. In the struggle with France, however, it threw in its lot with the Emperor William, and subsequently joined the German Empire. Its first issue of stamps was made in 1849, and it is to-day the only German State that issues its own separate postage stamps.

Bergedorf is a little town of 10,000 inhabitants, ten miles south-east of Hamburg, which issued a series of postage stamps for its own special use in 1861. They were superseded by the stamps of Hamburg in 1867.

Bremen is another town which issued stamps of its own. As a German seaport, Bremen is second only to Hamburg. It has been the sport of fortune in days gone by. In 1810 it was annexed by France, but three years later won its independence and joined the Germanic Confederation, and was finally merged into the German Empire. — Its first stamp was issued in 1855, and its last when it joined the North German Confederation in 1868.

Brunswick, a duchy of northern Germany now a State of the German Empire. Its first

issue of stamps was made in 1852, and it ceased to issue stamps on joining the North German Confederation in 1868.

Hamburg, a free city of the old Hanseatic League, subsequently became a member of the Germanic Confederation, then of the North German Confederation and finally of the German Empire. Its first issue of stamps was made in 1859, and its last when it joined the North German Confederation in 1868.

Hanover, raised to the status of a kingdom by the Congress of Vienna in 1814, entered the Germanic Confederation in 1815, but took the side of Austria in 1866, and was consequently annexed after the victory of Sadowa. Hanover's first stamp was issued in 1850, and its last in 1866, when it was made a province of Prussia.

Lubeck, a free city of Germany, took the lead in the Hanseatic League, and was incorporated with France in 1810, and passed successively through the Germanic Confederation and the North German Confederation into the German Empire. Its separate postal issues ran from 1859 till it joined the North German Confederation in 1868.

Mecklenburg.—Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Grand Duchies of Germany fought for Prussia against Austria in 1866, and subsequently became members of the North German Confederation. Their stamps circulated from 1856 till 1868.

Oldenburg, a Grand Duchy of Northern Germany, fought for Prussia in 1866, and joined the North German Confederation, and subsequently entered the German Empire. Its separate postal issues ran from 1852 till 1868.

Prussia, a kingdom of Northern Germany, rose to a commanding place among the European powers in the reign of Frederick the Great (1740-86). By the war with Austria, in 1866, it became the first German State, and formed the North German Confederation, and so laid the basis for the present German Empire. Its separate stamps ran from 1850 till the formation of the North German Confederation in 1868.

Saxony, a kingdom of Germany, was compelled to cede more than half its territories to Prussia, in 1815, and in the war of 1866 sided with Austria against Prussia, for which it paid an indemnity and was compelled to enter the North German Confederation, to be subsequently merged, in 1871, into the German Empire. Its stamps had a separate existence from 1850 till 1868.

Schleswig-Holstein, a province of Prussia, which for many decades formed a bone of

contention between Denmark and Prussia, was finally annexed by Prussia in 1866. Subsequently it entered the North German Confederation and was finally merged in the German Empire. Its first stamps were issued in 1850 and were continued till it entered the North German Confederation in 1868.

Wurtemberg, a kingdom of Southern Germany, sided with Austria in 1866, and was compelled to pay an indemnity. It entered the German Empire in 1871. Its first stamp was issued in 1851, and, despite its inclusion in the German Empire in 1871, it continued to issue its own postage stamps till 1902, when they were at last superseded by those of the German Empire.

The North German Confederation was the outcome of the victory of Prussia over Austria, in 1866, which settled the rivalry between the two German nations for the headship of Germany in favour of Prussia. Prussia had annexed Hanover and the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, and these, with twenty-one other German States, were formed into the North German Confederation, which in its turn was, in 1871, merged into the German Empire. The stamps of the Confederation which superseded those of the component States were in use from 1868 till the issue of the first stamps of the German Empire in 1872.

The German Empire, finally and formally established after the victorious war with France in 1870-1, now holds sway from the frontiers of France to the frontiers of Austria, and its stamps, first issued in 1872, have superseded those of all the States of which the Empire is composed, with the solitary exception of Bavaria.

Thus we have in the merging of the separate issues into the North German Confederation, and the subsequent alliance of the Southern States in the Franco-Prussian War, with the final issue of an Empire series, the postal history of the making of the German Empire.

Reviews.

How to Detect Forgeries.

The Rev. R. B. Earée, an old and experienced philatelic author, is revising and enlarging his well-known work entitled "Album Weeds," and we have just received the first volume of the new edition from Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., the publishers. This first instalment of the new edition bulks up to the size of the previous edition in its complete form, for the forger has been busy since the last edition

was issued. For the student and the careful philatelist the work is recognised as a standard authority in the detection of forgeries. In each case the characteristics of the genuine stamp are first described and then the deviations and defects of the forgery. The price of the work is 7s. 6d. for vol. i., and 8s. for vol. ii. The completing vol. is promised to be ready about midsummer.

The Stamp Collectors' Annual.

This "Year Book of Philately," as it is termed, has reached its third year of publication, and is full of interesting matter at the popular price of one shilling. We have, to start with, a "catalogue and guide to values of the King's head stamps of the British Colonies," which may be taken to represent the values at the end of 1905. These values show already some rather astonishing results in the acceleration of price in the case even of some of the most recent issues. For instance, the £1. Southern Nigeria, single CA, is priced at what may seem to the uninitiated the fancy sum of £6, but this has since been distanced by the advance to £8 at auctions. The high values of Lagos single CA, it will be seen, are also up in the clouds, the 1s. at 7s. 6d., 2s. 6d. at 35s., 5s. at 20s., and the 10s. at £5. St. Helena, by a specialist, tells an old story of a favourite fallen from favour. There are also interesting compilations on British Telegraph stamps, the stamps of Prince Edward Island and of Tonga, &c. But the Year Book character of the annual, which might with advantage be extended, is confined to a list of the officers and the 1905-6 programmes of Philatelic Societies. The book is edited by Mr. Percy Bishop, and published by Messrs. Charles Nissen and Co.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. G. (Yarm-on-Tees).—Your English $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamps, posted in South Africa during the late war, are only of value as souvenirs. By common consent they have wisely not been accorded any philatelic status. They exist owing to the permission to the British troops to use English stamps for prepayment of their letters.

R. J. L. (Stroud).—You are a fortunate collector in having a set of the first issue of Hong Kong, as you will see from the prices appended. Of recent years special attention has been paid to the stamps of this colony, at one time sadly neglected, with the result that the early stamps have gone up considerably in price and are now very scarce.

Hong Kong, 1862. No wmk.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
2c., brown	5	0	5	0
8c., yellow	20	0	5	0
12c., blue	15	0	4	6
18c., lilac	15	0	4	6
24c., green	30	0	6	0
48c., rose	60	0	12	6
96c., grey	45	0	20	0

The second series was watermarked Crown CC and included ten values. But I presume by the "second set of three" you mean the three provisionals which followed in 1876-77. They are catalogued as follows:

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
28c. on 30c., mauve	20	0	4	6
16c. on 18c., lilac	35	0	10	0
16c., yellow	30	0	3	0

I don't recognise the stamp with added letters, presumably fiscal overprints. French with "F. M." are not, as you suppose, French Morocco stamps, but stamps overprinted for military use.

The British Guiana 24c. of 1863 is catalogued at 25s. unused and 6s. used. It is a good stamp. There is no 6c. or 8c. 1860. It must be the 8c. rose of 1863 priced at 12s. 6d. unused and 5s. used, and upwards according to perforation.

M. M. (Southsea).—As you do not say what you term an error of engraving in your $\frac{1}{2}$ -sen Japanese 1872 is, I cannot offer an opinion. But I may point out that Gibbons mentions no such variety. Perhaps you mean the $\frac{1}{2}$ sen with upper character on left defective? If so, that is catalogued at 75s. unused and 70s. used.

THE STUDY OF ASTRONOMY.

IT is a question of the present day whether or not every schoolboy ought to learn the rudiments of astronomy. Attempts are being made to include the principles of it in the curriculum of public elementary schools. We think it would be a very good thing for all schoolboys to know a little astronomy, that they might at least be able to name the principal stars and constellations, that they might know at what time of the year and in what part of the heavens to look for them, and that they might understand the influence of the moon on the tidal system. At the same time, all those who have any inclination for astronomy must bear in mind that it is possible for them to do a great deal themselves. They should study the star charts of some astronomy text-book, and go out on the first starry night to find the Great Bear, the Pole Star, Cassiopeia, and all the rest of them. The first thing for them to bear in mind is that the two end stars of the Great Bear, or Seven Sisters as it is sometimes called, always point to the Pole Star, and that the Pole Star is the key to all the others.—From *The Ystwythian* (Aberystwyth County School Magazine).

COX'S COUGH-DROPS. By R. S. Warren Bell.

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.



SYNOPSIS:

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance that exists between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School; only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Marquis of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully, and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, which has recently been taken by some London friends of his named Lomax. Bewildering entanglements ensue, one result of the deception being that Yarningale is sent to the school Infirmary as a diphtheritic "suspect." At the mid-term garden-party Joan Henderson, one of the Vicar's daughters, tells Cox that she particularly wishes to speak to Yarningale, and prevails upon him to go to the Infirmary and change places with Yarningale for half an hour. Whilst Cox is there his father arrives at the school,

and, catching sight of Yarningale talking to Joan, takes this boy for his son and tells him that he is to accompany him on a week-end motor tour.

XIII.

MR. COX had told his chauffeur that their stay at Charlton Court would be a brief one, and so, when the butler emerged from the front door bearing a Gladstone bag packed with Master Cox's few necessaries, he found the agile Edward lying with half his body under the car, attending to some mysterious screw or nut or valve, or possibly piston-rod. (We speak as a non-motorist.)

"'Ere you are," said the butler, heaving the bag into the car.

"'Ere what are?" inquired Edward from beneath the car.

"Master Cox's luggage," said the butler.

"What's that for?"

"Aint 'e going a tour with 'is pa?" inquired the butler.

"Didn't know we was goin' any tour," gurgled Edward, wrenching hard at something. "My orders was—back in town in time for dinner. 'Ow far is it, gov'nor?"

"Seventy-five mile," said the butler.

The chauffeur renewed his attack on the piston-rod.

"Oh, well," he said, "the gov'nor don't mind 'anding over a fine. . . . Now then, what is the matter with you?" he added,

addressing the piston-rod in an aggrieved tone.

"Give me *my* job," thought the sleek butler, retiring into the hall.

All unbeknown to the butler and the chauffeur, the real Master Cox, secreted behind the bushes bordering the drive, had overheard the whole of this brief, but eloquent, dialogue. His patience having been exhausted by Yarningale's prolonged absence, he had left the Infirmary by the same route which had witnessed his arrival, *i.e.*, a ground-floor window, and by circuitous means, of which he was a master, gained the bushes bordering the drive without being seen by anybody. He naturally presumed that when Yarningale had finished his little chat with Joan, he would return to his temporary prison at the bottom of the lane. Motor-cars having, like sheep, mostly the same sort of dull face, he did not recognise the automobile standing near the front door as his father's until the chauffeur appeared. Cox recognised Edward immediately. He quaked with terror when he saw this young man. So his father had arrived, and—

Cox broke into a cold perspiration as the awfulness of the situation dawned upon him. The reason why Yarningale had not returned to the Infirmary, it was apparent, lay in the fact that Mr. Cox, deceived by the extraordinary likeness, had evidently greeted Yarningale as his own flesh and blood! And the conversation that ensued between Edward and the butler filled Cox with the dreadful certainty that his father was about to proceed on a tour with the wrong boy!

What must be done? Evidently, up to the present, young Yarningale had not dared to reveal his identity, but in the course of the tour he was bound to; either that, or Mr. Cox would discover it. Cox knew that his father was as sharp as any man living. And now another possibility dawned upon Cox's perturbed imagination. Supposing Mr. Cox *had* discovered the fraud, and, keeping his knowledge to himself, was going to carry out a little joke on his own account? Cox knew that his father was quite capable of doing anything of that sort. He was just the sort of practical joker to let his own son languish in the Infirmary for a whole week-end, the while he tore about the country with a youth resembling that son.

Cox cogitated over the situation. Perhaps it would be as well if he went back to the

Infirmary and stuck out a miserable week-end there. It looked very much as if he would have to do this, as it would be quite impossible for him now to change places with Yarningale. However, there would be no harm in waiting behind the bushes a little longer to see how matters developed.

Shortly after the butler retired from the scene, the chauffeur, having put the machinery in order, crept from beneath the car, dusted himself, and retired to the back regions. Edward was not one to sever himself from the society of pretty parlour-maids and good beer until it was absolutely necessary for him to do so.

Cox waited. Some ten minutes elapsed, and then Mr. Cox appeared in the drive with Yarningale in tow. The headmaster accompanied them.

"Pop up, Bert," said the Cough-Drop King. "You are to sit at the back. I'll sit in front with Edward, as I like to do a bit of drivin' myself when there's a nice stretch of clear road."

Yarningale obediently ascended and stowed himself away on the back seat, Cox from his place of concealment watching this action with grating teeth.

"Mrs. Percival is in the drawing-room," said the headmaster. "Will you come in and say good-bye to her?"

"Very pleased," replied Mr. Cox. "Now, then," he added, gazing sternly at Yarningale, "no games."

"Don't go off on your own account, Cox," laughed the headmaster.

Yarningale, appearing the reverse to happy, gave a wan smile.

With a dark and threatening look at the boy in the car, Mr. Cox moved off with the headmaster. Cox watched them disappear into the hall, his heart thumping against his ribs.

Now or never! He darted out of the bushes and sprang on the step of the car.

"Quick—get out!" he hissed, and, with great presence of mind, snatched off the hat which Yarningale was wearing and placed it on his own head.

Yarningale, only too ready to be released from his dilemma, jumped out of the car and dived in among the bushes.

When Mr. Cox reappeared he was agreeably surprised to find that the boy he had left sitting at the back of the car was still there. For reasons which he kept to himself he had quite expected to find that the youth had made a bolt for it during his absence.

Simultaneously Edward came round from the back of the house, clothed *cap-à-pie* for the journey, and clambered into his place, Mr. Cox following him.

"Good-bye, sir," said Mr. Cox, leaning forward and shaking hands with the headmaster; "I'll bring him back safe and sound."

"Good-bye, Mr. Cox," said the Head; "pleasant journey."

The massive automobile moved off down the drive, the headmaster waving a farewell until the car was out of sight. Arrived at the bottom of the lane, the chauffeur turned to his master.

"The butler said something about a tour, sir. Which way are we going?"

"Never mind what the butler said," returned Mr. Cox, looking over his shoulder at the boy on the back seat. "We've got to get 'ome to-night."

"Very good, sir. 'Ome it is," replied Edward, wheeling to the right, that being the direction in which London lay.

"Happy and comfortable?" inquired Mr. Cox, glancing round at the boy again.

"Quite, thanks," was the reply.

"Then let 'er rip, Edward," cried the Cough-Drop King.

Edward let 'er rip to such purpose that six miles from Charlton he was pulled up by a stalwart constable who reprimanded him severely for the furious rate at which he was driving, and took down the number of the car and Mr. Cox's address. After this episode, Edward showed an inclination to slow down somewhat, but Mr. Cox renewed his previous order:

"Let 'er rip, Edward."

So again Edward let 'er rip.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cox stared through his goggles with a sly smile on his face. Now and then he glanced round at the boy behind, but he did not speak to him. The boy, it should be added, had put his hat under the seat and donned his cap and overcoat. The two men in front of him broke the force of the wind, and, as it was a warm evening, he had not as yet felt the want of any extra covering. Edward, like a good chauffeur, kept his eyes fixed on the road, and so did not notice that the sky was clouding over and that there was every indication of an approaching storm. Soon, a few big drops fell, and Mr. Cox promptly told the chauffeur to pull up. Then, raking about under the front seat, he pulled out a mackintosh overall and cap, which he told the boy to don.

"It's goin' to come down like fun in a minute," he said, "but we 'aven't time to run in anywhere for shelter. Let 'er rip, Edward."

Given a chauffeur not blessed with over-much caution at any time, and by his side a millionaire with a contempt for policemen and magistrates—a self-made man with a rich vein of recklessness in his temperament; given an appointment in town which *must* be kept; given a most unpleasant wind and rain storm, which seemed to blow from all points of the compass and make the automobile its special punching-ball—given these ingredients, 'twas small wonder that Mr. Cox's car travelled at a rapid rate. It met other cars grumbling along at a moderate pace through the mire, their occupants staring in amaze at the green monster that flashed past them like an express train; it met drenched cyclists who steered nervously out of its track; it met fresh-faced yeomen in high dog-carts who muttered fierce objur-gations as the terror of restive young horses shot by them in the winking of an eye; it met stout constables who put up fat arms and called upon it to pull up. But Edward was deaf and blind to every one and every-thing save the bit of road under his nose and a few score yards ahead.

The car ran over a duck which waddled unwarily across its track, and a cottage woman shrieked curses after the petrol-driven assassin; it shaved a miller's waggon—fortunately for itself—by a hair's breadth. It snorted furiously up-hill and plunged down-hill with little slackening of speed; it made mouthfuls of miles, and swept through a sleepy cathedral city like a whirlwind. Its number was taken quite a dozen times, but still Edward abated his speed not a jot; still the Cough-Drop King sat silently and approvingly by his side, his only movement being a turn of the head about every ten miles to see how the boy on the back seat was faring. And after each such action the millionaire chuckled grimly, but said nothing.

The long chalky sweeps of Berkshire road had been left behind, and the car was now in the heavily-wooded Thames valley. With undiminished speed it flew along the tree-bordered highway, startling farmhouse and hamlet as it careered madly Londonwards. A bowed old labourer, his shoulders covered with a sack, hobbled hastily on to the foot-path as it approached, and shook his gnarled fist after it as it whizzed out of sight.



THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CAR WERE FLUNG HEADLONG INTO THE BUSHES.

"There aint no room for decent folk on the roads now," he muttered, shaking his head sadly as he resumed his homeward crawl.

The dripping hedges treated the flying car to a *blasé* stare; they were quite accustomed to this sort of thing. The hoary oaks, thinking of the thousands of beautiful horses that had cantered along beneath the shade of their great boughs, heaved deep sighs. What was the world coming to, they asked each other, when strange engines were let loose on the highways, fashioned for men's feet and horses' hoofs! The tear-stained summer flowers looked at the passing monster with frightened eyes. The old road, with its thousand years of memories, bore the insult in grim silence. With the

Vol. XV.—10.

oaks it wondered gloomily what the world was coming to, that the legitimate users of its broad bosom, those who travelled afoot and those who rode and drove, should be thus hustled aside by this ramping fiend that went as fast as a train, and yet, unlike a train, was not bound to keep to a track specially constructed for it!

Sheep and cattle were streaming out of a market-town, and the chauffeur was compelled to slacken speed for awhile. Nevertheless, he piloted the car through the town at a pace which made the drovers draw in their breath sharply and mutter maledictions.

"Let 'er rip, Edward," said Mr. Cox, when they had steered their way safely through the last little mob of cattle.

So Edward again let 'er rip, and at the same fierce pace they buzzed through the outlying suburbs that constitute the western portion of Greater London, and then, escaping a collision many times by the skin of their teeth, threshed through Shepherd's Bush and Notting Hill Gate, up Kensington High Street and the Bayswater Road, and at length swung round into Kensington Gardens, where Mr. Cox's palatial town house was situated. One reached the front door by a crescent-shaped gravel drive, and it looked as if a not-to-be-thwarted demon of Doom had been hanging on to the car's track all through its wild career, for, as Edward, conscious of having performed a great feat of steersmanship, proudly turned his car into the drive, he made his first miscalculation of the day, for the car charged into the thick, neatly-cut turf bordering the drive, and its occupants were flung headlong into the bushes beyond.

Thus did Nemesis, biding her time, avenge the murdered duck.

XIV.

AFTER taking tea and exchanging the time of day, as the folks down Charlton village would say, with the headmaster and his wife, the guests at the garden party strolled off with the various boys to whom they were attached by ties of family or friendship. Conducted by their young companions, they roamed about the beautifully kept grounds, or lingered in the cricket field to watch the game which was in progress.

The Marquis of Lapworth, after holding a conversation of some duration with the headmaster, accepted Mrs. Percival's invitation to "see over" the school. Although his humour was not of the best (the word "skivvy" still rankled in his aristocratic mind), and though inclined to be severely critical, he could not withhold his admiration for the completeness of Charlton Court in every detail. He could see that it was the object of the headmaster to give the boys a liberal education, to fill up their time in a useful and healthy manner, to make their work interesting and attractive instead of wearisome. The museum, with its exhibits collected entirely in the neighbourhood; the miniature rifles of the cadet corps, stacked neatly away in the armoury with other accoutrements; the library, with its ranks of bright, wholesome-looking books; the cleanliness, the order, the

thought displayed in every department, all won his reluctant approval. He was not least impressed by the list of honours gained by past pupils of the Court and recorded on the *gloria domus* board in the big school-room. The athletic sympathies of the headmaster were proclaimed by the fact that in the recreation room there was another *gloria domus* board whereon were blazoned the names of Old Charltonians who had won distinction on field and flood. Altogether, the Marquis could see that a better preparatory school for his grandson it would have been hard to find; and he was perplexed. His surroundings, the atmosphere of the Court, all tended in the direction of culture, and yet the boy had coarsened inconceivably. What could it mean? The change could only be attributed to one thing: the boy's companions were to blame.

As this thought occurred to the Marquis, he frowned, and Mrs. Percival, glancing at him, couldn't help thinking what a very disagreeable old gentleman he was, little dreaming that the Marquis was deploring at that moment that such an excellent headmaster as Mr. Percival should allow himself to be influenced by the glitter of gold. It was evident, concluded the old nobleman, that Mr. Percival had not kept his school sufficiently select. He did not close his doors to the sons of wealthy upstarts. There was no doubt about it—it was the son of this infamous cough-drop fellow who had wrecked Yarningale's manners and taught him to talk like a bootblack.

Meanwhile, the headmaster found himself left alone with Mr. Skipjack. True, the eldest Miss Lomax, her mother, and her youngest sister Pattie, were among the guests, but it had been made quite plain to the senior master that Miss Lomax had not been softened by the passage of a week. She had expressed a hope that he would not punish Cox for "cutting" detention, and, very naturally, had been highly offended because he had not acceded to that desire. Hence a barrier still existed between them.

However, he was not alone in his isolation. His colleague Hallam, he noticed, and Mildred Henderson seemed to have very little to say to one another. Because, in direct opposition to his wishes, Mildred had given Cox permission to go and see the wart-charmer, Mr. Hallam had shown temper, and the unfortunate part of it was that when he had got over his temper and once again approached his lady-love in a cordial and

affectionate manner, Mildred Henderson, as the way of girls is, had seen fit to receive him with a frigidity that made the poor young master feel positively ill.

As for the wart-charming episode, that had been smoothed over, for Tom Plowers' knavish changing of the ginger-beer card from the cottage of Miss Badger to the cottage of Mrs. Cayman had been discovered, although Master Plowers himself had not been identified with the fraud. At the same time, the headmaster did not like complaints of this kind being sent up to him, and he was not best pleased when informed that Mr. Hallam had actually given Cox leave to go and have his wart charmed; indeed, he was surprised that Mr. Hallam, generally a most discreet young master, should have allowed a boy to go off on such an absurd errand. The headmaster had said nothing to Mr. Hallam on the subject, but Mr. Skipjack had taken very good care to give Mr. Hallam *his* opinion on the matter, and as Mr. Hallam, being in an irritable mood, had retorted with some heat, there had arisen yet another coldness between two erstwhile friends.

It was not to be expected, therefore, that Cox was an object of affectionate regard to either of the masters, nor yet to either of the ladies we have mentioned. Several times during the week Cox had received impositions from Mr. Skipjack, and he had been called to order with no little sharpness by Mr. Hallam. As for Miss Lomax and Miss Henderson, they in their heart of hearts felt the absence of their esquires, and both blamed Cox for being the cause of the rupture. Nevertheless, Cox, throughout the week, had not appeared to be affected by any remorse, but had gone gaily on his way, inflicting pain on his juniors, and asserting himself in his usual loud way among his equals in age.

"I can't make it out," said the headmaster to Mr. Skipjack. "I can't make it out at all, Skipjack. Lord Lapworth has been grumbling about the falling-off in Yarningale's manners. Have you noticed any falling-off?"

Mr. Skipjack shook his head absent-mindedly. He was wondering how he could reinstate himself in the good graces of Miss Lomax.

"He says the boy is rough and rude," proceeded the headmaster. "Has Yarningale ever behaved rudely in your presence?"

Again Mr. Skipjack shook his head.

("Perhaps I had better send her something," he was thinking. "How would flowers do?")

"He attributes this change," continued the headmaster, "to the fact that Yarningale has made a friend of Cox. Now, until he mentioned this matter, I had no idea that Cox and Yarningale *were* friends. Had you?"

"No," said Mr. Skipjack, abstractedly. ("Now, what does she collect? Ah, autographs! I must send her an autograph. Perhaps the Marquis of Lapworth's would do.")

"No," continued the headmaster, "I had no idea that these two boys were friends. On the contrary, I fancied they rather disliked one another. Cox is a rough fellow, rather a bully, and Yarningale is the sort of boy he would pick out to ill-use. In fact, it is a very good thing that Cox is going at the end of the term."

"Yes," said Mr. Skipjack, heartily wishing that Cox had gone at the end of the previous term.

"I really think," proceeded the headmaster, "that Lord Lapworth must have misunderstood the lad's remarks. I was under the impression that Yarningale's chief friend was Evans, with whom he shares a room, and Evans is a very well-behaved boy."

"Ah, that reminds me!" said Mr. Skipjack, coming out of his cogitations with a start.

"Reminds you of what?" asked the headmaster.

"When Yarningale complained of his throat last Saturday night I had gone to his room with the object of interrogating him with regard to his movements in the afternoon. This throat business put the matter out of my head, and since then I have had no opportunity of questioning him."

"And what made you wish to question him?"

"Well, you see," replied Mr. Skipjack, "it was like this. I put down Cox to stay in for two hours in the afternoon for not knowing his French. I got Hallam to take my detention for me, as I had been invited to a tennis-party at the Lomaxes'. When I was at the Lomaxes', whom should I see there but *Cox!*"

"Do you mean to say he 'cut' detention and broke bounds?" inquired the headmaster gravely.

"It appeared to me that he had done so,



"IT LOOKS VERY MUCH AS IF MR. COX HAD GONE OFF WITH THE WRONG BOY," SAID THE HEADMASTER.

but when I came to make inquiries I was informed by Hallam that Cox *was* in detention. Hallam added that he had cut detention short and taken Cox down to the Vicarage with him."

"Well," said the headmaster, "that seems to prove that the boy you saw at the Lomaxes' was *not* Cox."

"But I am certain it was," replied Mr. Skipjack.

"Did you interrogate Cox?" asked the headmaster.

"Yes; he simply bore out what Hallam had told me, and said that he had asked

Yarningale to go up to the Lomaxes' and explain that he himself could not come."

"And you were about to obtain corroboration of this story from Yarningale when you found that he had a bad throat, or appeared to have one?" suggested the headmaster.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Skipjack. "I had my suspicions, you see. Cox is the kind of boy who will stick at very little to gain his own ends, and it occurred to me that he had prevailed on Yarningale — probably by force — to impersonate him in detention. In short, I believe that the boy Hallam took down with him to the Vicarage *was* Yarningale, and not Cox."

"But surely Hallam would have noticed the difference?" said the headmaster.

"I don't know so much about that," replied Mr. Skipjack vindictively. "Hallam has been very dreamy lately — some love nonsense with that Henderson girl, I fancy."

The headmaster stole a sly glance at the senior of his staff, for he was well aware that Mr. Skipjack himself would find it difficult to plead not guilty to a somewhat similar charge. He did not imagine that Mr. Skipjack could possibly fall a prey to the tender passion in the same degree that Mr. Hallam had done, but for all that —

"This," said the headmaster suddenly, "seems to throw a light upon what the Marquis has been saying. Supposing, now, that by some means or other Cox changed places with Yarningale to-day?"

"Why should he?" demanded Mr. Skip-

jack. "Whatever could induce him to do such a thing! He may have utilised Yarningale's extraordinary resemblance to himself for his own purposes, but it's a thousand to one against *Yarningale* daring to do or suggest anything of the kind. Still, wait! That man Cox, now I remember it, did come and congratulate me on the improvement that had taken place in his son. He remarked that the education here was evidently of an elevating character. Has it ever occurred to you that Cox has been at all elevated by his stay here?"

"He has been toned up a little," admitted the headmaster. "You remember what a rough young cub he was when he first came?"

"The improvement, however," retorted Mr. Skipjack, "has been a gradual one. He has made no palpable advance in his manners since he went home for the Easter holidays."

"On the contrary," said the headmaster, "it has struck me that he has deteriorated, if anything, this term. Perhaps he went out of his way to show his best side to his father. That would not be an unlikely thing for a boy to do."

Mr. Skipjack bit his lip.

"Still," he urged, "the fact that the Marquis should have complained to you of the falling-off in his grandson's manners, and the fact that Mr. Cox should have congratulated me on the improvement in his son's, are both suspicious. For *Yarningale* is a most refined boy; he could not be coarse if he tried. He comes of a good stock. Cox, on the other hand——"

"This matter must be looked into," interrupted the headmaster. "It is clear that some game is afoot. If what I have conjectured has really happened——"

The headmaster and his chief assistant gazed at each other for a few moments without speaking.

"You think——" began Mr. Skipjack.

"Well," said the headmaster, "*it looks very much as if Mr. Cox had gone off with the wrong boy!*"

Again the two gazed uneasily into each other's eyes.

"I think we ought to speak to the Marquis about the matter," said the headmaster at length. "Now, let me see; Cox was talking to somebody when his father arrived. Ah, yes, Joan Henderson—and there is Joan with her mother. *She* can put us right. I will question her."

The two masters moved across the lawn to where Joan and her mother were standing.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Henderson," said the headmaster, "I want to speak to your little girl. Joan," he continued, "there is some mystery afloat which I think you can throw light on. Who was the boy you were talking to by the tree here about four o'clock this afternoon?"

Joan blushed hotly and looked supremely uncomfortable. Her mother noticed this fact with some surprise. Joan knew several of the boys at Charlton Court, and it was not an unusual thing for her to hold a conversation with one of them when attending a garden-party or some other function at the school. She was perplexed, therefore, by her daughter's evident discomfiture.

"I want you, if you please, to tell me who it really was," said the headmaster, deciding on a bold move. "Now, it was *not* Cox, was it? I don't believe in tale-telling, but this is a serious matter."

Joan shuffled her feet, looked at the sky, at the trees, and at her mother.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Henderson a little sharply, "who was it? Come, now, tell Mr. Percival."

"It was Lord *Yarningale*," said Joan, suddenly and defiantly. "I wanted to ask him about my rats. Cox changed places with him so that he could come and speak to me."

The headmaster gave an exclamation.

"Are you telling the truth, Joan?" demanded Mrs. Henderson severely.

"Yes," said Joan, sullenly.

"My dear child," cried Mr. Percival, "do you know the result of that changing of places?"

Joan, hot tears in her eyes, shook her head.

"Why," said the headmaster, "Mr. Cox has taken *Yarningale* off for a motor tour—in mistake for his own son!"

The headmaster looked at Mr. Skipjack, and Mr. Skipjack looked at the headmaster.

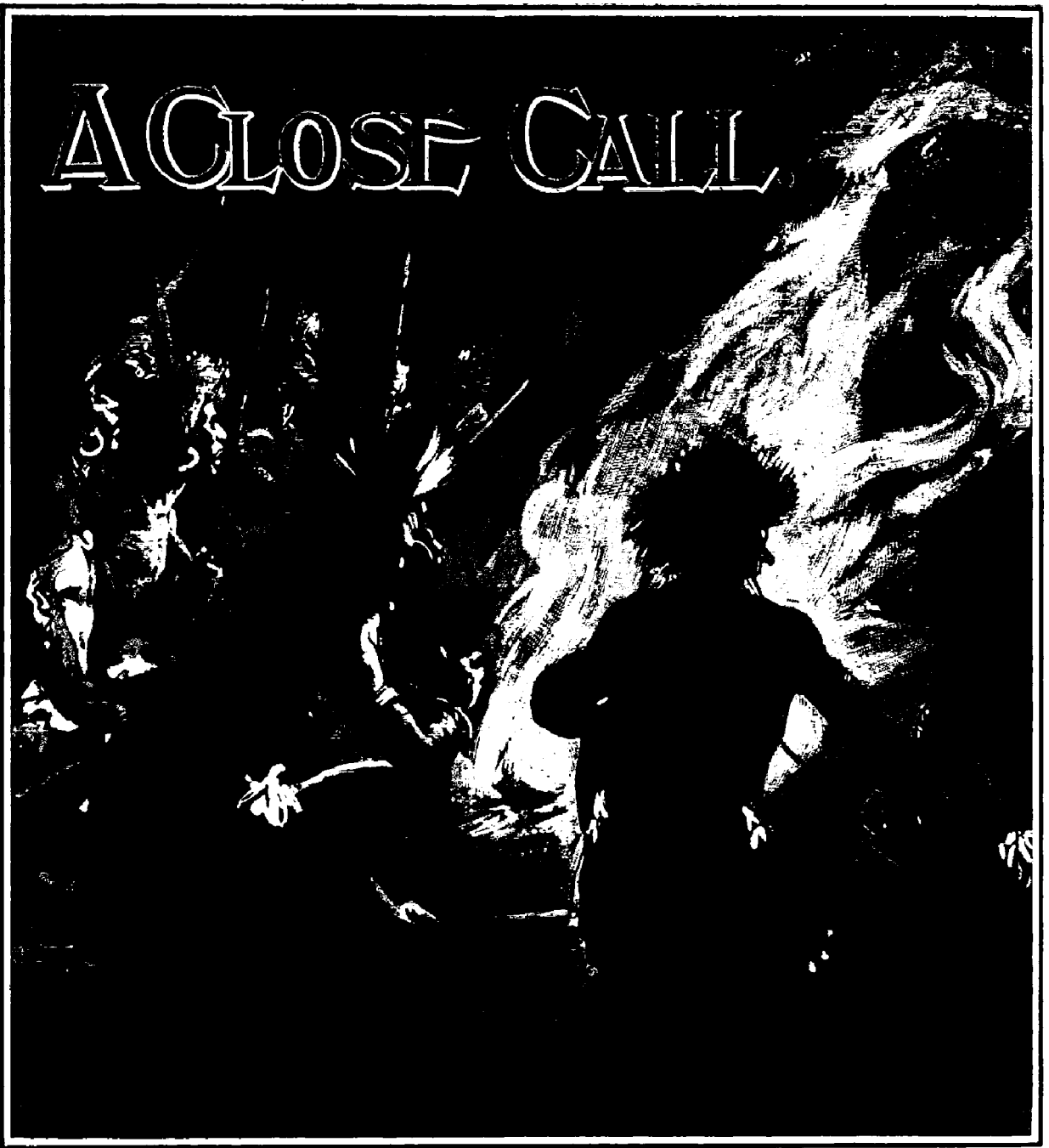
"Thank you, Mrs. Henderson," said Mr. Percival, as he and Mr. Skipjack turned away.

They walked a little distance without speaking; the headmaster was the first to break the silence.

"What's to be done?" he asked abruptly. And, as he spoke, Mrs. Percival, accompanied by the Marquis of Lapworth, appeared round the corner of the house and came slowly down the lawn towards him.

(To be continued.)

A CLOSE CALL



An Adventure in the Solomon Islands. By JOHN PATRICK.

Illustrated by Geo. Soper.

IT was one of Mason's ideas ; and, like all the things he hoisted out of his brain-box, it came uncomfortably close to ending in dire disaster. Jimmy had no end of an aptitude for getting hold of strange and wonderful ideas and springing them upon you at the most unexpected moments. His home was down in Sydney, and before he came up to the Solomon Islands he had been through a

fairly tough illness of some kind. It was with the idea that the long sea voyage might help to restore him to health that his people sent him up to us for a holiday. They put him on one of the trading-schooners that run to the South Pacific, and the skipper dropped him at the pater's trading-station, promising to call for him on the return journey a month later.

The trip had pulled Jimmy together in a marvellous manner, and when he got loose on the island he was ready for anything. For the first few days my brother Ted and myself thought it no end of a lark having him with us; but we soon discovered that we'd have to keep a pretty sharp eye on him if we were going to prevent his being the chief centre of attraction at a cannibal feast. When the Islanders came round to barter, nothing would keep Jimmy away from them. He seemed absolutely indifferent to danger, and the careless manner in which he freely mixed up with the savages kept the pater in a blue funk the whole time. We couldn't get Jimmy to understand that the first object of a Solomon Islander is to sell you his copra, and the second to stick a spear through you as soon as you turn your back. When you do a barter with the cannibals of the Solomons it is always with a loaded Winchester ready and your back against something substantial so that the natives can't get behind you.

Another thing that compelled us to keep continually on the alert was Jimmy's aversion to hanging round the trading-station. Even the pater, who has lived amongst savages all his life, wouldn't think of going out of sight of the station alone. Jimmy did it about three times a day. We warned him of the danger and pointed out that no white man had ever put foot on the interior of any of the islands round about us; but despite this Jimmy was continually making suggestions about exploring expeditions. He carried the rummiest cargo of notions in the exploring line you ever heard tell of. The fact that no white man had ever dared to visit the range of mountains in the interior was to Jimmy their special charm. To name one of the highest peaks after himself seemed his greatest ambition. We all agreed to call one of the points "Mount Mason" in future, but that didn't satisfy Jimmy. He wanted to climb it first and name it afterwards. I've never before or since known a chap so anxious to get cooked and eaten. He was so mad on taking a trip into the interior that one morning he wandered off into the dense bush and lost himself. It took us three hours to trace and find him. That night, when the pater informed him that if he'd gone another mile he'd have struck a native village and been eaten for a certainty—Jimmy was thoughtful and silent. For a week after that he gave us no trouble. However, one afternoon the three of us were sitting on the wide

verandah overlooking the bay when Jimmy suddenly pointed toward the horizon, where a small, dark patch showed dimly through the drifting heat haze.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Turtle Island, we call it," Teddy told him.

"Any turtles there?"

"Swarms of them," we answered in chorus.

"What do you say to a turtle hunt?"

Jimmy asked, as if he owned the whole Pacific.

Now, Teddy and I weren't keen on that suggestion. We'd been over to Turtle Island on several occasions and had invariably found it to be a particularly dismal spot. It was a small, uninhabited island with numerous tiny bays and swarms of turtles. Even with the petrol launch it took a good three hours to reach it, and we always had to go in the afternoon and spend the night on the island so as to be ready for the turtles at daybreak. When on these excursions we made use of a small fibre hut that some of the traders had built on the island years before. I'll admit that chasing the turtles and turning them over on their backs was exciting enough; but the killing of them and the subsequent cutting up was horrible. There's no element of sport connected with killing a turtle when he's helpless on his shell back. Still, Jimmy had had no experience of the business, so he only saw the rosy side. We told him all about it, and explained the necessity of sleeping all night on the island. That was our first mistake. The mere thought of sleeping in a hut on a desert island was sufficient to turn Jimmy crazy with delight. He got turtles on the brain. He could think and talk of nothing else. He discussed turtles all the afternoon, sat up in bed talking half the night, and was chased by a tenton turtle in his sleep. Next morning at sunrise he had a look at the island through the glass. That made him worse. Then Teddy, thinking to choke him off, informed him that turtle hunting was fairly dangerous, as the turtles sometimes showed fight. We didn't know Jimmy then, but the sparkle that showed in his eyes told us that we'd made another mistake.

At lunch time, after we'd gathered in all the dried copra, Jimmy mentioned the turtles to the pater, who said he didn't see any reason why we shouldn't take a run across the water. That cooked our goose completely; so, late in the afternoon, we took some provisions, together with our rifles and

a good supply of ammunition, and started in the petrol launch.

We reached the island just as the sun was sinking, and, having safely laid the launch up in a shelter cove at the head of a tiny bay, we struck out for the hut. It lay at the other side of the narrow neck of land that formed one side of the bay, and to reach it we had to pass through a belt of cocoa-nut palms about two hundred yards wide. So quickly does night follow the setting of the sun in the tropics that by the time we reached the other side it was almost dark. So we entered the hut, and, placing our rifles and the provisions in one corner, threw ourselves down on the palm leaves and fibre that strewed the floor. For some time we lay talking of the fun we hoped to have upon the morrow; then we fell asleep.

It must have been about daylight the next morning when I awakened suddenly and sat upright with a violent start. My throat was parched and dry, and in my nostrils there was the unmistakable reek of heavy smoke. Dimly I could see the outline of the narrow doorway; but it was some time before I realised that the hut was full of smoke. My first impulse was to dash outside to ascertain the cause; but I was too accustomed to life in the Solomons to yield to that. I began to move stealthily across in the direction of the doorway. Then, through the smoke, dimly outlined against the light I made out the form of my brother. He was peering cautiously round one side of the opening, evidently absorbed in what was taking place without. I crept to his side, and when he lifted his finger in warning my worst fears were confirmed.

About half a dozen yards from the door of the hut a small fire, that gave forth dense volumes of smoke, was burning; while at the further side fully thirty savages in full war paint were sitting round in a semi-circle. They had their spears ready and were evidently waiting for us to awaken and rush out. This is a favourite device of the Islanders. They light a fire so that the smoke will blow through your house, then they sit down and await events. When you wake up in a half-stified condition and venture out to discover the cause you are met by a shower of spears.

We watched the savages for some minutes, then Teddy motioned me back into the hut. Half stifled by the dense smoke, we held a whispered council. We had been in tight corners more than once before and knew we

could rely upon one another; but we had fears concerning Jimmy. We were afraid that, if he were to wake suddenly, he might lose his head and dash out into the open. That would mean disaster, for the savages would be upon us before we were prepared to deal with them. So we decided that the best thing we could do would be to arouse him. Teddy clapped his hand over his mouth and gave him a shake, while I hung on to his legs. He kicked and struggled madly, clutching wildly at Teddy's wrists.

"Savages outside," Teddy managed to whisper in his ear.

That quietened him considerably; but neither of us expected him to be half as cool as he was. He just reached for his rifle and sat there in the smoke-laden darkness with it across his knees.

The smoke was getting very dense and the way our eyes were smarting told us we'd have to get out of that hut mighty smart. None of us felt inclined for fight. We considered it far wiser to run. So, while the other two kept guard at the door, I took my hunting-knife and cut a square hole in the palm-leaf thatch that formed the back of the hut.

We made certain that the savages were unaware of our movements, then we noiselessly crawled out through the opening. We found that the sun was just rising and that, in consequence, it was much lighter than we expected. We had awakened a few minutes too late. Half an hour earlier, while it was still dark, escape would have been an easy matter.

We had to cross two hundred yards of open sand to reach the belt of palms; and in that direction lay our only hope of safety. We did not hesitate. Keeping the hut directly behind us, so that it would obstruct the Islanders' view, we made a dash for cover. That two hundred yards of loose sand seemed endless, and when we had still some yards to cover there burst upon the stillness a hideous yell of savagery that told us we were discovered.

We dashed through the palms and out into the open again.

The yelling behind grew louder, and the savage horde broke through the palms just as we threw ourselves behind the few lumps of rock that sheltered our launch. Teddy sprang aboard to start the engine, while Jimmy and I hugged our cover in readiness to deal with the savages. They came on in a body, brandishing their long

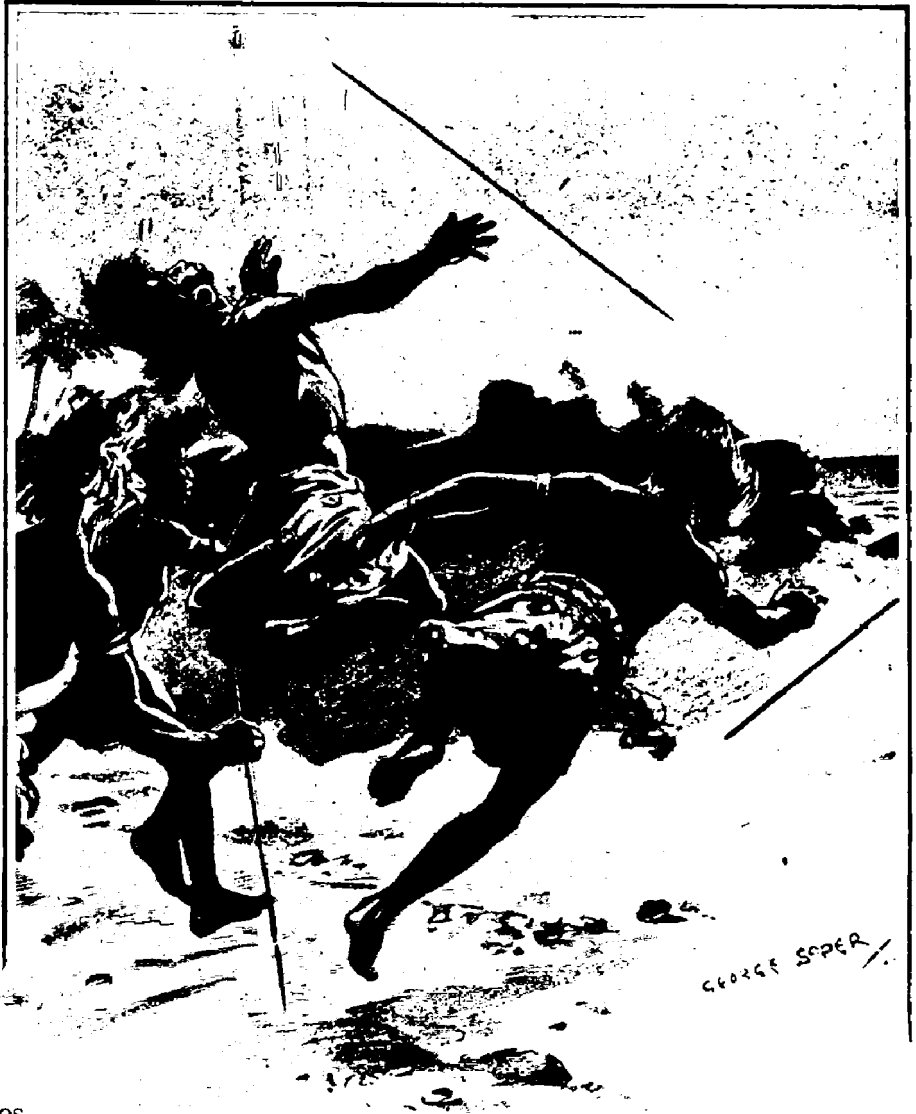
hardwood spears and hideous clubs. A few seconds brought them half way across the sand, and yet to us waiting there to open fire it seemed an eternity. Then the natives paused, and for a few moments there ensued an awful stillness. No sound came from the launch, the only thing that reached our ears being the slight swish of the surf on the beach. The silence lasted perhaps twenty seconds, terrible and unnerving in its suspense; then it was broken by a short series of horrible war cries. The Islanders had guessed our whereabouts. They charged. Our rifles spoke almost simultaneously and two of the leaders sprang high in the air to plunge forward face downward in the sand. Even in the face of our magazine fire the others came on with a mad

rush, leaving several prostrate black heaps on the sand behind. They were within thirty yards, and we could plainly see the fiendish savagery that showed on their distorted faces. We had given ourselves up for lost when suddenly the black mass wavered and fell back slowly.

A familiar throbbing sound came from behind and we knew that the engine was running. The savages spread out determinedly and came on again. There were still over twenty of them, and we couldn't hope to pick them all off before they reached us. We opened fire again. Then, suddenly, a third rifle spoke away to the left. It was Teddy's. The natives paused and swept round toward the new enemy. Teddy came dashing back behind the cover.

"Into the launch!" he yelled.

VOL. XV.—11.



OUR RIFLES SPOKE SIMULTANEOUSLY.

We sprang in and pushed off with our rifles. The launch swung out from the shore and, with her tiny engine racing madly, leapt forward for the outlet to the cove. She cleared it just as the Islanders came scrambling over the rocks from behind which Teddy had fired. They dashed out on to the tiny headland to hurl their spears. We all ducked as Teddy swerved the launch away toward the opening in the reef; and an instant later a shower of spears fell into the water not three yards astern.

"Quite close enough," Teddy said between his teeth.

We did not disagree with him.



GENERAL HINTS ON PET-KEEPING.

WITH the return of spring and the general renewal of activities in animal and vegetable life, many a boy determines he will keep a pet of some sort. There are rabbits in the fields around the wood; there are squirrels and hedgehogs within, dormice in the hazel spinney, and every hedge-row is full of birds'-nests. The ponds swarm with aquatic life, lizards run nimbly over the heather, and snakes and slow-worms bask in the welcome sunshine. All these things awaken a desire for possession in the boy, and he wishes he had one or other of them in a cage of some sort that he might see them at close quarters and have something to feed and tend.

One boy's tastes incline to birds, and in spite of the pains and penalties of the Wild Birds Protection Act, he keeps a vigilant eye upon a nest of young blackbirds or thrushes with intent to remove the entire family just before they are fledged. Another is attracted to four-footed animals, and he conspires with a keeper with a view to young squirrels, or he bargains with a chum for a pair of rabbits. Others lean towards reptiles or fishes, and the vivarium or aquarium is contrived. The story is repeated every year, but too often the result is a shocking sacrifice of life, and numerous appeals to the natural history editor to know why ambitious efforts have ended in failure.

My correspondence and observation convince me that most of these failures are due to a wrong beginning. A boy undertakes a responsibility without thought. His first idea is possession, and only when the coveted pet is obtained does he think about ways and means of preserving its life.

Now, to every one of my readers who has thoughts of pet-keeping I would say—reverse this process. If you have decided that you are going to keep a certain animal, do the thinking first of all. I will suggest a few points upon which your thoughts may turn. Pet-keeping

may be pleasant and easy in the long days of genial weather. How will your pets fare in winter, when they require protection of some sort, and their natural food may be difficult to obtain? Will the domestic arrangements permit of their being brought indoors? and is your proposed pet such as can be tolerated indoors? Is the proposed pet such as can be kept in a cage or other small enclosure without inflicting pain or hardship upon it? If not, you cannot fairly consider it as a pet, but merely as a captive. To pet a thing is to treat it with special kindness, and unless you can assure yourself that it will be at least as well cared for in your hands as if it were at large you have no right to take away its liberty.

Let us suppose, however, that you can satisfy your conscience on this point; the next thing is to consider the natural habits of the prospective pet. Here a good modern work on natural history will be helpful, where you can learn all about its habits and its food. I attach very great importance to this point, because without knowing something of the natural wants of your pet you cannot hope to succeed. I know that some do succeed without taking this elementary trouble, but, as a rule, that is because they have received sensible hints from an experienced friend. In all matters, however, it is far better to have actual knowledge yourself instead of merely working by a set of rules that somebody else has been kind enough to draw up for you, and which you do not feel free to vary or modify according to circumstances.

To quote what may be considered an extreme case, but which, nevertheless, is a striking illustration: some time ago a boy sent me the body of a pied wagtail, and asked me to diagnose the cause of death. He thought it would be a pretty bird to keep, but in spite of what he considered "every attention," the bird had died. Incidentally, he mentioned that, not being certain what seed it would prefer, he

had supplied its cage with a mixture of all the approved bird-seeds, had given it groundsel, and so forth. I do not undertake *post-mortems*, but if I did there was no necessity for one in this case, for the reference to food gave a satisfactory reason for death. If my correspondent had taken the trouble to consult a book on British birds, he would have learned that the wagtails are purely insectivorous, and would at once have given his captive its liberty, instead of starving it to death in a cage that was abundantly supplied with food it could not live upon. One might as well expect to rear a pet lamb on chops and steaks, or a tame alderman on grass.

Then, again, there is the question of housing. Birds are often kept in cages that have no proper proportion to the size or habit of the captive. Rabbits are often cooped up in tiny hutches where they have scarcely room to turn round. Squirrels, for which a fair-sized wood is not too large a playground, have to content themselves with a cage that is only fit for mice, and for exercise they are permitted to creep into a wire-wheel and work it much after the manner of convicts on the treadmill. A dozen carp or goldfish are confined in a globe or bell-glass that would not be roomy for a pair of them, and this often without a scrap of growing weed to supply the oxygen they are ever consuming. Think what this must mean to creatures naturally living in pond or stream, where they receive light only from above, and when it is too strong can retire into the shade of weeds or beneath stones. In the bowl a more or less strong glare of light assails them from all sides, as well as from above and below, and often there is not a scrap of shelter from it. Newts, which are more terrestrial than aquatic, are forced to live in the water always when they have had the misfortune to be caught. The proper cage for these creatures is the vivarium, where they can enter or leave the water as they feel inclined.

Birds should be kept in roomy outdoor aviaries, where they have sufficient space for exercising their wings in flight. Most of the ailments of pet birds are due to their unnatural lives in small cages. Of course, in the aviary provision must be made against cold nights, in the shape of boxes with small entrance holes,

and by external blinds to draw down when circumstances suggest extra protection.

Hedgehogs and tortoises should only be kept where they can have the run of a walled garden. Being given to burrowing, they will make their way under a close wooden fence, and, probably, be seen no more. Hedgehogs will find most of their food in such a place by hunting for grubs, worms, and snails, but they will appreciate a saucer of milk placed in the same spot every evening. Provision should be made for the land-tortoise by growing juicy herbs, such as dandelion and lettuce, in a corner of the garden. Water-tortoises, as well as frogs, toads, and newts, may also be allowed full liberty in a walled garden; but special provision should be made for their comfort by sinking a wooden tub into the soil until its rim comes flush with the surface, an exit from the water being secured for them by a fixed wooden inclined plane from the edge. Of course, as in the aquarium, the water should be kept fresh, though unchanged, by being furnished with growing pond-weeds. A margin of turf around the tub will improve its appearance, and the far side should be planted with bushy herbs or shrubs in which the frogs, &c., may shelter close to the water.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Nest" (Islay). Your spotted egg is that of the Coot (*Fulica atra*), and the cream-coloured one that of the Common Partridge (*Perdix cinerea*). Messrs. Watkins and Doncaster and other dealers purchase and exchange eggs of the less common birds, but I believe they require entire clutches with full data as to locality, number, date, &c.

G. U. U. (Tiverton). The galls on your Spruce-fir are known as Spruce Pine-apple Galls, and are caused by the insect you found within. It is a kind of Aphis, allied to the Green-fly of the Rose-tree and known to naturalists as *Chermes abietis*.

G. E. Johnson (Shrewsbury). The only outdoor occupations that I know of in which you would have opportunities for pursuing your taste for natural history, are those of the forester and game keeper. There are no paid openings for naturalists save as science teachers and curators of museums.

D. Jones (Weston-super-Mare). The bird you describe is without doubt the Green Woodpecker (*Geococcyx viridis*). It is more usual to meet with it in the woods than in gardens. No doubt you have a tree there whose wood is harbouring grubs of some sort.



COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

Last day for sending in, April 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, June 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.
Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we shall in future require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope, and bear a coupon.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. Only those articles actually offered for competition will be awarded as prizes. Girls may, however, have tennis racquets instead of cricket bats.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by April 18.

The Results will be published in June.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—“**Antidenominationalism.**” — How many names of birds, beasts, fishes, or insects—in fact, any creature that walks, creeps, swims, or flies—can you make out of this word? Arrange your list alphabetically, but do not classify the creatures you include in your list. To the ingenious winner (who will well deserve it) of this competition we shall present a New Hudson 1906 Tourist Two-Speed Bicycle, value £10 10s. (See Prizes page.)

No. 2.—“**My Garden.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing a typical week's work in your garden—the first week, say, in April. The garden can be as large or as small as you like. Prize: A “Guinea Klito” Camera, manufactured by Houghtons, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 3.—“**Photographic Competition.**”—Send a photo. of a house, shop, or any kind of building having some peculiarity about it that merits notice. Bear in mind the advice given by the Photographic Editor this month. Prizes: Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—“**April Celebrities.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of April. Prizes: Class I., a “Guv'nor” Cricket Bat, by R. Abel and Sons; Classes II. and III., Cricket Bats by Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—“**Drawing Competition.**”—This month we want you to send us a sketch from life—a boy, girl, old man, cook, or any sort of figure—in pen, pencil, or water-colours. Prizes: Two of Messrs. George Rowney & Co.'s Paint Boxes: (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—“**Handwriting.**”—Copy in your best handwriting the first ten lines of “The Track of Midnight.” Write only on one side of the paper. This is a competition intended particularly for our younger readers. The Prize in each Class will be a No. 2. “Scout” Hand Camera, value 10s., manufactured by Messrs. Houghtons, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twelve.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **June 18.** By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living **outside** Europe. There will be **no age limit.** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial April Competitions.”

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Spring in Dublin.

SPRING is here. It is an undoubted fact. The flower-girls at Nelson's Pillar are crying, shrilly, "O'ny a penny, sor; shree bunches a penny, miss!" as they draw their shawls a little tighter over their cold heads, and hold six daffodils, or a dozen violets, towards you in their blue, outstretched hands.

As you walk along crowded Sackville Street—or "O'Connell Street," as the Nationalists like to call it—or Grafton Street, the Regent Street of Dublin, you are pestered by too-persistent vendors of the spring blossoms. If you do happen to buy some, the girl who sells them to you awaits your going with ill-concealed impatience, crying the value of her wares all the time for the benefit of future customers; and if you don't, she follows you as far as her "beat" allows, only to pass you on to another girl, shriller, more untidy, and redder-haired than herself.

But these are not the only signs of spring in Dublin. Alas! we know it. May it not rain continuously for a week, only ceasing when it snows? Though, indeed, we may have days which

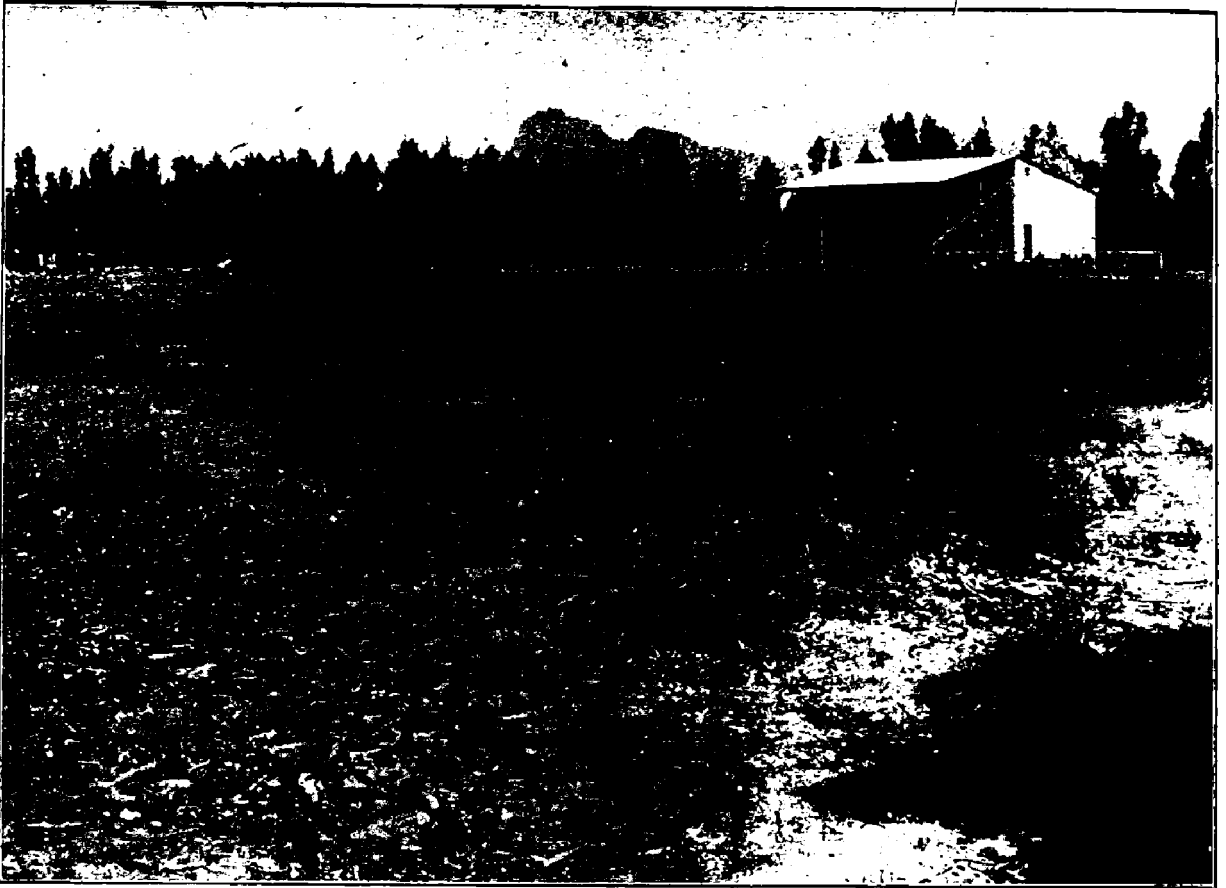
are more like the June of Ireland than the April; but that is exceptional.

Again, we cannot doubt that blessed spring is here, because Phoenix Park and Stephen's Green are emerald. Every tree is putting on its new green dress; every water-fowl on the Green's water is hungrily darting from side to side, or diving for its food. The black swans are dipping their long necks and red bills deeply under; the little ducks are following their mothers in long lines across the water, and the silly geese with green bills are squawking at the red legs of small boys.

Yes; all is spring-like. All the ladies wear fragrant violets in the furs round their necks; all the men have at least some flower in their



A "LION" OF STONYHURST COLLEGE—"BOTTLE COTTAGE"
So called because the genial old lady who lives there has bordered the flower-beds in her garden with 365 inverted bottles—one for each day of the year.
Photo. by W. H. Knowles.



WORCESTER CRICKET GROUND, CAPE COLONY.
Where Mr. P. F. Warner's M.C.C. Team defeated a South African XVIII. in January.
Photo. by A. Caris.

button-holes ; also, all the ladies' skirts are dragged, and all the men's trouser-legs spattered with mud.

However, let us not look only at the worst side of a Dublin spring, but rather at its beauties. Take the train from Harcourt Street Station out to Milltown. There you see the country greenness. The fields, hedges, banks, are green, startlingly green, emerald green. The Dodder is more like a stream than a dry ditch, which it generally resembles. The Dublin mountains are deeply blue, the air is fresh and strong. Here spring is spring. Every hedge, every bank, nay, every field, shows it. In all the cottage gardens the little spring flowers are blooming. One old house, which is called "haunted," is covered so thickly with ivy that the uninitiated stranger might mistake it for a bush. As you walk you meet the "spring" fowls which may figure on your table at some future date. In the fields you see sheep, and also the lambs which may some day decorate your dinner-table, and please your palate.

After this reflection you think it is time to

return to that dinner-table, for the air of the Three-Rock Mountain is very invigorating to the appetite. So, turn your steps towards the little railway station again, and be thankful if you happen to catch the train. You will soon be looking out of the carriage window, and sighing to think that spring will quickly be gone. But "Nil Desperandum"; it will come again next year.

ERIN.

An Odd Occurrence.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, in the town of Glastonbury, a bull ran into a china-shop, situated in the Market Square. The animal rushed straight up the shop, wheeled round, and, much to the astonishment of those present, made its way into the street again without having broken a single article. The owner of the shop was a Mr. Hodges. I can vouch for the truth of this occurrence, as at the time my father was engaged in business on the opposite side of the street.

WILFRED BATHE.

Peculiar Swiss Churches.

A TOURIST travelling for the first time in Switzerland is always struck by the number of churches and chapels that abound throughout the country, and on entering them he is oft-times impressed still more by the peculiar interiors of some.

"All the world's a stage," wrote Shakespeare, and it appears that the architect of a certain Roman Catholic chapel adjoining the parish church at Brique has taken this saying much to heart, for he has designed the altar in imitation of a theatre's stage.

There is another peculiarity about this chapel, for in the crypt beneath are piled thousands upon thousands of human skulls and bones. These have been dug up from the churchyard and placed here in order to make room for further graves.

In Switzerland one's bones are never allowed to rest in peace, for as soon as a graveyard becomes too crowded they are exhumed and thrust ignominiously away beneath the church.

I think one of the most remarkable Continental chapels I ever visited was that of a little hamlet in the Hermatt valley. It was, perhaps, thirty feet in length by twenty in breadth, and could accommodate upwards of fifty souls. The filth of the place inside was disgusting. Birds were allowed free access, and had built several nests in the rafters of the roof. Apparently soap and water had not been applied to the building since the date of its erection, and evidently the officiating priest did not hold by that excellent axiom, "cleanliness is next to godliness."

Perhaps the strangest article in this remarkable little chapel was a *baby's sucker* suspended from a nail by the door. This was placed there for use in quieting infants who waxed rowdy during the service.

G. E. ARROWSMITH.



INTERIOR, SWISS CHAPEL AT BRIQUE,
Photo. by G. E. Arrowsmith.

Lost and Found.

THE first of April round again,
I made a stern decree,
That no one, howsoe'er he tried,
Should make a fool of me.

As I walked slowly through the streets
I saw upon the ground,
Unnumbered traps for silly folk
Spread temptingly around.

I saw them carried off by scores,
Unconscious of their guile;
All the effect they had on me
Was to provoke a smile.

At length a dirty, ragged boy
Rushed up to me, and cried,
"Excuse me, sir, you've dropped your
purse—"
Which statement I denied.

I told him he could keep the purse;
Said he, "You're awful kind";
Then, with a ringing shout of joy,
He vanished like the wind.

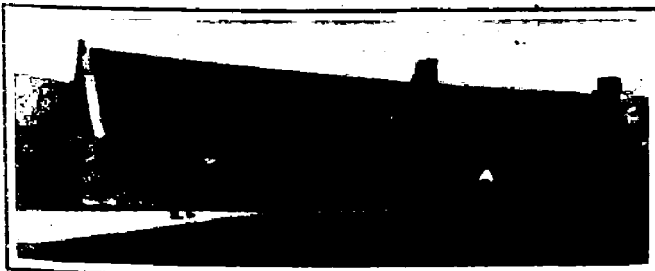
How soft the boy must be to think
He'd catch me with such rot!
My purse was in my pocket—but
Good gracious, *it was not!*

HERBERT J. BRANDON.

The Kimberley Diamond Mine.

THIS most famous of diamond mines resembles a huge hollow scooped out of the earth.

To peer into it is as though one were looking into a large bowl, the sides of which are smooth, while round the bottom three



ROBERT BURNS' BIRTHPLACE, AYR, SCOTLAND,
Photo. by Muriel A. Price.



THE HEMLOCK STONE, NOTTINGHAM.

This quaint monolith is 40 feet in height, the base being composed of hard sandstone, and the upper portion of a more metallic substance. Its curious shape and markings are conjectured to have been caused, in pre-historic days, by the action of waves, and, more recently, by wind and rain.

Photo. by Owen C. Ford.

or four thousand human beings are working with all their energy. You see them at every hole and corner moving and shovelling the loose blue soil. Their usual task is to load the buckets with the clay which is loosened for them by blasting after they have left work at six o'clock.

The whole area is interlaced with countless wire ropes, along which buckets ascend and descend. At the edge are thousands of natives, some attending to the buckets on their arrival, others employed at small windlasses winding the blue clay to the surface. Every one of these men is clothed (so far as his jacket is concerned) with some soldier's cast-off tunic.

When the clay has been drawn up to the surface and deposited in the wooden boxes at the top, it is lowered by its own weight into carts and carried off to the proprietors' ground, which is as near as possible, and then laid out to crumble and decompose. This process depends on the fall of rain. When there is a shortage or no rain, it must be watered—at a considerable expense. It is then brought to the washing-place, and is first put into a large puddling-trough, where it is broken up and turned into mud. The stones, of course, fall to the bottom; and as diamonds are the heaviest of stones, they fall with the others. The mud is most carefully examined and thrown away, and then the stones are washed and re-washed, sifted, and examined.

The greater number of diamonds are found during this operation; but the large ones are generally discovered when the stuff is being knocked about and put into the buckets in the mine.

A. MIRE.

Howlers.

THE "White Horse" was calved on the Malvern Hills. (This in regard to the famous white horse mentioned in "Tom Brown's Schooldays.")

An artistic galvanometer has two magnified needles.

"Ordnance" is people at a concert.

A "hostage" is a large bird in South Africa.

There are three kinds of volcanoes: (1) extinct, (2) instinct, (3) dormitory.

WELLINGTONIAN (New Zealand).



A PICTURESQUE EXAMPLE OF AN OLD THATCHED HOUSE.

Photo. by J. Haddock, Jr.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The Bending of a Twig, by Desmond F. T. Coke (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), is a book that I can heartily recommend to every reader of *THE CAPTAIN*, and particularly to school librarians. Every school library, indeed, should "stock" it without delay. The tale concerns the career of one Lycidas Marsh at Shrewsbury School. We follow Marsh's footsteps as he travels up from the bottom of the school to the headship of his house; we sympathise and triumph with him, we laugh at and with him—for he is thoroughly human, one of the crowd, not a great ass (save at the very beginning of the tale) and not a genius, but just a straightforward plodder, striving to do his duty. At the start, however, Lycidas is severely handicapped by the fact that he had never been to a preparatory school, nor, indeed, mingled with his kind at all until he went to Shrewsbury. It is Mr. Coke's object (he tells us in his preface) to "level destructive satire at the conventional school story," and so he makes his hero's mother buy the boy a number of works dealing with school life, so that Lycidas shall not be wholly ignorant of the sort of thing he may expect when he gets to Shrewsbury. Mrs. Marsh purchases "Tom Brown's School - Days," "Eric," "Stalky & Co.," "The Hill" (Mr. Vachel's Harrow story), and a work described as "Jack Joker, A Tale of Real Life, Mystery and Fun at School," for the entertainment and enlightenment of her son. The effect of these widely diverse stories on Master Marsh's mind is very cleverly described. He is fascinated with "Stalky," and does not know how to thank his mother enough for having bought such a book for him. The language used by

Vol. XV.—12.

Stalky and his young friends, however, fills him with wonder. His father (a poet) never uses such words. Compared with his mother's vocabulary it might have been Chinese or Volapuk. For instance—

In his mother's highest moments of delight and pride in him, she had never cried, "Come to my arms, my beamish boy. Oh, frabjous day! Calloo, callay!" He still remembered his father's elation one day, when he had waved a long strip of crackling paper before them at breakfast, and cried, "This is indeed a proud moment for me, Adeline. The fruits of my Muse!" but he had not spun upon his heel, and cried, "Fids! fids! Oh, fids! I gloat. Hear me gloat!" No, the ways of parents were clearly other than the ways of Public School boys. How lucky that he had found out in time!

Finally, Mrs. Marsh takes "Stalky" away from Lycidas. "I consider," she says, "that these boys are most ungentlemanly in their behaviour. Forget all about them, dear, and start on 'Eric.' I know *that* is pretty." A close perusal of Dean Farrar's famous work leaves Lycidas in another state of wonder. The good boys die, and the bad boys live. It appeared, however, judging by the top-line of a page, that if the gods loved you, you died young. Then, Lycidas asks himself, wasn't it better to be hated by the gods?

My readers, I trust, will gain from these quotations some idea of the fun the author extracts from Lycidas' wanderings through these school-stories, and the theories of school-life he forms in consequence. In due time he arrives at Shrewsbury with scenes from "Stalky," "Eric," "The Hill," and "Jack Joker" fresh in his mind. He is given a study with two other boys (who, to his surprise, do not bombard him with questions regarding his

parentage, &c.), and appointed to sleep in dormitory D. At bed-time he is glad to see that there is no fire in the dormitory (for he had lively memories of Tom Brown's roasting), and, sitting on his bed, tries to decide which of the other boys in the room will prove to be the bully—the first to cast a slipper when he kneels down to pray! Lycidas determines that, come what may, he will, before getting into bed, fall boldly on the hard boards and say his prayers. The son of a poet, he has a lively sense of the dramatic, and he pictures himself, "a slight, pathetic form, clad in pure white," braving the scornful jeers of all the room. But he is not allowed, after all, to be the central figure of a harrowing *tableau*, for—

Suddenly, while he waited, a bell sounded in the corridor outside, and without a word every boy in the room knelt down to pray. "Digging" is a universal habit at Shrewsbury School.

With a distinct sense of disappointment, which it would have needed an older head to analyse, Lycidas got off his bed and followed suit.

And so it goes on, Lycidas' preconceptions of public school life being shattered one by one in a most prosaic manner. At football he tries to get injured, like Tom Brown, and does manage to be knocked down by the ball, but is greatly disappointed when he is only laughed at and called a silly little ass. Nevertheless, some of the ideas he has picked up from school books still cling to him. Particularly does he long to tackle the school bully. The wags of the house, hearing of the new boy's latest mania, get up a bullying scene for him, the villain of the piece being a large, flabby, but, in reality, profoundly good-natured fellow called Hobbs. Marsh is told that Hobbs takes his victims to a certain spot near the School Wall, every day after breakfast, and there thrashes them in a brutal manner. Repairing to the place in question one morning, Lycidas does actually find Hobbs about to belabour a little boy with "a pliant stick, new-plucked, with cruel little lumps along it."

So Hollins had been right! Lycidas walked quickly forward, and when he was within a few steps, the little boy began to whimper and to cry, "Oh, don't! Hobbs, don't!" He could not help noticing that Hobbs had not done anything so far; but possibly the poor boy cried from past experience.

Lycidas knew what to say; not for nothing had he studied "Eric."

"Leave him alone," he shouted. "What a confounded bully you are—always plaguing some one."

"Clear out!" answered Hobbs, rudely.

Then indeed Lycidas opened his mouth and let flow Eric's words, which he so prudently had underlined.

"You hulking, cowardly, stupid bully!" he cried. "You blackguard! You despicable bully! You intolerable brute!" and he added (from "The Hill"), "Infernal jackanapes! You pretty pet!"

Hobbs certainly seemed staggered, but there was the suspicion of a scornful smile around his lips, as letting go of the small boy he said—

"Look here! Do you want to fight?"

Lycidas did not flinch. "Yes, I do," he cried, stripping off his coat.

The farce ends with the brutal Hobbs laying Lycidas across his knee and giving him three gentle smacks, and then Lycidas grasps the fact that he has been made a fool of. The incident earns him the nickname of Don Quixote, which, shortened to Don Q., sticks to him during his six years at Shrewsbury. And thus, by painful experience, he learns that all that is printed in books about school life must not necessarily be expected to happen at a modern public school.

Mr. Coke treats us to some excellent fooling while he shows us how Lycidas Marsh gradually becomes disillusioned, and our author is to be congratulated on his handling of the various scenes. But this idea of a boy seeking the characters of school fiction in real life is not original. CAPTAINITES will remember that it was exploited with excellent humour by Mr. Guy Pocock in his story "Poor, dear Harry!" printed in three numbers of our tenth volume. Mr. Coke, however, has made his hero glean his ideas from a greater variety of works than Harry perused, and is therefore able to make much more capital out of the queer jumble of notions Lycidas imbibes from the literature placed in his hands by his mother. Our sympathy goes out to the lad even while we laugh at him, and after the mock fight with Hobbs we echo the remark dropped by Hollins, the prime mover in the hoax—"You've a big heart, Marsh." Indeed, Marsh does not lack courage or common sense, the mistakes he makes being entirely due to his upbringing. It is hardly necessary, however, to draw the attention of *matres-familiarum* to the case of Lycidas, as we



THE "BUMPERS" AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

An illustration from "The Bending of a Twig."

cannot imagine any modern mother keeping her boy tied to her apron-strings until he is due at a public school.

From this point the story swings briskly along, various phases of a public school boy's career being treated with humour, truth, and keen observation. It is a great thing to be a "tweak" (=one distinguished in athletics) at Shrewsbury, as at all other schools, but Lycidas does not shine at cricket and football, and he remains obscure until he is chosen to "cox" his house boat in the Bumpers—and to "cox" it to victory, too. As one reads our author's account of the final race one feels almost as excited as the boys on the bank:

Gaining! Gaining!

That word rings in his ears, he shouts it wildly, all unknowing, as they go past the boat-house, and enter the reach which leads to Pengwerne Corner—Pengwerne Corner where the bumps are made!

"You've got 'em! Got 'em!"

He can hear what they are shrieking, now. He's got them. He leans once more towards the right, and looks. Their bows are overlapping Doctor's rudder! The bump is his!

"Row! Row!" he cries. "We've got 'em, now! We've got 'em." His hoarse voice breaks upon a treble note, but nobody can hear it. Bells are clanging, rattles whirring, sirens shrilling; and over all the great yell, "Now! Now!"—every sign that Doctor's day is short. It comes to Lycidas, a muffled roar, as of a distant fair-ground: and above it suddenly there sound the coach's accents, clear and loud—

"Shoot, now! Shoot! Shoot!"

The years roll on and Lycidas is at length made a monitor. The other monitors in the house are dominated by the "tweaks," but Lycidas proves himself the one strong man of the house, and in doing so earns himself considerable unpopularity. We are shown what an excellent system of government of boys by boys Shrewsbury has. The "tweaks" in the house, though immeasurably the superiors of Lycidas in physical strength, are compelled by this system to obey him. Russell, a member of the "first" cricket and football teams, who throughout the story runs counter to Lycidas in various ways, finds out to his cost that all his muscle and doughty deeds cannot enable him to set at defiance the Shrewsbury monitorial code.

Of the struggle between Marsh and Russell we hear much, and the situations that occur are engineered with a sure touch by Mr. Coke, who was himself Head of Shrewsbury some seven years ago.

Of Shrewsbury School in bulk we are told little; the author gives us an occasional glimpse of the big place, but his pen seldom wanders from the fortunes of Lycidas—and his house, Alton's. "Tearing Up the Roots" is the title of a chapter written with deep feeling and sincerity, for here we see Lycidas, at nineteen, bidding a reluctant farewell to the school he has learned to love very dearly. We accompany him to the last Sunday evening chapel. What Old Public School man cannot recall similar emotions?—

When the Head Master, pointing out the need for each member of the School so to order his life as though Shrewsbury's fame depended upon him alone, turned definitely to those who would, in a few days, be leaving the small world of school, it was almost too much. Lycidas remembered how he had heard the like counsel, year after year, carelessly waiting for the final hymn, mind full of holidays: and now its truth came home to him more vivid in the contrast. He held himself stiffly in his seat, for fear of showing his emotion, and could almost see the difference between the tense figures of those leaving, and the restless stirrings of those to whom Tuesday would bring a charming interlude, and not—the end. It was a relief, when at last after a final hymn, which aroused more memories, the sixth form started filing out, the first boy setting a slow pace, as if reluctant to leave the well-loved scene behind.

I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Coke has written a notable book. It is sound, good work. There is no straining after effect, no dragging in of sensation. On that account it may not appeal to certain readers who like their fiction to be highly spiced; but it will give great pleasure to those who prefer to pay their money for a book written by a man who knows his subject, and draws his characters with the unerring brush of the true artist. Let other aspiring authors take a leaf out of this young writer's book. Let them tell of those things that they can speak of with authority. "Be it ever so humble," there's no place one can write a book about so acceptably as the place that is, or has been, one's home.

A Hint to Private Schools.—It is, of course, the privilege of the com-

paratively few in the world of boys to go to a great public school. Yet, there is no reason why lesser schools should not emulate the monitorial system that obtains at, say, Shrewsbury. Such a system raises the tone of a school and makes a master's life worth living. At many private schools the assistant masters have little cause to bless the fates that have cast their lives in such paths. The excellent monitorial system at public schools relieves the master of many petty duties. It enables boys to govern boys. It is a grand code. At many private schools the masters are for ever on the run, rebuking, setting lines, and, as a last resource, reporting culprits to the headmaster. How much more dignified the lot of a master at a private school would be if the head boys were empowered to relieve him of all minor disciplinary duties. Then he would, indeed, find the mental and physical leisure to throw himself heart and soul into the real work of his vocation—that of cultivating the intellect and building up the character of each boy committed to his charge. One of the most striking chapters in Mr. Coke's book provides a description of how the Shrewsbury præpostors deal out justice to three offenders. Never before have I seen so clearly exemplified the excellence of the system which permits boys to maintain discipline among themselves.

The Last of the Eton Dames.— "The death of Miss Jane Evans," writes A. H. B., "is not only a source of sorrow to hundreds of past and present Etonians and friends, but it is a severing of a link with the past; for the post of Dame, a very old and characteristic institution, will certainly not be revived, and another old Eton custom will have passed away. But if the post which Miss Evans so ably filled at Eton was unique, so also were her character and powers. She had a marvellous gift of getting her boys to obey her and believe in her; she trusted them, and they reciprocated her trust; she believed no evil of them, one of the surest ways of ensuring that no evil should be done. Though not a woman of a restless intellectual interest in present-day 'problems,' she had what was more important for her purpose—a loving heart and a wide sympathy. Her heart was big enough for the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, of all her boys and friends, and all this without a trace of morbidness or sentimentality. To



THE LATE MISS JANE EVANS, THE LAST OF THE ETON DAMES.

From a photo. by A. H. B.

alter the title of a recent work of fiction, she might have been called 'Jane of the Great Heart.' A sense of humour is an excellent gift for those who have to govern others, and helps the turning of awkward corners, and this Miss Evans possessed and used in a quiet genial way. Perhaps her chief characteristic next to her loving nature was her wonderful native insight into the heart and inwardness of any matter, a sort of intuitive power to grasp the essential; and, without giving advice, which she rarely cared to do, she would, in a few words, and generally in a half-humorous way, indicate the very pith of a matter. Such wise, kindly, transparently honest natures as Jane Evans' are far to seek, and we are all, most truly, the poorer for her loss."

My Schools and School-Masters, by Hugh Miller. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 3s. 6d.) The generation

that knew Hugh Miller (writes a CAPTAIN critic) has passed away, but the story of his education is still full of interest, particularly to those who, like himself, are able to obtain few so-called "educational advantages." "They will find," he says, "that by far the best schools I ever attended are schools open to them all, and that the best teachers I ever had are (though severe in their discipline) always easy of access." Stonemason, bank clerk, editor, geologist, and author, Miller was well fitted to speak on the subject, and he came to the wise conclusion that the real school, which we must all attend, is the world, and our only real schoolmasters ourselves. Others may help us, perhaps, and put us in the right way, but when all is said and done it is on ourselves that we must depend and each one of us must work out his own salvation. The avowed aim of the book is to arouse the humbler classes to the important work of self-culture and self-government, and

to convince those in higher position that there are instances in which working men have at least as legitimate a claim to their respect as their pity, and this aim the book is well qualified to achieve.

Sir Hans Sloane.—It will be observed from THE CAPTAIN Calendar that Sir Hans Sloane was born on April 16, 1660. Sir Hans Sloane was a great physician and naturalist, who was created a baronet by George I. in 1716. As a boy, scientific study proved attractive to him, and after studying medicine for some years he settled down as a physician in London. In 1687 he accompanied the Duke of Albemarle to Jamaica, and it was while there that he commenced his collection of botanical specimens. He died at Chelsea in 1752, and his museum, which contained over three hundred volumes of dried plants and 30,600 other natural history specimens, together with his library of over 50,000 volumes, was bought by the government, and formed the nucleus of the British Museum. His memory is further perpetuated in the names of two thoroughfares in the district where he resided—Hans Place and Sloane Square. His natural history specimens are now in South Kensington Museum.

L.C.C. Scholastic Appointments.—Full particulars of the improved facilities now offered by the London County Council to young men and women who wish to be trained as teachers in its elementary schools in the metropolis may be obtained from The Executive Officer, London County Council, Education Department, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C. After August 1, 1906, the commencing salary of fully qualified teachers in elementary schools will be £100 and £88 per annum for men and women respectively. Special facilities, too, are afforded to present students in the council's schools in aiding them to enter the scholastic profession, and to both sexes of 18-19 years of age who have passed the London Matriculation or some other examination accepted by the Board of Education.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As we receive a great number of letters, our correspondents are requested to bear in mind that we can only comment on communications that we consider to be of general interest. Readers requiring information quickly should enclose stamped envelopes or post-cards, according to the length of the answer they desire.]

"Inquisitive," says, will I tell his character by his handwriting, "as you did 'Gwendolen's'?" I will try, sir, so here goes: You are lively and talkative—often too much so. You do not do your

lessons thoroughly, and you often get impositions. You are clever (don't blush), and you will flounder about a good deal before you fix on a satisfactory profession. Even then you will allow your mind to wander too often from your work to games and diversions. Still, you are a nice chap and a firm friend, and although your writing is bad, your heart is good. You are unpunctual and untidy, impulsive—say hot things to your friends and repent them a moment later—and unmethodical. You don't keep your bicycle clean, and you are always being pulled up about something. You are very healthy, fond of reading, inclined to be a spendthrift (bad boy! but I am, too, so we're a couple!) and, in fact, a mixture of good and ill who'll worry through most things right side up. Now, then, show this to a candid friend and ask him (or her!) to write and tell me whether I'm very far wrong. Now for your questions. Yes, I believe there is something in phrenology, palmistry, astronomy, and all that sort of thing. No doubt many people who practise these arts pretend to know more than they really do, but there is something in all of them. It does not do, however, to worry one's head about them, and, whatever you do, never spend money on them.

"Old Rossallian" writes me a long letter on the subject of athletics and beauty, but I fear I cannot find space for it. It is quite true, as "Old Rossallian" remarks, that the pictures we see of ladies' hockey teams do not make the players out to be particularly beautiful, but I daresay a good many of these ladies look very much better when you meet them face to face. A girl who allows hockey, or any other game, to become a craze with her, very often loses some of her feminine comeliness, because women were never meant to indulge in athletics in the same degree as men. I have seen ladies playing hockey, and I have seen the same ladies getting up amateur theatricals, decorating churches, and busying themselves with the ordinary domestic tasks that fall to women. That is the right sort of athletic girl—the girl who takes her exercise in moderation, and does not allow it to absorb her attentions to the exclusion of duties that appertain to the household. Our correspondent, "Sisterless" (as "Old Rossallian" suggests), was wrong in stating that beauty and athletics go together. Health and athletics certainly do go together, and good health, as often as not, means good looks.

F. Stevenson is fifteen years of age, and, having left school, desires to start work in a lawyer's office. People whom he has consulted say that lawyers pay their clerks poor wages, and this statement has lead F. Stevenson to write and ask me what my advice is. Shall he go into an office of this kind, or shall he not? I always think a fellow ought to do what he wants to do, so long as the occupation he wishes to take up is a respectable one. If F. Stevenson wants to go into a lawyer's office, let him go and try it. He is only fifteen, and has got plenty of time in front of him. He adds that he hopes to pass exams. and not remain a clerk. When a young fellow does well in a lawyer's office, he is not infrequently "given his articles" by his employers. This means that he does not have to pay any premium (and a good firm often wants as much as £300 for an articulated clerk), and he does not have to pay for his stamp, which costs £80. I shall be glad to hear how F. Stevenson gets on.

An Astonishing Parish.—H. A. Auty, of Sheerness, tells me a remarkable fact about that

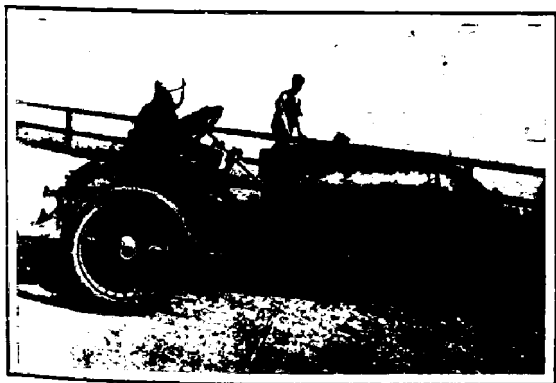
place. "This town," he says, "is on an island, and there are two parishes on the island, one of which has a church, a school, and a vicar who draws pay, although there are no inhabitants. The other parish has no church, yet a clergyman is paid for being the vicar, and, needless to say, he never preaches anywhere in that particular parish."—Well, this seems to me the queerest town I have yet heard of. Why there should be a church and a school in No. 1 parish, and no people to attend them, and why in No. 2 parish there should be a vicar and yet no church for him to preach in, passes comprehension. Perhaps Mr. Auty will oblige with a little further information concerning this truly Gilbertian community.

"**Long Boy, Sussex,**" writes: "I have read 'N. K.'s' letter *re* 'The age for leaving off Etons,' and in a way can sympathise with him. I also have a guardian who won't let me shed my Etons under pains and penalties—and his contention is that one can only be a boy once, and should remain one as long as possible; moreover, he says Etons is the most becoming dress a boy can wear. So, in spite of some chaff, I still don jackets and deep collars—and I am over seventeen and tall for my age. Have you any more readers who think they have a grievance? because I think, personally, I shall be sorry when Etons and all the privileges of boyhood have passed away."

"**Mother of a Cricket Captain** writes: "I have just noticed a letter from Phyllis Harding on Autograph Collecting. I was at Cheltenham during 'the week,' and noticed some girls bothering famous cricketers for their autographs. It looked to me so 'forward,' and I heard the same thought expressed by others. Of course, a gentleman cannot be rude to a girl! but—Is it fair to the man when debating an important matter with himself to have an autograph-book pushed under his nose by a strange girl? I must say I should not like to see one of my children do it."

"**School.**"—Quite a host of CAPTAIN readers have sent in answers to H. V. Powell's poem of this title. A selection of these answers will be published next month, as I have no space for them this. H. V. Powell was hugely delighted at seeing his poetry in such a prominent position. In a letter he has recently sent me he drily remarks, "Some of my school-fellows say you cannot know me very well, or else you would not call me a young gentleman." I expect Powell is far too much of a humorist to mind chaff of this kind.

"**104 Miles an Hour.**"—Here is a photo. of Mr. Clifford Earp on his 90 horse-power, six-cylinder Napier car. C. D. Grover, who sends the photo.,



mentions that Mr. Earp gained fastest speeds with this car at Brighton and Blackpool, at the latter place attaining the world's record of 104 miles an hour.



"**No Straphanging Here!**"—I am indebted to F. Craigie-Halket for the photo. printed herewith (taken by P. Flack, Worthing) of a British officer travelling in West Africa. It will be observed that the officer sits in a sort of hammock which four stalwart bearers support on their heads. As I live on the recently electrified District Railway, I am in a position to envy this officer his complete ease and freedom from crowding.

"**F. R.** (Berrigan, N.S.W.)—I have never heard of any one bowling five players in one over and *running out* the sixth, and I congratulate Mr. W. Burns, of Finlay, N.S.W., in accomplishing such a record in the Finlay *v.* Berrigan match. Running-out the sixth man is, of course, the fact that constitutes the record, inasmuch as Fielder (as you remark) once took five wickets in one over; but I have never heard before of a bowler being personally instrumental in dismissing six men in one over.

"**L. W. M. Taylor.**"—There is nothing exceptional about the photograph you send me. Such pictures of Swiss scenery are as common as blackbirds or retired Army captains. Surely, living in that picturesque part of the world, you can find subjects of a more interesting nature for your camera? Try.

"**Two Northeners.**"—I do not reply to anonymous communications. People who wish to consult me should put their full names and addresses on their letters, so that, in the event of my not wishing to insert an answer in the magazine, I can write to them privately.

"**Mr. Tom Browne, R.I.**, is a member of the City of London (Rough Riders) Imperial Yeomanry, and not, as stated in the March number, the 3rd County of London Imperial Yeomanry, as the latter regiment are known as the "Sharpshooters."

"**J. W. M.**"—There is something in what you say, but you do not make any particular point that would greatly interest our readers.

"**Letters, &c.**, have also to be acknowledged from: P. Monckton, W. H. Hedges, "Valentine," C. S. Smith, "Progress," P. G. Bales, Thomas Dunn, Hedley V. Fielding, T. E. Cox, "The Abbess," Arthur J. Turner, E. E. B., M. A. Lockie, Maurice Acheson, W. L. Barclay, P. G. Cruller, T. W. Noel Orton, Norris C. Thorpe, "St. Elmo," W. Duke, G. A. O. D., FitzHerbert Howell, G. F., H. E. Milner (South Australia). **THE OLD FAG.**

Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—"My Old Machine."

(One age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF NO. 26 STANDARD RUDGE-WHITWORTH BICYCLE: R. E. Broughall Woods, 55 Whitehall Park, Hornsey Lane, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: B. Overbury, Bowdon, Cheshire; Arthur J. Clark, 19 Midmay Park, N.; H. Seddow, 4 Radnor Place, Tue Brook, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Walter L. Dudley, W. T. O. Zeroni, C. L. Bullen, W. H. Lettsom Gronow, John Brown, H. R. Lockyer, D. J. Giltinan, Clement C. Jones, William Vogt, Douglas Parkes, Winifred Spaeth, J. D. Hounam.

No. II.—"Proverbs of the Month."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF MARKET AND CO.'S NO. 1 CYCLE SPEED INDICATOR: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Mrs. J. D. Adamson, 7 Evelyn Terrace, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. A. Kerridge, Lilian Bowyer, Evelyn Hewitt, Helen C. Tancock, Alex Scott, Dora I. Larg, Edith M. Nanson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "GEORGE ROWNEY" PAINT-BOX: Albert J. F. Tracey, 24 Belmont Road, South Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. B. Nanson, Gwendolen Okeden, Fred Marson, A. G. Clarke, Allen E. Perkins, G. Tancock.

No. III.—"Action Photographs."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: R. F. Sewell, Mount Pleasant, Hexham-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. F. Shaw, James E. T. S. Hilton, E. S. Maples.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: A. M. Grundy, Repton Hall, near Burton-on-Trent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. J. Smith, Stanley Sewell, Bertha M. Williams, R. E. O. Chipp, W. E. Hallinan, C. D. Grover, A. Gordon Smith, Douglas Parkes.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: Norman Le Gallais, "Grenville," La Chasse, St. Helier's, Jersey, C.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Braddell, Winifred Hughes, T. Hughes, J. W. Winter, A. L. Kent-Lemon, M. Moorhouse, Eric Smith, A. J. Spence, M. E. Holden, Geoffrey Harrison.

No. IV.—"Birthday Card Verse."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: Ellen West, 13 Brighton Road, Watford, Herts.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: C. V. H. F. Thompson, Townylea, Carrick-on-Shannon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Reed, L. Spero, Henry Lloyd, Lilian H. Shelton, A. A. Kerridge, Nora Giltinan, Alex. Scott, W. F. H. Clayton-Smith.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: James Bland, 6 Windsor Street, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: May Ladell, 19 Alwyne Road, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. E. Petter, A. E. Dowde, G. Okeden, B. Clarkson, E. Dingwall, C. Leese, F. V. Edwards, T. Wardman, H. Sinclair-Smith, Joan Wigram, W. Mellor, Douglas Parkes.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: Cyril Ashworth, Bank House, Sowerby Bridge.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy Alwen, Hilda Jarvis, K. MacLellan, W. G. Bannerman, W. W. Phillips, T. A. Evans, F. W. Heath, C. M. Lamb.

No. V.—"February Celebrities."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF W. BUTCHER AND SON'S NO. 0 "MIDGE" CAMERA: J. E. Cranstoun Bell, "Genista," Davenport Park, Stockport.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. S. Leeming, 47 Hazelbank Road, Cufford, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. B. Hindmarsh, P. E. Petter, A. P. Greenhow, A. E. Perkins, T. W. Spikin, Emily Milley, B. Corbyn, E. G. Coomes, Lucy Ehrmann, H. B. James, A. N. Cade, M. Goult, A. T. Hurt, A. Tapply.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: Arthur W. Fox, 25 Robert Street, C-on-M, Manchester.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: F. C. Mann, 6 Weech Road, W. Hampstead, N.W.; W. H. Menge, 9 Lee Terrace, Lower Sydenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. L. Williams, S. S. Cherry, Reginald Lumb, D. K. Cherry, W. G. Gook, H. F. Young, E. L. Gedge, C. E. Sweny, J. M. Douglas, E. D. Doring, C. A. Cracknell, T. Johnson.

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: Norman Williams, "Chelwyn," Granby Road, Mile End, Stockport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edwin Ainscow, J. N. Alexander, C. W. Daniels, W. D. Jackson, D. G. Colyer, G. S. A. Nicholson, E. E. Reynolds.

No. VI.—"The Best Kind of Pet."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" HOCKEY-STICK: Douglas Parkes, 2 Church Street, Southport.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Benjamin Corbyn, 71 Fairacres Road, Oxford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. B. James, E. J. Walker, Emily Milley, W. F. Curtis, W. H. L. Gronow, A. Tapply, N. French Blake, C. L. Bullen, Marguerite Schindhelm, James Bland, J. F. Parkhouse.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" HOCKEY-STICK: C. R. Dawkins, Redhill, Haverfordwest, S. Wales.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: William Vogt, 471 West Derby Road, Tuebrook, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Wickenden, E. E. Field, H. B. Champion, Arthur Sellicks, H. T. Burchell, George F. Bourne, H. Gattford, W. Atkinson, Percy Hartill, Doris M. Jackson, B. Newling, J. D. Hounam.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" HOCKEY-STICK: John R. Williams, Church Farm, Panteg, Pontypool Road, Mon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Philip Hodgson, 11 Algernon Terrace, Tynemouth, Northumberland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. H. Trehane, Bertram Tulloch, H. S. Thiskell, R. F. C. Roach, R. W. K. Twinberrow, E. W. Milsom, R. Bence-Jones, Harvey Chaplin.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(December 1905.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: Ben Kalaingo, Hope-Waddell Institute, Calabar, S. Nigeria.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. C. Groves (South Africa), M. W. Rosenthal (Transvaal), G. Caris, Jr. (Cape Colony), Leslie H. Burket (Canada), T. T. Waddington (Bermuda), Alfred L. Solomon (Jamaica).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: J. Hawken, Market Street, Grahams-town, Cape Colony.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. V. Granville Neish (Jamaica), Cecil Guthrie (Trinidad), Egerton W. Melville (Jamaica), George G. Proctor (Trinidad), M. W. Rosenthal.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: FitzHerbert Howell, 62 Henry Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. C. Groves.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the February Competitions.

No. I.—A large number of the contributions reached a high standard, and we regret that the bicycle could only be gained by one competitor. We can, however, heartily congratulate the winner on his well-deserved success.

No. II.—Many old and quaint proverbs concerning the month of February are still in existence, and some good lists were sent in. In several cases the neatness and handwriting left much to be desired, especially in Class II.

No. III.—Some very good work was submitted, and we hope to publish a selection of the best "action-photographs" in an early number.

No. IV.—On the whole there was a decided lack of originality in this competition, though a large number of quite good verses were submitted in all classes. Certain competitors showed an incomplete

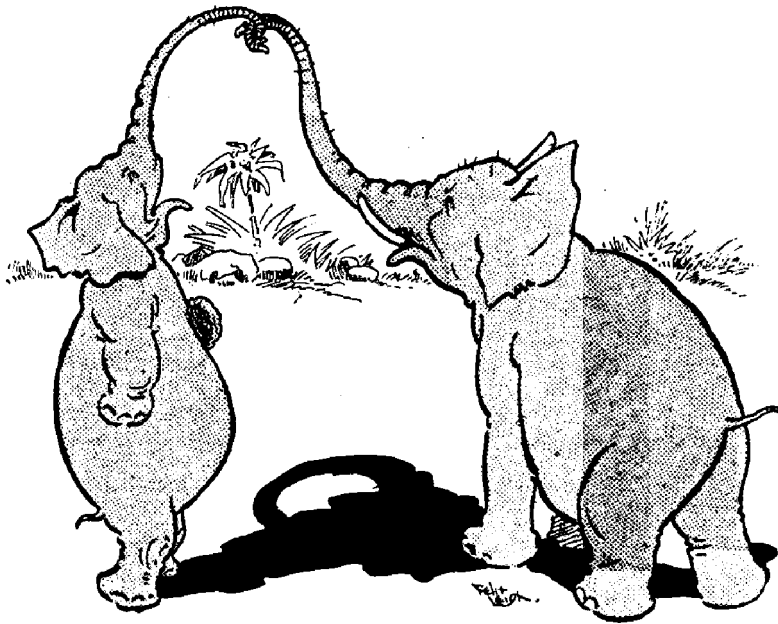
grasp of the ordinary laws of metre, but we congratulate the majority on the decided success of the Competition.

No. V.—George Washington, Sir Robert Peel, Charles Dickens, Charles Lamb, Longfellow, John Ruskin, Sir Henry Irving, the Earl of Cromer, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, Jules Verne, Sir Hiram Maxim, and Thomas Edison were among the notable people born in the month of February chosen by competitors as subjects for essays. There were many excellent entries, and a decided increase in numbers in Class III.

No. VI.—By far the "Best Kind of Pet," according to the majority of competitors, is the dog, though a certain number prefer white rats and mice, cats, rabbits, tortoises, and guinea-pigs. Here, again, I was glad to notice a large increase of entries in Class III.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

THE "SMART SET" SHAKE.



"SMART SET" NEPHEW.—"Up here, if you don't mind,
Uncle Tusker; it's no longer fashionable any lower
down, doncherknow."



MIDNIGHT! WAS THE EXCLAMATION.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XV.

MAY, 1906

No. 86.

THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT.

By G. Firth Scott.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story concerns the pre-Gold Discovery days in Australia. In the thinly populated outlying bush district to the north of Sydney, a number of escaped convicts form themselves into a band of bushrangers, under the captaincy of one known by the sobriquet of "Midnight," he being a man of broad build, wearing a long black beard and long black shaggy hair. Periodically, the squatters combine to hunt down the band. At the time of the story, they had succeeded so well that only a few members of it remain, "Midnight" being, of course, one of these survivors. While James Wilton, a young squatter, is conveying a waggon-load of wool and hides to Sydney, he is attacked by a tribe of blacks led by some members of "Midnight's" band. These are in turn attacked and routed by another tribe, and during the fight Wilton escapes from the one danger only to run into an apparently greater, in that he falls into the hands of a party of squatters who are out looking for the bushrangers. Being taken for a bushranger by them, he is hanged on a tree, and is at the point of death when the rope by which he is suspended is cut in two by a bullet fired by a government trooper who knows and recognises him. The leader of the band of squatters is a man named Giles, a slightly built, clean-shaven fellow with a very awkward temper. He is so enraged with his fellow squatters for deciding not to hang Wilton, that he leaves them. The squatters, with Wilton and the two government troopers, proceed on their way in search of "Midnight."

CHAPTER VII.

MIDNIGHT DOUBLES.

THEY would have arrived at the flat where Wilton had left his dray, by sunset, had it not been for an accident to one of the party.

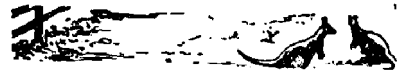
The track sloped steeply at a place where the storm-water had poured along, loosening the stones from the soil. One of the horses stumbled and threw its rider over its head. He was shaken severely, but urged that the remainder should press on, while he followed at his leisure.

With the explosion at the cave still fresh in their minds, the others, however, would not hear of such an arrangement.

"We're after the greatest scoundrel and the cleverest bushranger of the lot," Johnson said, "and our only chance is to keep well together till we get some idea of how many others he has with him. He may have a tribe of blacks still with him, and where shall we be then if we are all scattered?"

They decided to wait till their comrade was ready to travel again, and it was soon evident that the wait would extend until the following morning.

The horses were unsaddled and hobbled for the night; a fire was made, and the men gathered round it. The sun was just going below the horizon, and the bush was filled with the half light that makes shadow look as solid as substance and substance as vague as shadow. Where every man was his own cook and commissariat department, the falling shades of evening received scant attention in comparison to what was paid to the fire and the preparations of the evening meal. Consequently, no one was unoccupied when a horseman dashed out of the bush almost beside them, and, with a loud, mocking shout, rode furiously past the crowd and vanished into the bush beyond.



There was just time to notice the black horse and that the rider was a thick-set, broad-shouldered man with a black beard and long black hair, before both horse and rider were out of sight.

"*Midnight!*" was the exclamation, as, with rifles hastily snatched up, the squatters set off in pursuit.

But they might as well have stayed round the fire for all the good they were able to accomplish. Both man and horse seemed to have vanished utterly, and not even a sound could be heard of the horse's hoofs. Darkness was also coming on, and with that as an extra difficulty the squatters abandoned the chase and returned to the camp fire.

The audacity of the man they were after amazed them, such an utter disregard had he showed for their number and superior strength. As soon as they had reassembled, guards were posted round the camp to prevent surprise, and those who were not required to take part in the watch debated the chances of their being able to achieve anything now that their strength and whereabouts had been discovered.

"We may as well go home," one of them said. "Midnight is said to know every inch of the country for miles round here, and the way he rode through us and disappeared is quite proof enough for me."

"He must have come up very quietly, for no one heard him until he jumped out upon us," another observed.

"We've been too careless," Johnson said. "When Giles was with us he always told everybody what to do, and they did it; now that he is away, everybody leads for himself. I tell you, it won't pay while we're dealing with a man of this kidney. I vote for a leader, and propose Trooper Farrell."

Farrell, who had been discussing the situation with his comrade, and arranging that they should share the task of watching the watchers through the night in order to avoid another fiasco, came over to the fire at the moment. He turned towards Johnson as he heard his name uttered.

"What's that, Mr. Johnson?"

"We're deciding to follow a leader, and I've proposed you," Johnson answered.

"We want a leader, true enough, but I shouldn't care for the job myself. How about you?" Farrell replied.

The suggestion was warmly supported by all who heard it, and those who were not on guard agreed after some further debate to regard Johnson as the leader, both on that and subsequent expeditions, in the place of Giles, who had

turned tail at a critical moment. For the present occasion, Farrell and Wilton were joined in the command, the former as lieutenant, the latter as guide.

But the arrangement was made too late; it was a case of locking the stable-door after the horse was stolen. The guards were not alarmed once during the night, and by the morning everybody felt inclined to agree that the game was up, now that the quarry had escaped.

The proposed leadership was ratified in the morning, and the first act of the new command was to despatch a party to follow the tracks made by the retreating bushranger the night before. It soon returned with the information that the tracks led to a hard, stony patch of country where every trace was lost.

"Then we'll push on to the flat and see what can be learned there!" Johnson exclaimed.

They learned a good deal more than they anticipated. The carcasses of Wilton's bullocks and the bushranger's horse were in an advanced state of decomposition, but the body of the bushranger had been almost destroyed by a big fire which had been built over it and which was still burning. The bridle and saddle had been taken from the horse.

The water had drained from the flat, but the soil was still soft and muddy, and upon it recent impressions of horses' hoofs were everywhere evident. Johnson, Farrell, and Wilton rode out to the dray, which appeared, from the distance, to have canted over. When they came nearer to it they saw that the bushrangers had vented their spite still further in destroying what they could not use, and had cut through the heavy axle and damaged the wheels so much that the dray was nothing more than a useless wreck. A fire had also been lit in the space where Wilton had camped, and the bales of wool were hopelessly damaged.

"Blind, useless destruction," Johnson said, as they viewed the wreck. "There's some excuse, though little enough, for sticking up stations, but this sort of business is beyond everything. I would hang them or shoot them like rats if I came across them after this."

"It's a mean sort of thing to do, for there's neither gain nor revenge in it," Farrell added.

Wilton looked at his ruined property without speaking.

Several of the other men had by this time ridden over and joined the three. When they saw what had been done, they were loud in their protestations of wrath against the destroyers, and of sympathy for Wilton.

Wilton sat on his horse, brooding over the disasters which had come upon him since the

unlucky evening when, ignoring all suggestions of caution, he had attempted to cross the flooded flat. If only he had been content to camp on the other side, he might have escaped the notice of the blacks, his bullocks might still have been alive, and he might have been miles on his journey to Sydney. Instead of which he had, through what he now termed his folly, rushed into a perfect network of trouble, and now, after narrowly escaping with his life from foes and friends, found himself with all his property destroyed and even the poor results of his five years' toiling thrown to the winds.

He moved his horse away from the throng to escape from the general expressions of sympathy which sounded so insincere, coming as they did from men who a little while since had tried their best to hang him. He was looking towards the place where the track turned on to the flat and where he had halted his team while he tried the ground to see whether it would bear on that memorable evening, when, through the bush, he saw a horseman pass on to the track.

"There he is! Come on!" he shouted, and the others, hearing his voice and seeing him ride madly away, took up the cry and followed him.

Wilton urged his horse to its topmost speed and felt his blood tingle as he saw how rapidly he was gaining on the flying bushranger.

He had the pistol he had taken from the man the blacks had speared, and he experienced a feeling of grim satisfaction as he drew it from his belt, so as to be ready for action. He was rapidly overhauling the man in front of him, when the latter suddenly wheeled his horse into the bush, firing a shot at Wilton as he dashed amongst the trees.

Wilton followed; giving his horse a free rein he gripped it hard with his knees as he raced through the undergrowth, leapt the fallen logs, and swerved round the standing trees on his reckless chase after the flying outlaw.

Suddenly he found himself again upon an open track, with the fugitive scarce ten yards ahead, and he shouted to him to surrender. The bushranger turned in his saddle and laughed at him.

The rage that had been smouldering within Wilton burst into an overwhelming fury as, urging his panting steed into one great final effort, he reached the side of the other. With his pistol levelled, he cried to him to surrender.

The outlaw laughed again as he swiftly raised his arm and flung his empty pistol into Wilton's face.

Instinctively Wilton pressed the trigger of his weapon.

Through the smoke which veiled his sight the missile of the bushranger smashed into his face. He reeled from his saddle and fell, even as the outlaw, with a bullet through his lungs, lurched forward onto his horse's neck and rolled to the ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLOVER'S REVENGE.

WHEN Wilton and the bushranger left the track and dashed into the bush Farrell and Johnson, who were nearest, galloped after them and managed to keep them in sight.

"We'll save our horses in case Wilton gives in." Johnson said to his companion, as they watched the rapidly-moving figures of the others as they flitted hither and thither amongst the trees.

"There he goes for the track," Farrell exclaimed, as the bushranger was perceived to swerve suddenly and ride past Wilton. "Oh, why didn't you shoot?" he cried, as he saw Wilton first raise his pistol and then lower it as he spurred after his man.

The two also rode toward the track, and, as they neared it, heard the report of Wilton's shot. The next moment the riderless horses passed them, and they hurried to where the riders lay.

The bushranger struggled to get up, and managed to raise himself on his arms. But the effort was too much, and, looking up at them with a pale, anguished face, he rolled over with a groan.

"He's badly hurt," Farrell exclaimed, as he leaped off his horse and stooped over him. "He won't last long, I'm afraid."

Then he hastened to Wilton, just as the latter opened his eyes.

Johnson, who had also dismounted, raised Wilton into a sitting position as the other men rode up.

"Now then, my lad, freshen up, freshen up," Farrell exclaimed.

"Put him on his feet," one of the men called out, and Wilton was lifted up until he stood.

"Now you're all right. You're not hurt as much as that," Farrell continued.

"Look there," Wilton said, as he pointed to the man lying in the track.

"The best day's work you ever did," Farrell answered.

The men gathered round the wounded

bushranger. Noticing that he still breathed, one of them called out :

"There's time to hang him yet."

The suggestion was a little too brutal for the majority, and a babel of protests arose.

"Remember Doolan," one cried fiercely.

The wounded man opened his eyes, and in a weak voice said :

"Doolan was one of us."

Had a blight of dumbness fallen upon the band they could not have been silenced more effectually than they were by the remark of the dying outlaw. Wilton, who had been leaning against Farrell, started forward as his ear caught the sound of the man's voice. It was the voice he had heard when he crouched amongst his wool-bales.

"I reckon that's news," the outlaw went on, a wan smile fitting over his face.

"Tell us more," a man exclaimed, starting forward ; but Wilton was before him. Facing the outlaw, he said :

"Doolan was speared because he— I heard you say that much when I was on the dray——"

The man looked at him and into his eyes there came a gleam of anger.

"You were on the dray?" he said.

"Yes, the night you came with the blacks."

"That's all right, sonny," the man went

on with a grim smile. "You're marked, you are. Doolan was marked too, and what was done to him will be done to you. Midnight's not the man to forget who killed Sam Plover."

"Are you Sam Plover?" Farrell cried.

"You'd like to know, wouldn't you?" the fellow replied.

"Before it is too late, answer me one question," Farrell went on excitedly. "As you hope for mercy in Heaven, show mercy to the parents whose hearts you broke when you stole their child, and say now—is she alive or dead?"

The outlaw looked steadily at Farrell for a moment.

"What do you know about it?" he said.



THE OUTLAW FLUNG HIS EMPTY PISTOL INTO WILTON'S FACE

"Man, do not trifle. You are on the brink of eternity; in another minute you may have gone. Right that one sin before you go. They never did you harm."

A spasm of pain contracted the dying man's face.

"Harm? *She* never did me harm? What am I now? What was I once? Go and ask her, and ask her who changed me."

"But the father. He helped you, and you told him——"

"Who are you that knows all about this?" the outlaw savagely demanded.

"You have not forgotten what he saved you from once?" Farrell went on, speaking quietly.

"Who are you?" the man asked again, with less anger in his voice.

"You swore then that when the time came——"

"Who are you?" the man repeated, his voice weaker than it had yet been.

"——you would show you had not forgotten him," Farrell continued, not noticing the interruption.

With a final outburst of energy the dying man raised himself on his elbow.

"And I have not forgotten him, nor her," he shouted, as his eyes lit up with passionate hate. "I swore to remember them both, and I have," he went on, with a mocking laugh. "You want to know, don't you? Then ask Midnight," and with a laugh that turned into a choked gurgle, he fell back—dead.

"Poor brute," Wilton said, when they had examined him and found that he was lifeless.

"One of the cruellest scoundrels that ever walked the earth, if he was Sam Plover," Farrell exclaimed warmly. "Don't waste pity on a heartless villain like that."

"What's the yarn about him, Farrell?" one of the men asked.

"I'll tell you to-night round the fire, and then you'll say, with me, that the shooting of Sam Plover is the best day's work any man ever did. Now we'll search him and see if we can get any clue as to the rest of the gang."

They stripped the body of all its clothes and examined every pocket and place where anything could be hidden. But all they could find that was likely to be of any service to them was a scrap of paper containing the words, "All speared but Plover. At cubby house."

There was a long discussion over the meaning of this message. The first half, thanks to the information Wilton had supplied, was intelligible enough, but the last three words were meaningless.

"It's no use puzzling about that now," Johnson said at length. "It's enough to know that it will never reach the man it was intended for, and we are just as much interested, I dare say, in knowing that all the gang were speared except Plover."

"And Midnight," some one put in.

"Yes, I'm afraid after last night that Midnight is all right," Johnson assented.

"In the meantime we had better bury this," Farrell said, indicating the body.

"Leave it where it is, or burn it," one of the men exclaimed. "We've had bother enough with him and his mates without worrying over their carcasses."

Farrell looked at Johnson.

"Put a fire over it," Johnson said; and in a few minutes a huge fire was blazing over the dead outlaw, and the party, taking his horse, clothes and arms, rode away past the flat that had proved so eventful a spot for Wilton.

They were well on the road to the creek that ran near the blown-up cave when a halt was called for the night. Although they felt sure that the greater portion of the gang was destroyed, their previous experiences of Midnight impelled them to have watch kept. But they had seen the last of the famous bush-ranger—for a time, at all events—and nothing occurred to disturb their rest.

When they had disposed of their evening meal and were smoking round their camp fire, some one called upon Farrell to redeem his promise and tell them the yarn about Plover.

"It's not a long story," he answered, "but you shall have what there is of it."

"The man came to the colony as an official, and the appointment he held was one of the best to be had. By the same ship another official also voyaged, accompanied by his daughter, a handsome girl of seventeen. On the way out, Plover, as we will call him—though that was not his real name—became enamoured of his colleague's daughter, but she does not seem to have returned his affection, and always treated him with more or less coldness. At the time they landed, some twenty-five years ago now, there were only about half a dozen men in Sydney with whom the girl could associate, and, of course, Plover was one of those. Another was a young officer, who had also recently arrived, in charge of a small contingent of troops. This young gentleman soon became a rival with Plover for the young lady's hand and heart, and, what was more, he succeeded where the other had failed. This was said to have preyed a good deal on Plover's mind, and he became seriously addicted to rum, then about



the only intoxicant that could be constantly obtained in the place. From drink he went to other evils, and soon had about as ill a name in the settlement as any one who was not a member of the chain-gang or an inmate of the refractory prisoners' quarters. Long before he reached that stage in his career, the lady had naturally turned her back upon him, and he was generally shunned by the remainder of the decent people in the place—a proceeding which did not tend to make his mind easier nor smooth his difficulties away. At last his conduct became so outrageous that the Governor informed him he was free to return to England whenever he pleased. By that time affairs had progressed so well between the two lovers that their marriage was to be shortly celebrated. By some means or other—possibly because no one would associate with him—this piece of news did not reach Plover until after he had received the Governor's intimation. It appeared at the trial that he first heard it through his convict servant, and, maddened by the news, had flung something at the head of his informant and killed him on the spot. For this he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. To become a prisoner after having been a big official in a convict settlement does not tend to make a man very obedient to prison rule, and Plover's record with the warders at the end of his two years was as bad as it could be. For his misdeeds he was ordered an extra spell of imprisonment, but only a few weeks of this term had elapsed when he succeeded in escaping.

"The young couple in Sydney had in the meantime got married and had been blessed with a little daughter, who was their one great pride and joy. A month after Plover's escape the child vanished, and the broken-hearted parents had every reason to connect the convict with the theft.

"From that day to this nothing has been heard of the child. The parents are still living in Sydney, but are otherwise childless. Wealth has come to them, but neither has been the same since they discovered the loss of their baby, who, if living, would now be a girl of nearly twenty. Plover seems to have kept clear of the police ever since his escape, and it was generally believed that he must have perished in the bush, so that, if we may regard his statement as the truth, the man Wilton shot is the man who has been for fifteen years defying every law in the land."

CHAPTER IX.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

ON the following day the party broke up, the squatters returning home and the two troopers accompanying Wilton to Sydney. Wilton hoped to obtain the reward which, Farrell informed him, had for years been offered for Plover's capture or proof of his death. During the journey, Wilton asked Farrell how he came to know so much about Plover's history.

"That is easy to explain," Farrell replied. "My father was a corporal in the company that the young officer I have told you of brought out. Pearson, the officer's name was. Well, of course, my father knew the story, and when I grew up and joined the police, the old man, who retired from the military with the rank of sergeant, urged me to spare no pains to find Plover and the girl stolen by him from her parents. Major Pearson—as he now is—and his wife, I should tell you, have for some time been living in retirement on the outskirts of Sydney. When we arrive, I should go to him at once, if I were you."

The events of the next few months can be dismissed in a few words. On the arrival of Wilton and the troopers in Sydney, information concerning the latest doings of Midnight and his gang was conveyed to the authorities, and Plover's death reported. Major Pearson, as Farrell had expected, exerted himself to the utmost to obtain the promised reward for Wilton. The result was that a land order was given to Wilton, who discussed with Farrell the best course to adopt.

"I'll tell you what I would do," the honest trooper answered. "I would apply for Melelee Run. Doolan's dead, and as far as we know there is no one who can claim to be his heir. If the Government give it to you, then you'll be in the district where Midnight generally is, and who knows but that you will be able to finish my task and find the major's daughter?"

"It's a bargain on one condition," Wilton said. "You saved me from being hanged and helped to find out who Plover was. If you agree to come and share the place, I'll apply for it. Then we can track Midnight together."

It took some persuasion to make Farrell agree, but in the end he consented, and, again with the major's influence behind him, Wilton was allowed to use his grant in taking up the unoccupied run of Melelee, the major insisting upon considerably augmenting the capital of the two young partners. Wilton started off

at once for the station. Farrell having to wait a month or so before he could get away from the service, it was arranged that, when he followed, he should bring up with him two or three servants and collect the stock which Wilton was to buy on his journey up.

As the route Wilton followed passed near Johnson's station, he rode round to hear what news there was and to tell of the change of fortune that had come to himself and Farrell.

"I shall be glad to welcome you as neighbours," said the squatter, "and we shall all be glad to have you two handy the next time we have to turn out after our friend Midnight, as Giles has sworn never to go out with us again."

"How is he?" Wilton asked.

"Well, your heels have left a mark on him that will last as long as he does, and I'm afraid he is rather bitter against you in consequence. It's a pity, because you are his next neighbour, and he is a queer, surly sort of man when offended. He must always have his own way to be happy. I would keep clear of him for a few months, if I were you."

"What about Midnight?" Wilton inquired.

"Nobody has heard or seen anything of him since he rode through our camp that night," Johnson answered. "The man is a perfect fiend for cunning."

A further *d'tour* of about twenty miles would have enabled Wilton to call on Giles before proceeding to Melelee, but with Johnson's warning in his mind he decided to leave his nearest neighbour alone until a few months had passed. The sting of his discomfiture would not then be so keen in Giles' memory, and there would be a better chance of friendliness between them. Instead, therefore, of visiting Giles on his way, Wilton proceeded direct to his run.

The former holder of the property had chosen a picturesque site for his homestead. A straggling spur, far flung from the neighbouring range, jutted out into the river which swirled in a deep, narrow stream round the spur, cutting its face into a sheer, precipitous bluff. Along the edge of the bluff the virgin bush had been left standing for thirty yards, the undergrowth being then cleared and the homestead, a simple slab hut with a roof of bark and a rude strip of verandah running along the front, built on the clearance. Behind, and to the side, there was a small fenced paddock for the horses, the track from the main road below twisting and winding as it ascended the side of the spur. A few trees had been felled here and there, the trunks

still encumbering the ground and the stumps bursting out again into life with a prolific growth of sapling suckers. Between the standing timber there were glimpses of the ranges, sage-green and sombre in the near distance, aerial and blue in the far. The river showed at unexpected points, proclaimed by the flash of sunlit ripples through the heavy bush as yet untouched by axe or saw. Along the course of the stream the valley widened out into well-grassed flats, and a very cursory inspection showed Wilton that here he would have every chance of recovering from the losses he had sustained during his five years of struggling in the more outlying country.

As Wilton sat under the shadow of his verandah at Melelee, some days after his arrival, smoking his solitary pipe, his mind reverted to the subject of Midnight and the words Johnson had used concerning him.

"And that is the man Farrell and I are going to beat," he thought to himself. "I wonder what his next move will be?"

Rising from his seat, he was turning towards the door of the hut when he caught sight of a blackfellow, only a few yards away from him, in the act of raising a spear to throw.

His first impulse was to dash into the hut and seize his rifle, which he had learned always to have handy. He was half-way to the door, indeed, when the blackfellow, instead of hurling his spear, staggered forward and fell.

Rifle in hand, Wilton went over to where the blackfellow lay. As he stooped over him he gave an exclamation of horror, for the unfortunate creature's back was so scored and cut, it looked as if it had been flayed.

"Poor wretch, what agony he must have been suffering!" Wilton thought compassionately, as he hastened to the hut, whence he brought such crude remedies as he had wherewith to dress the wounds. The dressing was hardly worth the name from a surgical point of view, as cold water and an old, soft, worn-out shirt comprised the entire stock of the appliances Wilton possessed. But the application of the cool, soft bandages eased the burning pain the blackfellow suffered, and, feeling the soothing effect of Wilton's efforts, he turned his head and glanced up into the young squatter's face.

"My word, you good longa me," he said in broken English.

"What name you try kill me?" Wilton asked in the peculiar, jumbled-up language which the average white man, and especially if he is English-speaking, always uses when

conversing with a native who does not understand his own tongue.

"Baal me try it," the black answered. "Me think it Doolan. Plenty bad feller, Doolan, my word; all longa same Midnight."

"Doolan's been dead for months," Wilton said as he tied the last knot in the bandage, and the blackfellow rose weakly to his feet.

He was a splendid specimen of the aboriginal race as it was before the white man's rum and the yellow man's opium had spread the havoc, mentally, morally and physically, that afterwards degraded it. He was fully six feet in height, with long clean lower limbs, and a beautifully modelled, muscular chest. As he stood up he reeled.

"Where you get hurt?" Wilton asked.

"Midnight. My word, debbil-debbil, that feller. Plenty long time no food."

It flashed into Wilton's mind that here was a chance of learning something of the notorious bushranger's whereabouts, if he could only induce the black to talk. He had often heard of the treachery of the blacks, and how they were not to be trusted or believed, but as he looked into the fine eyes of the man before him he felt that here, at all events, was one who was not so entirely bad. At any rate, he would try him; it might mean the discovery of Midnight's hiding-place, and the risk was worth undertaking, for a big reward was offered by the Government for the arrest of the notorious outlaw.

"You want tucker? You come along hut with me," Wilton said.

The black looked at him curiously.

"My word, you good feller," he said again, and he stooped down for his spears, which lay on the ground beside him, and placed them in Wilton's hand. The squatter took them and led the way into the hut. Then he gave the black some bread and meat, and sat watching him as he devoured it.

When he had finished all there was before him, Wilton began to question him about Midnight and himself, and elicited some interesting information.

It appeared that the black, who was known as Boondahbillah amongst his fellow tribesmen, but answered to modest "Jimmy" with white men, was a member of a tribe that lived in some broken ridges near the head of the river which flowed through part of Melelee Run and past the hut. The antipathy of the squatters for the blacks, due very largely to the spearing of cattle by the unfortunate people who could not be made to understand that it was highly iniquitous to kill an occasional animal that

belonged to the men who had taken possession of their country and did their utmost to destroy the game which was the chief means of livelihood to the natives, had led to an alliance, such as it was, between the tribe and the bushrangers in the district, chief of whom was the redoubtable Midnight.

While the squatters under Giles and Johnson had been "out" against one section of the outlaw community, another expedition had been organised by the settlers beyond the range against both the blacks and their allies. The result of their expedition had been equally disastrous for the enemy as that with which Wilton had been associated, and the news of the reverse had been communicated to Midnight by the black.

He explained as well as he was able that communication with Midnight was always held at a hidden cave in a deep, rocky gully which lay, so far as Wilton could gather, some miles behind his hut. Jimmy had arrived at the cave and had waited until Midnight had come.

The chief of the outlaws, he said, had arrived in a great rage, and when he heard of the defeat he knocked the messenger down, and, binding him hand and foot, had flogged him with a green-hide whip until he was exhausted, when he left the cave and the unfortunate native, bound and bleeding, where he lay.

After much difficulty, Jimmy had managed to get loose from his bonds, and, burning for revenge, had hastened to Melelee, where he knew one of the secret members of the gang lived. He had crept up behind Wilton, when he was smoking, with the idea that he was Doolan.

He was just about to spear him when Wilton rose and faced him, and his surprise at seeing a different face from what he had expected prevented him from carrying out his intention.

"Then, my word, all got dark and me no savee," he said, by way of explaining his sudden collapse.

"Where is Midnight now?" Wilton asked.

The black shook his head.

"Will you show me where the cave is?"

"My word, Midnight kill me, kill you," Jimmy replied excitedly.

"No, he won't," Wilton returned. "I shoot him."

The blackfellow laughed. "No fear," he said.

"Why not?"

"Him plenty safe. You shoot him, my word, no good! Him shoot you, you dead."

"But why?" Wilton persisted,

CHAPTER X.

ONE RESULT OF THE EXPERIMENT.

AS far back as Mary Giles could remember she had never known her father to have such a prolonged fit of savage temper as he had after his unexpected return from the expedition he had led forth against the bushrangers, in order to avenge the murder of his nearest neighbour, Doolan of Meleelee.

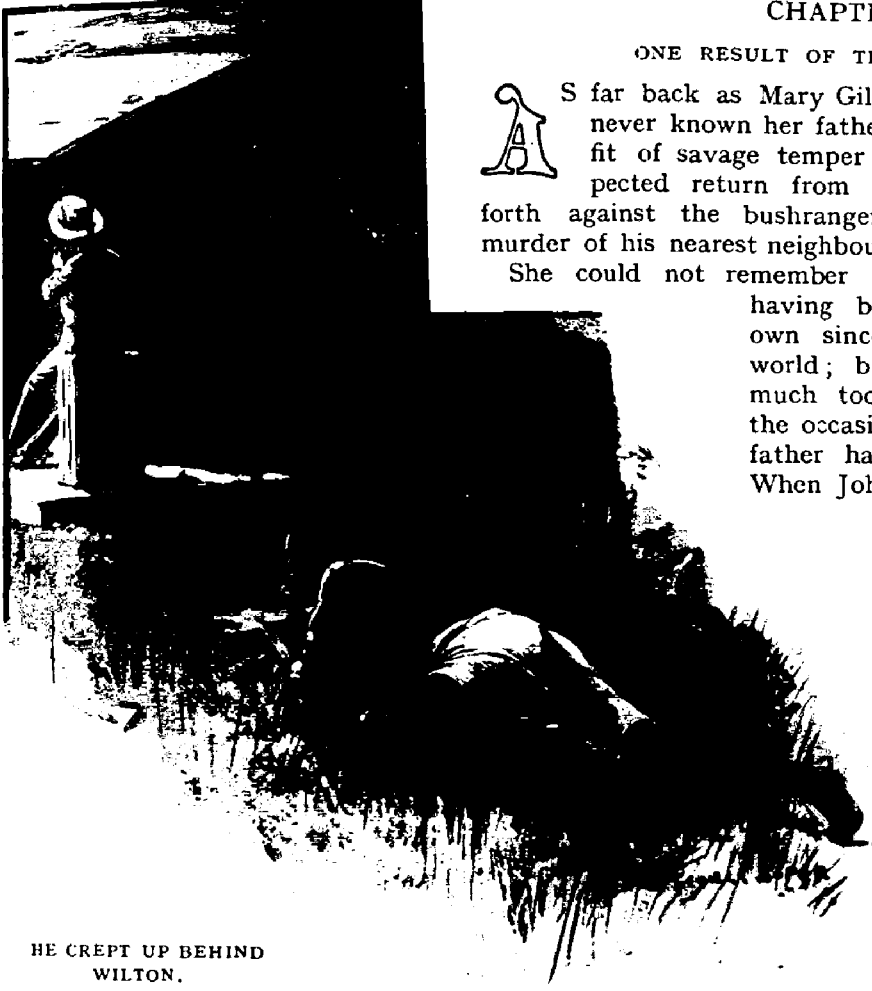
She could not remember a great many years back, having barely nineteen to call her own since she had come into the world; but that number was very much too small to account for all the occasions when the temper of her father had made her life a misery. When Johnson told Wilton that Giles was a queer, surly sort of man when offended, he only expressed half the truth, for, as his daughter knew only too well, it was not alone when he was offended that he exhibited those undesirable qualities.

Her brief life had not been cast in the most pleasant places. There was a dim, visionary recollection of a time when she had had the gentle influence of a mother's love around her. She must have been

happy in those days, she used to tell herself, because the recollection always brought a smile to her face, and made even her father's morose temper less of a trial and a burden to her. It was a pity her memory was not stronger, she thought sometimes, for then she might have been able to recall events to her father which would have softened him and made him a little easier to please, if not a little more sympathetic.

After that period of visionary happiness, it was as though she had passed from sunshine into darkness; when she was old enough to think, she had reasoned that it must have been the time when her mother died.

There had been a confusing number of removals in the early portion of that period. Once she recalled the time when her home was a tent which rarely remained pitched in the same place for very long—when she used to be taken up in front of her father as he sat on horseback, and together they had travelled for days



HE CREEPT UP BEHIND
WILTON.

"Suppose you want kill him, you shoot him there." Jimmy said, pointing to his eyes. "No good, no good, no good," he exclaimed, as he touched his head, chest, and legs, shaking his head vigorously all the time.

"Where you learn English?" Wilton asked, turning the subject with a view of suddenly returning to the Midnight question and seeing whether the black would vary his story.

"Plenty long time, Sydney."

"With whom?" Wilton inquired.

Instead of replying, Jimmy turned quickly towards the door and appeared to listen intently. Taking Wilton by the arm, he held up a warning hand as if for silence, and bent his head on one side. Then he pointed to the doorway and, slipping to the back of the hut, crouched down out of sight behind a bag of flour and some other stores which Wilton had placed there.

At the same moment Wilton caught the sound of an approaching horse.

through strange country without her ever seeing another face. At other times there were several other people travelling with them, but always men, until the tent was pitched near a river, and the men set to work to build a hut.

When it was finished the tent had been taken down, and she was led to the hut by a black woman, who had remained with her ever since, and who had been the only one who had shown her any kindness from the time that was the most treasured of all her memories—the period of her earliest recollections. From this black woman, Narli, she had learned a new language, which she came in time to speak as fluently as her own, and that practically comprised all the education she had ever had. Since she had been a child she had never seen a woman of her own colour, and the few men who came to the hut—which she had learned was known to the outside world as Billah Station—were of a class from whom she instinctively recoiled. They were rough and loud-voiced, with one or two exceptions, of whom Johnson was one; but he rarely came except to buy or sell cattle, and if he came when the others were there, her father used to ride away with him, and not return until the others had gone.

It was the arrival of Johnson, on his way home from the expedition which had aroused the ire of Giles, that dispelled her father's morose temper.

Giles laughed immoderately at the story of Midnight's dash through the camp.

"Why didn't you have guards out?" he asked.

"Why, indeed! That is what we all asked one another when it was too late," Johnson replied.

"And Wilton shot Plover, did he?" Giles went on. "Well, next to Midnight, he was the toughest of the gang, and it's no loss to the community that he is gone."

Later, a chance reference was made by her father to the fact that a new proprietor had come to Meleelee.

"I suppose you'd have objections to my bringing him here? You might feel inclined to run away?" he said to her.

She didn't answer him, and he continued, "Because, if I thought you would, I'd bring him."

"Just as you like," she said quietly.

He looked at her with his keen grey eyes. Then he rode away, and she guessed where he had gone.

Wilton, going to the door of his hut to see

who it was that was riding up, and whose horse's approach had been heard by the keen-eared blackfellow long before the white man had discerned it, was more than astonished to see Giles. He met him as he rode up to the door, and noted the ugly scar that disfigured his forehead.

"So we're neighbours?" Giles called out in a friendly tone. "Well, we met under different conditions before, but I hope that won't interfere with our friendly relations. It won't on my part, I know."

"Nor on mine, Mr. Giles. My hurting you was a pure accident, and your hurting me was about the same."

"That's so, my lad, and I'm pleased to hear you say it. I'm glad you've come up here, especially now that you've shot Plover. The next best man is Midnight, and I suppose you'll be ready to have a go at him when you get the chance?"

"I shall," Wilton answered frankly.

"Well, good luck to you when you do; but mind, you're not dealing with a fool when you do come across him."

Warned by Johnson, Wilton had anticipated that his first meeting with Giles would have been of a very different character to this friendly exchange of views. When his guest dismounted and sat on the seat he had occupied when he discovered the blackfellow, and chatted about the quality of the country on Meleelee, and its value for stock-raising, he was more and more surprised.

"Well, I'll have to be going," he said at length. "I'll be glad to see you at Billah when you can ride over. There's just one bit of advice I can give you—if you see any niggers about, shoot them on sight. They come round sometimes, and if you don't shoot them they'll spear you or your cattle; so don't waste time over it."

After he had ridden away, Wilton went inside the hut to see what had become of Jimmy. He walked over to the pile of stores and looked behind it, but no blackfellow was there; he glanced round the place and peered into every nook and cranny where the man could hide, but all in vain. He called out his name, first softly and then loudly, but received no answer. Jimmy had disappeared.

He came back to the doorway and stood musing. The black had not passed out through the door, he was certain, for either Giles or himself must have seen him. The hut was a small structure, and its interior formed only one room, the door and a small window being the only openings for light, ventilation or traffic

that the builder had thought worth while making. How, then, had he escaped?

Glancing round over his shoulder, Wilton looked at the fire-place and its big, wide chimney. He had not thought of that before, and, crossing over the floor, he stooped and looked up the wide open space to the sky. There was ample room for a man to get up if he were as agile and nimble as a monkey, and Wilton knew that a black had both qualifications to perfection.

He went outside the hut and searched for any signs there might be which would confirm his suspicions. There might have been plenty, but Wilton was not skilled enough to read them, and he returned to the doorway feeling baffled and angry. The spears had also vanished. The words Giles had uttered came again to his mind, and he felt that he had been in error in allowing his kindly sympathies to get the better of him when he turned to get his rifle and shoot the black who had threatened him.

"But he was such a fine-looking chap," he mused. "It would have been downright murder to kill a man like that and in cold blood."

It never occurred to him to regard the black's disappearance otherwise than as a token of treachery. The anxiety he expressed in all his movements when he first heard the horse was ignored by the superior intelligence of the white man, who condemned merely because he could not understand. The readiness with which all his questions had been answered, and the important information he had received, were also overlooked now that he had come across a course of behaviour which did not quite recommend itself to him. It was the usual result when white met black. All that the white man expected the black never did, while he would do what no white man would ever dream of doing, nor could ever understand. And the result was a firm conviction of the innate treachery of the black and the necessity, as Giles had said, to shoot on sight, unless the white man wanted to be speared.

So it seemed to Wilton as he stood musing at his door. He had allowed the black to see that he was the only man about the place, and had also exposed the stores which were inside the hut. It only required a touch of nervousness to make him believe, at once, that the black had been an emissary from a tribe, sent to ascertain whether an attack could safely be made upon the hut.

The soft sound of a distant coo-ee came to him through the still air of the evening and gave the necessary touch to make all the black fellow's

actions seem with treachery and deceit. He turned to where his rifle was, and, taking it up, examined the primings carefully. He did not stop to consider that, if the black had sought to betray him, he would have taken all the weapons he could find, as well as his spears, when he made his escape. Wilton examined the pistol he had taken from the bushranger and which he still possessed. With this in his belt, and his rifle in his hand, he felt that he was better able to defend himself, and his mind grew more calm as he added his powder flask and a small bag of bullets to his equipment.

The darkness was gradually overcoming the last gleam of the setting sun. The bush lay still and silent around him, the ranges merging into the darkening sky and the glints of the river showing in patches of pearly grey through the increasing gloom. Faint wreaths of mist gathered above the trees which grew along the banks and hid the water with their foliage, spreading out over the valley as a white film upon the mournful monotone of the guns, and contributing a weird touch to the mysterious solemnity of the scene. The air grew chill when the sun was gone, and the thin blue smoke from his fire floated lazily in the air, the pungent odour of the smouldering eucalypt, unnoticeable during the day, asserting itself now that the night had come. A crescent moon gave just enough light to enable any one to make out the hut from the surrounding trees.

Wilton had heard of the method the blacks adopted in attacking a hut, and his own experience in the dray away on the flooded flat also warned him that the worst place he could select as a shelter was his own roof. The system they worked on was very simple and very effective. As they approached, the blacks gathered long shreds of dry, stringy bark or other fibre, and bound them, in loose sheaves, at the points of their spears. The huts being built entirely of wood, with large sheets of bark for the roofing, were, in the fine, dry weather that obtained for the greater part of the year, little more than tinder-boxes, and only needed a few sparks to set them ablaze.

When the blacks were foolish enough to attack the white men by daylight, their rude weapons had no chance against the death-dealing rifles of the invader; and even at night the odds were in favour of the white man under ordinary circumstances. So the blacks set about evolving a scheme by which they could bring about an extraordinary series of circumstances. Perhaps some of their allies amongst the outlawed whites helped them, but it was not long after settlement commenced

before a new terror was added to the list of drawbacks to settling in the interior.

Usually, when on the march, the blacks carried a "fire-stick," which consisted of a peculiar wood that smouldered in a hot red point, blazing into flame when fanned or gently blown upon. The application of the three ideas, the fire-stick, the sheaves of inflammable fibre, and the dry roof, to one another, afforded the aboriginal a new and powerful weapon of attack. Creeping up to a lonely hut at night, when the men inside considered they were safe—at all events, from surprise—glowing cinders from the fire-stick were dropped into the sheaves of fibre bound round the spear-head, and the weapon was hurled at the dry bark of the roof. The passage through the air fanned the glowing cinder into flame, and when the keen point of the spear buried itself into the bark on the roof a mass of blazing, sparkling fire ate its way into the inflammable material around it.

Terrified by the sudden outburst of the conflagration, the inmates rushed from the burning hut under the impression that the bush was on fire. The light from the blazing roof showed them distinctly to their hidden enemies, and before they knew their danger a flight of spears was upon them, and they fell on the threshold of their home.

It was an admirable arrangement for the blacks, and many a brave fellow has been awakened from his sleep by the roar of fire over his head, to rush to the door in an effort to escape, but only to tumble into the death-trap set for him.

It did not take Wilton very long to make up his mind what to do.

CHAPTER XI.

MIDNIGHT VISITS MELEELEE.

BETWEEN the hut and the top of the bluff there were the remains of a big fallen tree. It had evidently come down in some by-gone bush fire, for its outer side was charred and burnt, and the little that remained standing above the roots was also burnt and black. But its fall had been of great benefit to a subsequent growth, and the space it had cleared when it fell was now crowded by a growth of young saplings and bushes.

Directly it was dark enough for his movements not to be observed by any one who might be watching, Wilton crept round under the shadow of the verandah into the bush behind the hut. Thence he cautiously made his way

to the clump of saplings, and, lying down close under the fallen log, rested his rifle upon it and watched the door of the hut.

Silently the hours passed, and he lay still, listening intently for any sound that might signify the approach of his enemies. But the night wore on slowly and his ears caught nothing more than the ordinary noises, dim and indistinct, of the sleeping bush. The moon was waning, and its weak slanting beams just illuminated the open spaces enough to make the shadows beyond absolutely impenetrable.

The crackle of breaking twigs sounded through the air, and instantly he tightened his grip upon his rifle. A moment later he saw a dark figure stealthily creeping towards the door of the hut from the shadow of the bush.

Wilton watched the man, crouched down and moving with a wonderfully silent stealthiness towards the hut. The faint glimmer of the fading moonlight was just sufficient to show him up as a dark shadow, but was not enough to enable Wilton to see whether he was black or white, clad or naked. The way in which he moved suggested the black, and presently, noticing an indistinct something which looked very like a spear trailing behind the figure, Wilton made up his mind that it was either Jimmy or another member of his tribe.

The parting advice of Giles flashed through his memory, and he glanced along the sight of his rifle as well as he could, so as to get a steady aim at the man. His finger was on the trigger, and he was about to pull it, when discretion came to him and he hesitated. Supposing that the man were only one member of the tribe, who was creeping upon the hut in order to ascertain whether the inmate was prepared for the attack? To fire upon him as he crept would be to alarm the remainder, while the flash of the rifle shot would at once locate the place where he (Wilton) was hiding.

On the other hand, if he were alone, there would be plenty of time and a better opportunity when he emerged from the hut, as he was sure to do directly he discovered that its owner was not within. Discretion was certainly the better part of valour if either of these ideas was correct; so, with his finger still on the trigger, Wilton moved his rifle slowly round so as to cover the advancing intruder, and be ready to fire at any moment.

He saw him reach the shadow of the verandah and stand up, and, as he did so, Wilton noticed that he was clothed. It was sufficient to tell him that the man was white, and an ugly suspicion crossed his mind. What if the man who was now at the door of the hut were



HE WATCHED THE DOOR OF THE HUT.

Midnight himself? Wilton felt his heart leap at the thought. He could cover him directly he came from the hut, and fire when he was sure of his aim, and then, with the great outlaw dead or wounded, he could claim from his neighbouring squatters a recognition better even than that which he had already received.

He lay, scarcely breathing, as he heard the hut door pushed gently open. Then an unbroken silence reigned, and he knew that the man, whoever he might be, was creeping towards the stretcher where, under ordinary circumstances, he himself would be lying asleep. A shudder passed over him as he thought of what his fate would have been had he been in the hut, for he had little doubt now but that the man was bent upon assassination. And what

resistance could he have offered had he been suddenly awakened to find an armed man standing over him, perhaps with the muzzle of a rifle pressed against his forehead, or the point of a knife at his throat?

There came the sound of rapid footsteps from the interior of the hut, and, gripping his rifle tightly, Wilton watched for the man to reappear. The hut door grated as it was flung back, and just as the last of the moonlight flickered the ground with a dim and uncertain sheen, the man stepped from under the verandah and glanced round.

Wilton felt his heart stop, and then beat and throb with excitement, for there, barely fifty yards away, stood the unmistakable figure of Midnight.

(To be continued.)

MAY EVENTS.

By Readers of "The Captain."

MAY 29 was King Charles II.'s birthday, and, moreover, the date of his triumphal entry into

The Restoration, May 29, 1660.

the capital of his kingdom—the concurrence of which two joyful events was interpreted as a good

omen by his subjects.

The king was thirty years of age; of brilliant talents and amiable temper, his gracious manners and captivating words made him a general favourite. He entered London through streets strewn with flowers, hung with tapestries, and decked with flags of every hue. Many balconies and windows were filled by aldermen with their



THE TRIUMPHANT ENTRY OF CHARLES II. INTO THE CITY OF LONDON ON HIS RESTORATION.

From an old print. Rischgitz Collection.

massive chains, nobles in their State robes, and ladies waving kerchiefs. Joyous peals of bells, and the sound of drums and trumpets, swelled the roar of cheers from the throats of hysterical men who shouted till they could shout no more, and then washed away their hoarseness with cups of wine and foaming ale. The

theatres, which had been shut during the Commonwealth, were again thrown open.

Indeed, the Restoration was effected amid so much joy that, as Clarendon says, "A man could not but wonder where those persons were who had done all the mischief, and kept the king for so many years from enjoying the comfort and support of such excellent subjects." Never was there so great a Jubilee in London, and never did a king receive such a demonstration of loyalty.

Charles, surrounded by his staff, rode under those crowded balconies and through those thronged streets, smiling on all alike. The sun shone on everything, all the world looked bright and beautiful on this May day, and there seemed no suggestion then of the dark days to come, when the city would writhe in the agonies of plague and fire. Each man was basking in the present. Changes came so quickly that no one knew whether he would next be at the head of the State or in a dungeon of the Tower. The death of the king's father was still green in the memory of many loyal subjects, who with lustier heart and voice, therefore, welcomed the son for the sake of the misguided father whose life had ended by such a cruel blow at the hands of his own subjects!

INEZ DICKSEE.

ON May 12, 1706, the Duke of Marlborough gained the second of four great victories, which

The Battle of Ramillies.

struck down Louis XIV.'s attempt to make France dominant in Europe. The village of Ramillies, twenty-six miles south-east of Brussels, has given its name to one of the most brilliant and disastrous battles ever recorded in history. Here Marlborough once more met his old enemy of Blenheim—the Elector of Bavaria, and also Marshal Villeroy. The French chose their own ground, and, including the excellent Spanish and Bavarian troops, had a force superior to the English. Yet, this magnificent army of Villeroy's was utterly routed by troops that had been marching for twelve hours, under a commander of unerring judgment and perfect coolness, whose success on the field was phenomenal.

The duke himself led the charge, riding through the French Cuirassiers sword in hand, thus defeating the only dangerous move the French had made that day. Then, when the whole English army advanced, the French fell back. Their retreat was at first orderly, but it became a rout, and frightful slaughter ensued. Their army of sixty thousand men was utterly crushed and destroyed in two hours. The French left behind them their standards, their treasure, ammunition, and provisions, and this, together with the submission of many towns, was a heavy loss for Louis XIV.'s cause.

Of this, as of his other victories, Marlborough spoke with an extraordinary modesty, as if it was not so much by his own admirable courage and genius that the battle was won as by the guiding hand of Providence.

JAMES L. C. GRIEVE.



HOWEVER severely we may criticise the character of the Emperor Napoleon, and however harshly we may condemn his conduct, few of us can repress a feeling of pity for his unhappy end. He died at St. Helena on May 5, 1821, a lonely exile on this wild, sea-girt rock—a ruined, disappointed man.

The Death of Napoleon.

however harshly we may condemn his conduct, few of us can repress a feeling of pity for his unhappy end. He died

The end seems to have been somewhat unexpected, for not until nine days before his death was there any suspicion that his illness would prove fatal. During the week that followed he was frequently unconscious, and, when the day dawned that was to be his last on earth, he was muttering incoherently in delirium.

"France," he murmured, "armée . . . tête d'armée," and, as he uttered these words, he sprang wildly from his couch.

His friend, Moutholon, endeavoured to restrain him, but was dragged to the ground, and it was only after a fierce struggle that the dying man was replaced in his bed. It was a last instance of that remarkable energy which had overthrown empires and created kings—a last wild effort; and then peace reigned in the sick-chamber, and those around the bedside knew that the end was drawing near.

The hours passed by, yet still he lay there calm and silent. The long spring afternoon lengthened out, and clouds began to lower overhead. Darker and darker grew the sky, louder howled the wind, and, before long, a violent storm was raging over the island. It hurled itself around the Emperor's dwelling, uprooting the trees he had planted, and even the willow under which he had often sat, and shook

Vol. XV.—15.

and shattered the frail huts of the soldiers. And while Nature stormed and raged without, he who had played so sad a part in the history of the little island passed peacefully away within.

There was no farewell, no comment; silently and without a struggle he reached the borderland, and crossed into the shadowy unknown beyond. His faithful servant, Marchand, gently drew a cloak over the lifeless form—a martial cloak which the youthful conqueror had worn years ago at Marengo in all his pride and triumph.



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

From the painting by Horace Vernet in the National Gallery.

And thus, unloved, save by a faithful few, this great man passed out from the crowd. "Great," say we? Not if by this we mean a combination of moral and intellectual supremacy, but if natural power, predominance, and unsurpassed genius count for anything, then the Emperor Napoleon was one of the greatest men this world has ever seen.

FRANCES WHITTINGHAM.



FOREMOST amongst those martyrs to the popular, though ignorant, superstitions of her

The Death of Joan of Arc.

time stands Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. Her whole life may be taken as an illustration of the superstitious nature of her countrymen. She was a shepherdess



THE BURNING OF JOAN OF ARC.

From the Painting by J. E. Lenepveu in the Panthéon, Paris.

of no education and no accomplishments, and whilst her companions were dancing round the maypole, or whiling away their leisure in the company of their lovers, Joan spent her time in religious observances. Her enthusiasm, or, rather, fanaticism, and her habits of solitary meditation, explain the angelic voices and visions which she respectively heard and saw. She was a dreamer, and, like Joseph in the Bible, met at first with scorn and derision. She it was, however, who delivered France from the thrall of the English invaders.

What return was made for her devotion and unselfishness? Was she, who had been foremost in the battles of her country, and had led France's soldiers to victory, raised up to a high and honourable post? Even after she had performed the task which generals had failed in was she allowed to retire peacefully to her country home? No! Those fickle countrymen for whom she had risked so much, basely turned round and called her a witch. We of the twentieth century can hardly realise what this word meant in the Middle Ages.

Joan was placed in prison, and, hearing that she was to be delivered into the hands of the English, tried to escape. This attempt failed, and in it she was severely injured. At the instigation of her own compatriots, she was condemned as a witch by the Bishop of Beauvais, who demanded her execution. She was taken to the stake on May 21, 1431, but her fearless bearing and dauntless courage won for her a short reprieve. She was, however, burnt on May 30. Her last words were, "Master, by the grace of God, I shall be this night in Paradise." A beautiful monument to her memory stands in the Market-place of Rouen.

BERNARD WEAVER.

[I see no reason why Joan should be dubbed a "fanatic." That she was spiritually urged to act as she did I firmly believe, and I have no doubt that certain thoughtful people will agree with me. We are too prone to stigmatise those who obey the promptings of the spirit as "fanatical."—ED.]

OUR fleet left Portsmouth and proceeded to Solebay. The ships were at anchor, when, suddenly, the Dutch fleet sailed in, under the celebrated admiral, De Ruyter, and commenced an attack. So suddenly, indeed, had the



EARL SANDWICH REFUSING TO LEAVE HIS SHIP WHILE ON FIRE IN THE BATTLE OF SOLEBAY.

From the Painting by R. Smirke, R.A.

enemy appeared that many of our ships were obliged to cut their cables, not having time to weigh anchor. In fact, if the crews had not been British, great disaster must have ensued, but their steady courage and quickness saved the day. The fight commenced at 8 A.M., with an attack, under Admiral Banquert, on the French fleet, who were our allies at that time, but Count d'Estreés, the French Admiral, whether out of cowardice or by reason of orders received from King Louis, bore away, leaving his English consorts to bear the brunt of the attack. The action was one of the most hotly contested of any of the battles with our gallant opponents, the Dutch.

The Duke of York's squadron was first assailed by De Ruyter, and his flagship, the *St. Michael*, was so much damaged that the duke deemed it necessary to shift his flag to the *Loyal London*. The Earl of Sandwich, who commanded the Blue Squadron, conducted himself with the bull-dog courage and contempt of danger for which he was remarkable. The *Royal James*, of one hundred guns, on which he had his flag hoisted, was the biggest ship, and, therefore, attracted a large share of the enemy's fire. The *Great Holland*, of eighty guns, first attacked her, and was soon supported by *Von Ghent* and a squadron of fire-ships. The *Great Holland* attempted to take the Earl's ship by boarding, while the fire-ships attacked her on every side. The end of this unequal contest came after five hours' fighting the result being that the *Great Holland* was beaten off with heavy loss, while the *Royal James* was run into by a fireship and set on fire. The Earl perished, as did nearly all of his crew who had not been killed in action. The Blue Squadron, uniting with the Duke of York's, attacked the combined forces of Banquert and De Ruyter, and routed them. De Ruyter afterwards said it was the hardest-fought battle he had ever witnessed.

BERTIE BARNES.

THE avenues of Kensington Gardens were breaking into leaf, the white blossoms of the chestnut and the red-and-white of the may were only just coming into bloom, and, the wonderful greenness so characteristic of England was already mantling the country, when Princess Victoria was born. Alexandrina Victoria was the name given to the royal babe, who was christened a month after her birth. The ceremony was most impressive,

**The Birth of
Victoria
the Good,
May 24, 1819.**

for the sun was shining in upon the splendid golden font which was placed upon a table in the Grand Saloon, of Kensington Palace.

The sponsors of the baby Princess were the Prince Regent, the Emperor Alexander, the Dowager Duchess of Wurtemberg, and the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, represented by the Duchess of Gloucester. The Prince Regent and all the Royal Family were present, either at the service or at the dinner given afterwards by the Duke of Kent. All day long carriages thundered under the old archway surmounted by the ciphered wind-vane erected by William and Mary; or, if they had no pass for the courtyard,



QUEEN VICTORIA, AGED THREE YEARS, WITH HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

From the Painting by Sir William Beechey, R.A., in Windsor Castle.

discharged their passengers at a door situated near the present white colonnade, which brought them through the long corridor to the black-and-white marble hall and staircase leading to the great reception rooms.

The Princess began her military experience at the age of four months, when she was taken to a review on Hounslow Heath in her father's carriage. That same autumn witnessed the birth of her future husband, Prince Albert, who was born at Rosenau on August 26, 1819

A. J. GOLDRING.



THE BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT TO VICTOR HUGO,
BY BARRDAS.

Photo. Rischgitz Collection.

THE death of Victor Hugo deprived France of one of her greatest literary men, ancient or modern. As a dramatist and as a novelist he takes rank with the highest. In his dramas he displayed excellent gifts of invention, having also a real playwright's instinct of what was scenic and effective; moreover, he succeeded in making an audience accept plays that were in a high sense literature. His best dramas were *Marion de Lonne* and *Hermani*, both produced in 1829.

In his books we find great powers of description, a faculty of creating real characters and interesting us in their fortunes, admirable skill as a narrator, pathos, passion, an intense love of liberty and freedom for the people, intolerance of wrong, and a style of marvellous richness and brilliancy. Certainly the world will not easily let die his two best books, viz., "Notre Dame de Paris" and "Les Misérables"—more particularly the latter, which is a masterpiece in prose. There are chapters upon chapters in this book that cannot be surpassed for grandeur and pathos. How vividly Hugo makes his characters live! Could any but a master-mind conceive such characters as Jean Valjean, the convict, a man of very real flesh and blood ;

the good and kind bishop, Myriel ; little Cosette, the outcast, and many of the others ? It is truly a magnificent book. Of Hugo's works these two hold honourable places in the permanent literature of the world.

JOHN B. CRAGGS.

"In that miserable fort," said Napoleon, referring to Acre, "lay the fate of the East."

The Siege of Acre.

Never for one moment did the great French Emperor fear that the half-ruined Syrian town would be one of those barred gates which all his power would fail to force, while his hopes of an Eastern Empire crumbled to dust before his eyes.

On May 18, 1799, the siege of Acre commenced, 10,000 veterans under Napoleon's own command encircling the little town within whose already shattered walls a handful of British and Turkish Irregulars waited to defy the world.

Day by day, night by night, for more than two months the French cannon thundered, every shot tearing great gaps in the flimsy defences of the town. Time after time the



SIR SIDNEY SMITH AT THE BREACH OF ACRE.

From an old print. Rischgitz Collection.

whole strength of the besiegers was hurled against the breaches, till the muskets of the rival armies touched, and men hardly dared to fire lest they should injure friend instead of foe. Again and again the allied troops, commanded by Sir Sidney Smith, struggled against the great wave of foemen that surged in upon them, and drove it back baffled and broken.

The days went slowly by, and still beneath the burning tropical sun the gallant band stuck grimly to their posts. No less than eleven attacks had been repulsed, when, at last, the look-out on the walls saw, far away on the shimmering sea, the white sails of an approaching fleet. Every eye on either side was strained to discover its nationality. . . . For one army or the other it must mean victory.

At last a cheer burst from within the town,

as the crescent flag of Turkey was seen fluttering from the mast of the nearest ship. Then the wind fell, and it was clear that succour could not come before night. That evening, Napoleon made his grand assault. Every man that could be spared rushed to join the struggle in the breach, but the English and Turkish troops proved as doggedly plucky as ever. Vainly the French officers dashed forward, urging their men to the attack. They could not break through.

When morning dawned, the Frenchmen's brightest dreams and three thousand of his troops lay buried beneath the crumbling walls of Acre. Sir Sidney Smith had taken the first step towards exchanging Napoleon's great Empire of the East for a sea-girt rock in the midst of the lonely Atlantic.

ALFRED W. DOBBIN.



"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, MAY 1906.

		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1. Tues.	Duke of Connaught <i>b.</i> , 1850.	8.20.	18. Fri.	Rev. H. A. Dalton, M.A., Headmaster of Felsted School, <i>b.</i> , 1852.	8.46.
2. Wed.	Thames Embankment opened, 1868.	8.22.	19. Sat.	Tsar of Russia <i>b.</i> , 1868.	8.47.
3. Thurs.	J. T. Hearne, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1867.	8.24.	20. Sun.	Fifth after Easter.	8.48.
4. Fri.	Thomas Huxley <i>b.</i> , 1825.	8.25.	21. Mon.	Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N., <i>b.</i> , 1840.	8.50.
5. Sat.	Ex-Empress Eugénie <i>b.</i> , 1826.	8.27.	22. Tues.	June CAPTAIN published.	8.51.
6. Sun.	Third after Easter.	8.28.	23. Wed.	Rev. G. H. Williams, M.A., Headmaster of Carlisle Grammar School, <i>b.</i> , 1859.	8.52.
7. Mon.	Lord Rosebery <i>b.</i> , 1847.	8.29.	24. Thurs.	Queen Victoria <i>b.</i> , 1819.	8.54.
8. Tues.	H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1873.	8.30.	25. Fri.	Bishop of Winchester <i>b.</i> , 1856.	8.56.
9. Wed.	J. M. Barrie, novelist, <i>b.</i> , 1860.	8.32.	26. Sat.	Princess of Wales <i>b.</i> , 1867.	8.58.
10. Thurs.	Crystal Palace opened, 1854.	8.34.	27. Sun.	Sunday after Ascension.	8.59.
11. Fri.	Sir John Herschel, astronomer, <i>d.</i> , 1871.	8.36.	28. Mon.	Thomas Moore, poet, <i>b.</i> , 1779.	9.0.
12. Sat.	Hugh Trumble, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1867.	8.37.	29. Tues.	Rev. John Keble <i>d.</i> , 1866.	9.1.
13. Sun.	Fourth after Easter.	8.39.	30. Wed.	Rev. S. R. James, M.A., Headmaster of Malvern College, <i>b.</i> , 1855.	9.2.
14. Mon.	General Sir Reginald Gipps <i>b.</i> , 1831.	8.40.	31. Thurs.	Peace proclaimed at Pretoria, 1902.	9.3.
15. Tues.	Miss Florence Nightingale <i>b.</i> , 1820.	8.42.			
16. Wed.	Lord Elgin <i>b.</i> , 1849.	8.43.			
17. Thurs.	King of Spain <i>b.</i> , 1886.	8.45.			



HOW SPARKES NEGOTIATED A LOAN.



Illustrated by Edgar Holloway.

[NOTE.—In writing about my friend F. S. Sparkes, I have occasionally made rather pointed allusions to his general excellence of character, but chiefly in connection with adventure and sport. I am desirous, however, of placing on record one of the many instances I have witnessed of the man's ever-ready open-handedness towards those of his fellow-creatures who stood in need of assistance; and with this intent I believe I cannot do better than present the following story to CAPTAIN readers and—I hope—CAPTAIN admirers of its hero.—H. H.]

HAVE you any spare money kicking about, Hervey?" was the question that Sparkes put to me as I alighted at Mâmoopâd junction in obedience to his wire received the day previous. I had imagined that it was the old thing; tiger, most probably, for Mâmoopâd, a purely native town, lay near the Seep jungle; so his query rather surprised me, the more so when I noticed that he looked unwontedly grave.

"Not much," I replied, wonderingly; "some five hundred rupees or so."

"Pooh! a mere drop. I want five thousand rupees—at once."

"The dickens you do!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; but it's not for myself. You've met Brown? Well, he died the other day, owing money all over the shop. Five thousand rupees will clear his good name, and give the widow a second saloon berth home by P and O, besides a few pounds in hand. I must get the money by hook or by crook."

"No relatives or friends on either side to apply to?"

"Not a soul except her mother at home, and she is very badly off. Brown used to remit to her every month."

"Why not try a bank?"

"No good: they'd want tangible security or several personal sureties for so large an amount. . . . Look here, do you know Layvy Ram Davy Chund?"

"The great *Sowcar* (money-lender) of Bulhuri? only by report."

"Ditto. I've heard chaps talk of him and his methods of business. Anyhow, if he agrees to advance me the money on your surety alone, will you stand?"

"Like a shot," I replied readily, for my faith in Sparkes was implicit. "How will you repay?"

"Monthly instalments of five hundred rupees—with interest."

"Which means that you're going to cripple yourself for a year out of pure philanthropy, Sparkes?" I inquired, regarding him keenly.

"That's all. Poor Brown helped me long ago, and I never had the opportunity of requiting him; so I'm not going to see his widow floored for want of a beggarly five thousand rupees!"

Plainly, he had made up his mind, and experience told me that nothing on earth would divert him from his purpose. As in going after varmints or getting up sports, so when borrowing a pile of money to disinterestedly aid a fellow-creature in distress, this man wearing a heart of gold on his sleeve was equally determined, equally mule-headed. I stared at him meditatively.

"Then we must run into Bulhuri," I presently observed.

"We'll go one better," he replied, shaking his head; "to save the bother I'll wire for that chap Ambrose."

"Who's Ambrose?"

"Old Layvy Ram's Eurasian tout or agent; fellow, I'm told, who pays preliminary calls on European applicants for loans; that is, when the old heathen scents a decent deal."

The telegram was despatched, and in response Mr. Ambrose stepped out of the following morning's down mail train, carrying a heavy hand-bag and a bundle of wraps. He was an oily, greasy half-caste, about forty years of age, with a coffee-coloured skin, and a *chee-chee* or Eurasian twang that you could cut with a knife. We directed him to the waiting-room, and after he had eaten his breakfast in the refreshment place we called him into Sparkes' inspecting-carriage, which stood on a quiet siding. He lugged his bag along with him.

"Do you know why I wired for you, Mr. Ambrose?" queried my chum.

"*Sowcar* ordered me to go Mâmoopâd, sir, and see Mr. Sparkes of Railway Company; therefore I come off. *Sowcar* knows you by good report, so supposing you want money"—here he lowered his voice—"I bring thousand rupees in cash."

"Not enough," snapped Sparkes.

"How much you requiring, sir?" asked the agent, opening his eyes.

"A clear five thousand rupees."

"Ab-bah!" exclaimed Ambrose in a tone of

astonishment, "that large sum, sir! How will you repay?"

"Five hundred rupees a month."

"You will—eh? that good; *Sowcar* will agree. What salary you drawing, sir?"

"Twelve hundred rupees a month. Here's the railway Gazette," continued Sparkes angrily, reaching down a book and chucking it at the fellow; "read for yourself."

"Oh, yes," Ambrose observed in a fat voice, after verifying my friend's statement as to the amount of his "screw." "What security you will offer, sir?"

"This gentleman, Mr. Hervey, will furnish his personal surety."

Ambrose now turned his attention to me. Fortunately, Sparkes had the latest Uncovenanted Civil Service List: this I looked up, and showed him my name—with the amount of my salary against it.

"Oh, yes," he repeated in a fatter voice than before, "both can easily manage five hundred rupees monthly instalments between you. One thing I must ask; either you gentlemen in debt?"

We were not, and replied accordingly, whereupon the matter seemed clinched.

"Very good, sir," said the tout. "I have stamp suitable for amount with me; I will write bond by-and-by; you can sign, and send peon with me to Bulhuri for money."

He could not return till ten that night by the up mail, and we were about to relegate him to the waiting-room when he happened to catch sight of Sparkes' battery, reposing on a rack at the further end of the saloon.

"Oh, my!" he ejaculated, "why so many guns, sir?"

"To shoot varmints with, Mr. Ambrose," answered Sparkes, jocularly. I gave my chum a warning look, for I scented difficulty. But when had he taken notice of an admonitory glance? I would have tried to divert the conversation, had he not expressly enjoined me to leave "coffee-chops" to him.

"You do plenty shooting—eh?" asked the Eurasian in a suspicious voice.

"Of course," responded Sparkes heedlessly, "I'm always on the shoot somewhere; so is Mr. Hervey. We could tell you a yarn or two that would give you goose-flesh."

"Goose-flesh—eh? what that, sir?" he inquired, evidently ignorant of the term.

"Means the creeps."

"Oh, is it? You incurring danger of life, I suppose?"

"Danger?" laughed the bungler, "I dare-say we incur as much danger in a shooting-trip

as our fellows are now doing up in the north-west frontier."

Ambrose's countenance had gradually undergone a change, and he appeared to be thinking deeply. I guessed what was coming. I knew these sort of chaps better than my friend did.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," resumed the agent, "have you life policy of insurance?"

As I feared!

"Hang it—no!" answered Sparkes savagely.

"We are not family men!"

"Nevertheless, I shall recommend *Sowcar* to require policy or policies sufficient to cover loan."

"Confound you! what for?"

"Do not get angry, sir; but you both going often to shoot the dangerous things; therefore insurance absolutely necessary."

To be brief, nothing in the world would shake Ambrose's decision. It is a well-known fact that Indian money-lenders are always guided by their agents, and I now felt convinced that both of us would have to insure our lives, or whistle for the loan. Sparkes, on realising his mistake, endeavoured to laugh it off: he used every persuasion, even offering the man a fifty-rupee tip: he repeated that the money was required at once, and that insuring meant a delay of weeks, which would be fatal to the object he had in view: but Ambrose remained obdurate, and no argument would turn him. As if to prove his own *bonâ fides* he wrote out the bond, exhibited it temptingly to us, and said that as soon as we furnished a policy or policies covering the loan, and signed the bond, we should have the money. Sparkes, in his impetuous fashion, became furious: he threatened to tar and feather Ambrose, who promptly took refuge behind me and began to whimper. I quietened the one and reassured the other, and when I had got the agent safely out of the carriage I asked my friend what he proposed doing. He fell into one of his thinking fits, and some minutes elapsed before he answered, "I shall make the hybrid idiot give in about his plaguy insurance, or else I'm a Dutchman!"

"How?" I demanded, suspecting that he had hit on one of his quixotic "dodges."

"Never you mind; I have thought of a plan, and all I want you to do is look on."

We saw no more of Ambrose. After a cosy dinner in the saloon carriage we had chairs placed on the station platform: Sparkes, however, was restless; he frequently left me. Of course I did not watch or make any attempt to find out what he was up to; but I wondered much.

In due time the up mail steamed in. Ambrose reappeared with his bag and wraps,

and hastened to find a seat; but, as all the first- and second-class compartments—empty or occupied—displayed the label "Engaged," he looked in vain.

"Botheration! Wha-a-a-t this?" shouted the perplexed Eurasian. "Guard! you can put me in third class—eh?"

"Very sorry, sir," stolidly responded the European official, "all are full up." And so they appeared to be.

"Never mind, then, let me go in brake van, man."

"Against rules, sir."

"I say, Mr. Sparkes, sir," cried the now half-distracted agent, rushing to my friend, "Please give necessary permit for seat in brake van! I must go Bulhuri by this train only: *Sowcar* will expect."

"I regret I am unable to violate the regulations, Mr. Ambrose," answered Sparkes gravely; "but I tell you what; my inspection special will shortly leave for Bulhuri, so if you are pressed for time you can travel in her."

Ambrose agreed delightedly; I simply gaped. The Manager-in-Chief alone commanded inspection specials, so what did my chum mean? But it was no good asking him.

Presently, events came thick and fast. About half an hour after the departure of the mail, a locomotive named Goliath scuttled out of the shed, hitched on to Sparkes' saloon, backed to a brake van, coupled it, and then, after cantering about a bit, brought up at the platform. The "inspection special" was ready!

I caught Sparkes by the button-hole. "Are you really running that lot into Bulhuri, or is this one of your tricks?" I peevishly demanded.

"No tricks; I'm going to get the money, or eat my hat!"

"How?"

"You'll see," was all he said, sloping off and springing on to Goliath's footplate, where he conversed in whispers with her driver.

In we bundled; Ambrose profuse in acknowledgments that became almost ecstatic when Sparkes informed him that he had nothing to pay.

"Oh, my!" chortled the half-caste, "better than first-class, eh? so much room, too! You are very kind to poor chap stranded in jungle place, sir." Then, assuming a confidential air, he continued: "You and friend clear off to Madras, sir, take out policy sharp, send along, and receive money. I will persuade *Sowcar* to lessen interest for your goodness to me."

Well, the "special" started, and we settled



"See the night watchmen?"

"No, and beggin' your pardon, sir, they ain't fond of patrolin' in parts like this. Often as not I've run through the Seep after

"S-S-S-SIR, HAVE M-M-M-MERCY!" STUTTERED THE SHIVERING COWARD.

ourselves comfortably. All went well; the engine made light of her insignificant load and whisked it along, while the car wheels throbbed rhythmically under our feet. Anon, after we had covered, perhaps, a mile or two, there came a violent jerk: we were thrown off our seats, and Sparkes, with a look of alarm opined that something had gone wrong with the engine. I put my head out of window—to find that we had entered the Seep jungle.

"Oh, sir!" faltered Ambrose affrightedly, "I hope no accident; train not running off line—eh?"

"Can't say," answered my friend, maintaining his expression of concern. "She's slowing down; when she stops I'll go out and inquire."

We speedily came to a halt; Sparkes alighted, walked forward, and, standing on the side path, bawled to the European driver.

"What's wrong, Bowker?" Ambrose and I, leaning half out of the windows, heard every word.

"Obstruction of some kind, sir," answered the engine-man in a loud voice.

dark without seein' a single watchman's light."

"What's the obstruction, and how did it get there?"

"By the feel of the bump, sir, I should say 'twere a log of wood. I can't say how it comed there: 'tain't stormy—for branches to be fallin'."

Dinwiddy, the guard, had also alighted, and now spoke. "Maybe you've not heard, sir, that robbers and dacoits are said to infest the Seep: possibly this is their work."

"Yes, but I never dreamt they'd dare to try and wreck a train. Is your rattle-trap damaged, Bowker?"

"Not as I can see, sir: me an' the fireman's been round with our lamps, and found nothin' out of gear."

"Glad to hear it. Strange, though, they should want to upset us," added Sparkes musingly, and with a stress on the last word.

"Well, sir," put in Bowker, "If you ask us, I think we could explain that; couldn't we, Dinny?"

The guard thought they could.

"Out with it!" exclaimed my chum, eagerly."

"Because it becomed known at Mâmoopâd, sir, that the—the—coloured gentleman who is with you has a heap of money in his bag. Some of the robbers must have been among the chaps loafin' about the station, and sniffed the swag. Why, one of our greasers come into the shed, an' said as he was round when the—the—gentleman arrived, and heard the chink of rupees when he dumped the bag on the bench."

"Humph! we are not out of the wood, then. But heave ahead at caution rate, Bowker, and keep the brakes handy—both of you."

Goliath fizzed herself into motion, and Sparks clambered back. "I say," he observed ominously, "I'm afraid we're in for it. Can't run back; we'd be laughed at for showing funk; so what shall we do if the beggars hold us up further on?"

"What shall we do?" I echoed, losing all patience at the unwonted hesitation displayed by Sparkes, "why, pepper the chaps' legs with duck-shot if they refuse to clear off!"

"Impossible; we might kill some of them, and there'd be a shindy: we'd be hauled up, and all the rest of it."

"Well, then, go for them with sticks, stones—anything," I retorted, at a loss to understand all this shilly-shallying; "we are six."

"That wouldn't do, either: they'd outnumber and overpower us. They've scented your money, Mr. Ambrose," he continued, turning to the quaking half-caste, "and will yank it if they can."

"Oh, don't tell that!" blubbered the poor wretch. "Mr. Sparkes, sir, I am quiet man, and do not know how to fight any kind. Money is *Sowcar's*, not mine: if I lose, I am ruined: my wife and children will starve!"

"I quite understand your anxiety," replied my friend, "and will do my best for you, especially as I have landed you in this mess."

He spoke deprecatingly, almost abjectly. I rubbed my eyes and gaped at him.

"Sir," continued the Eurasian, battling with his sobs, "never mind you being cause. See! if you take me and money safely to Bulhuri, when you bring policy, I will coax *Sowcar* to knock off more interest; I promise!"

At this, strange to relate, Sparkes' manner suddenly changed. In a hectoring tone he rejoined, "Well, I can't perform miracles. If we are held up, and it's a case of 'your money or your life,' then you'll have to disgorge, or the lot of us perhaps will get our throats cut.

Hold your row!" he added furiously, "and prepare to meet whatever's in store."

We ran at half speed for a few more furlongs, when the pace slackened, and the hand-brakes screeched. We looked out of the window to see a glare of torches ahead, something lying across the permanent way, and a crowd of men standing by. Goliath brought up just short of the obstacle, which proved to be a newly-felled sapling; and lo! hardly had we come to a standstill ere some more figures issued from the forest to the rear of our train and threw another trunk across the rails. We were caught!

They were wild-looking men, with their heads and faces muffled up: most of them carried bamboo sticks; some were armed with native swords, while one—the leader, evidently—had a gun.

"What do you want?" bawled Sparkes in his execrable vernacular, protruding his body half out of the door.

"The money that the man from Bulhuri has in his bag. Give that up, and you can go," responded the leader surlily.

"There! told you so!" whispered my chum, drawing himself in and glancing sourly at Ambrose, who, with tear-laden eyes and quivering lips, sat on the carriage floor, hugging his bag; "what shall I tell them?"

I had already made my proposals and had been met with objections, so I said no more; but Ambrose merely wrung his hands without attempting to reply. Sparkes, turning away with a look of disgust, again went to the window and shouted to the robbers, "What if we refuse to surrender the money?"

"We shall take it by force. You may fire, and shoot some of us, but you are few; we are many; we shall conquer and kill you! You cannot move your train either way. so do not think you can escape us!"

"What do you say to that?" demanded Sparkes savagely, jumping back and shaking Ambrose by the shoulder; "are you going to allow us to be murdered just for the sake of your filthy lucre?"

"S-s-s-sir, have m-m-m-mercy!" stammered the shivering coward, "I-I-I c-c-cannot part with rupees, and if I d-d-d-die who will f-f-f-eed wife and chi-chi-children?"

"Bother you wife and children! we must think of ourselves. Come—out with it! what am I to tell them?"

"You-you c-c-cannot use g-g-gun, I suppose, sir?"

"Not unless there's no other way of getting clear: in this case the surrender of your money would satisfy them. And I tell you what—



"IF YOU DO NOT GO AWAY PEACEABLY WE SHALL FIRE," CRIED SPARKES.

you curry-guzzler," continued Sparkes menacingly, "if you don't give it up of your own free will—to save the situation—I shall take your confounded rupees and chuck them out to the brutes, bag and all!"

"S-s-s-sir, stoop d-d-d-down; I will tell one word!"

Sparkes immediately complied, and the two whispered together, what—I could not catch. The effect, however, on my friend was magical. Springing erect, he came to me. "Hervey," he said, "there's nothing for it but to make a bold dash. Take a rifle and follow me," seizing a piece as he spoke.

"What to do?" I asked, promptly lifting a Martini from its rests on the panelling.

"We must frighten the beggars by a show of force. We'll go out and threaten them; I daresay when they see us armed they'll shoot."

Dropping on to the foot-board and thence to the ground, we walked briskly forward. As we skirted Goliath we saw Bowker and the fireman on the foot-plate with lumps of coal in their hands. "Do nothing unless they attack us," admonished Sparkes loudly, in passing.

On seeing our arms, the robbers drew back a few paces, and stood in an angry group; then the fellow with the gun cocked it; the swordsmen unsheathed their weapons, while the others brandished their sticks.

"Now," cried Sparkes, as we halted by the sapling, "listen to me. We are not going to give you a single rupee, and if you do not go away peaceably we shall fire!"

At this the band began shouting encouragingly to each other to fall on; but while I was momentarily expecting to see my companion raise his rifle, he sidled close to me and whispered, "Catch the trunk between your ankles, and I'll slew the other end round between the metals; Bowker will give her steam, then you and I hop on to the foot-board on each side!"

No sooner said than done: my ankles held one end of the sapling; Sparkes flung round the other, nearly throwing me off my legs in the act, and the irons were free! Goliath puffed vigorously, the saloon foot-boards glided up, on we sprang, and in a moment we had hurtled through the baffled gang, leaving them behind in a twinkling!

The following morning, while the "inspection special" reposed on a siding in Bulhuri station yard, Sparkes appeared fully dressed, and actually sporting a collar!

"Halloa! where are you off to—in that tog?" was my natural query.

"To old Layvy Ram's: you've got to come, too: I've ordered a hack carriage to be here after breakfast, so hurry up."

"What humbug is this?" I demanded crossly; "you surely do not expect to get the money from the *Sowcar* in the face of Ambrose's stipulation about the insurance?"

Then out it all came, and Sparkes explained how he had planned the entire tragi-comedy. "Getting" his several subordinates on the wires, he ordered "Engaged" labels to be exhibited on the mail train by which Ambrose intended to travel; and by the same agency he had schooled the guards of that train—with the result as above described. To impersonate the dacoits, he had shipped three gangs of P.W. labourers by that same train—to be dropped at the required spot, arming them with an old gun and a few rusty native swords. The first "obstruction" was merely a preliminary for Ambrose's behoof, a foretaste, so to speak, of what was to come. Nothing had been put on the rails, the shock being produced by a sudden touch of the engine brake. The conversations with Bowker and Dinwiddy, the altercation with the "robbers," were both pre-arranged; all in fact was cut and dried under Sparkes' firm conviction that the half-caste, through stress of absolute funk, would give in about the policy!

Though annoyed as usual at having been kept in the dark, I could not help admiring the audacity, the "slimness" of my chum's conception, and I was completely mollified by seeing the delight on his dear face as he noticed the mystification gradually thawing from mine while he proceeded with his explanation.

We had no difficulty with the *Sowcar*. When we drove up to his place of business, Ambrose received us with effusion and introduced us to old Layvy Ram Davy Chund, who thanked my friend for bringing his agent safely through. We signed the bond, and after an interchange of the usual compliments we took our leave, Sparkes with five currency notes of a thousand rupees each in his pocket. So much for being a man of "good report."

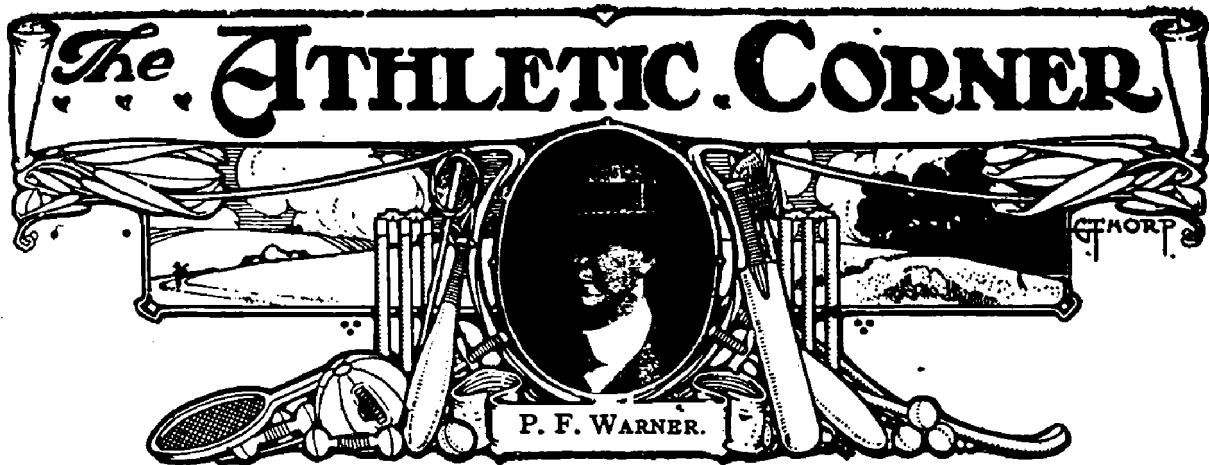
"Well, have you done it?" I asked, on next meeting him a week later at Tenigunta.

"Yes," he replied with a sigh of contentment; "she is relieved of all her worries, poor thing. I put her into the Bombay mail train before coming away. She'll catch tomorrow's home boat."

During the eleven months that followed we saw each other frequently, but, although we often alluded to the Ambrose incident, never a word was exchanged as to how the repayments were progressing. But on the expiry of those eleven months Sparkes wrote, enclosing that bond—duly and punctually discharged of principal as well as interest. Heaven bless him!



A CHINESE PUBLIC CHAIR.



EXCITING MATCHES I HAVE TAKEN PART IN.

THE first time I played for Middlesex was against Somerset at Taunton on August 6, 7, 8, 1894. Middlesex eventually won by nineteen runs, though at one point, when the two Palairets were together in Somerset's second innings, we looked like being beaten. Somerset were left with 129 to win on a sticky wicket, but Rawlin and Hearne bowled splendidly and MacGregor made two fine catches. In addition to taking 10 wickets in the match for 82 runs, Rawlin made 85 in his first innings, and Sir T. C. O'Brien batted superbly for 110 not out on a soft wicket. In those days Somerset were a great deal stronger than they are just now; the two Palairets, Woods, V. T. Hill, Captain Hedley, W. N. Roe, J. B. Challen, and Tyler being in their prime. I did little towards our victory, scoring only 6 and 4, and catching out Challen at extra slip off Rawlin's bowling.

"G.O.'s" GREAT INNINGS.

My second Oxford and Cambridge match—in 1896—ended in a great victory for Oxford, who, set 330 runs, won by four wickets. At one time we seemed to have no chance of victory, three wickets being down for 60 runs. The turning-point came with the partnership of G. O. Smith and C. C. Pilkington, who added 84 for the fourth wicket, and then Smith and Leveson-Gower put together 47 runs before Leveson-Gower was caught at the wicket for a most admirable and plucky innings of 41, in the course of which he was several times hit on the body by Jessop, who at that time was an exceedingly fast bowler. The story goes—and it is a true one—that Mrs. Leveson-Gower was so

overcome with excitement that she could not bear to watch her son batting, and retired to Regent's Park for an hour only to find on her return, to her great delight, that he was still batting. But 89 runs were still wanted when Leveson-Gower was out, and "any little accident," says Wisden, "might have turned the scale in Cambridge's favour." Bardswell, however, played with great coolness and determination, and only two runs were wanted to win when Smith was caught at slip. His 132 was one of the greatest innings in the history of the University match, and I shall never forget the magnificent reception he had as he returned to the pavilion, the members standing up and waving their hats and shouting like school-boys. Bardswell soon after made the winning hit—a difficult chance low down to C. J. Burnup in the long field.

A CENTURY AND A SIGNET RING.

One of the best matches I ever played in was between Lord Hawke's XI. and Barbadoes. We were left 187 runs to win in three hours, and eventually made them for the loss of six wickets three minutes before time. At one period 31 runs were needed, twenty-five minutes remained, there were four wickets to fall—and *we had a tail*. The excitement was tremendous, one black gentleman, a certain "Britannia Bill," waving a Union Jack at the end of a long bamboo pole as he shouted, "England for ever."

In Johannesburg, again with Lord Hawke's team, I took part in a game which will always live in my memory. We were playing South Africa, who led us at the end of the first innings by 106 runs. Left eventually with



"ENGLAND FOR EVER."

132 runs to win on a fast and true matting wicket, we thought that the South Africans were certain to get home, but though 60 runs were hit up for the loss of three wickets we triumphed in the end by 33 runs. Trott, Haigh, and Cuttell bowled magnificently, and in our second innings I was lucky enough to carry my bat for 132. As a reward Lord Hawke presented me with a signet ring with the following words inside :

LORD HAWKE'S XI. V. SOUTH AFRICA, 1899.
P. F. W. 132. FROM H.

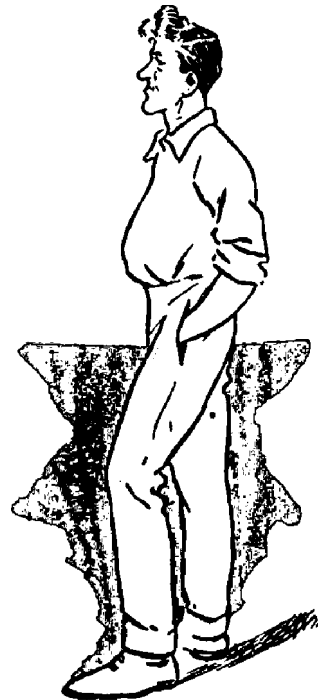
That signet ring is one of my proudest possessions.

During the summer of 1900, Middlesex played two extremely exciting matches one after the other. The first was against our old rivals, Surrey, at the Oval; the second against Somerset at Taunton. Middlesex held a lead of 123 runs on the first innings, but Surrey played up brilliantly on going in again and Middlesex were set 167 to win. Rain in the night did not make matters any easier for us, and eighteen runs were still wanted when Hearne, the last man, joined W. Williams. Hearne played very steadily, but Williams, after being nearly bowled by Lockwood, snicked two balls in succession to the boundary. Then he got a four to the off, and after scoring another single, which made the game a tie, "lifted" one just beyond mid on, and Middlesex had won. Surrey had bad luck in losing, but fortune was against Lockwood, who several times only just missed the wicket after beating the bat,

ONE WICKET WINS AND LOSSES.

The second game, against Somerset, also ended in a one-wicket victory for Middlesex. On the first day the wicket was treacherous, on the second and third days of the most perfect Taunton type. Middlesex were left, in their last innings, to get 278 runs to win. Two hundred were scored for three wickets, and then came a collapse. Trott played very finely, but Williams, the hero of the Surrey match, was caught in the long field for 3, and six runs were wanted when Hearne joined Trott. When three of these had been obtained, Trott, just to increase the already intense excitement of the spectators, played a yorker of Robson's hard into his block hole, whence it bounced over the top of the stumps! For one second those who wanted Somerset to win gave a shout of joy, which was followed by a groan of dismay when it was seen that the wicket was still intact. A sharp-run single on the off-side got Trott to the other end, and then with a magnificent off drive to the ropes he won the match. Curiously enough, Somerset had lost their previous match by one wicket, so that Middlesex won two matches in succession by one wicket and Somerset lost two matches in succession by the same margin.

In that same season, 1900, Middlesex defeated Kent at Lord's by an innings and three runs four minutes before time. Kent wanted 191 runs to save the innings defeat. At twenty minutes past five—stumps were drawn at six o'clock—only three Kent wickets were down, J. R. Mason and Alec Hearne being apparently well set. We had almost given up hopes of victory—indeed, third man, who had never bowled in his life, was begging me to let him go on—when suddenly Mason was finely caught at extra cover by Bosanquet. Then we set to work with a will, and with C. M. Wells and Trott bowling their best we



SAMMY WOODS.

had nine of their wickets down at seven minutes to six for 188 runs. The situation was intensely interesting, for, even supposing we did succeed in capturing the last wicket, if Kent could put us in to *get one run* the match was bound to be drawn, as the rule says there must be ten minutes interval between the innings. Kent always play the game in its finest spirit, and W. M. Bradley, the last man, came running all the way from the pavilion to the wickets. He had one ball from Wells, which he survived. Then Trott bowled to Alec Hearne, who had gone in first and had displayed wonderful restraint.

The first ball of the over Hearne just touched with his bat; it ran up his leg, seemed to hover about the top of his pad, and finally rolled slowly on to the wicket, knocking *one* bail off! In the previous over "Alberto" had nearly lost the match by bowling a loose ball to leg which Hearne failed to hit.

In 1903, the year Middlesex were champion county, we had a great game with Somerset at Taunton. Somerset went in first and made 253. Middlesex answered with 312. Somerset in their second innings totalled 371, so that Middlesex were

SET TO GET 313 RUNS IN THREE HOURS AND A HALF.

In the end we won by two wickets a quarter of an hour before the drawing of stumps. The course of the game fluctuated in a most exciting manner. At one time we looked like winning comfortably, at another we seemed certain to lose, and at another a draw seemed the most probable termination. Bosanquet made a splendid 74 out of 106 in sixty-five minutes, but a brilliant victory was the outcome of collective rather than individual excellence.

Middlesex finished the Lord's season of 1904 with two splendid games against Surrey and Kent. In the first of these the state of the ground on the first two days placed batsmen at a considerable disadvantage, only Hayes, 56 and 52, scoring over 50 runs. Left with 250 to win, Middlesex at the close of play on the Friday had lost J. Douglas, Bosanquet, Field, and myself for 53 runs, but G. W. Beldam and Wells then increased the total to 109. MacGregor, our captain, then went in and helped Beldam to put on 80, and with four wickets to fall we were within 61 of victory. Two wickets then fell almost immediately, and with

eight men out we still required 54 runs. Eventually after a desperate struggle Trott and MacGregor hit off the remaining runs, though with three runs to win MacGregor gave a sharp chance to slip. J. N. Crawford, Lees, and Nice bowled splendidly. G. W. Beldam's 98 was one of the best innings he has ever played, and MacGregor made 63 not out and Trott 26 not out. MacGregor is not usually regarded as a great batsman, but

I WOULD AS SOON SEE HIM GO IN AT THE CRISIS OF A MATCH

as any other cricketer in England. Responsibility seems to add a finer skill to his batting, and I cannot recall the time he has failed when runs were badly wanted.

The next match against Kent was even more exciting. Set 135 to win, Middlesex had 60 runs on the board with only two men out, but eight had gone for 90. M. W. Payne and Wells then brought the score to a tie, when Payne was superbly caught at the wicket by Huish, who had previously been standing back to Fielder's fast bowling, and had come up closer just as this ball was bowled. Wells had previously borne a charmed life, being missed three times, and when the game was still a tie he was again badly missed at slip, the ball going for a single. Kent ought to have won, but some of their fielders quite lost their heads at the critical moment. Albert Trott was run out in the most foolish manner possible. He thought Wells was bound to be caught and bowled from a simple skier to Blythe, so he stood in the middle of the pitch watching the ball come down. Blythe dropped the catch, but had the presence of mind to throw the ball to the wicket-keeper, and Trott, who seemed petrified with astonishment at Wells' escape, was run out by yards.

But the most exciting match I have ever played in was that between Middlesex and the South Africans at Lord's on June 20, 21, and 22,



GREGOR MACGREGOR
GOES IN.



TROTT WAS RUN OUT BY YARDS.

1904. The game began dramatically enough, for Kotze hit Tarrant a dreadful blow on the elbow, the bruise which it raised being even more nerve-shattering than the crash of leather against bone, and this he followed up by

TORPEDOING HIM BELOW THE BELT.

But I will pass over the first two days of cricket and come at once to the third morning, when South Africa, with eight wickets in hand, required 159 runs to win. The pitch was in good order, and the odds were, I thought, slightly in favour of our opponents. At first, however, Trott and J. T. Hearne bowled so admirably that five wickets fell for 92 runs, and there was something like a depression in the South African market. But L. J. Tancred had been batting with determination and very soundly, smothering the good balls and punishing with certainty anything in reason, and as Llewellyn, the Hampshire cricketer, but a South African by birth, quickly settled down, the tide seemed to be setting against us. Forty-eight runs were added and then Tancred was out very unluckily, a ball wide on the on side rebounding off the wicket-keeper's pads. With Tancred out of the way, R. O. Schwarz came in, and had a difficult chance he gave to the wicket-keeper, C. Headlam, been accepted, the match might have ended quite tamely. But the best wicket-keepers occasionally miss a catch, and Headlam may be well excused for not accepting this one, for throughout he kept wicket brilliantly.

After his escape Schwarz played very well indeed, and we looked beaten. Albert Trott had been on all the morning, excepting for a couple of overs, at the Nursery end, but with runs coming fast

I RESORTED TO ONE LAST CHANCE

and asked him to go on bowling fast at the Pavilion end. Like the Japanese infantry at the battle of Kinchan, he gallantly responded, and to my idea that one over of his top speed might alter the issue, he replied, "I should love to have a try." So on he went, and for two overs Llewellyn hit him very hard. But relief came in his third over, Schwarz being caught at the wicket; 197-7-17. Fourteen runs now lay between South Africa and victory, and there were three wickets to go. Immediately Schwarz left, I put Rawlin on at the Nursery end with an earnest prayer to him to bowl a maiden over. He responded loyally, and then Hearne came on at the Pavilion end and clean bowled Llewellyn, who had played a bold, plucky, and altogether admirable innings of 60; 200-8-60. Rawlin having done his duty, Trott came on again at the Nursery end, bowling this time in his ordinary style, and in his first over a wicket fell, the batsman being l.b.w. Kotze was last, and Trott "imperilled the situation" by bowling a slow leg ball. But Kotze is a better bowler than batsman, and he failed to take advantage of it. Then G. C. White made a beautiful off drive to the boundary off Hearne, and then came three leg byes off Trott's bowling and a single to White. This made the game a tie, with Kotze facing Trott. There was a dead silence as

ALBERT GIRDED HIMSELF UP FOR A SUPREME EFFORT.

There was a now-or-never look in his face as he ran up—his arm came over with a flash—there was a crash, and Kotze's middle stump turned a somersault in the air. Trott, of course, saved us the match, and never has he fought more unflinchingly for his side. In twenty-two overs and three balls he took six wickets for 75 runs. He, of course, had the greatest share in this sensational result, but Rawlin bowled as well as he had ever done in his life on the second afternoon, and Jack Hearne was reliable and accurate, and full of wise comment and suggestion. That last fast ball of Trott's I often think of and smile over. There is a good story told of this ball of Trott's: In the days when he first came to

England. Trott was playing at Lord's for M.C.C. v. Cambridge University. Few people in England had seen him bowl then, and short slip stood fairly close up, about four yards from the wicket. Trott bowled two slow to medium balls, then his arm came over with a "whirr." Storer, the wicket-keeper, fled in terror, the ball just touched the bat, short slip gave a heart-rending shriek, as the ball struck him full on the knee, and he was carried off the field.

There have only been two tie matches at Lord's—the last previous to this being in 1839, when M.C.C. and Ground played Oxford and Cambridge; and in the whole history of first-class cricket I can trace but fourteen such matches. Curiously enough, Middlesex has figured in four of these—in 1868 and 1876 at the Oval against Surrey, in 1890 at Taunton against Somerset, and finally at Lord's against South Africa in 1904.

INDIAN ACROBATS.

VERY wonderful feats of agility and athletic prowess are being constantly performed up and down India by native acrobats, who are as much a part of native Indian life as the Punch-and-Judy show used to be in England years ago.

The company of performers is composed of three men and two boys, with some flutes and the din-producing tom-tom. First a few uninteresting tricks are practised, and then the two boys go in for somersaulting, and actually finish up by touching their heels with the backs of their heads—a most difficult feat.

Now, one of the men stands out and, resting a long bamboo on a cloth tied round his loins, balances it. The other man, mounting on the former's shoulder, climbs to the top of the pole, catches it with his two hands, swings his body into the air, and, steadying himself perpendicularly, begins to sway the pole. Then he balances himself on his stomach on the top of the bamboo, waving his arms and legs. His next act is to hold on to the top of the pole with the heel of one foot, while he keeps on swinging his body, head downwards. It seems incredulous that a person can cling on to the top of a bamboo by only his heel, but, having seen the occurrence myself, I can vouch for the fact. He goes on to repeat the same performance, but on this occasion balances himself on his toes instead of his heel.

The acrobats next construct a tight rope, on to which one of the acrobats climbs, and, putting his knees into a shallow brass pan, starts moving himself along the

rope. Arrived about midway, he stands erect in the pan, and sways himself to and fro. Next, strapping a pair of cowhorns, the ends of which are slightly curved, on to his feet, he walks along the rope. Were he to lose his balance he would fall and probably be killed. Holding on by the cow-horns, he balances a bucket on the top of his head, and walks along the entire length of the rope, swinging himself about as he goes, concluding the entertainment by returning backwards.

The performance finished, one of the acrobats makes a salaam and presents a shallow brass dish to the audience, who drop into it sundry small coins, and the company retire well satisfied with their earnings.

"ACROBAT" (Naini Tal. India).



NATIVE ACROBATS IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

From a Photo.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

By Captain Frank H. Shaw.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.



It looked as though an unkind destiny were presiding over the Honourable Augustus Brownsby's life and career. In reality, things were taking place that were to bring about a much-to-be-desired consummation. His rackets ways culminated in his being afforded a night's lodging in a police station, and in the morning "Forty shillings or a month" was the sentence pronounced. After this disgrace (the evening papers of course gave it due prominence), Augustus' parents—he was the second son of the Earl and Countess of Dedham—took the ruling of his affairs into their own hands.

It wasn't that the lad was naturally vicious; he had a hundred good points, and only a few weaknesses, but the chief of these latter was that he was as easily led as a child to pick strawberries; that is, led into foolish ways. And the inherited thirst of a dozen generations conducted him into many pitfalls.

Acting on the impulse that prompted them to save their son from the dangerous career on which he had embarked, the parents shipped him off on a prolonged yachting tour round the world, assuring him that he would be as welcome as the flowers in spring if he returned with a chastened spirit. Otherwise, they said, he need not bother about returning at all. And so the Honourable Augustus set off for fresh fields and new pastures.

Now, there is no doubt that the sea is a good place whereupon to effect a cure for incipient intemperance, but a smart yacht, owned by a man of fashion, has its drawbacks. Young Brownsby found that he was able to indulge in his besetting sin with far greater freedom than he had done on shore, for on the water there was no stern magisterial voice to keep him in the narrow path.

But mark again how Fate was working to her desired end. It happened one night that the men who made up the *Vigilant's* passenger list fell to a discussion of the heavy work involved in stoking a steamer. Some

said it was child's play, others that it was slavery, and the upshot of it all was that some of the more daring among them went down into the stokehold, removed the unnecessary part of their clothing, and fell to work. The coal-dust rose in clouds, smothering the workers in a fine black covering; and the heat of the place gave them an awful thirst. The volunteers ascended to the deck, quaffed sundry glasses of something that was not water, and then—then an outward-bound liner came on the scene, and cut the *Vigilant* in two. She sank like a stone; but the vessel that had done the damage lowered her boats and picked up all the complement of the yacht. All, that is, save one—the Honourable Augustus. He had succumbed to those many glasses of liquor. When the collision occurred he clung in a semi-stupid condition to a grating. In the darkness of the night he was missed by the liner's boats, and it really looked as if the young man were doomed to end his career in a very unsatisfactory manner.

If, indeed, the look-out man on the fore-castle head of the *Wanderer* had not been blessed with marvellous sight, this would undoubtedly have been the end of the hero of our story, but Silas Jenkins A.B. had eyes like an eagle's, and, as the sailing-vessel rustled her easy way through the lapping waves, he saw Augustus in the water. The officer of the watch, being duly informed, jammed the ship up into the eye of the wind.

"Clear away the lee boat!" cried Mr. Hoskins, the said officer. "Look alive there, you lazy loafers, and get a move on!"

The captain came on deck at this moment and was informed of the happening.

"All right, Mr. Hoskins," he said; "get the corpse aboard, and then fill on the main again."

The boat sprang lightly away from the ship's side, and returned almost immediately bearing the almost-dead Augustus. During its absence, Captain Walker had time to say many things.

and he said them. He had been brought up in the American mercantile marine, where a man is prized for his freedom of language rather than his knowledge of seamanship. Consequently, men never sailed under his command if they could possibly avoid it. They said his ship was the "hardest case" under the Red Ensign.

Undoubtedly Captain Walker was a stern man, and his methods would not have passed muster in a lady's school, but he turned out a breed of sailors that were a credit to their country, and he kept his ship in such a spick-and-span condition that even naval officers were compelled to admit that she could hold a candle to a man-o'-war.

The boat returned to the *Wanderer* in due time, and the sodden body of the Honourable Augustus was passed aboard. He lay there on the white deck under the rays of a hurricane lamp, and the captain surveyed him with unconcealed scorn.

"A stoker!" he exclaimed. "A nasty, greasy stoker, and he's making a mess of my white decks. If I'd known that, I'd have let him swim! Yes, he's alive; he'll pull through all right. Run him into the fo'c'sle, some of you, and let him sleep it off."

The inert body was unceremoniously carried forward, the boat was hoisted in, the yards swung, and the *Wanderer* resumed her interrupted voyage. This by way of prologue.

The Honourable Augustus opened his heavy eyes and blinked unseeingly. He was aware of a strong, nauseating smell—a smell of hot salt pork—and his delicate stomach revolted. He wanted fresh air, and he rose rapidly to go in search of it. Unfortunately, the bunk in which he had been laid was close to the deck-beams, so his head came in violent contact with hard iron. He emitted a howl, and rubbed himself vigorously. Then he opened his eyes again—they had been screwed up with pain—and looked about him wonderingly. The last recollection he had was of the yacht's palatial smoking-room; he now saw a low apartment, with a dozen sea-chests arranged along the sides, with two tiers of rudely painted bunks lining both sides and one end, and a bare

wooden table around which were congregated many men. These men were looking in his direction, and were smiling sympathetically. |

"Aw—where's my man?" asked the Honourable Augustus. "What are you fellows doing here, by Jove?"

"Run an' tell the officer as 'ow he's come to," said one of the sailors in a whisper to the ordinary seaman. "He wanted to know the very minute—ses as how he ain't goin' to have no loafers on his ship."

The boy darted aft, and the men gathered round the bunk.

"'Ello, matey," said one. "feelin' better? Thought you was never comin' round agen. Feel like a bit o' food?"



"CLEAR AWAY THE LEE BOAT!" CRIED MR. HOSKINS.

"Aw—where am I?" asked Augustus feebly. "Tell my man to come along, will you, you fellows?"

"Well, I'm blowed!" said the first spokesman. "Well, I'm properly blowed! P'raps yer'd like a coach an' six ter take yer ter yer ancestral palace, or what would yer like?"

"Kindly call my man," said Augustus. "There's a good fellow."

"Don't yer 'good feller' me, sirree!" yelled Donk Havers, savagely. "I'm king boss o' this here fo'c'sle, an' I'm goin' ter have no slimy stoker callin' me names. Give me any more o' yer lip, an' I'll yank yer out on deck an' give yer suthin ter think on fer the remainder of yer little life!"

The irate sailor made a rapid motion towards the bunk, and there is no doubt but that Augustus would have come out of the bunk with extreme rapidity, had not the entry of the officer of the watch caused a diversion.

"Now, then, men, what's the matter here?" asked Mr. Hoskins in his quarter-deck voice. The sound re-echoed through the narrow room and nearly lifted the roof off.

"Ther stoker's a-callin' fer 'is man," replied Donk in a disgusted voice. "A stoker! A soldier-sailor, wot shovels coals an' eats clinkers ter save waste—an' he's callin' fer 'is man!"

Mr. Hoskins stifled a laugh and approached the bunk. His eyes dwelt lovingly on the grimy form, and he noted how the water had only partly-washed off the dust of the yacht's stokehold. Black streams had trickled from the roots of Brownsby's hair, and he presented a pathetic sight. His clothes were conspicuous by their absence. When the sailors had put him to bed, they had shrunk from the filthy vest and pants that had clothed him, with the aversion of the sailing-ship sailor for dirt. They had flung the clothes overboard and wrapped the unconscious man in a blanket. The sight of the black-and-white face, with its tangled hair, protruding from the brown blanket, was ludicrous in the extreme.

"What are you talking about?" asked Mr. Hoskins.

"These fellows are taking a rise out of me. You seem a fairly intelligent chap; will you be good enough to call my man?"

The men had their revenge on the officer now. They thought of many hard words and harder blows, and turned away sniggering. For Mr. Hoskins' face had grown purple with rage.

"Oh! I'm an intelligent chap, am I? The fellows have been pulling your leg, have they? Look ye here, Mr. Stoker, when a man can see

that folks are intelligent, he can get out on deck and do a little bit of work. So—out you come!"

And this time Augustus did not escape. A large, strong hand grabbed him by the nape of the neck, and he descended violently to the deck. Then, with the blanket draped picturesquely about him, Hoskins half-shoved, half-carried him along the deck to where the captain was engaged in taking the noon altitude.

"This gilt-edged derelict, this Morocco-bound *édition de luxe* is asking for his man, sir," panted the officer. "Shall I give him a man? Shall I pander to his taste, sir, and give him a man?"

"You're a very insolent person!" gasped the bewildered aristocrat.

"I'm a what?" cried Hoskins. "I'm an insolent person, am I? Then—there's something to show you that I'm chief officer of this packet and a man to carry conviction."

Brownsby wasn't quite sure whether the "something" was a cyclone or merely an earthquake. But it felt very painful. He gathered himself up from the scuppers, and stared blankly at his aggressor. Then he put up his hand and stroked his aching jaw.

"This is incredible, sir," he gasped. "I'll have the law on you for this. I'll—I'll——"

But further speech on his part was cut short by the clear, incisive tones of the captain's voice.

"That was very nicely done, Mr. Hoskins. He's bigger than you, and the blow was a credit to you. Now, sir,—” he turned with great gravity to the dumbfounded Augustus—"now, sir, if you'll be so kind as to explain yourself—without adjectives—we'll be glad to hear you."

"There's no explanation needed," said the young man. "I'm the Honourable Augustus Brownsby, and I was on board the yacht *Vigilant* the last thing I remember. Then something happened, and I found myself in that filthy den. What are you going to do?"

"Oh, poor fellow, poor fellow!" said the captain gravely. "What an awful blow you must have had on the head to give you those ideas! The Honourable Augustus Brownsby! Ha! ha! forgive my unseemly mirth, sir, but from what little I know of the British aristocracy, its members certainly don't go adrift on a grating, dressed in a singlet and a pair of disgraceful pants. You're a blooming dirty stoker, that's what you are, and you've either been reading penny novelettes or you've had an awful knock on the head. We don't carry passengers here, my lad; when a man's able to

work. he works, see! else somebody takes him in hand and cures him of idleness. No, sirree, this ain't a Cunarder. This ain't a hospital for invalids. It's a hard-case lime-juicer, where a man does a man's work. And I'll see you do it, too!"

It is impossible to describe the changes that passed over Brownsby's face during this harangue. Fear, surprise, astonishment, they followed one another in rapid succession, but chiefly there was a great bewilderment. He recognised that he was in a false position, and he would have remonstrated as well as he was able, but that the captain waved all his protests aside. He told the astounded youth that he would have to work his passage on the ship, that if he wanted to eat he must do a good man's work, and he told him several other things, in language that was at once convincing and picturesque. Then Captain Walker wound up his remarks with a loud bellow:

"Steward!"

"Yes, sir?" cried that hurrying functionary.

"Go down to the slop-chest and get this stoker a pair of dungaree pants and a jumper. Get him some shoes and socks, and dress him."

In five minutes by the companionway clock, Augustus was arrayed in the rough garb of a merchant sailor, and his previous state of existence was vanishing into the oblivion of the past.

"Ay, you look an Honourable!" said the captain, when the change was complete. "You look an ornament to the Peerage, you do! Now, sir, whether you're a stoker or a duke, you'll get a pot of grease from the bosun and



"WE DON'T CARRY PASSENGERS HERE, MY LAD."

you'll grease down the royal mast in a brace of shakes."

Brownsby found it an extremely difficult matter to climb the shaking ratlines, especially as he had been warned not to spill a drop of grease on the snowy deck, on penalty of unutterable punishment. He had no clear idea of what the royal mast was, but he thought that

the higher he got the safer he would be, so he struggled giddily aloft. Up the main-rigging he wandered uncertainly, and tried to shirk the dizzy futtock-shrouds, but a stentorian hail from the poop reminded him that he must not attempt the "lubber's-hole." He crawled up and up, his breath coming in gasps, the grease-pot swinging perilously, until he reached the top of the t'gallant rigging. It seemed impossible for a man to ascend higher, for there was only a thick chain leading to the head of the royal mast, and Augustus clutched the slender mast with a feeling of gratitude in his heart.

He had got to the top. . . . But he was speedily disillusioned. That menacing voice came sweeping upwards, striking him in the face and conveying terror in its accents.

"Right to the top, you lubber!" cried Hoskins, "none of that shirking here!"

He wound his weary limbs about the black chain and slowly dragged himself upwards. His breath was nearly gone, and he felt that he must certainly fall, but the grit of his ancestors was in him, and he still went on. Finally he reached the very limit of possibilities, and paused to rest. That terrible voice came again. "Hurry, you swab!" it cried, and Brownsby began to grease the spar. The stuff he was using was not pleasant, and his head swam, but by some means or other he managed to perform the hazardous work, and descended to the deck. The chief officer pointed out some accusing patches of grease on the snowy planking, and bade him fetch a holystone. Remonstrate as he would, he was compelled to get the stone, a bucket of water, and some sand, and with these accessories Augustus received his first lesson in holystoning. It was not agreeable, for it made his back ache terribly. The hard deck grazed his delicate knees, his perilous climb had covered him with tiny grazes and scratches, and the sand found them all out. It was painful, very.

"Now," said the chief mate, when the job was done, "don't you go and tell me you're an Honourable again. You've greased that mast down too well for that. Away you go and grease down the fore!" And Brownsby had to do it.

It was towards evening that Augustus was allowed to make his weary way to the fore-castle and get some food. He was almost famishing, and even the smell of hot salt pork came gratefully to his senses. He threw himself down on a sea-chest, and looked longingly towards the table. But, alas, for his hopes! the cook had not sent a portion for the new hand.

There was barely enough to go round, and he felt that he would have to cry out with sheer hunger and mortification. But one sailor, more kind-hearted than the rest, gave him the fragments of his own meal, and Augustus ate the conglomerate mass of fat pork and hard biscuit with something that was very like gratitude.

He had an interview with Donk Havers a little later, and the sailor was not in a good mood. His relief had been five minutes late at the wheel, and Donk scowled terrifyingly as he entered the fore-castle. As ill fortune would have it, Brownsby was in the direct range of his vision, and he visited his wrath on that young man's head.

"Called me a good feller, did yer?" he growled. "Well, your royal 'ighness an' me is goin' to 'ave a little bit of a argyment. See?"

The "argyment" was, if anything, more painful than the previous one on the quarter-deck. Augustus seemed to get mixed up with a mule's hind legs, for he was unconscious of anything human. Two sailors put him tenderly to bed, and Donk surveyed the wreck thoughtfully.

"T'aint often a feller like me 'as the chance of punchin' a Honourable, whether real or imitation, so I makes the most o' my oppytunities, naterally. 'E's a pretty-lookin' Honourable, ain't he?"

The unfortunate Augustus tried one more appeal the next day. He waited until the captain was alone, and then approached him with an air of unusual courtesy.

"Excuse me, sir," he said meekly, "but might I have a word with you?"

"Go on," was the ungracious answer.

"Well, sir, circumstances seem to be against me, but I really am the son of the Earl of Dedham, and I object to this treatment."

It took Augustus two minutes to walk aft from the fore-castle. It took him five seconds to regain the fore-castle, for the captain's foot urged him thither. As Walker said:

"I ain't a brutal man, but when I've given my word, it goes!"

The officers had been brought up in that same strict school which had reared their captain, and they were worthy disciples. It was a hard training for the poor fellow, but it was doing him good. Already, before a week was past, the sodden brain that was in a fair way to be completely ruined by drink, began to clear. The dull, sickly yellow of his complexion fled away, and was replaced by a firm

brown skin that spoke of returning health. He could go aloft now without feeling that his strength was ebbing from his finger-tips, and his flabby muscles slowly became harder and harder.

The rough work and the rougher fare cleared his soul of all foolish snobbishness. He recognised that these men with whom he was compelled to associate were infinitely better men than he. He saw how coolly they faced a hundred dangers, how they met infinite perils with a smile on their lips. He was with them—but this was later on in the voyage—when they scrambled aloft through a blinding Indian Ocean gale, when the slatting sails froze into solid sheets of ice, when each rope was like an iron bar; and he helped them to furl those wildly battering sheets of canvas, helped them to haul on heavy ropes while standing waist-deep in cold sea-water.

He saw them ungrudgingly sharing their last rags with a ship-mate who was less fitted to face the rigours of the "Eastern" than they; saw deeds of self-sacrifice and heroism, all unconsciously performed, that filled his mind with a glad admiration for the sterling worth of his new companions. The men of the *Wanderer* were not heroes such as one finds in the pages of romance; they were just ordinary, matter-of-fact seaman, doing their duty as it seemed fitting to them to do it: growling when they were turned out in the middle of a wild, stormy night to take in a topsail, ay, cursing a little, maybe, when a constant succession of gales rendered the fore-castle but little better than a waterlogged hovel. They said unpleasant things to the cook when that worthy found it impossible to light a fire in his galley and give them hot coffee on those bleak, wintry days off the Crozets; they vowed that this ship was the worst they had ever sailed in;—but sailors always do that. But with it all, and in spite of a slave-driving captain and officers, they were men. Perhaps they were brutal, perhaps they did visit their wrath on Augustus, but they were under the impression that he was "soldiering," than which there is no more heinous crime on shipboard. He was to them a stoker who had imbibed foolish notions, and, as such, was to be brought down to his bearings. They did it—and thoroughly.

Augustus grew accustomed to rough words and occasional blows. It took time for the whole of his earlier opinions to be completely overturned, and the overturning was a painful task. Sometimes the officers would think that he was showing too much spirit, or, perhaps, that he was working too slowly, and then a

rope's-end would curl and hiss around the lad's legs until he had to bite his proud lips to suppress the rising screams. But every day saw him growing more of a man, every watch taught him some of those awful lessons that can be learned in their completeness on the bosom of the ocean, and even Captain Walker forgot to level abuse at his new hand; indeed, on one blessed day, he even went so far as to praise his smartness in executing some command.

It was from this day that the emancipation of Brownsby began. He had gradually made himself liked in the fore-castle, for he had sense enough to see that any pretensions on his part would only embitter him to his shipmates; but one man—Donk Havers—was not able to succumb to his blandishments. That "good fellow" seemed to rankle in Donk's mind to the exclusion of everything else; he could never forget it. He was something of a bully even in his quiet moments, and Augustus learned to shrink from his heavy fist.

But on the day that Captain Walker complimented Augustus, a new pride grew up in his heart. He remembered then, for the first time, that he had been able to hold his own with the gloves during his Cambridge days, though the life of dissipation on which he had embarked afterwards had made him forget any skill he had once possessed.

Now it all came back to him, and when Donk saw him in the fore-castle and lifted a heavy fist to strike, he was unwontedly surprised to find the blow deftly turned aside, and another, equally heavy, returned in payment. The worm had turned, and, of course, there was only one thing to be done.

"Ye're gettin' saucy, young feller," said Donk. "Seems ter me as 'ow yew've begun ter feel yer helm."

In answer to his urgent invitation, the Honourable Augustus accompanied him on deck, and old shell-backs who were on the *Wanderer* still dwell lovingly on the fight that ensued. They had to put Augustus to bed, but Donk was in little better case. He was able to keep his watch, but that was all. For Augustus had brought his science to bear against his adversary's brute strength, and had come off with even honours almost.

Captain Walker heard of this, and summoned the two men aft.

"They tell me he's bested you," he remarked to Donk.

"Not yet," remarked the sailor, "but he'll do it in a week or two."

This was handsome praise from such a well-



DONK WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THE BLOW DEFTLY TURNED ASIDE, AND ANOTHER, EQUALLY HEAVY, RETURNED IN PAYMENT.

known man as Havers, and the captain bowed to the voice of wisdom. "Guess we'll put him on the articles," he said to the mate. "If we give him A.B.'s rating he'll be worth the money."

The Honourable was received with respectful acclamation on his return. The men welcomed him as one of themselves—he was able to take a "wheel," and that is, in itself, a diploma to the mind of your true sailorman. It eases the work for the others, and Augustus soon learned the duties required in his new estate.

"Can any of you tell me," he said one day, "where this old hooker is bound to?"

"Why, ter be sure," said Donk—now his best friend—"she's agoin' ter Sydney."

"Thanks," said Augustus, and refused to speak further. For, as his maternal uncle was Governor of New South Wales, he knew that it was only a question of time before he would be able to prove his identity. Not that he had a wish to cut a dash amongst his shipmates; he simply desired to vindicate his assertions of the past.

When, therefore, the *Wanderer* arrived at Sydney, Augustus made his way to the poop and touched his cap respectfully to the captain.

"I should be glad of a run ashore, sir."

"Certainly, Brownsby. You're clear of the ship now, and you can draw your bit of money any time you like."

Augustus thanked him and departed to Government House.

"A man wishes to see you, m'lud," said the well-trained servant who admitted the Honourable. "He won't give no name, but he has the look of a common sailor."

"Show him up, Saunders," was the reply, and the next minute Lord Keyhaven was grasping his nephew's hands.

"My dear boy, where have you sprung from? Poor lad, we all thought you were drowned! They got all but you, and the opinion was that you had sunk like a stone."

Augustus briefly narrated his adventures, and the Governor laughed heartily.

Suddenly he sobered, and a look of great gravity overspread his face.

"But I have bad news for you, my boy. Can you bear it?"

"I'll try to," said Augustus bravely.

"Your father and your elder brother were both killed in the Alps about two months ago!"

Augustus was silent for some moments.

"Poor old Pater!" he said at length. "Poor Herston! And they were such decent fellows, too! By Jove, sir, but they will be missed."

"Ay, they will, but have you thought what it means to you? You are the Earl of Dedham now, you know."

"Well, I'd never thought of that," remarked Augustus quite truthfully.

About an hour later, the crew of the *Wanderer* were surprised to see a handsomely appointed carriage stop abreast of the ship. From it dismounted a sailor and an elderly gentleman. These made their way aboard, and mounted the poop ladder.

"Captain Walker," said Augustus, "this is my uncle, Lord Keyhaven. He is Governor here, and will speak as to my position. But I do not wish you to think that I've any desire to show him off; I only want you to know that I spoke the truth."

Captain Walker stared, then he bowed. Then, catching his lordship's eye, he solemnly winked in the direction of Augustus. It was as much as to say: "You knew him, you see him now. Has it done him any harm?"

"Yes," said Lord Keyhaven quietly, "I am the uncle of the Earl of Dedham. I am very glad to meet you, Captain."

"Sir, my lord, Earl," said Walker to Augustus, "I take back my words. You are what you said you were, but I ain't going to apologise. I think it's done you no harm."

After some more conversation:

"So you'll be going home in a P and O., I suppose?" said Walker. "You'll have a *man* now to bring you your shaving-water, and another to tie your necktie, eh?"

"Well," said Lord Dedham, slowly, "I'm not so sure of that. I think you can arrange anything that has to be arranged by cable, can't you, sir?" he asked, turning to his uncle. "If you can, I'll ask Captain Walker to let me sign on as A.B. for the run home. I've just found out what it is to live. It's different from what I've been doing for 'the best part of my life.'"

"Young man," said Walker, approvingly, "you carry that spirit with you through your life, and you'll be fit to command a ship like this some day."

And so, when the *Wanderer* cleared out from Sydney, and made her stately way between the Heads, she carried the name of Augustus Brownsby, A.B., on her books.





THE GREAT STAMP EXHIBITION.

AN International Philatelic Exhibition will be opened on the 23rd of this month at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W., and will remain open until the evening of Friday, June 1. There is every promise that it will be the most imposing display of stamps ever got together for public inspection. Great collections from the Continent and from America will be shown in rich profusion. The most eminent collectors of the world will be represented by highly specialised collections, and it is expected that the value of the exhibits will total up to little short of half a million sterling.

CAPTAIN readers will be interested to learn that special attention has been given to making the Exhibition interesting to young collectors. There is, in fact, to be a special class for junior collectors only, of which Section I. will be for collectors from sixteen to twenty-one years, and

Section II. for collectors under sixteen years of age. For the first Section there are to be two silver and two bronze medals, and for Section II. one silver and two bronze medals.

Amongst the exhibitors will be H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and his son, Prince Edward of Wales, who is an enthusiastic collector. Prince Edward has entered his collection of French colonials.

Of course, every reader of THE CAPTAIN who takes an interest in stamps—and I hope it is the few who are *not* Stamp Collectors—will be sure to avail himself of this grand opportunity of seeing the great stamp collections of the world. The Saturday of the opening week, and the following Wednesday, are to be free days for the special encouragement of young collectors.

There will be several dealers' stalls where the principal stamp dealers will display their stock of albums, publications, and stamps.

Those great collections which have been winning gold medals, and carrying everything before them in past exhibitions, will be found in a championship class. The Prince of Wales has offered a couple of special medals for the two best collections shown by lady collectors.

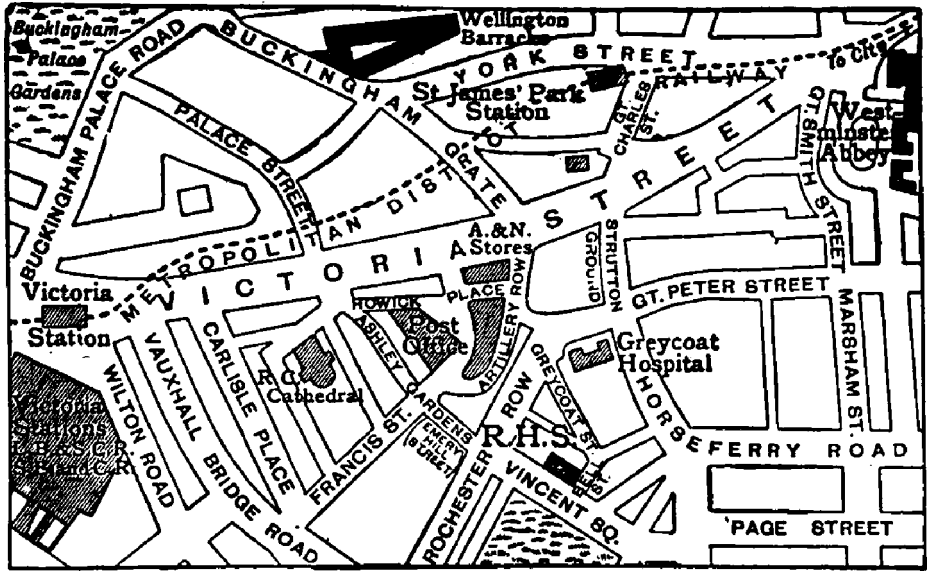
The lessons to be learned by the young collector from such an exhibition are many. He will note how the most experienced collectors classify and arrange their collections, the infinite trouble they take to secure flawless



THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL HALL, VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

and faultless copies, and how pairs, blocks, and sheets are arranged. He will be able to measure for himself the range and scope of each country, and with the actual countries before him, and his catalogue in his hand for reference, he will be able to decide for himself which country to collect for his own pleasure. In the collections exhibited he will have placed before him in each exhibit the ripe result of years of study, and the opportunity should not be lost of making copious notes for his own use in after days.

The above street plan will enable CAPTAIN



POSITION OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL HALL.

readers to find the Exhibition Hall with ease. It will be seen that it is centrally situated near Westminster Abbey.

THE GREAT MOGULS OF PHILATELY.

The eminent collectors who have been sweeping up all the gold medals at the great exhibitions, have, at this new International Exhibition, as I have said, been relegated to a championship class, to compete against others of their own collecting calibre. This has left the coast clear for the ordinary specialist. The "eminent" are a class to themselves. They are mostly men of wealth and leisure whose valuable custom secures them the co-operation of the leading dealers. And they have been easily first in every scramble for medals. Now they are to be penned up in a class by themselves, we shall have a far more comprehensive exhibition, for, in addition to the great collections of the "eminent," popularly known as the "Great Moguls of philately," we shall have the collections of the ordinary specialist who has to personally hunt and grub about for specimens, and who, be it said to his credit, not unfrequently picks up in the byways of stamp dealing many a rarity that even the wealth of the "Great Mogul" fails to equal. A few words about some of these "Great Moguls" may not be without interest to even the non-philatelic readers of THE CAPTAIN. Let us take them in alphabetical order.

SIR WILLIAM AVERY is one of our most celebrated collectors. He is, or was, a member of the well-known scale-making firm of Birmingham,

and for long he was a tower of strength to the Birmingham Philatelic Society. For some years, however, he has been living in retirement in a charming home on the banks of the Thames. He has been a strong collector of British colonials, and can boast of fine copies of many of the great gems, such as the "Post Office" Mauritius. Many years ago, a London dealer heard that there were copies of the 1d. and 2d. "Post Office" Mauritius rarities for sale in an out-of-the-way town of Spain. He immediately packed his portmanteau and posted off by the next train. In a few days he was back in London with his prizes, for which he had paid what was then regarded as a long price. Sir William Avery became the purchaser. In the rush of social engagements Sir William is compelled to sacrifice much of the time he once devoted to stamp-collecting, but he holds on to his magnificent collection.

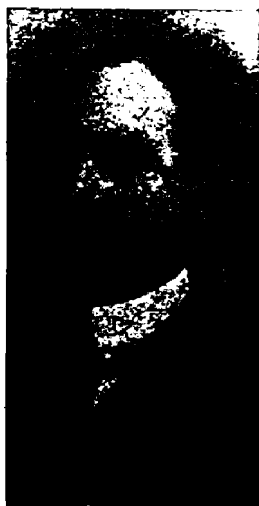
Mr. DORNING BECKTON, the genial President of the Manchester Philatelic Society, is one of the most enthusiastic and hard-working scientific philatelists of the day. As the principal editor of the *Philatelic Record*, the life and soul of stamp-collecting in the Manchester district, and a leading member of the Philatelic Society of London, he is in demand wherever self-denial work has to be done for the hobby.

As a collector he is an omnivorous bloater



W. D. BECKTON.

MR. M. P. CASTLE, J.P. may be described as the chieftain of the "Great Mogul" class. It is not, however, the medals that he has won that place him head and shoulders high above his fellows as a great specialist, but the medals he might have won if he had not unselfishly disqualified himself at all the great exhibitions by generously acting as one of the judges. His great experience and profound knowledge of stamps are invaluable in the very difficult task of awarding medals at philatelic exhibitions.



M. P. CASTLE.

He is not a patriarch in age, yet he has been a collector for over forty years, in fact, from his boyhood. He joined the Philatelic Society of London in 1879, and on the death of Mr. T. K. Tapling, M.P., he was elected Vice - President. For many years he was a general collector, but, when specialism set in as the fashion of the day, he sold his general collection and devoted himself to unused Australians. In 1894, he sold his Australians to Stanley Gibbons, Ltd. for £10,000. Then he took up Europeans and filled sixty-seven albums. This collection he sold in 1900 for close on £30,000. And now he is getting together another fine collection.

MR. H. J. DUVEEN is a partner in the firm of Duveen Brothers, Fine Art Dealers, of Bond Street, London. He started stamp-collecting in 1892 by the purchase of the general collection

of the most advanced specialist class. His collection of Greece, which won a gold medal at the last great London Exhibition, extended over many large frames. Sheets and blocks galore are his great weakness. He has also won a gold medal for his general collection, a silver medal for his Straits Settlements, gold and silver medal for West Indies, a silver medal for Roumania—in fact, he is a much be-medalled "Great Mogul."

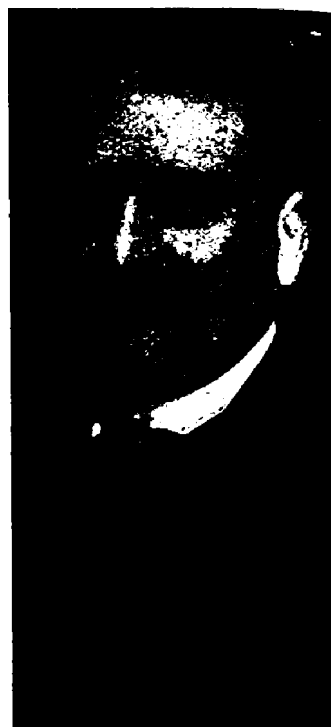
formed by Mr. Dendy Marshall, the well-known artist. The collection is a general one up to the year 1896, and is specialised in the stamps of Great Britain, all our colonies, Europeans, and United States.

All these specialised collections he keeps up to date. As a shrewd collector he excludes officials, unpaids, and postal fiscals. The collection is now arranged in seventy-two of Stanley Gibbons' Oriel albums, and ranks as the third best in the world at a reputed value of close on £100,000.

His British Guiana secured a special gold medal at the Manchester Exhibition in 1897. In 1904, he took a special gold medal in Berlin for Queensland, British Guiana, and Mauritius.

The collection contains practically all the great rarities, amongst which I may mention the 1d. and 2d. Post Office Mauritius; Hawaiian Islands, full set of the very rare Missionary stamps; Western Australia inverted frame; British Guiana, used pair of the celebrated 2c circular rose; Cape of Good Hope, both wood-block errors of colour; Ceylon, mint unused copies of the imperf. 4d., 8d., 9d., and 2s. India, 4a inverted; Transvaal, nearly all the great rarities.

MR. ROBERT EHRENBACH is an old and experienced collector who has in his day specialised in most countries. He finds his pleasure in the hunt for rarities, and when he has carried a collection as far as he finds it possible, he sells



H. J. DUVEEN.



R. EHRENBACH.

it and starts a fresh country. Like most great collectors he started as a general collector, but a visit to Australia in 1886 won him over to Australian stamps. Then he went in for unused Europeans. It was for the enrichment of the Spanish portion of this collection that he made a holiday tour through out-of-the-way towns of Spain, and secured such a fine lot that by way of reward for his industry and good luck he treated himself to an extension of his tour through Algiers and the interior of Africa. There the Bedouins swept down on his escort and carried off his baggage and all his fine gatherings of unused Spanish, leaving him only a few blocks that he happened to have in his pocket. As a keen student of the countries he has taken, he has added much to our knowledge in exhaustive papers read before the Philatelic Society of London.



T. W. HALL.

MR. T. W. HALL is recognised as the leading specialist in South Americans. His best countries are Peru, Uruguay, United States of Colombia, and Argentine. Some years ago, in conjunction with Mr. E. D. Bacon, he followed up and completed some researches into the question of the lithographed stamps of Chili.

In the London Exhibition of 1897 he secured two gold medals and silver and bronze medals for Peru and the United States of Colombia. At Manchester, in 1890, he won the first and second awards in his class for Argentine and Corrientes, and Curaçao and Surinam.

I know of no collector who can equal him in the artistic arrangement of his stamps, and, as a consequence, his albums are the delight

and envy of his fellow collectors. He is, in fact, one of the very few philatelists who can effectively arrange an album page of stamps.

BARON A. DE WORMS comes of a celebrated family of European reputation. The first Baron received the title in recognition of financial services rendered to the Austrian Government at the time when Europe was disturbed by the Napoleonic Wars. After the Battle of Waterloo



BARON A. DE WORMS.

the Baron came over to England with the first Rothschild, and, in due course, became a naturalised Englishman. Our philatelic representative member of the family is a grandson of the first Baron; he was born in London in 1867, and commenced stamp collecting at the early age of six years. This early collection was enriched by the present of his father's collection. In 1887, he joined the Philatelic Society of London. One of his best stamps was the 81 paras which he bought from Stanley Gibbons for £10. To-day this stamp would probably fetch over £400.

At the London exhibition of 1890, he won a bronze medal for his exhibit of Antigua, Montserrat, and British Honduras. At the next London Exhibition, in 1897, he won two gold medals and a silver one; at Manchester, in 1899, he carried off three gold medals for his Ceylons, now regarded as the finest specialised collection of that country in the world.

For the portraits which illustrate this article I am indebted to Messrs. Pemberton and Co., publishers of the *Philatelic Journal of Great Britain*.

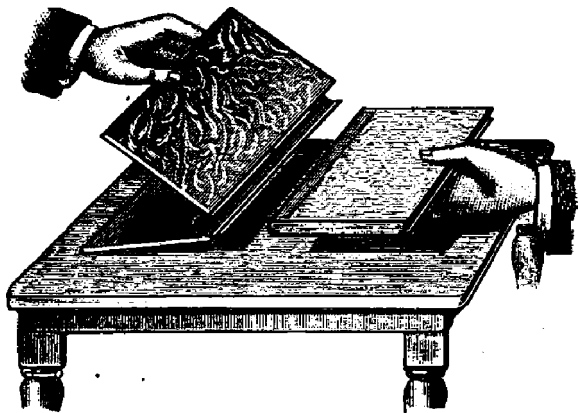
Reviews.

The "Paragon" Album.

Of the making of stamp albums there is no end, and some one of these fine days we shall presumably reach perfection. Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. believe they have already solved all the difficulties of the movable leaf album in their latest production, which they have named the "Paragon."

Our illustration will explain the principle of this novelty. The back of the album is made of steel covered with cloth or leather, and acts as

a powerful spring. The album leaves are placed in the inner cover, which is held in the right hand; the outer cover is then taken in the left hand and bent back, as shown in the illustration, the leverage so obtained rendering this an easy operation. The inner cover with its contents is then inserted in the spring back, and the sides of the outer cover returned to their normal position, when it will be found that the springs have gripped the inner cover between the two linen joints of the leaves inside, which are thus held so securely that they cannot fall out or



become loose. The whole operation occupies but a few seconds, and is simplicity itself. Any one leaf can be instantly removed from or inserted in any part of the book without any other leaf being disturbed or touched.

Already the publishers have received many flattering testimonials of this new album from leading collectors and specialists. One very great advantage over all other movable leaf albums is due to the fact that the spring back will grip half a dozen leaves as firmly as fifty or sixty. The price ranges from 9s. upwards, according to binding and quality of leaves, and makes it the cheapest movable leaf album published.

British Colonial Price-List.

Messrs. Pemberton and Co. send us their latest price-list of British and British Colonial stamps. The list of English stamps is exceptionally well illustrated. The pricing is reliable, for it is based on actual stock in hand. In the 1893-4 series of Niger Coast I note that the thick-toned paper is at last accorded catalogue recognition as a variety. Some day it will probably find its way into Gibbons'. It is a very distinct variety, well known to all specialists.

Generally speaking, the prices are very reasonable. Some single CA, King's heads, will be eye-openers for those who have not closely followed the trend of prices.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

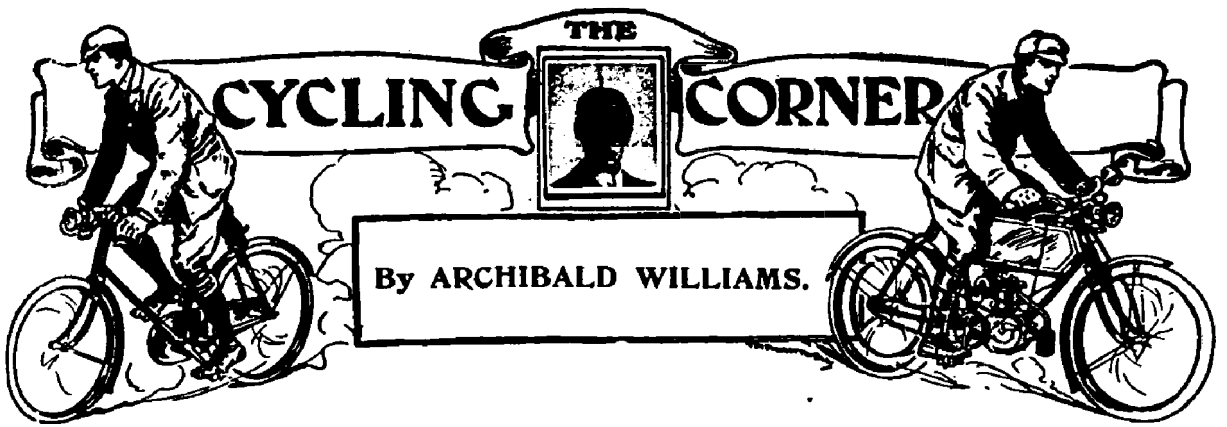
W. J. J. (Clapham).—The peculiar stamp which puzzles you is the 1866 issue of Prussia, which consisted of two values, 10 sgr. and 30 sgr. They were supplied to the officials of the post offices for affixing to articles sent by parcel post, and were also used for registration purposes. They were not sold to the public, but were affixed to the articles by the officials. They were, according to Mr. Westoby, printed on thin patent transparent paper, resembling gold-beaters'-skin, the invention of an American. The peculiar reversed appearance which you note is due to the fact that these stamps were printed on the side that was afterwards gummed, so that the design was reversed or negatived, in order that the stamp, as looked at from the un-gummed side, should be positive. If an attempt was made to remove the stamp, the paper left all, or the greater part, of the colour behind it adhering to the article to which it was affixed.

P. W. B. (Dorchester).—Portugal would be an expensive country to specialise, and it is not a great favourite because of its multitude of modern issues. Better take Norway or Sweden. Nicaragua and other Central American stamps are common unused and are sold under face because they are jobbed by the engravers and printers who, after a new issue is sent out, print off the obsolete stamps galore for sale to gullible stamp flats, who *will* buy this rubbish despite the warnings of all self-respecting stamp journals. Queen's heads of West Indian Colonies should rise in time, but West Indians have not yet recovered their old popularity.

G. R. C. (Eastbourne).—Your stamp is a German Colonial stamp for the territory in China which ye Great William has pretended to lease from the celestials.

S. M. (Grimsby).—The New South Wales stamps you inquire about are known as the Centenary issue. Inverted watermarks are regarded as an accident of no philatelic interest, and are, therefore, not catalogued. They are common to most stamps and add nothing to their value.





THE LARGE FIRM V. THE LOCAL MAKER.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "An Enthusiastic Wheelman," has sent me a list of the pros and cons of employing a local maker of bicycles to build a machine to order, in preference to buying a ready-made mount from a firm of repute.

These are his conclusions :

THE LARGE FIRM.

Advantages.—(1) One is able to obtain a higher price for the cycle made by a large firm when one wishes to sell it.

(2) It uses splendid machinery.

(3) The fittings and tyres bought by a large firm are better than those bought by a small maker, if purchased in large quantities, and thus the large firm gets served better.

Disadvantages.—(1) The large firm has its works in Coventry, or thereabouts ; and therefore takes longer than the small maker to do repairs.

(2) The large firm trades, to a great extent, on its name, and does not attend to the individual wants of each customer so carefully as a small maker does.

THE SMALL MAKER.

Advantages.—(1) He takes about four days only to do repairs which the large firm makes a matter of several weeks.

(2) He is working for his own hand, and wishes to establish a connection with clients in the district. He therefore carefully humours any fads.

Disadvantages.—(1) He has not such good machinery as a factory can boast ; nevertheless, he is generally able to turn out a good cycle.

(2) He sometimes requires payment in advance.

(3) Making each part himself, he cannot

equal the work of a firm which employs different workmen on different details—one on cranks only, another on wheels only, &c.

CRITICISMS.

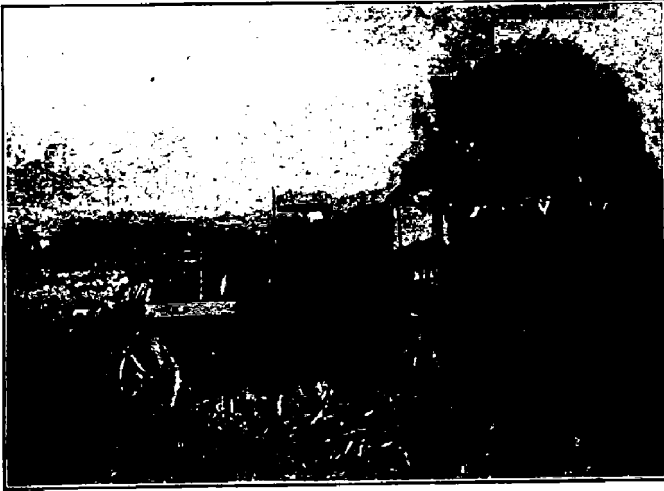
"An Enthusiastic Wheelman" has evidently taken the trouble to think over his arguments carefully, and there is a good deal of justification for his remarks, taking them as a whole. Many of us have had trouble with big firms, which are as eager to sell a machine as they seem to be loath to repair it. Owing to the pressure of increasing competition, these big concerns are, however, becoming more obliging, and some show great promptness in putting defects right, replacing a broken part, or making alterations.

A "local-make" certainly does not go down well when it falls on second-hand days. This



A LADY'S METHOD OF CLEANING A CYCLE, AND NOT A BAD ONE, EITHER.

The machine is suspended from the cross-bar of the coach-house doors. Every part can now be got at ; and the wheels are easily revolved for the cleaning of the spokes.



A PECULIAR MOTOR TRICYCLE.

The Ivel agricultural motor giving a demonstration at a ploughing match. This strange-looking machine does as much work as three or four horse ploughs.

is only natural. The transfer of a good firm is a kind of hall-mark. Personally, I don't bother my head much about what my new machine will fetch when I have done with it, as I buy to keep; and so, I suppose, do the majority of cyclists.

The "small" man is able to incorporate into one machine many desirable features which no one standard type contains. The manufacturers, remember, have their own goods to push, and we cannot blame them if they fit—to take an example—a free wheel the development and patenting of which has cost them a lot of money, instead of another of a possibly better design. One point on which manufacturers might well be more obliging is this—to allow buyers a larger choice of sizes in frames. As in the case of boots, so with cycles—many persons require what, owing to the small amount of latitude given, is an "odd" size. The height of frames usually increases by jumps of two inches. Why not make one inch the difference? It would require more "jigs" and other machinery; but more customers would be satisfied. The local maker will, of course, build a frame to fit the individual; it gives him no extra trouble to cut the tubes as you want them.

CYCLE PARTS.

In one argument, at least, "An Enthusiastic Wheelman" has used false premisses. He is wrong in thinking that the local man makes *each part* himself. As a matter of fact, he buys practically every detail ready-made, and his function is merely to unite them. Hubs,

spokes, rims, chain, sprockets, pedals, cranks, brakes, tubes, lugs, saddle, tyres, lamp-bracket, gear-case, change-speed gear, handle-bars, handles—all these are bought; and there is precious little else on a machine. After all, why shouldn't he buy them? Every part is the creation of special machinery. One cannot imagine the village shoemaker tanning his own leather.

But when it comes to assembling the parts, local talent has a fair field. The brazing of joints and the alignment of tubes require a good deal of skill; and if not well done a sorry cycle will be the result. Local work can be, and often is, as high-class as regards essentials as that turned out by the best factory. Enamelling and lining will probably not be so good, owing to the absence of specialisation of workmanship and the lack of such elaborate apparatus as a factory can afford.

BUILT TO ORDER.

For a machine that will stand good hard wear I don't see why the local maker's art shouldn't fill the bill quite satisfactorily. The customer should not, however, leave the choice of parts to the maker. Insist on having pedals, cranks, hubs, and handle-bars which bear some well-known trade-mark—Chater-Lea, B.S.A. (Birmingham Small Arms Co.—three piled rifles), or Eadie. A Micrometer free-wheel, and roller brakes, such as the Premier Co. fit, could safely be chosen. Don't be put off with inferior plating; and select a Brooks, Lycett, or Middlemore saddle. Furthermore, see that you have a *proper set of spanners* fitting every nut on the machine.

TYRES.

Here, again, you can easily make a choice—Palmer, Dunlop, Clipper, or Clincher. No maker who hoped to keep his clients would foist cheap rubbish onto a customer. Have them pretty thick; and if the type is one that you are not used to handling, get the maker to show you how to remove and replace a cover.

CYCLING CLUBS.

Reverting for a moment to a topic broached in my last article, I shall be glad if the Captains, Presidents, or whatever their honourable titles may be, of school cycling clubs already in existence will send me pithy particulars of rules under which their clubs are managed; and some account of the success attending them. One reader tells me that out of forty members

his club mustered only fourteen at the best run. That sounds rather poor, even when allowance is made for the fact that the club has its being in suburbs from which it is a considerable distance to the open country. Possibly members were admitted too easily in this case. Though fining is not advisable in a school club, members ought to be made to understand that they are expected to show a certain amount of keenness, otherwise the whole thing will lack proper backbone.

CARE OF THE EYES.

With the advent of merry May come swarms of flying insects eager, as Gray puts it, to "taste the honied Spring." One can raise no objection to that; but when they take to exploring the recesses of the human eye they are decidedly "matter in the wrong place." Thanks to being condemned to spectacles under all out-door conditions, I am not bothered in this way by inquisitive insects; but I notice that a large number bump against the lenses. A bee or a cockchafer can give one a really nasty blow. I once saw a rider knocked clean off his cycle by a winged tourist coming the other way—that is to say, he was temporarily blinded, lost control of his machine, and was grassed at the roadside. Even worse than insects is the dust in which motors encase us more thickly year by year. It enters the eye in infinitesimal quantities at a time, but after a day or two the many grains make a lump, and the eyes become red and sore. One rider assured me that he had two quite respectable clods removed from his eyes by an oculist after roaming free for a fortnight on dry roads. So the logical conclusion seems to be that, under certain conditions, *i.e.*, on motor-haunted roads, and when facing a wind, a pair of goggles may be very advisable and useful, if not ornamental; and I expect that they will come into much more general use every succeeding summer. There is, of course, no need to wear a thing suggestive of a witch-doctor's mask. You can buy really quite presentable eye-screens for a very small sum.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. C. M.—You open a rather big subject. When I wrote I had in my mind the fact that wet and heavy roads have to be reckoned with. Try a fairly stiff

and long hill on your 61 when the wind is pretty thick, and I fancy you will find even that too high a gear: though perhaps you are one of the strong brigade. Of course, some machines travel so much better than others that it is hard to lay down the law very exactly. What is right for one might be too much for another.

"Captainite."—Judging by your description of your cycle I should say that it is certainly still good for a year's hard work, possibly for two or three, if you keep all the bearings properly adjusted. You must expect it to lose some of its primal beauty if you back it in all sorts of weather: but that won't



When you screw on your pump, give it an extra twist or so. This keeps the nozzle tight against the valve, and there will be no leakage of air.

render it less useful. As to its being safe, you need have no misgivings on that point. So good a firm as the one you mention would not deliberately turn out a "groggy" machine. One bad smash through structural weakness would cost the firm in loss of reputation more than they gained by cheap manufacture.

J. W. J.—The best route, though possibly not the most picturesque, would be through Cardiff, Newport, Monmouth, Ross, and Worcester. You would be on a main highroad all the time, and get stretches of the lovely Wye country. The distance is about 140 miles. Under favourable conditions of wind and weather you ought to manage it comfortably in two days. Alternative routes are: (1) to Ross *via* Merthyr Tydvil and Abergavenny; (2) from Newport to Gloucester along the right bank of the Severn through Chepstow and Lydney; and on to Worcester through Tewkesbury. This last is a very pretty run.

Viator.—Lucky fellow! I wish I could get to the Lakes, too. (1) The No. 2 Brownie will be the thing for some nice photos. for THE CAPTAIN competitions. (2) As to the underclothing, I should certainly take two. Always have a change of such garments. (3) Rather! When one can't find time for travel oneself it is refreshing to read of what more fortunate folk have done, even if the account be preceded by a punning title sufficient to puncture half a dozen cycles in less than no time. I hope that Fortune will smile on your expedition.



Boyle and Doyle.

A Tale of a Glovefight.

By C. L. ENGLAND.

Illustrated by Rex Osborne.

WHEN two people possessed of patronymics so similar as Boyle and Doyle chance to be also possessed of identical front-names, it is not surprising that confusion should arise between them. Sooner or later the long arm of coincidence is sure to embrace them. It is likely, however, that Jim Doyle of the sixth form at Wingfield, and Jim Boyle, pugilist of the neighbouring town of Rawthorne, might never have crossed each other's path but for the misdirected enthusiasm of Ferris, the former's admiring fag.

The athletic distinctions of Doyle were undeniable. In addition to being a member of both XI and XV, he was a splendid boxer. In fact, he was going up to Aldershot to try for the middleweight medal, and stood a good chance of winning it, if his instructor's opinion counted for anything.

It seemed, however, that in the estimation of Ferris, Doyle was more than human, and to his fellow fags the eternal praises of his hero became a bit of a nuisance. Were Doyle's merits ever called into question, Ferris was at once to the front to champion them.

"I shouldn't wonder," remarked Hayes, on one occasion, with studious innocence ignoring the presence of Ferris, "if Green of Roughtledge's could whack Doyle in one round."

"I'll punch your head if you say so again," retorted Ferris.

The reply of Hayes was brief and to the point. He smote Ferris upon the nose.

When they returned from behind the five courts neither was improved in appearance. And before traces of the strife could be removed, Ferris heard Doyle's voice yelling down the passage: "Fag! Ferris! Where the dickens are you?"

"Please, Doyle, I'm here."

"I want you to—what in the world have you been up to now?" the senior broke off as he caught sight of his fag's visage.

"Please, Doyle, Hayes said Gree—" He stopped short, for sitting in Doyle's armchair was the Green in question

"Well, go on!"

"Don't mind *me*," remarked Green.

"Well, Hayes said that Green could lick you, Doyle, and I said you could jump on Green"—this with an apologetic glance at that interested gentleman—"so we——"

"Settled it in fine style, by the look of you." Doyle laughed, and went on—"I say, Green, suppose we had to hammer one another, what food for conversation it would provide these kids."

"Thanks, I don't want to be food yet awhile," returned Green amiably, as he set himself to demolish Doyle's biscuits.

On the following Saturday, at about three o'clock, Doyle summoned Ferris to his study.

"Look here, young'un," he said, "just nip down to Wingfield, find Peter Street, and call in at the first athletic shop—there are two, so mind you don't go to the wrong one—and see the boss of the place. Tell him I can't come down to-night but will call on Wednesday at six o'clock. When you come back I want you to pack up those old boxing gloves on the shelf there, and also get leave off Bradley to go with me to Wingfield on Wednesday night. There'll be something to carry back."

"Yes, Doyle—which shop did you say?"

"The first one."

"All right," and Ferris set off on his two-mile tramp to the town, revolving many theories on the way as to Doyle's reason for going with a pair of boxing-gloves to Wingfield.

It would have been a grievous disappointment had he known that Doyle's appointment with the athletic outfitter was due merely to the fact that he wished to be measured for a new pair of cricket boots, and to have a small rent in the gloves stitched. Fortunately for the success of Ferris' imaginative speculations, the senior had omitted this simple explanation. He had also completely forgotten to mention from which end of the street Ferris was to reckon the first shop; likewise, it had never struck Ferris to ask. Thus it came about that the

emissary, having chosen a roundabout route in order to pass a certain confectioner's where tarts might be had of a peculiarly delicate flavour much appreciated by the connoisseurs of the Lower School, reached Wingfield at the further instead of the nearer end, and, as a result, entered Peter Street from the opposite direction to that which Doyle had in his mind.

Consequently, the shop he came to was the wrong one. It was a tumble-down-looking place, with the name "Samuel Banks" painted over the window, whilst adorning the upper windows were the words "Wingfield Royal Boxing Club."

On seeing this inscription, Ferris, who had had some doubts as to its being the proper place, recollected the boxing-gloves and hesitated no longer. He walked in and approached two men who were conversing earnestly.

One, who seemed to be the proprietor, amiably asked Ferris "wot 'e wanted."

"Are you the owner of this place?" asked the fag.

"Hi ham, sir," said the man. "Samuel Banks, at your service."

"Well, I have come from Mr. Doyle, and he says that he cannot come to-night, but will be here at six o'clock on Wednesday night."

"Can't come t' night?" repeated the man. "Didn't know as 'ow 'e was goin' ter come t' night. I say, Bill," he added, addressing the other man, "did Jimmy Boyle say 'e was comin' t' night?"

"Never 'eard 'im," said Bill, a thick-set little fellow with a square jaw. "Leastways, 'e never said so in 'is letter, when 'e made the match. Pity we ain't never seen 'im."

"No, I thought not. 'E must 'ave made a mistake, young gent, but tell him ter be sure an' come on Wednesday. An' don't you go blabbin'," he added softly. "We don't want the pleece ter know anythink about it—savvy?"

"All right, I'll tell him."

Ferris had turned to go when a sudden suspicion seemed to strike the unsavoury Mr. Banks.

"'Ere, arf a mo'," he said, looking his visitor up and down; "aren't ye from the college?"

"Yes," said Ferris, "but that's all right—'e's a friend of mine, is Doyle; at least, I'm his fag."

But the word was as so much Greek to either Mr. Bill Slocomb or Mr. Samuel Banks.

"I see," remarked Banks, vaguely. But it must have been only Ferris that he saw, for, could he have seen further, things might have resulted very differently.

"Is it going to be a fight?" asked Ferris eagerly.



"TELL 'IM TER BE SURE AN' COME ON WEDNESDAY."

"Yuss," answered the little man. "It's between 'im an' me——"

"Get out, ye young dog!" shouted Banks.

Ferris did not wait for more. He "got" like lightning. Nevertheless, he was happy. Doyle was going to fight in a real prize-fight. He would come home covered with gore and glory, having outed the short man with the

square jaw after a stubborn encounter lasting many rounds. Ferris felt inclined to dance with delight. Already he basked in the reflected halo which would encircle him as the hero's fag. Perhaps Doyle might even allow him to be his second!

And with this magnificent notion in his head, Ferris returned to the School, bursting with suppressed excitement.

"Young Ferris! Fag!" yelled Doyle.

"Ready," returned the fag, as he entered the room, about which he had been loitering for at least half an hour, awaiting the summons.

"Have you packed up those gloves?"

"Yes."

"Then come on. Hullo! What do you want?" This latter sentence was addressed to Green, who came in at that moment.

"Want to know when you'll be back, so that I can be ready for you in the gym."

"Oh! I forgot about that. All right, I'll be there—h'm, let's see—about seven. Come on, Ferris."

They got clear of the school before either spoke. Then Ferris could contain himself no longer.

"You'll lick him, won't you, Doyle?"

"You little ass. We're only going to spar a bit."

"Thought it was going to be a proper fight."

"Well, you're wrong. Let's sprint."

They ran about half a mile, by which time Ferris had very little wind left.

"D-D-o-nt you th-i-nk y-ou'll be in b-a-a-d form for to-n-ig-ht if you run, please, Doyle?"

"No. It's only a spar, I tell you."

"Oh!"

Ferris spoke not again until Peter Street was reached.

Doyle turned into the shop he wanted. Ferris followed.

"I say," he whispered, "this is the wrong one."

"Wrong what?"

"Wrong shop. I went to the other, higher up the street. They said they expected you to-night."

"Expected me, did they?"

"Yes. I say, don't you know about it?"

"Don't remember anything, but we'll call after I've finished here."

Business at the bootmaker's being finished, they passed to the shop higher up.

"Ow do," said Mr. Banks, who was in the shop. "'Oo's this?"

"M-Mr. Doyle—Jim Doyle, you know—my

friend," answered Ferris, glancing rather apprehensively at Doyle.

"Good hevening, sir," said Banks, shaking Jim's hand. "Very pleased to meet so great a sportsman as Jimmy Boyle." And Mr. Banks gave Ferris a look which seemed to say, "Young man, your ignorance is appalling; fancy spelling Boyle with a D."

Doyle, considerably mystified, was at a loss to understand why Mr. Banks shook hands with him. He scented an adventure, however, and determined (as he put it to himself) to "see the thing through."

Silently the two boys followed Banks up a rickety staircase, and came at length to the room which formed the rendezvous of "The Wingfield Boxing Club."

It was a long, low apartment, which had at one time been whitewashed, but was now a nondescript colour, between black and white. Round the walls were hung Indian clubs, boxing-gloves, and barbells, whilst in the centre was a square strewn over with sawdust: a square defined by a fence of ropes and wooden uprights. Yet any of the thirty-one gentlemen who tenanted the room would have called it not a square, but a ring. There are few Englishmen who would not have understood the idiom, however, and Doyle comprehended it perfectly. He failed to see, however, what he had to do with all this preparation, until, in casting his eyes round, he saw, pasted on the dirty wall just opposite to the door through which he had entered, a poster bearing the figures of two men in a boxing attitude, and the following words:

GREAT BOXING CONTEST

between

JIM BOYLE
of Rawthorne

and

BILL SLOCOMB
of Wingfield.

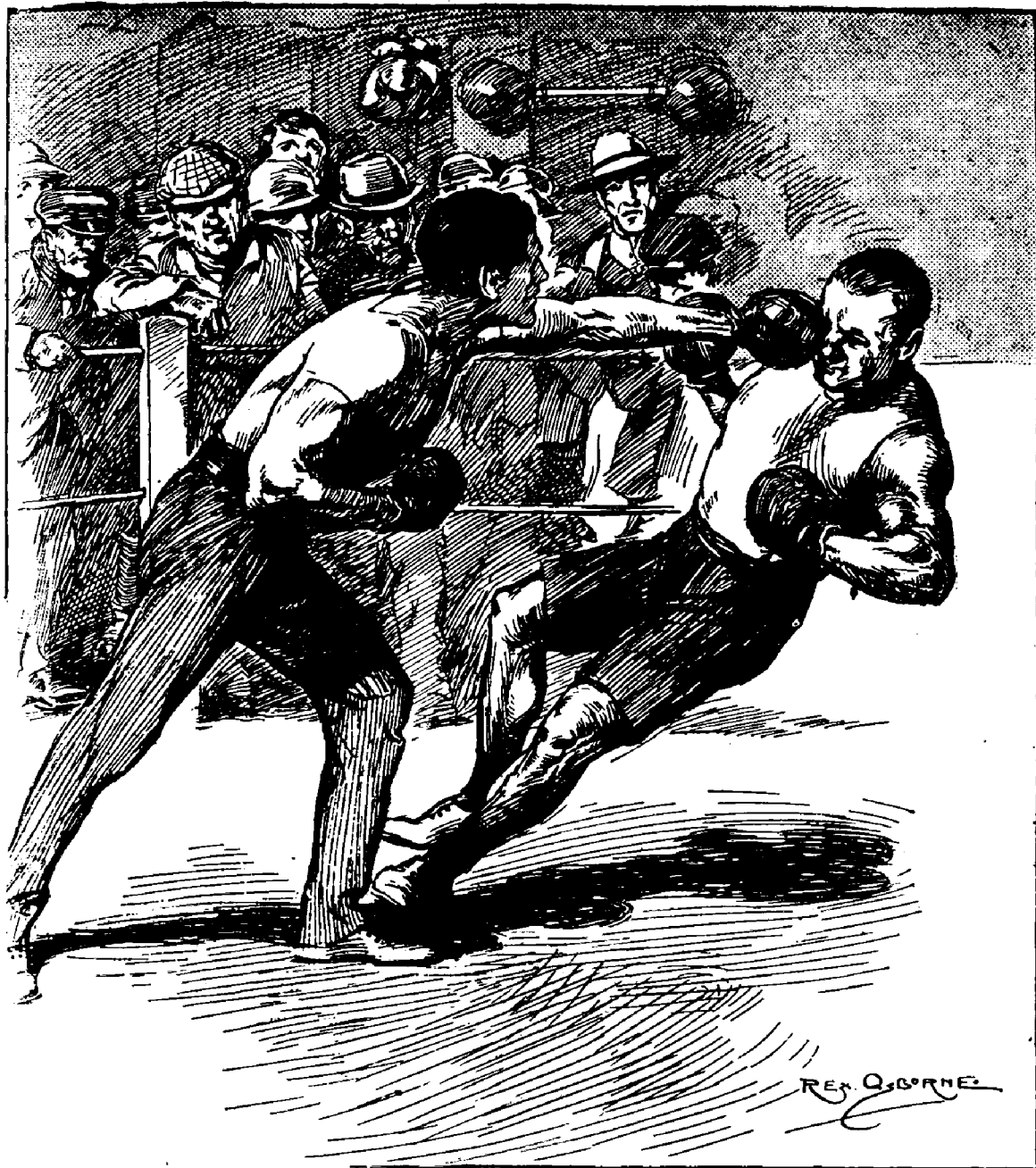
Wed. Nov. 2. 6.30. P.M.

Admission by Ticket.

He gave a start of surprise. Surely that was his own name placarded there! He looked again. No, it was not his name. The dim light of the room had deceived him. Then, suddenly, the true state of affairs dawned on him, and he burst out laughing.

"'E seems 'appy," remarked Banks to Ferris.

"Yes," whispered Ferris, softly, though Doyle heard him. "Yes; he's going to kill your man."



DOYLE WAS AS QUICK AND COUNTERED SMARTLY.

"It's you as'll get killed if ye give me much more lip."

Ferris's faith in him decided Doyle. He felt shy of showing what might seem like fear before another boy, and that boy his own fag. Besides, there was little chance of his being caught by the School authorities, and it would be something to talk about if he licked a real pugilist, or even fought him. On the spur of the moment he decided to go through with it.

His thoughts were broken off by the entrance of Mr. Slocomb, arrayed in a vest, running

drawers, shoes, and socks, and looking uncomfortably formidable.

Thickset and sturdy was his build. His muscles seemed to Doyle enormous, yet, had he known it, they were far from solid, for Slocomb would not train. He was never fit, and in the present instance he was trusting in his luck and in his ability to stand any amount of punishment to pull him through.

"Why ain't you brought yer togs?" said Banks to Doyle, looking the youth up and down. "Think you're goin' to beat our man in yer

shirt-sleeves, do yer? We can't 'ave you wearin' a shirt—you must fight in your vest and trousers. You must 'ave shoes, too—bless me! what was you thinking of not to bring your clothes? Nice sort of 'pug' you are!" concluded Mr. Banks, disgustedly.

While Doyle was stripping, Banks, who had procured him a pair of shoes, irritably inquired who was going to second him.

"Oh, this fellow I've brought with me will do," said Doyle.

"There's none of yer friends here except this youngster, then?" inquired Banks.

"No," answered Doyle, devoutly thankful that such was the case.

At last each combatant's gloves were adjusted, and both were ready for the fray.

Mr. Banks, who was acting as time-keeper, made a short speech to the effect that if neither were knocked out in ten rounds the fight would be declared a draw, as points did not count. The winner, should the fight come to a conclusion, was to receive five pounds. If the match were drawn, the five pounds would be divided between them. "And," concluded the orator, "let the hopponents 'ave fair play, and may the best man win."

Jim, stationed in one corner, awaited the word "time," which was to summon him to do or die.

He did not feel agitated at all, but was keenly alive to every sound within the room.

"I say,"—this was a remark from one of the thirty-one onlookers, none of whom were of aristocratic or even pleasing appearance—"Bill Slocomb 'll win easy. Why, just look at t'other chap; he's nothin' on 'im."

"Ho! I don't know," answered another. "He looks pretty fit, an'— Now then for it."

Mr. Banks had shouted "time" in his most impressive manner, and the combatants moved towards one another. Slocomb held out his hand for Jim to shake. Doyle grasped it for a moment, then staggered across the ring with his face tingling from a quick blow.

Slocomb had shaken hands, and hit.

"You cad!" yelled Ferris, who would have taken part in the fray there and then had not one of the spectators caught him by the scruff of his neck, and held him still.

Doyle quickly recovered, and only just in time. His opponent was upon him, hitting, without the least regard for science, at his face. Slocomb, indeed, rather despised his adversary, who, though taller than himself, was in no way his equal in wealth of muscle. He was yet to learn what sort of stuff Jim was made of.

In came his great hits, any one of which would have been disastrous to Doyle if it had got home. But Doyle was cool and wary. So cool, in fact, was he that he heard a lad in the street below bawling at the top of his voice, "Shocking accident at Wingfield Station—several injured," and found himself wondering how the accident had happened.

Again and again Slocomb tried to force his blows home, but it was of no use; every time he struck, the hit was either slipped or cleverly guarded. He at length realised that he would have to box scientifically and well if he was to beat the man before him.

He feinted cleverly and then shot out his left like lightning, but Doyle was as quick, and countered smartly. There was a dull thud, and the pugilist lay upon the boards.

"Time," shouted Banks, amidst the murmur of admiration which went up, and Doyle retired to his corner—an example which Slocomb followed as quickly as he could.

As Mr. Banks declared "time" for the second round a clatter of feet was heard on the stairs outside, and in came seven men.

A man who was stationed at the door took their tickets of admittance from them and told them they'd missed half the fun.

"I say, who's them boxing?" began the first of them, who looked like a good-natured bulldog, if such an animal can be pictured.

"Them! Why, them's wot you've come ter see; the little 'un is Bill Slocomb an' the big 'un is Boyle."

"That's not Boyle——"

"Who ses so?"—this rather aggressively.

Bulldog seemed as if he were going to say something very different from the remark which he actually made.

"Well, we're pals of his, you see," he replied, casting a peculiar glance at the other six, who had grouped themselves round the doorkeeper, 'an' it's a long time since we've seen him, so he's pr'aps altered; anyhow, let's see how he shapes."

The speaker pushed his way near to the ring and watched. Doyle was doing well, though he had suffered considerably.

Two more rounds passed without either gaining much advantage. The school-boy, however, was getting done up. Slocomb's rushes were awful to stand against, and at the beginning of the sixth round Doyle felt he must either finish the fight or be finished himself.

Slocomb showed signs of being tired, too. His arms drooped. Doyle hit until his arms were weary, and every blow got home. But

the punishment the pugilist could take was appalling. "Surely," thought Doyle, "he can't stand much more." He struck viciously, but the other, suddenly straightening himself, slipped the blow, and sent his right crashing into his opponent's ribs. His apparent fatigue was all a ruse. Doyle grunted with distress, and tottered. Slocomb pressed him and drove him on to the ropes. The end seemed near, and Ferris was shrieking his encouragement in an agony of fear. Then Doyle pulled himself together, and with a supreme effort shot out a straight left. His opponent had neglected to keep his guard up, and parried, slow of movement, too late. The glove landed flush upon the point of the jaw.

Through the mist that swam before his eyes Jim saw his man totter, and heard Ferris yell "Go in, Doyle!" But as he sprang forward he heard the harsh voice of Banks.

"Stand back there!"

Mechanically he obeyed, hearing dully the monotonous tones of some one counting.

". . . . eight, nine, ten.

TIME!"

Amidst a confused murmur, he saw Slocomb carried out. The next thing he knew was that Ferris was fanning him vigorously with a towel as he sat in a chair, and that some one was speaking to him.

"Sp-l-en-did!" said Bulldog, clapping Jim upon the shoulder.

"Ripping!" said Ferris, trembling with joy as he fetched his principal's clothes.

Nobody else applauded, however. The rumour had gone round that Jim was an impostor; so, thought the onlookers, they had paid for their tickets to see an unknown man fight!

The silence grew ominous.

Banks stepped up to Jim, and prepared



DOWN WENT MEN BEFORE HIS TERRIFIC BLOWS.

to deliver a speech before presenting the five pounds.

"Gentlemen—" he began.

"One moment," said Doyle. "I don't want to take anything in a false name. Now, you lot think I'm Jim Boyle. I'm not. That is all." And he retired.

"Then what d'yer want 'ere, ye young—?" Language failed Mr. Banks.

"You didn't give me much chance to explain."

"Boys," said a big fellow standing near, "this won't do—not 'arf. We'll maul 'im."

"I don't think you will." This from a very unexpected quarter. It was Bulldog who spoke.

"An' 'oo are you to tell a chap anythink?"

We've paid our money ter see Jimmy Boyle; an' 'ere this kid turns up in 'is place. We're goin' to bash 'im."

"Listen here," replied Bulldog; "ye're not going to touch him, an' as for seeing Jimmy Boyle, well, he's here standing before you, an' if you want an exhibition o' boxing, just you stand forward, my beauty, and I'll spile your lovely face for you."

"Are you Mr. Boyle?" asked Jim.

"I am."

"I'm awfully sorry if I've offended you by coming here."

"Well, I felt pretty mad with you at first, but you knocked him out grand, just grand, an' I couldn't find it in me to be mad. Ye're a splendid fighter, a splendid fighter. An' then I was late in coming. That blooming railway smash at Wingfield delayed us considerable——"

"Are yer goin' ter let us wallop that youngster?" roared Banks at this moment.

"No. In course not. Close up, boys!"

His six companions ranged themselves around, and none too soon.

The "thirty-one" charged.

Doyle did not know afterwards which had been the bigger fight. He saw Bulldog playing havoc amongst the ranks of the foe. Down went men before his terrific blows. Slocomb would have had a poor chance indeed!

"Make for the door," yelled Boyle to Doyle. "That youngster 'll be getting hurt."

"I'm all right," returned Ferris, who had never felt so happy in his life.

Nevertheless, they fought their way to the door. The doorkeeper made as if to bar their path.

Doyle would probably have been hurt, for he was weak from his fight, had not Boyle come up at that moment. Straight from the shoulder he hit. Down the stairs rolled the doorkeeper, frightening Mrs. Banks (who was minding the shop whilst her lord and master was engaged upstairs) almost out of her wits.

Doyle and Ferris quickly gained the street, followed by Mr. Boyle.

"Will you shake hands?" said the pugilist.

"Certainly," said Doyle. They shook hands, and the two boys hastened back towards the school.

They walked in silence for some distance. Then Ferris, who appeared to have been meditating, broke the spell.

"I say, Doyle," he said, "that was a bit more than a spar, wasn't it?"

Jim rubbed a bruised and cut lip thoughtfully, and applied a tentative finger to a tender spot over his eye.

"M'yes," he agreed. "Just a trifle."



AN ALARMING SITUATION.

Jones is just beginning to think that he is in a rather unenviable position, when—he awakes, and is reminded that he supped off pork-pie and jam-puffs at the grand "break-up spread."



The Captain Camera Corner.

[Photo. by]

[Chas. F. Shaw

SOME USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

LAST October I gave some hints on storing and indexing negatives, my remarks relating primarily to glass plates. A reader shortly afterwards kindly forwarded to me a detailed account of a method which he employs for filing his *films*; and as his system seems to be thoroughly practical, I herewith give it *in extenso*.

"First," he says, "I divide my negatives into batches taken at various places. I then put twelve negatives into an envelope (of course, all of the same place) and mark the envelope thus :

NEGATIVES. (Loch Lomond.)			
Subject.		Subject.	
1.	x	7.	x
2.	x	8.	x
3.	x	9.	x
4.	x	10.	x
5.	x	11.	x
6.	x	12.	x

VIII.

the negatives being kept inside in their right order. If there are less than twelve of any particular place, they have an envelope to themselves. Of course, you may have more than twelve of one place, in which case I mark the envelope 'Loch Lomond II.,' and so on.

"I keep an index-book, giving each negative a number and showing where it can be found, thus :

162—envelope VII., No. 5.

163— " " " 6.

as the case may be.

"I also note, in the beginning of my index, in which envelope photos. of particular places can be found, *e.g.*,

Bembridge—envelopes I., II., III.

Weedon—envelopes VI., X., XI.

By this method any negative can be found at once, either by referring to its number or remembering the place in which it was taken. The envelopes themselves must be numbered and kept stored in their proper order."

A TIP FOR COPYING PHOTOS.

Another interesting letter which I have had in my desk for some months runs as follows : "I have always understood that for copying prints a camera of great extension was needed ; but with an ordinary camera and a large magnifying- (reading) glass it can be accomplished quite easily. The mode of procedure is this : Fix the print in a suitable position for lighting. Then place the camera in position, which will vary in distance from the picture according to size. At a distance of five or six inches from the lens set the reading-glass. If the glass is in its proper place, focussing should prove quite easy. A small stop should be used ; and with 'Special Rapid' plates an exposure of from thirty seconds to two minutes should be sufficient. It is better, if possible, to enclose the camera and magnifying-glass in a box with its

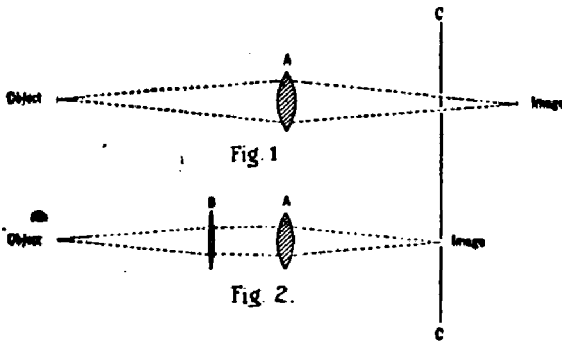


Fig. 1.—Here image and object are of equal size, being both situated on opposite sides of the lens, A, at a distance equal to twice the focal length of the lens. If the camera cannot be racked out beyond the plane indicated by the line C C, it is impossible to get a full-sized image unless.

Fig. 2.—A second lens, B, be placed in combination with A to bend the rays so that they come to a focus in C C. A and B together form a lens of shorter focus than A alone.

ends knocked out in order to prevent light reflecting from the glass on to the lens. As regards the glass, I consider an oblong-shaped one preferable to a round one."

Many thanks, "W. M. H.," for your sensible remarks. The explanation of the use of the magnifier will be easily understood on consulting the appended diagrams. As an object approaches the lens, the focal distance increases; and this increase becomes much more rapid when the distance between object and lens is small. It is useful to remember that to copy a photo. *full size*, both it and the plate must be twice the "infinity" focal distance of the lens from the lens. By infinity focus is meant the distance between the optical centre of the lens and the plane in which rays from a distant object come to a sharp focus.

So that, if our lens has a six-inch "infinity" focus, the thing to be copied would be placed twelve inches in front of it, and the camera would have to be racked out for twelve inches behind it. To get a magnified copy the object must be brought nearer than $2F$ and the bellows extended beyond $2F$, according to the magnification.

If the camera has not got a "double extension," W. M. H.'s suggestion comes in useful. But there is one thing to be remembered in this connection, viz., that the reading-glass is not corrected for chromatic aberration, *i.e.*, it does not focus all the different coloured rays in the same plane; and also will cause a certain amount of distortion of image. It would therefore be preferable to borrow, if possible, a lens of much shorter focus than that fitted to the camera. In any case, a copying lens should be a *rectilinear* lens. The ordinary single meniscus

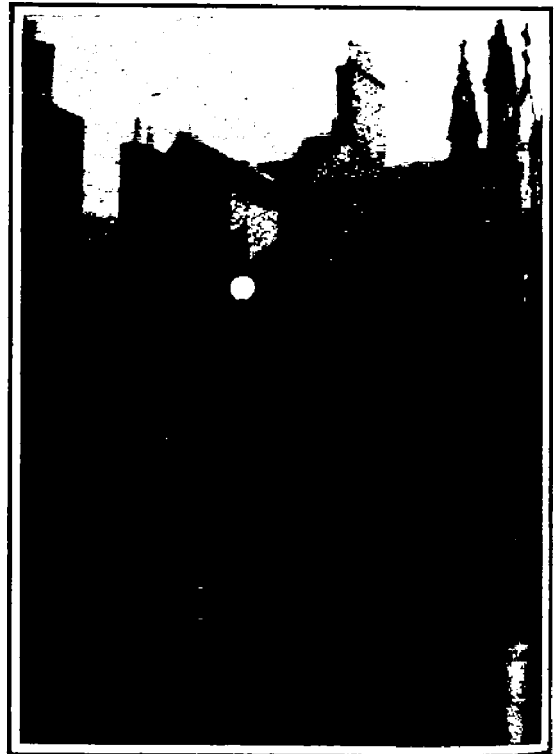
"landscape" distorts straight lines into a barrel-shaped form. I might add that this defect is not of much importance where portraits or landscapes are to be copied; though it seriously prejudices success with architectural subjects, or with anything in the nature of a diagram.

COPYING BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

Talking of diagrams, I recently copied some very successfully at night, using my cycle acetylene lamp as the illuminant. With ordinary slow plates and the lens working at $f.6.3$, I found an exposure of about three minutes sufficient to give a strong negative. As the reflector threw the light rather streakily, I kept the lamp moving to avoid the effect of patchy exposure. With "special rapid" plates a minute or so would have sufficed.

EMPTY SLIDES.

If, after returning from an expedition, you don't elect to develop your exposed plates at once, at least remove them from their backs or sheaths, numbering them at one corner in proper order. Wrap them up in the brown wrappings they came out of, place them in a box, and write the subject, &c., on the cover, adding TO BE DEVELOPED in large letters. The



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH.

Photo. by Muriel A. Price.

unexposed plates go back into their box. It is better to do this than to leave the plates in their slides. How many dozens have we sacrificed at one time or another for fear that they may have been exposed and then forgotten! Of course, if you habitually keep a hand-camera ready charged, hoping, like Mr. Micawber, that "something may turn up," that is another matter. But even with hand-cameras it is advisable to remove all exposed plates promptly. And the best habit of the lot is to develop plates as soon as you possibly can after exposure, while particulars of light, subject, &c., are still fresh in your memory.

THE QUICK-FOCUS KODAK.

It is quite extraordinary how fast improvement follows improvement in the wares of big photographic manufacturers. Kodak Ltd. are continually shooting off their "latest" at my head. This time it is a camera for postcard-size pictures, of box form, fitted with a device which, if you set an indicator opposite a figure on a scale and press a button, instantaneously ejects the front to the correct extension for the distance at which you want to work. In other words, you are saved the trouble of racking out the bellows and watching a pointer crawl along a scale, or of turning a screw collar to push out the lens. The next thing, doubtless, will be an automatic contrivance for focussing and composing the picture, and making the exposure at what the halfpenny papers call "the psychological moment"! But I hope it won't ever come.

HUNTING IN COUPLES.

Two heads, says the adage, are better than one. Looking back over the photographic expeditions which I have made in the company of a kindred spirit, I am bound to confess that they seemed more full of interest than the majority of solitary rambles. Two photographers reduce the physical fatigue of transporting apparatus by distributing the load over two backs. On a long tramp the difference between ten pounds and five of dead weight is very appreciable. Then, again, all operations are much shortened by co-operation. The one partner gets out the camera, extends it, and fits the lens. The other,

meanwhile, prepares the tripod. One partner may make himself responsible for setting the shutter, stopping down, and calculating exposure; the other for entering all details in the note-book. Furthermore, two pairs of eyes are more likely to spot good subjects than one pair, assuming that both the heads containing them belong to observant individuals. In fact, time will be gained all round; and in after days both persons will have the satisfaction of discussing "that day when we went to X and made negatives of Y and Z," and you know well enough from experience that pleasant reminiscences of a successful outing are almost as good as the outing itself.

CARE IN DETAILS.

One cannot be too careful when handling plates or printing-paper. The other day I had a mishap with a valuable negative, which shows

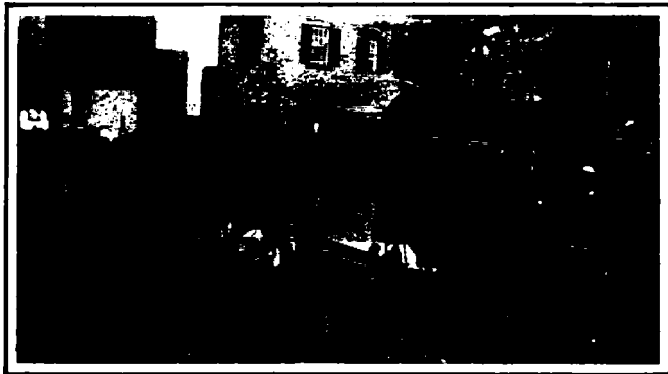


WEST DOOR, LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

John T. Roberts.

A beautiful photograph taken at the correct angle. The lighting is excellent.

how closely misfortune sits to the photographer's elbow. I had developed, fixed, intensified, and washed a plate, and stood it in the dark-room sink, leaning against an edge, while I emptied a large washing-trough into the sink. Unfortunately I had, during the course of the evening, poured some hydrochloric acid into the sink, and a small residue of this was washed over the plate by the rush of water, causing some ugly spots which compelled me to add one more



A BULLOCK CARRO AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

Photo. by Muriel A. Price.

“waster” to the rubbish box. On another occasion I splashed a number of negatives standing in a drying-rack with some developing solution which I was using close by. They were spoilt, too. I had only myself to thank for this mishap; but, after all, that is comfort of a rather poor order.

THE “RAJAR” FILM-SLIDE.

Flat films have very decided advantages over roll films. They require no cutting up, and can be handled much more easily during development. The “Rajar” firm of Moberley, Cheshire, have done the tourist a good turn in introducing their film-slide. The action of it may be briefly described thus: there is a shutter in front and a shutter behind. You start with the slide empty and a separate packet of a dozen films, each enclosed in its own light-tight envelope. When you wish to make an exposure you push a film, envelope and all, into a slot in front of the front shutter. The projecting tag of a piece of paper which is folded over the lower and open end of the envelope is now pulled, bringing the paper along with it, so that the film may fall out of the envelope. The envelope having been pressed

down as far as it will go, the film is caught by two steel wire hooks, and the envelope is withdrawn through a “light” valve (so-called because it *keeps out* all lights). After exposure, the front shutter is pulled right out and then replaced, pushing the exposed film into the inside of the slide. The slide is now ready for the insertion of another film.

A dozen films may thus be used. When you want to develop them, pull up the rear shutter and they fall out. As a dozen films in their envelopes and one film-slide have together only the avoirdupois of a single ordinary slide loaded with glass plates, the tourist gets a good chance of cutting down weight. The prices of the slides are 10s. 6d., 15s., and 18s. 6d. for quarter-plate, 5 by 4, and half-plate respectively. Fitting costs 2s. 6d., 3s., and 3s. 6d. extra, if special modification be necessary.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. J. James.—(1) Your question as to the *best* developer for all-round purposes is somewhat hard to answer. I fancy that if one went the round of a hundred professional photographers and asked them what developer they used, the answer in at least seventy-five cases would be “pyro-soda” or “pyro ammonia.” And one may therefore conclude that this particular developer is at least as good as any other, though its retention may be due, in a good many cases, to an unwillingness to drop an agent to which the operators have become thoroughly accustomed. After trying many kinds, I have come back to it; yet for certain purposes, such as the development of a large batch of plates equally exposed, *rodinal* is very useful. When I use *rodinal* I fill up a tank with the solution, immerse the plates, a dozen at a time, in a frame, cover up, and leave the plates to themselves for an hour or two. The process is slow, but sure; and the negatives are bright and clean.

The great objection to pyro-soda is its capacity for staining fingers and clothes. Care will save one's clothes, and the simple precaution of never immersing the fingers in the solution keeps the digits decently white—unless one does a lot of developing, in which case a certain amount of discolouration appears inevitable if rubber gloves are not used. For *films* I certainly prefer a hydrokinone-metol, rather weak in the latter element.

(2) The North London Photographic Society has just been started. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. Charles Roberts, 32 Riversdale Road, N., will be pleased to hear from persons who wish to join. So you will be just in time to enter the Society in its youthful days. It already numbers some hundred members or so. I understand that arrangements are being made for a series of outings, and that a library is being formed to which all members will have access. How's that for what you want?

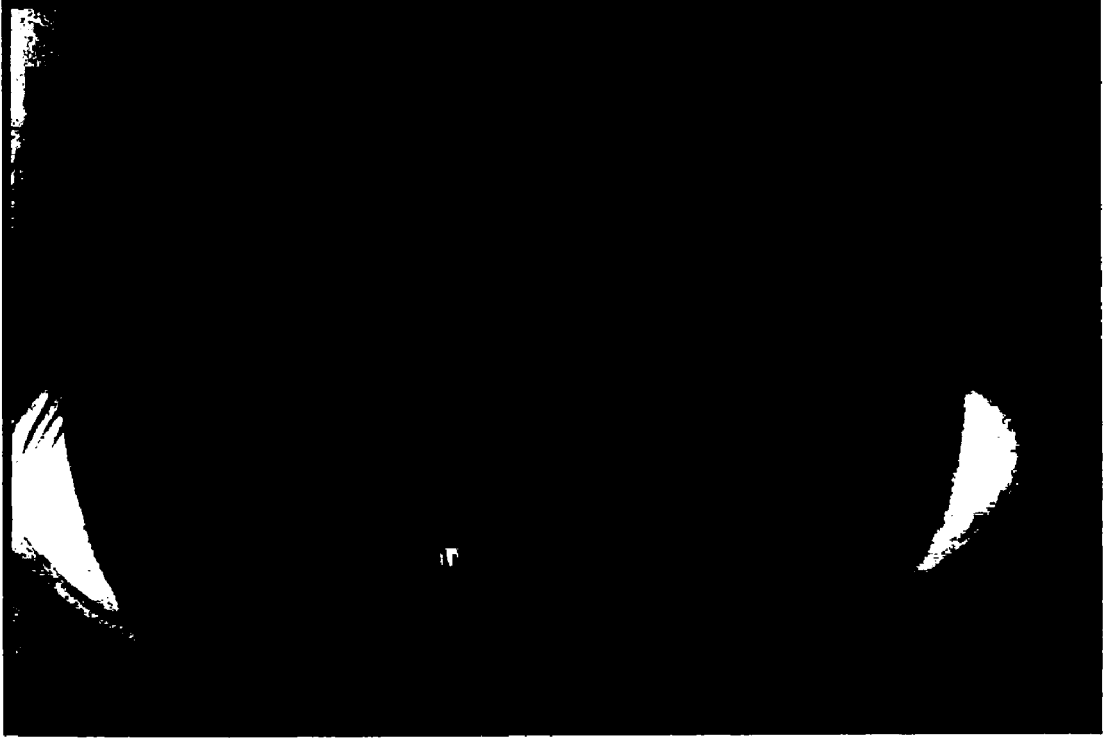


THE WOLF-MOTHER.

A "JUNGLY" STORY.

By E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.

Illustrated by the Author.



THE MENTAL PICTURE REFLECTED IN JUNGLY'S EYE.

I.

IN the autumn of 188-, I was encamped in the jungles of the Doon collecting specimens, when, one evening, after we had returned to camp, Jungly, who was assisting me in skinning some birds I had shot, observed indifferently, "A friend of yours is coming this way, sahib."

As I was in the heart of the Doon, some three hundred miles from the nearest hill station, and had not seen a white face for several months, I started up in some excitement and scanned the jungle in every direction for the friend in question; but an unbroken rampart of foliage on every side shut in the small glade in which we were encamped, and no sign of man was to be seen.

"I cannot see him!" I exclaimed, "have you heard the sound of horse-hoofs?"

"I have not seen or heard anything," answered Jungly sententiously, as he went on with his occupation of skinning, "but I can feel him approaching."

"How far off is he?"

"I cannot say. Perhaps thirty miles, perhaps fifty. It is too far to tell."

"You wonderful man," I cried in astonishment. - "How can you feel any one's presence all that way off?"

"When two minds have conversed together and are known to one another, they can exchange thoughts, no matter how great the distance. Or," he added, as an after-thought, "they should be able to do so, if they know how to use the powers they possess."

"Your mind may be sensitive enough to receive the thoughts of others, but their minds may not be sensitive enough to receive yours," I objected.

"But they are, sahib," he replied, "if the thought is projected by one who can use the power. My mind is only singular in that it can receive thoughts which are no more than the ordinary efforts of the brain."

"Now, could you tell my friend exactly where to find me?" I asked.

"Yes, there is no difficulty. I will put it in his mind to-morrow to come to this spot, but he will not understand that the thought comes from outside."

"By the way, if your minds have conversed before, as you say, you must know who the man is. Can you tell me his name?"

"His name is one that does not come to my tongue easily, but he was one of the friends who came often to see you in Barielly, two or three years ago."

I ran over the names of several friends, but it was none of these. I had given up guessing when Jungly startled me by saying, "I can show the sahib the face of his friend if he desires it."

"How?" I cried in bewilderment.

"It is a very simple thing," said he, as, having finished the last of the birds, he washed his hands in a stream near by and strolled off into the jungle.

After about half an hour he returned with a handful of some small purple berries that grew in clusters like grapes. Squeezing the juice out of these into a small brass cup, he added a pinch of salt. The red-coloured liquid immediately went a velvety black. I guessed now what Jungly was going to do. I was to gaze into a magic mirror made of this dark fluid and see the face of my friend. I had often read of such a thing in novels, but the descriptions were too fanciful and impossible to impose on any one. I was now going to see the actual thing that these writers had only vaguely heard about, and, what was more, understand it. Jungly never tried to mystify me; for every one of his marvels he had a simple and ready explanation.

It had now grown dark, so we entered the tent, where a lamp had been lit. Contrary to the novel description, Jungly took the little cup of ink into his own hands, and, seating himself in a chair with his back to the light, asked me to stand behind him and look over his shoulder. All I could see in the cup was a tiny picture of Jungly's head and a smaller one of my own in the background. Cautioning me not to move my eyes from this reflection, he commenced slowly to raise the cup towards his face. As he did so, the image in the cup

grew larger and larger till there was no longer room for the whole of Jungly's face, and, presently, the reflection of one of his eyes alone covered it from rim to rim. Still the reflection grew, as Jungly moved the cup nearer his face, till the iris, and then only the pupil, occupied the entire reflecting surface.

Now I was looking through the pupil into the dark pigment of the eye. Gradually I became conscious of a picture slowly developing on a sort of screen—the reflection of the retina of Jungly's eye, I concluded. It was a picture of my friend MacIntosh stretched on a cane lounge in the verandah of my bungalow at Barielly, just where Jungly had seen him. In the background was myself; iced drinks stood on a little bamboo table, and we were smoking cheroots. The picture lasted about five seconds, then slowly disappeared again.

I immediately grasped the explanation of the phenomenon: I had been looking at a mind picture cast on the retina of Jungly's eye and reflected in the black liquid.

"Could I have seen that picture without your help?" I asked.

"No, sahib," he answered. "When you did not know who was the friend, how could you picture him? The mirror can only show you the brain picture behind the eye. If you take the bowl in your own hand, you can see a picture of any one or any place you know."

I told Jungly of the novelists' idea of one being able to see people and places one was not acquainted with.

"That is all nonsense," said he; "you cannot picture that which you have not seen."

The day following, MacIntosh, accompanied by his wife and child, arrived and camped in our glen. Great was his surprise to find me there.

"By Jove! It was a lucky thing I came this way. I was really going on to the valley on the right, where I have had good shooting before, when somehow I got the impression that I would find an ideal spot to camp in hereabouts, and I altered my course. Lucky, wasn't it?"

I did not tell him that his mind had been influenced by Jungly. He would not have believed me, but I could not help congratulating the latter on his cleverness.

That night Mac. and I sat up smoking and chatting over old times. His wife had retired; the *ayah*, lying on a low cot at the entrance of their tent, was droning a sleep song to the baby; the horses were munching grass, and the talk of the servants and *shik-*

arees had become quiet. Of a sudden, Jungly appeared in the doorway of my tent.

"Sahib, there is some dangerous animal approaching us. Shall I get your rifle?"

"What is it?"

"I cannot tell, I can only feel its presence. A tiger, maybe, or a panther; perhaps a wolf."

There was perfect silence outside. The *ayah* had stopped singing. Something stole out of the shadow of Mac's tent and slunk into the jungle.

"A wolf!" I cried. "What was that it carried in its mouth?"

"Looked like a hare," said Mac.

Suddenly, there came a piercing scream from the *ayah*.

"*Bharia lurka lagia!* A wolf has carried off the child!"

Immediately the camp was in a state of commotion. Servants yelled and ran in every direction but the right one. Poor Mac snatched up a gun, and, in his slippered feet, gave chase, but the jungle was too thick, and he did not even get a glimpse of the wolf.

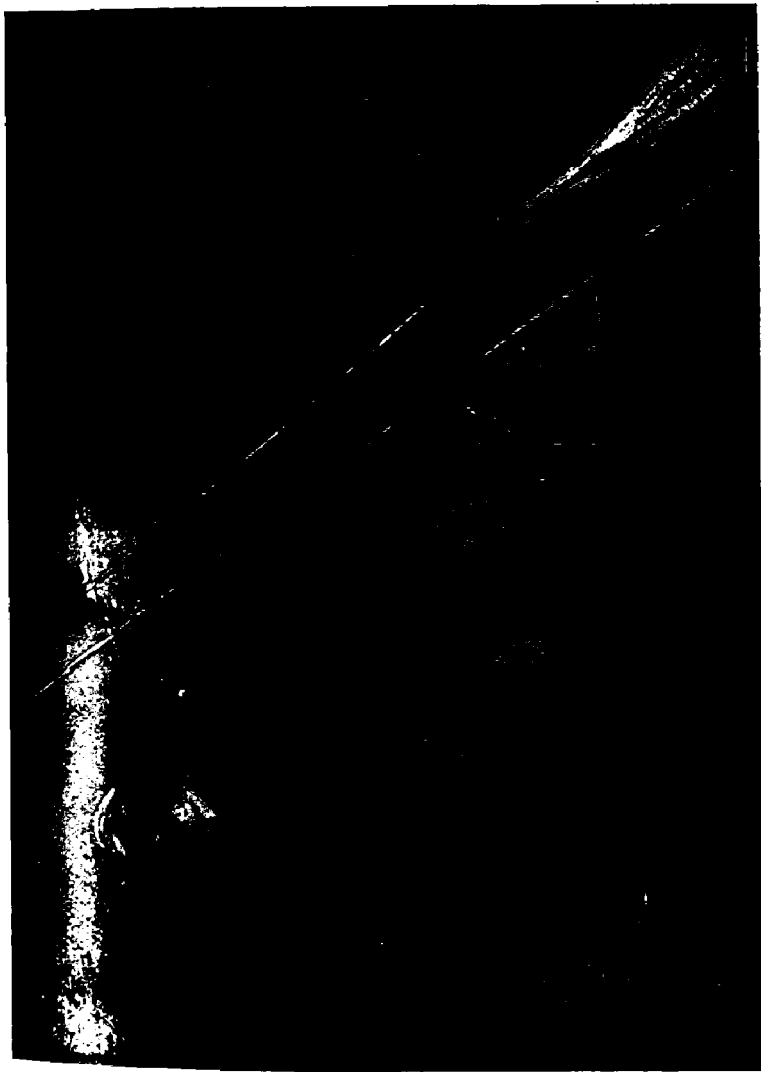
Guided by feeling, Jungly followed the brute a good distance, and, when it got beyond the reach of his subtle perceptions, he tracked it, but soon it entered a dense jungle of tall grass where the moonlight could not penetrate, and the hunt had to be abandoned.

II.

The distracted mother's cries were heart-breaking. There was no consolation we could offer her, sincerely, in the face of such a calamity. That wretched night wore away slowly, for none of us could sleep. In the morning, Mac was all for following up the wolf. I tried hard to dissuade him, for, even if we were successful, what could we hope to find? The poor little skull; and a gnawed bone or two.

"The mother wants the coral necklace her baby wore, and I want to put a bullet into the brute," was his answer.

Mac had a couple of *shikarees* in camp, but, although they were good trackers, Jungly opened their eyes. He could run along picking up tracks where they had to stoop and search for each footprint. It was a long and difficult business, for twice had the wolf covered a wide stretch of hard rock, where it was impossible to see a footprint, and it was only by casting around in the most likely direction, when the rocky ground ended, that we found the tracks again, after a great waste of time. Once, the animal had walked some way down a stream to cool itself, and that made us lose much time, also. In places the jungle was very thick and thorny, and the work of tracking could not be done quickly. It was about six in the evening, and after sunset, that the tracks brought us to the banks of a dry *nullah*; and I was suggesting that we returned to camp and took up the tracks at this

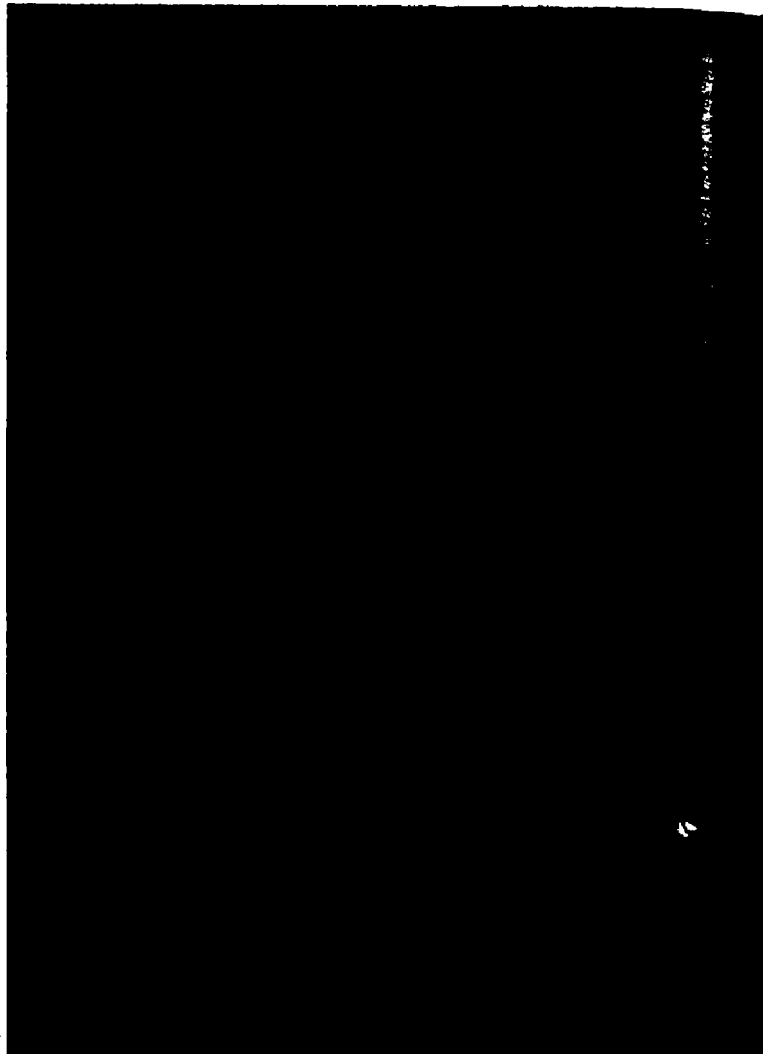


SOMETHING STOLE OUT OF THE SHADOW OF MAC'S TENT AND SLUNK INTO THE JUNGLE.

spot on the next day, when Jungly, who was a little farther up the bank, called softly, making a sign for us to be very quiet. We crept to where he was, and saw a strange sight. The *nullah* was wider at this spot, and the opposite bank, which rose steeply from the sandy bed of the dried stream, had many large holes in it, burrowed by wolves and hyænas. Near to one of these lay, on the loose sand, a large she-wolf, and, sleeping with its head pillowed against the side of the animal, was a baby—Mac.'s child—a picture of perfect contentment. With the exception of a small *kurta*, or vest, the baby was bare, yet there was no sign of a scratch or wound about it, showing that the wolf must have carried it carefully by its garment. Her maternal instincts had proved stronger than her animal appetite, for it was evidently her intention to adopt the child in place of a lost whelp. Great was Mac.'s joy at finding that his baby had not gone to furnish a gruesome feast for the wolf.

We stood contemplating the picture for a few moments, very much perplexed as to what course of action to pursue.

As we watched the scene, the child awoke, and the wolf, leaving it on the sand, went to a small pool of water and commenced to slake its thirst. Suddenly there was a loud roar. The little white skin reflecting the light was blotted out in black. A huge panther had [struck down the infant. Situated as we were on the opposite side of the ravine, we felt helpless to aid the child. I was about to fire, nevertheless, for if the bullet passed through both bodies it would only hasten the inevitable, whereas if it lodged in the panther the child would be saved. But Jungly checked me; the child had a champion. The she-wolf, with reckless ferocity, had flown at the leopard and pinned it by the throat. She was no match for the great black cat, and the rip of its talons through her hide sounded like the rending of cloth. Right across the body of the child they fought, rearing over it and rolling upon



THE STRONG JAWS OF THE PANTHER CLOSED UPON HER NECK.

it, tearing each other to a hideous accompaniment of growls and snarls. The child lay so still that I made sure it was dead. The wolf fought gallantly, though she was getting the worst of it. At last, the strong jaws of the panther closed upon her neck, and instantly the body of the wolf went limp as rag.

"Now is the time, sahib! Shoot the black beast before he carries off the child."

I fired, and the great cat lay still.

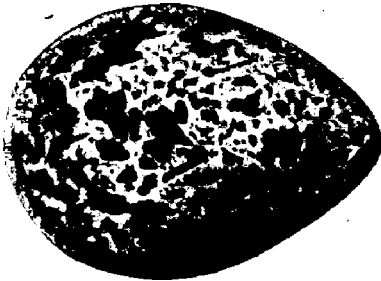
We hurried to the pool. The child lay very still. I felt its heart anxiously; there was a good steady beat. We threw some water on its face, and gradually it came round. The panther had stunned it with a blow, but, beyond a slight scratch on the skull where the paw struck, there was no other injury, although the fighting animals had rolled upon it in their struggle.

No words could express the joy of the mother when we brought her infant safely back. She laughed and cried alternately in an ecstasy of delight over her recovered babe. She tried to thank us, but broke down in the attempt, yet her tears were eloquent of her feelings, as was also the silence of her husband.

As soon as he could conveniently escape, Jungly, who had nothing of the family man about him and hated displays of emotion, repaired to his tent and was soon deeply absorbed in the unsentimental task of preparing the panther's skin—which we had brought along—for the taxidermist to whose care it would presently be consigned.



Birds' Eggs.—R. D. H. (Glasgow) says he has read my appeal to readers not to ask questions to which replies may be found in back numbers, and then goes on to ask a question that was answered so recently as February of this year ("Keen to Learn," Edinburgh). This is rather bad, seeing that R. D. H. wrote in March. A little further search will also supply R. D. H. with a reply to his second query as to preserving eggs.—A. L. Meston (Launceston, Tasmania) asks whether eggs are side-blown now? Yes, that is the only method in vogue among oologists. A set of drills for the purpose, together with blow-pipes and forceps for emptying the shell, may be obtained from Watkins and Doncaster, 36 Strand, London, for 3s. (postage extra).—H. Martin (Finchley Road, N.). Your egg is that of the Rook



ROOK'S EGG.

(*Corvus frugilegus*). It is a very early nest-builder, and the eggs are usually three or five in number.

Slugs.—Louis Callender (Brussels) asks for a method of destroying slugs, which he

finds in the garden by hundreds. Powdered quick-lime sprinkled over the earth where they are known to come is a good destroyer; so is soot. A good trap is formed by laying pieces of board on the soil, and examining these early in the morning. Many slugs may be found on the lower surface, and these may be despatched with the boot-sole.

Green-Fly.—J. E. B. R. (Peterhead) asks for the best and cheapest way of getting rid of the Green-fly pest on his plants. Many good methods are in use, each of which is considered the best by different gardeners. Quassia-chips boiled in soft water, to which a small quantity of soft soap is afterwards added, is a favourite remedy. This is applied to the infested plant by means of a syringe. Tobacco water is another remedy. Some consider a good syringing with plain water is sufficient; but this only removes and does not kill them. Another method is to water the plants well with a fine-roset watering-can, and whilst they are wet dust the affected parts with dry wood-ashes or soot. Where shoots are thickly coated with the insects, it is a good plan to carefully cut off the shoots and throw them straight upon a fire. In any gardening paper you will find advertisements of special insecticides, if you do not care for the trouble of preparing one yourself.

Goldfinch.—In the March CAPTAIN, R. Fountain tells of his trouble with a goldfinch whose beak had grown so long that it could not crack its seeds easily. "A Bird Fancier" (Burnham, Somerset) now kindly writes to say that a similar trouble has been

cured in her case by supplying the bird with a knob of loaf-sugar fixed between the cage-bars. Upon this the bird regularly wore down the excessive growth, and rendered clipping unnecessary.

Vapourer-moth.—Syd Grey (Bloomsbury) sends me what he considers a curious spider, which he found on its nest in a London garden. It is not a spider at all, but the wingless female of the Vapourer-moth (*Orgyia antiqua*). This moth is very common in the London squares and parks, where the male, with chestnut-coloured wings, may be seen flying in summer and early autumn. The female never has the wings developed, so rarely leaves the outside of the cocoon (the supposed spider's nest) in which the chrysalis stage was passed. Several other species of moths have similarly wingless females. The caterpillar is a handsome little pest, with brush-like plumes of coloured hairs erected along its back. Both sexes of the moth are



Male.



Female.

VAPOURER MOTH.

shown in our illustration

Insect Parasite.—J. A. Perrins (Malvern), last September, in Ross-shire, found a caterpillar which spun an almost transparent white cocoon and turned to a chrysalis. From this issued three grubs instead of the moth that he expected, and one of the grubs turned into a chrysalis. One of each of these he sends me in spirit, asking for the name of the insect. Now, if he had allowed the pupa to complete its metamorphosis before spiriting it, I could have given its name. As it is I can only tell him that it is one of the Hymenopterous insects (so-called Ichneumon-flies) that lay their eggs in caterpillars, and so destroy them. In the larval and pupal stages the species are so much alike that it is impossible, in most cases, to identify them. Had he been able to tell me the name of the caterpillar from which it issued, it would have been a considerable help. Another time he should wait until the "fly" emerges, or send me the pupa alive.

"Waltzing Mouse."—"CAPTAIN Outdoor Girl" (Netley, Hants) has one of the so-called Waltzing-mice—which are considered to be ordinary fancy mice afflicted with brain-trouble that prevents their walking in the way proper to mice. She feeds it on bread-and-milk in the

morning, and gives it a piece of biscuit in the evening; but twice a week it also has a little bird-seed. "Is this right?" she asks. I think, if her mouse could speak, he would say it is very poor fare, and in that contention I should agree with him entirely. The food mentioned is all right so far as it goes, but it is not enough by itself. To the bread-and-milk she should add bran and oats, occasionally a piece of carrot, and in winter a little boiled lean meat chopped fine, or some chopped suet. The bird-seeds, which should be given as a change from the oats, should be canary and millet—not hemp, linseed, or rape, as these are too oily.

Gardening.—"Widow" (West Wrattling) asks advice of the "O.F." and the chief hands her letter to me, though I must say it has little to do with my Corner. Her son, nearly seventeen years of age, has a knowledge of book-keeping and has had some success in amateur gardening. He would like some occupation in connection with gardening as a career. "Is there much of an opening for well-trained young men as head gardeners, and what salary would he be likely to obtain? Is there a better prospect as seedsman, nursery-gardener, or florist? What capital would be required to start a business? What course of training would be most desirable? What would be the expense, &c.?" To answer all these questions would require considerable space, and the practical knowledge of a head-gardener; but, in a general way, it may be said there are always far more advertisements in the gardening papers of gardeners requiring situations than there are of vacancies. Before a lad can talk of filling such a position he must give some years to work as an assistant gardener, and so get his practical experience. Such work is not well paid, though there are a few good positions as heads in large gardens, where the pay would depend upon the skill and responsibility of the gardener. There would probably be more prospect of profit in business as a nurseryman or florist, but this must depend entirely upon the district in which the business is situated, and the combination of horticultural skill and commercial aptitude possessed by the principal. Several of the county councils have established horticultural colleges where a practical training may be obtained in return for reasonable fees; but on the whole question I should advise our correspondent to take counsel of an experienced head-gardener in her own locality.

Angora Rabbits.—E. L. A. (Dinckley) should refer to answer to J. N. R. in February CAPTAIN, where his question on diet is

answered. Most cases of cannibalism among rabbits are due to unnecessary interference with the privacy of the mother, but sometimes to improper or insufficient feeding.

Hippo-ivory.—I regret that I cannot enlighten C. G. Tripp (Boxmoor) as to the commercial value of his tusks and teeth of the hippopotamus. He should write to E. Gerrard and Sons, 61 College Place, Camden Town, London, N.W.

Wild Flowers.—V. M. Gardner (Brockley) will find instructions on the pressing and drying of plants in *THE CAPTAIN* for April 1904. He should look up that answer, as we have not space to repeat it here.—In answer to J. Munro (Guildford) my "Wild Flowers Month by Month" is being reissued in parts just now, and can be obtained from any bookseller.

Fungus.—The small fungus sent by Phyllis H. Arundel (Pontefract) did not reach me in a sufficiently fresh condition (in spite of her careful packing) to enable me to state its name *positively*. But it is certainly a *Peziza*—in all probability *Peziza ampliata*, which has



1. From above.



2. Side view.

PEZIZA AMPLIATA,
NATURAL SIZE.

no English name. All the *Pezizas* have waxy cups like this one, but some of them, instead of being brown, are bright orange or red in colour. These are very pretty objects when growing from fallen twigs or branches on the mossy ground. Most of them appear to be edible, but unfortunately they are so small that a good deal of searching is requisite before one gets enough to make a "dish" of them. The microscopic spores are borne on the inner surface of the cup.

Queryas to Bird.—F. C. Brookes (Boston, Lincs.) sends me a bird he shot on the ice in a pit, thinking it was a snipe. He "has never seen such a bird before, and can't find it in any naturalist's book." It is the Twite (*Cannabina flavirostris*), also known as the Mountain Linnet. I should hardly have expected any one to mistake it for the snipe, whose much superior size and long bill make it very distinct.

Naturalist's Directory.—We have received from Mr. L. Upcott Gill the 1906-7 edition of his useful "Naturalist's Directory," price 1s. 6d. It contains the full names and addresses of several thousands of naturalists in all parts of the Kingdom, with particulars of the branches of natural history studied by each, together with lists of the natural history societies, dealers, &c. Many readers of this "Corner" who would like to correspond with kindred spirits or get in touch with local societies, would find this Directory of great value to them, as it is to us.

THE TRUTH ABOUT POULTRY FARMS.

AMONG the industries that have been put forward to enable the townsman to earn a living in the country is Poultry-farming for Profit. Statistics of our imports of both birds and eggs run into figures that are stupendous; and many persons without training have rushed in to secure a portion of the huge profits that must accrue to the poultry-raiser. Now the well-known journalist who writes under the pseudonym of "Home Counties," has undertaken the task of warning the unwary against sinking their savings in what he shows can never be a profitable industry, except as a mere subordinate branch of ordinary farming. The facts and arguments he has embodied at considerable length in "Poultry Farming: Some Facts and Some Conclusions" (John Murray, 5s. net). His verdict on the mass of evidence might be summed up in the one word "Don't," and some readers may think he might have pronounced it in less than 200 pages, but the consultation fee of five shillings will have been well expended if it deters the reader from embarking his capital in an unprofitable enterprise.

E. S.

COX'S COUGH-DROPS

BY

R. S. WARREN BELL.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance that exists between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School, only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Marquis of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, which has recently been taken by some London friends of his named Lomax. Bewildering entanglements ensue, one result of the deception being that Yarningale is sent to the school Infirmary as a diphtheritic "suspect." At the mid-term garden-party Joan Henderson, one of the Vicar's daughters, tells Cox that she particularly wishes to speak to Yarningale, and prevails upon him to go to the Infirmary and change places with Yarningale for half an hour. Whilst Cox is there his father arrives at the school, and, catching sight of Yarningale talking to Joan, takes this boy for his son and tells him that he is to accompany him on a week-end motor tour. Cox, meanwhile, growing nervous over Yarningale's absence, leaves the Infirmary and secretes himself in the bushes bordering the drive, and, while Yarningale is left alone in the motor-car for a few minutes, changes places with him, the result being that Mr. Cox goes off with his real, and not his supposed,

son. The suspicions of the headmaster being aroused, he questions Joan Henderson, who admits that the boy she was talking to when Mr. Cox came up and addressed him as "Bert," was really Yarningale. Mr. Percival is, therefore, confronted with the task of informing the Marquis of Lapworth that his grandson has gone off in Mr. Cox's motor-car.

XV.

THE headmaster was a man of decision and action, and he decided to lose no time in acquainting the Marquis of Lapworth with what had happened. He advanced towards the old peer with this intention, but the Marquis opened the conversation.

"I must say, Mr. Percival," he remarked, "that everything about your school is admirable. My sister was fortunate in discovering such a place for Yarningale. I am very pleased, for instance, to see that you teach the boys how to use the rifle. Then again——"

"You will be sorry to hear, Lord Lapworth——" began the headmaster.

"Then again," insisted his lordship, "your natural history section, that is capital.

When I was a boy, I learnt nothing whatever about natural history. I was not quite so bad as Goldsmith, who, it is said, when he wrote his 'Natural History' for five pounds, could hardly distinguish between a horse and a cow, but I was very ignorant. I am sure I did not know the names of half a dozen different kinds of birds, and as for butterflies——"

"I have some information for your lordship," interrupted the headmaster, "which is, I am afraid——"

"As for butterflies," broke in the Marquis, who, though at ordinary times a man of few words, when once he got into his stride could be most eloquent, a fact to which somnolent members of the House of Lords would have gratefully testified, "as for butterflies, my dear sir, I should never have dreamt that there were more than two sorts—scarlet and white. Yet, in your museum, you have cases and cases filled with different varieties. And I really do not think I ever knew that there was more than one kind of moth. In your museum——"

"If you will excuse me for interrupting you, Lord Lapworth," pleaded the headmaster, "I think it is only right that you should know——"

"In your museum," continued the Marquis, pleased to find his ideas flowing so readily, "I should imagine that you have specimens of more than one hundred varieties of moth. In the matter of books——"

"Your lordship's grandson——" almost shouted the headmaster.

"In the matter of books," went on the Marquis, "how generously the modern boy is catered for! It is really a feast for the eyes to see such a quantity of beautifully bound volumes. In my young days, my dear sir, our literature was largely of a very pious nature, or dealt with preposterously dull Swiss families residing on otherwise uninhabited islands. Now, boys have an abundance of healthy school stories. They are catered for by intelligent, broad-minded men. As a result, the present generation——the present generation——"

"It is my painful duty to inform your lordship," said the headmaster, seizing his opportunity while the loquacious peer was deliberating on a suitable phrase, "that your lordship's grandson——"

"The present generation of youths belonging to the upper classes," resumed the Marquis, having found the phrase he wanted, "ought to excel their ancestors in every

possible way. They ought to make better soldiers, better sailors, better statesmen—it should not be hard for them to make better statesmen—better lawyers, and better ministers of religion. When I was a boy, people failed to realise, as they do now, how the early education of a lad affects his success or failure in life. I venture to say that, in my young days, no establishment like Charlton Court was in existence. Every school consisted of boys of all ages—boys of eight to boys of eighteen. It was no uncommon thing at that time for the biggest boys in the school to have whiskers—real whiskers, my dear madam," added the Marquis, as he saw Mrs. Percival smiling "whiskers extending round the jaw from ear to ear. Nowadays, if a big boy were to grow whiskers of that kind, his life would not be worth living, but in the unpicturesque era of my youth——"

The headmaster heaved a sigh of despair as he touched his wife on the arm.

"Will your lordship excuse me for one moment?" he said, and led Mrs. Percival away.

"What an extraordinary old gentleman!" exclaimed Mrs. Percival, when they were out of earshot. "He is still haranguing Mr. Skipjack, I believe."

"I left Skipjack with him on purpose," said the headmaster quickly. "We have some unpleasant news for him. Mr. Cox has gone off with Yarningale."

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Percival.

"It seems that Yarningale and Cox have been playing the fool and changing places with one another," explained the headmaster. "Trading on his resemblance to Cox, Yarningale appears to have allowed Cox to take his place in the Infirmary while he himself came out to talk to Joan Henderson. Mr. Cox arrived on his motor-car, as you know, and, seeing Yarningale, mistook him for his own son, and has now carried him off for a motor-tour."

"The idea!" cried Mrs. Percival. "Is it possible that Mr. Cox could have made a mistake about his own son?"

"Apparently so," replied the headmaster. "And all the time the Marquis was dilating on the excellence of this school I was endeavouring to inform him of what had happened."

"I thought you seemed to interrupt him rather often," remarked Mrs. Percival.

"As you observed," continued the headmaster, "he is not a gentleman who is

easily interrupted. However, I have no doubt that Skipjack will manage it, Skipjack's methods being somewhat blunter than my own."

It soon became evident to the headmaster and his wife that Mr. Skipjack had effected his purpose, for Mr. and Mrs. Percival had not been talking many minutes when they perceived the Marquis bearing down on them in a highly excited manner.

"What is this I hear about my grandson, Mr. Percival?" he exclaimed as he reached them. "Is it a *fact* that he has gone off with that man Cox?"

"It is, I fear, the case," said the headmaster.

"But why did you not prevent it?" roared the old peer.

"It was only by the merest chance that I discovered what had happened some time after Mr. Cox had departed," replied the headmaster.

"It seems extraordinary—incredible!" cried the Marquis of Lapworth. "The man must be as blind as a mole. Do you mean to tell me that even a person of that description could make a mistake about his own son?"

"My dear Marquis," returned the headmaster, "you yourself were deceived by the close resemblance Mr. Cox's son bears to your grandson. I have learnt only just now that the boy you saw in the Infirmary was not your grandson at all, but young Cox."

"Young Cox!" exclaimed the Marquis. "Then that explains it all. I could not understand the change that had taken place in Yarningale. I have never seen much of him at any time, it is true, but I knew enough of him to be aware that he was not the sort of boy to make use of the slang expressions to which that youth treated me. But we must stop this motor-car."

"Quite so, that was my idea," put in the headmaster hastily. "I will write out a telegram at once and send it down to the village to be despatched to the principal places through which the car is likely to pass. It was a large green car, was it not?" he added, turning to his wife.

"Yes, green," replied Mrs. Percival. "You had better say in the telegram that it contained two men and a boy. Oh! and say the boy was wearing—"

"Please lose no time in sending off these telegrams, my dear sir," interrupted the Marquis, irritably. "It is appalling to think of my grandson going off for a tour in

such company. It is bad enough that he should have to mix with the man's son at this school, and now he has gone off with the man himself! What does this Cox make his money out of?" he inquired of Mrs. Percival, the headmaster having hurried indoors. "Sweets, or something of that kind, is it not?"

"Cough-drops," said Mrs. Percival, drily. She was beginning to dislike this old gentleman. Mr. Cox was, she remembered, the soul of affability, and could not have put on such high and mighty airs, she considered, even if he had been a king. "Yes, cough-drops," she added, "and very good ones, I assure you. They are the best I know."

The Marquis made a wry face.

"I am surprised, Mrs. Percival," he said, "that your husband should have accepted the son of this man as a pupil. I was under the impression that all the boys at your school were boys of good birth."

"I am afraid, Lord Lapworth," returned Mrs. Percival, "that if the headmaster of a school like this made that stipulation, he would soon go bankrupt. Nowadays one has to cater for people who have made money as well as for the aristocracy, you know."

"Yes, yes," rejoined the Marquis. "I can see that it is impossible to keep any school entirely free from the trade element, but there is trade *and* trade, my dear madam. The head of a great commercial firm is a very different kind of man from a person like this Cox, who produces a quack remedy which is advertised in fields."

It was evident that the Marquis could not get over the repulsive aspect given to the landscape through which he had recently travelled by Mr. Cox's advertisements.

"A man like that, my dear lady," he went on, "can have no soul, no taste. It is infamous that such a creature should be allowed to annoy one's eyes with his bilious advertisement boards. And to think that Yarningale is, at the present time, whirling along in his car at a rate which, I am sure, far exceeds the legal limit! Cox is just the man to set regulations at defiance. Ah, dear, dear! My afternoon has been entirely spoilt. Where do you think this wretch can have taken my grandson?"

"A 'tour' sounds vague, doesn't it?" remarked Mrs. Percival, who did not see why she should spare the overbearing old gentleman. "He may have kept to the main roads, or he may have gone across country by the lanes. Who can tell?"

The Marquis uttered something very like a snarl as he ground his heel into the lawn.

A few moments later the headmaster came out of the house and told him that telegrams had been despatched to the police authorities in the neighbouring villages and towns. The police had instructions to stop a large green car containing two men and a boy. Mr. Percival assured the Marquis that his grandson ought to be back at the school within the hour at the very latest. He need have no apprehensions.

So the Marquis waited. He was staying at Holton Castle, some ten miles from the school, and the time was approaching when the carriage which his host had put at his service would be waiting to take him back.

Hardly half an hour had elapsed when the vigorous telegraphy which the headmaster had put in motion began to bear fruit, for a boy came up from the village post-office with a message from the police who had held up the travellers.

Car as described was stopped here number OIXX name Cox destination unknown possibly London

read the unpunctuated official wire.

"It was *stopped*, you see!" snorted the Marquis. "Furious driving, of course! It would be a good thing if they locked these fellows up. What does Cox mind about paying a five-pound note! As likely as not," he muttered, "they'll have an accident." And he paced up and down in a fever of anxiety.

Ten minutes later another telegram arrived from another point on the London road. It said that a car answering to description given had passed through about 5.30.

"They must be going at a good pace," said the headmaster. "Hammersley is twenty-five miles from here, and Mr. Cox didn't start till a quarter to five."

Soon after, still another boy was seen coming up the drive. The headmaster beckoned to him, and as he reached the group the Marquis snatched the orange-coloured missive from his outstretched hand. Tearing open the envelope, Lord Lapworth hastily perused the message it contained. As he did so, his face grew purple, for the wire ran:

Expecting you on Monday best love DOLLY

"What is this nonsense!" he angrily exclaimed, handing the message to Mrs.

Percival, o'er whose countenance, as she read it, crept a smile of understanding.

"This must be for one of the masters," said Mrs. Percival, consulting the envelope. "Yes, it is for Mr. Savatard."

"Er—please express my apologies to him," said the Marquis, gruffly. "I fancied it was for me. Stupid of that boy! Why didn't he tell me!"

It need hardly be added that Mr. Savatard was not over-pleased to find that so sacred a thing as a telegram from his *fiancée* had been rudely torn open and perused by Yarningale's grandfather.

Another half-hour went by, and then a third telegram came from a town on the high road saying that a large green car had passed through, but had not pulled up in obedience to the police signals—number of car, OIXX.

"I suspected he was a man of that kind," said the Marquis, grating his teeth. "What's to be done!"

Lord Lapworth was a stickler for etiquette, but just now he felt that it would be quite impossible for him to return to Holton Castle, leaving Mr. Cox, as it were, in possession of the field. At Holton, which was an out-of-the-way spot, he would be more helpless than he was here.

A fourth telegram decided him. It was dated from the place where Edward had been compelled to slacken his speed owing to the mobs of cattle in the streets.

Car you mention passed through in direction of London

With a savage exclamation Lord Lapworth crushed the flimsy piece of paper in his hand.

"Not much 'tour' about this," he said. "The man's gone back to town, and, I suppose, Yarningale will be dining to-night with a crowd of his greasy acquaintances." The old peer's eyes absolutely scintillated with fury. "I have made up my mind what I will do," he went on. "I will send the carriage back to Holton, and go up to London myself this evening."

The headmaster got a time-table out of his study and found that in twenty minutes' time a train left Charlton which would connect with a London express a few stations further on. Then the Marquis, still fuming, was driven in the Holton equipage to the station.

Mrs. Percival heaved a sigh of relief as the carriage rolled down the drive.

"Well, I'm glad he's gone," she said to her husband; "and now, what about this naughty boy in the Infirmary?"

"The best thing we can do," said Mr. Percival, "is to let him stay there, and allow him to think that we are ignorant of the trick he has played. The result will be that our young friend will not spend a very happy time."

"Does he run any risk from infection?" asked Mrs. Percival, the ever-thoughtful.

"I think not," said the headmaster. "You see, it is pretty evident that Yarningale has got nothing the matter with his throat. No, I don't think Cox will run any risk, my dear."

XVI.

THE Marquis of Lapworth had of course procured Mr. Cox's address from the headmaster. On arriving in town, he drove straight to the manufacturer's house.

It was marvellous for what a length of time this old gentleman could keep an attack of temper at high pressure. The average individual would have cooled down somewhat during the train journey, and would have realised that, after all, there was nothing very dreadful in the fact that a boy like Yarningale had been taken off for a motor tour by mistake. The average parent or guardian would have felt inclined to laugh at the incident; but not so Lord Lapworth. He was furious when he left Charlton Court, he was furious when he stepped out of the train when it arrived at the London terminus, and his fury had attained a white heat when he finally stood on Mr. Cox's top doorstep and rang the bell with a vigorous hand.

"I wish to see Mr. Cox immediately," he said, when the door was opened by a footman.

"Beg pardon, sir, but no one can see Mr. Cox to-night," replied the footman.

"Kindly tell Mr. Cox that the Marquis of Lapworth wishes to see him," was the stern rejoinder.

"It doesn't matter who it is, my lord," returned the servant; "Mr. Cox can't be seen. He's met with a motor-car accident."

"Accident!" almost screamed the Marquis. "A—a—bad one?"

"Pretty bad," replied the footman. "He got a nasty rap on the 'ead, my lord."

"Was—was the boy in the car hurt?"

asked the Marquis, controlling his voice with an effort.

"Master Cox? Oh, he was shook up a bit, of course, but not injured, my lord."

The Marquis breathed again. So the title would *not* go to that gambling scoundrel Longacre, after all!

"Surely I can see Mrs. Cox?" he suggested. "My business is most important."

"I don't think you can, my lord," replied the footman, shaking his head. "The mistress is with the master, and gave us instructions that she could see nobody."

"I *insist* on seeing Mrs. Cox," said the Marquis, waving the servant aside as he walked into the hall. "Tell her that I wish to speak to her at once, please."

The footman could do nothing but show the Marquis into the library. A few minutes elapsed, and then the man came in to say that Mrs. Cox was very sorry, but could not see the caller. It was quite impossible, as she was obliged to stay with her husband, who had been seriously hurt.

Not a whit touched by this information, the Marquis replied, with his compliments, that he would not leave the house until Mrs. Cox had afforded him an interview. The servant was cowed by the old peer's masterful manner, and, though with evident reluctance, conveyed his message.

This time it "took." Mrs. Cox appeared, looking worried and indignant. She was a pleasant-faced lady of a somewhat obese habit. She came into the library and gazed silently at the unwelcome visitor.

"You will pardon me, madam, for being so persistent," said the Marquis, "but the fact is, I have come here to claim my grandson."

"I don't know what you mean," replied Mrs. Cox, shortly; "there is no boy in the house except my own son."

"Ah, that is the point," said the Marquis. "The boy who accompanied your husband on his motor ride is *not* your son, Mrs. Cox. He is my grandson, and a mistake has occurred through his bearing a remarkable resemblance to your boy."

"In all my life I never heard such nonsense!" retorted Mrs. Cox, indignantly. "Surely a mother must be allowed to know her own son, no matter how he resembles some other boy!"

"Pardon me," said the Marquis, "my statement is absolutely correct. Allow me to explain."

Then, as briefly as possible, he told Mrs. Cox what had taken place at Charlton Court that afternoon. The lady listened impatiently.

"The two boys may have changed places," she replied, when the Marquis had ended his recital, "but it is quite certain that they changed back before Mr. Cox started for London. I can understand a *man* being taken in by a close likeness of that kind, but it is impossible for a boy's *mother* to be. And now I must leave your lordship," she added, retiring to the door. "My place is at my husband's side. I wish your lordship good evening."

"Stop!" cried the Marquis. "You are really labouring under a delusion, madam."

"The boy is my son," replied Mrs. Cox, sharply. "I would swear to him if he were

mixed up with ten thousand other boys all exactly like him."

So saying, she quitted the room.

But the Marquis followed her into the hall. As chance would have it, Cox himself at that moment came out of the dining-room and began to ascend the staircase.

"Hi! Yarningale! Come here at once!" said the Marquis, brushing past Mrs. Cox and setting his foot on the lowest stair.

Beside herself with anxiety, and fearing lest this strange caller should create a disturbance in the neighbourhood of her husband's room, Mrs. Cox, acting on the impulse of the moment, grasped the Marquis by his coat-tails. Meanwhile, Cox, having cast one



"YARNINGALE, COME HERE AT ONCE," SAID THE MARQUIS.

fleeting glance at the old gentleman, fled upstairs for dear life.

"You shan't go near him!" cried the lady in a passion. "Here, George, put this man out."

"Release me, madam!" thundered the Marquis. "This is unwarrantable behaviour on your part."

"You shan't go upstairs," retorted Mrs. Cox, clinging fast to the coat-tails. "Do you think a woman doesn't know her own son? I don't believe you are a Marquis. This is some game. Who are you and what do you want, making all this noise here when my husband is ill?" she concluded breathlessly.

"I am the Marquis of Lapworth," said her captive, with as much dignity as he could summon up under the circumstances. "My grandson is in this house, and I demand that he be given up to me."

Mrs. Cox released the old peer, and, darting past him, took up her station on the stairs immediately above him.

"Lies!" she said venomously. "A pack of lies. George, remove this person."

The footman came forward and stood at the Marquis's elbow.

"Come along, sir," said the servant. "Better go quietly."

"Silence, you impertinent fellow!" retorted the Marquis.

In a twinkling the flunkey shed the skin of the obsequious menial and assumed that of the pugilistic cockney.

"Don't you get callin' me any names," he cried. "My orders is to throw you out, and out you're going."

So saying, he grasped the Marquis by the coat-collar.

"Unhand me, you ruffian!" shouted the caller. "Do you hear me?"

George was an active youth. By way of reply he twirled the Marquis round, hustled him down the hall, and, snatching open the front door, pushed the noble lord out with a force that compelled him to descend the steps at a precipitate pace.

"There, don't you come 'ere again with those tales," said George, as he slammed the door.

Mrs. Cox, breathing hard and very red in the face, waited for some moments to see if the Marquis would come back and demand re-admittance. As he did not do so, she ascended the stairs with laboured steps—for she was more than common stout—and,

arrived at the sick-room, opened the door and entered softly.

A dim light was burning. In the bed, his head bandaged, lay the Cough-Drop King. The boy and the chauffeur had escaped with a few bruises, but Mr. Cox's head had come into contact with the stump of a tree. Fortunately for the manufacturer, his skull was very hard, the result being that a blow which would have killed many a weaker man merely rendered him unconscious.

"What was all that shouting downstairs about?" murmured the sick man, as his wife came in.

"Nothing, chum," replied Mrs. Cox, soothingly.

"Don't keep anything from me," said the manufacturer. "What was it?"

"Nothing, Caleb. Only a foolish old gentleman."

"What did he want?"

"Oh, he tried to make out that Bert was his grandson. He said he was the Marquis of Lapworth, and that the boy who came with you on the car was not Bert at all," explained the lady with a laugh, thinking it as well to humour the invalid.

To her surprise, her husband, despite his throbbing head, raised himself on his elbow.

"Well—what did you say to him?" he asked.

"As he wouldn't go away I made George put him out."

"Put him out!"

"Yes—that was the only way to get rid of him."

Mr. Cox, with a great effort, hoisted himself into a sitting posture.

"How did George put him out?"

Mrs. Cox sat down on the bed and patted her husband's hot hand.

"Why, how curious you are about it, chum!" she said, playfully. "How would you put a man out of a house?"

"Did George use much violence?" asked Mr. Cox.

"Well, he didn't waste any time over it. The old man went out more quickly than he generally goes out of houses," admitted Mrs. Cox.

"George pitched him out, so to speak?" suggested Mr. Cox.

"Well, yes, you may say he did."

Mr. Cox uttered a groan. "Good 'eavens! this'll be in all the papers," he said. "That was the Marquis of Lapworth."

Mrs. Cox caught her breath sharply. Could it be that her husband's brain had been affected by his accident?

"How do you know it was, dear?" she asked, still with the idea of humouring him.

"Because," said Mr. Cox, "just for fun I brought 'is boy—'is grandson, rather—with me in the car. 'Im and Bert were playing a game—they're just like each other, you see, chum—and so I thought I'd play a game as good as theirs, and pretend I didn't notice the difference."

"Caleb," said Mrs. Cox, speaking with a forced calm, "you're tiring yourself. Try and get a bit of sleep. You'll be all right in the morning."

But Mr. Cox was not to be silenced.

"It's a fact, chum. The boy I brought 'ome is not Bert. On my honour 'e isn't. Give 'im up to the Marquis, and tell 'im it was all a game of mine."

Poor Mrs. Cox looked distracted. Her husband, it was evident, was wandering. This was, of course, a delusion. Perhaps some of the words uttered in the hall had reached the sick man's ears. She knew Caleb was very sharp of hearing. Hence this idea that his heated brain had got hold of.

"Try and get some sleep, chummie," she said, as if she were nursing a child. "We'll talk about this to-morrow."

Mr. Cox allowed his wife to put the clothes over his shoulders. He felt very weary, and was glad to close his eyes. He had done his duty and told her to give the boy up. His conscience was relieved, and he soon dropped off into peaceful, dreamless slumber.

Meanwhile, pale with rage, the Marquis of Lapworth was tearing at full speed in a hansom in the direction of the nearest police-station.

(To be continued.)

A Masterpiece.

A CERTAIN artist, gazing on
A painting he had done,
Felt sure that by its boundless fame
And fortune would be won.
Then as friends called upon him he
Requested them to state
Exactly what they thought of it ;
He fancied it was great.

The visitor who first arrived
Gazed at it earnestly.
Said he, "Old man, I reckon this
A masterpiece will be :
The grass upon the meadows and
The leaves upon the trees
Are splendid—'pon my word, they seem
To rustle in the breeze."

The next arrival looked at it,
And gave a sudden start.
"My word," he gasped, "this painting is
A triumph, sir, of art ;
The grand and rugged mountains, with
Their everlasting snow,
Are wondrously depicted, and,
By Jove, it's grand, you know."

Another caller gazed at it
In silence for a space,
Then said, "Indeed, those yachts are fine,
You almost *see* them race ;
How nobly, too, you have portrayed
The ever-restless seas ;
One seems to hear the rolling waves,
And feel the cooling breeze."

That painting brought the artist fame
And fortune great beside ;
The wondrous masterpiece was known
Through town and countryside.
It still remains a mystery,
At least, to all intents ;
For no one has discovered yet
Just what it represents.

HERBERT J. BRANDON.

The Preparatory School Air-Rifle Association.

By A. G. GRENFELL, M.A., Hon. Sec.

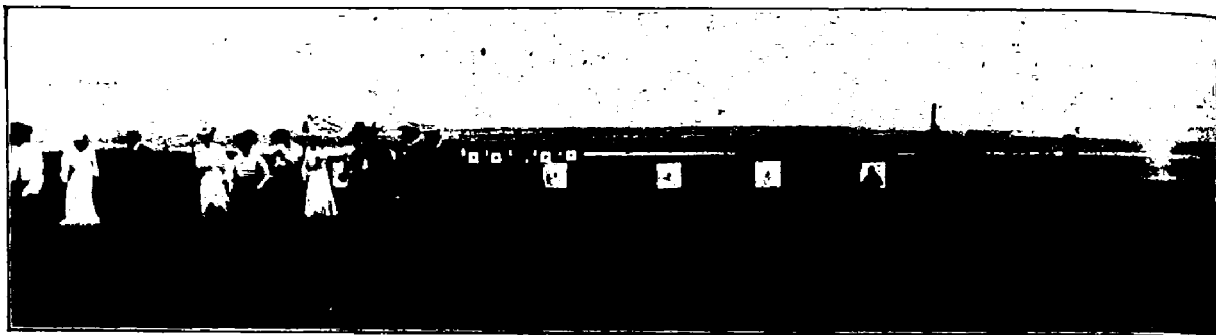


Photo. by]

TARGETS AT PARKGATE RIFLE CLUB.

[Maycock

E NGLAND learned a good many lessons in the Boer War, proving once more that experience is the best of all schools, even if the fees are outrageously high. Amongst others was the lesson that the really important thing for a soldier was not so much the shade or cut of his uniform, or the adjustment of his buttons, as physical fitness and ability to shoot straight. Economy had for years prescribed that in training T. Atkins, Esq. we should limit his practice ammunition severely; whilst the idea of teaching all British boys to shoot decently straight, because they might some day be wanted to defend their country from insolent attack, would, a decade ago, have been received with petulant sneers about the evils of dangling a military spirit before "babes in arms." If boys were drilled, wooden guns were sufficient until they were old enough to join a Public School Cadet Corps, at the age of fifteen or thereabouts. Even then, shooting was to be a very secondary matter. Two or three parades a year of as many boys as possible, in taking uniforms, were useful for advertisement purposes, and the same high object could be served by polishing up an VIII. to catch the public eye at Bisley. This VIII. would be selected as far as possible from the athletic dust-heap of the school—boys who, owing to "game legs" and smuggy dispositions, were hopeless from a "games" point of view.

Well, we have changed that—and we owe the change to one indefatigable and very patient man—Lord Roberts. He has at last convinced the public that the ideal thing to do is to teach *every boy, when ten years old*, something at least of the art of shooting.

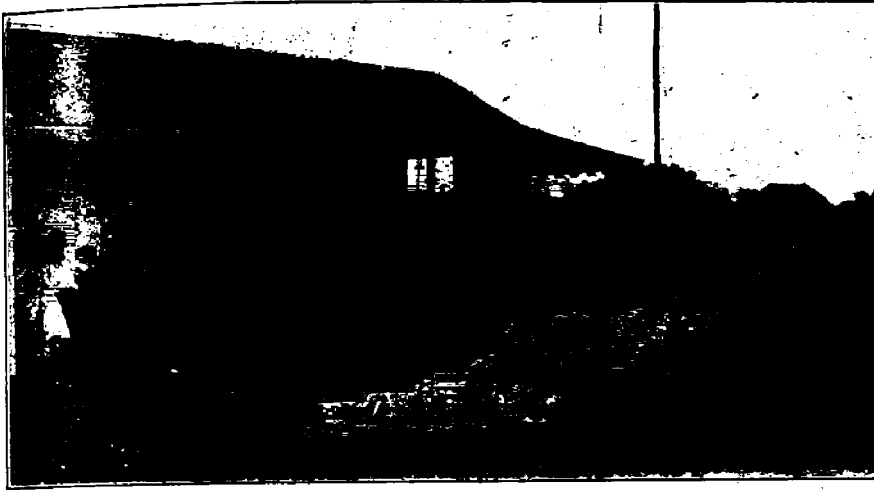
Some preparatory schools can manage an out-door range of 100 or 50 or 25 yards for .22

Winchester work, and excellent results have already been obtained in this way. The idea is being organised and extended keenly at present. Some schools even manage to screw out of a reluctant War Office sixty rounds per boy per annum of cordite ammunition for M.M. Carbines.

But many preparatory schools either cannot or dare not or will not yet go to this length, whilst those who are happily provided with such out-door ranges cannot use them for more than about four months in the year, thanks to the eccentricities of the British climate, and the cold-catching capacities of the British boy of tender years.

So some of us hunted round for a really efficient substitute for those who couldn't shoot in the open, and a really useful adjunct for those who couldn't shoot in the winter. And this we found in the newly invented and perfected air-rifle. Note that it is an *air-rifle*, and not an *air-gun*; *i.e.*, it has a scientifically *rifled* barrel, which gives the pellet a perfectly true and reliable trajectory.

It was last October that a self-elected committee of six preparatory schoolmasters sent a circular round to their brethren inviting them to join an association for using this air-rifle, which is of English make, and sold by Mr. Ramsbottom (the father of air-rifle shooting in this country) of 81 Market Street, Manchester, under the name of the "Anglo Sureshot." It was pointed out what excellent opportunity the air-rifle gives of practice, indoors in winter, or out-of-doors in summer, at ranges varying from five to twenty yards. No gun licence is needed by its bearer. The initial cost of rifles, patent stop-butt and card targets, is very small: the slugs cost only 1s. 2d. a thousand, whilst air can be had for nothing. Before Christmas a hundred schools had joined the association,



PARKGATE V. OXTON LADIES, JULY 12, 1905.
Photo. by Maycock, Parkgate.

and Lord Roberts had accepted with real pleasure the post of its president. Since then, the association has been steadily growing, and hopes to be quite big and strong some day.

With the air-rifle, boys can learn many, if not all, of the essentials of shooting, *e.g.*, to respect a weapon intended for accurate work, and capable of inflicting serious injury: not to bang it on the ground or point it at others: to aim correctly "under the bull": to hold it level, without a cant: and to squeeze the trigger gently and steadily whilst aiming, so that the precise moment of its going off cannot be predicted by the marksman, instead of snatching at it like a policeman with a stop-watch.

A boy who has learned all that there is to learn with an air-rifle will rapidly pick up the use of a larger weapon at a longer range: he will only need opportunity and practice. If he shoots out-of-doors in summer, he will be all the better for having "kept his hand in" during the winter. There is no reason why it should cut into his games: the hopelessly wet afternoon, the odd ten minutes (even by artificial light of an evening), are amply sufficient.

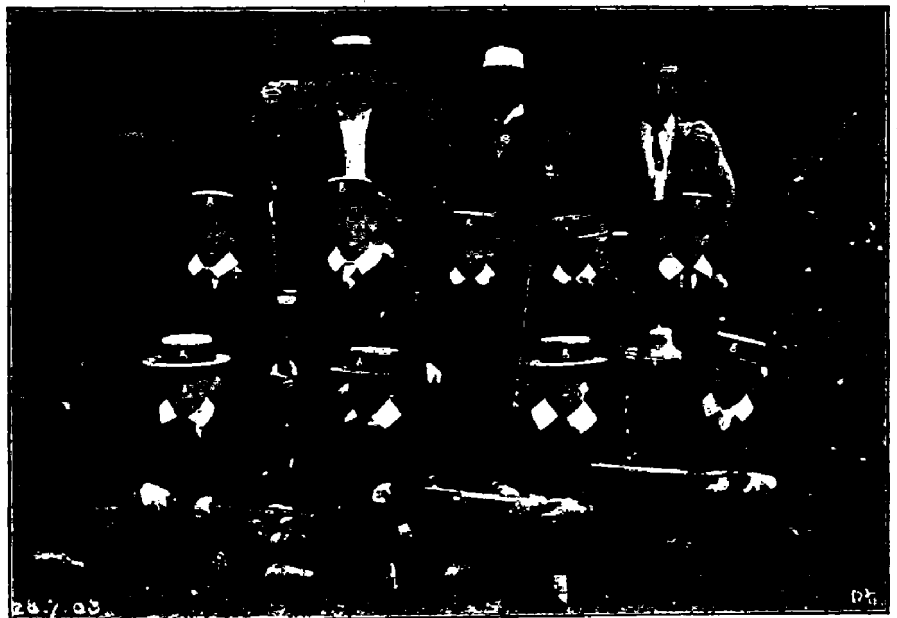
The association con-

ducts simultaneous competitions, in which each member of each VIII. fires seven shots (no sighter) at each of three targets, representing ranges of 200, 500, and 600 yards, with thirty feet between the muzzle and the target: prone position: no rests allowed. No previous practice is permitted on the day of competition. The targets are all sent for verification and classification to Mr. Ramsbottom, who sends back a printed list of results to each school. One such

competition, held in December last, included thirty-three schools. Here are the scores of the first ten:

Name of School.	200 yd.	500 yd.	600 yd.	Total.
Rutlish School . . .	262	259	243	764
St. Andrew's School . . .	263	247	239	749
Windlesham " . . .	248	245	227	720
Routenburn " . . .	260	246	212	718
Rottingdean " . . .	258	225	217	700
Mostyn House " . . .	267	230	199	696
Castle Park " . . .	250	219	214	683
Ardreck " . . .	249	230	198	677
New Beacon " . . .	250	203	205	658
West Downs " . . .	250	210	193	653

The highest possible score was, of course, 840.



MOSTYN HOUSE SCHOOL, PARKGATE, CHESHIRE.

The VIII. (average age, 12½) which won every match with the carbine, Summer Term, 1903, and their coaches. From a photo.

"ACTION" PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN."



NEWCASTLE EXCHANGE WALK, 1905.



HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES.

[R. F. Sewell.

Photos. by]



THE WHEEL-BARROW RACE.



Photo. by

A TUG-OF-WAR.

[W. H. Braddell.



A GOOD VAULT.
Photo. by J. W. Winter.



TAKING THE FENCE.
Photo. by Winifred Hughes.

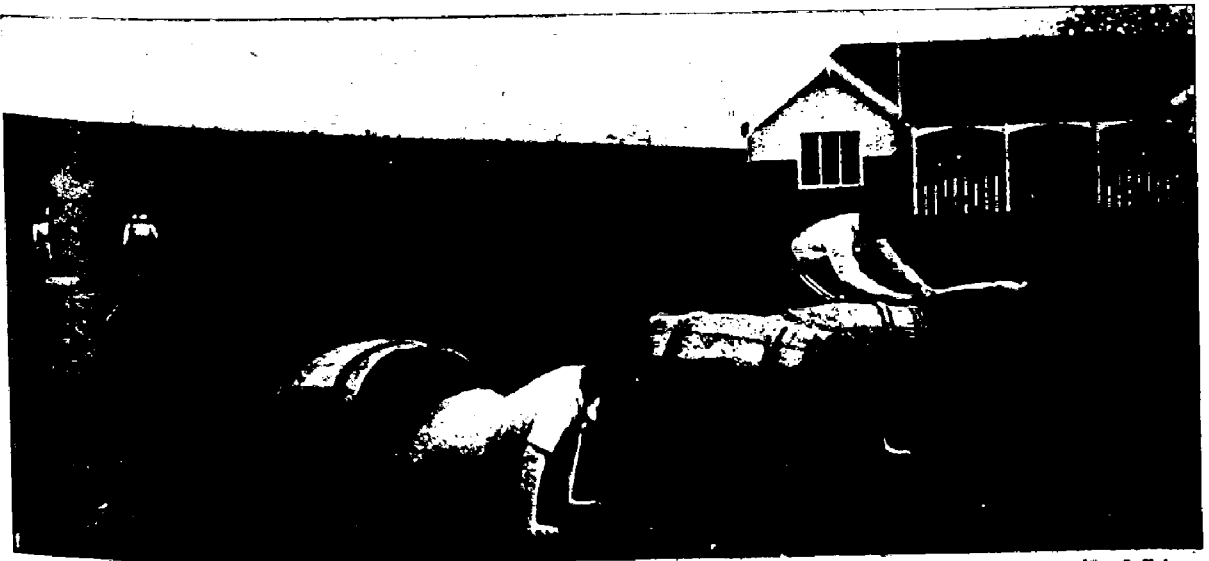


Photo. by]

THE OBSTACLE RACE

Norman'Le Gallais.



THE GRAND CIRCLE.
Photo. by Stanley Sewell.



OVER THE NET.
Photo by M E Holden.



A WATER JUMP.



THE RETURN.

Photos. by R. F. Sewell.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points for.	Points against.	Points
1. Fettes . . .	5	3	1	1	100	16	1
Merchiston . . .	8	5	2	1	81	36	2
2. Loretto . . .	5	2	2	1	55	22	2
Watson's Col. . .	5	2	2	1	35	35	2
5. Edinburgh Academy . . .	8	3	3	2	44	47	3
6. Glenalmond . . .	5	0	5	0	0	159	5

One point for each defeat.

"NORTHERN SCOT."

Scottish Schools' Football Championship.

SEASON 1905-6.

THE latter part of the above competition was somewhat interfered with by various epidemics.

As the competition stands, Fettes are champions, this being the fourth year in succession that they have won this position. Before Christmas they won three of their four matches and drew against Loretto, each side scoring a try.

For second place, Merchiston, Loretto, and Watson's are all equal with two defeats each. However, as Merchiston beat Loretto once and Watson's twice, they have the best claim to be runners-up. They scored a creditable win over Fettes by 8 points to 5, but lost the return match against the Academy, after a pointless draw at their first meeting.

At the beginning of the season, Loretto were regarded as probable champions, but, after drawing with Fettes, were unexpectedly beaten by Merchiston by 8 points, and, later in the season, by the Academy by 3 points to 11.

Watson's College had a much-improved team, and scored a victory over the Academy by 7 points, and drew the return match, but were easily beaten twice by Merchiston.

Edinburgh Academy lost early in the season to Loretto and Fettes, but, improving as the season went on, beat Merchiston by 11 points to 3 in the return match.

Glenalmond had a very unsuccessful season, losing all their matches by scores varying from 19 points to the Academy to 57 points to Fettes.

Appended is the championship table :



THE GATEWAY TO THE OLD CASTLE, SHERBORNE, DORSET

Wrecked by Cromwell. The Pageant was held here last June.

Photo. by R. W. Copeman.

Harrison Ainsworth's House.

KENSAL GREEN Manor House, which stands by the Harrow Road about three miles from London, was for many years the residence of William Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist. During his residence here he produced many of his finest works—notably, "Rookwood," "Windsor Castle," "Old St. Paul's," and "Sir John Chiverton."

Ainsworth always kept a hospitable board,



KENSAL GREEN MANOR HOUSE.

At one time the residence of Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist.
Photo. by W. Bryceson, jun.

and among others] such men as Dickens, Talfourd, Maclise, and Lauosen might, some seventy years ago, have been seen gathered together in the spacious library, or under the venerable oak-tree which is shown in the picture.

This interesting old residence possesses fine gardens and commands an extensive view of the country from Kensal Green away to Windsor.

The accompanying photograph was taken by courtesy of the present owner, Mr. J. Andrews.
W. B.

"Hickson's" Again.

I WAS rather surprised to see the "Hickson Question" brought up again, but, as it is up, may I say that I, for one, should be very sorry to see that system gain footing in our "right little, tight little island." It is good policy "when you have got a good thing, to stick to it." We have got our Public School system, and it is a good one, so let us stick to it.

From this it may appear that I do not appre-

ciate the fair sex. This is quite a mistake, as I have a few girl friends who are neither "fearfully" athletic nor yet "namby-pamby," and with whom I delight to have a game of tennis or a chat.

The "Hickson girl" savours too much of the girl who—

"could play tennis all day long.
But she couldn't help her mother
'Cos she wasn't very strong."

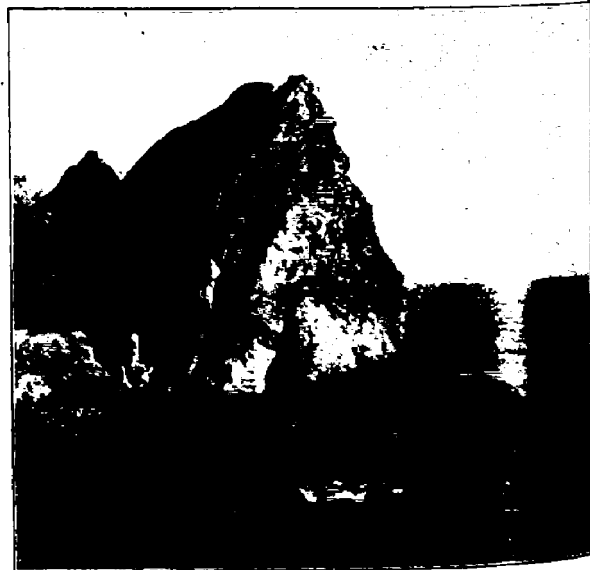
F. H. W.

The First Issue of Bank-notes.

WITH reference to the article which appeared under this title in the March number of THE CAPTAIN, I beg to point out that a statement contained therein, viz., that a financial crisis led to the introduction of paper-money, is incorrect.

Long before the foundation of the Bank of England in 1694, paper-money was very common in this country. About the year 1645, goldsmiths, who were previously only money-changers, became money-lenders; for the money lodged with them they issued receipts, which circulated from hand to hand, and were known by the name of "goldsmiths' notes." These were the first kind of bank-notes issued in England.

In 1777 an Act was passed which prohibited bankers from issuing notes of a less value than £5. In 1797, however, owing to



A ROCKY HEADLAND NEAR WEST LULWORTH, DORSET,
Which presents the appearance of an old man's profile.
Photo. by R. W. Copeman.

the great demand for gold occasioned by the wars with France the "Bank Restriction Act" was passed. The Bank of England was authorised to issue £1 and £2 notes, but forbidden to give gold in exchange for its notes, an Act of Indemnity having been passed. This was the first and last time that we have had unconvertible paper-money, but was by no means the first time that we issued bank-notes.

D. N. PUGH.

Some Epitaphs.

THE following was seen on the tombstone of a parish clerk :

"Here lieth the body of Thomas Harte ;
For twenty years he took the part of Parish Clerk :
So well he read, and sang so clear,
Till eighteen hundred and sixtieth year,
Death cut the brittle thread, and then
A period put to his 'Amen.'"

The following was put over the grave of a man who contracted blood-poisoning and died through cutting off one of his toes :

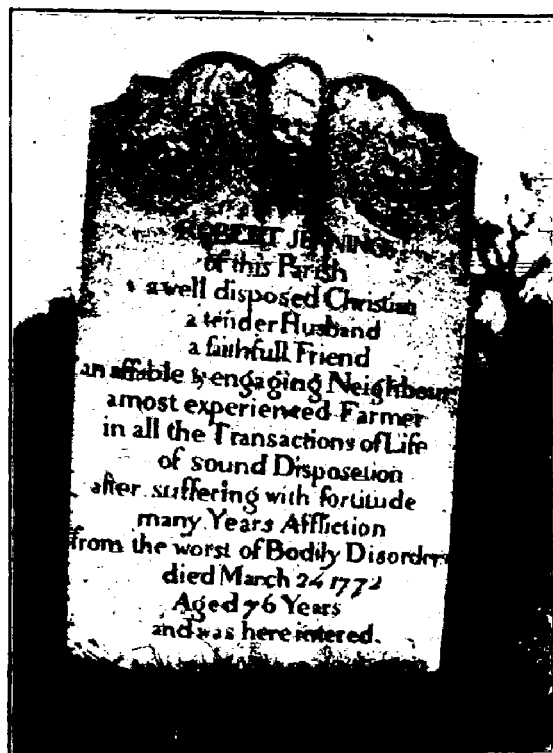
"Here lieth the body of Roger Morton,
Whose early death was sadly brought on,
Trying one day to mow his corn off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off,
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to,
The parts, they took to mortifying,
And poor dear Roger took to dying.

Here entombed his Father lies,
Likewise his Mother, when she dies."



QUEEN ELEANOR'S CROSS, NEAR NORTHAMPTON.

Photo. by J. D. Faulkner.



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A QUAIN AND VERY CLEARLY INSCRIBED TOMBSTONE IN GREAT CLACTON CHURCHYARD.

Photo. by W. E. Randall.

The following two inscriptions have a decidedly Hibernian flavour :

"Here lies John Palfreyman and his three children dear,
Two are buried at Oswestry, and one here."

"Here lies I, here's an end to my woes,
And my spirit at length at aise is,
With top of my nose and the tips of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies."

An old woman who was employed to clean out a certain large church was asked when on the point of death what request she had to make. In reply she asked that she might be buried in the church. So they buried her very near the chancel steps, and this was written on the stone over the grave :

"Here lies I at the chancel door,
Here lies I because I am poor,
The higher up the more you pay,
But here lies I, as warm as they."

Brief and to the point were the lines commemorating a lady who met her end by means of a sky-rocket, which entered her eye :

"Here lies I, killed by a sky-
Rocket in my eye-
Socket."

I conclude with a couple of quaint tombstone inscriptions :

"Here beneath this humble stone,
Lies the body of poor William Joan.
(N.B.—His name was Robinson, but it would
not rhyme.)"

"Here lies I and my three daughters,
Killed through drinking Cheltenham waters,
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We would not be lying in these here vaults."

G. A. S.

An Ingenious Model.

THE model of a racing motor-car shown in the accompanying photograph is 12 in. long, $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. high, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. It is made entirely of wood, and took eight weeks to construct. The only



A MOTOR-CAR MODEL MADE ENTIRELY OF WOOD.

tools used in its manufacture were a fretsaw, drill, knife, some sand-paper, and a few brass brads. It is driven by clockwork, by means of a countershaft and gear-box, and is capable of two speeds. On the level it will easily travel at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and it emits a clicking noise worthy of the genuine article.

GORDON A. DAY.

The Easiest Method of Blowing Eggs.

WITH the arrival of spring the thoughts of a good many boys will turn once more to the hobby of egg-collecting. For these, I think, a few notes on the best way of preserving their treasures will not be out of place.

The following is a list of requirements: some pins, a couple of egg-drills such as can be obtained from any naturalist's shop for a few pence, a brass or glass blow-pipe, and a basin of water.

In about the centre of the egg-shell, a small hole should be made with a pin or needle. Into the hole thus made the egg-drill should be inserted, and by carefully twisting it to and fro the orifice will be enlarged sufficiently to fit the blow-pipe loosely. The egg should then

be held with the hole downwards over the basin of water, which will serve to receive the contents of the shell, and also to save it from damage should it be let fall by any chance. The blow-pipe is then inserted, and a steady and not too strong current of air will expel the contents of the egg through the space between the blow-pipe and the opening in the shell—provided, of course, that the egg is not half-hatched.

I tried this method first on some gulls' eggs, and was surprised to find that I finished them in less than half the time and with much less trouble than would have been the case with the old method of making a hole at each end and blowing with the egg close to the mouth; and the results, of course, were much neater.

When quite empty, the shell should be washed out several times until the water comes out as clear as when it went in. The egg should then be put away to dry.

BERTRAM A. POOLE.

A Scottish Hero.

BORN in the second half of the thirteenth century,

Sir William Wallace rose from a guerrilla chief to be a national hero. Brought into prominence by the revolt against the English domination in 1296-97, almost without any help from the nobles he drove the English garrisons out of the larger part of Scotland, won a great battle at Stirling in August, 1297, over the Earl of Surrey, and devastated the North of England in the following winter. He was utterly crushed

at Falkirk in July, 1298, by the overwhelming force of Edward I., and then disappeared for a time, but was captured near Glasgow and executed in London seven years later, August 23, 1305.



THE WALLACE MONUMENT,
AILSA CRAIG, STIRLING.

Photo. by Mayne Reid.

St. IVEL.

COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

Last day for sending in, May 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, July 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work. Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope, and bear a coupon.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. Only those articles actually offered for competition will be awarded as prizes. Girls may, however, have tennis racquets instead of cricket bats.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows: Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by May 18.

The Results will be published in July.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—“**Pack my Box with Five Dozen Liquor Jugs.**”—This sentence contains all the letters in the alphabet. Can you compose another sentence of a similar kind? No words in the sentence we have quoted must be used by competitors; only one proper name may be used. The prize will be given to the competitor who sends the *shortest sentence*, which must, of course, convey an idea and not be composed merely of a list of words that don't make sense. The same letter may be used more than once, but of course it will be clear to competitors that the oftener they use a letter the longer the sentence will be. The sentence must be the *original work of the competitor*. The Prize will be a 1906 Standard “Raleigh” Bicycle. (See Prizes page.)

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—“**Photographic Competition.**”—This month we want camera-fiends to send photographs illustrative of Modern Locomotion. The subject of the photograph may be anything that travels on wheels, from a go-cart to a train, from a perambulator to a pantehnicon. But the go-cart, &c., must be *in motion*. Prizes in each class, a packet of Messrs. B. J. Edwards and Co.'s Isochromatic Ordinary X.L. Plates (half-plate, five by four, or quarter-plate, as required by winner). (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—“**My Favourite Cricketer.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, on your favourite cricketer. Remember to state clearly *why* he is your favourite. We shall be just as interested to hear about a boy in your School XI. as about a member of the England XI. Prize in each class, an “Imperial Driver” Cricket Bat, value £1 1s., by Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—“**Drawing Competition.**”—Send a sketch, in pen, pencil or water-colours, of the view to be seen *from your window*—the window, that is to say, through which you gaze most frequently. The view may consist of a yard or an Alpine Valley; what matters is the skill with which you portray it. The Prize in each class will be one of Messrs. George Rowney and Co.'s Paint-Boxes. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—“**May Celebrities.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in May. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Hamley's Fishing-Rods, with line and winch complete. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—“**Handwriting.**”—Copy in your best handwriting the first sixteen lines of “Cox's Cough-Drops.” Write only on one side of the paper. This is a competition intended particularly for our younger readers. The Prize in each Class will be a No. 2 “Scout” Camera, by Houghtons, Ltd., value 10s. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twelve.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **July 18.** By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living *outside* Europe. There will be **no age limit.** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial May Competitions.”

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"May at Last!—Joyously do we greet thee, month of balmy breezes and beauteous flower gardens! Now do we seek the meadows, radiant with cowslips and buttercups! Now comes forth the pliant cricket-bat; now the scent of sweet new turf caresses our nostrils. Beautiful May is here—Queen of the months! Come, let us do homage to her smiling Majesty!"

The above effusion was brought up to me by the Idea Merchant, who, in handing it to me, spoke as follows: "I have noticed that, as the various seasons come round, you like to say a little something nice about each. It is no easy thing for a gentleman of your advanced years to be always thinking of fresh compliments to pay to spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Besides, I am told that you are a writer of fiction, so it behoves you not to be too lavish with your thoughts. You must not run dry, you know—that would never do. It must be a dreadful thing for an author to exhaust his stock of ideas and still be under the necessity of earning a living, so you must hoard up your thoughts, old man. Of course, you may have a private income—although I must confess that your appearance doesn't suggest it—in which case you can be as lavish as you like with your ideas. Still, you can do worse than take my advice and be wary of being too prodigal with the riches of your brain—if any."

Having spoken thus, the Idea Merchant helped himself to one of the ninepenny cigars which I keep for my most valued contributors, and calmly seated himself in my own editorial chair. I always know,

when the Idea Merchant commences a speech of this kind, that he has got something up his sleeve. On this occasion it proved to be the paragraph about May which begins this Editorial. "I thought this might help you along a bit," he said, producing a sheet of paper on the top of which I noticed the ominous address: H.M. PRISON, HOLLOWAY.



"SHALL WE SAY A GUINEA?"

"Yes," he continued, seeing that I had noticed the address, "I have been putting in a month there for not paying my rates, and as I was a second-class misdemeanant I had plenty of time in which to think out a few ideas. This is one of them. I scratched it off the day before I came out—yesterday, to be exact."

"Well," I replied, "that was very thoughtful of you, sir, and I shall have much pleasure in making use of your remarks about the arrival of May. Is there anything else I can do for you?" He shifted about

OFFICE
RECEIPT FILE.

Mar 30. 06.

Received from
The Old Fag,
the sum of One shilling and
Sixpence in payment of contribution
entitled "May at Last."
The Idea Merchant

I FEAR I OVERPAID HIM.

uneasily in his chair for a moment, and tried to pat our Hound, who slunk away with a low growl. There has never been much love lost between these two, I regret to say. "Yes," he said, "there is one more thing. I never write for nothing. I trust you can see your way to recompense me for the paragraph I have written for you. In doing so," he went on hastily, "I beg that you will not pay me for that passage by length. Men like myself should be remunerated for quality, not quantity. It is a paragraph of considerable beauty. Shall we say a guinea?"

I am afraid I am very indulgent to the Idea Merchant. I took some money out of the till, and handed it to him. I fear I overpaid him. However, let that pass.

Having drawn his money, the Idea Merchant disappeared with suspicious alacrity. From the window I saw him dodge into the little eating-house which nestles under the wing of this office (it used to be a barber's, but the barber has crossed over to the other side of the street). Half an hour later he emerged looking considerably plumper, and came up smoking what remained of my editorial cigar—one of the "Punch" brand which is so popular now.

"During my refection," quoth he, pulling at the cigar as if it were any common weed not worth dallying over, "it occurred to me that, owing to this confounded Gulf Stream, or Solar Solstice, or whatever it is that turns winter into summer and summer into winter in this country, my remarks may not be entirely applicable to this season of the year. I therefore asked the girl to get me a sheet of notepaper, and, whilst toying

with my sheep's head and baked jam roll, evolved this alternative apostrophe to May. It is, you will observe, in the Horatian manner." Then with a flourish he handed me the sheet of notepaper. Unfortunately, the effusion was splashed with gravy, being thus rendered undecipherable in parts. It ran thus:

"May is Here!—Coal merchant, send me round, post-haste, a ton of your best (*gravy splash*). My skates! Ho, boy, get out my skates and burnish them with (*gravy splash*). Pile on the faggots, heap up the logs, for keen-toothed May is come! O raw and frosty month, thou dost make the fireside more cosy than ever thy biting brother (*gravy splash*) does. Hoar-frost sparkles on the trees, the river banks are hung with icicles! Hail, Lady of the White Robe, who liest upon a bed of snowdrops girt about with (*gravy splashes*). . . ."

"Use which you like," said the Idea Merchant. "The one you hold over will always come in useful. 'Balmy breezes' will do nicely for your Christmas Editorial. Now, supposing you want to treat May with caution, as if you were not certain how you ought to deal with her—as if, in short, you could not classify her, so to speak—I have produced still a third—"

There was a growl, a bound, and the third (and possibly most interesting) Address to May had gone to swell our Hound's varied dietary. This being a good opportunity for me to put in my oar, I got to work hastily.

The Secret of Success.—"Don't you think, my friend," I began, "that it's about time you pulled yourself together and did a little bit of real work? There is no doubt that you are a man of talent" (here our Hound growled in what seemed a dissenting manner), "and that you could do very well if you tried. You have evidently not studied the methods by which a man may gain wealth and honour. Take this," as I handed him a copy of the April *Grand Magazine*, "and read what a number of famous soldiers have to say on the secret of success. And now, if you will excuse me, I must get on with my work," and I went into the Art Department to give some instructions to our Tame Artist. I had not been there five minutes when a shout from my caller caused me to hurry back to my editorial sanctum. I found the

Idea Merchant standing before the fire, waving the magazine above his head.

"O.F.," he said, "do you think it is too late for me to become a soldier?"

"I hardly think," I replied, "that you can join the regular army, but you are not too old to join the Yeomanry. You would make a rather imposing-looking officer if you padded yourself out well and had your hair cut. But why do you ask?"

"Why," he said, running his finger down the page he had been reading, "it seems to me that I have wasted my life hitherto."

"Indeed?" I replied. "It is curious that that thought has never occurred——"

"I don't quite mean that," retorted the Idea Merchant. "After all, I haven't done badly out of literature. There's plenty of fellows who've done worse than myself. I have heard of a poet who published a book of poems and sold exactly *one* copy. It would be impossible to do worse than that, because there is every reason to suppose that he bought the copy himself."

"Yes, yes," I responded; "but about this soldiering idea of yours?"

"Why," said he excitedly, "it is quite plain from what one of these chaps says, that I should have risen to be Commander-in-Chief." And, he directed my attention to the following qualifications for attaining success in the Army, contributed by a highly placed cavalry officer who desired to remain anonymous:

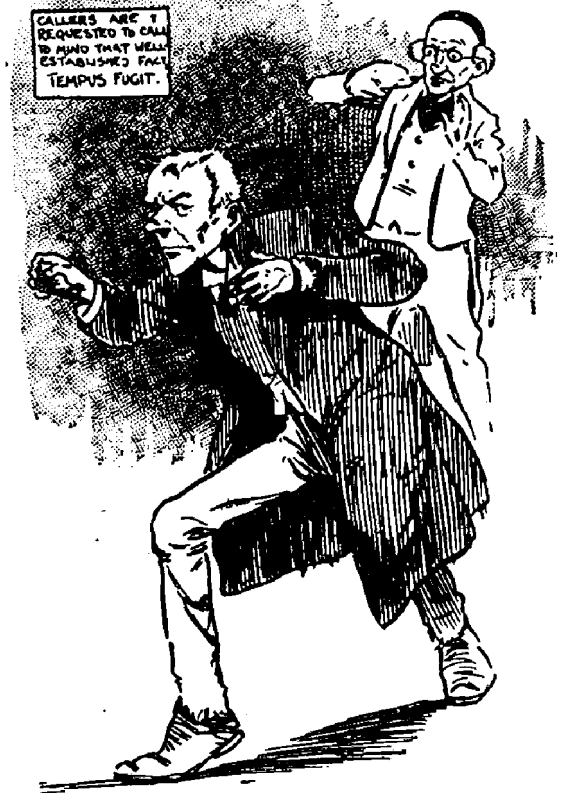
- (1) A chin and under-jaw like Napoleon.
- (2) A memory like General Nicholson.
- (3) A profound knowledge of military history and a disregard to present surroundings when campaigning, like General Sir John French.
- (4) The low cunning of certain historical and legendary heroes.

"Well," I said, having read this list, "it is possible that you possess *one* of these qualifications."

"That is exactly what *I* think," replied the Idea Merchant, excitedly. "I have got enough *low cunning* to stock a whole regiment. Sir, if only this article had been published when I was a lad of sixteen, what a different career mine might have been!" and with that, after helping himself to a few more cigars and absent-mindedly putting the magazine in his pocket, he went sadly out of the office—so sadly that even our Hound did not attempt to accelerate his exit.

I daresay a good many of my readers have been following this series of "success"

articles in our friend the *Grand*. There is, of course, bound to be a certain sameness about the answers contributed by various distinguished men—army officers or otherwise. Every contribution, however, is redeemed by a freshness of handling that makes it readable. We are told what we all know, *i.e.*, that in order to be successful one must be persevering, punctual, and precise in the performance of one's duties, and learn to seize and use opportunities. Of course, that is obvious advice. Still there is no harm in such facts being repeated. A good deal of this wise counsel-seed may



"I HAVE GOT ENOUGH LOW CUNNING TO STOCK A WHOLE REGIMENT."

fall on barren ground; but, on the other hand, a good deal may inspire many to go on endeavouring to win their way up the ladder. There is no doubt that interest and money help one on a good deal in most professions, but there is plenty of proof that one can achieve success even in the Army and Navy without the help of either. Interest, I believe, figures more largely in the Navy than in any other profession. It is a pity that this should be so, because when the time comes for our Navy to fight all it knows, the fools who scrape along all right in these piping times of peace will

stand revealed, and the Nation will pay a bitter reckoning. Nevertheless, as I have said, plenty of men do excellently well without interest. Good work is bound to attract attention in the long run, whatever be the sphere. I recommend these articles in the *Grand* to all my readers.

One thing I would like to impress on you. Success can only be properly gained by straightforward means. I have noticed that money fraudulently begotten works harm on the generations that succeed to it. I daresay you have observed that people who make fortunes by gulling the public have to put up with all sorts of misfortunes which money cannot ward off. How often do we come across a millionaire with a sickly brood of children? Think of the people you know to have inherited doubtfully earned thousands, and tell me if they are happy with them! A French millionaire once said he would give everything he had for the ability to *sleep*. If a man cannot attain success by honourable means, let him be content with what comes to him in the ordinary lot of life. Every one who plays tricks with Fortune and earns her (apparent) smiles by jugglery is bound to repent of it sooner or later, because the most outstanding characteristic of human life is that Law of Compensation which makes every man's account the same in the Bank of Happiness. Let every man do his best to get on by honest methods, and let him, all the time, show himself to be wise by assiduously cultivating the virtue of contentment.

Scholarship - Appointment Competition.—As Mr. George H. Schofield finds himself unable to relinquish his present post and come to London in order to take the Secretarial-City Course, with appointment guaranteed, at Kensington College, Mr. Munford, the Principal, has awarded the Scholarship to the lady who obtained the same number of marks—viz., Miss Clarissa Mary Herrick. Killarney House, Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire. While regretting that Mr. Schofield cannot see his way to avail himself of the Scholarship, we offer our hearty congratulations to Miss Herrick on her succession to it. Miss Herrick's capital paper caused her to be bracketed equal with Mr. Schofield, but placed second in actual order of merit on account of the fact that

prohibits things direct the movement of his line by keeping them as compact as the nature of the circumstances will admit and contains all block & their particular line as their rallying point. But in case signals can neither be seen or perfectly understood no (certain can do very wrong if he places his faith alongside that of an enemy.

Of the intended attack from the windward the enemy in line of battle ready to receive and attack.

A FACSIMILE OF ONE OF THE FOUR PAGES OF THE NELSON MEMORANDUM RECENTLY SOLD FOR £3600.

It was the property of a London bus-driver whose father was butler to Sir George Munday, one of Nelson's Admirals.

Photo. by Park.

she was that competitor's senior by two years.

"Best Twelve Stories in Volume XIV."—Captain F. H. Shaw's excellent story "Wind v. Steam" headed the list in this competition, and a suitably inscribed volume has accordingly been sent to that gentleman. The following is the list, in order as decided by the number of votes each tale received:

- (1) Wind v. Steam.
- (2) A Price on His Head.
- (3) A Leading Part.
- (4) The Green Sail.
- (5) The Mystery of the Five Vases.
- (6) How Grogam Held the Fort.
- (7) Roden Garrett, Spy.
- (8) The Decoy.
- (9) "Three Short."
- (10) The King of Mazy May.
- (11) The Fugitive.
- (12) Sparkes' Christmas Party.

"The Assassination of President Lincoln."—Mr. Henry J. Ross writes:

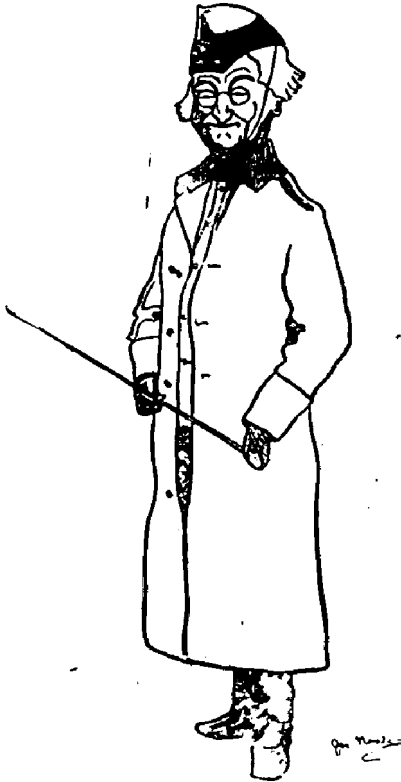
In answer to the request you make in the April CAPTAIN regarding my authority for stating that "the motive for this awful crime was revenge on the part of the Southern States leaders," in my essay on the "Death of Abraham Lincoln," I beg

to say that my authority is Mr. W. M. Thayer, author of "Abraham Lincoln, the Pioneer Boy, and how he became President," and I quote from the above-mentioned book. . . . He was known to some persons who saw him and heard his voice after the fatal shot—John Wilkes Booth—a worthless, dissipated fellow, in full sympathy with the rebel cause. It was soon ascertained that Booth had been busy laying his plans during the previous play, and that several accomplices were engaged with him. There was unmistakable evidence that other members of the Cabinet were singled out for assassination, and that General Grant would have been a victim had he remained in the city. A letter was found in Booth's trunk which showed that the assassination was planned for March 4, the day of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and that it failed because the accomplices refused to proceed "until Richmond could be heard from." . . . Now, Richmond was the rebel headquarters, and it would seem that Booth was not the instigator of the crime when it is considered that Booth was, along with his accomplices, waiting instructions from Richmond. Judging from the facts as set forth in the book from which I quote, I think it extremely likely that it was the leaders at Richmond who were responsible for the organising of the crime, and I might add that nowhere in the book does it state that Booth was a madman.



CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW, F.R.A.S.
Author of "The Making of a Man."

Scholastic Legends.—Some time ago, whilst quoting a story relating to the



THE OLD FAG AS A YEOMAN.
Drawn by Geo. Noakes.
(With apologies to Mr. Tom Browne.)

founding of Owen's School, Islington, I asked for similar legends about other schools. E. Barker is good enough to send the following:

Dulwich College, as many readers of *THE CAPTAIN* know, was founded by Edward Alleyn, the celebrated actor and contemporary of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, in the year 1616. In connection with the reason for its founding, Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, tells a curious story. Alleyn, he relates, one night, when he was acting at the Bankside Theatre as the Devil, was startled in the middle of the act by the apparition of the Evil One, standing in the midst of a strange phosphorescent light. So frightened was the actor by this terrible spectre that he forthwith made up his mind to found a charitable school as a gift to the Almighty, and as the outcome of this resolve Dulwich College was built and given the appropriate and reverent title of "Alleyn's College of God's Gift."

Free Trade or Protection?—The Fiscal Problem is undoubtedly the topic of the hour, and it will certainly continue to be discussed for some time. Since it is a question of such vital importance—upon the solution of which the prosperity of the Nation so much depends—it is every one's duty to be conversant with all available facts. Messrs. Newnes, recognising the necessity of a work which gives a graphic summary of the Trade of the World, with Statistics of our Exports and Imports, are publishing an Atlas—"The Atlas of the World's Com-

merce"—the Maps and Diagrams of which will show at a glance the Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral Products we import or ship to other countries. The work will consist of twenty-two parts, the first three of which are now ready, price 6d. net, and is edited by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., who has been engaged on its compilation for several years.

Books Received.

Notes from Nature's Garden. By Frances A. Bardswell. (Longmans, Green and Co. 6s. 6d. net.)

Turning for Beginners. By J. Lukin, B.A. (1s. 6d. net) and *Modern Dynamos and Batteries.* By S. R. Bottone. (Guilbert Pitman. 2s. 6d. net.)

Chucks and Chucking. By H. J. S. Cassal. (1s. net) and *Jiu-Jitsu.* By Percy Longhurst. (L. Upcott Gill. 1s. net.)

The Black Fifteen. By W. E. Cule. (Andrew Melrose. 2s. 6d.) A book of school stories.

Dorchester and Its Surroundings. (Homeland Association. 1s. net.)

What Foods Feed Us. By Eustace Miles. (George Newnes, Ltd. 1s. net.)

The Pharmacy Student's Pocket Note-Book. (The Pharmaceutical Journal. 2s. 6d.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As we receive a great number of letters, our correspondents are requested to bear in mind that we can only comment on communications that we consider to be of general interest. Readers requiring information quickly should enclose stamped envelopes or post-cards, according to the length of the answer they desire.]

"The White Feather." "A. D. R.," commenting on certain passages in this story, writes as follows: "I read the tale with mixed feelings. At times I have thought it the best yarn by Mr. Wodehouse that has appeared in THE CAPTAIN, but there have been one or two incidents and paragraphs that have set my back up, as it were. The story started splendidly, the plot being quite original. The ending, however, did not give me so much satisfaction. With regard to the final with Peteiro, I must confess I am not well up in boxing rules, but I consider that once the contest has commenced the boxers should be left to themselves. It seems to me to be absolutely unfair that one man should win because he happens to have a better second. Sheen, in the first round, was being hopelessly beaten. The author himself says, 'He felt the matter had been taken out of his hands. A more experienced brain than his would look after the generalship of the fight.' Then, later, Joe Bevan gives the signal when Sheen is to 'go in and have a fight.'—There is, I must admit, a good deal in what my correspondent says. I do not know what rules obtain in the Public Schools Boxing Championships, but certainly an old and cunning boxer like Joe Bevan ought not to have been allowed to give Sheen valuable ring advice at the critical moment. In such contests boys should fight out their matches "on their own." Personally, I do not think that Sheen thoroughly redeemed his cowardice by taking boxing lessons from a great expert and coming off successful at Aldershot. The suggestion is that, having learnt how to use his hands, he found him-

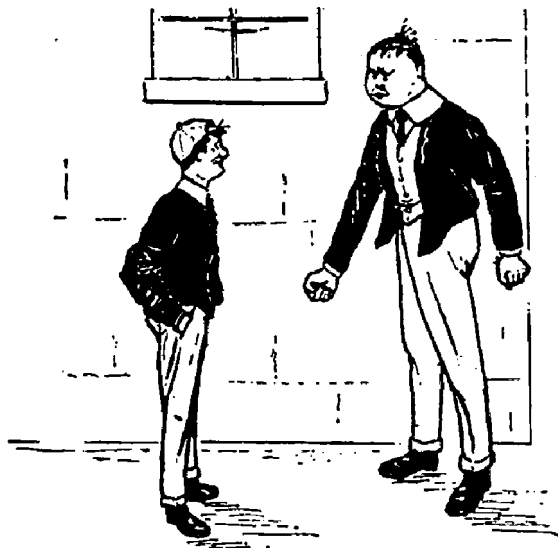
self able to take his own part, and so demolished the reputation he had earned for cowardice. As a matter of fact, Sheen's most redeeming act was standing up to "Albert" when he encountered the hooligans in Wrykyn a few weeks after the turning-tail episode. Sheen deliberately waited for "Albert," and showed much courage in doing so. Pluck is, after all, largely a matter of nerves and imagination. The man with no imagination is generally a pretty plucky fellow because his mind does not conjure up visions of what will happen to him if he does this or that. The bravest man is he who, having a perfect knowledge of what will happen to him if he goes to a certain place or encounters a certain person, deliberately goes to the place or encounters the person. However, Mr. Wodehouse's idea was to tell an interesting story, and I think all my readers will agree with me that he succeeded in achieving his object.

Bullying.—"R. D." (Harrow) writes: "I see you mention in the editorial pages of the MARCH CAPTAIN that you would like to hear the views of your readers on the subject of bullying in public and private schools. I am certain that bullying has died out in both kinds of school, though I am equally certain that it was formerly very prevalent in both. It is not my intention, though, to speak of the decrease of bullying, but to give my views, as a member for four years of a private school, and for two years of my present school, on the propagation of bullying in public and private schools respectively. My opinion is that as a boy grows older he sees what a mean and contemptible thing bullying is. Thus at a private school, where boys range from eight to fourteen years of age, there is a certain amount of minor annoyance which can make a boy very unhappy, though the constant supervision of masters prevents any very serious bullying. The bigger boys do not, with certain exceptions, of course, usually indulge in this, but take no active steps to prevent it. But at a public school the bigger boys put down any cases of bullying with an iron hand. The matter never comes to the ears of a master, but the offender is dealt with severely but justly by those placed in authority. Both in the case of the public and of the private school the bullying is not usually done by one boy to others smaller than himself, but by a coalition of boys to one of their own age, or even slightly older than themselves."

Noel Orton wants me to have a "CAPTAIN Picture Gallery" as well as a "CAPTAIN Photographic Gallery." Well, my dear Orton, the reason why we don't have a CAPTAIN Picture Gallery is that few of the pictures we receive are good enough to publish. Moreover, very few competitors send in the kind of picture which reproduces well, viz., strong, clear black-and-white work. I will bear what you say in mind, however. As you will observe, I am beginning to insert little sketches among the "Answers to Correspondents." I have no doubt that I shall receive hundreds of little sketches for this department, but, of course, I can only put in a few every month. I am a capricious old gent., and don't care to put in a drawing simply because it is rather well drawn. I prefer subjects that are exceptional and out-of-the-way. Ideas are what we want nowadays—ideas and originality.

"Constant Reader" is another aspiring artist whose sketch we reproduce, not on account of its artistic merits (though it is not without promise), but because the artist shows himself to be up-to-date and moving with the times in making the school

bully cowed by the latest and most scientific method of self-defence. Here is "Constant Reader's" sketch, with joke attached :



T.E.C.

SCHOOL BULLY: "Look here, youngster, if you don't tell me what your father is I shall punch your head."

NEW BOY: "Oh, he's a jiu-jitsu instructor."

SCHOOL BULLY: "Ah, I see—come along to the tuck shop, old man."

"H. M." writes from Biarritz: "I noticed in the March number of *THE CAPTAIN* a note by you about bullying in which you invited your readers to give you their opinions on the subject. I am an Etonian of over a year's standing (out here on sick leave). When I first went to a preparatory school there was an awful lot of bullying going on, and although I was a pretty hefty fellow, and so didn't suffer as much as some, I had a pretty bad time while I was a junior. Nearly all my friends who were at other preparatory schools tell me they suffered as badly as I did. Since I have been at Eton I have known no single case of bullying at my tutor's, and even the things I have heard about in other houses are not cases of big fellows bullying kids, but of a lot of kids bullying one particular kid. My experience (and that of most fellows of my acquaintance) thus bears out what you say entirely. It is curious that this should be the case, seeing that the opportunities for bullying are much greater at public schools—at least, at Eton—than they are at private schools."

Jim Mill.—If you really think that your father's tales and articles are saleable, you should have them typewritten and then send them to such papers or magazines as you think they will suit, enclosing a stamped envelope for return. A brief, courteous letter requesting the Editor's consideration of the contribution should be enclosed. Do not, however, say anything about your father being ill. People's private troubles have nothing whatever to do with an Editor, who is a business man, and should be treated as such. One more thing I must add; have the tales and articles *well* typewritten, and put a brown-paper cover on the front and back of them to protect them from wear and tear. Send them

in flat, or folded *once*, accompanied by a piece of cardboard, so that they may not be crushed. Although typewriting seems to be a rather heavy initial expenditure, it is really an economical outlay in the long run. Good, clean typewriting impresses an Editor favourably. I don't say that Editors won't read handwritten contributions, because they will, but they prefer typewritten ones.

"**A 'Captain' Boy in Canada**" is very down on the Hickson system. All over Canada (he says) there are mixed schools, the girls and boys sitting side by side in the classes. The girls are not taught to sew, or to do anything that helps them in after-life. Through being so much with boys they become rough and ill-mannered, and get into the way of using far too much slang. When they leave school they retain these characteristics, with the result that they are not anything like so useful at home as they would have been had they gone to girls' schools and acquainted themselves with those gentle arts associated with domesticity. As my correspondent declares that what he says is absolutely true, his statement would seem to throw a light on the Hickson system which one failed to gather from Mr. Morgan's stories. Certainly the girls in the Hickson series seemed to me to be rather mannish in their ways, but there was no suggestion that such an education handicapped them in doing their duty at home. I hope that what this "CAPTAIN Boy" says only applies to a certain class of Canadian girls.

"**Barnsbury**" and other correspondents have asked me why I put in full-page photographs of King Alphonso and Princess Ena. I put them in because I thought they would interest my readers. Some Captainites who intend never to part with their CAPTAINS will be interested to turn up these portraits and show them to their children twenty or thirty years hence. Much that is stirring will have happened in European history during that period, and this young King will have to play his part in it, no doubt with Great Britain by his side. These things occur to me when putting in portraits of this nature. Again, the King of Spain is the only European monarch whose age approximates to that of the majority of our readers. He is still, one might say, a boy-King, for he is only twenty years of age. Therefore his personality should appeal particularly to readers of a boy's magazine.

"**Peter Pan**" says that "Old Rossallian" should attend a Rugger match at Kelvinbridge, Glasgow, when he would soon change his opinion about athletic girls, a type which he has described with no great courtesy in these columns. "More than half of the spectators are composed of the fair sex," says my correspondent, "and on a fine day they make a sight well worth seeing, every girl bonnie, graceful, well-developed and attractive—not of the faked-up, giggling type that probably derives all its vast knowledge from penny weekly novelettes."

R. A. J. is so pleased with *THE CAPTAIN* that he bursts into poetry on the subject, of which poetry I can only find space to quote the second verse:

"The cycling man or camera fiend,
For them A. Williams caters well;
While every lad on stamps gone mad
Consults the clever Nankivell.
— And experts form the staff of this
The foremost monthly of the year,
And untold joys it brings to boys,
This mag. without a peer."

"Stalky" (North Adelaide).—Sorry cannot find room for your long letter. Why write in such an exasperating way? You start on the front page, then jump to the last page, and then double back and fill the two inside sheets! One can comprehend what a writer has got to say more readily if he writes his letter in a straightforward manner. Correspondents like you would be more frequently quoted in the magazine if they expressed themselves in a concise way and did not spread themselves over twelve pages. Whenever a correspondent wishes to be quoted, he should write only on one side of the paper, and be scrupulously careful about his composition, spelling, and punctuation. I wish you and your fellow Old University Collegians all success.

P. Monckton.—Your friend has an idea of drawing, and I should strongly advise her to "go on." The horse which she has sketched is, I must say, a most peculiar-looking animal. I have never in my life seen a horse with such a small head and such large legs. Still, even professional black-and-white artists sometimes draw the most extraordinary-looking quadrupeds when putting horses into their pictures, and so your friend, especially in view of the fact that she has never received lessons, must not be discouraged by what I have said about her horse (which is, I suppose, what she intended the creature to be).

Science v. Strength.—Fred. Strype, in the course of some remarks *apropos* of the boxing in "The White Feather," makes the rather curious remark that "directly a professional boxer discards the gloves, he is 'done for,'" and quotes one or two instances bearing out his opinion. I do not think he is right. Science will always beat strength, and a boxer will, as a rule, beat a mere hitter. If the hitter gets one of his slogs home he may knock the boxer out, but a boxer generally takes very good care that the hitter doesn't get a slog home. That science is superior to strength is clearly manifested by the jiu-jitsu style of wrestling.

John F. Harris.—I do not know what Sir Henry Irving's autograph is worth, and I trust you will never think of selling it. The sending of an autograph by a celebrity is a simple act of courtesy, out of which no one should attempt to make money, except for charitable purposes. I don't know how your exchequer is, but you would find it an expensive matter to purchase original drawings by Mr. Hassall. A good picture dealer could put you in the way of getting some "originals" by him.

F. J. Helmes (Toowoomba, Queensland).—I was much impressed by your dignified epistolary style, but for goodness' sake, when you write again, use black ink on white paper, not faint ink on grey paper. You and other Australian readers will find it the best plan to order **THE CAPTAIN** from this office. Then you will be certain of getting it regularly. Don't forget my suggestion about the white paper. With the exception of the grey paper and the ink you use, you and I are excellent friends.

F. Stevenson and "Irish Reader."—Anybody who is a regular purchaser of the magazine can join "THE CAPTAIN Club." Membership entitles readers to consult our experts, and to submit essays, pictures, and photographs for the Club pages. Our experts do not undertake to answer everybody that writes to them; they only answer questions which they consider reasonable. It is not our intention to publish any further lists of members.

Roy Andrew 'is at school in the Champs-Elysées district, Paris, and tells me that the French boys don't seem to care much about sports. However, Roy and his English companions at this school are going to set a good example by playing a cricket match with the choir boys of the English church in the Rue Pauquet. This is enterprising, and I am sure there will be many interested British spectators of the match.

Clippin'.—Coupons must not be altered in any way. This means that if you want to send in two attempts for the same competition you will have to buy two copies of the magazine or ask some friend who doesn't enter for the competitions for his coupons. I am not giving readings of handwriting this month, as there is so much else to occupy my space.

"Boltonian" smiled when he saw that "Boy and Girl" had been asking me whether they ought to become sweethearts. "We all have our love imaginations when young," adds "Boltonian," in the manner of a white-haired octogenarian. "I have had some, and have got a few yet, I am afraid. Sixteen is my age, also."

Southport Holiday Hockey Club.—I am glad to hear from Miss Gladys von Strallendorff that this club, which was founded by herself and her brother, is going strong. It is composed of boys and girls "home for the holidays." At Christmas they played 13 matches, won 8, lost 3, and drew 2.

Mildred and Joan.—The author of "Cox's Cough-Drops" wishes to apologise to Miss Joan Henderson for referring to her in the March number as "Mildred." He also wishes to thank the many correspondents who have pointed out this error.

R. J. Evans writes to say that Sir Hiram Maxim was born in March, and not in February, as our "Celebrities" Competition would 'have us to believe. That's all right, then. Glad to hear R. J. E.'s legs are better.

O. Parkinson, although ill in bed, fired by the example of George Falconer, whose five minutes' sketch we recently published, set to work and executed a water-colour drawing of a wild duck in flight (which I reproduce), in just over half an hour. Congratulations from our staff, including our ever-hungry Hound. ("No, Basketville ; down, sir; this is *not* for you.")



H. W. Brown (Melbourne).—Clubbed. You will find the names of all the ships in the British Navy in the monthly Navy List, price 1s. 6d. I cannot

discuss politics, but applaud your thoughtful sentiments. I am quite sure that Australia is a most loyal colony. Your fellows did some of the best work done on our side in the Boer War.

Norah Macnab.—You have got an idea of drawing, so don't give up such a pleasant occupation. You have drawn the lady's head very well, but her neck looks more like a camel's. Her body is also

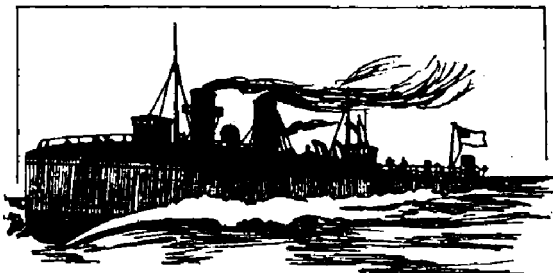


somewhat on one side, so that she really must have caused a good deal of amusement when she walked into the ball-room in that dainty low-necked dress you have given her. I cannot congratulate you on the gentleman, whose shoulders would hardly help him in a Rugby pack. Is he proposing to the lady, or is she proposing to him? Or is he a waiter demanding payment for ices? Oh!

... I see that you say on the back of the drawing that he is an "artist"—poor fellow!

Arthur F.—We altered the rule about prizes because we bought expensive articles and they were left on our hands. You ask what a public school man would do if he were awarded a phonograph or a billiard table. Well, if he were a sensible fellow he would accept either. If there is one thing that is popular for the first few days of its existence it is a phonograph; after the first few days one of the most unpopular fellows in the school is the phonograph-keeper. At this juncture he either puts it into an hermetically sealed trunk, or sends it home for the edification of his mother and sisters. The billiard-table he might ask us to send to his home, as I doubt if there would be room for it in his study. To use your own phrase, I trust this will find you "in the pink."

George Falconer, the above-mentioned lighting artist, now forwards a sketch of a torpedo-boat—printed herewith. He says. "It is another of my 'hurry up' sketches," but doesn't mention how long he was engaged in executing it. It is a good little picture, and holds out much promise for the future.



Godfrey Lawrence is good enough to send me some sketches by his brother, Kingsley Lawrence, aged twelve. One is of Joan of Arc, and the other of the Old Fag as a young man and as an old man.

In the first sketch I am pleased to see that he represents me as a gallant young fellow, which I certainly was; but in the second he makes me look like a broken-down comedian, having decked me out in a sort of old plaid overcoat with fur on the cuffs. Nevertheless, I congratulate Master Kingsley Lawrence, aged twelve, on his undoubted ability, and hope that what I say won't make him vain. If it does, Mr. Godfrey Lawrence knows how to



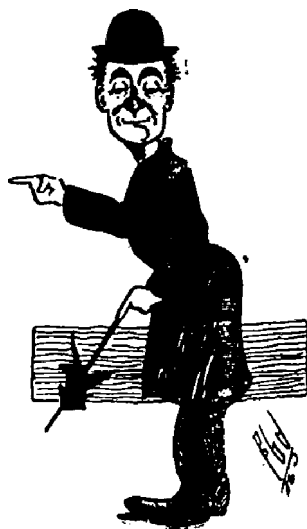
elder brother should behave in such a case. I should add that the reproduction does not do the drawings justice, as the pictures are coloured, the Young Fag wearing scarlet facings to his coat, and the Old Fag's face being embellished with a very red nose!

"Ambitious."—If you never write any worse I do not think anybody will have reason to grumble at you.

Still Another Drawing by a talented member of our crew, being a fanciful sketch of Mr. George Robey, the celebrated comedian. The artist is Mr. Fred. L. Jones, aged fifteen.

"Conscription"—I have received a budget of letters on this subject, and must request CAPTAIN readers not to send me any more, as it is a dull subject. I will look through the budget and quote some of the letters next month if any of them are worth quoting.

"School."—Next month (space forbids, this) I hope to publish the three best poems received



in reply to Master H. V. Powell's dirge, and extracts from a number of others.

Physical Culture Exercises, by F. W. Stevens. This is a practical little hand-book which should prove useful to all who are interested in muscular development. Most of the movements described are illustrated from photographs, which enable them to be readily understood. It is published by Charles Jones and Co., West Harding Street, Fetter Lane, E.C., price 1s. net.

M. M. W.—Your verses lack polish and finish. I observe that your poem doesn't contain a single stop. If you cannot take the trouble to notice how verses are written, and how the stops are put in, I cannot take the trouble to publish what you send.

"Balbus."—I appreciate your good wishes, but if you knew anything at all about photography you would know that the photographs you send are useless for reproduction.

A. G.—I am afraid I cannot print your request for back volumes. You must advertise in the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*. Don't think me discourteous; that is simply our rule.

"British Isles."—The summer is close upon us now; we will, if you will allow us, drop the subject of football—Welsh or otherwise.

George Long, sends THE CAPTAIN to a correspondent in a French school who in return sends a French magazine to George Long. This is enterprising of G. L.—and good for his French.

Widow (West-Wrattling).—You will find an answer to your query in the Naturalists' Corner.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: "Fred," Arthur O. Hough, "Salon," S. Homerwood, Muriel E. Thompson, F., B. J. Evans, "Fourth Form," Kid, "Ap. Cadrawd," "Hibernicus Discipulus," O. R. Robinson, John D. Le Couteur, J. A. B., R. A. R., "Cadet," H. W. S., G. D. and J. B. Shilson, J. B. A., S. E. Kay, Herbert C. V. Porter (India), G. E. McCaw, C. Cotton, Frank H. Rochfort (N.S.W.), "A West Riding Tyke," "Owenian," E. A. S. Fox, L. H., W., A. A. K., "Paulina," A. S. jr., George A. Cross, R. Daniel, Edith Horton, M. M. Read, "X. & Y.," "Maxwell," D. McDougall, "School," R. W. H. P., Wilfrid B. Ault, R. A. Johnstone, "Vic.," E. W. H., Amy I. Stuart, K. V. T., Elsie N. Sandes, "Dorothy," M. L. Whitman, Shakespeare II., C. W. Ellis, "Nesfield," "Randwick," "Paddy," "Eringo-Bragh," D. MacDermot, Leslie Sutherland, "Enthusiast," D. W. A. Minter, H. Lloyd-Jones, "Dumpling," R. D. Saulles.

THE OLD FAG

Results of March Competitions.

No. I.—"Alternative Titles."

One age limit: Twenty-one.

WINNER OF MESSRS. CALVERT AND Co.'s £8 8s. BILLIARD TABLE: Leopold Spero, 40 Hallam Street, Portland Place, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lionel H. Woods, P. Eustace Petter, Horace A. Rainbow, Thomas Cooke, George E. Hughes, Dorothy G. Stevenson, W. F. Curtis, G. Austen Taylor, N. French Blake, A. Churchill Bateman, A. E. Leish, K. W. Rainbow, A. W. Dell.

No. II.—"Photographs of the Daily Round."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: T. E. W. Strong, Sunny Howe, St. Anne's, Lancs.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. J. Blyth, 128 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. J. Hankinson, E. S. Maples, E. C. Copeman, Frank Siggers, A. J. Edney, R. J. E. But, Constance N. Daly, R. W. Copeman, C. G. Gibbons, J. E. T. S. Hillton.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: B. H. Dawson, 75 Regent Street, Cambridge.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: M. Winifred Aldridge, Pembroke House, Poole Hill, Bournemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. L. Spence, Norman Sowden, W. Gundry Jr., Benjamin Corbyn, William S. Hutton, W. J. Jones, L. E. Bastable, A. Gordon Smith, E. C. Harbutt, J. Beltram.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Geoffrey Harrison, Ballincar, Sligo, Ireland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: T. H. Stern, Brampton Rectory, Norwich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Reg. Spray, Maurice Edward Nolan, Gladys Savory, S. Peacock, L. Hodgson, John R. Cleland, Michael Hollisworth, Walker, W. Huxton Jun., W. E. Waite, F. A. Lay, Ernest E. Stamp, H. G. Newman, L. Alan Sokell.

No. III.—"A United Cabinet."

No age limit.

WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF 10S. 6d.: Frederick C. Mann, 6 Weech Road, W. Hampstead, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: B. Garratt, 9 Melrose Road, Southfields, S.W.; H. E. Houlston, Malvern Road, Acock's Green.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. K. Poppy, L. E. Hopkins, Alfred Napier, Eric W. Gillett, R. Page Blyth, S. E. Kay, H. P. Dixon, W. E. Cooper, C. H. Gorton, Harold Scholfield, J. H. Heeley, F. S. Nicholas.

No. IV.—"Illumination."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND Co.'s PAINT-BOX: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Gwynne Johnson, Sibyl O'Neill.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND Co.'s PAINT-BOX: Alec. McK. Johnston, 71 Fountainhall Road, Aberdeen.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Mary K. Napier, 5 Wellington Terrace, Taunton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Falconer, F. J. Ahrens, H. V. Sergeant, Samuel Woolger, Gregor McGregor.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND Co.'s PAINT-BOX: P. Butler, 137 Cox Street, Coventry.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: D. Carrington, 40 De Parys Avenue, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John H. Peters, J. C. O'Hallinan, Andrew G. Robertson Jr., F. C. Ware, Norman Lea, Cecil Reynolds Cope, Horace A. Webb, G. C. Robinson, Francis Haslam, Fred. Newby.

No. V.—"Twelve Best Stories in Volume XIV."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: G. H. Bird, 39 Metropolitan Buildings, Mile End New Town, London, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Weaver, G. M. Peck, C. H. Joynt, M. M. Hall, J. R. Davison, F. H. Priest, J. W. Dell, G. E. Mitchinson J. S. Kennedy, A. Gibson, T. Thompson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: William E. Cooper, 7 Montgomerie Terrace, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: E. B. Stanwell, 191 Drake Street, Rochdale; Humphrey Peck, 8A Randolph Road, W.; J. G. Wright, 7 Moorville Grove, Beeston Hill, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Mitchell, R. C. Meaton, W. T. Smith, A. E. O. Lee, G. Hudson, B. P. Bothamley, G. E. McCaw, G. E. Lexow, M. L. Hayes, C. H. Auld.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: Wilfrid A. Seaford, 4 Haddon Road, Clontarf, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. W. Wood, F. L. Paton, T. J. Whitlaw, G. J. B. Woollen, A. H. Walter, P. Goodman, G. C. Robinson, G. Major, L. W. Hearn, F. C. Clubb, F. Taylor, H. Lawson-Jones.

No. VI.—"March Celebrities."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF FRANK SUGG'S "BOUNDARIE" CRICKET BAT: George Austen Taylor, Kilmington, Axminster, Devon.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Reginald C. Meaton, Surrey House, High Street, Camberley, Surrey.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Alfred Lerry, F. G. Nicholas, A. G. White, T. W. Spikin, W. B. Cook, F. J. Neal, A. C. Bateman, P. W. Braybrooke, Walter L. Dudley, P. Eustace Petter, A. Tapply, William Cameron.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF FRANK SUGG'S "BOUNDARIE" CRICKET-BAT: J. H. Powell, 100 Eign Road, Hereford.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Horace Leonard Williams, "Carberry," Albert Road, Caversham, Oxon.
HONOURABLE MENTION: A. D. Gibson, G. A. Birkett, M. S. Woods, Paul Gibson, E. O. Jones, D. K. Cherry, R. E. W. Adkins, A. W. Fox, E. J. Morris, E. Palethorpe, E. Patersen, W. Burge.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Henry E. Trew, 5 Oxford Avenue, Kingston Road, Merton Park, Surrey.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Arnold Buxton, 64 Fawcett Street, Sheffield.
HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Gibertson, K. Palethorpe, H. L. Sackett, G. G. Milne, Eric Lightwood, C. R. Hatford, G. L. Davies, Stella I. C. Cobb, W. D. Jackson, J. Watson, S. H. Clarke, A. P. Macmecken, A. H. Brain, Charles Petrie.

foreign and Colonial Readers.—(January)

No I.—WINNER OF 5s.: Leslie H. Burket, Blue Bonnets, Montreal, Canada.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Benjamin A. Smelle (India), Brian Harris (India), Mahmud Mohamed Mostafa (Egypt), Edgar Moyson (Jamaica).
No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Allan M. Petry, 61 Isabella Street, Toronto, Canada.
HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Harry Harty (Jamaica), Norman Allan Bowley (Cape Colony), J. N. Robinson (Canada), S. S. Phalle (India), A. S. Goodbrand (Natal), K. M. Hannan (Jamaica).
No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: R. V. Maitre, c/o The Head Master, Victoria School, Ghazipur, India.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Egerton W. Melville (Jamaica), A. S. Goodbrand, Nellie Cooke (Cape Colony).
No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, c/o Dominion Bridge Co., Lachine P.O., Canada.
HONOURABLE MENTION: William Joseph (Trinidad), G. N. Ebden (Cape Colony).
No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Car. Carapiet, 7/1 Short Street, Calcutta, India.
HONOURABLE MENTION: FitzHerbert Howell (Trinidad), Frank Briery (Trinidad), Frank Hatchard (South Africa).
No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Sybil E. Hastings, Amraoti Camp, Berar, India.
HONOURABLE MENTION: J. B. Hebden (Canada), W. V. G. Neish (Jamaica).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the March Competitions.

No. I., "Alternative Titles."—The following is the winner's list of alternative titles:

AUTHOR'S TITLE	ALTERNATIVE TITLE
Jane Eyre	A Life Redeemed
Nicholas Nickleby	A Poor Gentleman's Adventures
Oliver Twist	The Thief-Trainer
John Chilote, M.P.	Gemini
She	The Quest of Kallikrates
Jess	A Daughter of the Veldt
Lorna Doone	The Kings of Dartmoor
Barnaby Rudge	The Brand of Cain
Doctor Nikola	The Cat and the Man
Adam Bede	The Methodists
Quentin Durward	A Knight-Errent
Hereward the Wake	The Last of the Saxons

No. II.—This competition was productive of some very original pictures of "the daily round," the successful photographs in each Class being especially meritorious.

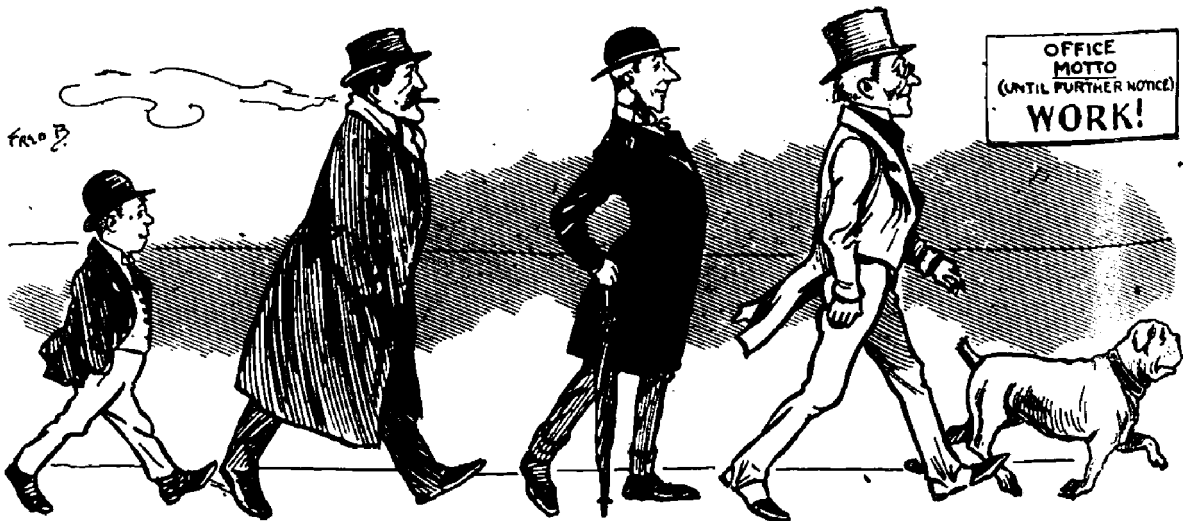
No. III.—"A United Cabinet."—The following is the "United Cabinet" formed, irrespective of Conservative or Liberal opinions, of the leading politicians in the country, as chosen by the votes of competitors:

Prime Minister	Mr. J. Chamberlain
First Lord of the Treasury	Mr. A. J. Balfour
First Lord of the Admiralty	Lord Selborne
President of the Board of Agriculture	Lord Carrington

Secretary of State for the Colonies	Mr. J. Chamberlain
President of the Board of Education	Mr. A. Birrell
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. A. Chamberlain
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs	Lord Lansdowne
Secretary of State for Home Department	Mr. H. H. Asquith
Secretary of State for India	Lord Curzon
Chief Secretary for Ireland	Mr. G. Wyndham
President of the Local Government Board	Mr. John Burns
Lord High Chancellor	Lord Halsbury
Lord Chancellor of Ireland	Lord Ashbourne
Lord President of the Council	Duke of Devonshire
Lord Privy Seal	Lord Salisbury
Secretary for Scotland	Lord Balfour of Burleigh
President of the Board of Trade	Mr. Gerald Balfour
Secretary of State for War	Mr. R. B. Haldane
Postmaster-General	Mr. Sydney Buxton

No. IV.—Some excellent drawings were sent in, particularly in Class III., in which the competition was very close.
 No. V.—See "Editorial."

No. VI.—The usual high standard was reached by the essays of a large number of competitors, and we were very glad to see a considerable increase in numbers in Class III. The favourite characters chosen were Robert Bruce, Michael Angelo, Sir Walter Raleigh, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, David Livingstone, and Lord Milner.
 THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

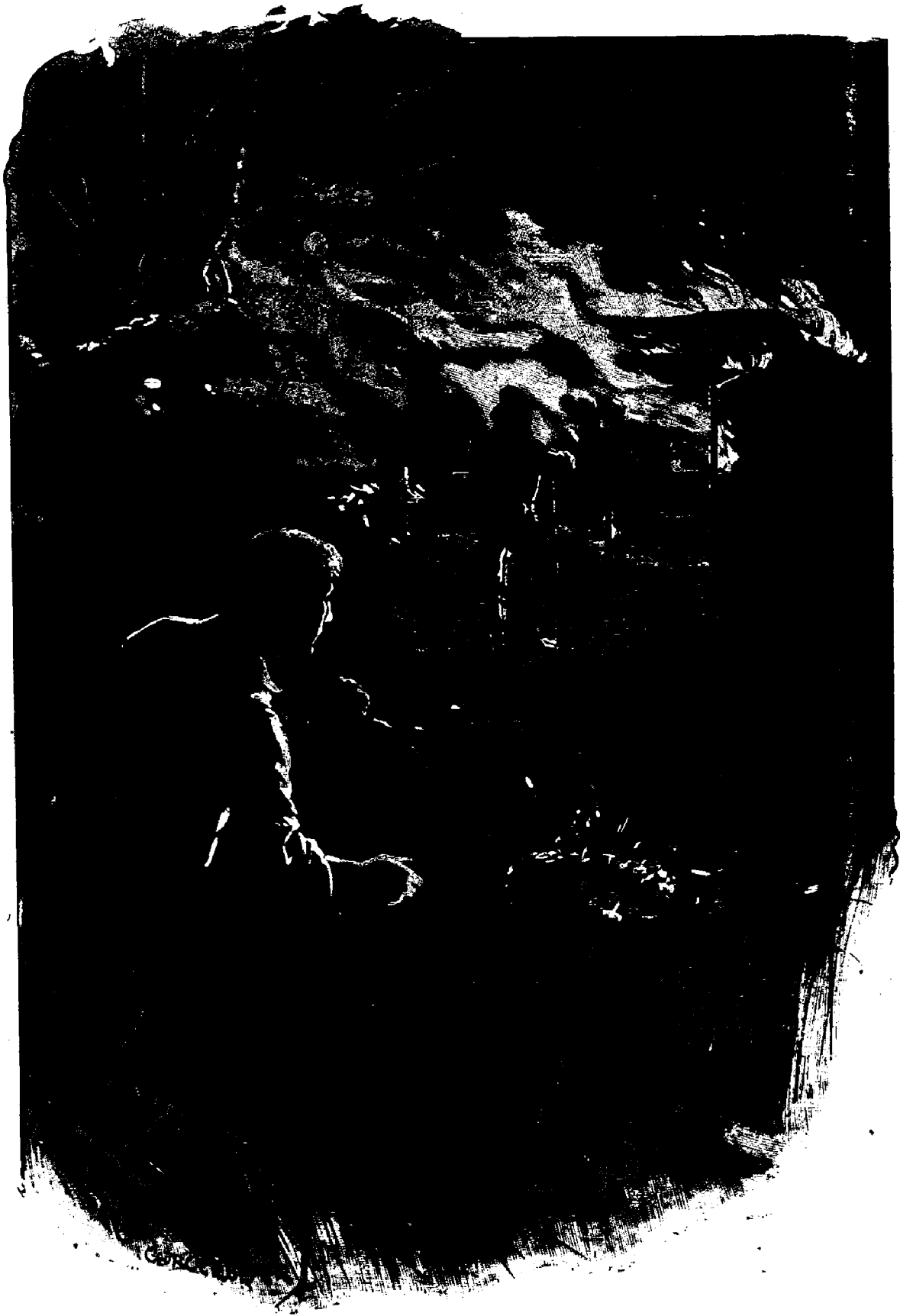


"AND SO HOME."—PEPYS.



A SILHOUETTE.

CUT OUT BY CAPTAIN THEODORE THARP.



HE SAW MIDNIGHT WATCHING THE BURNING MASS.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XV.

JUNE, 1906

No. 87.

THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT.

By G. Firth Scott.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

SYNOPSIS.

This story concerns the pre-gold discovery days in Australia. In the thinly populated bush district laying some seven days' journey north of Sydney, a number of escaped convicts form themselves into a band of bushrangers, under the captaincy of one known by the sobriquet of "Midnight," he being a man of broad build, wearing a long black beard and long black shaggy hair. Periodically, the squatters combine to hunt down the band. At the time of the story, they had succeeded so well that only a few members of it remain, "Midnight" being, of course, one of these survivors. While James Wilton, a young squatter, is conveying a waggon-load of woollen bales and hides to Sydney, he is attacked by a tribe of blacks led by some members of "Midnight's" band. These are in turn attacked and routed by another tribe, and during the fight Wilton escapes from the one danger only to run into an apparently greater, in that he falls into the hands of a party of squatters who are out looking for the bushrangers. Being taken for a bushranger by them, he is hanged on a tree, and is at the point of death when the rope by which he is suspended is cut in two by a bullet fired by a government trooper who recognises him as being Wilton the carrier. The leader of the band of squatters is a man named Giles, a small-built, clean-shaven fellow with a very awkward temper. Giles is so enraged with his fellow squatters for deciding not to hang Wilton, that he leaves them and goes home. The squatters, with Wilton and the two government troopers, proceed on their way in search of "Midnight." They get on his track, only to lose it again, but succeed in capturing one of the gang named Sam Plover, who some eighteen years before had kidnapped a baby-girl in Sydney. Plover is mortally wounded, but before he dies tells them to question "Midnight" concerning the whereabouts of the girl. Wilton returns to Sydney to claim the reward offered by the girl's father for the capture of Plover, and with the money he and Trooper Farrell purchase Meleelee Run, whither Wilton proceeds, leaving his partner to follow. Wilton's immediate neighbour is Giles, who rides over to

warn him against the blacks. Fearing an attack from the latter, Wilton is out reconnoitring when he observes "Midnight" himself enter his hut. When the outlaw emerges, Wilton decides to show him no mercy.

CHAPTER XI.—(continued.)

MIDNIGHT VISITS MELEELEE.

WITH his rifle aimed point blank at the broad chest of the outlaw, he pulled the trigger. The report of the shot sounded so loud to his overstrained nerves that he sprang up as he heard it, and so was able to see over the smoke that hung along the ground—able to see the bushranger stagger back, and hear the hoarse exclamation which broke from his lips.

As Wilton came out of the shade of the protecting bushes, he saw Midnight raise his rifle. Wilton aimed his pistol and pulled the trigger. There was a little flash and a puff of smoke, and a mocking laugh came from Midnight. The pistol had missed fire.

With his rifle empty, and his pistol useless, Wilton was at the mercy of the man whom common report said was merciless. He turned and sprang into the shelter of the bushes. He heard the report of the bushranger's rifle; something whizzed past his ear, burning it as if a piece of hot iron had touched it.

Neither heeding nor thinking where he was going he rushed madly forward, crashing through the undergrowth, tripping and stumbling over fallen logs and projecting roots, until suddenly the ground went from under his feet; there was a mighty rush of air, and he knew that he was falling. He looked



SOMETHING WHIZZED PAST HIS EAR.

upwards and backwards, and saw a long thin tongue of flame shoot out from the blackness of the bush that he had left, as the report of a rifle-shot echoed through the night. Then he struck water with a splashing plunge, and sank down into the cold flood.

Fortunately, he was an able swimmer, and as soon as he felt himself in the water he struck out and slowly rose to the surface. As his head came above it he glanced quickly round, ready to dive should he see anything of his enemy. The stream had already carried him far enough for him to be able to look back to where the bluff stood out, dark against the darkness. From behind it there showed a faint gleam which, even as he watched, increased

until a blaze of light showed through the night.

Midnight had set fire to his hut.

Swimming to the shore, he was making his way back through the bush towards his burning hut before he grasped the folly of his action. His empty rifle he had left on the log when he sprang up to complete his conquest of the redoubtable Midnight; his pistol he had dropped in his rapid

flight, and he was now empty-handed and unarmed.

Wilton paused in his hurried walk. If he wanted to effect anything, he would have to act cautiously. He stood for awhile, debating with himself the best course to adopt, and then, walking silently and carefully, he crept towards the blaze which showed through the trees.

When he had approached near enough to see the flaming hut, he stopped, for between him and the fire he saw Midnight standing, watching the burning mass. He had his back to Wilton, with his arms resting on his rifle, and Wilton noticed that the man's massive shoulders were out of proportion to his height.

Midnight watched the fire until the hut was only a mass of glowing embers, and then turned and walked away through the bush, with his rifle over his shoulder, in the direction the blackfellow had indicated when he located the bushranger's lair.

Wilton waited until the sound of the outlaw's footsteps had died away before he crept round to the log behind which he had hidden. His rifle still lay where he had left it, and after a search he also found his pistol. Loading them with the ammunition he had, he gave a last glance at the ruin of his hut and then started off for Billah, to appeal to Giles to rouse the countryside and hunt the outlaw from his hiding-place.

CHAPTER XII.

WILTON REPORTS PROGRESS.

IT was fifteen miles to Billah from Melelee, along a narrow track which ran through the bush beside the river where the curving stream wound round the undulations of the country, and through thick, heavily timbered bush and over rough steep ridges

when it left the levels of the river's bank and traversed the far-reaching spurs that straggled away from the higher tableland beyond.

The sun was just rising above the horizon when Wilton caught sight of the homestead, and he was stepping on to the verandah when Giles appeared at the doorway.

"Hullo, my lad, what brings you over at this hour? And what's the rifle for?" he exclaimed.

"I've been stuck up and had my hut burned by that villain Midnight," Wilton replied.

"Stuck up? You don't say that! Midnight stuck you up, and you escaped with your life?" Giles cried.

"It was a near thing, I can assure you. I went over the bluff into the stream, and that saved me, I think," Wilton answered, as he stepped on to the verandah and sat down.

"You're wounded," Giles said excitedly, pointing to the blood which had flowed from the cut Midnight's bullet had made.

"It's only a scratch," Wilton replied. "I'm more tired than hurt at present.

"And here I am, not even asking you inside! Come in, my lad, and welcome. Your news knocked everything else out of my head."

Giles led the way into the house, and Wilton followed him inside the door; but he stood still as he caught sight of Mary, who had just entered the room from the other side.

"You did not expect to see any petticoats in this part of the world, I'll be bound," Giles said with a laugh, as he saw the surprise depicted on Wilton's face. "This is my daughter Mary," he went on. "Mary, this is our new neighbour, Mr. Wilton—the man who shot the bushranger—and he'll have breakfast."

Mary, taken aback at the sudden appearance of a stranger, was even more surprised at the good humour her father was in. She glanced from him to Wilton, who still stood looking at her as though he had never seen a woman before.

"How do you do?" she said simply, as she came over to him and held out her hand. "Oh, you are wounded!" she exclaimed, as she saw the red stain on his shoulder. "You have been hurt!"

"It is nothing," he said.

"Midnight had a shot at him, and spoiled his reputation by a miss," Giles said, with a laugh. "You can bet he'll be nearer the mark next time."

"Oh, father!" said Mary, turning towards him.

"Go and hurry breakfast along," he said.

"I'm hungry—and so is Wilton after his little entertainment, I'll be bound."

Then, when she had left the room, Giles asked a dozen questions about the experience Wilton had undergone.

"How was it you managed to get out?" he asked. "Did Midnight open the door for you?"

"I wasn't inside when he came up. I was fearing an attack from the blacks, and foolishly put off doing what I should have done until it was too late. Indeed, it did not occur to me until it was too late."

"What was that?" Giles asked.

"I ought to have ridden over here," Wilton answered, "or told you when you were over."

"It may be all right, but I'm hanged if I can make out what you're talking about!" Giles exclaimed.

"The blacks," Wilton said.

"Blacks? What blacks? There's no blacks round this part! We cleared them out long enough ago, except a few who loaf about the stations. But they would not hurt you."

"Did you ever hear of one called Jimmy Boondahbillah?" Wilton asked.

Giles, who was sitting down, sprang to his feet with a sharp exclamation, while his eyes gleamed in a sudden outburst of rage, and a frown puckered his brows.

"Jimmy Boondahbillah?" he cried. "Where did you see him?"

"He was in the hut when you came yesterday."

A malediction came from Giles' lips.

"He had escaped from Midnight," Wilton continued.

"Escaped? Great snakes alive! don't you know that he is Midnight's right-hand man, and that when he's killed a score of men will be avenged? In your hut? And you did not shoot him? If I had only known, I would soon have settled him. He's done more harm than all his tribe. And you let him off! It's a marvel that you're alive to tell of it."

"I pitied the poor wretch," Wilton said, "He told me where Midnight's hiding-place was to be found."

Giles laughed shortly. "Then take my advice and forget all about it, for it will prove to be either a lie or a trap. And when you meet the black brute again, shoot him. It will be the best way of letting him know that you didn't believe his yarn."

"Well, I should have been killed in my bed last night if it hadn't been for him," Wilton answered.

"Why? Did he tell you that his boss was coming to see you?"

"No! He vanished while we were talking, and I suspected treachery, so lay in hiding waiting for the attack which I expected would come. While I was watching I saw a man creep up to the hut. I let him get inside, although I had my rifle covering him all the time. When he came out again I fired."

"And missed?" Giles exclaimed.

"I suppose I did as he didn't drop," Wilton said.

"What then?" Giles asked quickly.

"I tried my pistol, but it missed fire."

"And didn't Midnight pot at you in return?"

"Yes, but I ran for it. The bullet grazed my ear and I bolted as hard as I could, so hard that I ran right over the bluff. He fired at me as I was falling, but in the dark he missed me, and when I came to the surface I saw the glare of the fire he had made in the hut. I crept back and watched him as he stood looking at my hut burn. When he had gone I searched for my rifle and pistol, which I had dropped in my excitement, and, after I had found them, came on here to give the alarm."

Giles gazed at Wilton fixedly for some moments without speaking. Then he came over and took him by the hand.

"You're a cool chap," he said, looking hard at him with his keen grey eyes. "You're a man after my own heart; if Midnight is ever shot—for I'm sure he'll never be taken alive—I hope you do the shooting."

"I mean to," Wilton said. "I've a double score to settle with him now."

"Have a care, my lad. Midnight is not a baby to play with," Giles said seriously. "He'd think no more of shooting you——"

"Than I would of shooting him," Wilton interrupted in an angry tone.

"You mean business," Giles remarked quietly.

"I do," Wilton answered.

"But how are you going to carry it through?"

"Get the squatters 'out' again and hunt him to his death."

"You can't do it. We've tried that till we're full of it. A chance meeting is what you'll have to trust to."

"I'm going to try it, and if I cannot get any one else to join me I'll wait till Farrell comes up with the stock and we'll go together."

"You'll do better to go slow for a time. He probably believes he settled you when you went over the bluff, and may be miles away by this time on his road to some other of his haunts,

for he is not a man who stays long in one place. You lie low until you hear of him again and then turn out. I fancy the boys have had enough of the last trip to last them for a time."

"But did they ever know where to look for him?" Wilton asked.

"He's been looked for everywhere, not only round here but on the tableland and over the ranges. He's dodged the police and the squatters and every one else for years. I tell you plainly you are taking on a big contract when you undertake and hope to track Midnight."

"But no one ever found his hiding-place?"

"No, and no one ever will. Even if they did they would never live to tell of it, for I can assure you it is not an easy matter to get at a man like that without his knowing it."

"I suppose he has spies all over the place to warn him?" Wilton said.

"I don't know about that," Giles answered thoughtfully. "but I do know that as soon as an expedition is organised he vanishes, and directly the expedition disperses he turns up under the very noses of the men who were out chasing him."

"He's a plucky chap," Wilton exclaimed. "However bad he may be, I can't help admiring his pluck. The blackfellow said that another branch of his gang had been dispersed beyond the ranges, besides the lot we smashed up, and yet he turns out again, as bold as ever, and sets to work single-handed."

"So you admire him?" Giles said with a short laugh.

"I admire his pluck. His going for me suggests that he has heard of my shooting his mate, and if that doesn't mean spies I don't know what it does mean."

"It looks like it, certainly; but how do you hope to get at his hiding-place if there are spies about?"

"I haven't mentioned the matter to any one but you, and I hardly fancy you're likely to give him warning," Wilton answered laughingly.

"Well, hardly," Giles said. "They made me a J.P. because I used to get the fellows out after him so often, and it would be playing it a bit low down for me to give him the tip, wouldn't it?" he added, joining in the laugh. "Besides which, he stole the best horse I ever had, and has paid me many a compliment by driving off my cattle. But now that he has taken you up, I hope he'll leave me alone."

"You'll join if there's another turn-out after him?" Wilton asked.

"I'm tired of it," Giles answered. "Go over to Johnson and see what he says, though I

doubt whether he will encourage you. The mustering will be on soon, and the boys don't want to be flying over the country when they've enough to do minding their own business. Besides, it's time the police did something. We cleared the blacks out ourselves, and we've done most of the hunting after the bushrangers and escaped convicts. It's all very well now and again, but I fancy we're all pretty sick of it now."

"The last one was fairly successful."

"Yes, in a way. But it nearly did for you," Giles said with a laugh. "It marked me a bit, too, and I'm not anxious for any more like it just yet."

"The next one may finish the matter," Wilton said.

"For me or for you?"

"For Midnight."

"Yes, it may; but the near shave you had last time may be nearer. You've got off twice, my lad, and it's bad to risk a third chance."

"I'm inclined to, all the same," was Wilton's undaunted rejoinder.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARY AWAKENS.

WHETHER it was due to the excitement he had experienced the previous night, or the long tramp through the bush from Meleelee to Billah, Wilton was not sure, but he had a marvellous appetite when breakfast was served, and his spirits were at their highest as he sat opposite Mary and chatted as blithely as though there were no such things in the land as bushrangers and burnt huts.

She was unused to the society of any one who could talk about anything beyond stock and the chances of drought or flood, with the one exception of Johnson, and during the meal she frequently found herself comparing the new owner of Meleelee with her friend. But great as her opinion of Johnson was, the comparison between him and Wilton was generally in favour of the latter; for not only did his conversation please and entertain her, but it also pleased her father and made him laugh so heartily that the dim, far-off memory of bygone happy days came to her clearer and stronger. If only she could make him laugh like that, she thought as she glanced at him, how much brighter their lives would be than they were!

Wilton was telling them of his experience

in the dray when he was stuck up by the flood on the flat, and Giles was bantering him, good-humouredly, about his taking no notice of the warnings that had been given him by older and more experienced carriers.

"Just as you refuse to listen to me now about Midnight," he said.

"Well, there's a reason for my wish to settle him," Wilton said gravely.

"What—another? Are not the two enough that you have given—your burnt dray and burnt hut?"

"Were you ever in Sydney?" Wilton asked, looking over at Mary.

"She has never been away from Billah," Giles answered for her. "But what's this new reason?"

"Your daughter reminded me of it," Wilton said thoughtfully. "But if she has never been away from here——"

"Oh, I have," Mary said. "I can just remember, long ago, before we came here——"

"What do you remember?" Giles broke in curtly.

Mary looked away through the window without apparently heeding the tone of her father's voice.

"It is clearer to-day than I ever remember it," she said softly, as though she were speaking more to herself than to her companions, "my memory of that time, so long ago, before we came here. There were a lot of houses, big ones and little ones, and a lot of water."

"You don't say you remember all that?" Giles asked, and Wilton glanced at him as he heard his voice. His face depicted the surprise that the tone of his voice expressed.

"Wait a moment; there's some more," Mary continued. "I seem to be just—I don't quite know how to put it," she said as she pressed her hand to her forehead and her eyes grew moist.

"It was when she was a child; when her mother died," Giles said to Wilton. "I did not know she remembered it. I hoped she had forgotten it. Do you remember how you fretted, Mary?"

"I remember crying for a long time," she answered softly.

"Well, if you remember so much I will help you, for I dare say you are old enough now to look at it sensibly," Giles remarked. "You see, Wilton, it was a hard blow to me. I was ruined, and my wife died at the same time, and then I found myself with Mary here, who was a little girl of a year or so, just toddling, and all my work to be done over again. It was a case of seeking fresh land out

further back, and I had to travel and carry the little one with me till we found this patch, and I obtained the grant. She nearly cried her eyes out for her mother, and then used to cry, whenever she wasn't asleep, to go back. It was a hard time for me, and I don't like talking about it," he added with a heavy sigh.

Mary was sitting silent and abstracted. The brief story that her father had told threw a flood of light upon her memory, for she could now understand the reason of his moody temper. She had unconsciously made his lot the harder at the most painful period of his existence, and it was not to be wondered at that he, at a later period, should have been estranged from her. Here was the secret that she had often tried to fathom for herself, the secret why her father had ceased to be the happy, contented man she just managed to recall, and why he had become so morose and dissatisfied. She was not schooled in matters of the affections; she had grown to womanhood with no other guide or companion than old Narli; but the heart of a sympathetic woman had developed upon its own lines, and now wakened to the first touch that it had ever felt. She rose from her seat and, going over to her father, threw her arms round his neck as she said brokenly:

"Oh, why did you not tell me before? I never knew, and I have wondered so much."

Wilton, watching the two, saw Giles' eyes light up, and into his heart there came a great longing, something that he had never felt before, and something that seemed to change and alter him in the passing of a second. The recollection of his burnt hut, his wish to hunt Midnight down, his anxiety to build up wealth, all faded before this new impulse which swept over him, carrying Mary Giles up to the very pinnacle of his being, and setting her there as his idol.

He saw Giles loosen his daughter's arms and gently push her away, but he did not catch the words he uttered, and which brought a rich, mantling flood of colour to Mary's face.

"Come, let us have a smoke and a yarn," Giles said abruptly as he rose from the table and walked out on to the verandah.

Wilton saw Mary's eyes looking after her father, while her lip trembled, and as he passed her he gazed into her face and held out his hand. He intended to say something, but his mind forgot what it would have expressed, and he turned to follow Giles on to the verandah.

So he did not see the light that came into her

eyes and the smile that rippled over her face before she went to her own room. She sat upon her roughly constructed bed, smiling, happy, and joyful; for, although her father had repelled her when she attempted to show him the affection she felt for him, another had come into her life, and, in her unsophisticated manner, she did not for a moment trifle with the state of her feelings.

She had turned to Johnson in her time of perplexity because there had been a friendliness between them of a kind that had not been established with others of her father's neighbours. But it was no longer to Johnson that she would turn. Another one had come, into whose open manly face she could look without fear, and one, moreover, who had touched some hidden spring and revealed to her passages of the past which had previously been obscured, or only dimly visible. More than that, he had taken her hand and had looked into her eyes with sympathy and kindness at the moment when her father's coldness had repulsed her, and now, as she sat smiling and thinking of him, she felt that she had a champion at last to whom she would never appeal in vain.

Thus, at the same time, but unknown to one another, each had installed the other as a sovereign, and only a little more was needed of that sympathy which had arisen for their eyes to be opened and those words to be said which would link their two lives into one. Untrammelled by the rules of conventional society, there was no wish on either side to conceal this affection, and only the opportunity was wanting when, as naturally as flowers turn to the sun, he would turn to her, and she to him.

As Wilton joined his host on the verandah all desire to discuss the situation had vanished before the new interest which had come into his life. He sat down and let his mind go into a dreamy reverie, from which he was rudely awakened by Giles asking if he were not going to smoke.

Mechanically he took his pipe from his pocket and began cutting up his tobacco.

"Now, what's your next move?" Giles asked. "I suppose you'll put up a new hut for Midnight to burn down again?"

"I hardly know yet," Wilton replied.

"It's the best thing you can do, and I daresay if you pass the word round you'll have all the help you want. For my part I have to get away over the ranges to see after some cattle that are offered to me, and I was going to start away this morning; but I can delay that for a bit."

"And leave your daughter all alone here while Midnight is about?" Wilton exclaimed.

"Oh, she's all right. He's too busy with his gang to bother about her, and besides, I shall bring back some one who will take her off my hands."

Wilton looked at him in surprise. There was a ring of callous indifference in his voice that jarred on the man who was just beginning to realise that Mary Giles was worth very much more consideration than her father showed her.

"It's an awful drag to have women about you in the bush," Giles went on. "It will be a relief to me to have her settled somewhere."

Wilton was about to say that perhaps there were some people who would be only too ready to undertake the responsibility, but, before he could do so, Giles continued:

"However, that has nothing to do with the situation. If I have to go, Johnson is not far off, and he'll be better able to set you up with tools and all the rest of it than I shall."

"I fancy I shall wait until Farrell gets up before I start a new hut. A tent will do for me in the meantime."

"Then Johnson is the man to see, for he has one or two; mine went into holes a year back, and I haven't replaced it yet."

"I'll ride over—but I forgot; my saddle and bridle were inside the hut and were burned along with the rest of my things. I'll have to borrow a bridle from you, so that I can catch my horse."

"That will be all right. I can let you have a mount, but you needn't be starting at once. Have a camp for a few hours. You'll want a rest after last night."

"I don't feel it yet, but I reckon I'll have a spell in the afternoon. I can get to Johnson's by that time if I start soon," Wilton said.

"What's the hurry?" Giles asked. "There's a lot to yarn about before you go."

"I want to get the news round as soon as I can," Wilton said.

"What! still bent on shooting that poor wretch?"

"There's another reason why we should be out after him, if you are going to leave Billah unprotected during your absence," Wilton replied. "We can, at all events, make the place too hot for him round about here, and then Miss Giles need not be afraid."

Giles laughed. "She can take care of herself, never you fear. I believe she'd give Midnight a warmer reception than you would! She's no end of a shot."

"But it's very risky," Wilton continued.

"If he were kept on the move he would not be so likely to flourish as he does."

"Well, my lad, as I tell you, I can't join in with you because I have to be over the ranges for two very important matters; one, the buying of stock, and the other, the bringing home of a mate for Mary."

"She is going to be married?" Wilton exclaimed.

"And why not? Surely she's old enough? I shall not be sorry to get the place free of petticoats; they're more than a nuisance in the bush."

"Is it to a squatter?" Wilton asked.

"Well, I reckon so. There was one after her, but she scared him off and he went home without her. Still, there are other plucky young chaps beyond the ranges, and I count on bringing one back who will take her off all right."

"But she may not——" Wilton commenced.

Giles looked at him quizzically.

"May not?" he said. "Well, I manage things here; if she doesn't choose to follow her father's advice in such matters as this, she'll have to put up with what follows."

"You mean that she would have——"

"I mean that I'd not be bothered any more with her up here."

Wilton sat smoking in silence for some minutes while he thought. It was very evident that the father had little real affection for the girl, and that his chief desire now was to get her, as he put it, off his hands. It was impossible to conjecture what sort of a man he might be who was to be brought from over the ranges, but whoever he was, Wilton felt, with all the jealous apprehension of a lover, that he would be particularly repugnant to Mary. It was quite sufficient, in his state of mind, to determine him, and he said quickly:

"There are men this side of the range as well as the other."

Giles eyed him critically before he answered.

"What of that?"

"One of them might be prepared to take your daughter——"

"Meaning yourself?" Giles interrupted, leaning forward and looking keenly into Wilton's face.

"Why not?" Wilton replied evasively, for he did not relish the other's keen scrutiny.

"Well, my lad, because there's next door to no stock on Melelee, and what there is belongs to two men; because you're a marked man with the gang, and will never be safe till they're all wiped out, and otherwise, because you might leave a widow any day, and lump the

burden on to me again. And, if you want any more reasons, because I've passed my word to two smart young chaps over there that they have first say. One of them came and went, and now the other has a run for it. After that, supposing he shies, too, like his mate did, there may be a chance for Melelee, but it's a poor one at any time."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRACK PASSES BILLAH.

AS if to prevent any further discussion on the matter, Giles inquired when Farrell was expected to reach Melelee. Wilton, irritated at the manner in which Giles had received his approaches with regard to Mary, answered shortly.

"What route will he take?" Giles asked, ignoring the brusqueness of the other's reply.

"That is more than I know, except that he will have to come round by Dimsdale's, down the river, for there's some stock there for him to pick up."

"When was he to leave Sydney?"

"About a week since."

"Then by three weeks he will be here, so you won't have much time for your expedition if you are going to meet him when he arrives," Giles remarked, and Wilton, thinking very much about other matters, did not reply. He was debating with himself whether Mary would receive his overtures as offhandedly as her father had done, when Giles interrupted his thoughts.

"You'll be asleep in a minute," he exclaimed with a laugh. "Go and have a nap, and I'll have the horses in by the time you're awake."

Giles showed him a stretcher and he lay down upon it, but not to sleep. His mind was far too actively engaged in scheming how he could carry out his newly formed intention of winning Mary, even in spite of her father's objections.

He wished that Farrell were near, so that he could discuss the matter with him, and, in deploring the fact that he was not at hand, remembered Johnson.

"Giles was very anxious for me to consult him on every other subject; I'll take his advice and see what he has to say about this," Wilton thought.

The decision he had come to made him more impatient than ever to be away, and rising from the stretcher he went on to the verandah again. There he found Mary, who smiled when she saw him,

"Father said you were worn out after last night, and were sleeping," she said.

"Your father—he has——" he began lamely.

"He has gone away to bring in a horse for you, and will not be back for an hour or so. Are you going away at once?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. "That is, soon. I want—I have to——"

He felt confused as he looked at her and watched the smile that played over her face.

"Get help for building the hut? Yes, I heard you and father talking," she said.

If Wilton had been confused before, he was ten times worse now as he recalled his conversation with Giles—which she must have heard if she had listened.

"You heard us?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, about your going to Johnson. I'm glad you know him. He's my best friend, I think," the girl said wistfully.

"Not your best?" Wilton asked, with a twinge of jealousy in his heart.

"Well, next to father, I suppose," she answered. "I've known him so long, and he's so nice. Not a bit like——" and she hesitated.

"Like me?"

"Oh, no, not you," was the girl's quick reply. "I meant, like some others who come here."

"From over the ranges?"

She shuddered as she nodded.

"Then you—but you are going to——?"

"I am going to what?" she asked archly.

"Why, your father said—didn't you hear him?"

"I only heard you talking about Johnson."

"And you don't like the men who come from over the ranges?"

"I hate them!" she exclaimed warmly. "Father brought one here and told me to marry him. It was just before the squatters turned out after Midnight the last time, and I haven't heard of him since."

It was dangerous ground for Wilton to encroach upon, but he did not stop to consider.

"If your father brings another will you go to him or to Johnson?" he asked, looking at her with eyes that would have told her very plainly what was in his mind had she glanced at them. But she was looking away into the bush and wondering whether it was a man she had seen pass behind a tree, or only her fancy. She heard his words and answered without a moment's hesitation.

"No," she said, "I should come to you first."

Then she looked at him, and her eyes dropped before his.

"For ever?" asked Wilton in a low voice.

She stood silent, her colour coming and going.

On her lips the words hovered to answer him in the affirmative, but behind them there was something that held her back. She glanced swiftly up into the strong, open, manly face, with a look of mingled love and timidity.

"You will come to me for ever?"

"You will have to take me," she answered with a smile. "Narli says it is always done; you can't be my champion till then."

"I can and I will!" he said warmly.

He drew her towards him, but she started back, and he, nearly losing his balance for a moment, staggered. As he did so his ears caught the sound of the report of a rifle, and a bullet struck a post of the verandah beside which he had been standing, and, tearing off a large splinter, buried itself in the wall of the house. The splinter flew sideways and struck Mary

on the head with sufficient force to stun her. He caught her in his arms as she fell, and, quickly looking over his shoulder, saw the puff of smoke hanging over some low bushes.

He carried Mary into the room where he had rested, and, placing her on the stretcher, called aloud for Narli. Then he hastened to where he had left his rifle, and, seizing it, crept back to the door and peered cautiously out. There was a tremor in the bushes where he had seen the smoke, and, aiming quickly, he fired. He saw a piece of the bush fall; another shot echoed from the same direction, and a bullet ploughed into the doorway, scarcely six inches from his head.

With a muttered imprecation at his own folly in not having fired his pistol first and reserved his rifle shot for the opportunity which



HE KNELT DOWN AND PEERED ROUND THE EDGE OF THE DOOR.

he now had of locating the exact position of his enemy, he retreated behind the door while he reloaded his weapon. In his excitement he had not noticed that there had been no reply from Narli, and the sudden appearance of Mary behind him startled him.

"What is it?" she exclaimed.

"They're attacking us!" he cried. "I warned your father, but he only laughed at me."

"But my head—what is it?" she repeated.

"A bullet hit the verandah and a flying splinter struck your head. Don't show yourself!" he cried, as she made as if to go through the doorway. "Look there!" he added, pointing to the mark the bullet had left on the door.

"Oh, you will be hurt!" she exclaimed, clutching at his arm.

He looked into her face.

"Am I not your champion?" he said.

"But give me a rifle, too. I can shoot."

"No, no. You go into safety and let me do the shooting. Your father will hear it and return. There is only one man over there," he added as he rammed his charge home and examined the priming.

Then he knelt down and peered round the edge of the door.

"Don't do that," Mary cried, as she caught him by the shoulder. "They will shoot you!"

"I must defend you!" he exclaimed.

"But if they rush the house, all the doors are open," she cried. "Come inside, quick!"

"There is only one, I am sure, and he dare not show himself," he answered, loth to shake off the hold she kept on his shoulder.

"There may be more. Yes, listen! I can hear horses."

He leant forward, and his ears caught the sound.

"They're coming! they're coming!" Mary cried, clinging to him in her alarm. "Oh, save me from them, save me!"

"They shall never touch you while I live!" he exclaimed. "Call Narli, and bring all the rifles there are in the house. Quick! They're here!" he cried, as he strove to break from her grasp.

The horses, wildly ridden, were pulled up in their stride opposite the doorway, and Wilton saw Giles, white and excited, leap from the back of one.

"What's all this?" he cried, as he stepped on to the verandah and stood looking at Wilton, to whom Mary was still clinging. "What's all this? Have you gone mad?"

"Come inside before he sees you or you're a dead man!" Wilton replied as, reaching forward, he caught Giles by the arm and pulled him into the house.

"Who sees me! What do you mean?"

"Midnight. Look at the bullet mark on the door. And there's another on the verandah."

"Nonsense, man, you're mad! Midnight would never dare to attack my house."

"But he has, or one of his gang. The man, whoever he is, fired at me from those bushes, and I believe he's still there."

"I'll soon have him out of that," Giles cried as he turned to go out again.

"No, father, stay!" Mary exclaimed as she caught Giles by the sleeve. "They'll shoot you if they see you!"

He shook her off roughly. "It's time for action," he said as he stepped on to the verandah and sprang into the saddle. Wilton followed, jumping on to the other horse, and they rode

to the clump of bushes. Wilton momentarily expected to see a puff of smoke and feel the twinge of a bullet, or see his companion fall; but nothing of the sort occurred. They reached the bushes, and Wilton, pointing to where his bullet had cut a stem, said, "That's where he was when I fired."

They dismounted and searched amongst the patch of undergrowth, but the only evidence they could find was the impression made where a man had lain at full length immediately behind the bush whose stem had been cut by the bullet from Wilton's rifle.

"You're right; some one's been there, and a near shave he had if he was there when you fired!" Giles exclaimed.

"Now is it time to rouse the country?" Wilton cried.

"I doubt if it's any good now. He'll be fifty miles away before we get out."

"Let us track him now," Wilton said. "We ought to be able to see his footprints on the soft ground, and he must have left a clear track through the bush."

"Wait till I get my rifle. I don't fancy going after Midnight with empty hands," Giles answered.

He rode away to the house and presently came back with his rifle, Wilton in the meantime searching for some token to point the direction of the bushranger's flight. But he was not quick enough to discover the signs which, to a black-fellow's eyes, would have been as plain as a high road, in bent twigs and trampled grass blades. Nor was Giles better able, and after an hour or so of fruitless search they had to abandon their task and return to the house.

"What's to be done now?" Giles asked as they rode along.

"I think I had better ride over to Johnson's and get as many together as I can, and then come back with them and search the country round, and especially in the ranges where Jimmy said he had his hiding-place."

"That means a fortnight's delay for me before I can start after that stock," Giles said in a dissatisfied tone. "Never mind; have it your own way. We may get him this time."

CHAPTER XV.

WALLS HAVE EARS.

BEFORE he started, Wilton would have spoken to Mary, but Giles did not leave them together for a moment, and he had to be content with a handshake and a glance into her eyes. They met his in

a clear, open way, and with a light in them that told him as much as she could have done in words.

With his rifle ready for any emergency he rode rapidly along the scarce discernible track that led from Billah to Toombul, the station which Johnson owned, thirty miles away. He was steadily on the alert all the way, but neither saw nor heard anything of his enemy. As he approached Toombul he saw Johnson at the door of the house.

"Hullo! what's in the wind now?" exclaimed the latter as Wilton cantered up.

"Midnight's about again," Wilton replied as he dismounted. "He stuck me up and burned Melelee, and this morning fired on Billah, where I went as soon as I could get away."

"That's bad news," Johnson said gravely. "We had better send round for the boys to turn out before he can get far away."

"That's why I'm here."

"And at a lucky time, too, for both my stockmen are in from the back country, and I'll start them off right away and we can yarn about it later."

"Had they better meet here or at Billah?" Wilton asked.

"This is nearest for them, and we'll get Black Douglas over. He's as good as a black at tracking. You go inside and make yourself comfortable while I send the men off."

Wilton went inside and, stretching himself out on a long-armed chair, filled and lit his pipe. He began to feel the effects of his prolonged excitement and fatigue, and when Johnson came in he was nearly asleep with his pipe in his mouth.

"I'm about done," he explained as he bestirred himself.

"Well, just give me a brief outline of what has passed, so that I may have something to think about; then go and camp. You look as if you needed it. How's Mary? Or didn't you see her?"

"See her? Yes, and I tell you, Johnson—" Wilton began, his face lighting with a smile.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" Johnson interrupted with a laugh. "You haven't lost much time over it, though I don't know what Giles will have to say, not to mention Wills, the man she was to have married a month or so ago."

"She shall never marry him. She hates him, and as for her father—"

Johnson whistled.

"My boy, you *have* made progress. I'm glad of it, too; but all the same, remember what I told you about Giles. He's a caution

when he can't get his own way, and if he wants her to marry Will's or anybody else, it will be tough work to prevent it. However, let's have the yarn."

But Wilton was started on another subject, and one that made his tongue far more fluent than the recapitulation of mere adventures could possibly do. Johnson smiled as his friend plunged at once into the matter of his first impressions of Mary, and what she had told him of the men from over the ranges whom her father brought to the house, and one of whom she had already been bidden to marry.

"All right, my boy, I know something about that. But what of Midnight sticking you up?"

"We'll come to that presently," Wilton answered, as he plunged into the conversation he had had with Giles with regard to Mary. Johnson, seeing that he would talk of nothing else until he had exhausted the subject, allowed him to go on, speculating meanwhile upon the chances of Wilton's success against what he knew to be the inflexible determination of the father. When at length Wilton began to repeat information he had already given, Johnson pulled him up.

"Now, you've run through all the news on that matter, so just fire away about Midnight," he said.

Wilton laughed good-humouredly.

"I pity that girl in her lonely life, and that is why I—"

"Just so," Johnson interrupted. "But what about Midnight?"

Wilton told briefly what had occurred, from the time that he had discovered the black-fellow standing behind him with his spear levelled for throwing, until he had reached Billah shortly after dawn.

When he had finished, Johnson sat for awhile smoking in silence. At length he said:

"You haven't looked for that cave?"

"How could I? There's been no time."

"Did you tell Giles about it?"

"Yes, and he said it was not worth attention."

Again Johnson mused in silence.

"I intend looking for it myself, though, as soon as I can," Wilton went on.

"But you have forgotten to tell me about the attack on Billah," was Johnson's reminder. Wilton therefore gave Johnson full particulars.

"When do you expect Farrell up with the cattle?" Johnson asked, after listening attentively to all Wilton had to say.

"In about three weeks or a month."

"It's a serious matter, I'm afraid," Johnson went on. "I don't at all like it. Midnight



has had many a nearer shave than he is likely to have this time, for I doubt whether we shall be able to do more than track him for a few miles. He can do what he likes with us at that game, for he knows every inch of the country. Although we know our own runs fairly well, it has been too risky to travel about very much among the ranges or the unsettled districts. I'm afraid, too, he has his mark on you, and I tell you candidly you'll have to be very, very careful, for he's not a man to be trifled with."

"But if we can find his hiding-place we shall be able to trap him."

"We shall never find that, Wilton. That is where we have suffered; there are too many of us when we turn out. If Midnight is to be tracked it will have to be done by one, or, at the most, two. It will be a case of shooting on sight, as Giles said of the blacks, for no one ever expects to see him taken alive. He would be hanged for a certainty, and you may be sure he'll fight to the last."

"I'm going to try and find out whether the blackfellow spoke the truth about the cave or not," Wilton said emphatically.

"Better have some one with you. Caution is the most useful thing in this case."

"But whom can I have? You see, Farrell won't be up for a month, and in that time Midnight may have played havoc again."

"Suppose I join?"

Wilton jumped up from his seat. "Will you? I wouldn't care a rap for the others if you will!" he exclaimed.

"I only said 'suppose,'" Johnson observed, smiling at Wilton's enthusiasm. "Look here, Wilton," he continued in a graver tone, "this is a serious business. Firstly, we must thoroughly understand one another; secondly, we must know each other's plans and ideas; thirdly, we must keep the idea entirely to ourselves; lastly, we may consider whether we will or will not work together. I tell you frankly that it is a very serious business, and also that for years my ambition has been to succeed in the tracking of Midnight."

"It's a bargain, so far as I'm concerned," Wilton exclaimed.

"Very well; we will consider it settled that we will discuss the matter after this expedition is over. In the meantime we'll say nothing to anybody about our ideas or plans, whatever they may be, but just work with the crowd until they are all sick of the chase, as they will be after a week or so."

"It's a pity we can't start at once," Wilton said.

"I don't know that it is. We may learn

something that will be very useful to us if we do decide to join hands in the business."

"I know something already."

"About the cave? Well, keep it to yourself till we meet to discuss."

"Not only that; I made a discovery while I was watching him when he was burning the hut."

"Keep it to yourself," Johnson exclaimed sharply. "I don't want to hear it now. Wait and be cautious—that is the motto."

Wilton looked at him in surprise.

"And just for the present I should say also that you want a good sleep, so when we've finished tea you'd better turn in," added Johnson.

He rose from his seat, and, crossing the room, walked on to the verandah, dropping a piece of paper into Wilton's hands as he passed. Wilton glanced at it and read: "Take care who hears you!"

He tore it up and followed Johnson on to the verandah, where he found him intently watching in the direction of the track.

"You're right," Wilton said as he went up to him.

"You didn't seem to understand," Johnson replied. "But if I am not very far wrong some one is riding away amongst the trees there down the track."

"Do you think——?"

"I don't know what to think. It would be too daring even for him to try at a time like this."

"You mean——"

"There is only one 'him' between us," Johnson interposed quickly. "We must be cautious and, where possible, silent. When we must speak we must avoid names."

Wilton nodded, although he did not feel quite satisfied with the arrangement. His open English nature did not appreciate working underground, as he termed it in his mind. He made no secret of his intention of shooting Midnight when he got the chance, and he could see no necessity for refraining from speaking of his schemes merely because there might be some one else to hear him besides the person he addressed. He understood better when subsequent events had transpired which enabled him to know something of the mind of the man he had undertaken to outwit.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER RALLY.

THE next day there was a busy scene at the Toombul homestead as squatters rode up from different directions, hailing one another and making as much out of the

fact that they were met together again as that their common enemy, Midnight, was again in the field.

It was a lonely life, that of the Australian pioneer, and the men who to-day "rough" it in the bush, with railroads, telegraphs, newspapers, and all the rest of civilised requirements, are apt to think too lightly of what their predecessors went through. The fortunes that were made in the early days were well earned, in spite of the fact that the land was given away, and sometimes the stock as well.

Living mostly by themselves, with their nearest neighbour anything from ten to a hundred miles away, with no postal service, and newspapers unknown, the possibility of an attack from the blacks constantly before them, and, not unfrequently, a visit from some of the many convicts who succeeded in eluding the custodians of the goals; with the risk of a bush fire or a flood destroying their improvements, without counting such minor excitements as personal accidents, snake bites, or being lost in the bush—all went to make up what might be the daily experience of any one of the hardy pioneers.

Thus it was that when there was a chance of rallying at any given point for a campaign against either the blacks or the white outlaws, every one who heard of it rode off at once. As Johnson had said, there were generally too many of them to do any good, and the astute and keen-witted blacks had little difficulty in escaping so long as they kept their wits about them. It was when they threw caution to the winds and stayed to gorge upon their victim's cattle that they paid the penalty. With the white outlaws, inexperience of the bush and lack of resource often led to their recapture or death. But when it came to seeking a man of the calibre of Midnight, or any of the gang moving under his directions, the squatters were usually at fault.

All the same, they had their meeting, and the chance of a yarn with their brethren, and that was very often of far more interest to them than the capture of some poor stricken wretch escaped from the Sydney goals. As they arrived, singly and in pairs, at Toombul, the news of the attack made on Wilton was the first matter they discussed, but as the day passed it became secondary to the other information which Wilton was able to give them of his recent visit to Sydney. Each one had some questions to ask, and by the time they gathered together for the evening meal there had been a great deal of talking, but very little of it about the subject of their expedition.

Then it was that Black Douglas arrived. His appearance was greeted with enthusiasm by the assemblage. He was a thick built, swarthy complexioned man, and his nickname was as much earned by the colour of his skin as by the ability he displayed in the practice of the aborigines in following a track through the bush. When he joined in an expedition there was generally some smart work done; but he was amongst the most energetic of the settlers, and preferred to devote his time to his own business rather than to scouring the country after refugee convicts. As soon as he had seen to his horse he came in and sat down at the table.

"Now then, don't waste time!" he exclaimed. "While I feed, just spin the yarn, so that we can get to business with daylight to-morrow."

Johnson sat next to him and told him all that had occurred at Melelee and Billah. He listened as he ate, and did not speak until the tale was complete.

"Who's going to lead?" he asked when Johnson stopped.

"Well, we start from Billah," Johnson said.

"That means Giles, then?" he remarked.

"Not much, when you and Johnson are with us," one of the men replied.

"You forget that Giles is a J.P.," Douglas answered.

"And so are you; besides, we never do anything when Giles leads. He only agrees with himself, and there's bound to be a row."

"Just let Johnson and I have a yarn about it," Douglas said, and the two filled their pipes and strolled outside, where, out of hearing of the rest, they talked for some time. Then Johnson came over for Wilton, and the three of them stood speaking in low tones.

"Douglas has got an idea which I don't quite agree with, but which, for the present, we need not go into," Johnson said. "I've told him about the plan we discussed yesterday, and he agrees with me that we had better keep it to ourselves until after this trip. In the meantime, Giles is to be given the lead, and if, as Douglas anticipates, we find that the man who shot at Billah rode away for the ranges, we will follow the track for a time and then disperse. After that we will consider what course to follow."

"Why should not you and I stay behind and try our luck at the place——?"

"Steady, steady!" Douglas said quickly under his breath. "You leave the matter to Johnson and me. If it is suggested that you set to work, with some assistance, to put up



"HE RODE THIS WAY," DOUGLAS ANSWERED, AS HE FOLLOWED THE TRACK.

another hut, you'll know what to do; but I think it will be better for you to come with us. You're the man that Midnight is after just now. He never lets an injury pass; and, remember, you shot his right-hand man. If you value your life at all, keep

with the crowd until we see which way he went."

"Very well, I'll follow your advice," Wilton said in a hesitating tone.

"Look here, my lad, you're young at this work, and both of us have seen a good deal of it. So far you've had about as much luck as a man can have in such a matter, but don't risk too much on that account."

"That's true, Wilton," Johnson added. "Let things take their course for a time."

The three returned to the house and explained that they thought it best to let Giles lead, and although there was some grumbling—for Giles was not very popular amongst his neighbours—the arrangement was agreed to, and everybody rolled up in his blankets in order to get a full night's rest before the heavy day's work which was before them on the morrow.

Before daybreak they were all up and away, arriving at Billah early in the morning. Giles met them on the verandah, and after they had informed him that he was elected leader, he suggested that Wilton should take Douglas to the place whence the shots had been fired, while he saddled his horse and followed them. Wilton looked anxiously round for Mary, but she did not appear, and he had to go on to the clump of bushes with Douglas.

As they neared the place, Douglas stopped the others, and, dismounting, walked carefully to the spot.

"That's where he lay," he said to Wilton, who accompanied him, pointing to the place where the impression of the man's body had been visible when Wilton and Giles

had examined it, but where there was nothing, so far as Wilton could see, to indicate the fact now.

"How do you know?"

"My lad, I told you that you were young at this sort of work. Otherwise you would

have tracked the man right away at the time. You see those two broken twigs? They are broken and bruised, showing that something has pressed heavily upon them. They are more than a foot apart, which shows that it was a large body which rested on them. I can't stop to tell you the why and wherefore of everything just now. You watch for yourself and see if you can pick up any reason for what I tell you. The man wore boots, and is not tall. He aimed three times, but only fired twice. He aimed for a long time at the first, but moved before he fired. When he got up he crept backwards," and Douglas stepped slowly and carefully through the bushes. "He stood up here and ran quickly—there are his footprints—and here he had his horse tethered. You can see where the rein chafed the bark of this sapling," he went on, pointing to a slight mark of friction that had rubbed off the soft outer skin of the tender bark. "Then he mounted and rode this way. Now we'll mount, too."

He called to the man who held the horses, and sprang into his saddle, while Wilton did the same. Giles at the same moment rode up.

"Well?" he exclaimed.

"He rode this way," Douglas answered as he slowly followed the track which, to ordinary eyes, was invisible, but which was plain enough to him in an occasional bent or broken twig and bruised grass blade. He bent forward as he rode until his head was beside his horse's neck, and the remainder of the party followed behind him in single file. Presently he put his horse into a trot and then into a canter.

The men behind closed up as he rode at a quicker pace. He was soon going at a hand gallop, and enthusiasm rose in the minds of those behind him. Then he stopped so suddenly that the crowd was around him before they could pull their horses up.

"Steady, steady!" he exclaimed as he gazed anxiously at the ground. "This track was only made a few hours since. Get your rifles ready!" he cried, and, wheeling his horse, he unsling his rifle from his shoulder and dashed into the bush.

The remainder of the party followed, scattering out in accordance with a suggestion that Giles called out. Douglas, with Wilton close behind him, rode rapidly forward, looking intently on the ground as he went. After a while they came to a fairly well-defined track which crossed their way at right angles, and Douglas turned his horse along it. They rode about half a mile farther on, and then, turning sharp round a very thick patch of scrub, found themselves on the bank of the river.

Vol. XV.—27.

On the soft earth of the bank the marks of horses' hoofs, recently made, were clearly visible.

"He's gone over," Douglas exclaimed as he reined up, and once more the party crowded round him.

"It's deep water here, so he has had to swim over," Giles said. "The ford is lower down. We had better make for it."

"I doubt if it's any good," Douglas said in a quiet voice. "He knows the country over there better than any of us, and the fact that he has taken the river where it is deep shows that he is aware that we are out. I reckon he has gone clear away to the ranges, and we shall only tire our horses out for nothing."

Giles insisted that it was absurd to talk of turning back now that the outlaw was almost within reach of their rifles.

"Go on, if you like; but I tell you it's no good. We'll be better employed in putting up a new hut for Wilton."

"I never hesitated about turning out when any one else was attacked," Giles said angrily. "But now that my place is fired on you all want to give up the job."

"It's no good going on," Douglas urged.

"If I'm leader I decide that, and not you; and I go for the ford and over it, whether any of you follow me or not!"

The others, excited at the prospect of ridding the neighbourhood of its scourge, loudly supported Giles, and Douglas gave way.

With Giles in the lead they rode to the ford and crossed the river, and followed back to where, on the opposite bank, they supposed that the horse's track went down to the water. They searched up and down, but failed to find the slightest indication of the horse having come out of the stream.

"What do you make of this?" Johnson said to Douglas as he came up beside him.

"What I told you, that Midnight is one of the smartest bushmen in the colony," Douglas answered.

"But I'll best him yet, if I ride from now to never!" Giles cried excitedly.

"It isn't possible," Douglas rejoined coldly.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UGLY SUSPICION.



BRIEF council was held to decide upon the best means of picking up the track, if the escaping rider had left one anywhere, and, after a considerable debate, during which Douglas urged the futility of



"I KNEW HE WAS MIDNIGHT."

advancing, it was determined to split up into parties of twos and threes and search through the bush. As each man carried his blankets strapped to the saddle, and a supply of rations, besides a rifle and ammunition, they were somewhat handicapped in the rough riding the search entailed.

"If you're not anxious to follow him up you'd better stay here and look after the blankets," Giles said to Douglas.

The sneering suggestion was met with a warm rejoinder, and Giles answered with another.

"Stow that rowing!" one of the men

exclaimed angrily. "You two never get together without there's a row."

"Well, what does he want to turn out for when he's only conniving at the escape of the chap we're after?" Giles cried.

"It's a lie, and you know it!" the other replied hotly.

"Now, that's enough," Johnson interposed quietly. "There's no time for that sort of thing."

But the feud, which was of long standing, had been reopened, and peace was not restored for some time. Then Giles rode off with two of the party, and Douglas remained on the river bank with Wilton and Johnson.

"It's no use wasting time over here. We had better ride back over the ford and run along that track again," Douglas said, directly the three found themselves alone.

"I doubt if that would be wise," Johnson answered.

"Well, I'm not going to waste time here looking for what I know will never be found," Douglas exclaimed

warmly. "I've had enough of that in the past. Are you coming?"

"No; I don't think it would do for us to go back, especially Wilton, for whose sake the men are out," Johnson answered.

"Then I go by myself," Douglas retorted, and wheeling his horse he rode swiftly away.

"He's a hot-headed beggar!" Johnson said when he was gone.

"Giles and he don't seem to hit it very well," Wilton remarked.

"They hate one another like poison," Johnson answered. "It's an old story, and as we go along I'll tell you what it is all about."

It began by some cattle, with Douglas' brand on them, getting mixed up with a mob belonging to Giles. Douglas, who is an excellent tracker, swore that they had been deliberately driven away from his run. Giles had been away over the ranges, and when he came back he heard of it and rode over to Douglas in hot haste, and there was a great row, each one accusing the other of all sorts of things. It seems that they both used their fists, and both had more or less of a rough handling; and from that day to this they have regarded one another with malice. The last set-to between them was when Giles was made a J.P. He was very proud of it, and celebrated his newly-acquired dignity by at once setting a rumour afloat that Midnight was one of the local squatters. He had been seen just previously by some one or another, and was described as being very dark in the skin and hair, and it was not long before Giles' suggestion took shape, and several suspected that Douglas was the man. It happened that he was away from his station somewhere when a raid occurred, and on his return he was confronted by two constables and a writ, issued by Giles, for his arrest on suspicion of being the leader of the bushrangers. He was conveyed to Sydney and tried there. Although he stoutly denied the truth of the accusation, asserting that he had been absent looking for new country to take up, he was very nearly convicted, because, when it came to proving where he had been, he failed, having no witnesses. It was only because a neighbour, who had seen Midnight, swore that Douglas was a man of a different build, that he was let go. The police are only too anxious to get hold of any of the gang, not to make a big effort to convict when they have even a suspect in charge. After his liberation a raid by Midnight and his gang took place while Douglas was miles away from the scene of it, and as that proved his innocence as completely as it could be proved, the Government felt that there had been an injustice done to him, and he was made a J.P. as well, much to the indignation of Giles, who even now, in private, hints at his belief that Douglas and Midnight are one and the same."

"What is your opinion?" Wilton asked.

"Well, candidly, I don't know. I have noticed some things at different times which look suspicious, and yet they are not enough to build upon. I never speak about it to any one, but I just told you so as to put you on your guard in case anything is said to you."

"You think that——?"

"Remember what I told you," Johnson interrupted in a low tone. "There are some of the others."

Three of the party came towards them.

"It's no go," one of the trio called out. "We can't see a sign."

"And are full up of it," said another. "We're going back to camp for a spell."

The five rode back together to an open spot by the stream, where they took their saddles off their horses and set about preparing a meal. While they were so engaged the two with whom Giles had ridden away came up.

"Hullo! where's Giles?" Johnson exclaimed.

"Oh, he's got some idea about having another look at the place where the horse took the stream, but we didn't see the force of it, so came back here for a spell. It's no use looking in this country for tracks," one of them answered.

"Has he gone over the ford?" Wilton exclaimed.

"Expect so, unless he changed his mind," the other answered laconically.

"So has Douglas," Johnson said.

"Oh, good job! Let them meet and settle their row alone," one of the men said with a laugh. "Douglas is always on to the old man, and I tell you Giles ain't a bad sort."

"More's Douglas," another said. "Only they're both so proud of being magistrates that they never rest till they've had a go at one another."

"I wonder what the truth of that yarn Giles put about really was?" one of them remarked.

There would probably have been a prolonged discussion upon the matter, which was already one of considerable interest to Wilton, when the group were startled by the report of a rifle in the direction of the ford, followed by a cry.

Every one jumped to his feet, and, seizing his rifle, hastened to catch his horse. But before they could accomplish that, Giles galloped into their midst.

"The scoundrel! The villain! Now will you believe me?" he cried excitedly. "I knew he was Midnight."

"Who?" cried the men as they crowded round him.

"Who? Why, that black-faced Douglas. He was hiding across the ford and fired on me as I was going over. Look at that," he went on, holding up his right hand, from which the blood was flowing. "I swung aside when I saw him, and the bullet scraped my hand."

(To be continued.)



THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
Cuirassiers charging Highlanders in square.
After the painting by Fata Philippovassou.

JUNE EVENTS.

By Readers of "The Captain."

AMONGST the great military leaders of modern history who by their genius and bravery have won for themselves names

Waterloo. that will never be forgotten, two stand out head and shoulders above the rest—Wellington and Napoleon. Fortune decreed that two of the world's most brilliant generals should enter the arena of the battlefield together, one to fall, the other to achieve a glorious victory. At Waterloo they met and struggled, and Wellington was the victor.

It is hard to say which was the more complete—the triumph of Wellington or the downfall of Napoleon. No valiant deed could have been more splendidly accomplished than the decisive victory won by the Iron Duke, and no descent from lofty power more precipitate than the terrible *débâcle* of France's Emperor.

Though General Blücher arrived at the critical moment, when England's strength was fast ebbing away, and changed what might have been defeat into overwhelming mastery, to Wellington must be accorded the title of Conqueror.

And well he merits it! He it was who planned and occupied the field of battle, who filled the hearts of his troops with enthusiasm and dogged resolution for nine long hours by his fortitude and presence at every point of danger, and who finally commanded "The whole line will advance" when the Prussians began their attack.

All that Sunday tremendous fighting had been going on. Whole regiments were practically swept out of existence. Never for a moment did the roar of cannon and musketry cease; and charge followed charge in endless succession.

Though whole masses of the enemy had fallen, thousands came on anew. Still the French army pressed forward at Napoleon's command. As each advance terminated in slaughter and defeat, fresh battalions marched across the valley, and with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" flung themselves against the British ranks. Bravely the latter held their

ground, never flinching, but before these incessant and fierce onslaughts their lines were becoming terribly thin. The situation of the allied army was growing every moment more critical. Little wonder that Wellington almost despaired, that he prayed for "night or Blücher." To crown all, Napoleon was now preparing for what he believed would be a final and irresistible attack. To his easily exhilarated troops victory seemed certain. Twice, however, the Emperor's columns were driven back, shattered and confused by the deadly fire and bayonets of our British guards. Could England keep it up? Was Blücher never coming? Evening fell, and the booming of Prussian guns was heard. The crisis had arrived.

Subjected to this sudden and unexpected attack on their flank, the French troops found it impossible to rally and renew the fighting. One grand and general effort had brought about the ruin of Napoleon and his army. The panic and disorder which signalled Blücher's arrival, the death-dealing repulses meted out to the Imperial Guard, assured Wellington that the time of victory was at hand, and that to consummate the defeat of the French he must strike boldly. "The whole line will advance," he commands. With rousing British cheers, our infantry rushed on in one long and magnificent line.

With fixed bayonets they crashed down upon the demoralised and terror-stricken masses, carrying all before them and changing retreat into total rout. For a moment, with Napoleon in their midst, some regiments of the Old Guard endeavoured to stem the current. His last hope, however, failed. "A présent c'est fini. Sauvons-nous," he muttered tremulously. This final resistance was but short and feeble, and the Emperor's devoted officers, realising that their master's army was completely wrecked, hurried Napoleon away from these scenes of carnage and devastation.

The setting sun, breaking through the clouds, shot its last gleams on the rout of Waterloo.

P. E. PETER.



THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
Cuirassiers charging Highlanders in square.
After the painting by Peter Philippsma.

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P. E. PETTER.



SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, KILLING
WAT TYLER IN SMITHFIELD.

After the painting by J. Northcote, R.A.

THE brutal conduct of a tax-collector towards the daughter of Wat Tyler at Dartford, in Kent, and the slaying

Wat Tyler's Insurrection.

of the collector by the exasperated father, set

the smouldering discontent of the peasants in flame. The people applauded the act, and appointed Tyler leader of the commons in Kent. Other counties participated in the movement, and bands of rebels appeared, from the southern provinces to the banks of the Trent and Humber. An army of sixty thousand men under Tyler assembled on Blackheath on June 11, 1381. Here a priest named John Ball addressed the multitude, taking as a text two doggerel lines :

When Adam delved and Eve span
Where was then the gentleman ?

The orator insisted that, as all men were equal in the sight of God, so should they be in the view of the laws of man. The insurgents marched to London. On entering the city, the rich endeavoured to reconcile them by throwing open their wine-cellars. This stimulated them to further acts of violence. Newgate was demolished and the prisoners set free. The Duke of Lancaster's palace was destroyed, the Temple was burned, and many foreign merchants were sacrificed. On June 14, an interview took place between Richard II. and the malcontents of Herts and Essex. The latter demanded the abolition of slavery for them and their children, the liberty of buying

and selling in all fairs and markets, a general pardon, and a reduction of the rent of land to a moderate and uniform rate. Richard promised compliance, and the clauses were drawn up in a Charter.

In the absence of the King, the people of Kent broke into the Tower to wreak their vengeance on his ministers. The next day, Richard had a meeting with Wat Tyler and his men at Smithfield. During the interview, the insurgent leader was seen to play with his dagger. The Lord Mayor, apprehending a treacherous assault, struck him to the ground. Seeing their leader fall, the foremost rebels bent their bows to avenge his death. It was a moment of extreme danger to the royal party, but the situation was saved by the King riding up to the multitude and saying that he would be their leader. The boldness of the action ensured its success. Richard, followed by

the people, proceeded to Islington. Here he was met by an army under Sir Robert Knowles, and the insurgents were dispersed in all directions. So ended the rebellion of Wat Tyler.

DOUGLAS MACKAY.

CHARLES and Fairfax met at Naseby in Northamptonshire on June 14, 1645, and there



THOMAS, LORD FAIRFAX.

From an old print. Rischgitz Collection.

fought out the decisive battle of the first Civil War. Once more it was Rupert who lost the day, and Cromwell who

The Battle of Naseby.

won it. The Prince, with the right wing of the royal horse, routed his immediate opponents, and rode off the field in reckless pursuit of them. But, on the King's left, Cromwell and his Ironsides broke to pieces the Cavaliers of the North, and then steadied their ranks and rode against the flank of the Royalist infantry.

Charles sent in his reserve to aid his flagging centre, and prepared to charge himself at the head of his body-guard, but was restrained by the Earl of Carnwath, who seized the royal rein and turned his master out of the press. Far better would it have been for him and for England if Charles had gone on to make his end among the pikes.

Cromwell's charge settled the day; the Royalist foot were ridden down or captured; the wrecks of the horse joined the late-returning Rupert, and escorted their master back to Oxford.

Naseby decided the fate of the war. The king could never raise another army in the Midlands. His whole infantry force was gone, and for the next eight months he rode helplessly about the shires with 2000 or 3000 horse vainly trying to elude his pursuers and scrape together a new body of foot.

ARNOLD HEATHCOTE.

“THE evil of one age is the good of the next.” Never

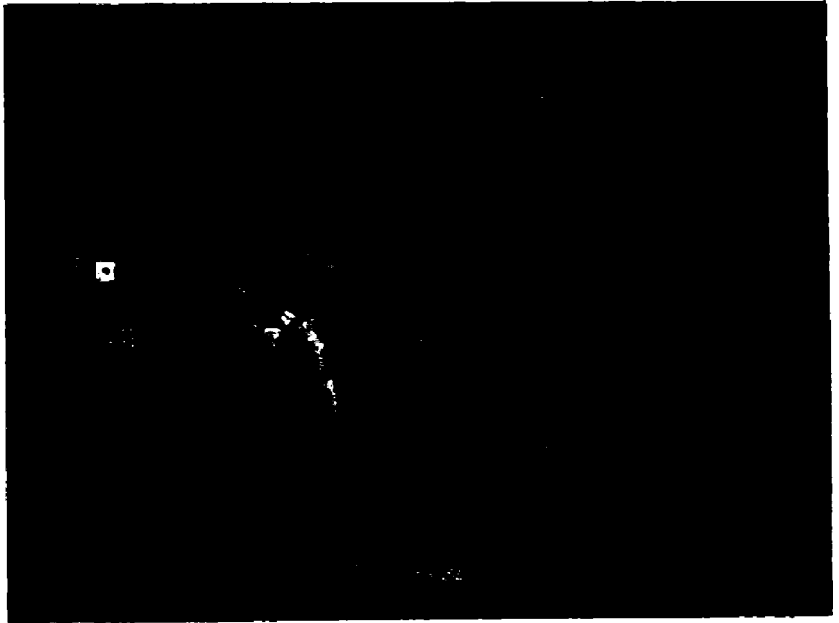
Magna Charta.

was this phrase more strikingly illustrated than in the case of the famous Magna Charta

signed by King John at Runnymede-on-Thames, June 15, 1215.

The casual observer, on reading his history, puts John down as a thoroughly bad character, and has done with him. But did he take time to think, he would realise that, had it not been for John, we should have had no Magna Charta, and consequently none of its privileges. So John, it will be apparent, did not live in vain. Nowadays, when we enter a warehouse, we possess the wholesome knowledge that we can demand our full money's worth.

or know the reason why; when we retire to rest, we can sleep comfortably without any fear of a nocturnal raid upon our belongings, or, maybe, a hasty end at the ruthless hand of some enemy; and when we sojourn out of doors, we need not walk in fear of momentarily being cast into gaol for something we have never done. On the contrary, we have at all times, and in all places, a sense of complete security, and all because we are guarded by a vast and powerful law, a law which can avenge and assert. For all this, there is no doubt, the Great Charter was responsible. It was the foundation of our modern legal system, and, if we regard it as such, we cannot help blessing King John for being the cause of its existence. The best known of its clauses are:



KING JOHN SIGNING MAGNA CHARTA.

After the painting by J. Mortimer.

- (1) That the Church of England shall be free.
- (2) That no man shall be imprisoned without trial.
- (3) That trial shall be by jury.
- (4) That a man may leave the kingdom and return to it when he pleases.
- (5) That no rich man shall use a poor man's cart and horse without his leave.
- (6) That a poor man may bring an action against a rich man.

Hallam aptly describes the Magna Charta as “the keystone of English liberty,” and there is no doubt it was so. Though the days of the moat and drawbridge are over, an Englishman's house is still his castle.

W. H. L. GRONOW.



ROBERT, FIRST LORD CLIVE.

After the original in The Government House, Madras.

THE year 1757 possesses special significance for all Englishmen. It recalls the infamous Black Hole which swallowed up so many British lives; it conjures up that memorable day in June

The Battle of Plassey.

when the Black Hole was avenged on the blood-stained field of Plassey, and the fertile Province of Bengal fell under British sway.

The battle of Plassey is an old tale, yet one that acquires additional lustre with each repetition; it is a monument to British heroism and bravery, and the audacity of the attackers finds few parallels in the annals of history. How the pulses throb as the jewelled warriors of the East pass before the mental gaze, grand in their barbaric panoply and pageant! Opposed see the devoted band of white men—few, but of the race that is "born to command, to obey, and to endure"—at their head a figure whose name was to resound the world over and become a household word in many a British home.

Could men foresee that Robert Clive, the clerk of Madras would

one day be the hero of Arcot and the conqueror of Plassey? Fate ordained that he was to be the founder of our glorious Indian Empire. Before Plassey, when overwhelming hosts threatened, the European leaders gathered in consultation. Clive alone advocated fighting, and, as opinions were contrary, retired to a wood deep in thought. He came back with the remark, "Gentlemen, I will fight." Fight he did, and a glorious victory crowned his determination with success.

Waterloo was also fought in June, but in no way was it more decisive or important than the Indian battle which decided once and for all the future of India and its peoples.

DIGBY GORDON HARRIS.

THE battle of Bunker's Hill, was fought on June 17, 1775, between the royal troops and the American revolutionists, on a hill at the entrance to the peninsula of Charlestown, near

Bunker's Hill.

Boston, Mass., in the New England States.

After the revolutionists had openly declared their independence of British rule, additional bodies of troops from England began to arrive at Boston about the end of May, under Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton. General Gage now prepared to take action. He, however, first published a proclamation offering pardon to all colonists who would come in quietly and lay down their arms. The Americans took this as the beginning of hostilities, and so made ready to resist by force of arms. They imme-



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

After the painting by J. Trumbull.

diately set a thousand men at work forming entrenchments along the face of Bunker's Hill, which overlooked Boston and the British encampment. Seeing this, General Gage immediately ordered Major-General Howe and Brigadier-General Pigot, with three thousand men, to drive the Provincials from that commanding position.

The royal troops, having formed in two lines, advanced slowly, to give their artillery time to destroy the enemy's works before coming to close quarters. The Colonists, however, reserved their fire till the attacking force was within ten or twelve rods, when they poured in volleys of rifle-fire, so incessant and destructive that the royal troops gave way in several parts of the line; in fact, the soldiers (who were composed largely of Hessians, instead of our own plucky Britishers), cared so little for fighting that their officers had to force them forward at the points of their swords. After having been repeatedly repulsed, General Howe and his officers returned to the attack for the last time, forcing on their men even with fixed bayonets. The ammunition of the Colonists then began to fail, so that they could not keep up a sufficient rifle-fire to hold the enemy in check. The English had by now brought cannon to bear on the trenches, which so raked them that the Americans were at last compelled to beat a retreat, with a loss of 139 killed, 314 wounded, and five pieces of cannon; whilst the British loss amounted to 1054, among whom were 89 officers.

LESLIE H. BURKET.

THERE was a great and immediate need for Parliamentary Reform when William IV. came to the throne in 1830.

The Reform Act.

Owing to the system of parliamentary election and representation which existed at that time, a great amount of bribery, corruption, and oppression was used to influence the mind of the people in political matters. The aim of the Reform Bill was so to alter the system as to make corruption impossible—a blow dealt

for the freedom of the middle classes. Up to that time the nobility, who owned most of the property, had had a great deal of power over their tenants—in fact, they had made them vote exactly as they themselves wished, on pain of eviction; and if they did vote as required they were rewarded. Thus, when their member was returned, he was merely a tool in the hands of the nobility, who became possessed of most of the power in the Commons, as well as in the Lords. But the people, now thoroughly awakened by foreign troubles to a sense of their own importance as a factor in the land, began to interest themselves in their country and her government, and they saw the position in which they were—unable to express their own opinions on political matters.

Then the storm burst. Rioting occurred all



THE GREAT REFORM BANQUET OF 1832 IN THE GUILDHALL.
EARL GREY IN THE CHAIR.

After the picture by Haydon.

over the country; the mansions of the nobility were ransacked; demonstrations were held. All this showed the hatred of the "masses" for the "classes." Then Wellington—the Prime Minister, and opposer of all reform—had to retire. Lord Grey was made Premier, and a Whig ministry was formed by him.

Grey was an earnest supporter of reform, and one of his first Bills sought to make sweeping reforms in parliamentary election and representation. Its chief objects were a redistribution of seats, and the extension of the franchise, or voting power. The Bill passed the Commons easily, but in the Lords was met with the fiercest opposition, and was finally thrown out. Grey, undaunted, brought it into the Commons again.

Here, as before, it was passed, only to be thrown out, on an amendment, by the Lords. The Tories were jubilant, and expected that Grey would retire. But he was not so easily defeated; instead of giving up the struggle, he made an appeal to the people, and, finding them on his side, introduced his Bill to the Commons a third time. Here it passed without a division, and came before the upper House once more. Again it was thrown out, and again did Grey appeal to the country. The scenes which had occurred before the Bill

VICTORIA had reigned for a year before her coronation, which took place in Westminster Abbey on June 28, 1838. The throne, which faced the altar, was placed on a decorated dais, but the historical coronation chair, containing the stone on which the Scottish Kings used to be crowned at Scone, was placed within the altar rails. As Coronation Day approached thousands flocked to London, and many were forced to spend the night preced-

**The Coronation
of
Queen Victoria.**



THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

After the picture by Parris.

was brought in were repeated. To overcome the opposition in the Lords, Brougham, Lord Chancellor, proposed a wholesale creation of peers. William IV. objected to this, but before he had time to interfere, the Lords, thoroughly frightened, passed the Bill, and on June 7, 1832, it received royal assent and became an Act of Parliament.

Thus came about one of the greatest changes in political government which England has ever known since the Magna Charta was signed in 1215.

GEORGE BIRKETT.

ing the ceremony in the streets along the route from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey.

On the morning of the 28th, just as the sun flashed his first rays over the excited and crowded city, from the Tower—that building which had participated in so many historical events—thundered a salute of 21 guns in the young Queen's honour. At 5 o'clock the doors of the ancient Abbey were opened, and ere long the famous edifice was full of gorgeously apparelled folk. A little after 10 o'clock the roar of guns from the Park signified that the procession had started.

Through streets ringing with acclamation

and gaily decorated, the procession proceeded, its predominant feature being the Queen's coach, drawn by six cream-coloured horses, with an escort of Life Guards.

On arriving at the Abbey, the Queen was conducted to the robing-room, where she donned the coronation robes. At 12 o'clock the procession started towards the altar, the Queen's train being borne by eight ladies-in-waiting. When they had taken their places, the Archbishop of Canterbury presented Victoria to the people, who acknowledged her as their Queen. After the coronation oath had been taken, the Queen, sitting in the chair brought from Scotland, was anointed. She was then presented with the orb and sceptre, and a ruby ring was placed upon her finger. Then, as the Archbishop put the crown on her head, the guns roared, the trumpets blared, the drums rolled, the peers and peeresses donned their coronets, and the bishops their mitres; in fact, everything greeted the newly crowned monarch. Thus ended the coronation of her who "wept to wear a crown."

ALAN L. MILLER.

THE first day of June 1794, is known to all Britons as the "Glorious first of June," for it was the occasion of a great naval victory gained by Lord Howe over a French fleet, superior in ships, guns, and tonnage.

It was during the war of the French revolution that this event occurred. France was suffering greatly at this period from scarcity of food, and waited anxiously for the arrival of a large convoy of ships from America, laden with the produce of the West Indies. She fitted out a formidable fleet at Brest, well

capable, it was thought, of beating any fleet that England could put upon the sea.

Lord Howe set sail, early in May, with two objects in view, viz., to intercept the American merchantmen, and to engage the Brest fleet, which might prove dangerous to our commerce. He met the French off Brest on May 28, and some skirmishing took place, but it was reserved until June 1 for the battle itself to occur. Lord Howe's flagship was the *Queen Charlotte*, a three-decker, carrying 100 guns.

Early in the morning, the English admiral signalled his intention of attacking the enemy's centre, and gave instructions for each ship to independently engage the vessel opposed to her in the French line. He arranged his fleet so as to bring his largest vessels opposite the largest of the French.

The *Queen Charlotte*, with the signal flying for close fighting, steered direct for a large French vessel of 120 guns, the *Montagne*. Passing so close under her stern that the enemy's ensign brushed the mizen shrouds of the English flagship, she swept the Frenchman's deck with a terrible fire, inflicting a loss of 100 killed and nearly 200 wounded. The other British ships engaged their opponents in an equally dashing manner, and the French were completely defeated after a battle of three hours' duration.

The total French loss was between 6000 and 7000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, while the British lost about 1200 killed and wounded. Seven of the enemy's ships were left in the hands of the victors, and those that escaped were very badly crippled.

Howe was received at Spithead with a great national welcome, and the King and the royal family visited his flagship to bestow gifts on him and his gallant subordinates.

LEONARD C. WHETHAM.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, JUNE 1906.

		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted
1. Fri.	Oxford Easter Term ends.	9.5.	17 Sun.	First after Trinity.	9.17.
2. Sat.	Sir Samuel Wilks, physician, b., 1824.	9.6.	18 Mon.	Archbishop of York b., 1826	9.18.
3. Sun.	Whitsun.	9.7.	19. Tues.	Max Pemberton, author, b., 1863.	9.18.
4. Mon.	Viscount Wolseley b., 1833.	9.8.	20. Wed.	J. R. Gairdner, golfer, b., 1859.	9.18.
5. Tues.	Lord Mountstephen b., 1829.	9.9.	21. Thurs	E. M. Dowson, cricketer, b., 1880.	9.19.
6. Wed.	Sir John Stainer, organist, b., 1840.	9.9.	22. Fri.	July CAPTAIN published.	9.19.
7. Thurs.	Lord Halifax b., 1839.	9.10.	23 Sat.	Rev. H. W. Moss, M.A., Headmaster of Shrewsbury School, b., 1841.	9.19.
8. Fri.	Sir John Millais, P.R.A., b., 1829.	9.11.	24. Sun.	Second after Trinity	9.19.
9. Sat.	C. J. Kortright, cricketer, b., 1871.	9.12.	25. Mon.	Sir F. Wingate (Sirdar), b., 1861.	9.19.
10. Sun.	Trinity.	9.13.	26. Tues.	Lord Kelvin, O.M., b., 1824.	9.19.
11. Mon.	Battle of Crevant, 1423.	9.13.	27. Wed.	Charles Stewart Parnell b., 1846.	9.19.
12. Tues.	Rev. Charles Kingsley b., 1819.	9.14.	28. Thurs.	<i>Daily Telegraph</i> founded, 1855.	9.19.
13. Wed.	Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, b., 1795.	9.15.	29 Fri.	Bishop of Exeter b., 1853.	9.19.
14. Thurs	A. F. Duffey, athlete, b., 1879.	9.16.	30 Sat.	Tower Bridge opened, 1894.	9.18.
15. Fri.	A. C. Gow, R.A., b., 1848.	9.16.			
16. Sat.	Battle of Quatre-Bras, 1615.	9.16.			

"The Captain" Camera Corner.

SAVING TIME.

ONE of the best possible time-savers is tidiness. A disorderly dark-room means many hunts for missing objects, petty disasters which breed delay, and a general drag on the proper sequence of operations.

Some photographers are scrupulously tidy, and this is very much to their credit, since opportunities for being untidy in the dark-room are innumerable. The number of bottles, dishes, odd plates, boxes, wrappings, stands, frames, &c., that accumulate during a few years' devotion to the camera is quite astonishing. Paper is one's greatest enemy. Half a dozen pieces distributed at random wreck the appearance of any dark-room. Paper hides anything you may want in a hurry. Paper gets into the sink and blocks the outlet. Anybody who could invent a self-effacing paper, warranted to disappear when done with, would be a national benefactor.

Well, a periodical tidy-up of the dark-room is an excellent thing. It discovers objects which have strayed. It brings to light forgotten possessions. (Tidying-up might well include a general stock-taking of the multitudinous etceteras that have found their way into boxes or on to top shelves. Not to know that you have got a thing is almost equivalent to not having it.)

Fresh labels should be stuck on where needed. Give everything a quiet dusting: I say *quiet*, because over-vigorous measures only transfer dust from the surface of objects to the air, whence it will descend as soon as your back is turned.

SLIDE-FILLING.

Time may be saved in many other ways: especially when you are doing things on a pretty big scale. If it is merely a question of putting two plates in a dark slide you cannot save any time there. But supposing that you



FIREMEN AT WORK.
Removing dangerous structures.
Photo. W. J. Blyth.

have to fill half a dozen slides, then method helps. Arrange all the slides in a pile, opened ready for the insertion of plates. Extract the dozen plates from their wrappings, and pile them, film upwards, on the box. Then you can go ahead at a fine pace, and the total time occupied will be less than that taken by the worker who opens one back, unwraps plates, puts them in; then the second back, and so on;—because the preparation of the backs can be done much faster *in daylight*. Groping about for things in a dim non-active light is slow and somewhat risky work.

SAVING TIME IN DEVELOPMENT.

We presently develop these twelve plates. Now, we want to have the slides out of the way, and the plates handy. So, before doing anything else, we transfer the plates in due order to an empty plate box, No. 12 at the bottom, No. 1 at the top. If the exposures are very different it will be advisable to number the plates as extracted.

The advantage of this course is, that it ensures the hands being dry while removing the plates from the slides, so that neither plates nor slides run a risk of being wetted.

Next, development. There was a time when I religiously developed quarter-plates in a

quarter-plate dish, one at a time. It was very tedious work, I remember. Nowadays, if I have a large number to handle, I sort them out according to exposure and subject, and develop half a dozen quarter-plates, or four half-plates, at a time in a big flat porcelain dish. It is important to *use plenty of developer*, so that the plates may be flooded thoroughly at the first "swish" from the measuring-glass. With a little practice you soon learn to pour off the developer without disarranging the plates. Novices at multiple development will do well to begin with two, proceed to four, and end with six plates. Of course, it is essential that the plates of any one batch should require the same treatment. An over-exposed plate evidently cannot be developed satisfactorily in a bath mixed for under-exposure.

STAND DEVELOPMENT.

I have talked about this before; and, as it appears to be coming into more general favour, I will refer to it again. Messrs. Houghton sell very neat porcelain developing tanks, grooved to take nine plates, and provided with porcelain covers. The tank widens at the top to allow a plate to be picked out easily.

Rodinal and Glycin are among the best stand developers. The following are good formulæ for making them up to:

Rodinal.

Water, 10 oz.
 Rodinal, 30 minims (drops).
 Ten per cent. solution of Bromide of Potassium, 10 drops.

Glycin.

Water, 10 oz.
 Sulphite of Soda, 2 drams.
 Glycin, 30 grs.
 Carbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

Enough is mixed of either solution to nearly fill the tank, and the plates are dropped in. Move them up and down in the grooves a few times briskly to get rid of any air-bubbles that may have formed on the film.

Stand development saves a lot of time in the case of under-exposure especially. You may cover up the tank and leave the plates to stew while you give your attention to something else. But *don't use pyro* for this purpose.

FIXING.

Here again the tank comes in useful. Fix your plates in batches, and when as many as the tank will hold have been treated, transfer them all to the washer. If you wish to avoid putting your fingers into the hypo, have a vessel at hand, and empty the hypo into this. Then swill the plates under the tap and remove from the tank.

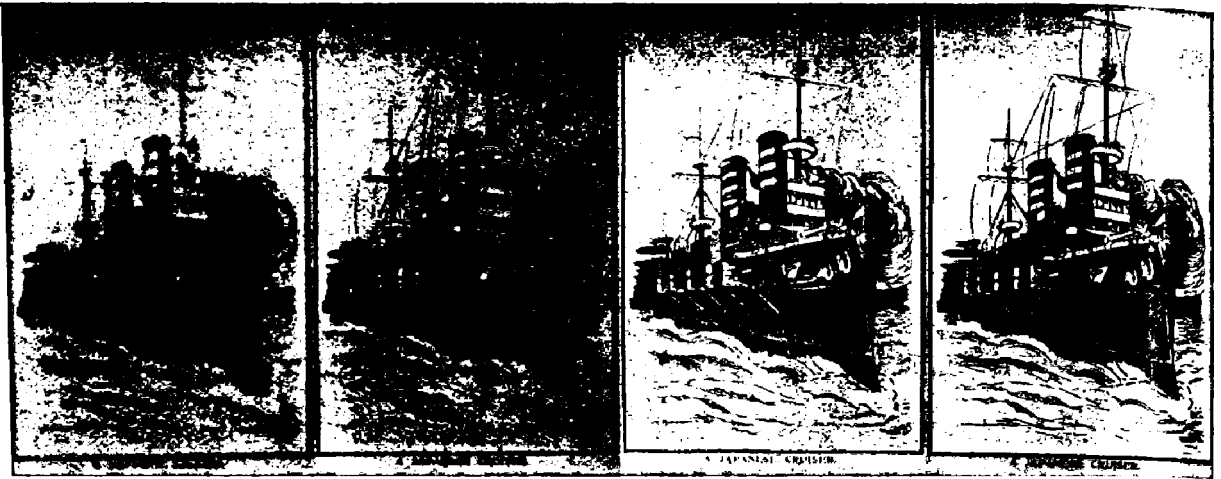
PRINTING

offers good opportunities for economising time. If you are pretty busy with your camera, wait until you have collected a good number of negatives and then have a regular orgy of printing, whether P.O.P., platinotype, or bromide paper be your fancy.

The frames should all be of one pattern if



A GAME OF MARBLES.
 An excellent study in expressions.
 Photo. by A. Reader.



1.

2.

3.

4.

A LESSON IN "STOPPING DOWN."

No. 1 shows a CAPTAIN cover copied at $f/8$, with picture out of focus. No. 2 the same at $f/16$. No. 3 the same at $f/32$, and No. 4 the same at $f/64$. In No. 4 the picture is perfectly sharp, as the small aperture has practically the effect of a pin-hole. The rays now pass through the centre of the lens only and come to a sharp focus in the same plane.

possible, so that any back may fit any front. I found myself driven to a single pattern by the "cussedness" of the dozen or so frames that I had gradually accumulated, every one quite different from the rest in everything but the size of plate it accommodated. It saves time, too, to make quite sure that all the backs *are* small enough to fit any front. Sometimes, a frame is a trifle under-sized, and only its own back will fit it easily. Reduce the other five to match.

What was said of plates and dark slides applies to paper, negatives, and frames. Get your paper out of its wrappings, and temporarily harbour as many pieces as you are likely to want in a book or other convenient receptacle. Then pile all the fronts in one place, all the backs in another. Place a negative in a frame; paper on negative; back on paper; close up; and lay frame face downwards. When the frames are all filled clean the outside of the negatives before exposing to the light.

It saves time to make all the prints you are likely to want from a negative while you have it out. If you need a dozen, print thirteen, as one will probably be defective.

TONING.

It pays to tone seldom, but to tone large batches of prints at once. A quart of solution takes no longer to mix than a pint; and fifty prints can be finished off the reel in much less time than would be required for two separate batches of twenty-five. I need hardly remind my readers that any carelessness or mis-

calculation punishes the photographer severely when he is dealing with a lot of prints. A good many years ago now—in albuminised paper times—I once toned and fixed over 100 prints at one "go," and spoilt the lot by washing them in a dirty vessel. So I am assuming that the bigger the operations, the greater will be the care taken to have everything in order.

A note of warning had better be uttered here, viz., that when toning, though prints can safely be *washed* and *fixed* a lot at a time, only as many prints as you can keep moving easily, say a dozen, should be in the toning bath simultaneously. "Wash and fix in twenties; tone in tens," is good practice. And *use big dishes*.

Where two or three friends have printing and finishing to do, they might well join forces and divide the labour of the various processes.

THE EFFECT OF THE STOP.

Our illustrations give an interesting proof of the effect of "stopping down." The subject is part of the coloured cover of an issue of THE CAPTAIN. This I photographed about half-size at short range, purposely throwing the picture well out of focus. (The distance between lens and plate was about one inch too short.) Four exposures were made, with $f/8$, $f/16$, $f/32$, and $f/64$ respectively. The results improve from a bad blur to a quite sharp picture, in which the smallest details are plainly visible (in the original print). The $f/64$ stop approximates to a pin-hole excluding all rays except those which pass through the centre of the lens. Where the lighting of a subject is so dim that

it is almost impossible to see the image on the focussing-screen, a small stop is advisable to correct a possible error in judgment.

LIGHT IN CAMERA.

If your negatives appear foggy, don't attribute it necessarily to the admission of stray light through chinks. Very likely the trouble arises from the reflection of light from the lens mount or from the interior of the camera. Point the camera at the sky and examine carefully for any bright rings on the mount, or unduly light surfaces on the bellows. All such should be given a fresh coat of the dead black paint which can be bought for the purpose.

"GLAZEIT."

Amateurs who like a hard, glossy surface on their P.O.P. prints should try "Glazeit," a preparation for rubbing on the ferrotype glass or celluloid plates used for enamelling prints. A shilling bottle will suffice for a large number of prints.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

F. Prideaux.—I think that for general work you will find the Royal Instantograph a very useful camera. It is light, and has an extension of, I believe, $2\frac{1}{2}$ – $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the focal length of the lens, so would do well for copying. Rectilinear lens with Iris shutter fitted.

Half an Hour from the Life of a Latin Prose.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Drawing-room. Mrs. Sentence-Period seated behind the tea-table; the tea-cake resting in the grate.*

Mrs. Sentence-Period. Dear me! How late Sentence is this afternoon! So tiresome, too, when he promised to come in early this evening to help me make up the dinner places for to-night. Besides, I told Roger he should have them by six o'clock at the latest, and it's now nearly ten to.

[*Enter Mr. Sentence-Period, looking very flurried.*]

Whatever is the matter?

Mr. Sentence-Period. The matter! Why, I arranged all the dinner places last night, thinking that then I need not look at them till the last thing, and now I find that they will none of them do. Mr. Noun "begs to decline," and I hear that Miss Verb is going to be married,* and won't be able to come. I don't know what to do, unless Mr. Case can get us out of the difficulty. It really is too bad of Noun, though, I do think.

Mrs. Sentence-Period. Well, dear, the only thing to be done is to re-arrange them all.

Mr. Sentence-Period. Yes. I suppose we must, but there is not much time to do it in.

Mrs. Sentence-Period. Did you arrange for Mr. Ubi or Mr. Quando to take in Miss Cunque?

* Begs to conjugate?—Ed.

Mr. Sentence-Period. I had arranged for Mr. Ut, but really she is such a flirt that I am not sure whether Mr. Relative or Mr. Gerundive is the latest "attraction."

Mrs. Sentence-Period. I have seen her with Mr. Ubi more often lately, so perhaps we had better leave her to him. Then Miss Illa and Mr. Quod, you know, never "agree," so we must separate them, and let Mr. Verb take in Miss Illa.

Mr. Sentence-Period. It's one mercy that Miss Que knows everybody. It doesn't much matter whom we tack her on to.

Mrs. Sentence-Period. No. She would go quite well with Mr. Substantive; but who is to take in the Misses Subjunctive? Perhaps Mr. Ut might take in the eldest (I never can remember her name), and then Mr. Quod could take in the youngest—Consequence. And, let me see, who else is there? Why, that is all! But there, the hour is striking; I must give Roger the list.

SCENE II.—*The same. The last guest has just gone, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Sentence-Period seated in the drawing-room alone.*

Mrs. Sentence-Period. Well, it was quite a success, wasn't it?

Mr. Sentence-Period. Yes. And really, the conversation was so good that it might have been one of Allan Greenough's society grammar-logues.

P. ESDAILE.

THE MYSTERIOUS JANWAR.

A "Jungly" Story.

BY E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

I.

T IRED with a long day's shooting, I was searching for the camp I sent on ahead that morning to be pitched below the distant hill. I had reached the hill, but no

camp was in sight. A picturesque little village nestled at the foot of the rock, and, hoping to learn there something about my servants, I directed my horse towards it. As I approached, I was struck by the quietness

of the place. It was only an hour after sun-down; the short Indian twilight had not yet given place to night. At this hour, any other village would be cooking its evening meal out of doors, and bringing its cattle home from the fields. But not a soul could I see anywhere. The door of every dwelling was shut, and the only sign of life was the blue smoke stealing out from beneath the tiles of one or two huts.

Reining up in the village, I shouted out for some one to come and hold my horse, but no one answered, and the doors remained fast closed. I jumped to the ground, and made a fearful clatter on the door of one of the houses with the handle of my hunting crop. There was no reply, and yet I could hear stealthy movements and whisperings going on inside. I loudly commanded the inmates to come forth immediately, or I would force them to, and chastise them unmercifully into the bargain. There was still no response, but a



THE VILLAGERS THREW THEMSELVES UPON THEIR FACES.

door over the way was opened quietly, and somebody reconnoitred cautiously. Then a voice called: "It is a sahib! Come forth, brothers; there is nothing to fear. The deliverer has come. Parvati has been kind at last."

The cry was repeated on every side. Doors flew open, and out tumbled the hiding villagers, who rushed forward and threw themselves upon their faces before me as if I had been a god.

I was filled with curiosity to know what all this meant, but, realising that I had a rôle to play, I maintained a dignified silence and waited to be enlightened.

"The Gods be thanked you have come at last. How we have prayed! What goats we have offered at every shrine! But the Gods were angry. It is Parvati alone who has answered our prayers."

So spoke the headsman of the village, as he fussed about making me comfortable. His charpoy, or string bed, covered with a scarlet quilt, was brought out for me to sit on. Milk, chapatecs, dall, and sweetmeats were brought for me to eat, and, although it was Spartan fare compared with the tasty dishes my cook, somewhere in the neighbourhood, was waiting to set before me, I ate heartily of it, for I was very hungry, and impatient to hear why I had been sent hither by the Gods. I knew that not a word would be uttered on the subject until the last scraps of my meal had been cleared off the leaves which served me as plates.

As I ate, I looked at the villagers sitting before me on the ground, huddled together in fear. Never had I seen such wretched, terror-stricken faces. Ever and again they looked over their shoulders, or peered into the gloom of the shadows, as if some great Dread lay hidden there.

At last the meal was ended.

"My Lord knows of our great affliction, and the purpose for which the Gods have sent him?" said the herdsman at length, as if asking a superfluous question.

"Speak, what is your trouble?" I demanded.

"What should it be, my Lord, but the strange *janwar* (animal) that has killed and eaten so many of us? Once a week does he come at nightfall, makes his kill and departs. Then, in the third watch of the night, he comes again and eats the body, so that there is not left the smallest bone or scrap of skin to show where it lay. Once a week, for fourteen weeks, has he claimed one of us, and to-night again is his night. You found us in hiding, therefore, for none of us know who will be the next to go."

Vol. XV.—29.

"Is it a tiger you speak of?" I asked.

"None can tell, protector of the poor, for none have seen it. Some say it must be a devil-tiger; others that it is a ghoulish vampire, for it leaves no footprints. Once, we laid the dead on his bed, in a hut apart, and fastened the door and window. In the morning, all was as we had left it, but the body was gone. The next one chosen was he who had been foremost to meddle with the dead. Therefore, we do not touch the kill any longer."

I must say I was not nearly so impressed by this weird story as I ought to have been, but then, I had so often heard of the wondrous powers of man-eaters which were proof against bullets, which led a charmed existence, and which were deified by superstitious natives till an English rifle had laid them low.

I therefore promised to do what I could to rid the village of this pest, and then inquired if any one had seen signs of my camp.

"Yes. Gopal saw some people and horses going to the other side of the rock, so I sent him to find out. He must have returned an hour ago," said the headsman. "Gopal! Where is Gopal?" he added.

No one had seen him, so some were despatched to my camp to tell my servants where I was, while others went to look for Gopal. I was just about to mount my horse when one of the latter came running back, making a great outcry.

"Gopal is dead! The strange *janwar* has killed him!"

The women and children fled to their huts again, but most of the men followed to where Gopal lay on the grass. His chest appeared to be crushed in, there were great weals on his limbs, and one of his legs was broken.

The tiger which had attacked him must have been disturbed, for it had not attempted to eat the body, nor was there any open wound. I did not examine the corpse very closely, but gave orders for it to be left untouched. I further instructed the natives to build me a *machan* in a neighbouring tree. Then, having sent to my camp for Jungly and my 12-bore rifle, I stretched myself on a charpoy and rested till it was time to mount the tree.

Waking about eleven, I was disappointed to hear that Jungly could not come. He had run a large babool thorn into his foot, and was badly lamed. The villagers had fixed a charpoy among the branches, and this made a very comfortable seat. It was scarcely high enough, however, should the tiger take it into his head to spring at the *machan*, but, as it was well screened with leaves, that hardly mattered.

When the moon rose the sky was cloudy, which fact, though the body was in full view, made the light very uncertain.

So comfortable did I find the charpoy that after a time I dozed off. When I awoke, the misty moonlight was struggling through a cloud. I looked down at the body, and what I saw sent a thrill through me. The body was no longer there! At dawn I descended from my perch to examine the ground. There were no tiger's foot-prints to be seen, nor had the body been dragged across the grass. Yet there were marks of which I could make nothing.

I rode over to my encampment and told Jungly all about it. My communication caused him a great deal of surprise, and although he would not venture an opinion, I could see that he was turning it over in his mind all day. His foot was rather bad, and, as it seemed it would be quite a week before he could get about again, we remained camped where we were, on the banks of a drinkable stream. In the meantime I had some good shooting about the district. During this period no traces of the mysterious *janwar* were discovered. There was a tiger, and more than one panther, in the vicinity, but none of them were man-eaters, as the kills I found told me.

I was making arrangements to sit up over a sambur that had been killed by the tiger, when, punctual to the day and hour, another of the villagers fell a victim to the unknown beast. My desire to solve the mystery was very strong, and this time I determined to have Jungly with me. But when I came to view the spot where the victim lay, I found that the only tree which commanded the situation was a sapling which would just only bear my weight safely, so I was obliged to sit up all alone again.

The hours seemed interminable, and I suppose that after a time I must have dozed off. Suddenly, I grew conscious of a most evil face hanging between earth and sky and so near me that I could have touched it with my hand. I could not tear my eyes away from it, my limbs grew cold, I could move neither hand nor foot. Then those awful eyes grew luminous, and, presently, each was spinning on its axis like a wheel of fire and the faster they spun the larger they grew.

After a time the two wheels of fire merged into one, which seemed to draw me towards it, and I knew I was being hypnotised.

How I longed that Jungly, who was sleeping in the village a hundred yards away, could come to my help! But he was too far off to hear a cry, even had I been able to cry out.

Yet, I recollected, once before, by a supreme effort of will, I had summoned him to my assistance, and in my dazed state I endeavoured to command his presence again. That very effort of mine gave me back some of my lost power. I moved my arm, and the next moment I felt a stunning blow on the shoulder and a terrible constriction across the chest.

"My end has come," I thought, and remembered no more.

II.

I awoke to find myself on a charpoy in the village, with Jungly bending over me. There was an empty glass in his hand, and a taste of brandy on my lips.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"Nothing, sahib," he replied, "except that your nerves were over-taxed and gave way, and you were unconscious for a space."

Then I began to recollect things. That hideous face was only a dream after all! The remembrance of it sent a cold shiver down my spine. Telling Jungly of my nightmare, I made light of it. But he looked very grave.

"It was no laughing matter, sahib. You have seldom been nearer death than you were last night. If you can come outside I will show you something."

I felt a great pain across my chest, and weak when I tried to walk. I followed Jungly to the foot of the tree I had occupied.

"This should tell you what sort of creature the mysterious *janwar* is," he said as he picked up from the grass a piece of skin, torn and blood-stained, and less than a foot long. I saw at a glance that it was from the back of a huge python. Then I understood the hideous face and the hypnotism.

"You see, sahib," added Jungly, "the python was just about to commence its meal when it heard you in the tree, and attacked you, and had it not been for the wound I gave it with a reaping-hook, you would certainly have been a victim also."

"However did it reach up to that *machan*, twenty feet above the ground, without climbing?" I asked.

"Because, sahib, it is a giant of its kind, being, I should think, a good deal over the thirty feet which is supposed to be the utmost length these serpents attain. So, when it raised its head up to the level of your face, the python had still more than ten feet of body on the ground. See where it stood."

Jungly pointed to the track on the grass, but my eyes were not good enough to see on the



I COULD NOT TEAR MY EYES AWAY.

slightly crushed blades of grass the trail of the serpent.

"It is not often that a python turns man-eater," added Jungly, "but, when one does, it is a terrible enemy to human beings."

"You came just in the nick of time, Jungly, and once again I owe my life to you," I said with heartfelt thankfulness, adding to myself, "I wonder if he got my telepathic message!"

"I did, sahib," said Jungly, answering my unspoken question with a promptness that made me start. "I spent a restless night in the village. Then, towards the third watch, I suddenly found myself wideawake. I was conscious of your thoughts, and felt you were in some great danger, so I sprang up to come to your help. There was nothing in the hut I could arm myself with but a rusty old reaping-hook. I took it and ran towards the tree

on which you were watching. I had not gone far when, without any sound, your words came to me, 'Help me, Jungly! Help! or I die!' At this I flew, but when I reached the spot—Arre, sahib! Arre, sahib!—my heart stood still with fear, for there, erect on its tail was a serpent like the shaft of a palm-tree for girth and size. For a moment I could not see its head, lost in the foliage above. Then I saw it, and you also—helpless in its coils! I struck madly at the great body with my weapon. The blade doubled up, but the blow sliced some skin off its back, and down came the monster, knocking me senseless in its fall. When I got up it had vanished. I climbed the tree and found you in the *machan* insensible; so, having lowered you to the ground with my waistcloth, I carried you to the village, where, after a little rest, you came round."



ITS PUNY ASSAILANTS CLUNG ON WITH A MERCILESS TENACITY.

We now followed up the track of the python. It led through thickest jungle to a great fissure in the rocks, some half a mile from the village. There was something foreboding in the appearance of the place. A tree with heavy dark foliage hung over the black chasm in the rocks, and made it a very gloomy spot. The tree was a lusora, whose pale, flesh-coloured berries were full of a transparent gum that some insects were very fond of. I noticed that at the end of one of the branches a number of large leaves had been drawn together into a

sort of cone. I was about to ask Jungly the meaning of this when the barrel of my rifle rubbed against a similar cone and tore it open, and out poured a stream of large red ants. Two fell on the back of my hand, and their bites burnt like fire.

"These nests are the winter quarters of the large red ants," said Jungly. "They are made of leaves and pasted together with the gum of the lusora. Hidden among the leaves there are hundreds of such cones, each containing many thousands of large red ants packed in a solid

mass. They have travelled long distances to winter in this tree."

I looked again, and saw that the branches were covered with these cones. There must have been millions of these savage insects on the tree.

"There are the remains of at least one victim to their fury," added Jungly, as he kicked the whitened bones of a sambur that lay beneath the tree. "When half a dozen of them sting such an animal in the eyes, the pain paralyses its brain and it does not attempt to escape. A million of these ants would pick his bones clean in a few hours."

We consulted about the best way of killing the python, and Jungly suggested tying up a kid in the open where its bleating would reach the ears of the snake, while I sat in a *machan* in a tree near by and shot as it came out of the rocks. This we tried for a day and a night, but either the python had been badly scared, or the kid did not appeal to its taste, for, despite its hunger, it would not leave the rock. Jungly then tried to smoke it out, but the shape of the chasm drew the smoke upwards, and so that plan failed.

Jungly then spent a day preparing some sort of mess that was very sticky and smelt like raw meat, though only made from herbs. This he plastered about the mouth of the cavern and for a good distance about the entrance. Next, the kid was again tied up quite near to the rock, and we retired. On the following morning we found that the snake had killed and eaten the kid and, what was more important to Jungly, had carried away a quantity of the sticky stuff on the scales of its sides and stomach.

Jungly was quite satisfied, and proceeded to cover up with earth what remained of his concoction. The smell from this had grown stronger during the night, and it was as much as I could do to stand it, as I stamped the raw earth down. At length it was all hidden up, except a small trail of it that had been left by the python when returning to its den. We then stationed ourselves some twenty paces from the den, and Jungly, stringing a bow he had brought with him, fired pellets into the *lusora*-tree. At every shot he broke one of the green cones of leaves, and showers of red ants were precipitated to the ground. Soon, all the grass and shrubs beneath, and even the lower

foliage of the tree, were orange-red, so thickly covered were they with the furious ants, which began to spread out in every direction around the tree.

"Their winter fast has made them hungry, so the old python is sure to have a lively time presently," said Jungly.

Attracted by the smell of the mixture, the ants began to pour into the crevice of the rock, first in a small stream, then in a river that grew and grew in volume. By-and-by, even the most distant ants seemed to have learnt that there was a great feast at hand, and all with one accord made towards the fissure—an immense, irresistible flood of yellow, crawling life.

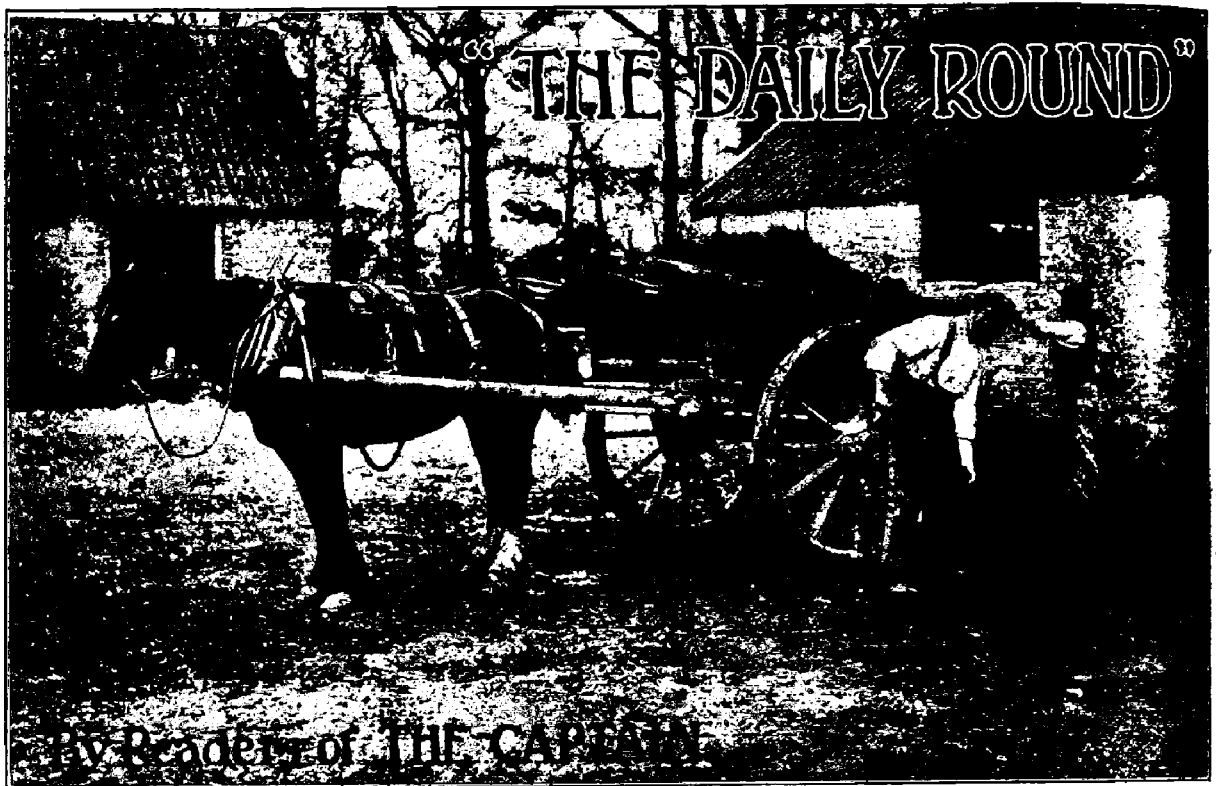
Still Jungly's pellets flew, and still the red rain of ants deluged the earth around the python's cavern, until the ground was covered inches deep with them. It must have been half an hour after we saw the ants enter the rock that we heard a terrible rushing, hissing noise, like an escapement of steam, and out into the daylight shot the python,—no longer the colour Nature had made it, but a serpent of flame, burning with a multitude of stings and bigger than ever under its thick coating of ants.

Now that I could see the colossus, I held my breath with amazement. It could not have been less than thirty-five feet long, and was nearly as thick round the body as a man. Blinded and maddened with pain, it was a terrible sight to see the serpent's frantic struggles. The gigantic body shot forward with the velocity of a projectile, then reared on end and fell back to earth again, writhing in agony and twisting itself into a hundred fantastic knots and contortions.

The villagers had come to see the destruction of the great nameless Dread that had so long been the terror of their lives. At first they would not believe it could be a python that had turned man-eater and destroyed so many of them, but when they saw its enormous coils they were ready to believe anything of it. They rejoiced aloud and shouted all sorts of derisive things, as if under the belief that the snake could understand their abuse.

But their joy was short-lived, for, taking pity on the great beast, I took steady aim at its head and put a bullet through it.



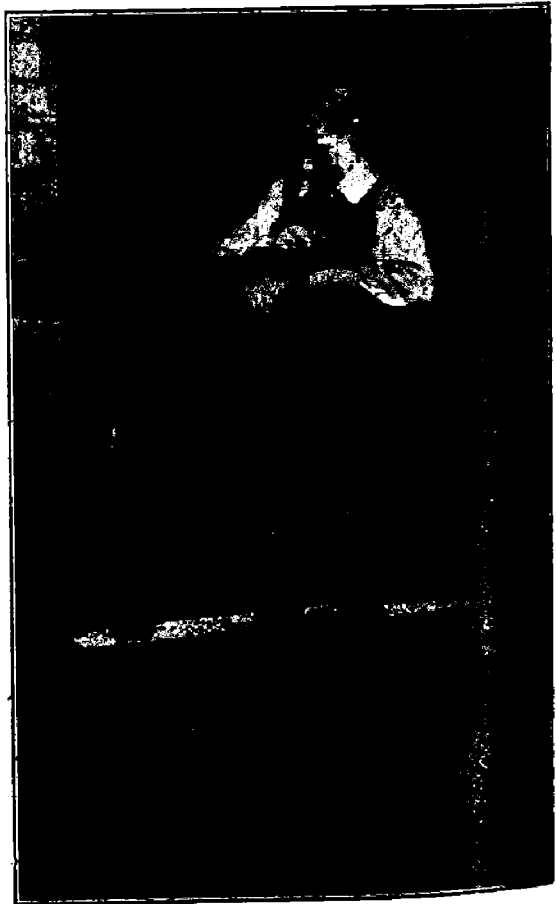


W. B. Adams of THE CAPTAIN

CARTING FARMYARD REFUSE.
R. W. Copeman.



THE BIRD-STUFFER.
B. H. Dawson.



BOOT-CLEANING.
W. Gundry, junr.



FEEDING FOWLS.
Geoffrey Harrison.



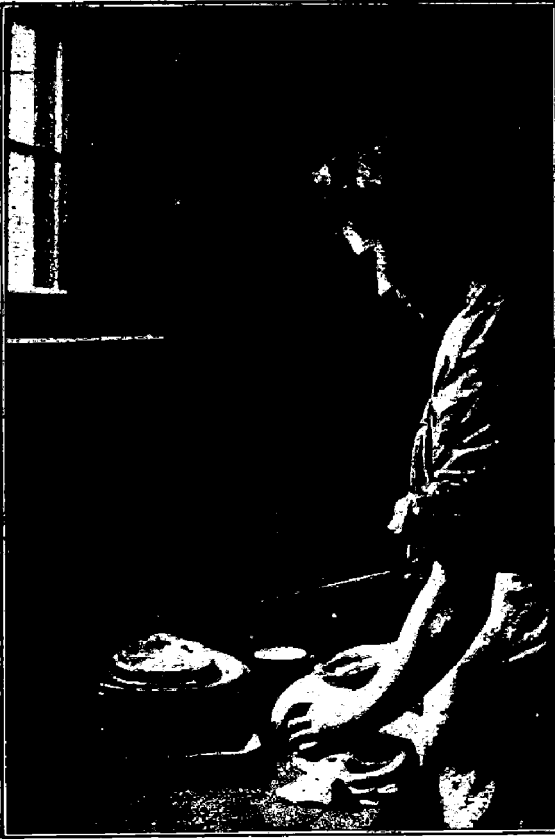
THE COPPERSMITH.
C. J. Hankinson.



FRENCH LAUNDRESSES.
Constance N. Daly.



UNLOADING COAL.
Frank Siggers.



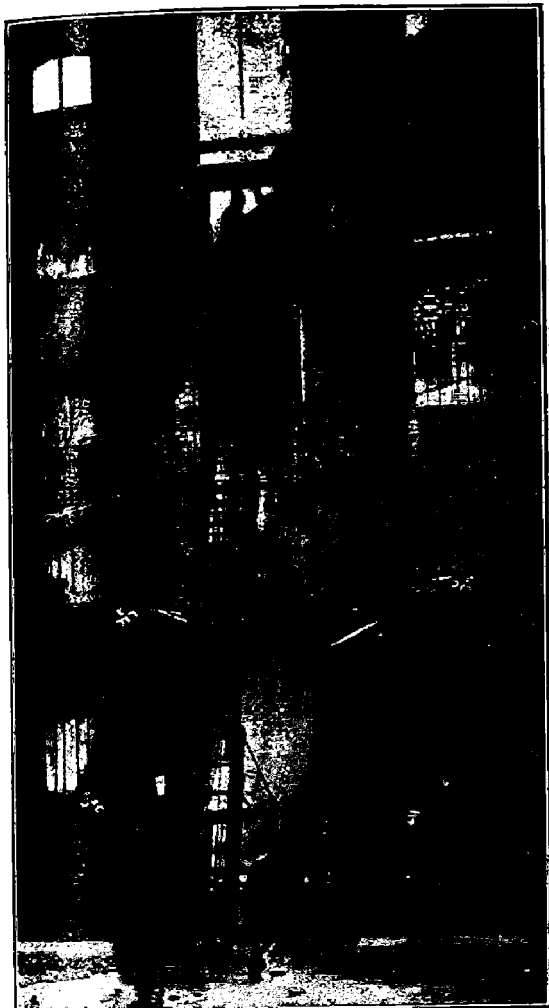
WASHING UP
G. S. B. Cusbnic.



DRILLING.
E. C. Copeman.



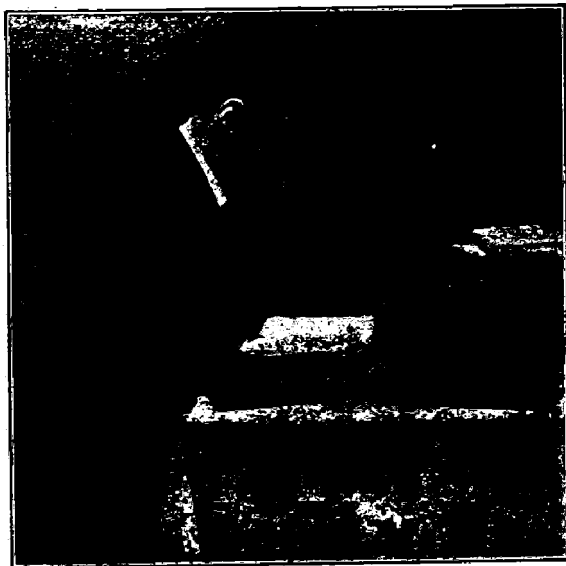
THE CHAIR-MENDER.
J. E. T. S. Hilton.



SALVAGE CORPS CLEARING OFF WATER.
W. J. Blyth.



FEEDING CALVES.
John. R. Cleland.



EXAMS. AHEAD.
M. Winifred Aldridge.



WASHING UP ON A T.-B. DESTROYER.
C. J. Hankinson.

The "Invasion" of Dinan.

By JOHN L. C. BOOTH.

Illustrated by THE AUTHOR.

PROBABLY not many English boys have experienced the rare delight of putting the authorities and population of a French garrison town in a state of ferment for three days.

This blissful feat fell to the lot of five youngsters (of whom the writer was one), of ages ranging between eleven and nine, in the ancient town of Dinan in Brittany, a good many years ago. It was not by any carefully thought out plan that we brought about this desirable event; in fact, we had no idea of what was going to happen. We were of those who have had greatness "thrust" upon them.

This is how fame and glory came.

In England, before my people went abroad, K. and I and some cousins used to conduct tremendous onslaughts in the woods, using guns and pistols with percussion caps, and wearing helmets from Whiteley's and various belts and pouches. The captain wore a sword. Most of this equipment we took out with us to Dinan, where we soon met three other youngsters, whom I will call Morgan, whose father was a soldier and had taught them a fair amount of drill—about as much as we had learnt from our old drill-sergeant at home. So we used to turn out and drill in a quiet part of the Public Gardens. My squad of four were soon very smart at marching and wheeling, and could do a sort of elementary firing-exercise in good form, snapping off their volleys like one man. Of course we had a fort, and a most imposing place it was. On the side of the gardens there was a low wall, and over that a cliff dropped sheer for three or four hundred feet to the high road which wound its way over the river and off up the valley. At the corner of the wall was a small stone tower, with a winding stair to the roof, where you looked over a regular battlement across miles of country. It was a splendid watch-tower, and made as good a fort as any one could want. When we were in occupation we always mounted guard; one sentry at the doorway into the gardens,

and another on the battlements. The rest of the detachment ate their rations of roast chestnuts and *gateaux* in the guard-room, and relieved guard at intervals. There were never many people about. Now and then one or two old residents would come and smile upon us, but no one bothered us.

For some weeks all went well. The "autumn manoeuvres"—conducted in a wood by the river—had passed, and it was getting so cold on the tower that the sentries once or twice refused to do duty unless they were allowed to wear mufflers, which was permitted, provided they tucked the ends in. Then one bright day the spark of the trouble was kindled.

From the viaduct over the river any one could see the head and shoulders of our sentry over the embattled wall of the tower, though not very clearly owing to the distance and the height of the cliff. Across the viaduct one afternoon came a meddlesome old French lady, who lifted up her eyes and spied the helmet of the youngest Morgan moving to and fro on the tower. Now it so happened that these helmets, though only made of *papier-mâché*, were exactly like the *pikel-hauber* helmets, with the big spike on top, worn by the Prussian Infantry, but this we did not know. Their shape was familiar enough, though, to the old lady, who promptly jumped to the wild conclusion that the Prussians had seized the town, and rushed off to the Mayor, telling every one she met of her terrible discovery. Instead of being laughed at she was implicitly believed, and the news spread like wildfire.

Quite unconscious of the alarm they were creating, the "foreign troops" in the tower were thinking of going home to tea, when they were attracted by loud shouts in the gardens, and saw advancing upon them a rabble of *gamins*, or street boys, and one or two peasants in sabots. These people were very excited and rather nervous, not knowing exactly what they would find, and came on cautiously to within about twenty yards of the tower, where they formed

themselves into a semi-circle, all chattering at the top of their voices.

The moment we appeared at the doorway in our helmets there was a yell of "Les Prussiens," and the semi-circle shrank back a pace, more excited and nervous than ever. More of them were arriving, and it seemed high time to evacuate the fort, so the squad fell in outside, and we retired in good order across the gardens. It seems ridiculous, looking back upon it, that these shouting *gamins* did not realise at once that we were children playing a game, and did not see what fools they were making of themselves, but their scared faces are clearly impressed upon my memory, as they followed us in a huddled crowd, keeping up their insane cry of "Les Prussiens! Les Prussiens!" Half way across the gardens they were closing in and looked like going for us, so I thought a "volley" might have a good effect on them, and perhaps show them that we were not as dangerous as we looked! Accordingly I halted my squad and faced about.

"Ready!—Present!—Fire!"

"Click" went the four toy-shop weapons, and the rabble stood spell-bound. I am sure they thought their last hour had come, and expected to fall, riddled with bullets, in defence of their country and the Public Gardens. At any rate, the volley had the effect of keeping them back a little, and we continued the retirement, whilst they took up their yelling again at a more respectful distance. So far, none of us were at all disturbed by this demonstration. Singly or together we had had any number of encounters with these street boys in the town, when we had had none of the panoply of war on us, and every time we went out expected to have stones thrown at our backs, with shouts of "Onglish spoken"—their favourite taunt, taken from the shop-windows. But in those days you had only to turn round and take a step towards them, and though they might be six or seven to one they would run like rabbits. So we had a grand contempt for the *gamins* by themselves, and only thought their yelling supremely idiotic.

Naturally, with so much noise the crowd grew, and gradually took on rather a dangerous look. Some hulking half-drunken fellows pushed their way to the front, one of them shaking the butt-end of a big carter's whip at us, and vowing "death to the Prussian spies." At this moment a dozen men appeared from the other direction, making no noise, but dodging cautiously among some small trees which produced a thick growth about four feet from the ground, and prevented any one seeing past them without ducking down. Among the legs of these inquisitive people we could make out the wide leather-covered trousers of a cavalry soldier, whose face presently emerged, peering under the trees. He was a trumpeter of Hussars, and held his trumpet to his lips ready to sound the alarm. The man had been sent down at a gallop, and no doubt fully believed the enemy were in possession of the Gardens, and that he was taking his life in his hands. As he



"READY!—PRESENT!—FIRE!"

caught sight of the invading force his trumpet fell slowly from his lips and his puzzled face seemed to ask, "What in the world is this?" Then with a grunt to one of his mystified companions he turned his pale-blue back on us and waddled off in his colossal trousers.

As the attitude of the crowd was growing more threatening, we held a short council of war.

"Look here," said the eldest Morgan, "we'd better go to our house. You two won't be able to get home through these beastly people."

"All right," I said; "keep your dressing, you fellows, and march out past St. Sauveur's."

"Yes, that's the idea," said K. "Keep step, and all that. Don't let them think we're funky of them."

The Morgans' house was near the cathedral, between the gardens and the market-square, and as we reached it and climbed the doorsteps—closely followed—another uproar arose and a mixed crowd of townspeople and market-folk came across the square at a run. They could hardly have seen more than the fatal helmets before we disappeared into the house, and told the story to the Morgans' astonished mother. Now that we had got back to safety we were all in great spirits and mighty pleased with ourselves at being the cause of so much noise and excitement. The crowd outside was still shouting "Les Prussiens" and battering on the door at intervals, but Mrs. Morgan, who was really rather alarmed, had warned the servants not to open it. She would not let us show ourselves at the windows, but all through tea we kept jumping up from the table and studying the mob from behind the lace curtains.

Meanwhile the old French lady's story had spread far and wide, and naturally gathered a wealth of detail on its way. From various friends we heard afterwards how they had been told that several battalions of Prussian troops had arrived in steamers up the river Rance from St. Malo, where an army corps was being landed from the German fleet. Telegraph wires were supposed to have been cut, and various deeds of violence performed by the brutal invaders. Without doubt the town was soon to be sacked and pillaged unless the garrison sallied out and gave battle. What was the actual message which reached the barracks we never discovered, but the fact

remains that the troops stood to arms, ready for any emergency.

The mob outside the house gradually got tired of shouting and by degrees melted away. In an hour or so the coast was clear except for a few persevering *gamins*, who bivouacked on the pavement opposite and continued to watch the place closely. When K. and I made a start for home these interested youths gathered round and came with us, but without raising their tiresome war-cry. My helmet, in spite of its German make, had the British arms on the front in gold, and after being allowed to read the *Dieu et mon droit* they came to the conclusion that the whole affair was French after all, and their patriotic indignation was appeased.

It was not so with their fellow townsmen, however. The "scare" had taken too deep a root to die out easily, and though the authorities soon found out that there were no raiding battalions to be faced, they could not discover what had become of the mysterious Prussians who seemed to have appeared and vanished in a most puzzling way. It was considered certain that there were some dangerous spies hidden somewhere in the town, and to the police was given the thrilling duty of unearthing them. A large number of the good folk of Dinan spent an uneasy night, in fear of the unseen foe in their midst.

Among those whose rest was broken, though not by his own alarms, was an elderly English general, retired, who lived in the midst of a little English colony outside the town. At five o'clock on a frosty morning a tremendous hubbub at his garden gate awoke the whole household, and the servants, looking out of their window, raised a cry of "Police." The officials on being admitted demanded to see the General at once, and the unfortunate old officer was obliged to swathe himself in a dressing-gown and submit to a searching cross-examination in his own dining-room by the light of a police lantern.

"What do you know of the foreign spies who yesterday entered the town in Prussian uniform?" demanded the police-officer.

The General had not even heard of the rumours that were flying about, but his denials were received with polite disbelief. "You are a military man! You *must* know all about it!" said the police; but eventually they had to leave no wiser than they came, and a little touched in the temper. As for the General, he was furious.



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW
OF THE FOREIGN
SPIES?" DEMANDED
THE POLICE OFFICER.

The newspapers that morning (and for several mornings after) were full of the affair. In one was a letter from the original old lady, describing how the tower simply bristled with armed Prussians, and giving the authorities such an all-round dressing-down for not having captured and slain them, that the police pulled themselves together and redoubled their efforts. Townsfolk besieged the newspaper offices for the latest information; people who said they had seen the invaders were seized and examined by the police, when they promptly denied all knowledge; and a Belgian bootmaker, who had been in his shop the whole of the important day, was arrested as a suspect.

In the newspapers next day (the third) some of the people of influence in the town had taken up old Madame Claptrap's cry and denounced every one in brass buttons, in sweeping condemnation, for their gross incompetence in not sifting the dangerous mystery to the bottom, and making an example of the malefactors.

Meanwhile the five young rascals who had unintentionally started this hullabaloo were watching its development in varying stages of high glee. We were not old enough then to appreciate the full beauty of the thing, but we understood quite enough to make our days a triumph and our nights dreams of glory.

On the fourth day came the crowning

joy—we were tracked! By some deep means the original sinners were discovered to have entered our house, and the police swooped down upon us. Three black-browed martial men, rather worn with their long spy-hunt, clanked into the hall of the "Petit Château Ganne." Politely but firmly they demanded of my mother whether or no certain persons in Prussian helmets had entered the house on Tuesday last.

"Yes," said she, "it is true—"

"Aha!" said the interrogator, with the light of victory in his eye. "Then madame must permit us to search the house!"

"There is no need," said Madame. "I will show you everything."

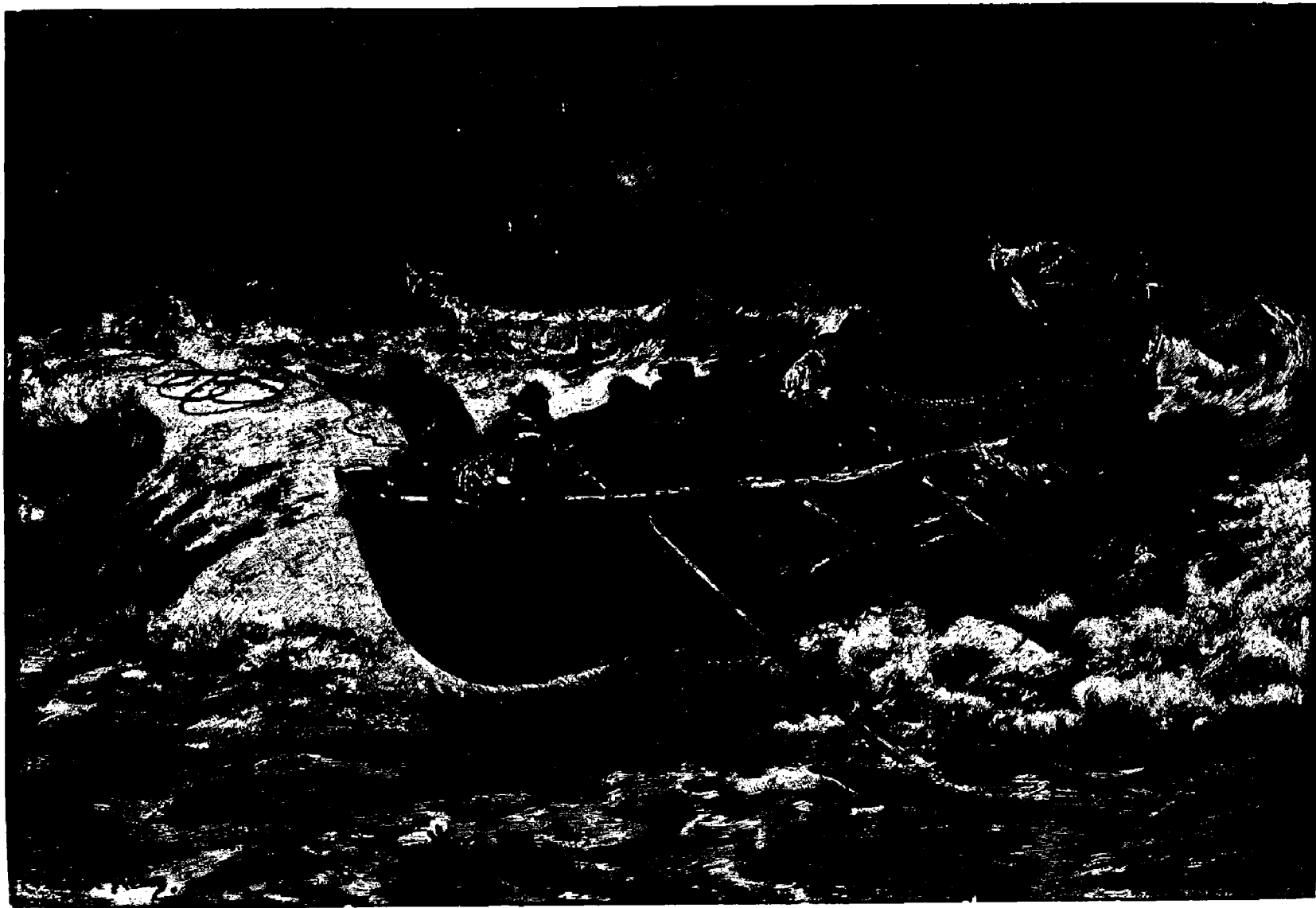
"The arms," said the officer. "Please to show us at once the arms."

My mother opened the dining-room door.

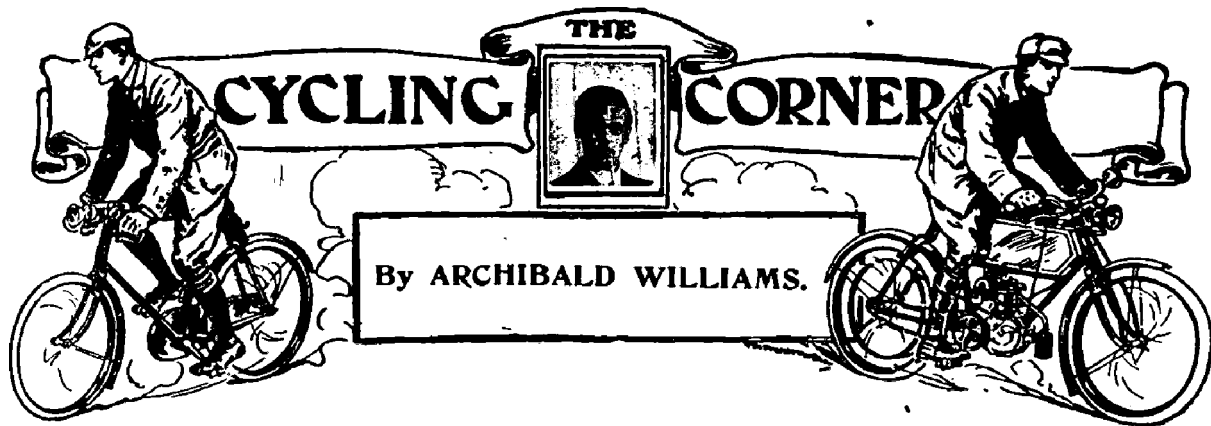
"Here are the arms," she said, pointing to the tin-barrelled guns lying with the cardboard helmets on a side table, "and here are the Prussians, monsieur."

No need to dwell on the amazement, unbelief, and gradual comprehension of those men of law. To their eternal credit be it said that when understanding came to them they laughed till the glasses rattled on the sideboard.

And talking of glasses, a large jug, previously containing cider, was empty when they left.



A FRENCH FISHING-BOAT COMING THROUGH THE BREAKERS.
From the painting by C. Napier Hemy



THE CHEAP MACHINE.

A MACHINE which costs but little money in the first instance is not necessarily cheap. It may prove a very expensive possession before the exasperated owner finally decides to give it away or cease using it. At the present time there is a lot of cheap rubbish being sold in this country which, though outwardly "wonderful value for cash," is in reality utter trash, not worth a tenth part of the small price asked for it. I might add that a large proportion of this stuff comes from over seas.

It does not, of course, follow that, because a machine is listed at a low figure, it is necessarily to be shunned. But you must use judgment; and one of the surest ways of avoiding mistakes is to buy from a good firm.

WHY A MACHINE IS LOW PRICED.

Let us consider the cycle listed at seven guineas. How can the makers turn out a reliable thing for the money? Wherein does it differ from the fifteen-guinea mount?

Well, no reputable maker would incorporate into any machine a frame of doubtful stability. It wouldn't be worth his while. Good tubing is very cheap, and to use bad tubing is the worst possible economy. So we may assume that the frame and forks are safe enough. The same can be said of the wheels. The tyres, now that certain patents have expired, are probably of good class.

WHERE THE DIFFERENCE COMES IN.

I have before me the specifications of two grades of cycles coming from the same factory; one priced at £7, the other at 15 guineas. It will be interesting to calculate how the difference in price is to be accounted for. The figures I give are, I confess, to a certain extent guess-work, and I am open to correction; but I

have gathered from past experience many data which lead me to think that I am not far wide of the mark.

	£	s.	d.
It is enamelled in the best style, which would cost an extra	0	15	0
The first-grade machine has gold lining on enamel	0	15	0
It has a gearcase	0	15	0
Its plating is of best quality, and costs an extra	1	0	0
Its saddle of best quality accounts for a further	0	5	0
It is very light, and therefore the frame and forks have been built with special care. Workmanship	0	10	0
Steering lock	0	5	0
Extra time spent on testing all parts and fitting special details	0	15	0
Equipment—pump, wallet, &c.	0	10	0
Three-speed gear	3	3	0

The total difference accounted for comes to	8	13	0
Add price of cheap machine	7	0	0

Total cost of first-grade cycle, therefore £15 13 0

This brings the figures to practically those of the price-list.

To sum up the difference then;—in the case of the more expensive machine we have

- (a) Extra lightness.
- (b) A change of gear.
- (c) Greater comfort.
- (d) More conveniences.
- (e) Better finish; and
- (f) Protection for the chain.

The cheap machine will lose its primal beauty at a comparatively early date, but

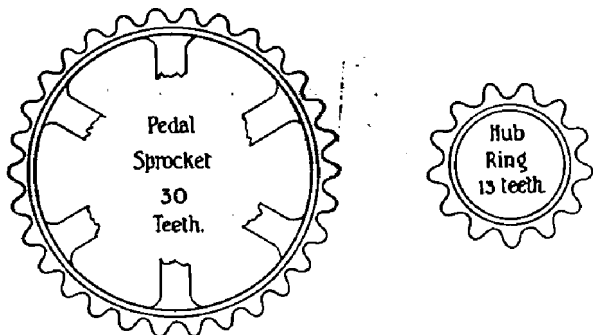
should continue to be a *useful* mount for several years. Probably by the time the purchaser has had it fitted up to his liking with a very comfortable saddle, pump, wallet, &c., he will be an extra ten to fifteen shillings poorer.

I have never personally had a low-priced cycle of my own (except a tricycle which I picked up for 30s. many years ago), and therefore am not in a position to judge the merits of spending the smallest possible sum consistent with safety. Friends, however, tell me that their inexpensive machines have lasted well,—and I notice that in every case the cycle sports the trade-mark of a good maker; which brings me back to one of my first remarks.

CALCULATING THE GEAR.

There is, I find, a danger in taking anything for granted. Hitherto I have abstained from mentioning how you can determine the gearing of your machine, because I thought everybody would already be acquainted with this simple calculation. But lately more than one person has put the question to me, and I therefore risk the imputation of educating my grandmother.

I give a sketch of the two chain wheels of a certain cycle. The pedal sprocket has



30 teeth; the hub ring of the rear wheel 13 teeth. The formula for finding gear being:

$$\text{Gear} = \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{diameter of rear} \\ \text{wheel in inches} \end{array} \right\} \times \frac{\text{number of teeth on pedalsprocket}}{\text{number of teeth on hub ring}}$$

the gear, assuming the rear wheel to be 28 in. in diameter, = $28 \times \frac{30}{13} = \frac{840}{13} = 64\frac{8}{13}$ in.

By "gearing up" a safety cycle the driving wheel is in effect converted into one of much larger diameter. Thus, a safety with a 65-in. gear would progress as far for one revolution of the pedals as a high "ordinary" with a 65-in. wheel.



THE SEAMY SIDE, BEING A BIT OF MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

When you have to deal with change-speed gears, the *solid* gear (*i.e.*, that in which the mechanism of the hub is locked together so as to drive like an ordinary hub) is reckoned out in the usual way.

The low gear is obtained by multiplying the solid or normal gear by $\frac{100 - \text{drop}}{100}$ and the high gear (of a three-speeder) by multiplying the normal gear by $\frac{100 + \text{rise}}{100}$

If our cycle has a three-speed gear with a rise of 25 per cent. and a drop of 20 per cent. on the normal, for the high and low speeds respectively, its gears are:

- Middle, normal or solid = $64\frac{8}{13}$ in.
- High " " = $64\frac{8}{13} \times \frac{125}{100} = 80\frac{10}{13}$ in.
- Low " " = $64\frac{8}{13} \times \frac{80}{100} = 51\frac{9}{13}$ in.

CHAINS.

The *pitch* of a chain means the distance from the centre of one rivet to the centre of the next. Pitches of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. are now more commonly used.

The *width* of a chain is reckoned by that of the sprocket teeth, usually $\frac{3}{16}$ in. or $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

When ordering a new chain make quite certain of the *pitch*, the *width* and the *number of links*.

THE CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB.

In the year 1878 the "C.T.C.," as it is familiarly called, was inaugurated. The next year it boasted 836 members. Numbers rose

steadily till 1888, when there were 21,984 names on the list of membership. Then followed a steady decline to 14,166 in 1894. Soon after that the "cycle boom" came along, and the total went up, by leaps and bounds to 60,449 in 1899. Even since then there has been a gradual decline, and last year only 35,786 certificates were issued.

The Boer War has been accused of a good many things. But I *don't* think that it had anything to do with this diminution of C.T.C.-ism. The real reasons are easy to find:

(a) The rise of the motor.

(b) The fact that cycle-touring is no longer "the fashion."

In view of these considerations it was suggested that the sphere of the Club's action should be enlarged; in short, that tourists other than those who propel themselves on wheels should be welcomed. The institution which the Council of the C.T.C. had in mind was, no doubt, the "T.C.F." or

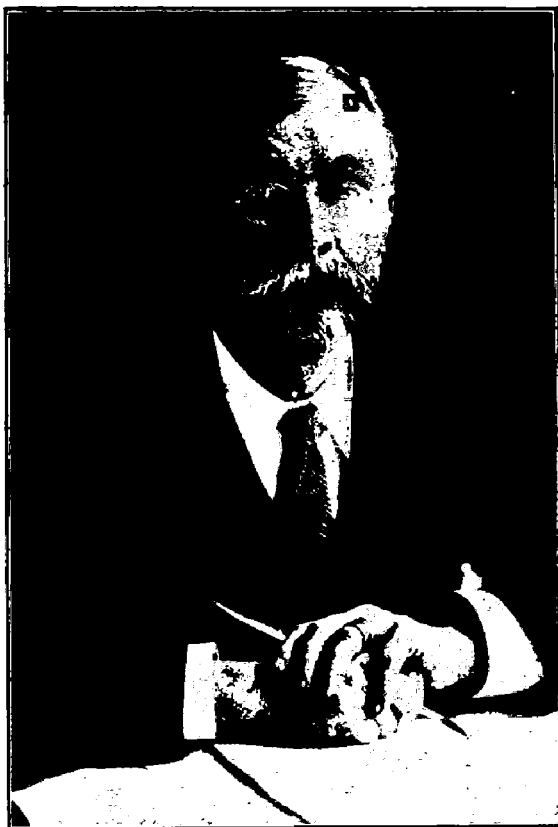
TOURING CLUB DE FRANCE.

I think that a few quotations from the March issue of the C.T.C. Gazette about this association will be interesting to my readers.

"Founded for the benefit of tourists, it does its best for motorist, cyclist, and pedestrian in an equally genial way, without encroaching upon the rights or marring the pleasure of any other users of the road. The Club is road-maker, road-mender, hotel agent, guide and legal adviser simultaneously. It keeps a list of trustworthy cycle dealers and repairers and qualified mechanics, and it uses part of its superfluous time and money in working for the preservation of architectural and natural beauties. . . . The Roads Department is always watchful. . . . Whenever a defect in the road is noted by one of the three thousand delegates who are scattered over the country, the headquarters are told of it. When the surface is out of repair, when an incline or a bend is discovered to be dangerous, when a guide-post is lacking, or is misleading, the report of the delegate is submitted to the Government office. It speaks well for the wise judgment of the delegates, and the good relations between the Touring Club and the Government, that almost without exception the complaint or council of the Touring Club is attended to within eight days. . . .

"It tries to minimise worry and uncertainty. When a tourist takes the wrong road when looking for a waterfall, when he turns in the wrong direction, when anxious to avoid a steep hill, or when he finds a ruined barn in

place of some Roman remains, can he be expected to stand still and smile at his misfortune? The Touring Club de France thinks not, and so does its best to make these little mistakes impossible. Notice-boards of blue and white enamel tell the tourist the place he is looking for. 'The World's End Waterfall; splendid outlook; six hundred kilometres distant on the right,' and 'Roman Amphitheatre at the end of this path. Examination on foot will take half an hour,' may be given as examples. Some distance above all steep hills warning notices are placed. On them the wary cyclist may read the



MR. E. R. SHIPTON.

Friend and counsellor of the touring cyclist.

Photo. Frys.

distance he will have to jog down on foot; the daring, the length of a rapid spin."

The writer concludes with these words: "This Club has such power and energy as are not rivalled by any similar body in the world."

THE FUTURE OF THE C.T.C.

The good old C.T.C. has done excellent work on behalf of cyclists, and incidentally for all persons who drive vehicles over our roads—since sign-posts and danger-boards

prove useful to others than the knights of the wheel. Its membership confers solid advantages on cyclists when they take their machines into foreign countries, as will be understood by one who sends for and reads a little pamphlet, "The C.T.C. at Home and Abroad," issued *gratis* by the Cyclists' Touring Club, 47 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. I might mention that I have found my little circular ticket of membership very useful when facing the customs officials of French ports.

The future of the Club will depend largely on its comprehensiveness. I hope to see it soon with a membership as large as that of the T.C.F. No nation tours more than the English, and we should do well to take some leaves out of the T.C.F.'s book with regard to the care of roads, the improvement of hotel accommodation, and the distribution of direction posts to guide the "lion"-hunter. Considering its resources, the C.T.C. has in the past done very well. Had it controlled more money it would have done even better. It is possible, nay probable, that an extension of its limits will render it sufficiently powerful to bring about certain reforms which are much needed. And I hope that a good proportion of my readers will eventually, if not immediately, enrol themselves members of the Club.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. A. Maclean.—Your question is one which I cannot answer with much confidence, as my experience of acetylene gas is limited to lighting purposes. It gives an intensely hot flame; but I think that its extremely explosive nature when it escapes and mixes with air in a confined space might render it a rather undesirable passenger on a model loco. Also I fancy that the smallness of the flame would rather militate against its being very effective even if you had several burners.

On the whole, therefore, I am inclined to recommend the "Primus," which has a good reputation and is very controllable. But you evidently have a field here for experiment; so try an acetylene jet on a very simple form of boiler and so get some idea of its calorific value. I shall be glad to hear what your experiences are. There would probably be more difficulty attaching to a steady generation of gas in a jolting tender than you suppose. Send along a photo. of your model when it has run its trial trip. And turn yourself into a human locomotive as soon as you can: the cycle is almost a part of one's anatomy nowadays.

X-N-Tric.—Very hard luck having to give up racing, but you will find plenty of pleasure left in cycling at slower speeds. (1) It was a quite unintentional omission. The make is in the first flight, and I can heartily recommend it. (2) The other is, as far as I know from hearsay, a good mount; but I should not choose it myself. (3) Dunlops or Clinchers or Palmers, it doesn't matter which. Have full roadsters. No! I don't advise the non-p tubes, unless you are very much troubled with punctures. If you are, it would be worth while trying a non-p. (4) The Eadie Two-Speed Coaster Hub would fill the bill here. It has a self-contained back-peddalling brake. Have roller lever rim brakes. Several makers now fit rods—Premier, Humber, Enfield, Rudge-Whitworth among others. (5) If calcium carbide is easily obtainable I plump for acetylene lamps. I never use an oil-lamp now. If calcium carbide is expensive (over 8d. per lb.) and hard to get I should certainly have an oil-lamp as well. Lucas' "Acetyphote" is a fine lamp. Buy two or three spare reflectors and burners with it. (6) About £14. Your roads sound tempting.

G. B. Newbury.—I should have thought that the London Agents for the Veeder Cyclometer (Messrs. Markt and Co., 6 City Road, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.) could supply a new striker for a few pence. If they won't, it would be simple to fix a piece of stout steel wire across the wheel from a spoke on one side to a spoke on the other, projecting sufficiently to strike the cyclometer star-wheel. Scrape the spokes bright at the points where the wires cross, tie striker wire to spokes with fine brass wire and solder at the ties. Any tin-smith would do the job in a few minutes. The dealer wanted to sell you another cyclometer. I expect. Thanks for appreciation.



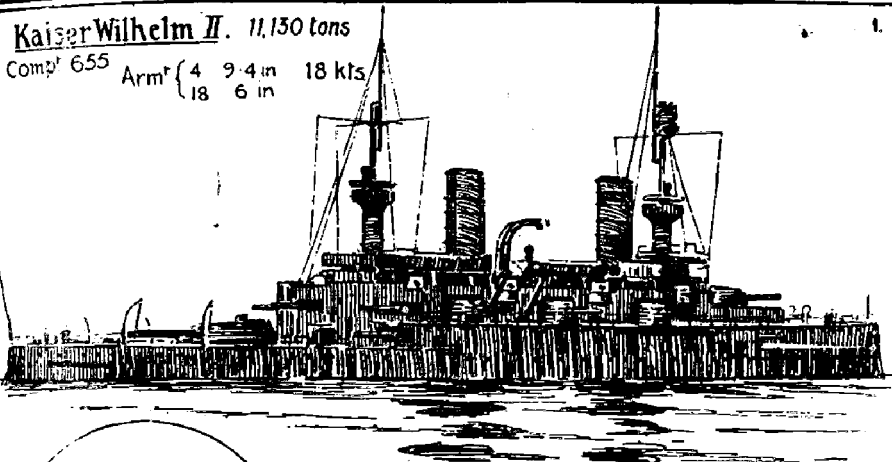
"SET SPINAKERS." A RYDE WEEK SNAPSHOT.

Photo. by F. H. Watt. |

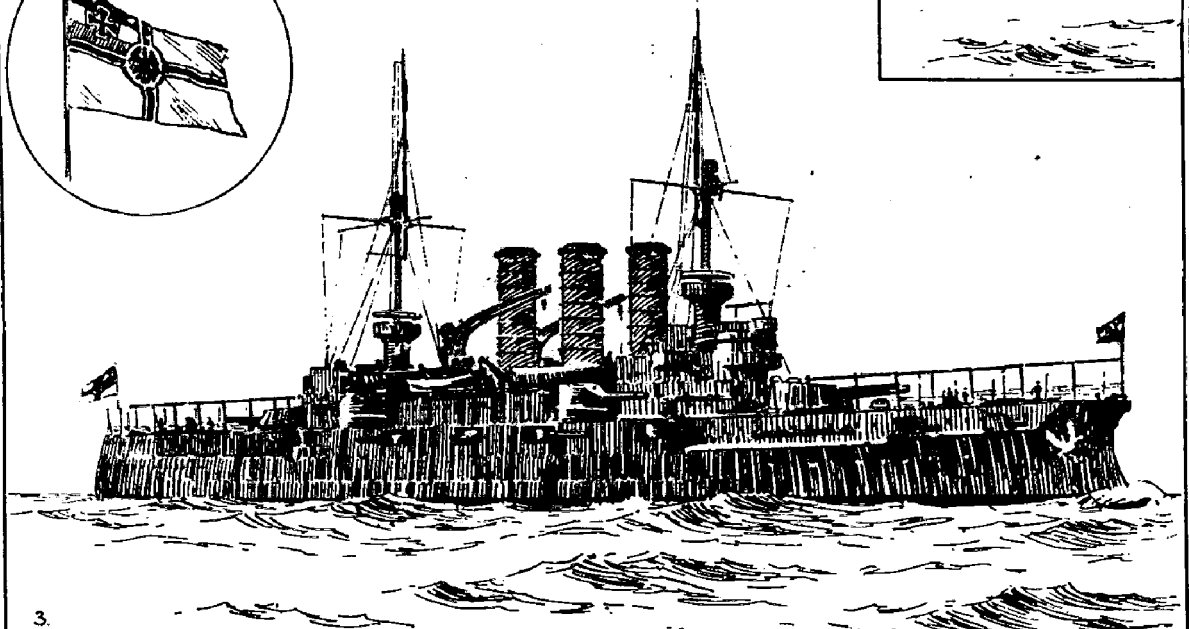
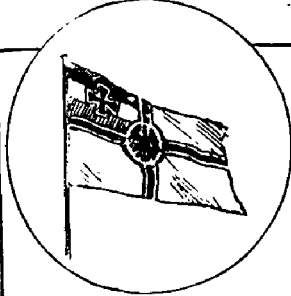
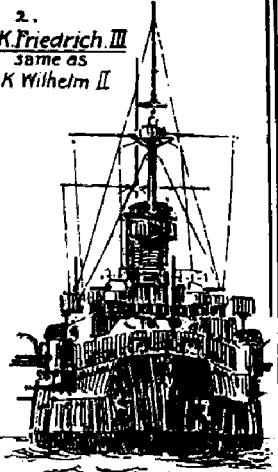
Kaiser Wilhelm II. 11,130 tons

Comp^t 655

Arm^t { 4 9.4 in 18 kts
18 6 in



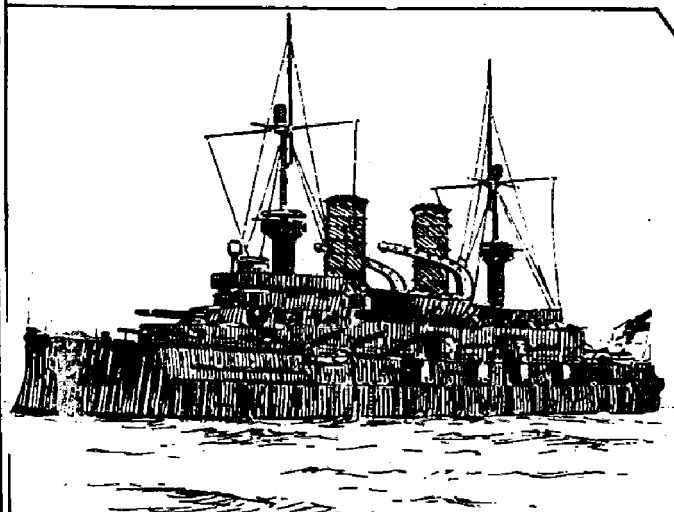
2. **K. Friedrich III**
same as
K. Wilhelm II



3.

Braunschweig 13,200 tons.
Comp^t 697. 18 kts.

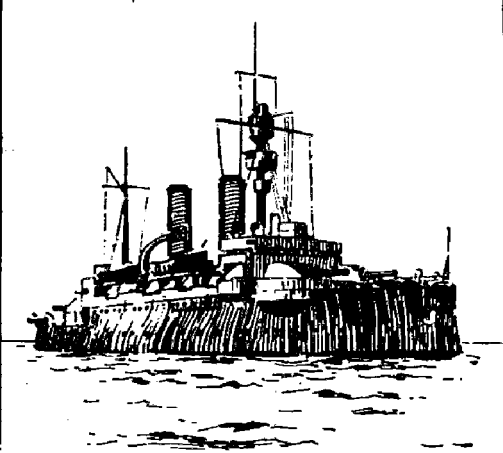
Arm^t { 4 11 in.
12 6-7 in.



Wettin 11,800 tons

4. Comp^t 650. Arm^t { 4 9.4 in 18 kts
18 6 in

1 B Coll
09



Agir 3600 tons.

5. (3 9.4 in 18 kts
10 3.4 in. Comp 276.

SOME GERMAN BATTLESHIPS.

Drawn for "The Captain" by A. B. Cull.

DASH & DOT.



A STORY OF THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

By CHARLES WHITLOCK.

Illustrated by Edgar A. Holloway.

IT was the year 1895, during the Chitral Expedition under the command of Colonel Clayton. Our force was composed of several British, Sikh, and Ghoorka regiments. My friend, Jack Bilston, and myself were signalling sergeants in our company. Jack was a typical Staffordshireman, a gruff-voiced, burly fellow who looked as though his ancestors had thrown tons upon tons of red-hot iron into furnaces and inherited something of its nature; for he was as tough as iron and as true as steel, with no small amount of common sense. To paddle his own canoe was Jack's motto, but he more frequently paddled other people's; no one asked twice for a favour from Jack, who was the soul of good nature. His friendship for me has somewhat smoothed my rather chequered career, for never had soldier a truer or stauncher

comrade—strong as a lion, gentle as a lamb, and as rough as a bear withal.

One little anecdote may not be out of place to show what sort of a man Jack was. When he joined our company as a raw recruit, he was, on account of his enormous build, made a butt of by all. His good nature allowed it till the bully of the regiment one day grossly insulted him in the canteen. Jack did not strike him. No. He quietly strolled up to the bully and said, "I can't strike yo' because I should spoil yo', but don't say that again. Have a drink, shake hands, and let's be pals." The bully stared, and then said, "Yes. I don't mind a drink with you, and I don't mind shaking hands; but I've yet to meet the man who can spoil me." They shook hands, and the bully howled in agony, for the blood spurted out of his finger-ends. When Jack

released his hand he said, "I wouldn't have hurt yo' if yo' hadn't bragged. Have another drink. We shall be friends now." And they were.

This will give you some idea of the hero who saved my life and also that of Lieutenant Dash. Jack's nick-name was "Jack the Giant." He only stood five feet ten, but he was of enormous build and weighed sixteen stone—all bone and muscle. As a horseman and swordsman he had no equal, and he was no mean shot.

The story I am about to record surrounds the adventure of Lieutenant Dash and "Jack the Giant." Not a syllable did Jack whisper of the story, but it was common property an hour after the lieutenant had returned to camp. No soldier's deed of pluck was ever so advertised, for Lieutenant Dash had a heart as soft as a lady's.

After a long day's march from Khar to Mundiakhar our company pitched their tents for the night on a mountainside some fifty miles march from Chitral. We had been sniped at during the day by strolling bands of Swatis, but had had no chance to return the compliment. All looked serene, but our colonel was one of the old school and always prepared for a storm when there was a calm. So it came about that Lieutenant Dash and "Jack the Giant" were ordered out with the heliograph and flags to reconnoitre from the top of a hill some three miles away.

They were to signal to the picket if they saw any sign of the enemy in the vicinity. I wished Jack luck, and that was the last I saw of him till the following morning. The story the Lieutenant told was as follows. As nearly as possible I will give it in his own words.

"When we reached the hill, I got my glasses to work, but could discover no sign or trace of the enemy. I then handed them to Sergeant Bilston, who had no sooner put them to his eyes than he said, 'They are over there, sir. I can see the smoke in the air. They must be six miles away at least.'

"I took the glasses, and saw that what had escaped my eyes had attracted his. There was indeed smoke, rising evidently from camp fires. I ordered the sergeant to heliograph the news, for the sun was still shining. He was about to do so when I heard him shout, 'Defend yourself, Lieutenant; they're upon us.'

"I turned and saw Sergeant Bilston

knock one fellow down with the butt end of his gun, which he threw at another, who went head-long down the hill. Then he picked up a third by the legs and used him as a club against the others. The 'club' had got one home, however, for he had stabbed the sergeant in the left leg. I fired my revolver into the midst of them, but was struck down from behind, and the last I remember was seeing Sergeant Bilston, his legs astride my body, swinging his human club. I tried to rise, but failed, and fell back unconscious. When I came to I found myself bound hand and foot in front of a camp fire.

"It appeared that the sergeant had continued the fight and roughly handled some six of them before he was overpowered. A deserter from the Indian Army who had joined the Swatis and who spoke broken English told me this, as he gloated over the fact that we should be tortured to death when their chief arrived. I asked where the sergeant was. A bundle of humanity similarly bound to myself and lying some six yards away was pointed out to me. My friend the enemy was full of pretty sayings to the effect that we might perhaps be roasted, or tied to a horse's tail, or buried in the snow up to our heads. Such little stories as these he invented for my amusement. At last the talk round the fires, which had been loud and angry, somewhat decreased, and even my informant grew tired of dilating on what was to come to an unappreciative listener. I asked him to pardon my rudeness in not seeming more interested, but his friends had somewhat upset my brain pan, for my head was spinning like a top.

"With some pain and exertion I looked over to see how Sergeant Bilston was enjoying the sport. I saw a Swati, showing evidence of the sergeant's attentions, go up to him and deliberately kick him several times. But no sound escaped the sergeant. It was probably the human club getting a little of his own back. Soon, however, the Swati ventured too near the sergeant, who shot out his head like a python and grabbed his tormentor by the leg with his teeth. The native yelled with rage and dragged the sergeant through the camp fire, as the burns on his face bear witness. I have heard of the tenacity of a Staffordshire bulldog, but no bulldog ever held on with such vigour and pluck as did Sergeant Bilston. It took three of them to make him leave go, and then they had to half strangle him.



HORSE AND RIDER WERE HURLED SIXTY FEET INTO THE GULF BENEATH.

their game. What a sigh of relief we raised! I rolled again. One more turn and we should be back to back. It was successfully accomplished.

"Then we commenced slowly to rub up and down, the sergeant with the knife, I with my back. I could feel the steel cutting my thongs, and presumably my hands as well, but I felt no pain. At last my hands were free. I took the knife, rolled over, and liberated the sergeant's hands. He then slid down and released my feet, and I in my turn commenced to cut the cords that bound his. In doing so I dislodged a stone, which went rolling down the hill, making what appeared to us a terrible noise.

"The sergeant said: 'Quick, or we are lost.'

"I cut like lightning at his thongs, but the knife flew out of my hand.

"'Fly for your life. Leave me. Warn the company,' came the sergeant's voice. But luck was on our side. I found the knife, and with one cut severed the remaining thongs.

"With their swords drawn, the two sentinels were charging us. The sergeant, stooping down, picked up a sleeping Swati and threw him on the swords, but not before the alarm was given. The whole camp was up like one man, and our way was barred by three Swatis who were half asleep and looked at us like frightened sheep.

"Shouting 'Follow me,' the sergeant knocked one of them down with his fist. I fell over the second, and the third was on top of me in a moment with his knife raised ready to strike when he received a punch under the ear that put him to sleep again. I felt myself lifted bodily and placed on my feet. Then the two of us started running like mad. The sergeant had again saved my life.

"We ran with the whole camp at our heels for quite two hundred yards. Bullets sang about our ears and sent the snow flying in front of us. I was a little ahead of the sergeant, but I rather think he followed to protect me, as I have seen him win a race at the sports in which I should have been left hopelessly behind. We ran for

our lives. Some fifty yards ahead we espied a rudely-constructed bridge spanning a gully, and for this bridge we made. By now three of our pursuers had mounted, and were riding to cut us off. We would have barely time to reach the bridge, but no chance when across, for the mounted men would soon overtake us.

"'It's no use, sergeant,' I shouted; 'we are trapped.'

"He replied: 'Run. Think of our comrades. The shots will warn them and save the camp.'

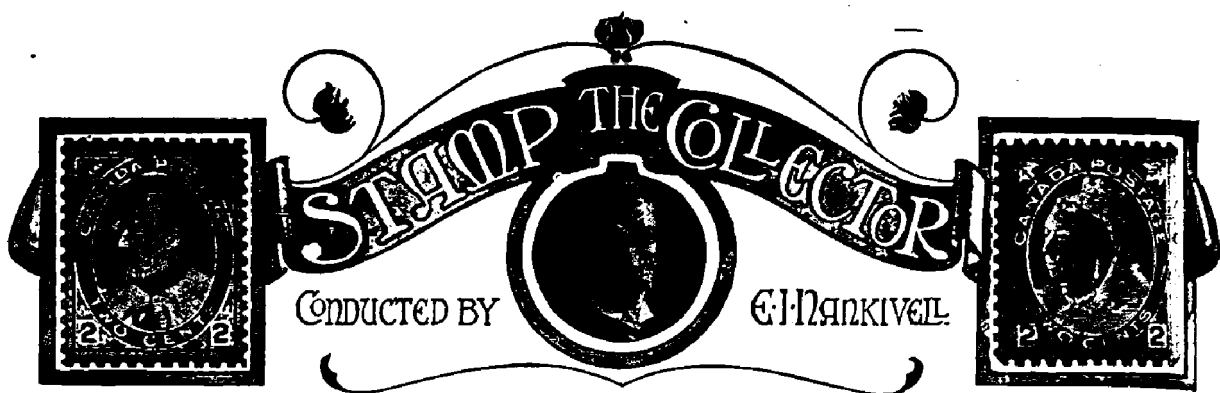
"We reached and crossed the bridge perhaps forty seconds in advance of the Swatis on horseback. I ran on. Hearing shouts, I turned to look back. I saw the sergeant positively wrench the bridge bodily from its holdings and swing one end over the gulf. The foremost horseman did the rest, for before he could draw rein he and his horse broke the bridge away, and horse and rider were hurled sixty feet into the gulf beneath.

"I shouted in triumph, but it was short-lived, for a bullet struck me and I fell with my leg broken. I could hear cries of rage from the other side of the gully. Then I felt myself lifted as easily as if I had been a child, and a voice as sweet as a woman's said, in the Staffordshire dialect, 'Don't yo' worry, sir; your honour is safe. Our comrades are saved.' Then I swooned.

"When I regained consciousness I was in camp. They told me that our boys had improvised a new bridge, and that the Swatis had suffered a crushing defeat, for the sergeant, after handing me over to my friends, had led the way back and helped to gain the victory."

"Jack the Giant" is still the same true comrade, the pride of his fellow soldiers and my best friend. What do you ask? Did he receive any recognition? No, he gave all the credit to Lieutenant Dash, who is now a Colonel, but "Jack the Giant" will never want a friend whilst Colonel Dash lives. Jack has since been offered a commission, but he refused it. He likes the Sergeants' Mess too well. And we can't part with one of whom we are so proud.



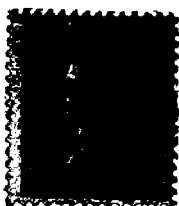


HISTORICAL FINGER-POSTS.

The Empire of India.



1854.



1855.



1861.



1882.

B RITISH INDIA, with its feudatory States, its million and half square miles of territory and its teeming population of nearly three hundred millions, affords the stamp-collector an almost limitless field for philatelic study.

First there are the issues of the Indian Empire, then the stamps of India overprinted for use in the Native States, and lastly there are the crude and curious issues of the Native States that prefer to make their own stamps and manage their own postal services in their own peculiar, old-world ways.

The first postage stamps of India were issued by the Honourable East India Company. In India, as in many other cases, the chartered company was the pioneer of British Government. The Honourable East India Company was founded in 1600, and the introduction of adhesive postage stamps found it in the possession of considerable territory which it administered in trust with the help of the home government.

The first postage stamps were issued by the East India Company in 1854, and bore the head of Queen Victoria with the simple inscription of "India" and the value. These first stamps were designed and printed in Calcutta, but, in the following year a series of stamps of more finished design and better printing was

obtained from England. This series was inscribed "East India Postage" and the value.

In 1858 the administration of British India was transferred from the East India Company to the Crown of England, and the first stamp issued under the Crown was the 8 pies of 1861.

In 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, and the inscription on the stamps was thereupon changed from "East India" to "India."

Thus, we have in the postage stamps of India, finger-posts for the stamp-collector to the three stages of the making of the British Empire of India.

And beyond these are some thirty to forty Native States with feudatory or other relations to the Imperial Crown, full of interest and full of temptation to the stamp-collector to extend his studies to those comparatively little-known territories, with their peculiar postal methods and their interesting complexities of race and religion.

For some years, Major Evans has been devoting his attention to the history of the postal issues of the Native States of India, and he has opened up an almost limitless field of study for the philatelist. Some of the native rulers of India have the most extraordinary ideas of postal management. The Maharajah of Nepal, for instance, has one stamp which is used only

by his retinue when he travels through his kingdom. Another Native state of India, Wadhwan by name, has the credit of being the only stamp-issuing State in the world that has voluntarily satisfied its postal needs with one solitary stamp. Wadhwan is a native state in Kathiawar, Bombay. It has an area of 238 square miles, and comprises about thirty villages. The compilers of gazetteers and encyclopædias pass it by, and, but for its one ewe lamb of a postage stamp it would probably never have crept into the notice of western civilisation.

Notable New Issues.

Barbados.—The Commemorative stamps issued to celebrate the Nelson Centenary have been received. The Colony make the claim that it erected the first monument to the memory of Nelson. The initials of Mr. G. Goodman, the Solicitor-General of the Colony, are linked into a monogram in the lower corners in acknowledgment of his having designed the stamps. There are seven values, ¼d. to 1s. This Commemorative set, it is stated, does not supersede the ordinary issue. It is on sale at the same time. That is to say, this Nelson series is nothing more than an issue of labels to fleece stamp-collectors. That it is not made to supply actual postal needs is attested by the fact that the ordinary stamps are not superseded.



After these we are to have yet another commemorative in the shape of a representation of the *Olive Blossom*, the first British ship that touched at the island and claimed it as British territory.

Wmk. Crown CC. Perf.

¼d., grey,	black	centre.
¼d., green,	"	"
¼d., carmine,	"	"
2d., yellow,	"	"
2½d., ultramarine,	"	"
6d., mauve,	"	"
1s., carmine,	"	"

Grenada.—From this Colony we have received a very pretty stamp of the ship design. There are, at present, only four low values; the recently issued King's heads of the same values, have, it is said, been withdrawn from issue.



Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

¼d., green.
¼d., carmine.
2d., orange-yellow.
2½d., blue.

Italy has long promised us an elaborate series of various designs by its best artists, and at last we have received the first stamp, a 15c. with a striking portrait of King Victor Emmanuel.



Perf. 12.
15c., slate.

Liberia.—The new issue of Liberian postage stamps comprises a very unique series of thirteen values, from 1 cent to 5 dollars, all save one being bi-colour, designed, engraved, and printed from steel plates by Perkins, Bacon and Co., Ltd., so well known for their beautiful productions since they engraved the first British postage stamps in 1840.

Sir Harry Johnston, formerly High Commissioner for Uganda, has furnished some of the designs from illustrations in his new book "Liberia" which give life-like reproductions of birds, animals, and reptiles found in the Republic of Liberia. Another, from the same source, shows two of the native "Mandingoes," and makes one of the prettiest stamps of the series.

The Republican Flag, with the motto, "The love of liberty brought us here," and a minute portrait of President Barclay with a view of the Executive Mansions at Monrovia, serve for two of the stamps, but probably the 25 cent, with a beautifully engraved reproduction of the quarter-dollar coin, with Head of Liberty will be considered the gem of the collection. A Head of Mercury and another of Liberty, and a one-colour stamp of white-line machine work, complete the list. The frames surrounding the vignettes are mostly treated in a novel and unconventional manner, producing a decidedly pleasing effect, and the "Lone Star" of the Republic appears on every design without exception.

The printing and gumming are of the high class to be expected.

The colours chosen are very effective, and, in most cases, different ones are used for the surcharged stamps. The surcharge O.S. is in writing style, and is placed in one of the upper corners of the stamps so as not to obliterate the design.

The 1, 2, and 5 cents, being most largely



African Elephant.



Head of Mercury.



Chimpanzee.



Plantain-eater



Great Egret.



Coin.



Figure of Value



Agama Lizard.



Liberian Flag.



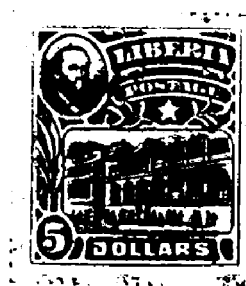
Liberian Hippopotamus.



Head of Liberty.



Mandingoes.



President Barclay and Executive Mansion.

used, are printed in sheets of 50, the others being in sheets of 20.

The Republic, as well as the engravers, may be congratulated upon the issue of a most artistic series of postage stamps.

Perf.

1c., black and green : African Elephant.
2c., black and carmine : Head of Mercury.

5c., black and dark blue : Chimpanzee.
10c., black and maroon : Plantain-eater.
15c., dark green and purple : Agama Lizard.
20c., black and orange : Great Egret.
25c., grey and Chinese blue : Coin of same value.
30c., violet : Figure of value.
50c., black and dark green : Liberian Flag.
75c., black and chocolate brown : Liberian Hippopotamus.
1 dol., grey and pink : Head of Liberty.
2 dol., black and dark green : Mandingoes.
5 dol., dark grey and maroon : Head of President Barclay and Executive Mansion.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues chronicled by us :
 STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.—Barbados, Nelson Centenary Set. Grenada, Ship Set. Italy 15c. Mp. H. L. HAYMAN.—Liberian Set.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. M. (Grimsby).—The New South Wales stamps you describe are what is known as the Centenary issue of 1888-97. The value depends on the perforation. The 1s. of the Kangaroo design is still current, but the 1d. view of Sydney and 2d. Emu have been superseded and are, therefore, now obsolete. The watermark upside down is common and of no consequence.

Would-be-Specialist (Wandsworth).—You will find a full list of the plate numbers of Great Britain priced in Gibbons' Catalogue. The ½d. runs from 1 to 20, missing out Nos. 2, 7, 16, 17, and 18, and the 1d. from 71 to 225, missing out 75, 126, and 128. The 1d. No. 225 is the scarcest of the lot, and is priced 10s. used, but rarely priced unused. The "Gost Parcels" series are priced as follows :

Stamps of Queen Victoria overprinted with Type 156, in black.

1883-1886.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1½d., lilac	—	5 0
6d., green	—	15 0
9d., green	—	10 0
1s., brown (pl. 13)	—	10 0
1s. " (pl. 14)	—	25 0

1887-1890.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1½d., purple and green	7 6	0 3
6d., purple on rose-red	10 0	0 6
9d., purple and blue	—	0 9
1s., green	—	1 6

1891-1901. Unused.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1d., lilac	3 6	0 3
2d., green and red	—	0 3
4½d. " "	—	3 6
1s. " scarlet	—	4 0

1902-1903. *Stamps of King Edward VII.*

Unused.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1d., scarlet (30.10.02)	7 6	1 0
2d., green and scarlet (29.4.02)	30 0	1 3
6d., purple (19.2.02)	12 6	1 3
9d., purple and blue (28.8.02)	—	3 0
1s., green and scarlet (17.12.02)	—	5 0

Most foreign stamps will bear washing in soap and water, but you had better not try it on British Colonials of the De la Rue King's heads, as they are printed in aniline colours. A bit of soft dry stale bread rubbed on gently will clean some dirt off stamps. Some watermarks are most difficult. Turn the stamp about on a dark coat sleeve till you catch the outline. Some watermarks can be seen better when the stamp is held up to the light. Used stamps may be wetted, and then the watermark comes up quite clearly.

Buffles (Wolverhampton).—Nicaraguan stamps are not worth attention. They are rubbish made for sale to gullible stamp-collectors. Honduras are much about the same. In fact, you will do wisely to avoid wasting your money on any Central American Republics, for they are mostly rubbish made to collect pence from unwary kiddies. Torn specimens of ordinary stamps are of no value whatever. In the case of very rare stamps, some collectors will take a torn copy if it is not too badly damaged, but the high watermark of collecting is not to take a torn specimen of any stamp. All damaged stamps are, of course, of less value than perfect copies; even a perforation missing will lower the value.

R. O. B. (Bootle).—See note about Barbados Commemoratives in this number of THE CAPTAIN under the head of notable new issues.

A Millionaire's Advice to Young Men.

"I'LL tell you this : there are more opportunities than there are young men to take advantage of them.

"You say that life is more complex, and that as a result the personal incentive has vanished in proportion. That is perfectly correct except the conclusion. The world is bigger and life is more complex, but who will gainsay that if the world has grown bigger the opportunities have with it, and that if life is more complex, it at least results in a greater variety of opportunities?

"A young man has always had to help make his opportunities, and he must do that to-day as ever. But young men fail more nowadays than they used to because they expect to reap almost as soon as they sow. That is the very great trouble with the young men of the present. They expect opportunities to come to them without application, or proper shaping of things so that opportunities will drift their way. You have to keep your eyes open and catch hold of things ; they'll not catch hold of you, as a rule.

"Energy, system, perseverance, these are great components of success in a young man's life, and with them he is bound to succeed as well to-day as he ever succeeded. He must have a set standard of achievement ; he must make up his mind what he is going to do in the world, and then keep fighting for this standard."—MR. JAMES J. HILL, in the *Daily Mail*.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by **EDWARD STEER, F.L.S.**

Names.—N. Wilks (Lynn) is apparently competing in some guessing competition, and asks me whether the nine names he mentions are all current. 2, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 are right, except that 8 is spelled *Modiola*. 1, 3, and 4 I do not remember, and as his object is evidently not strictly the pursuit of knowledge, but the winning of a prize, I do not feel justified in spending time to hunt them up.

Birds' Eggs and Cruelty.—R. D. Howat (Dumblane) asks if (1) the taking of birds' eggs is a legal offence, and (2) whether I agree with those persons who declare that egg-collecting is a cruel pursuit. (1) Most of the small birds are protected by an Act of Parliament known as the Wild Birds Protection Act, by virtue of which it is illegal to kill any of them between March 16 and July 31; but nothing is said of the taking of eggs. County Councils have the power to extend this "close-time," as it is called, in the case of any particular species that is in special danger. (2) The question of cruelty is a difficult one, because it depends so much on the personal idea of what constitutes cruelty. As in Butler's day, there are still individuals who

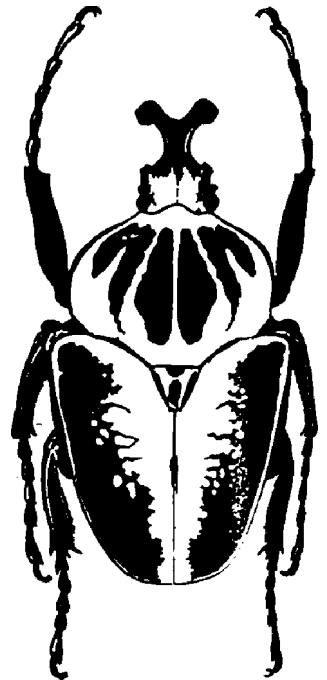
"Compound for sins they are inclined to,

By damning those they have no mind to."

Many who glibly accuse egg-collectors of cruelty are themselves much addicted to the breakfast-egg, an omelette, or other forms of food into whose composition eggs enter; but the domestic hen has similar feelings to those of a wild bird. Others who are prominent supporters of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals delight in hunting a tame deer to death, or in slaughtering tame pheasants. My personal view of the matter is that the collection of any forms of life as a mere hobby is not easily justifiable; but that if the collection is only a means to an end—that is, the acquisition and increase of knowledge—the position is very different. To be absolutely proof against the charge of cruelty to animals we must become Brahmins, and neither eat animal food nor destroy noxious creatures.

Gold-fish.—In spite of the many queries we have answered relating to gold-fish, readers appear to ignore the advice previously given. W. R. E. (Blackheath) complains that his, after swallowing the food he gives them, throw it up again, and that the water becomes dirty an hour after it has been changed. No doubt his gold-fish are overfed, and the unconsumed and rejected food causes the water to become turbid. No weeds are mentioned, so I presume there is nothing to purify the water or keep the fish in health. Look up previous answers; give no more food for a few days, and then only sparingly; leave none unconsumed in the water, but remove all surplus at once. Introduce growing water-weeds, and do not change the water.

Giant Beetle.—The beetle to which H. Armstrong (Notting Dale) refers is no doubt one of the Goliath-beetles — of which there are two or three species. They do not attain the dimensions of the sensational account he has read, but they are quite large enough, the trunk alone measuring about four and a half inches in length. Its shape and colouring are better indicated by the illustration than by a description. The portions left white in the drawing are chalky white on the insect, and the dark bands and borders are velvety black. It is a native of West Africa, and,



THE GOLIATH BEETLE.
One-fourth natural size.

like the Sacred Scarabæus of the ancient Egyptians, it occupies its leisure in making big balls of dung and pushing these backwards. Dr. Livingstone, who met with this beetle during his African travels, says that when so engaged it looks like a boy standing on his head and rolling a huge snowball with his feet. The larva feeds on dung, so the eggs are placed in the centre of the ball, and this is dropped into a hole in the ground. The branched process in front of the head is used as a trowel in making up the ball.

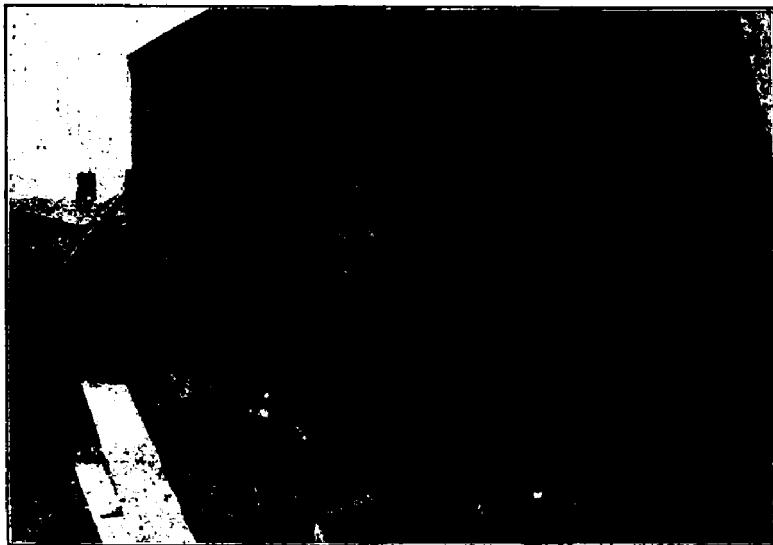
Sale of Eggs.—Len Blatchford (Holsworthy) will find the information he requires in answer to "Nest" in April CAPTAIN.

Tortoise.—"Zacky" (Anerley) will find numerous hints on Tortoises in recent issues of THE CAPTAIN, and I must ask him to look them up; also the "General Hints" in April "Corner."

Green Woodpecker.—E. Dingwall (Weston-super-mare), like his neighbour, D. Jones, noticed a green Woodpecker outside the dining-room window, about the same date. This was probably the same bird.

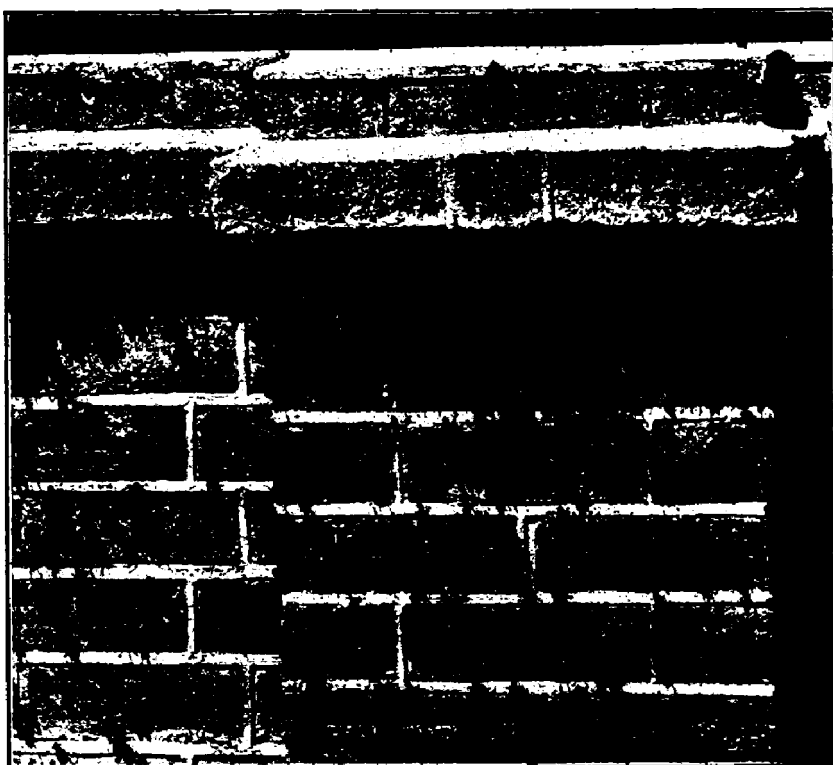
Greenfinch.—"Nest" (Islay) sends me for identification a bird "found dead on the green in front of the house," and wonders how it could have died, as he could find no mark of injury. That, however, was because his examination was too superficial. The bird was a brightly coloured cock Greenfinch, and under the left wing was a wound which showed it had been shot.

Locusts.—M. Scott (Bayswater) kindly sends a couple of photos, received as Christmas Cards from South Africa, portions of which we here reproduce to give our readers some idea of the amazing profusion of insect life in that country. They represent parts of the wall of the Hospital at Kimberley, which is thickly covered with the climbing and crawling locusts. There is no note of the particular species, but if the reader will bear in mind that an ordinary brick is three



THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

inches in thickness, he will see that these insects are only about an inch long. In this country we should call them grass-hoppers, reserving the name locust for the larger species, three or more inches long. However, these Kimberley hoppers appear to have the character of the migratory locust that makes it a terror to the countries afflicted by it—that of appearing in enormous swarms that



A PORTION OF A LOCUST-COVERED WALL.

devastate the green crops wherever they appear. Perhaps some South African readers of this "Corner" could send me some information respecting this insect, and possibly a few specimens.

"Prayer-beads."—A. Leighton (West Norwood) sends me two small egg-shaped glossy seeds of bright scarlet colour with a black spot at one end. He asks their name, and says he has tried to grow them in flannel, but has failed. I have heard of Mustard and Cress seeds being germinated in this way, but not of seeds as big as small peas. Their name is *Abrus precatorius*, and they are often called Prayer-beads from the fact that frequently they are bored and threaded to make rosaries and necklaces. They are the seeds of a tropical species of pea, and so can only be grown in this country in a hot-house. Even there they may fail if the seeds are old. Try them on a hot-bed. In India these seeds are used as weights under the name of Rati, and it is said they were used to ascertain the value of the famous Koh-i-nor diamond.

Preserving Fungi.—Gwendolin Okeden (Ipswich) asks which is the best chemical for preserving fungi. I presume she means a liquid to preserve them in their natural form. I imagine a solution of formalin would be the best, but I have never kept specimens in this way, because a large-sized house would be required to store the jars containing only the British species. They are usually preserved by pressure in drying papers, like flowering plants, but first they should be dried as much as possible in a strong draught of dry air. After being pressed and dried they are poisoned (to protect them from the ravages of insects) by being washed with corrosive sublimate dissolved in oil of turpentine. G. O. will find an answer to her second query in the March "Corner" (reply to S. E. Hazleton). She will find some capital hints on the subject in a chapter (by Worthington G. Smith) in Taylor's "Hints on Collecting and Preserving." (Allen, 3s. 6d.)

Birds'-Claws.—F. Treggold (Penge) asks if the over-grown claws of cage-birds should be cut, and whether she could do it with safety, or should she get an expert to do it for her. They should certainly be cut when they are so long (as described) as to interfere with the bird's freedom in flying from perch to perch, but my correspondent should know best whether she can hold the bird firmly but gently with one hand whilst using the scissors with the other. If in doubt, she should see a local "fancier" about doing it, as it is easy to injure or frighten the patient by injudicious handling.

Mosses.—E. R. Pringle (Muswell Hill) asks for the title of a book on Mosses. There is an introductory volume by Bagnell in the "Young Collector Series" (Sonnenschein, 1s.); a more scientific one by Hobkirk—"A Synopsis of British Mosses" (Lovell Reeve, 7s. 6d.—no illustrations); and Dixon and Jamieson's "Student's Handbook of Mosses" (Wheldon, 18s.).

Sick Dog.—"Yorkshire" (Bronley) has a wire-haired terrier that is subject to periodic attacks of vomiting lasting for several days. No doubt, it suffers from worms, and he should give it a pill compounded (by a druggist) as follows:—santonine 3 grs., jalap 5 grs., powdered ginger 3 grs., mixed with extract of gentian. Preferably, he should take the dog to a "vet." and let him administer the proper remedies.

Silkworms.—Miss Kennedy (Monkstown) can obtain silkworm's eggs from Watkins and Doncaster, 36 Strand, London, at about 4d. per hundred. The food of the silkworm consists of mulberry leaves, but often the eggs hatch before these are obtainable, when lettuce leaves should be substituted *pro tem*. Their treatment is simple, and consists in keeping their trays clean, and ensuring a daily supply of fresh leaves.

Reptiles in Garden.—E. Daghish (Southgate Road) desires to keep Tree-frogs and Grass-snakes in an enclosure six feet by twenty-one inches, in an open garden, and asks a number of questions arising therefrom. Unless the enclosure is to be one of glass with a close floor, it cannot be managed, for the frogs would leap or climb out, and the snakes would burrow beneath. In any enclosure it is not advisable to keep frogs with snakes, for the former is part of the natural food of the latter, and may disappear by incorporation. Each kind should be kept in a separate vivarium or fern-case. See my answers in recent issues.

Entomological.—In answer to "Sphinx" (Bolton)—(1) I do not know of any new serial work on Entomology, such as you desire. (2) There is no good modern work covering all the orders of British insects. The two volumes on Insects by Dr. Sharp in the Cambridge Natural History are the most reliable and up-to-date, but they extend to the insects of the world, and have no coloured plates. Their price is 17s. per volume, net. A work that is likely to suit you is "The Butterflies of the British Isles," by Richard South, F.E.S. (F. Warner and Co. 6s. net), with coloured figures of all the species. (3) No. The Swallow-tail, the Purple Emperor and the Comma butterflies are still natives of Britain, though they are much more rare than was formerly the case.



Theodore A. Sharp 1906

THE PIG-STICKERS. By Captain Theodore Sharp.

An officer gay, and a young lady fair,
With bright eyes of blue and soft auburn hair,
Sallied forth after pig in its wild jungly lair.

They had fallen in love in a sort of a fashion,
But while "riding to pig" there was no room for mashin',
For their hearts were both filled with the pig-sticking passion

Keen rivals were they in the maddening race,
To snatch from each other the primary place,
And claim the "first spear" in that fierce thrilling chase

The officer won, but his triumph was tame,
For in spearing poor piggie he bungled the game,
And lost both his weapon and pig-sticking fame

His terrified Arab refusing to stay,
No more could he take any part in the fray
So left the fair lady to finish the day.

But the day nearly finished the young lady fair
As her pig-sticking Arab reared high in the air
When the furious quarry charged straight at the pair.

'Twas a ticklish moment, but luckily just
In the nick she got home with a spine-piercing thrust
Which set the grim foeman a-biting the dust.

'Twas a triumph for her, but a blow for her "mash,"
For after that day she considered it rash
To encourage pig-stickers without any dash!



COX'S COUGH-DROPS

BY

R.S. WARREN BELL.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance that exists between Cox, a boy, at Charlton Court Preparatory School, only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Marquis of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, which has recently been taken by some London friends of his named Lomax. Bewildering entanglements ensue, one result of the deception being that Yarningale is sent to the school Infirmary as a diphtheritic "suspect." At the mid-term garden-party, Joan Henderson, one of the Vicar's daughters, tells Cox that she particularly wishes to speak to Yarningale, and prevails upon him to go to the Infirmary and change places with Yarningale for half an hour. Whilst Cox is there his father arrives at the school, and, catching sight of Yarningale talking to Joan, takes this boy for his son and tells him that he is to accompany him on a week-end motor tour. Cox, growing nervous over Yarningale's prolonged absence, leaves the Infirmary and secretes himself in the bushes bordering the drive, and, while Yarningale is left alone in the motor-car for a few minutes, changes places with him, the result being that Mr. Cox goes off with his real, and not his supposed,

son. The suspicions of the headmaster being aroused, he questions Joan Henderson, who admits that the boy she was talking to when Mr. Cox came up and addressed him as "Bert," was really Yarningale. Mr. Percival is, therefore, confronted with the task of informing the Marquis of Lapworth that his grandson has gone off in Mr. Cox's motor-car. The Marquis is greatly upset by the news, and after failing to get the car stopped by wiring to different points along the London road, departs himself to London. Proceeding to Mr. Cox's residence, he is told that, owing to his car having been upset, Mr. Cox is too injured to see him. As the Marquis refuses to leave the house, Mrs. Cox has him turned out, whereupon the enraged nobleman seeks the aid of the police.

XVII.

A POLICE-SERGEANT and two constables were walking at a smart pace along a quiet street leading to the square in which Mr. Cox's residence stood. They were all heavily built men, and taking brisk exercise on a warm Sunday morning did not seem to agree with them in quite the same manner as it would have agreed with three slim young clerks who had been penned up in an office

all the week. The three policemen generally looked forward to a nice drowsy stroll on Sunday morning, coupled with a nice long stare at the people going into church and another stare at them when they were coming out. Then, their duty being over, they would return to the station and partake of a hearty meal, afterwards stretching themselves out in the courtyard of the police-station, there to sleep or smoke a pipe over *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*.

"Ever since," the sergeant was saying, "the Old Man—he referred to the Inspector in charge of the station—made that there stand against the Afghans, 'e's never let it alone. Whenever 'e 'as an opportunity 'e goes back to it as natural as a dog to a bone."

"What was it 'e did?" asked the younger of the two constables, a fresh-faced fellow from the country.

"Well," said the sergeant, "I've 'eard it from 'is lips so often that I've got into the 'abit of listening to it mechanical, and don't exactly remember all the details, but it was some'ow like this: 'E was in a fort on the 'ills with about fifty men, and they was attacked by about four 'undred Afghans. Well, most of this 'ere lot of Afghans went for the gate, but some of 'em stole round to the back, broke down a bit of the wall, and were just about to get through when the Inspector spots 'em and tells the officer in command. So the Inspector and the officer took on this second lot by themselves and kept the beggars out for twenty minutes, by which time the principal body 'ad been beaten off and some more fellers were able to come to their 'elp."

"Did they get a V.C. for it?" asked the younger constable, with interest.

"'V.C.!' They didn't get any sort o' medal. They was overlooked, like a good many others 'ave been. But there, that's the tale, and naturally, when the officer, who retired from the Army same time as the Inspector did—years and years ago—comes walking into the station last night, *wantin' 'elp*, the Old Man very nearly fell off 'is stool."

"The actual officer that defended the 'ole in the fort?" demanded the younger constable.

"Didn't I say so!" was the gruff response. "Well, they 'adn't seen each other all that time, and you can imagine 'ow the Old Man felt when 'e spots 'im. Very nearly wore 'is arm off, salutin'. 'Elp! That there

brother-'ero of 'is could 'ave 'ad every man in the station to 'elp 'im, if 'e'd asked for 'em. Never in my life saw the Old Man more anxious to oblige any one—and that's why three more of us 'ave been sent along on this fool's game, which makes five in all."

"I 'aven't rightly got the 'ang of the business yet," said the younger constable, who had been on duty in a distant part of the division when the Marquis of Lapworth, after being forcibly removed from Mr. Cox's house by a footman, drove up to the nearest police-station in a very heated and dishevelled condition.

"Well," said the sergeant, "the old gent's tale was that 'is grandson 'ad been kidnapped by this cough-drop feller—Cox—who was burgled at Christmas." The elder constable nodded. "And there's no doubt the Old Man would 'ave gone to Cox's 'ouse there and then if the Marquis—for that there officer is a Marquis now—'adn't been seized with an attack o' gout. The Marquis went 'ome, but felt better this morning, and the Inspector takes a man and goes along with 'im to Cox's 'ouse. The Inspector goes up an' rings the bell, telling the Marquis to wait outside on the pavement with the man. While the Marquis and the man was waitin' on the pavement, out dodges the boy, spots 'em, dashes off 'elter-skelter, and bunks into a ladies' school. The youngster's somewhere about in the grounds or 'ouse, and we've got to watch for 'im. That's what the Inspector telephoned."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the elder constable. "Bellevue 'Ouse School, ain't it?"

"Yes; naturally the people who run a young ladies' school don't want a boy like that knocking about the place, but it don't need five men to catch a boy. Personally," went on the sergeant, "I think the Marquis 'as a bee in 'is bonnet, 'cause I know this 'ere Cox, an' 'e ain't the sort to bother 'is 'ead about kidnapping a boy. 'E's got a boy of 'is own wot gives 'im enough trouble. Still, it don't matter; the Inspector and the Marquis 'eld the breach in the fort together, an' anything the Marquis wants 'e can 'ave, down to 'arf the Inspector's pension, you may lay your boots on it."

"This is not 'arf a funny job," said the elder constable, "searchin' a ladies' school. Look at Jim 'ere blushin'. Bit scared o' girls, Jim?" demanded the burly policeman in a waggish way.

"They ain't much in my line," was Jim's avowal.

"'Ere's the 'ouse," said the sergeant, pointing to a long, low, rambling edifice, built in the late Georgian style of architecture. "'Eaps of places there for a boy to 'ide in. Nice bit o' work for Sunday morning *this is*," he concluded resentfully.

When Cox saw the Marquis of Lapworth in the hall of his father's house, his first idea was flight. He therefore hastened upstairs and waited on the top floor until the Marquis had been evicted. Then, his mother having gone into his father's room and closed the door, he stole downstairs, secured his hat, and trotted off to look up a boy friend of his in a neighbouring square. Finding this boy at home, Cox suggested that they should pay a visit to the Exhibition, and so it happened that when Mrs. Cox emerged from her husband's room and asked for her son, she failed to gain the explanation which she felt sure ought to be forthcoming, for she harboured no illusions with regard to her son Cuthbert, and was certain that he had been up to some trick. Now that she had cooled down, she felt that the boy was responsible in some way or other for the visit of the old gentleman who had raised such a commotion.

When Cox got home he was informed by a drowsy footman that his mother was with "the master." Cox, therefore, having demolished a large piece of plum cake, stole up to bed and was soon sound asleep. On the following morning he breakfasted alone, for Mrs. Cox, tired out by her long night's vigil, was lying down for a few hours. Finding himself at liberty to do as he pleased, Cox did not consider that under the circumstances there was any particular reason why he should go to church. How, then, should he spend the time? After some cogitation, he decided that he would pay another call on the young friend who had accompanied him to the Exhibition, and so he sauntered out with this object in view.

It was at this time a little after ten o'clock, the morning balmy and gracious, the air fragrant with the scent of June flowers. Though the sun was shining down from a cloudless sky, the air was kept at a pleasant temperature by a gentle breeze. On such a day it was good to be alive, and although this bracing thought did not enter Cox's mind, the feeling took possession of his limbs as he strode out of his father's domains with his hands in his pockets and his head in a perky

and erect position on his shoulders. But from the moment he set foot on the pavement an extraordinary change took place in his demeanour. He stopped dead, transfixed with surprise, for hardly ten yards away from him stood the Marquis of Lapworth—and a policeman!

Cox remained motionless for, perhaps, three heart-beats. The expression on the Marquis' face decided his line of action, and the Marquis' words helped to convince him that speedy flight was the only course to pursue.

"That's the lad," cried the nobleman, "that's the lad I want."

Without stopping to argue, Cox fled for dear life. The sight of that policeman was altogether too much for him.

"After him," cried the Marquis; "a five-pound note if you catch him."

Needless to say, the constable, though a large-framed fellow and not given to athletic exercises, put his best foot foremost. It was Cox's idea to make for the back of his father's premises, and so beat a retreat in that fashion. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw that the constable was rapidly overhauling him. Desperately the boy turned in through the nearest open gateway. The place seemed familiar to him, and he had no doubt that he would be able to pass through the garden door and double back into his own garden. But first it was necessary to hide somewhere.

Having arrived at the back of the house, he espied a room which opened on to the lawn by means of French windows, which were ajar. The room was furnished with long desks, on which lay books, pens, and exercise paper. At the far end of the room was a big cupboard. Without a moment's hesitation Cox dashed into the room, dived into the cupboard, and closed its doors upon himself. A moment later the door of the room opened, and a crowd of laughing, chattering girls streamed in.

XVIII.

Now it must be explained that the young ladies' school in which Cox had taken refuge was kept by no less a person than the maiden aunt of Stafford, the Charltonian. Miss Stafford has already been introduced to the reader as a person having views on the upbringing of the male child, so that, as she conducted a seminary for young ladies—more as a hobby than as a source of gain, for



"AFTER HIM," CRIED THE MARQUIS; "A FIVE-POUND NOTE IF YOU CATCH HIM."

she was quite comfortably off and under no necessity to work—it would appear that she must have possessed a very all-round knowledge of the way in which young people should be trained and tended. As she took a deep interest in all educational systems, Miss Stafford had run down to the mid-term garden party at Charlton Court, returning to town in the evening with her mind made up on three points: first, that Mrs. Percival, the headmaster's wife, knew nothing whatever about the upbringing of the male child; secondly, that Mr. Hallam, to whom she had endeavoured to talk for half an hour, was one of the stupidest and most absent-minded young fellows she had ever met; and, last, that Mr. Skipjack, the senior assistant master, to whom she had transferred her attentions after finding it impossible to get anything out of Mr. Hallam, was a very sensible, broad-minded man,

whose views on education were very similar to her own. It was singular what an attraction Mr. Skipjack had for ladies who were approaching the age when any chance of matrimony becomes a remote possibility!

Miss Stafford had just had a pitched battle with Mademoiselle Le Bœuf, the French governess, a battle which had ended in each giving the other notice in a most hostile manner (although, it may be added, Mademoiselle had not the slightest intention of leaving such a comfortable berth, and Miss Stafford did not by any means intend to lose the services of such a capable and energetic instructress), when she was informed by a maid that a policeman wanted to see her.

"A policeman?" exclaimed Miss Stafford. "Ask him what he wants."

"He says a boy has run in here, ma'am, and he wants to search the place."

"A boy! In my school! Good gracious! What can a boy want in my school?"

She hurried to the front door, to find there the constable who had so far failed to earn the five-pound note which the Marquis of Lapworth had offered him for the capture of his supposed heir.

"You say a boy has run in here?" said Miss Stafford quickly. "What sort of a boy? A street boy?"

"A young gentleman, ma'am. He ran round to the back and then I lost sight of 'im. 'E ain't in the garden, because I've looked there, and 'e ain't in the front, so 'e must be in the 'ouse."

"He may have got over the wall," suggested Miss Stafford.

"Ain't likely, ma'am. There's too much broken glass along the top o' that."

"Keep an eye on the front of the house," said Miss Stafford, "and I'll go and make inquiries."

She closed the door and went into the servants' quarters, only to learn that nothing had been seen there of a boy except the boy who came in to black the boots and run errands. Then Miss Stafford repaired to the class-room which opened on to the lawn. Here, according to custom, the girls were looking through the Lessons for the Day under the superintendence of the head girl, Doris Hyam.

"Have any of you seen a boy cross the lawn?" demanded Miss Stafford.

Cox quaked with terror. No sooner had he taken refuge in the cupboard than he remembered that this was the school at which a cousin of his was a pupil, the cousin being no less a personage than this very Doris Hyam, who had been sent here in order that she might be near her aunt, Mrs. Cox.

The girls assured Miss Stafford that they had seen nothing of any boy, whereupon the lady enlisted the aid of all the servants and examined every room. No boy being brought to light, she repaired to the drive and informed the policeman, who by this time had been joined by the Marquis of Lapworth and the Inspector, of the result of her investigations.

"Pardon me, madam," said the Marquis, with a profound bow, "but the boy we are in search of is my grandson. It is most important that we should find him, so with your permission the police will remain on the watch here."

Miss Stafford recognised the speaker at a glance. She had seen the Marquis at the

garden-party, and his imposing appearance had led her to inquire his name and rank.

"If I am not mistaken, I am addressing the Marquis of Lapworth?" said she, in her best manner.

The Marquis again bowed.

"So your grandson must be a schoolfellow of my nephew's at Charlton Court?"

The Marquis' face brightened. This lady should prove an ally. Possibly she knew Yarningale by sight. In a few words he explained what had happened.

"What a very extraordinary thing!" cried Miss Stafford. "By the way, Mr. Cox's niece is a pupil here—Doris Hyam."

The Marquis frowned. The announcement immediately stamped the school as a low-class establishment.

"So," continued Miss Stafford, "if the boy who is at present supposed to be in hiding here is *not* Mr. Cox's son, Miss Hyam will certainly corroborate your statement, for she is far too sharp a girl to be deceived by a close resemblance, as Mr. Cox himself appears to have been."

"Quite so," said the Marquis; "and now as to the boy. The policeman thinks that it is impossible for him to have got out of the garden, owing to the broken glass on the top of the wall."

"A boy would not mind a few cuts," hazarded Miss Stafford.

"Some boys wouldn't," allowed the Marquis, "but my grandson is not of their number. He is one of the last boys, from what I have gathered of his character, to scramble over broken glass."

"But I cannot make out," said Miss Stafford, "why your grandson should be so anxious to elude you."

"That is exactly what puzzles me, madam," returned the old nobleman sharply. "The lad must have taken leave of his senses. The only reason I can offer is, that he has been tyrannised over by this Cox boy to such an extent that he is afraid to divulge his identity."

"You are quite sure," Miss Stafford demanded, "that this boy is *not* young Cox?"

"I have the authority of the headmaster himself for my statement," was the crushing retort.

While this dialogue was proceeding in the drive, something of a much more interesting character was happening in the class-room. Soon after Miss Stafford left the room, one of the girls nudged her neighbour and

whispered in a mysterious tone, "Did you hear that noise?"

"What noise?" asked the neighbour.

"That noise in the cupboard."

The neighbour listened intently, and presently nudged the girl next to her. So the word was passed round that *a noise had been heard in the cupboard.*

Some of the girls turned pale. Suppose, instead of a boy, a great fierce *man* were concealed in the cupboard! All looked towards Doris Hyam, their leader. She must decide what was to be done.

Doris was an adventuresome young person. She felt that she owed it to her reputation—to her premiership—to act boldly and promptly. Feeling a little nervous, she rose to her feet. The girls held their breath. Suppose it *was* a man!

Doris approached the cupboard on tip-toe. She felt she would like to scream, but she controlled herself with an effort. She must see who was in the cupboard! Nerving herself to the deed, she suddenly put out her hand and snatched the door open. A glance—and she drew back with a cry of amazement.

"Bertie!"

"Hullo, Doris, that you?"

"What are you doing here?" demanded Doris, while all the girls stared aghast at the intruder.

"Some old beast's been chasing me about ever since yesterday afternoon," said Cox, coolly. "He thinks I'm that goat Yarnin-gale. He's got a bobby on the job now, so as I didn't want to be taken to a police-station or to the old buffer's house, I cut in here. Don't give me away."

Doris was a quick-witted girl. She saw that some mistake had been made, and even if her cousin had been wanted for theft or some other serious crime she would have stood by him through thick and thin.

"Oh, we won't give you away, Bertie, of course we won't. But if you stay here you are sure to be found sooner or later, you know. . . . *Sh!* Somebody's coming!"

She closed the cupboard door, with great presence of mind locking it and drawing out the key, and was halfway to her seat when Mademoiselle Le Bœuf appeared.

"Dere is a burglare 'ere," cried Mademoiselle hysterically, "a peekpocket, an assassin," and she lifted her hands in horror.

"Where?" asked Doris innocently.

"In de 'ouse," replied Mademoiselle, throwing her hands about vaguely, "'idden somewhere in de' 'ouse. Oh la, la!"

"Don't be silly, Mademoiselle," said Doris. "Fancy calling a little boy an assassin!"

"I go to my room an' lock ze door," said Mademoiselle, wringing her hands and departing precipitately.

The girls hugged their secret with great joy and cast excited glances at one another as they heard Cox moving stealthily about among the boots and shoes in the cupboard.

"What do you think we had better do?" said Doris to Hilda Gracechurch, the second biggest girl and her especial chum. "He can never get away with that policeman in the drive, you see."

"Let's put something on the top of the wall, so that he can climb over without cutting himself," suggested Hilda.

"We should be seen doing that."

"Well, then, he must stay in the cupboard until the policeman has gone," said Hilda practically.

They were still discussing the situation when Miss Stafford entered from the garden. "It is really most mysterious," she said. "The boy is at Charlton Court with your cousin, Doris, and it seems that he was brought to London in mistake for him. I never heard of such a thing! Do you think he could have come into this room before you girls did?" And with that the school-mistress began to examine the room, in her bewilderment even going so far as to look into such impossible places as behind the blackboard and the fire-screen.

"Ah," she said suddenly, "what about the cupboard?"

"How can he have got in there?" inquired Doris quickly. "It is locked."

"Where is the key? I heard a sound! I believe he's there! Who has the key?" cried Miss Stafford.

"You had better ask Mademoiselle," said Doris, knowing perfectly well that Mademoiselle was far too agitated to give her employer a rational reply to the most simple question.

"I will," said Miss Stafford, quitting the room hastily.

As Doris had anticipated, Miss Stafford's endeavours to get any information out of Mademoiselle proved quite fruitless, and the school-mistress came downstairs vowing that never, never again would she take into



A HAT TIED UNDER THE CHIN WITH RIBBONS COMPLETED COX'S DISGUISE.

her employment a scatter-brained French-woman.

When Miss Stafford reached the hall she was informed by a large-eyed maid that it would be quite impossible for the boy to get away uncaught, because one policeman

had taken up his position at the end of the garden by the wall, while four others were watching the front of the house, three more having just arrived.

Miss Stafford, feeling very much annoyed, went to her sanctum to see if she could find

the key of the cupboard; on the way she put her head into the schoolroom and told the girls about the newly-arrived police.

Left alone again, Doris and Hilda held a whispered consultation, the result of which was the conception of a plan of great daring. Doris approached the cupboard and rapped on a panel.

"Bertie!"

"Hullo!"

"There's some more policemen come."

"Hang the old ass!" muttered Cox.

The girls shook with violent but suppressed laughter.

"There's only one way you can get out," continued Doris. "Now, listen, and don't say a word. We are going upstairs to dress for church, and when we come down we shall bring a dress and hat for you to put on."

A hockey stick in the cupboard fell with a rattle. The idea had been too much for the prisoner.

"Don't make a noise, you silly, or you'll be caught. It will be quite simple. I've got the key of the cupboard, so Staffy can't get at you."

"All right; hurry up," said Cox, in a stifled sort of voice.

The girls, giggling tremulously, departed, and Cox lingered on in his prison-cell. Five minutes later the girls came down again. One of them went to keep watch on the movements of Miss Stafford—for she and Mademoiselle were the only two resident mistresses—and the report came that "Staffy" was still rummaging about in her "den" for the missing key.

Doris whipped open the door of the cupboard and Cox emerged.

"Quick, turn your trousers up and take your coat off," she said, and when he had done this she slipped a skirt over his head, and, having fastened this securely (not without a struggle, for Cox was built on generous lines), proceeded to fit a blouse on him. A hat tied under the chin with ribbons completed Cox's disguise.

The bells of St. Agnes', the fashionable church which the school attended, had been ringing some twenty minutes, and so it was high time that the girls were departing.

"Sit down," said Doris to Cox. "You are so big, you know, you must be careful. Staffy might come in at any minute. Here are some gloves. Now, I'll go and ask Staffy if we may start. When we go out, you walk with me at the very front. See?"

Cox grinned and nodded. Most boys would have been highly nervous in such a situation, but by this time the son of the Cough-Drop King had regained his wonted self-possession, and was prepared for anything.

Doris accordingly went out and told Miss Stafford that they were "quite ready."

"Very well," was the rejoinder, "you had better go at once, or you may lose your seats. St. Agnes' is always crammed in the season."

"What about Mademoiselle?" asked Doris.

"I will go up and insist on her accompanying you," replied Miss Stafford.

Upstairs once more, therefore, tramped the schoolmistress, and this was the opportunity Doris had been manoeuvring for. She flew back to the class-room and marshalled her little company, Cox grinningly taking his place at the head of the rank.

"Come along," she cried, "before Staffy can get downstairs again."

They marched out into the passage. Doris opened the front door, and they swung out in good order, down the steps and along the short drive to the gate, passing under the very noses of the Inspector, the sergeant and his subordinates, and the Marquis. At a smart pace they wheeled round to the left, and in a couple of minutes were lost to sight.

Miss Stafford, having roundly scolded Mademoiselle through the keyhole, returned downstairs in a fine rage. Never, never, never, she told herself, would she again have a fool of a Frenchwoman in her school after she had got rid of this one. She went into the class-room with the words, "You had better start without her"—on her lips. So much had she said, indeed, when she found that the girls had anticipated this permission and had already departed.

"I shall have to punish Doris Hyam," said Miss Stafford severely. "She takes too much upon herself. Still," murmured the lady, as she walked round the room and glanced at the policeman patrolling the garden, "she's a useful girl, and very bright. She keeps far better order than Mademoiselle——"

At this juncture the open cupboard door caught the good woman's eye.

"Dear me! who could have had the key?" she cried.

A little fearsomely she peeped into the cupboard. It was empty. She glanced down, and her eyes seemed to start from her head,

for there, lying at her feet, were a boy's Eton coat and straw hat.

Ah, Miss Doris, there is always some little clue which your unpractised criminal leaves behind! Your plan was a good one, but you did not think of hiding those tell-tale articles.

Her heart beating fast, Miss Stafford picked up the hat and examined it. The sun shone in merrily upon the pretty chocolate and terra cotta ribbon.

"The Charlton Court colours!" gasped the schoolmistress. "Then the boy *must* have been here—and only a few minutes ago!"

(To be continued.)



THE OLD HULK.

SHE lay upon the lapping river's mud,
Rusted and grey through years of
stress and battle,
An ancient ship, close to the broker's wharf,
'Mid fog and grime and cranes that scream
and rattle.

The sun sank down into the blazing west,
The city loomed in spires and minarets;
The halo'd lamps winked down the river bank,
And all was shades and purple silhouettes.

And in the evening light she fell to dream,
And once more curtsied on a lifting swell;
Three towers of sunlit canvas rode aloft,
And burnished guns grinned from her
chequered shell.

Once more she felt the tremble at her heel;
The water gurgling at her dauntless breast.
The river crooned a magic lullaby,
And she was at Trafalgar with the rest.

Whilst from the darkened timbers of the hulk
Strange shadows flitted, rose again and fell,
Took shape; and down her triple galleries
The shades of 'parted seamen came pell-
mell.

And once again her gaping gunless ports
Were filled with pig-tailed sailors, and abaft
A big post-captain, powdered, grim, and
grand,
Surveyed the ghostly manning of his craft.

So to their bygone haunts they had returned—
Captains and gunners from forgotten biers;
And in a dream fought the great fight again,
Mocking the rolling of a hundred years.

The midnight hour chimed o'er the sleeping
town,
The dream was broken in its old-time flood;
And the old hulk, deserted, waited still
To meet the morn's destroyers on the mud.

C. G.

COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

Last day for sending in, June 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, August 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name. — —
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be forwarded in a separately stamped envelope, and bear a coupon.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. Only those articles actually offered for competition will be awarded as prizes. Girls may, however, have tennis racquets instead of cricket bats.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by June 18.

The Results will be published in August.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the decision of the Editor is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—“**Twelve Best Subjects for the Athletic Corner.**”—Make a list of what you think would be the best subjects for articles in the “Athletic Corner” from October 1906 to September 1907. To the sender of the best list we will award a 1906 “Swift” Bicycle. (See Prizes page.)

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—“**Silhouettes.**”—Take a pair of scissors and a piece of black paper, and, without drawing an outline, cut out a head, a head and shoulders, or an entire figure; paste your silhouette on a piece of card-

board, and forward to us. For further remarks on this subject see “Editorial.” Prizes: Three Handsome Postcard Albums. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age Limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—“**County Cricket Reform.**”—It is generally agreed that the present County Cricket system stands in need of revision. Several of the counties are in a bad way financially because the public don't roll up in sufficient numbers to see their matches, the reason being that they don't provide a sufficiently attractive spectacle. To our mind some sort of League system ought to be adopted, as in the football world. To the authors of the two best essays (not exceeding 400 words) on the subject we will award John Piggott “Surrey Driver” Cricket Bats.

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 4.—“**Summer-time.**”—Send a good print illustrative of the summer season. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—“**June Celebrities.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in June. Prizes: Three of Messrs. George Rowney and Co.'s Paint Boxes. (See Prizes page.)

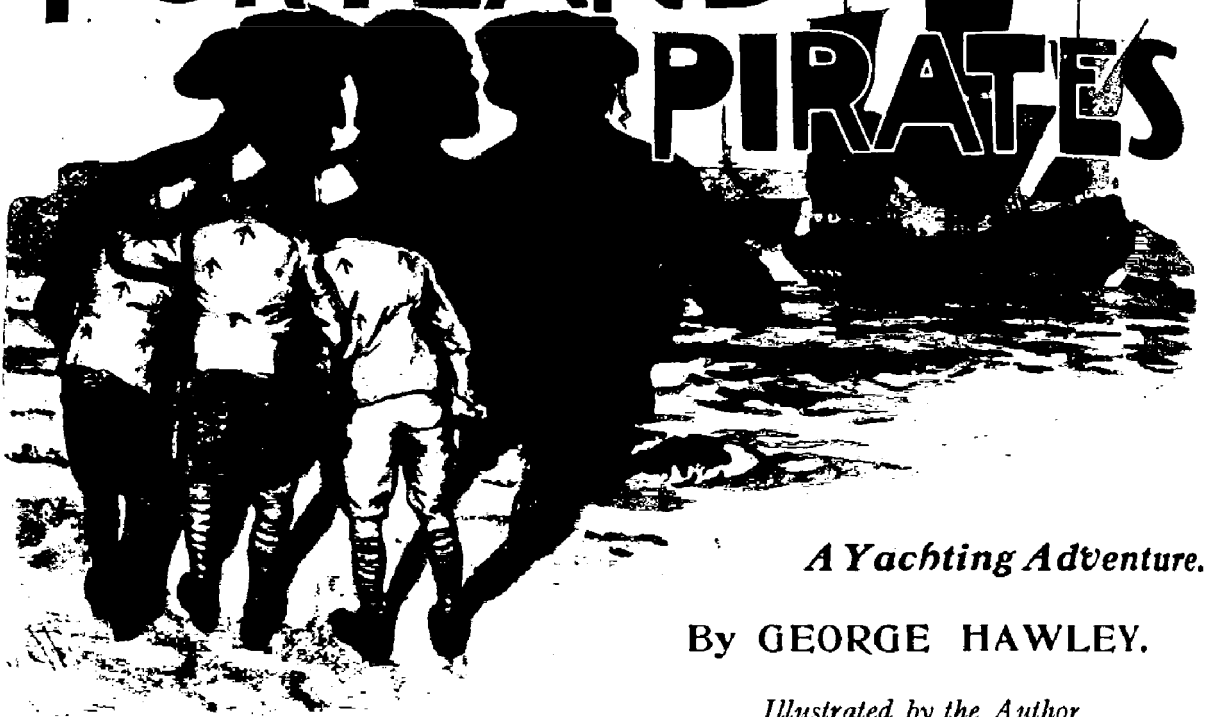
Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—“**Little-known Holiday Resorts.**”—Once, quite by accident, we discovered a very pleasant little holiday resort called Perranporth, nine miles from Truro. No doubt many CAPTAIN readers know of deserving, but little-known, resorts where one can spend a pleasant holiday. Descriptions should not exceed 400 words. To the sender of the best essay we will award one of Messrs. W. Butcher and Sons' 1906 No. O. “Midg” Hand Cameras. (See Prizes page.)

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **August 18.** By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living **outside** Europe. There will be **no age limit.** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial June Competitions.”

PORTLAND PIRATES



A Yachting Adventure.

By GEORGE HAWLEY.

Illustrated by the Author.

I.

FOR the whole afternoon we had in vain scoured Weymouth jetty in search of Hamilton, our yachting host. In vain, also, we had asked the 'longshoremen' to point out which one of the odd dozen craft moored tantalisingly before our eyes was the one we were to sail in. Holmes and I returned disconsolately to our heap of sea stores—a whole month's supply and no yacht. The 'longshoremen' closed about us, audibly spelling out the different brands of our tinned goods.

Just as we were about to buy a little more quietness by means of the nearest public bar, a short "boaty"-looking man pushed briskly through the irritating circle. His eye fell on our stores, and at once he touched his cap and said:

"You be the gents for Mr. Hambliton's yacht? Then," added he, as we assured him of our identity, "here's a telegram for you. He also wrote to me this morning saying he couldn't get down to-day; but that's to make no difference, 'cos he says that you are to take her out just as if she were your own craft—them's his orders. And I'm to see you has everything you wants in the way of the boat."

We tore open the telegram and read:

"Detained till next Monday. You take yacht meanwhile. Pick me up at Poole or elsewhere as you wire."

We both voted Hamilton to be the finest of yachtsmen; for it was clear that we were not to lose an hour of our holiday on his account.

Meanwhile, our new acquaintance, who turned out to be a yacht tender and boat builder, called up a gawky youth from the boat at the ferry, and confided us to his care, as he was in haste to catch a train.

"Put these gents on board the *Curlew*, Joe; and everything they wants, see you does it."

With that he wished us a pleasant voyage, and we pulled away to the yacht.

As we came alongside, Holmes gave an appreciative nod, and discoursed on her exact "rating." To me she was a roomy cutter of 40 ft. length. The chief factor in her equipment was the generous quantity of lead on her keel. My juvenile boats always had that point about them.

We had not met Hamilton for some years, and when we entered the cabin we found a silent witness to a change in his character.

"He's getting quite stylish," remarked Holmes, as we packed away our stores and came upon various luxurious trifles, such as silver candle lamps and cases of cut liqueur

glasses. The curtains and bed upholstery were a clear departure on the lines of Liberty and art—a vast gulf lay between his old spartan days of American leather cushion covers, plain oilcloth to the floor, and enamelled iron drinking mugs.

"Hello," cried Holmes, "he's turned hygienic as well!" and he pointed to an ornate rack in which reposed a cap of that novel build called the Explorer, or Stanley, cap.

This one had a series of large air holes for ventilation cut in the band, a clear advance both in style and size on the old model.

By the time we had stowed everything away the harbour was already dark. A fine westerly breeze had set in, and, as it blew steadily, Holmes suggested that we should sail straight-way. Without more ado we hoisted the sails, slipped the moorings and presently ran clear of the Nothe. The full wind caught us and away we flew, a casual hail from some one somewhere following us like a benediction.

The vast grim bulk of Portland isle, dark against the faint after-glow, opened out like a cloud. At its foot a red light on the Break-water Fort steadily winked at us.

The purling of the water under the bows was very soothing, and presently I found myself nodding. Holmes, who was taking the first watch, suggested that I should turn in; five minutes after and I was dead asleep.

But almost directly, so it seemed, I was roused by the sound of voices in high dispute. I opened my eyes, and saw through the cabin door the figure of Holmes dark against the dawn. He was shouting to some one:

"Don't understand you," he was saying, "but if you wish to be rude, there's plenty of water to go elsewhere; so just sheer off, and smartly too——"

Here an excited voice broke in:

"By George! my man, but you have the impudence of the—er—er——" The voice exploded in a real oath. Apart from the latter failing, the tones of the speaker were those of a man of education, and one accustomed to command.

I seized a cap and hurried out. On our bow, a score of yards away, a good-sized steam yacht kept pace with us. On the tiny bridge were several people intently watching us; one of them, the owner of the excited voice, brandished a threatening arm at my appearance in the cockpit.

"There's another of them!" cried he. "By George, but it's open piracy!"

I blinked in wonder at Holmes, and asked for an explanation.

"These fellows," said he, "came up in their tin toy steamer, and instead of decently passing on, crawled round and round us, and at last completely blanketed us. Then that effusive old boy on the bridge demands what the deuce we mean by taking this yacht to sea. It's the cheekiest thing I've seen out of Seven Dials."

Just then the old gentleman called upon his captain to run alongside our craft.

"Hi!" shouted Holmes. "Keep off our paint, you coal shovellers."

"Yes," shouted the old gentleman, "keep off the paint!"

"Thank you for that," returned Holmes, ironically raising his cap. At the same time he neatly luffed, and the long steam yacht blundered past us. As Holmes let our boat off before the wind again he held a hurried consultation with me as to how I took the matter. "You see," he said, "I never heard of any law or reason for asking 'why we go to sea.'"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the old boy is a lunatic and his skipper is humouring him."

Holmes exploded with laughter. He was a certificated first mate and knew a few points of sea usage.

For the moment his merriment huffed me and I was slack with the jib sheets (we were tacking to clear the steam yacht), and we hung in the wind a second too long. A man neatly hooked our bowsprit with a long boat-hook.

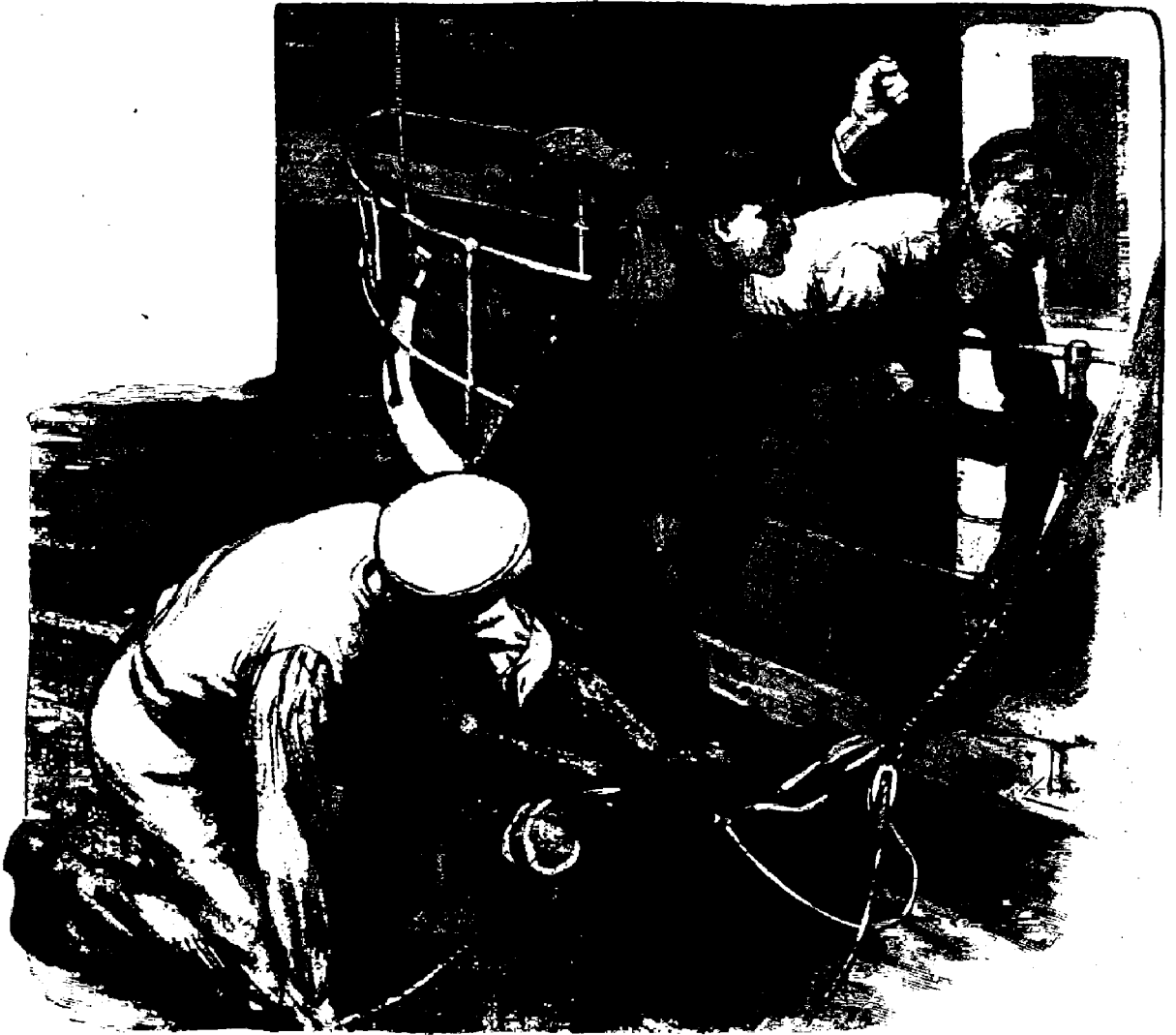
Holmes dropped the tiller and jumped forward to seize another fellow who, at the instigation of the old gentleman, was already clambering down to us. Holmes was no chicken and the man scrambled back howling.

At this failure the old gentleman leant over us and shouted: "I'll have you both at the assizes for piracy."

"Seems to me," cried Holmes, with rising temper, "that is the idea of your gang." He stooped and hunted up an axe from the stern locker. At the flash of the well-kept blade the old gentleman rattled out: "I warn you—— if you resist us with violence you will get penal servitude."

Holmes turned his back on him with contempt. "Here, you," he cried to a man who looked like the skipper, "if that old lunatic is your owner, just take him below. If he imagines he can——"

"But the gentleman," interrupted the skipper with decision, "isn't imagining—it's his boat and we all know it. You'd better give in peacefully or you'll get worse for it. *That* cutter is the *Furlough*, of Weymouth, or my head isn't my own."



THE MAN SCRAMBLED BACK HOWLING.

"No such thing," we cried together; but even as we spoke our voices grew flat and hesitating; a cold doubt assailed us. I craned over to the after deck and scrutinised the brass top to the rudder head.

FURLOUGH was engraved there in bold lettering.

Upon that discovery we both whistled dismally. I involuntarily put my hand to the Stanley cap.

"Yes," curtly remarked the old gentleman, "that is my property as well, you unmitigated ruffian."

We were nonplussed. The situation looked decidedly compromising for us.

"Well," said Holmes, ruefully, "I thought it a queer change in Hamilton to stuff his cabin with fancy tricks like these. We're in a hole, Deckie; but through no fault of our own, eh?"

That was quite clear; but I thought it advisable to apologise neatly, and explain that we had been quite sure up to that minute of the yacht's being the property of a friend—"and this cap also," I added, as I removed it.

But the old gentleman's silence had been the silence of pre-volcanic energy. Just as he seemed to be on the very verge of dancing, speech saved him.

"I am Colonel Balcombe!" he burst out; "that is my cap, my yachting cap. I am no friend of yours, you impertinent thieves—you—er—you—"

"That is quite enough," broke in Holmes at this outrage on our characters; "you shall apologise for this, and in print, too. But you needn't be afraid; you can step on board and—"

"AFRAID!" burst out the old gentleman, and there was now light enough to see his

empurpled face and blazing eyes. We endured the battle of looks for some few seconds, and, as we were not annihilated, he turned his back upon us, another gentleman essaying the task of soothing him down.

Holmes caught the skipper's eye. "You look a man of sense," said Holmes—the skipper grinned—"and you can see," he continued, "that it is a mistake. We were quite under the impression that this craft belonged to a friend of ours."

The skipper's grin had passed the bounds of toleration.

"Well," said he, in a hoarse whisper, "you are the coolest pair I've ever met! Taking care of it for a friend who couldn't come with you, I suppose? Detained over there, most likely?" He jerked his head towards the west. Later on I remembered that Portland isle and its famous prison lay in that direction. We turned our backs on his silent hilarity.

"What is to be done?" I asked Holmes.

"Done," echoed he, "why, nothing at present. They will tow us back, and then we will make old Blares dance! He will have to listen to reason on shore. The mistake is too simple: the boat builder's kid has mixed up the two names, and I must say we were pretty blind, to put it squarely, not to see that Hamilton is hardly the man to imbibe these notions of cabin fittings; to say nothing of a cap like *that*. However, we shall be out again in his boat this night's tide or I'm a Dutchman."

While we conferred, the old gentleman was carrying on an animated conversation with the other gentleman, who, from what we now gathered, was the owner of the steam yacht. He was plainly trying to dissuade the colonel from some extraordinary course of action. And from what odd phrases we heard, we discovered that it was the Colonel's determination to sail the cutter back to Weymouth, with us as his deck hands!

The word "afraid" had fired all the powder in his courage.

At that, Holmes pulled me closer and whispered: "Don't turn nasty until we are out of their sight. Then it will be our turn to call the tune."

The skipper also joined in opposing the colonel's project, but the latter was peremptory. We heard him thank his friend for the use of the steam yacht, and upon that he boarded us. The line was cast off and we drifted apart.

"Keep her close in, sir," shouted the skipper; "the wind will get fluky as the sun highers, sir."

"Thank'ee, my man," answered the colonel

tartly, "I shall do very well; telegraph as I ordered you when you arrive at Cowes, for the police to be in waiting."

The last was a nice diplomatic touch for the furtherance of our good behaviour. We mildly took up a resting-place on the cabin top and watched the departing steamer. When it turned end on, we turned also and made a deliberate inspection of our belligerent captor.

He was a fresh-coloured old gentleman of the old school, white-haired and with a well-kept moustache. There was more than a suspicion of the martinet about him. He was of that age and that condition of life which should occupy its afternoons in digestive slumber.

Suddenly, and without preface, Holmes yawned. "Deckie," said he, "I'm going to turn in; you come along as well."

Thus abruptly and without more ado we tumbled below and fell asleep.

It must have been some time after noon when Holmes woke me. The sun shone in a clear sky. The skipper had prophesied truly: the breeze was failing and there was every appearance of a baking hot calm in the dazzling glitter on the sea. Even now the mainsail ever and anon swung inboard and flapped idly.

Through the cabin door we caught a glimpse of the old colonel, extremely hot, frowning questioningly at the sea. Portland, a sharp-cut silhouette, lay some six miles away on our left hand.

"Doesn't look much like Weymouth to-day," remarked Holmes as he took in the situation. "But peg away, Deckie—better feed fat before the six years' 'hard' trips you up." And he nodded in the direction of Portland.

We spent the hot afternoon on deck, taking with us provisions and liquids. The Colonel broiled in the full glare of the sun, but spoke not a word, though he must have been as hungry as a hunter and as thirsty as a coal-heaver.

The sun went down in a bank of haze and left us drifting on the ebb tide past the Bill of Portland, which lay about four miles to the north of us.

Two coasters, and a channel steamer outward bound, were all the shipping in sight. The air dropped very chilly as the night fell, so we retired to the cabin and lighted the stove to cook our supper.

The Colonel, for all his silence, had been carefully awaiting our next move, for, as we left the deck, he called on us to shift the jib and get the anchor clear. We absolutely refused.

"Very good," he roared out, "and be hanged to you!"

After that we heard him tramping on the fore-deck taking in the jib, and presently he let the anchor go. For some time he potted fussily about the decks, and then, in response to his fierce request, we handed up the anchor light. We had no desire to be run down, for a dense fog was rolling up. Despite that and the damp, the Colonel roamed about the decks, coiling and thumping ropes until he became a perfect nuisance. It presently was painfully apparent that he intended to combine revenge with bodily exercise.

As sleep was out of the question while he was moving overhead, we decided on a weak act of compromise, and in this spirit prepared a cup of coffee to bribe him into quietness. But, on turning the handle of the cabin door, we found it bolted on us. A sudden suspicion drove us in hot haste to the forepeak hatch; it also was bolted down. We grinned ruefully at one another. "He's smarter than we are," said Holmes, "but he's lost his coffee—I will drink that."

After supper we played euchre. The Colonel gradually wore himself into quietness: what he was doing we were at a loss to picture. Now and again, however, he coughed tentatively, so we concluded he was taking cold. Shortly afterwards we put out the light and turned in snug and cosy in the blankets.

II.

I awoke conscious of some sudden shock. The cabin was pitch dark, but I heard, with no little alarm, Holmes wrestling with the locked door. We were run down! No! For an utter absence of all that tumultuous shouting necessary to such an evil steadied me in some degree. I flew to help my friend burst open the door, but we had no leverage in the confined space. We both shouted, but no answering voice replied. Listening and listening carefully, we detected a muffled shuffling of feet outside. Once we heard a cry, hastily suppressed.

"Apoplexy!" cried Holmes. "He's tumbled down in a fit!"

In no little concern we redoubled our efforts, and in the midst of a terrific heave of our united shoulders the door flew open and we shot out and face down on the cockpit floor. Some one had unbolted the catch.

A lamp flashed in our dazzled eyes, and then we were both pinned down by very capable hands.

That the Colonel had got his police at last was my first thought as I struggled to get some breath, but a hoarse voice told me to lie still.

Another voice, still more hoarse, broke in. "Just you gents take it amicable-like," said number two, "as this persuader aint no lydie's fan to dot you on the crumpet."

And the speaker, with a touch of playfulness, tapped us, one after the other, with a formidable piece of iron gas-piping.

From the corner of my eye I caught a glance of the Colonel. He was in a worse plight than we were—his own mainsheet enveloped him from head to foot in a maze of tangled bonds, while a grimy scarf gagged his mouth. His eyes, glaring over the top edge of the rag, pointed with certainty to the apoplexy we had pictured. In threatening attitudes three uncanny and many-striped figures shuffled about us. Not the police, but the other end of the scale—*convicts*--had boarded us. And gently moving alongside lay a boat, in which, as we afterwards learnt, they had escaped from Portland isle.

Resistance was obviously to be confined to the imagination. Those iron pipes, backed by capable shoulders, had the winning game. Speculation on our part as to what would happen next was cut short by a vigorous order from one of the gang who had assumed command of the expedition, this gentleman curtly directing us to strip and change clothes with them. Immediately the other pair of gaol birds began to take off their abominable costumes; then, backed by the gas-pipes, they forced us to begin the same process.

"I say," cried Holmes, "this won't do, mates! Honour among thieves, you know! We got hold of this boat first!"

"Stow your gas," cried the leader, "and off with them duds—sharp, d'yer 'ear?"

"Off with 'em," chorused his fellows, and the gas-pipes were flourished about our heads. But Holmes persisted: "Didn't you find us locked in the cabin?"

This, to them, startling fact struck home at once, and my chum pressed his advantage, but what he was aiming at passed my wits altogether. He went on hastily, "You see, the police were after us and we borrowed this boat, but the owner cornered us neat as could be."

However, honour among thieves proved a mythical quality.

The leader cocked his head at us, and rubbed his well-built jaw for a moment.

"Blooming sorry, mates," he began (we were labelled now, thought I), "but you can jolly well see that *our* biz is the most pressing. You aint doing time yet, and then, we'll give you the boat to make shift in. You'll be 'eroes when you get picked up! Chuck



WE WERE BOTH PINNED DOWN BY VERY CAPABLE HANDS.

together a good strong yarn about what a fight you 'ad—" He suddenly paused and his eye lighted with kindness. "Look 'ere, mates," he added, "we'll just knock you about a bit to make it look all right——"

Vol. XV.—35.

"No." I broke in hastily, as a gas-pipe approached me, "we shall do *very* well as we are. We shall have a story quite convincing enough."

"Well," grumbled Holmes, "you'll give us some grub and water——"



THE LAST WE SAW OF THEM WAS THIS NOTABLE HEADGEAR RAISED WITH WELL-MEANT PRINCELY ACTION TO OUR DEPARTURE.

"Oh!" he cried cheerfully, "no fear; we aint mean. Share and share alike. says I—only we can't spare any liquor. Now then, will you off with them duds?"

There was no help for it, and in a few minutes Holmes and I were gingerly buttoning on the coarse, rasping, striped costumes. Our money went with our clothes, as I need hardly add.

Then came the Colonel's turn, though not without some resistance on his part and consequent threatenings on theirs.

At length the change was effected and we three eyed one another askance like unfamiliar animals. Without more ado we were pushed into the boat. They then tossed in a tin of biscuits, some coffee, a jar of water, and by special favour a little spirit lamp. Just as they cast off our painter we heard the leader give a noisy chuckle of delight: he had found the "Stanley" cap, and the last we saw of them was this notable headgear raised with well-meant princely action to our departure.

Adrift without a compass; a single bare meal in hand; our clothes drenched with moisture; and no shelter. How we envied the contemned luxury of the cabin! Incidentally, we felt doubly sorry for the Colonel as he sat wrathful and silent in the stern sheets. Holmes crawled up to me and lighted the spirit-stove.

We sat in gloomy silence till the water boiled. Our first cup of coffee we proffered without a word to the Colonel. For a moment he hesitated, but he grasped the spirit of the act and accepted the cup. He was in sore need of a warm stimulant. Soon we were all feeding together, the blue flame of the spirit-lamp lighting up three as sorry-looking figures as were afloat that night.

Presently, as the hot beverage raised our spirits, Holmes seized the opportunity to give the Colonel an exact account of our misadventure. This time he listened patiently; and when Holmes asked him to defer his belief until the truth of our story could be proved, he nodded gravely and said: "Well, we will wait"

Warmed by another cup of coffee and a little touched by our mutual situation, he thawed more and more, though our talk was still of the provisional kind—we being double convicts, so to speak, while he appeared but in the manner of a masquerade.

We took to the oars; and if we pulled at hazard the exercise at least kept us warm. However, we were in luck after all, for when the dawn broke and the fog cleared away before a southerly breeze, we were cheered by the sight of Weymouth, three miles in front of us. Over our shoulders we could see the bulk of Portland; we cast ominous glances at it and at our kindred clothing.

We pulled into the harbour, and, of course, were soon sighted by an eager group of policemen under the direction of a prison warden. This latter official, after a first cry of satisfaction, whistled in unrestrained surprise.

"Well," said he, staring hard at us, "this is the first time I've known people disguise themselves in fresh faces!"

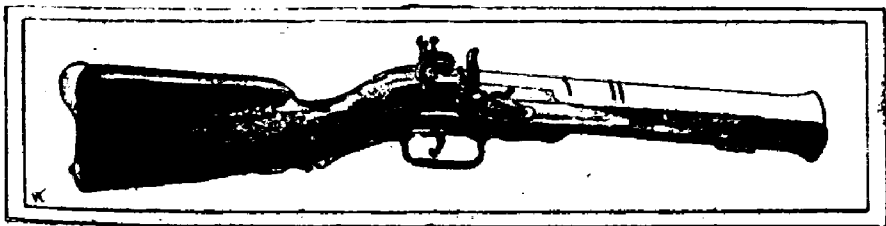
A few words from the Colonel soon cleared up the situation; and our boatman cleared us.

Upon that, the Colonel sent to his club for a change of clothing, and when it arrived at our boatman's house, where we had all secreted ourselves from the public eye, we found that he had generously ordered clothing for us as well. As soon as we were dressed, he handsomely shook hands with us, and then led us off to his club, where a substantial breakfast was already waiting.

But the Colonel had one more blow to suffer. Late in the afternoon a letter arrived, superscribed "O.H.M.S.," demanding the immediate return of three uniforms, the property of the Commissioners of H.M. Prisons.

I doubt if they got the Colonel's back; as for ours, why, later we graced a real masquerade ball with them.

The cutter and the convicts? The former was towed in next day in fairly good condition. The latter had sold their freedom for a bottle of whisky, and had been caught napping.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Lady Cricketers.

AMAZING indeed have been some of the feats performed by ladies on the cricket field. One of the most remarkable was that of Miss N. Wright.

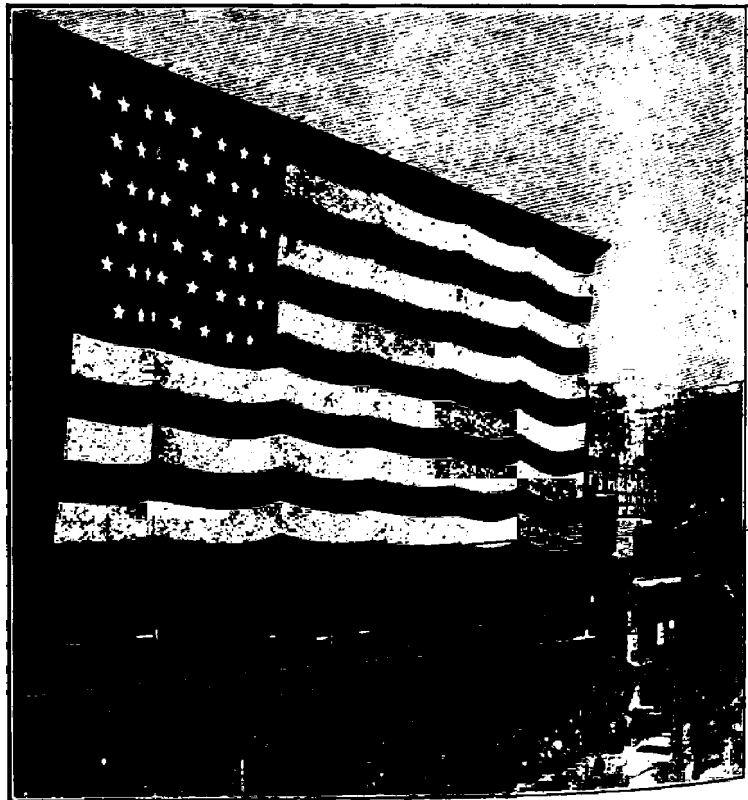
who, playing in a ladies' match at Sidmouth, scored 106 out of 142. This is the highest score ever made by a lady. In Australia the ladies are very keen on the game, and ladies' clubs abound. Miss C. Cheeseman, in a match at Coburg, Victoria, scored 103 not out for the Brighton Boomerangs against the Mayfield Club. At Bathurst, New South Wales, in a game between teams styled "Possibles" and "Probables," the Misses Gregory, sisters of S. E. Gregory, the famous New South Wales player, amassed the totals of 64 and 103 respectively. Miss Simmons, playing for the Coldstream Cricket Club against St. John's, at Elsternwick, Victoria, scored 102 by delightful cricket. Included in Miss Simmons' innings were one six and seven fours. It is not only of late, however, that the ladies have taken to the game, for as early as 1745 a match was played on Gosden Common, near Guildford, between eleven girls of Hambledon and eleven of Bramley, the former winning by eight runs, or "notches,"

as they were then called. A similar match was played in 1811 at Newington, the contestants being eleven women of Hampshire and eleven of Surrey, their ages ranging from fourteen to forty. The game, which was for a wager of 500 guineas, resulted in a win for the Hampshire team.

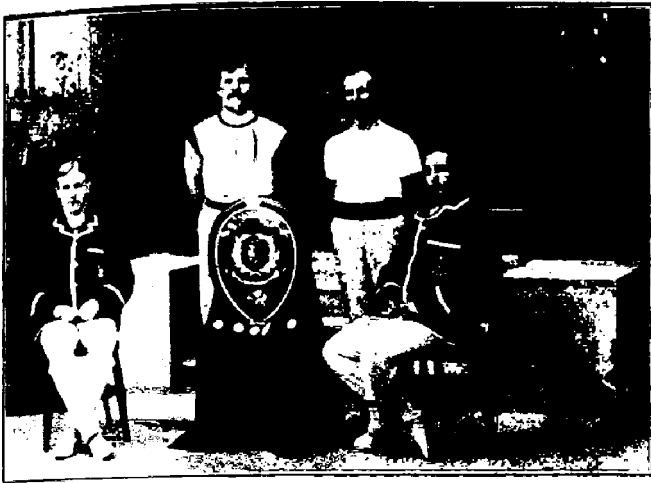
ALBERT ALBROW.

The Trans-Siberian Railway.

THE month of June, 1903, saw the completion of what is perhaps, the greatest diplomatic



THE LARGEST FLAG IN THE WORLD.
This gigantic "Stars-and-Stripes" measures 116 ft. in length by 55 ft. in width, and is too heavy to be floated.
Sent by W. A. Mountstephen.



THE WINNERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS GYMNASTIC SHIELD, 1906.

W. G. and F. J. Lidderdale, of Dean Close School, Cheltenham, with the trophy and their instructors.

Photo. by W. H. Nicholls.

and engineering undertaking of the Russian Empire. In that month the Trans-Siberian Railway, linking St. Petersburg with Russia's far eastern port, Vladivostock, nearly five thousand miles away, was finished and opened for traffic.

In length alone the line is unique, for it is twice as long as any other, not excepting the great American systems. The route from St. Petersburg and Moscow lies through Slatoust on the Russian border, Omsk and Irkutsk, round Lake Baikal and thence by way of Petrovsk and Harbin to Vladivostock. From Harbin the chief branch runs to the Liao-Tong Peninsula and Port Arthur. A remarkably short time was taken over the construction of the line. It was in May, 1891, that the present Tsar, then touring round the world, cut the first sod at Vladivostock, and thus the five thousand miles were completed in twelve years—an average rate of building of more than a mile a day. And this in spite of the great natural difficulties that had to be contended with; for between Slatoust and Lake Baikal a thirty-mile track of stout bridges had to be made to resist the overflowing of the numerous rivers in the wet season, while in the Central Provinces a thousand miles of forest were traversed. On the other hand, however, in the Western Provinces not a single high hill was encountered for three thousand miles.

Russia's main object in building the line was obviously military and aggressive, as was made still more apparent by the great strength of the armament placed at Port Arthur, a spot naturally well adapted for a naval and military stronghold. The railway enabled Russia to place a very large army in the field for the great struggle with Japan, but it is a most inadequate line of communication (being only a single track), and has not achieved the aim of its Russian promoters—to make their Empire supreme on the Pacific—nor is it likely to do so. Probably it will never successfully compete with the ocean routes for freight, as its rates would have to be high, but for passenger traffic, and opening up and civilising Central Asia, it should have a most useful future.

BENJAMIN CORBYN.

Public School Boxing Championship.

WINNERS OF SILVER MEDALS, 1896-1906.

	Heavy Weights.	Middle Weights.	Light Weights.	Feather Weights.
1896	Harrow	Clifton	St. Paul's	Bedford
1897	Bedford	Bedford	St. Paul's	St. Paul's
1898	Charterhouse	St. Paul's	St. Paul's	St. Paul's
1899	Clifton	St. Paul's	Felsted	Felsted
1900	Rugby	St. Paul's	St. Paul's	St. Paul's
1901	Harrow	Felsted	St. Paul's	St. Paul's
1902	Harrow	Clifton	Clifton	St. Paul's
1903	Charterhouse	Bedford	Harrow	Sherborne
1904	Sherborne	St. Paul's	Clifton	Tonbridge
1905	Sherborne	St. Paul's	Sherborne	St. Paul's
1906	Felsted	Clifton	St. Paul's	Charterhouse

Total: St. Paul's, 17; Clifton, 6; Bedford, Sherborne, Harrow and Felsted, 4; Charterhouse, 3; Rugby and Tonbridge, 1.

[Compiled by "A PAULINE."]



THE LACROSSE TEAM OF WOODHOUSE GROVE SCHOOL, APPERLEY BRIDGE,

One of the most successful lacrosse-playing schools in this country.

Photo. by G. Smith, Rawdon. Sent by E. D. Nuttall.

The CAPTAIN Atmosphere.

IN a recent number of THE CAPTAIN, the O. F. told us that the circulation of the magazine was always steady—steadier, in fact, he added, than was usually the case with monthly periodicals. This assertion of his supports my conviction that the most valuable attribute of THE CAPTAIN is its atmosphere. When I say atmosphere I mean a certain infectious “something” which is exhaled by every page; we even come across it in the advertisements—to a certain extent!

The tone of the fiction, the wholesomeness of the editorial, both help to build up this atmosphere, which I, for one, have not encountered in any other periodical to anything like the same extent. Our monthly six-pennyworth of CAPTAIN brings up to the mark and adjusts our visions, as it were, until we come to look on and participate in life with optimism, but without undue levity.

I will be very poor before I discontinue my

subscription to THE CAPTAIN. Although, in reality, a young man, I should feel quite aged without it; and I will tell you why: THE CAPTAIN links me back with my schooldays. I enjoyed one of its earliest numbers on the day I made my best score in school cricket, and every month its familiar cover carries me back to those good old times.

HERBERT SCOONE.



CROSSING AN INDIAN RIVER BY MEANS OF A ROPE AND BASKET.

Sent by E. J. L. Garstin.



T. BARTON, THE BURMESE SCHOOLBOY,

Who recently created a new Indian record with a long jump of 21 ft. 9 in. Last year he cleared 6 ft. 1 in. in the high jump. Photo. "Advance."

Two Indian Episodes.

WE hear many quaint stories of Indian life, some of which are very amusing; I send these because they are both quaint and true. We were encamped in a remote district of the Punjab and had just finished our tea, when our *chuprassie* (government servant) entered the tent and announced that geese had been heard. My cousin, who had

the snake, which, to make an Irish bull, was a mouse!
E. J. L. GARSTIN.

An Athletic Cabinet.

A READER who adopts the pseudonym of "Little Tommy" was too late with his entry for our "United Cabinet" Competition, and so forwards the following list of Ministers selected from his favourite cricketers:



THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL MODERN SIDE SATURDAY CLUB.

During last winter this club held sixteen meetings and visited, amongst others, such interesting places as the South Kensington Museum, Greenwich Hospital, St. Paul's Cathedral, Doulton's Potteries, and Hampton Court, the average attendance at each fixture being over twenty. The above photograph was taken at the last outing of the season, when the members, after witnessing the boat-race, journeyed on to Richmond Park.

Photo. by E. D. Wall.

lately come out, and was, in fact, a "griffin" (newcomer), got up, seized his gun, and followed the *chuprassie*. On his return, I went out and asked the servant how he had shot. Solemnly the man replied, "The sahib shot beautifully, but the Lord was merciful to the birds!"

A friend of my father's, when dressing one morning, thought he heard something moving in his boot, so, very foolishly, he put his hand into the boot, only to withdraw it instantly on feeling a bite. Knowing how deadly a snake bite is, he at once called in his *babu* (clerk), who was in the office, to cut the bitten finger off with a chisel. When the maimed hand was properly bandaged, he shook the boot, when out dropped

- | | |
|--|--|
| Prime Minister and
First Lord of the Treasury | Dr. W. G. Grace |
| First Lord of the Admiralty | A. A. Lilley (We generally put a bad sailor there) |
| President of the Board of Agriculture | L. C. H. Palairé |
| Secretary of State for the Colonies | P. F. Warner |
| President of the Board of Education | C. B. Fry |
| Chancellor of the Exchequer | J. A. Murdock |
| Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs | C. W. Alcock |
| Secretary of State for Home Department | F. E. Lacey |
| Secretary of State for India | K. S. Ranjitsinhji |
| Chief Secretary for Ireland | Sir T. C. O'Brien |
| President of the Local Government Board | R. Abel |
| Lord High Chancellor | A. G. Steel, K.C. |
| Lord Privy Seal | Lord Hawke |
| Secretary for Scotland | Lord Dalmeny |
| Secretary of State for War | Hon. F. S. Jackson |
| President of the Board of Trade | W. B. Burns |
| Postmaster-General | R. E. Foster or G. L. Jessop; probably the latter |
| Lord President of the Council | Mr. C. E. Green, Pres. M.C.C. |

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"School."—It will be remembered that on the back of our March frontispiece appeared a poem by Howard V. Powell commencing—

What's the use of going to school?
What's the use of learning Greek?
All one goes for is to fool,
And get impots. all the week.

I asked readers of *THE CAPTAIN* to send replies to this querulous outburst, and so liberally have I been taken at my word that the Hound of the Wastepaper-Basketvilles had to be sent to a vet. for a week—such was the gorge he indulged in. For it seemed to me that readers who had never written a line of poetry in their lives before, on seeing my invitation promptly sat down and penned a metrical rebuke to Master Powell. Poems went on arriving for six or seven weeks after the original ode appeared. Then I had a field-day amongst them, and picked out the best. In a number I marked one or two verses for quotation, and those that were quite hopeless I flung to Basketville. I also retained what I considered the *worst* of all the efforts received, meaning to quote that as well. It was an appalling production. Repenting me of my resolve, however, I dropped it into Basketville's yawning maw—and half an hour later the O. B. had to telephone to the vet. Basketville came out of hospital looking a very lean and subdued Hound, but he has since picked up and put on flesh rapidly, thanks to a generous mixed diet of jokes, sea stories, and "Event" essays.

The best of the bunch of poems I have received is undoubtedly the following, from the pen of Leopold Spero :

"What's the good of going to school?"
Friend, an answer would you seek?
He who goes there just to fool
Of course gets impots. all the week.

The Roman tongue you needn't swot
If every other tongue you're pat in.
But then—I rather think you're not:
So you had better stick to Latin.

If other people, you'll agree,
Cared nothing that the planet Mars
Was town or mountain, lake or sea,
Or just the smallest of the stars—

If other people should decide
In beast-like ignorance to wallow,
And let all education slide
That your example they might follow—

I hardly think that you would find
The world improved in any way.
You'd vote your life a beastly grind
At dismal, never-changing play.

Yet if, as you think fit to sing,
No good from School or Work accrue,
Why, what's the good of anything?
And what, young friend, the good of You?

Master Powell gets a sharp rap over the knuckles in the above reply. "N. G. D.," however, lectures H. V. P. in a milder way, pointing out that the latter will understand the uses of "School" when he is grown-up, just as now he understands things that puzzled him in his childhood :

My dear school-boy, you have started
Questions that will never end
Till the years that have departed
Guide the years you have to spend.

Why through classics should you blunder?
My young sceptic, turn you round.
In your bygone years of wonder
Is an answer to be found.

An "Old School-Boy" thus explains the uses of Greek to H. V. P. :

Greek has its need,
For as we read
Of warriors, brave and bold,
We agitate
To emulate
Those wondrous men of old.

—though I hardly imagine that H. V. P. is the sort of fellow who wants to emulate "those wondrous men of old." Doubtless, however, H. V. P. will admit that there was a certain sporting interest in chasing a fellow like Achilles, who was pretty certain to "do you in" unless you found his one vulnerable spot. I wonder if H. V. P.'s unwilling study of Greek has acquainted him with the exact whereabouts of that spot!

"X. P.," an elderly "old boy," points out that it is highly useful at least to learn modern languages, because you can then converse with the natives of other countries. "X. P." supplies the following elegant illustrations of his meaning:

A stranger to you may apply,
In a tongue that is living—not dead;
Far better in his to reply,
Than wag him a shake of your head;

Or vacantly stare in his face,
Or twiddle your finger and thumb,
And make him a curious grimace,
As may do the deaf and the dumb.

If, when you have come to be men,
On a pretty French lady you chance;
How nice will it be for her then,
To think she may still be in France!

Here, then, is an inducement to Master Powell to stick to his French. Some day he may meet a French girl and talk to her so glibly that she will imagine herself back again in dear "Paree"! Could Master Powell wish for a sweeter incentive to make him avoid "impots." during the French hour?

"Owenian" informs me that he is not a poet, "but, fired by the listless spirit evidenced by the writer of the poem 'School,' I seize my pen and dash off the following contribution." I cannot afford space for the whole contribution, but the appended excerpts should imbue H. V. P. with some of "Owenian's" virility:

Why, you go to school to learn
Worldwide truths, that seers of old
Long have laboured to discern,
And then to the world have told.

There that gift of nature, brain,
Is by practice fertilised.
Necessary 'tis to train
That that aim be realised.

Little trifles you despise
Are but steps to higher things,
'Tis by their aid you must rise
From the ranks of hirelings.

Vol. XV.—36.

There you learn to be a man
Strong to battle with life's stress.
Learn to do all that you can,
Nor fear your failings to confess.

Learn to be a patriot true,
Hardy, fit in life to rule,
That, my lad's the aim for you,
That's the use of going to School.

In a somewhat similar strain writes E. A. S. Fox, of whose "reply" I quote two verses:

But these studies train the mind,
Mould the brain and form the wit,
Just as games of every kind
Make the eye and body fit.

So the mind is fitted for
Higher things when School is gone;
And we should not thus deplore
Things so worthy to be done.

"Old Boys" galore have favoured me with their opinions, and one hits on a remarkably true point—

You'll find that the lessons you mostly resent
Are the ones that you greatly will need.

If we ponder on this dictum for a few moments, we shall feel the weight of it. Those of us who detested mathematics, are we not wanting in mathematical precision? Aren't we, so to speak, "unmathematical" in the conducting of our affairs? This couplet is worth remembering.

The Rev. C. J. Boden, another CAPTAIN reader who has long since said good-bye to school, admits that, like H. V. P., he took but a "languid interest" in his lessons:

But "Tempus edax rerum" brings
(I learnt that in a school impot.)
The consciousness that many things
Are useful that I once thought "rot."

I see a universal rule
That, to succeed upon our earth,
We must have spent some years at school
And toiled for all that we were worth.

If I had worked when I was young,
With wetted towel round my brow,
I think I might have been among
The bosses of the land by now.

And though 'tis possible you may
Succeed where others mostly fail,
Your case will be, I'm bound to say,
Exceedingly exceptional.

And be your aim however high,
Toil as man never toiled before,
You still will wish, when old as I,
That you had learnt a little more.

Mr. Alfred Dudley Goodway tenders the information that

German's the stuff to give you jumps,
but in spite of the saltatory condition which
the study of German produces, Mr. A. D.
Goodway considers that it is a most useful
thing to acquire a knowledge of that language,
and of French as well.

"G.," a public school boy, begs to point
out to H. V. P. that at school one learns
many things besides lessons—

The School will educate you, you will find your
level there ;
At first you'll find they'll rag you, which you'll
have to grin and bear ;
But afterwards you find that you have ceased to
be a fool
And that's a small advantage that you get when
you're at School.

You won't be Mother's Darling, but will have to
make your way ;
To swot your best at learning and to go your best
in play.
But you'll learn the way to help yourself and not
to be a fool ;
Self-Confidence is useful—and they teach it you
at School.

They teach you to forget yourself, the hardest task
of all.
You can't go through all on your own, you've got
to pass the ball ;
The best three-quarter living's no exception to the
rule ;
Good players are unselfish, which you learn to be
at School !

which little effort, I think, runs L. Spero's
very closely as the best sent in.

L. W. Blundell is the one contributor
to this anthology who does not absolutely
denounce Master Powell for the opinions he
has expressed. Says Mr. Blundell :

In some ways you're right,
But I don't agree quite
That school can go well without Latin or Greek ;
But it seems very rum,
As the language is dum
That masters should ram it in three times a week.

Evidently the masters have not rammed
spelling into Mr. Blundell. This poet also
asserts that

History is very exciting
When the reign's one of bloodshed and fighting,

from which it would seem that Mr. Blundell
requires something extra-special to arouse
his interest. He would welcome a piece of
dictation, I should opine, from the latter part

of the story in this number entitled "The
Mysterious Janwar," and no doubt he would
say that for a reading-lesson nothing could
be more suitable than "The Track of Mid-
night."

And now, Basketville, my boy, I think
it is time that a young lady had her say on
the subject.

"Paulina," then, thinks that going to
school is "the best time in one's life." She
adds severely that playing the fool "only
causes constant strife." Continuing her
lecture to H. V. P., she acknowledges that
"Latin may seem rot" to him, but cheers
him up with the information that it "leads
to nicer work." Then she draws H. V. P.'s
attention to the attractions of the Chemistry
class :

Messing in the "Lab." is fine !
Most boys on this point agree ;
For the Science "hour" they pine,
Revelling in a "stink" with glee.

There is something almost pathetic in the
way "Paulina" has searched round for
an argument that will tend to reconcile Mr.
Powell to the lessons he has denounced so
bitterly.

Had I more space I could give you many
more extracts. Some other time I may
print a few more replies to Master Powell.
I am sure that "this young gentleman"
must now feel quite convinced that he was
wrong to murmur against school. Have not
CAPTAIN readers given him an overwhelming
amount of proof that schooling is a most
necessary ordeal for every boy !

At the end of this Corner of mine I have
inserted yet another poem which H. V. P.
should read with interest and, possibly,
sympathy. It is the genuine work of a boy
who would be only too glad if he could step
into H. V. P.'s shoes and learn Greek and
Geography all the week instead of toiling
in a factory for his bread.

Captain Tharp's Silhouettes.
—This month I am publishing a poem by
Captain Theodore Tharp, illustrated by
extremely clever silhouettes cut out of black
paper by the author. Captain Tharp is a
well-known silhouettist, and specimens of
his best work may be seen in the show-
rooms of Messrs. Henry Sotheran and Co.,
at 37 Piccadilly, London. Captain Theodore

Tharp tells me that his pictures are cut out of one piece of paper, and that he never uses pencil or pen by way of outlining his subjects; he just gets straight to work on the black paper with a pair of seissors. Not long ago, in order to prove the simplicity of his methods, he allowed himself to be blind-folded, and then cut out a woman's face. Captain Tharp possesses one of the rarest



"THE SENTINELS."

Drawn by W. Barnes.

gifts in the artistic world; if you examine his silhouettes closely, you will notice what rare delicacy he brings to bear on tiny details. This minute exactitude is, of course, far more noticeable in the original.

It is possible that some of my readers are silhouettists of this kind, so I have set a competition on the subject this month.

"**Seven Weeks a Soldier.**"—Judging from various communications I have received from CAPTAIN readers who have been in the Militia, it would appear that "Nevermore's" account of his experiences, published in our March number, was very highly

coloured and apparently considerably exaggerated. "Seven Years a Soldier" writes: "I must protest against the tone adopted by 'Nevermore,' which is disparaging and offensive to a degree, and likely to give some of your readers an entirely erroneous idea of the class of men who make up the Militia, as well as of the treatment they receive. When I joined, in 1897, there were some fifty other recruits for the various branches of the Service, but they most certainly were not all shockingly ragged, nor were they all dirty. Neither did they show any particularly obtrusive signs of criminality. There are bad men, it is true, but there are also some jolly good ones, in the Militia. I have known many a superior and well-educated man who has joined the ranks, and if he was worthy of respect he always got it. Indeed, to start cringing and scheming to get the best of things is the surest way to win disfavour from the average Tommy, and that is what 'Nevermore' openly admits doing. I must say a word about his description of the vaccination. But for the fact that many will take it for truth, it would be positively ludicrous. I was vaccinated at my depôt with other men, but I cannot recall anything approaching the cruelty 'Nevermore' speaks of. If he had been treating his subject fairly there would have been no necessity for his obvious apology to the Regular Army. There is not so great a difference in the treatment of the two branches, and in many a case, as in my own, the Militia is only a stepping-stone to the Army."

"**Anglo v. Saxon.**"—Several readers have written to protest against the anti-German tone of this story, which appeared in our April number. The following are the most reasonable letters I have received on the subject: "I do not doubt" (writes Mr. Edgar Ealand) "that Mr. Gates has foundation for his spirited episode, just as a certain man was badgered and insulted at Cambridge in my own day for the crime of being an orthodox Jew, but I should be glad if you could see your way clear to announce that such behaviour is most rare amongst German students, and would certainly bring down wrath upon members of a Students' Club. My own experience, tallying with that of many others, is that German students are most

courteous and polite to their foreign *confrères*, exceedingly anxious to make them at home, show them the ropes, and help them in all possible ways. As an old member of a Students' *Verein*, I am anxious that the antics described in this tale should not be thought normal."

"An Englishman," writing from Bonn, says: "To anybody with the slightest knowledge of University life here (which, in the author's case, seems to be conspicuous by its absence), the whole story must seem decidedly ludicrous. As for his description of the students' attire, I can only say that they usually dress most fashionably. . . . As for playing 'follow my leader,' breaking shop windows, and doing other damage in broad daylight just for the fun of the thing, it seems to me that the author has allowed his imagination to get the better of him at this point."

The Siege of Belgrade. — In our January number, "Spes Audiendi" asked for a full rendering of this famous alliterative poem, and the name of its author. Several correspondents have sent me slightly varying versions of it, taken from different sources, and as they nearly all state that the poem is generally supposed to have been written by the Rev. B. Poulter, Prebendary of Winchester, about 1828, I append the poem as it appeared in *Wheeler's Magazine*, published at Winchester in that year.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed;
 Boldly by battery besiege Belgrade;
 Cossack commanders cannonading come,
 Deal devastation's dire destructive doom;
 Ev'ry endeavour engineers essay,
 For fame, for freedom, fight, fierce, furious fray.
 Gen'ral's 'gainst gen'ral's grapple—gracious God!
 How honours Heav'n heroic hardihood!
 Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
 Just Jesus, instant innocence instill!
 Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kindred kindred kill.
 Labour low levels longest, loftiest lines;
 Men march 'midst mounds, notes, mountains,
 murd'rous mines.

Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought,
 Of outward obstacles o'ercoming ought;
 Poor patriots perish, persecutions pest!
 Quite quiet quakers "Quarter, quarter" quest;
 Reason returns, religion, right, redounds,
 Suwarrow stop such sanguinary sounds!
 Truce to thee, Turkey, terror to thy train!
 Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
 Vanish vile vengeance, vanish victory vain
 Why wish we warfare? wherefore welcome won
 Xerxes, Xantippus, Xerxes, Xenophon?
 Yield, ye young Yaghier yeomen, yield your yell

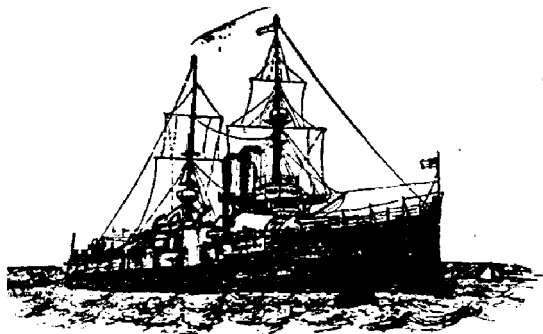
Zimmerman's, Zoroaster's, Zeno's zeal
 Again attract; arts against arms appeal.
 All, all ambitious aims, avaunt, away!
 Et caetera, et caetera, et caetera.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As we receive a great number of letters, our correspondents are requested to bear in mind that we can only comment on communications that we consider to be of general interest. Readers requiring information quickly should enclose stamped envelopes or post-cards, according to the length of the answer they desire.]

E. R. sends a letter on an enormous sheet of paper and asks me to criticise his handwriting. He wants me to tell him, firstly, how old he is and what sort of work he ought to do. He then tells me that he wants to get his copies of *THE CAPTAIN* bound and asks how he ought to proceed. After this he informs me that he is going to get a bicycle, and asks me whether the brand he names is a good one, just as if we hadn't got a Cycling Editor for him to write to! Then he wants to know how long it ought to take him to ride from Balham to Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex. He adds that in the course of his rides he has knocked over "a pram, containing two kids," and that soon after he ran over a dog. After desiring me at the beginning of his letter to guess how old he is, he tells me at the end that he is sixteen, goes to an office in the City, and thinks it is about time he left off Eton collars.—Judging by this young gentleman's letter, I should say that he was a decidedly harum-scarum youth who will take some time to settle down. I should not say he was a very considerate fellow, or he would not bother me with trifling questions which he could easily get answered by a fellow clerk. His "running over" adventures also indicate that he is lacking in carefulness. Altogether, I should opine that our friend, though possibly a good-natured youth in his way, could do with a very great deal of all-round improvement.

School Life in Switzerland.—Carl Langer writes: "Perhaps it would interest you and my brother readers if I give you a few particulars about my school life, as it is so totally different from English school life. In summer, school starts at seven or eight o'clock; in the winter we commence work only at eight or nine o'clock. We have an interval of fifteen minutes at ten o'clock, and finish school at twelve. From then till one is the dinner-hour. In the afternoon we have school from two till five or six o'clock; so, you see, we have plenty to do. We also have a fifteen minutes interval in the afternoon at four o'clock. There are nearly five-hundred scholars here, and about thirty-one masters. Each master has his own class-room, and it is the scholars who go from one room to another, and not the masters, at the end of each lesson. There are three terms a year—April to July, September to December, and January to March. Our Cadet Corps has about five hundred members, with two guns, and a band of fifty players. Every year we have an outing lasting sometimes one and sometimes two days. We camp out in the country and have manœuvres. We have a choir of about 200–300 voices, girls included (I forgot to say that there are girls here as well). We have only one half-holiday a week—on Thursday afternoon, and in summer this is taken up with drill, which lasts from two till six o'clock. In winter we have lectures instead, which everybody who belongs to the Cadet



H.M.S. "KING EDWARD VII."

Drawn by "Sunny Jim."

Corps has to attend. There is no corporal punishment. For breaking rules one gets 'arrest' from one to two or three hours at a time. Each boy has to wear a school cap. If found without one he gets two hours arrest. If a visitor comes into the class-room while a lesson is going on, every scholar has to stand up. The same rule holds when he leaves."

W. L. D. is very angry with Homer for writing such a lot of stuff that W. L. D. has now to translate. W. L. D. has himself broken into poetry on the subject, but although there are some amusing sparks in his effort, it is not consistently good throughout. Here are four verses :

The woes of Priam, what were they ?
Small they were compared with mine,
Destined in this latter day
To read the tale of "Troy divine."

When Helen fled across the seas,
Fraught with woes for men of Troy,
Did she think that later these
Would fall upon a hapless boy ?

Nor would they had not Homer sung,
Nor Virgil of his "arms and man,"
In Grecian and in Latin tongue—
Their dreary verse for me to scan.

Ulysses, man of many a wile,
Who wandered over every sea,
Not even he can reconcile
Homeric wanderings unto me.

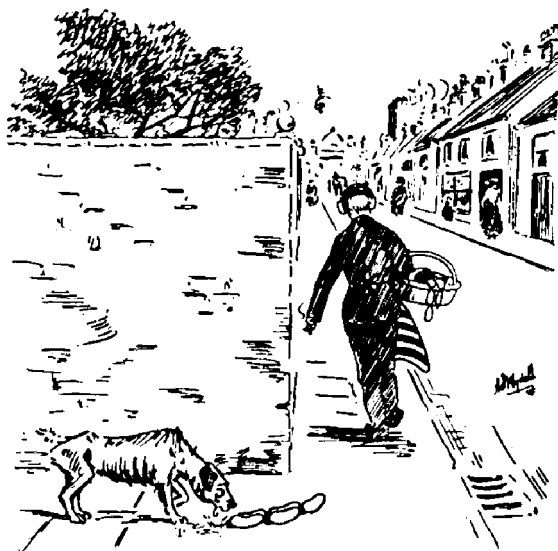
D. MacDermot is in a dilemma. Towards the end of this term he wishes to compete for a scholarship. Just after the examination, Sports Day comes along, and MacDermot wants to win a cycle race. How can he "swot" for the scholarship and at the same time train for the cycle race?—Well, I have heard of 'Varsity men obtaining their "blues" and, at the same time, doing well in the Schools. Such fellows must be good specimens of mental and physical development. MacDermot may be of this order; anyhow, my advice to him is to work for the scholarship and put aside thoughts of winning the cycle race. Winning the scholarship may have a great influence on his future career, whereas, so far as I can see, winning the cycle race will not benefit him in the slightest degree. I have always been against cycle-racing, as it is a form of exercise which doesn't improve the physique owing to the position in which the riders sit and the strain

it puts on the spine. Generally speaking, in all cases where outdoor sports and examinations are likely to clash, a wise fellow will put the examination first. In these days of fierce competition everybody must do his level best to fit himself for the fight that begins when he says good-bye to his schooldays.

Says.—It is certainly most annoying to hear that you cannot get **THE CAPTAIN** at Montreal. However, if you tell a newsagent that you will take a copy every month if he will get it for you, you will find that it will soon be waiting for you when you call for it. Montreal newsagents must lack enterprise if they won't stock a popular magazine like **THE CAPTAIN**. Our experience is that once people see **THE CAPTAIN** and read it, they want to see more of it. If newsagents in a city like Montreal do not show **THE CAPTAIN** to their patrons, they are simply refusing to make money. N.B.—You and other readers can make *absolutely certain* of getting **THE CAPTAIN** regularly every month by ordering it direct from us, price 8s. 6d., post free, per annum.

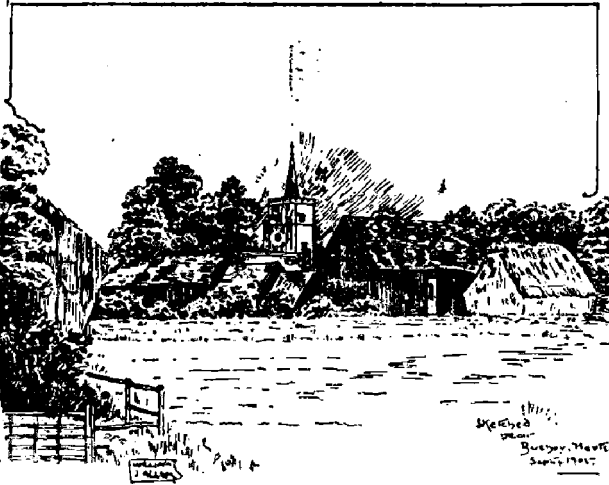
"Ambulator" wants to know what money and necessities he would require if he went to Brighton by train and then walked westwards along the coast for about a fortnight. I should say that he would require about £4 in money, a thick stick, a tooth-brush, a change of underclothes, and a light mackintosh cape. He ought also to make up a parcel of clothes to await him at some point which he would reach when he had completed about half his tour. I may add that I have never taken a walking-tour of this length, and so I do not speak with authority. I should strongly advise "Ambulator" to secure a companion for this bit of ambulating.

"Patience."—We will have some articles on Association football next season. Your handwriting strikes me as being that of a conscientious, hardworking, thoughtful fellow. . . . Having now given you time to blush, I will add that you display one quality which I do not like, and that is distrust of my venerable self, because you do not put your name or address on your letter. Correspondents need never hesitate to let me know



"ALAS! MY POOR BROTHER."

Drawn by A. J. Wydoll,



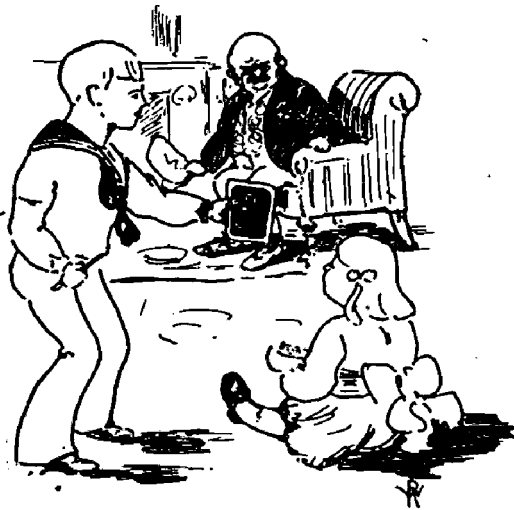
A PRETTY BIT OF LINE WORK.

Drawn by W. J. Allum.

who they are and where they live, as I always respect the confidence of people who write to me. All I really know about *you* is that you are "Patience," and that your post-mark is Hammersmith.

G. H.—Of course CAPTAIN competitors may use books in preparing their competitions. What we mean by the phrase "unaided work" is that a boy, having written an essay, must not get his elder brother or father or mother to correct it for him, and then afterwards make a clean copy and send it up to us as entirely his own composition. The way to write a "Celebrity" essay is first to read up one's facts, then close the book and write the whole thing out in one's own language. If one wishes to quote an authority one should mention it in the way I have already indicated in these columns.

John Bunyan's Birthplace.—I am informed by "Progress" that Elstow was not the birthplace of Bunyan, as stated in our January number. "I know," adds my correspondent, "that Elstow is generally credited with being the birthplace of Bunyan, but that honour is claimed by Harrowden,



LITTLE GLADYS (after studying drawing by her brother): "It isn't uncle, Bobbie; it's a man."

Drawn by W. C. Rhodes.

a small village near Elstow, whence Bunyan migrated to Elstow." I must say that I wish CAPTAIN Club essayists would endeavour to be more exact in their details.

F. W. Heath tells me that he has not been writing poetry long, but is so keen now that he has started that he is "at it all day long." As a proof of his energy he encloses a new version of the National Anthem, which, I can assure F. W. Heath, is very far from being an improvement on the existing poem. A poet, Mr. Heath, who wishes to be original must not write new versions of well-known poems; he must write something "out of his own head."

G. C. C.—The verse you send is no better and no worse than hundreds of other samples which have been forwarded to me. If you are a real poet, you will not be able to help writing poetry, and even if you are not a real poet, if the attempt to write poetry gives you pleasure, by all means continue to pursue such a pleasant hobby. Your handwriting is not yet formed, and so I fear it would be a premature proceeding on my part to attempt to diagnose your character from it.



NOT LIKELY.

THE CAPTAIN (*to JONES*): "Look here, you made no attempt to collar Brown."

JONES: "N—n—no."

Drawn by K. Glover.

D. W. A. Minter.—I do not think that Mr. Kipling meant the boys in "Stalky and Co." to be regarded as typical public school boys. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kipling drew his ideas of school life from the United Services College, Westward Ho! whose pupils were mostly the sons of Englishmen holding civil or military appointments in India. Naturally, therefore, as they were nearly all born in India and sent over here to be "schooled," they were a rather unique set.

The National League of Workers with Boys is an association founded with the object of linking together all who are working with boys, and old public school boys who take an interest in the working lads' club or mission conducted by their *alma mater* should communicate with the Secretary, Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, Toynbee Hall, London, E.

"Enthusiast."—You make a gallant defence, but I must stick to what I have said. There is so much unfair play in professional football matches that the professional game has ceased to be real football. When you typewrite a letter, always affix your signature in *ink*. A typewritten signature is not a legal signature nor is it a courteous one.

"Dorothy" wants to know whether she ought

to "walk out" with a boy who plays hockey, a boy who plays football, or a boy who doesn't do anything at all. I should advise Dorothy to "walk out" with girl friends, and not to bother her head about boys. A girl companion is the most suitable companion for a girl of her age.

"**Dominus**" sends me some specimens of "howlers" made by Lancashire schoolboys. Two of them are worth quoting:

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is a conservatory.

Mr. Chamberlain used to be Colonial Secretary for England's cabinate. He has a glass eye.

C. O. Hibbert.—The extracts from your friend's note-book interested me very much. Magazine editors have to be careful nowadays, I see, so critical is their public becoming. It is a pity that the readers of penny and halfpenny papers are not as critical.

L. F. Bates.—I hope you will now be the most constant of our constant readers. Your drawing I hope to consider along with the rest. We are always on the look-out for talent, but we don't come across much of it. Clubbed.

"**Gladys.**"—I am glad to hear that you intend to go on reading **THE CAPTAIN** until you are 70. But why stop then? Any drawing you send must be absolutely original—that is to say, it must not be a copy of another drawing.

D. Mackay.—Some of your "howlers" are not new. The following I have not heard before:
Nothing is something which does not exist.
Skeletons are bones with the people off them.



A VIEW ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Drawn by M. Barnes.

Captain Badges can still be obtained from this office, price 6d. each in gilt metal (for the button-hole, cap, or watch-chain), and 2s. each in solid silver (for the cap or watch-chain only).

Ensign Stirke.—Sorry, but space already overcrowded; besides, we are all a little bit tired of Nelson matters after the immense amount of attention paid to them last year.

G. Horwood.—I am sorry that I cannot at present find space for any more "Corners."

G. H. B.—You have got an idea of drawing, but you want some good lessons.

THE OLD FAG.



THE FACTORY LAD.

(An attempt to reply to the verses entitled "School" in the March **CAPTAIN**.)

I WISH that I could go to school
And have the chance of learning Greek,
Instead of working like a fool
In the mill six days a week.

For it is all one endless sweat,
And little wage and numerous kicks
Are the only things you get
In that six-roomed pile of bricks.

You don't have time to stop and think
Whether Mars be Moon or Star,
Why the Dog star, green, blue, pink,
Shimmers in the sky afar.

So just dig in and learn your Greek,
And don't be such a blessed fool,
But think of lads who all the week
Don't get the chance to go to school.

With grammar I did never meet
As these lines no doubt tell you,
And Euclid never had a seat
In the school that I went to.

Then when the "twenty-second" brings
The **CAPTAIN** once more to your sight,
You search through all your clothes and things
And only fivepence bring to light.

Then begins a careful hunt
For some one who has got to spare,
In answer to your question blunt,
A coin for which they do not care.

A WEST RIDING TYKE.

Results of April Competitions.

No. I.—“Anted denominationalism.”

No age limit.

WINNER OF NEW HUDSON 1906 TOURIST TWO-SPEED BICYCLE : Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO : Harry G. Pincott, Public Library, Edinburgh ; Joseph H. Heeley, Elm Lodge, Formby, Liverpool ; M. F. Donovan, 13 Weltje Road, Hammersmith, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION : M. M. Stewart, Herbert Latham, Alan Lea, James Bland, W. G. Gook, H. L. Williams, W. R. Barlow, Leslie M. Kerr, J. C. Fletcher, M. Theo. Pike, W. E. Martin, B. F. Manbey, W. J. Juleff, C. H. Stokes, Stanley Hoatson, G. J. F. Tracey, A. A. Allen, S. J. Buttfield, Ellen Bennett.

No. II.—“My Garden.”

One age limit : Twenty-one.

WINNER OF HOUGHTONS' "GUINEA KLITO" Camera : Dorothy Guilleband, Southill Vicarage, Biggleswade.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO : Bernard W. Phillips, 8 Crawford Street, Wolverhampton ; Hamlyn Channing, Church House, Stoke Gabriel, Totnes, Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION : P. Beresford Lees, H. R. Lockyer, Bridget G. Talbot, John Gray, A. Tapply, R. D. Whitmore, Edward H. Stuteley, S. Cole, Olive W. Stanhope, Henry Higginson, W. Greig.

No. III.—“Photographic Competition”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE : Mrs. M. J. C. Simpson, West Church Manse, Ballymena, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO : E. S. Maples, The Lawn, Hopton, nr. Mirfield.

HONOURABLE MENTION : James E. T. S. Hilton, Mrs. Forden, William Hedges, Mrs. J. D. Adamson, Avens S. R. A. Brooke, C. J. Haykinson, Ursula M. Peck.

CLASS II. (Age limit : Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE : Enid C. Harbutt, "The Grange," Bathampton, Bath.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO : L. E. Bastable, 6 Trevelyan Terrace, Brighton Road, Rathgar, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION : G. S. B. Cushnie, Edgar A. Rayner, A. G. Metcalfe, Kenneth C. Blair, Alfred E. Farmer, W. Edward White, M. de Whalley.

CLASS III. (Age limit : Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE : John R. Cleland, 2 The University, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION : R. C. Lott, John Wilson, J. H. Dible, G. S. Dixon, Russell Markland.

No. IV.—“April Celebrities.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF R. AREL AND SONS' "GOV'NOR" CRICKET BAT : Charles Reed, "Twitton," Khartoum Road, Highfield, Southampton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO : W. L. Adams, Frimley Green, Farnborough, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION : F. Chewey, F. J. Field, Amy Stuart, Amy St. John Browne, Samuel Lindley, George Long, Edward P. W. Shephard, Ruth Barton, W. A. Gale, Dora A. Parr, A. A. Kerridge.

CLASS II. (Age limit : Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GAMAGE CRICKET BAT : Katharine Stuart, Inverarnan, Ardlin R.S.O., Loch Lomond, Scotland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO : A. Tapply, Thorndale, Watlington, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION : William Ewen, Eva K. White, P. Eustace Petter, David Lang, A. N. Cade, W. W. Holloway, Bernard W. Phillips, Joseph Dunn, David K. Cherry, Albert Albrow, Ethel Carleton Williams.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greghouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the April Competitions.

No. I.—We congratulate Miss Constance Greaves (Brighton) on winning the New Hudson Bicycle. Her list showed much discrimination, and was certainly the most complete in every way. In compiling long lists, competitors should always put the total number of words at the top.

No. II.—A popular competition which made very interesting reading. The majority of competitors showed a thoroughly practical knowledge of the subject. We wish that every success may attend their gardening efforts, and that the harvest may be commensurate with the trouble they have expended in the sowing.

No. III.—Although the entries were rather fewer than usual, some interesting pictures of buildings were submitted.

CLASS III. (Age limit : Sixteen.)

WINNER OF GAMAGE CRICKET BAT : W. Secker, 135 Tweedale Street, Dewsbury.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO : Herbert R. Lockyer, Station House, Esher, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION : F. Morton Steven, Winifred Disney, Esther Mullins, A. Leslie Cranfield, F. A. F. Baines, W. A. Carson, C. S. W. Marcon, A. S. Wakeley, Thomas H. Higginson, A. S. Boston, B. Gould.

No. V.—“Drawing Competition.”

CLASS I. (Age limit : Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT-BOX : Arthur Townsend, 455B New Cross Road, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO : Gladys M. Hynes, 21 Hamilton Road, Ealing, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION : G. Barraud, Gertrude Morris, William H. Sheppard, M. E. Broad, F. J. Crosse, Florence Kate Gilman Betty Postford.

CLASS II. (Age limit : Sixteen.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT-BOX : Gerald H. James, St. James' School House, Upton Street, Gloucester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO : Evelyn Donne, Collingwood, Spring Grove, Isleworth.

HONOURABLE MENTION : Mollie Smith, A. Colley, Leslie Shaw, Sidney Percy, Elsie Price, Rachel M. Tancock, M. V. Palmer, William Greig, William R. Button, A. M. Main, Ruth Alison.

No. VI.—“Handwriting.”

CLASS I. (Age limit : Sixteen.)

WINNER OF HOUGHTONS' "SCOUT" HAND CAMERA : Francis J. Atkinson, Meridian House, Hartlepool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO : William P. Brooks, 42 Lausanne Road, Hornsey, N. ; F. S. Linnell, "Northdene," Belper Road, Derby.

HONOURABLE MENTION : F. B. Totham, Oswald Gillott, O. H. Beacham, W. B. Neilson, E. Marshall, W. Bass, W. Geary, E. F. Cox, Alan D. Hearnshaw, A. Dickson, Hilda Ewius.

CLASS II. (Age limit : Twelve.)

WINNER OF HOUGHTONS' "SCOUT" HAND CAMERA : Betty Lambert, 8 Priors Wood Road, Taunton, Somerset.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO : Nellie Allardice, Maryton, Kirriemuir, Forfarshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION : Robert Leigh, Arthur Gymer, H. Sowerbutts, J. H. Hilman, C. H. Parke, Hilda Martin, A. W. Murray, Mervyn Hale, Dorothy M. Brelsford, D. M. Barry, D. Chambers.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(February.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5 : T. F. Tolhurst, Scott Street, Parkside, Adelaide, South Australia.

HONOURABLE MENTION : Cecil Guthrie (Trinidad).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5 : Reginald Ridgley, Herries Street, Toowoomba, Queensland, Australia.

HONOURABLE MENTION : Max A. R. Brunner (U.S.A.), Car. Carapiet (India).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5 : Mrs. E. C. Kinkead, 20 King Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION : A. H. Harty (Jamaica), H. James (British Guiana), Bertie Hands (Capetown).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5 : B. A. Spence, Kingstown, St. Vincent, B. W. I.

HONOURABLE MENTION : Leslie H. Burket (Canada), E. H. Dose (Capetown), G. G. Lindo (Jamaica), Kenneth Coulter (Canada), G. N. Ebdon (Cape Colony), Sadashiv Shivram Phalke (India), Nellie Cooke (Capetown).

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5 : Cecil Guthrie, Hope Vale, St. James, Mcurapou, Trinidad, B. W. I.

HONOURABLE MENTION : T. F. Tolhurst, Lee Matheson (Canada), G. Caris Jr. (Cape Colony).

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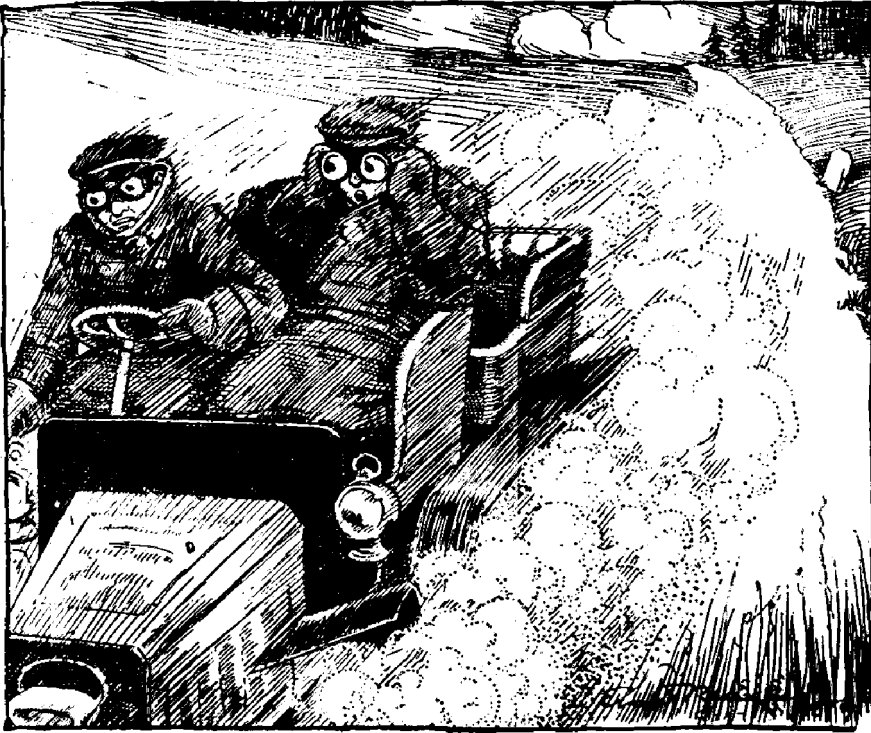
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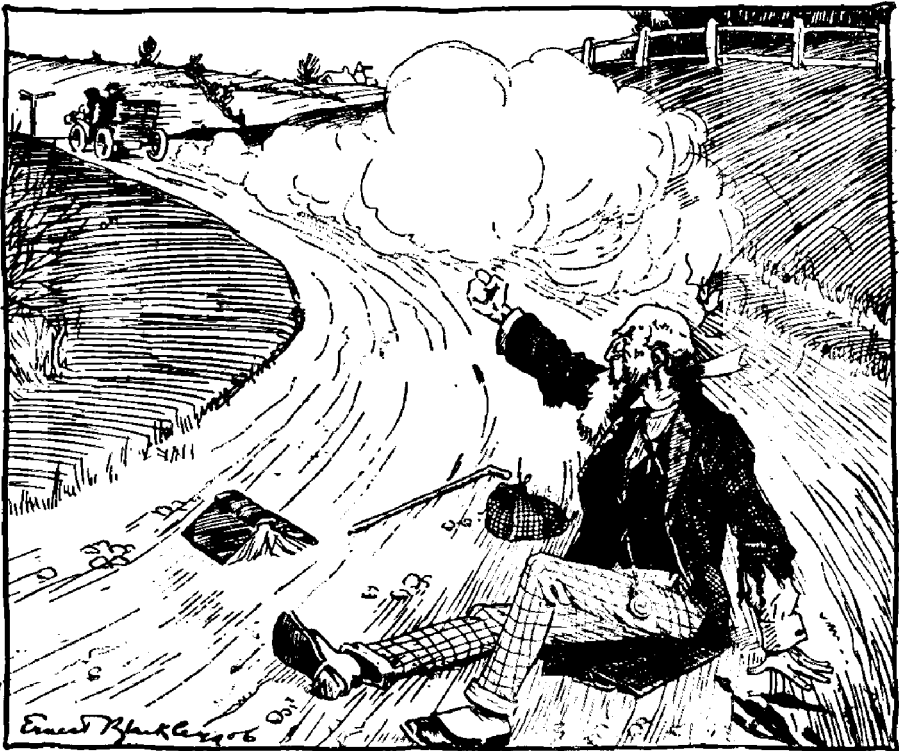
G. Caris Jr. (Cape Colony).

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BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!



MAN WITH FIELD-GLASSES: "I say, old man, hold hard! hold hard! There's an—old—gentleman—can't be more than two and a half miles away—just in the middle of—the—"



—road!"



"JUST LIKE BOBS."

(An Incident after the Battle of Driefontein.)
By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Company, Ltd.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

Vol. XV.

JULY, 1906

No. 88.

R. CATON WOODVILLE,

Artist and War Correspondent.

Illustrated from Paintings and Sketches by the Artist.

By ARTHUR WARREN.

"HAD I had my way," wrote the late Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A., in his Memoirs, "Caton Woodville would have been an R.A. many years ago." In view of the large number of important pictures painted by this artist, and of the exceptional interest taken in his work by the late Queen Victoria and all members of the Royal household, one is apt to wonder why Mr. Woodville has not claimed, and taken, the recognised official position to which his work so well entitles him. The solution to the problem is, however, to be found in the man himself, for Mr. Woodville is, in every sense of the word, a thorough Bohemian, caring little for matters of mere form and place, and giving himself up freely to the manner of life best suited to his tastes and the unfettered development of his genius. While to the public his name is widely known as a painter and illustrator, particularly happy with subjects of strong, virile action, to those who have the pleasure of meeting him familiarly at home, or more casually on some of his many expeditions, he stands first as the sportsman and good fellow, and one finds it hard to remember, while in his society, that he is a master of the brush and pencil whose canvases and black-and-white illustrations have made his name familiarly known throughout the world.

I think it is the calm about him that strikes one most. He has that deliberate, unruffled self-possession which denotes capability. He will talk of the most hair-raising adventures as easily as you might ask any one the time. He contemplates flying visits to the other end of Europe with as little concern as you might display over the question of dropping in to tea with a friend. "When do you start?" you ask him with



MR. CATON WOODVILLE IN THE COUNTRY.

Photo, Newnes.



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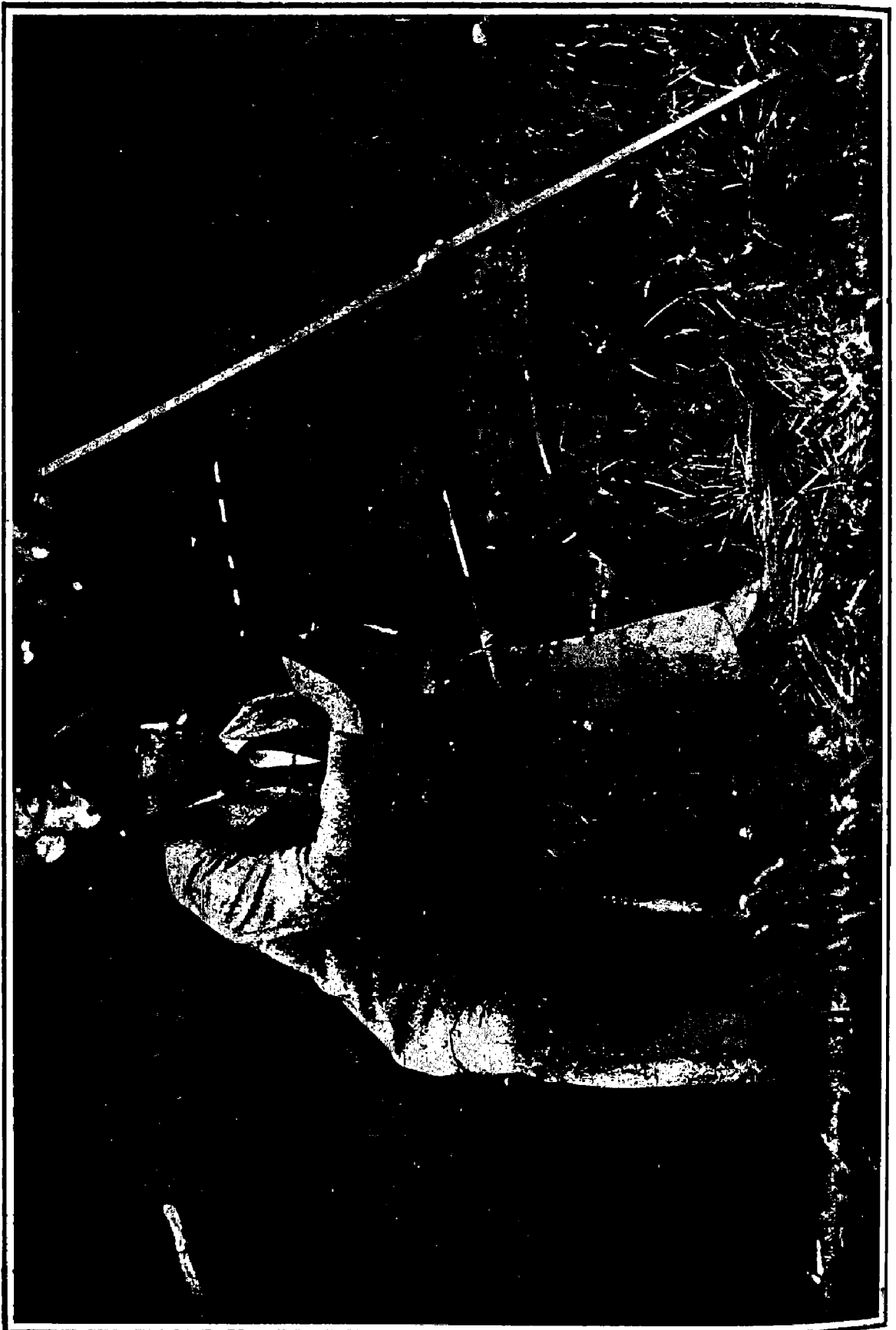
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MR. CATON WOODVILLE IN THE COUNTRY.

Photo, Newnes.



MR. CATON WOODVILLE AT WORK ON ONE OF HIS PAINTINGS IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.
Photo. Newnes



GENERALS WAITING FOR THE EMPEROR TO WAKE.

A Study for "Before Leipzig."

the vague notion that plans for such trips must be laid weeks in advance. "Oh, Monday or Tuesday—Wednesday, perhaps," he answers indifferently, as though the whole thing were a walk down the Strand. And yet you feel that he will do some substantial good to some one or other by going there. You feel that you would like to go, too, because he is just the man who can make everything he sees interesting. He has the faculty of giving himself, and any one else who may happen to be about, a good, strenuous, healthy time. He has had a

sporting, adventurous life, and it is worth while to get him to talk about it.

This is the side of his life that he himself likes best to dwell upon, unless, indeed, you should by chance turn the conversation at any time to the subject of arms and ammunition—ancient or modern—and then you will find that he takes an enthusiastic interest in everything pertaining to the greater sport of war. And, in the course of his many sojourns in camp and on the battlefield, as Special War Artist, he has found occasion to familiarise himself with the whole art of the soldier,



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

(Charge of "C" Squadron, 5th Lancers, at Elandslaagte.)
By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Company, Ltd.

and has absorbed, in a large measure, his spirit and his bearing.

As a young man he was an indefatigable rider to hounds, hunting much with the Garth, South Berkshire, the Bucks, and the now disbanded Queen's Stag-hounds. As a fisherman he has cast a fly in many lands, and he knows every curl and eddy of many of the streams of Hants and Devon, while with the rifle and shotgun he has taken toll of all kinds of game, from the elephant and the tiger to snipe and woodcock.

Richard Caton Woodville, to give him his full name, was born at Stanhope Place, London, on January 7, 1856, and exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy twenty-three years later. It was entitled *On the Eve of the Battle of Leuthen*, the subject being selected from Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great." In 1880, *Marlborough at the Battle of Blenheim* found a place on the line, and every year since has seen other military subjects from Mr. Woodville's brush exhibited.



A STUDY OF TRUMPETER DUNN, OF THE 5TH LANCERS, AT ELANDSLAAGTE.

After studying at Dusseldorf in Germany, where he was the favourite pupil of the artist Gebhart, he was sent out, when a youth of twenty, to accompany the Turks in the later phases of the Russo-Turkish War. This was his first connection with the *Illustrated London News*, the paper with which his work has since that date been most closely identified. Before this date he had painted several pictures, choosing, in accordance with the bent of his teacher's mind, religious subjects, and it was only when he stepped out of the studio into the actual field of war that he found the sphere suited to his genius and

real inclination. Two years after the close of the Russo-Turkish War—in 1880—the Albanians rose against the Turks, and in this outbreak Mr. Woodville found for himself a very congenial rôle—that of peacemaker. For he had made such good use of his stay in the Balkan Peninsula that he now numbered many friends both among the Mohammedans and the Slavs, and this influence he turned to good account, proving himself a strong factor in re-establishing peace. Going boldly into the Albanian camps, he bluntly pointed out to his friends that they had embarked on a hopeless quest, and

pitted themselves against a Power that could exterminate them; that they were, indeed, clamouring for the luxury of being killed for no adequate return. His common-sense counsels were in great part listened to, and both sides recognised Mr. Woodville's efforts to minimise bloodshed. The prince of Montenegro conferred on him the Daniello order, and the Turks the Chevalier of the Medjidieh.

The Arabi Pasha revolt in Egypt came at an inopportune moment for the artist; he had smashed his ankle when driving a tandem, and this kept him an enforced prisoner for several weeks. The earliest moment that he dare trust his foot he was off to the front, and arrived in time for Tel-el-Kebir, where a rifle bullet smashed the same unlucky ankle again! Among the many pictures resulting from this campaign was a portrait of the Duke of Connaught and a painting of the Guards at Tel-el-Kebir, executed by Royal com-



A STUDY OF COLONEL MACNAMARA IN THE BREACH AT BADAJOZ—
PENINSULA CAMPAIGN, 1812.

mand. Queen Victoria was a firm admirer of Mr. Woodville's work, and regularly from this time onward commanded his services, obtaining thus many notable pictures which are now included among the treasures of Windsor Castle. A couple of years later, in 1884, he was at Souakin when the Souakin-Berber Railway was being constructed, and on his return painted for her Majesty the well-known picture, *Too Late*—the return of Sir Herbert Stewart, the canvas representing the wounded leader being carried across the desert from Metemneh.

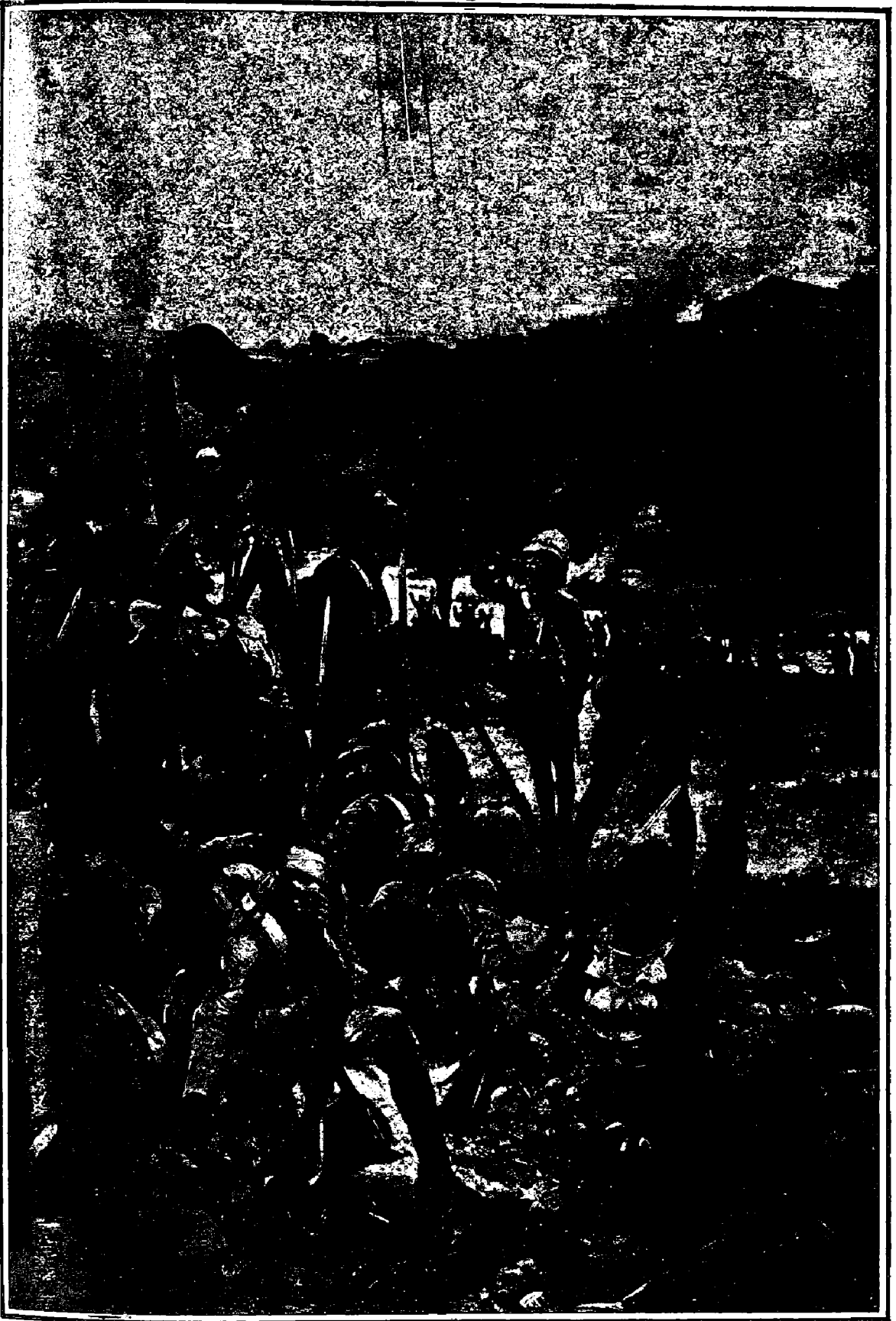
When in Egypt he designed the present uniforms and accoutrements of the whole Egyptian Army, receiving for this service the Commandership of the Medjidieh.

In 1886, Mr. Woodville accompanied Prince Albert Victor on a pig-sticking expedition into Morocco, camping out with him and his party at Awarra, where he met with one of his most gruesome experiences. A beater had been sent into a patch of thick brush to drive a boar from it, when he suddenly raised terrible cries of fear. Thinking



FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD—MR. CATON WOODVILLE
AS AN ANGLER.

Photo. Newnes.



THE DAWN OF MAJUBA, 1900.

(Surrender of Cronje.)

By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Company, Ltd.

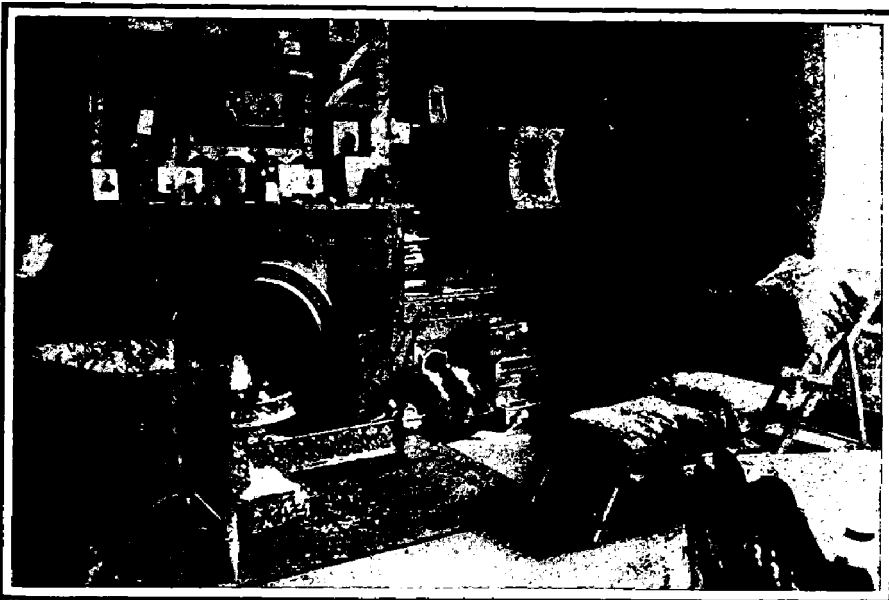
the man was attacked by a boar, Mr. Woodville forced his way through the thicket to his assistance. So densely packed were the bushes that he was compelled to crawl on hands and knees, and had to abandon his rifle, trusting solely to his heavy hunting-knife as a means of attack or defence. So armed, he came suddenly into a small clearing and found himself immediately behind a large boar, bristling with fury as it faced a swarm of eager dogs. Realising, in an instant, his danger and the necessity for immediate action, Mr. Woodville flung himself upon the animal, gripping one of its ears tightly with his left hand, and plunged his knife deep into its body, holding on with all his strength with both arms and legs. The first blow failed to reach a vital spot, and the boar plunged wildly; but a second stroke of the knife completed the work, and the boar fell on its side, allowing its assailant to scramble to his feet and scare off the dogs, which seemed to be experiencing some difficulty in distinguishing between the man and the beast, owing to the huntsman's then perspiring and bespattered state. The native still continued his yells, and, on reaching him, Mr. Woodville found that the reason for his outcry was a negro's head lying on the ground which, on further inspection and inquiry, proved to be the missing link in a



A STUDY FOR A MOORISH PICTURE.

tragedy. A negro and two Moors had taken the hadje to Mecca and returned in safety; when they reached home, after an absence of two years, the negro confessed to them that throughout the journey he had had a reserve in the shape of three dollars sewn into his garments; this deception so enraged his companions that they slew him, took the money, and to prevent identification cut the man's head from his body, and threw it where they thought it would be safe. The mutilated body had already been found, and the head led to identification and eventually to confession on the part of the murderers.

Several months later Mr. Woodville started on a political expedition with the late Sir William Kirby Green, at that time the British Minister to the Court of Morocco. They made a lengthy journey into the interior, visiting Morocco City, and thence, skirting the range of the Atlas Mountains, to Mogador, paid a flying call on Sus, and re-



"DOWN IN THE COTTAGE BY THE MILL."

A corner of Mr. Caton Woodville's Surrey retreat.

Photo Newnes.

turned along the coast to Fez, Mequinez, and Tangier. The trip lasted over seven months, and was accomplished almost entirely on horseback, a minimum of twenty-five miles being covered in this way every day.

Caton Woodville was fifteen years in the Yeomanry, and left it with the rank of captain commanding a troop. He is an exceptional rifle-shot. Indeed, he excels in many branches of skill requiring a sure eye and steady nerve, as is attested by the fact that he has several times competed successfully in various contests at the Agricultural Hall, in Military Tournaments.

Mr. Woodville has come through a life of adventure almost unscathed, and when he has met with any accident, his fine health and physique have quickly pulled him through; in fact, he might almost claim records in this direction. When hunting with the South Berks many years ago, he had a very bad smash, and was picked up insensible, suffering from concussion of the brain. He lay unconscious for about nine days, but after regaining consciousness was about and as well as ever a week later! Ten years ago, when in Algeria, he was laid up with the small-pox. He was taken ill on the Thursday, and on the next Wednesday was dismissed from hospital, cured, without the slightest scar or any other trace of the disease. I wonder what English physicians would say about this!

A list of this artist's pictures would fill the limits of our article. Every trip has had its pictorial representation. In addition to those already referred to, he painted, among others commissioned by her late Majesty, an equestrian portrait of the King and the Prince of Wales. He has the rare but useful faculty of becoming entirely absorbed in his work. He works quickly; he seldom uses models, and works intensely while the brush is in his hand. Most of his black-and-white drawing is done at night. When engaged on one of his large pictures he makes

a careful and separate study of every figure; and an example of this is shown in the accompanying study of Trumpeter Dunn. When every figure has been thought out, they are assembled on to the canvas. His memory for detail is wonderful; he seems to know every button and every distinguishing mark in every uniform from the beginning, and he spares no pains to secure accuracy in every detail. When his picture of *The Storming of Pieter's Hill* was exhibited at Messrs. Henry Graves and Son's gallery, an officer who had been wounded in that action came on his crutches for the express purpose—as he afterwards said—of “slating the picture,” which he had heard was the work of an artist who had never been in South Africa. Instead of doing so, he roundly asserted that Mr. Woodville had been there. “Why,” he exclaimed, “I recognise the very rocks; and there's the wall behind which I myself lay wounded. Painted from descriptions? Nonsense! I know better than that. The artist *must* have been there!”

Our subject is no mean worker in metals. Looking over his fine collection of arms recently, I picked up a short hunting-knife with a five-inch blade; he laughed in reply to my query as to where he got it, and took hold of it. He touched a spring in the handle, the handle swung round, a cross-bar appeared from somewhere, and he handed me a formidable dagger with a nine-inch blade. It was his own invention, and his own forging.

Mr. Woodville has recently received from King Alphonso the Grand Cross of Merit and Honour of the Order of the Spanish Red Cross, and also the Coronation medal in silver. Mention of King Alphonso inevitably suggests Princess Ena. By order of her late Majesty, Mr. Woodville made a painting of the marriage of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenburg in Whippingham Church. This picture now hangs in Windsor Castle,



A STUDY FROM MR. CATON WOODVILLE'S SKETCH-BOOK.



WILTON STRUGGLED AND SCRAMBLED TO THE BANK, WHICH HE REACHED JUST AS THE
STONE SLOWLY DIPPED OVER.

THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT.

By G. Firth Scott.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story concerns the pre-gold discovery days in Australia. In the thinly populated bush district laying some seven days' journey north of Sydney, a number of escaped convicts form themselves into a band of bushrangers, under the captaincy of one known by the sobriquet of "Midnight," he being a man of broad build, wearing a long black beard and long black shaggy hair. Periodically, the squatters combine to hunt down the band. At the time of the story, they had succeeded so well that only a few members of it remain, "Midnight" being, of course, one of these survivors. While James Wilton, a young squatter, is conveying a waggon-load of woollen bales and hides to Sydney, he is attacked by a tribe of blacks led by some members of "Midnight's" band. These are in turn attacked and routed by another tribe, and during the fight Wilton escapes from the one danger only to run into an apparently greater, in that he falls into the hands of a party of squatters who are out looking for the bushrangers. Being taken for a bushranger by them, he is hanged on a tree, and is at the point of death when the rope by which he is suspended is cut in two by a bullet fired by a government trooper who recognises him as being Wilton the carrier. The leader of the band of squatters is a man named Giles, a small-built, clean-shaven fellow with a very awkward temper. Giles is so enraged with his fellow squatters for deciding not to hang Wilton, that he leaves them and goes home. The squatters, with Wilton and the two government troopers, proceed on their way in search of "Midnight." They get on his track, only to lose it again, but succeed in capturing one of the gang named Sam Plover, who some eighteen years before had kidnapped a baby-girl in Sydney. Plover is mortally wounded, but before he dies tells them to question "Midnight" concerning the whereabouts of the girl. Wilton returns to Sydney to claim the reward offered by the girl's father for the capture of Plover, and with the money he and Trooper Farrell purchase Meleelee Run, whither Wilton proceeds, leaving his partner to follow. Wilton's immediate neighbour is Giles, who rides over to warn him against the blacks. Fearing an attack from the latter, Wilton is out reconnoitring when he observes "Midnight" himself enter his hut. When the outlaw emerges, Wilton decides to show him no mercy. He fires, but misses him, and then has to fly for his life. "Midnight" burns his hut down and departs. Wilton makes his way to Giles's "run" and is hospitably received by the squatter and his pretty daughter Mary, with whom Wilton promptly falls in love. Led by Douglas, a squatter renowned for his skill in tracking, the white settlers in the

district again turn out in pursuit of "Midnight." Giles and Douglas, between whom a feud has existed for some years, have gone off in different directions when a shot is heard, and Giles races back to the main body with the information that he has been shot at by Douglas, whom he declares to be no other than "Midnight" himself.

CHAPTER XVII.—(continued.)

AN UGLY SUSPICION.

THERE was something tangible in the wound Giles showed, and many wrathful exclamations mingled with his vows of vengeance.

"Why didn't you shoot?" some one asked.

"How could I shoot with my rifle slung over my shoulder? It was a near-enough shot as it was, and I didn't want to wait there, like a target, for him to pot at."

The remainder of the party, who had heard the shot, now came riding up, and loud expressions of indignation rose from all sides.

"I thought he knew too much about how the man lay behind the bushes," one of them said.

"And why did he leave the track and go through the bush over the river?" cried another.

"Come on, boys, after him!" shouted a third.

"The bushranger magistrate!" cried a fourth, as the whole band headed off for the spot where the shot had been fired.

At the ford, Giles pointed out the bush from behind which the shot had been fired.

While some of the men covered the place with their rifles, the remainder splashed across the stream. Behind the bush they found the marks of horses' hoofs and the herbage pressed down where some one had lain. Farther away were hoof-marks deeply indented.

"Here's the track; come along!" one of the men suddenly shouted, and, following him, the entire party hastened forward.

The freshly made track was easy to follow, and their spirits rose as they rode along. But all expectations of quickly overtaking the

fugitives were premature. Soon the track began to twist and turn, sometimes crossing hard country, where it was scarcely to be seen, and at others passing into small creeks and watercourses, causing the party considerable delay before they could find where it emerged. If Douglas were a keen tracker, he was also keen at making a track which was difficult to follow. The frequent baffling of the pursuers wearied and irritated them. To be baulked twice within the brief period of a few hours was an experience none appreciated. Instead of riding in a compact body, close at the heels of the leader, the men began to straggle into a long line of twos and threes, grumbling that the whole affair was a farce, and a waste of time and energy. The sudden halting of the leader and those who were nearest to him, followed by excited movements as they pointed from one side to the other, brought the stragglers up at a gallop.

The track they had been following continued straight in front of them, while another, evidently of still more recent origin, crossed it at right angles.

"He's doubled! Take the cross track," Giles shouted as soon as he came up, and the men wheeled round and hastened along it.

The track made in the direction of a spur of foot-hills flung out from the range, and they had ridden barely half a mile when it led them into a narrow gorge, the steep sides of which were thickly covered with herbage and stunted gums, from between the gnarled stems of which rugged masses of grey rock showed. A thin stream trickled over a shallow bed close under one side of the gorge, leaving a clear level space between it and the other. The hoof-marks, fresh turned, were plain along the level stretch, and a shout went up from the leaders as they urged their horses to greater speed. But even as they shouted, their glee was changed to chagrin. The gorge turned sharply, and ended in a precipitous face of rock over which the stream came tumbling in a silvery thread. The track ran into the stream and vanished.

There was no denying the fact; they were beaten. An angry altercation ensued between those who had urged that the cross track was wrong and those who had insisted it was right.

"Well, my horse is done, and I'm going to give him a spell," the man who had ridden in the lead exclaimed. "Those who like can pick up the track, but for my part I've had enough of it. If Douglas has gone anywhere he's ridden off to his station. That's the place to catch him."

Very few minutes sufficed to show that nearly

all the men were of the same opinion. Knowing Douglas to be a better man at bushcraft than any of them, and believing entirely that he was the man who had for so long deceived them as to his identity with the redoubtable Midnight, the most obstinate had to agree to the main contention—which was also the contention of Giles—that while they were wasting their time in following blind tracks, Douglas was probably hastening to his station to arrange matters there before taking definitely to the ranges with the full strength of his gang.

It was too late in the day to start away there and then, and, as the head of the gully offered an ideal site for a camp, advantage was taken of it, and the men settled down for the night, Giles being very careful to see that guards were posted against surprise. But nothing came to disturb the camp, and with the first streak of dawn a start was made for Douglas's station. No time was lost on the way, but when they reached the station it was only to learn that since Douglas rode away in response to Johnson's message he had not returned, neither did any of the men know where he was. Once more the keen mind of the single outlaw had outwitted the combined intelligence of the community.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THROUGH BROKEN COUNTRY.

WHEN the expedition was disbanded, Johnson, Giles and Wilton rode away together.

"You had better come over to Toombul until Farrell gets up," Johnson said to Wilton.

"Why?" Giles interposed. "Why does he want to go to Toombul when there is room at Billah? Isn't it more handy?"

"Certainly it is," Johnson said.

"And you had better come over, too, for a spell, and we can yarn about fixing him up again," Giles continued.

"You are very kind," Wilton said.

"Well, we're neighbours, and besides, I've been thinking over that other matter you mentioned."

Johnson looked quickly across at Wilton and saw his embarrassed expression.

"Mary does not get much company, and it will be a change for her," Giles went on.

When they reached the homestead Giles went inside, and Johnson suggested that he and Wilton should take the horses round to the paddock. As they walked back he said:

"Wilton, I don't want to spoil your happiness, but keep your wits about you. And

don't repeat what you heard from the black-fellow."

Wilton looked at him in surprise.

"Don't forget that the hunting for that hiding-place is for you and me only. I rely on you to keep the information to yourself," Johnson added.

"Oh, that's all right," Wilton replied.

At the house, on their return, Mary came forward to meet them.

"I was so afraid," she said. "I thought you might be hurt. Fancy Douglas firing on father! And no one would believe it when father said it was one of the squatters—who was Midnight."

"He may be right after all."

She turned quickly at the tone of the voice. Johnson stood behind her, and his eyes met hers steadily. The friendship which existed between him and Douglas, and the sturdy manner in which he had defended Douglas during all the time the former suspicion was abroad, recurred to her.

"I'm sorry," she said simply. "I forgot you were his friend."

The voice of Giles calling from the house cut short their conversation.

"Now then, hurry up; if you're not hungry, I am."

At table Giles was particularly cheerful, and kept them well entertained. The proof that his suspicions had been correct, even though it necessitated his suffering from a wounded hand, put him in high good humour with every one.

"It's only a question of time now before he swings," he exclaimed.

"They may catch him when he goes back to the station," Wilton said.

"Not they, for he'll never appear at the station again, I'll wager. He's more likely to look for fresh country to take up, as he said he was doing before when we had him. You remember, Johnson?"

"Yes, I was telling Wilton about it as we came along," Johnson answered.

"Oh! So you know something of the story, Wilton? Well, that's all right, and you know the man now who had pot-shots at you and Mary when you were on the verandah. But there, let that go; we've other things to talk about just now. When does Farrell expect to get up here?"

"I expect him in about three weeks or so," Wilton answered.

"Then my advice to you is to spend that time getting up a new hut at Melelee. Johnson and I can give you a hand if you want it."

"You'll want to take care of that," Johnson said, indicating Giles's bandaged wrist.

"That'll be healed in a few days, and a little work won't hurt it. Besides, I've got to go over the ranges to see about some stock, and I cannot waste much time."

"When do you go over the ranges?" Johnson inquired.

"As soon as I can," Giles answered.

"Over to Wills's station?"

"Near there. Have you any message?"

Johnson had none, and Giles turned the conversation into another channel.

"Look here, Wilton, I've a great idea. We could do well if we ran our cattle together. There's the low levels on Billah and the high ridges on Melelee that would mix well, and we could breed fine stock as the result."

"It is worth thinking over," Wilton answered.

"But I cannot say anything definite until Farrell gets here, because he and I are partners in Melelee."

"The grant was made out in your name," Giles exclaimed.

"Oh yes, the grant is in my name, but we arranged that we were to run the place together. Both of us are interested in the stock we are going to put on it."

"Well, there's no reason why my idea should not work, even if you and he are partners. It will benefit every one."

"You have not been up at the place since it was burned, have you?" Johnson asked Wilton.

"No," was the reply. "I thought of riding over this afternoon. My horse is still in the paddock, and I might bring him down."

"I'll come with you and we'll look out for a site for the new hut," Johnson said. "Do you feel inclined to ride over too, Giles?"

"Not to-day, my boy. I'm not as young as you two, and don't mind owning that I want a rest after yesterday."

The two went away by themselves and arranged to camp out for the night, as there would not be much time to look round the place and get back to Billah before dark. They rode straight up to the heap of cinders and charred wood which was all that remained of the hut. Then they looked for the horse that Wilton had left in the small paddock behind the hut, but the slip-rails were thrown down, and it was gone.

"Now who is to say whether it has been stolen or whether it has strayed?" Wilton exclaimed.

"Stolen. You can trust Midnight for that," Johnson answered. "He never leaves anything that is likely to be useful."



JOHNSON SAW HIM START AND BRING HIS RIFLE FORWARD UNTIL IT POINTED UP THE GULLY.

"I wonder if Douglas is the man!" Wilton said, half to himself.

"There are a lot of things one does not care to say straight out," Johnson remarked. "I don't quite understand a man like Douglas giving himself away so clearly, if he is the man who has been dodging us all these years."

"But he bolted all right."

"Yes, that is the strange part of it. Why did he want to bolt just then? He could have potted at Giles far better after we had all gone home."

"We'll know some day," returned Wilton. "For the present, suppose we ride over the ridges and have a look for that cave?"

"It is more than an afternoon's job to find that."

"We might at least find some indication of its whereabouts."

Johnson shook his head.

"I think it's worth trying," Wilton continued. "Come along, let us try for an hour or so."

He rode away in the direction Jimmy, the black, had pointed to as the site of the hiding-place, and Johnson followed. They soon found the country getting rough and broken.

"I had no idea it was as rough as this," Johnson exclaimed, as they came to a part where the ground first sloped down towards a little stream and then rose, its ascent broken by boulders and outcrops of stone, until the summit stood out a rugged ridge of rock, bare save for the scraggy specimens of the all-conquering gums which fringed the skyline.

"Let us have a look from the top of that rise," Wilton said, pointing to the summit of the ridge. They trotted down the slope and then let their horses walk slowly up the steep grade beyond. As they rose higher and were able to obtain a wider view, they had more reason for surprise at the irregular nature of the country.

"If there is much of this about I should not be surprised that your idea is right, for this is a splendid place for hiding," Johnson observed.

But if they had been surprised as they were ascending, they were still more so when they reached the top of the ridge, for the other

side went down almost like a precipice to where a small stream flowed, the other bank rising as steeply until the top was level with the place where they rested. Wilton leapt off his horse and threw the reins to Johnson.

"I'm going to climb out on to that ledge," he exclaimed, pointing to a piece of rock that jutted out over the declivity. "We can get a view up and down the gully from there."

"Be careful how you go, in case there is any one below to see you," Johnson answered. "We may have found our way to the very place. It is likely enough."

Wilton, rifle in hand, crept cautiously down until he reached the flat rock that jutted out. Then he lay down and pushed himself along until he could look over the extreme edge. Johnson saw him start and bring his rifle forward until it pointed up the gully. Then Wilton lay still, watching something intently. Johnson, fearing he would fire and alarm any one who might be below, whistled softly to attract his attention.

Turning on his side, Wilton beckoned to him, and Johnson, fastening the horses to a tree, climbed carefully down to the stone.

"Come out here and look," Wilton whispered.

Johnson, crouching down, looked where Wilton pointed. Far below, three horses were tethered on a small patch of grass. As he crept forward he felt the stone move.

"Jump!" he exclaimed. "It's slipping."

He was near enough to the bank to spring back and grasp the stem of a small bush. But Wilton was watching too intently to heed Johnson's warning. He looked over his shoulder as Johnson grasped the bush.

"Quick, quick!" Johnson exclaimed, and Wilton, startled by the expression on his comrade's face, struggled and scrambled to the bank, which he reached just as the stone slowly dipped over.

"Climb up, quickly!" he gasped.

The two men clambered to the summit of the bank as rapidly as they could, not daring to look behind them, but expecting every moment to hear the crash of the falling boulder echo along the gully. They reached the top breathless and glanced back. The stone had canted over and now rested sloping downwards.

"It was a close shave," Johnson exclaimed.

"It's a trap, I believe," Wilton answered.

"Did you see them?"

"The horses? Yes, I saw three."

"No, not the horses; the men."

"The men? Where?"

"Along the gully. I only saw one at first, and was going to fire when I heard your whistle. And very luckily too, for a couple more came in sight at that moment. Johnson, we've found the place!"

CHAPTER XIX.

HOT ON THE SCENT.

WHEN they reached the spot where Johnson had made the horses fast, Wilton grew enthusiastic over the result of their brief expedition.

"All we have to do now is to carry the news to Billah and get a crowd together, and then come up and capture the lot," he said.

"I don't think it's time to crow yet, Wilton. Better go slow till we're sure; and besides, what is the good of getting a crowd together to do what we may be able to do by ourselves?"

"But there are, at the least, three down there, and we are only two."

"What of that? It may be very much

better not to capture them all at once. We want to find out a lot first, and if we go attacking them now it means shooting, and that means the ruin of our hopes."

"What hopes?" Wilton asked in surprise.

"Well, amongst others, to find out what Plover did with the little Pearson girl Farrell was telling us about."

"That's so," Wilton answered. "I had forgotten that."

"Then there must be a lot of booty stored somewhere. It might be worth while waiting just to see whether we could not get some news about it. In any case, we have very special information which we had better keep to ourselves for the present. To find out one hiding-place of the gang does not mean catching Midnight, and we do not know who he is yet, either."

"I've no doubt after that affair with Douglas," Wilton exclaimed. "If Midnight is not Douglas, then I am, that is all."

"I don't believe Douglas is the man," Johnson answered quietly.

"You don't? Nor that he fired at Giles?"

"He may have done that, for, as I told you, they hate one another like Kilkenny cats; but that does not prove him to be Midnight."

"It does to me."

"Very well, suppose we let it stand at that. You think Douglas is the man. I have known Douglas for years, and I do not believe it. But here we have a key to the solution of the mystery. This is evidently one of Midnight's hiding-places. Let us work together, slowly and carefully, until we can produce the only definite proof to set the question at rest."

"What do you call the only definite proof?" Wilton asked.

"The body of Midnight," Johnson answered gravely.

"Dead or alive?"

"We shall only be able to obtain it dead. You should be satisfied on that point by this time, after your two experiences with him."

"I don't know. We might be able to take him alive."

"If we do it will only be by the exercise of the greatest care and strategy, and that means our keeping this find an utter secret."

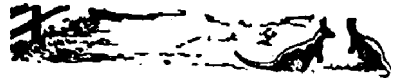
"I dare say you are quite right," Wilton said after a few moments' silence. "But in the meantime we ought to do something."

"We can consider what plans to arrange."

"I would like to go down there," Wilton said.

"What, at once?"

"Yes. There must be a way down some-



where, and once in the gully we could learn the way into the place. We might also find Midnight's cave."

"One might be able to do that, but two would only be in each other's way."

"You're right again, Johnson. I think I had better let you do the thinking; you are a better hand at it than I am."

"No, we'll arrange things between us. We are both interested in the business—you to find the child of Farrell's friends, and I to clear the name of my friend Douglas."

"You really disbelieve that he is the man?"

"I shall not believe it till I find him at the head of the gang," Johnson answered.

"Then I won't believe it, either," Wilton exclaimed.

"But do not say so. Express no opinion, my lad, to any one except to me, as I shall not to any one save you. One never knows what's in the wind in a case like this, and least said soonest mended, you know."

"You're right every time," Wilton replied.

"Now, it will be growing dark in about an hour, so if you think it worth while trying to go down to-night, you will have to start without further delay."

"How about you and the horses?"

"The horses are all right where they are, so long as some one stays with them. I can do that, if you think you can find your way back in the dark."

"But what do you think about my going down?"

"Well, it might be useful to have a look round; but it is a dangerous job, for if you are found down there you can make up your mind that you won't come up alive."

"Suppose, then, we creep along the top of the gully and see if there is any place from which we can get a better view of the camp below?"

"That's a good idea," Johnson answered.

"First we will find a more sheltered place for the horses, in case there may be any of the gang coming along this way, and then we'll see what can be done."

They led the horses along until they came to a fairly thick patch of undergrowth with some big trees in the middle of it. Forcing their way through the smaller bushes, they found that the ground under the trees was fairly clear, and so they tethered the animals and returned to the edge of the gully, noticing, as they went, that their horses were quite concealed.

Advancing with the utmost caution, and keeping as much under the shadow of the

vegetation as possible, they arrived at a point which they judged was nearly opposite the place where Wilton had seen the men. They crept nearer to the gully, and found that the bank sloped at a less steep grade for a hundred yards or so, though it was covered by a dense growth of shrubs.

Evening was now upon them, and in half an hour or so they would be in the dark, for there is little or no twilight in this semi-tropical latitude. After a whispered consultation they decided to creep under the bushes as far down the slope as possible. Johnson went in advance, and was creeping upon his hands and knees, at a very slow pace, when the ground suddenly changed from a slope into a perpendicular wall. The thick bushes hid the change until his head was overhanging the chasm, and had he not been creeping so very slowly he must inevitably have plunged over the edge. He glanced down and saw, some ten feet below, a narrow ledge running along the face of the rock. He turned to Wilton, who had crept alongside him.

"I believe it's a track," he whispered, pointing downwards.

Wilton looked over the edge.

"It slopes up in that direction," he said, stretching out his hand towards the place where they had nearly fallen from the stone. "Let us creep along and see if we can find where it starts."

It had been hard enough work to creep down, but it was a very much more arduous task to go along almost at the edge of a sheer drop. They managed to cover but a short distance before the sun disappeared below the horizon and left them in gloomy shadow. But they had gone far enough to notice that the ledge steadily rose, and it was now barely six feet below them.

"Press on a bit farther," Wilton whispered, and Johnson resumed what, in the dark, was a wearying struggle with closely growing stems and awkward roots and stones. He paused at length to rest, and was turning to whisper to his companion when his ears caught a sound which held him. It was the crisp patter of footsteps coming down the track beneath him. He reached back to Wilton, who had come close up to him; but he also had heard, and they crouched where they were as the footsteps came nearer and nearer, until, peering over the edge, they could just see the thick-set figure of a man pass quickly along. Then the sound of his footsteps died away.

"If it were only light," Wilton whispered.

"But we've found their track," Johnson answered.

"It must come to the top somewhere. Let us go on," Wilton urged.

"There may be some more coming behind him."

"We can listen as we go. If we find where it reaches the top we can lie under the bushes till dawn."

"All right," Johnson whispered back, and resumed the toilsome climb.

The undergrowth became denser and the surface of the ground more rugged and uneven as they advanced. From

time to time they stopped for a space and listened intently, but heard nothing more than their own laboured breathing. Suddenly they found their way barred by the trunk of a big fallen tree which projected out over the edge of the precipice. Peering down, they could see nothing below save black shadow.

"Where's the track?" Johnson asked in a whisper.

"I can't see it now, but it was there a few steps back," Wilton answered. "Hist! What's that?"

Both men heard the sound at the same moment and held their breath, for close upon them, so near that it seemed barely a yard away, a horse pawed the ground and shook its bridle.

They listened for something that would tell them whether it was alone or whether any one were on its back. It shook the bridle again and the leaves of a sapling rustled.

"Tethered," Johnson said in the softest whisper. "Get under cover and wait."

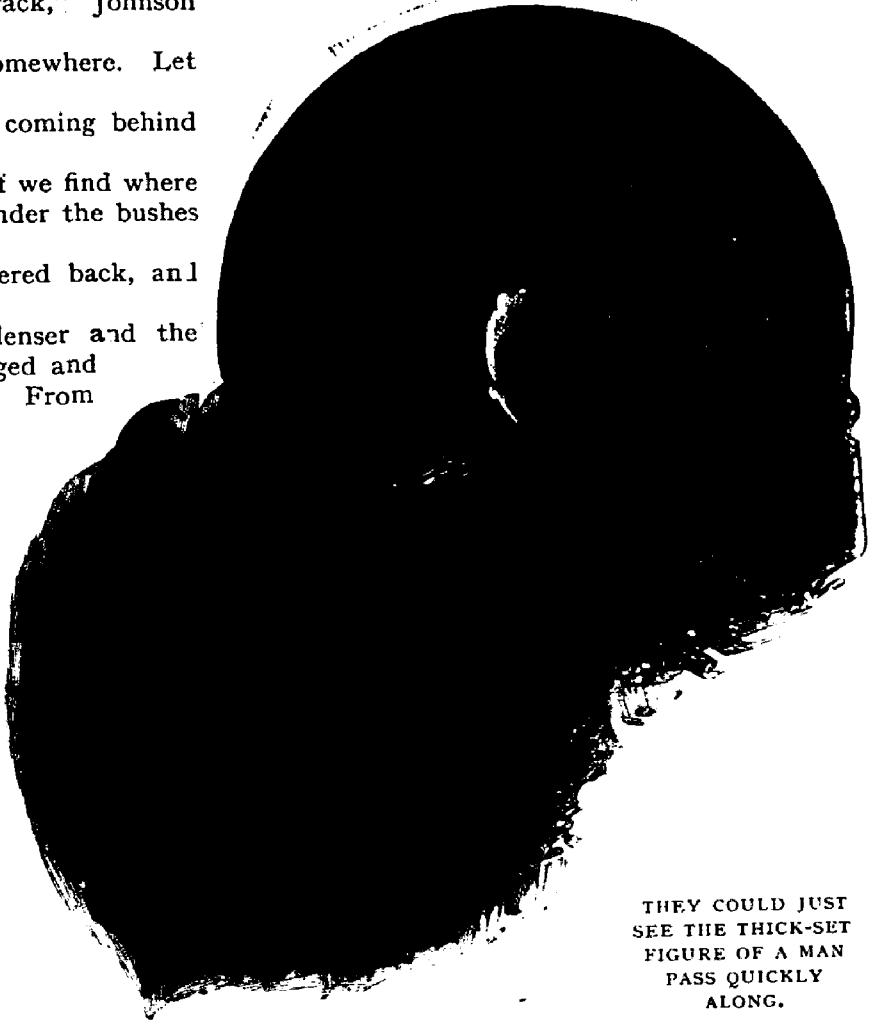
They crept slowly and silently close to the trunk of the fallen tree, and lay at full length with their heads scarce a foot away from the edge of the rock, listening intently.

An hour passed, and nothing came to relieve the strain upon their nerves save the occasional movements of the tethered horse.

"Shall we——" Wilton began, but he was stopped by Johnson, who clutched his arm.

"Hush!"

The minutes dragged on wearily and silently, and then footsteps sounded on the track below them. The night was moonless and, in the bush, black and impenetrable as a veil. They



THEY COULD JUST SEE THE THICK-SET FIGURE OF A MAN PASS QUICKLY ALONG.

could dimly make out objects within a yard or so, but beyond that they could see nothing and had to trust entirely to their ears.

The footsteps came nearer, and, almost in a line with their heads, they saw the upper portion of a man loom through the dark. The dim outline of the fallen tree stood out beyond, and they saw the figure bend down and vanish. A moment later they heard footsteps behind them and the horse neigh. Then the leaves of the sapling rustled, they heard the bridle being loosened, and an indistinct murmur of a voice came to them. The saddle creaked as the man mounted, and they breathed again as they heard him ride slowly away.

"There's a secret entrance under the tree—a crevice in the rock, probably," Johnson whispered.

"But how did they get the horses down?" Wilton exclaimed.

"Not this way, I'm sure. There must be another road somewhere."

"What's to be done now?"



"Stay where we are till morning. I could never find the horses in this darkness."

"But why not go down the track?"

"And meet some of them half-way up? No, thanks! This is bad enough for me till I can see where I am and what I am doing."

"I don't believe any more are coming up. That chap must have left his horse while he went down, and if the others are on the move they will have to get their horses up, and they can't do that by this route."

"We will give them an hour or so, anyway, and then see what takes place."

The hour passed without any further evidence of life in the vicinity, and Wilton again urged the advantage of exploring the track while they could.

"It's a mad risk to undertake," Johnson answered.

"But think of what we may learn," Wilton insisted, and Johnson at last agreed.

They crept back until they were above the narrow ledge, when they climbed down to it, and, as well as they could in the dark, examined it where it turned into a crevice near the fallen tree.

"There's a way through. Let us try it," whispered Wilton, as he pressed past Johnson and into the dark space. He found that he had to stoop down until his nose touched his knees; feeling all round, he touched only rough stone, except in a small space in front of him. Turning back, he rejoined his companion.

"There's a passage all right, but I don't fancy it in the dark," he said.

"Then we will go down the track a bit. Keep close to the rock, and be ready to bolt up again."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SUSPICION GROWS.

AS the track descended it also widened until they were walking along a ledge some six feet wide. How far down the top of the gully they were they could not even surmise.

"Let me have a look over the side," Wilton said, and he crept to the edge and gazed down. He whistled softly for his companion, and Johnson went to his side.

"Look there! Isn't that the reflection of a fire?" he asked.

There was a faint glimmer of light showing amongst the trees below. Johnson watched it for some time without speaking.

"It's a fire all right," he said at length. "I think it is situated on the other side of a spur, seeing how the reflection is cast. The track evidently passes down close to it."

"There's a tree growing pretty near," Wilton said, pointing towards a patch of darker shadow a little farther down the track. "Shall we go on and see if we can climb down it? We may get to the bottom of the gully that way."

"We can try," Johnson answered.

The tree was some distance away from the track, but the side was not so steep, while a second ledge, reaching nearer the tree, showed through the shadow below.

"We must get down on to that," Johnson said.

"You go and I'll stay to give you a hand down," Wilton answered.

Johnson carefully lowered himself on to the second ledge, and, going to the edge of it, found that he could easily reach a branch of the tree the trunk of which glimmered through the dark.

"Come along," he whispered to Wilton, and in another moment the two stood together.

"We must swing into the tree and slide down the trunk," he continued.

"Go ahead!" Wilton replied briefly, and Johnson caught the branch and clambered up and along until he reached the main stem. There he turned to tell Wilton to follow, when his heart stood still, for his eyes could just make out two or three dark figures rapidly moving along the track they had so recently left. Fearful of their discovering his hiding-place if he made a sound to warn his companion, and trembling lest Wilton should not have noticed or heard the approaching figures, Johnson clung to the tree, pressing himself closely against the trunk.

The figures came on quickly, moving so silently that he knew they were barefooted. They passed above the lower ledge upon which he had left Wilton standing, and he breathed more freely. He followed them with his eyes until he could see them no more, and then glanced towards the ledge again.

From out of the deep shadow cast by the bank he caught a glimpse of Wilton stepping forward. Simultaneously he heard voices farther down the track. Wilton also heard them, for he sank down into the shadow again and lay close pressed to the wall of rock.

Two figures, walking more slowly and making more noise than the first batch, loomed through the darkness. Their voices were indistinct until they arrived opposite the tree where Johnson was hid.

"I'll go back and take the horses round now," one of them said. "Both of them will be asleep, and the niggers will have spears through them by the time you get up, so I shall want all my time to get round by the creek."

"It's a poor sort of way to settle old Plover's account," the other answered. "We could easily have brought them down here and made them run, for the niggers to have a go at. I'd have burnt the chap who shot Plover."

"Well, you can bet the boss has something else in the wind. It'll put the fear of the gang in to the rest of them when they find their new leader served the same as Doolan."

"And in the same place, too," the other laughed. "But I'll be hurrying, or the job will be over before I'm there to superintend."

He turned and strode up the track, and the other went down. When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Johnson saw Wilton creep out of the shadow and reach up to the branch. As he scrambled up, Johnson slid down the trunk to the ground, where Wilton joined him.

"Did you hear them?" he asked as he landed. "It was you and me they were talking about."

"I suppose it was," Johnson answered. "And I suppose, too, that the man who first passed us was the boss."

"Midnight!" Wilton exclaimed. "And we didn't shoot him!"

"Just as well, I think, for we should have had the whole gang on our heels directly after. But it's lucky we're here and not camping up above. They mean business all right."

"We're not out of it yet, though. What are we to do now we are here?"

"I fancy we had better wait where we are for a time. From what that chap said about the horses, I believe there will be a move down below before long. They may all be off, and then we can travel more comfortably."

"We might try and get a little nearer that fire. If we keep under the shadow we may be able to see who they are."

Loose stones, fallen branches, and thick-growing prickly shrubs combined to make their progress difficult and dangerous, but they scrambled onwards until the gleam of the fire showed more distinctly, and they could catch sight of the smoke as it slowly rose and curled along the broken rock.

"It looks very like a cave to me," Johnson whispered.

"If we could get up there we might be able to look down on them," Wilton answered,

indicating a point which stood forward above the gleam.

"We'll try," Johnson whispered.

It was a terribly hard climb in the darkness, and with the necessity for absolute quiet; but they managed it and struck a point directly above the smoke.

"If we're found here it will be a case of fight to the last," Johnson whispered.

"We've got the pull over them up here, though," Wilton replied.

"All the same, we shall have to take care what we are doing. A false step, and it is all up."

"I don't hear anything," Wilton said, after a few minutes' silence.

They wriggled nearer the edge, and, peering through the tangled vegetation which grew along it, they saw below them what was evidently the mouth of a fairly large cave. A fire was burning slowly in front of it, and beyond that some saddles and rifles were thrown in a heap. The bush grew thick to within a few yards of the open space where the fire burned, and, as they looked, a man appeared with two horses, which he proceeded to saddle. When he had completed that he moved towards the cave. As he passed the fire he kicked the logs closer together and a brighter flame shot up.

"That's enough. We don't want the bush afire," a surly voice said from the interior of the cave.

Without answering, the man continued on his way into the cave.

Wilton, anxious to follow his movements, leaned his hand on a small ledge in the rock as he craned forward. His weight told on the weathered stone, and the part on which his hand rested gave way and fell with a loud clatter.

The man who had brought up the horses rushed out and looked up as Johnson pulled Wilton back.

"What's that?" he exclaimed, gazing straight up to where the two men were cowering.

A laugh came from the cave, and a well-known voice exclaimed:

"You're a brave chap to be scared of a wallaby!"

Johnson clutched Wilton's arm as in a vice.

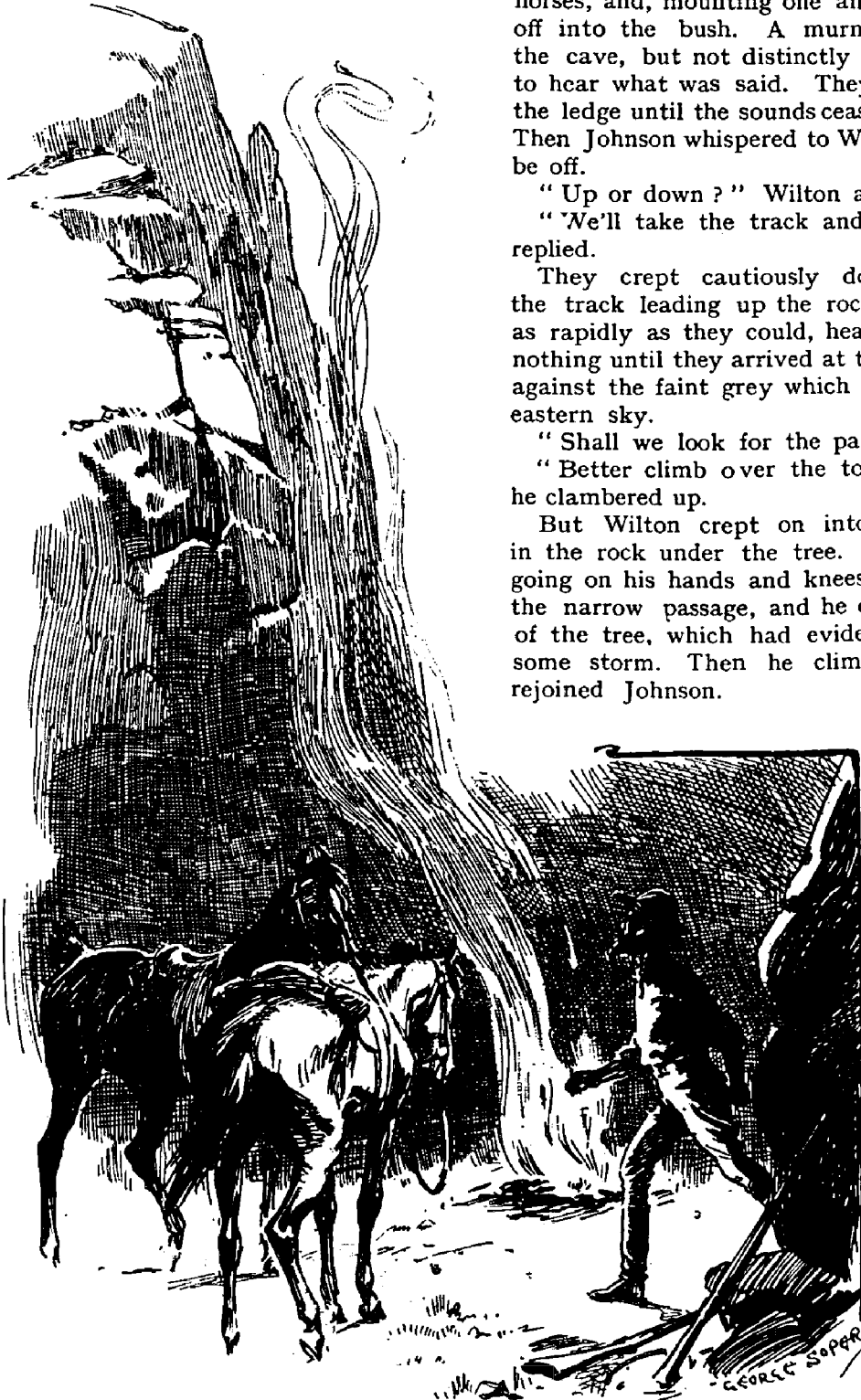
"Now who is Midnight?" Wilton whispered hoarsely.

"Douglas, as I'm a living man!" Johnson gasped.

"Whist!" Wilton whispered as the sounds of angry voices came up from below. They

bent their heads towards the edge again and listened.

"Go on with the horses or you'll miss your mates," they heard Douglas say.



THE MAN WHO HAD BROUGHT UP THE HORSES RUSHED OUT AND LOOKED UP AS JOHNSON PULLED WILTON BACK.

"Clear out sharp and don't stand there like an owl," the surly voice they had first heard said.

The man they had seen came from under the shadow of the rock muttering to himself. He walked to the horses, and, mounting one and leading the other, rode off into the bush. A murmur of voices came from the cave, but not distinctly enough for the listeners to hear what was said. They lay with their heads on the ledge until the sounds ceased and the fire grew dull. Then Johnson whispered to Wilton that they had better be off.

"Up or down?" Wilton asked.

"We'll take the track and trust to luck," Johnson replied.

They crept cautiously down until they reached the track leading up the rocky face. Then they went as rapidly as they could, hearing nothing and meeting nothing until they arrived at the fallen tree. It loomed against the faint grey which was just coming into the eastern sky.

"Shall we look for the passage?" Wilton asked.

"Better climb over the top," Johnson answered as he clambered up.

But Wilton crept on into the hole that showed in the rock under the tree. He discovered that by going on his hands and knees he could creep through the narrow passage, and he emerged behind the roots of the tree, which had evidently been blown over in some storm. Then he climbed on to the trunk and rejoined Johnson.

"We know their secret now!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, and it's the bitterest thing I ever learned," Johnson answered.

"You mean about Douglas?"

"I do. I've known that man for years, and I trusted him as myself, and yet here he is in the middle of his gang!"

"It will be great news for Giles!"

"For heaven's sake don't tell him! At least, not yet. He would crow over us, and me in particular, for the rest of his life. No, we must keep this to ourselves, Wilton. There's only one thing I want to do, and then you can tell whom you please."

"And what's that?" Wilton asked.

"Shoot that double-faced scoundrel!" Johnson answered fiercely.

CHAPTER XXI.

"FROM OVER THE RANGES."

THE sun was coming up when they arrived at the place where they had tethered their horses.

"I feel like a feed and a camp," Wilton said.

"We'll have to move from here first, though.

There is no saying where those fellows are who passed us in the night."

They rode a mile or so away from the gully before they chanced on a spot that was every bit as secluded as the place where they had left the horses. When they had disposed of the food they brought with them from Billah they lay down and fell asleep.

The sun was well on its downward journey when Wilton awakened. He roused Johnson.

"We've slept all day," he exclaimed as he sat up.

"And we wanted it, too," Wilton answered.

"But we shall have to hurry if we are to reach Billah before sunset," Johnson said, and without more ado they saddled their horses and started.

The sun was sinking when they cantered up to the house. Giles came out on to the verandah to meet them, with a look of consternation on his face.

"Where have you been?" he exclaimed.

"Over at Meleelee," Johnson answered.

"I was over looking for you at midday, but could see nothing of you. I wanted you particularly."

"Oh, we were searching about for a new site for the hut!" Johnson said. "Wilton fancies going farther away from the river in case of floods. But what is the trouble?"

"I've had word from the South, and I must leave for Sydney at once," Giles said. "Come in and have tea and we'll yarn about it."

They put their horses in the paddock and went into the house, Mary looking anxiously at Wilton as they entered.

"We thought you were bushed or hurt," she said.

"Oh no, only exploring," Johnson answered, before Wilton could speak.

"Did you go far?" she continued, still looking at Wilton.

"Just round the place a bit," he answered.

"I want you to oblige me," Giles said abruptly. "It will be a great help if you do. Will you?"

"If I can," Wilton said.

"Oh, you can if you will. You see, I've got to clear away for Sydney without delay, and I ought to be on my way over the ranges to see about that stock. I cannot be in two places at once, and if you'd go over about the stock I'd be obliged, I can tell you."

"I dare say it can be arranged," Wilton replied.

"If you would say you will go, why, it's a load off my mind," Giles went on.

"What's the trouble in Sydney?" Johnson inquired.

"It's a bit of business that can't wait. There's money in it."

"How far is it over the ranges?" Wilton asked.

"Only about a week's journey, taking it easy. I'm offered a mob of cattle, and I only want to get an opinion on them besides that of the seller. He's a good chap, but still, one likes to see what's being bought, or get a friend to see for him."

"It will keep me busy till Farrell arrives," Wilton said.

"And enable you to see something of the country over there," Johnson remarked. "A good many hold that the best land for cattle is over the ranges, but I don't know if it can beat what there is round here."

"I'm with you there," Giles exclaimed, and they wandered off into a discussion of the various advantages their own land held over that of other people, and then drifted into the all-absorbing question of stock.

Wilton turned his attention to Mary.

"And are you going to Sydney?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "You see, father only had word this morning, and he was trying to find you and forgot all about me. But I doubt if he would take me."

"Why not? You have never been there, and it would be a change for you."

"It is such a long way, and besides, he will have to hurry. Oh, no. I should like to go very much, but I don't think I shall be able to."

"Then you will be here when I get back from over the ranges—if I go, that is."

"Oh, do go!" she said, looking at him quickly. "It will be——"

"Now then, Wilton, fill your pipe and let us have a yarn about this trip," Giles exclaimed, and as Wilton turned towards his host, Mary rose from the table and passed out on to the verandah.

"What do you say? Will you undertake the job?"



HE STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET AND STROVE TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE GRIP THAT HELD HIM.

Wilton glanced across at Johnson, but the latter was intent upon filling his pipe.

"If it will save you any trouble, I will, certainly," answered the young squatter.

"That's good of you," Giles said. "You can take your choice of fifty from the mob when they come over, and in the meantime you lift a burden from my shoulders."

"I have half a mind to come along with you," Johnson remarked.

"I shall be glad of your company," Wilton said.

"And leave no one to look after the three runs?" Giles put in with a laugh.

"That's so," Johnson replied. "It would hardly be a good arrangement."

They began to talk about routes and tracks. When Giles and Johnson were deep in the rival claims of two roads, Wilton profited by the

opportunity to slip out of the room and on to the verandah.

Mary rose as he came out.

"And so you are going?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"I thought——"

"Oh, it will be splendid!" she exclaimed, interrupting him. "You will oblige father, and he always likes people who do that; and then, when you come back, you will have come from over the ranges."

"And what of that?" he asked, smiling.

"Why, Wills came from there," she answered in a hesitating manner.

"Is it a very dangerous place?" he asked banteringly.

"I hope not," she answered quickly. "You don't think it is, do you?"

"Well, there may be some blacks and some——"

"Then don't go. Oh, don't go if it is like that!"

She was standing close to him, and her eyes sparkled as she spoke. He looked at her earnestly.

"Would you mind so much?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered softly.

He yielded to the impulse of the moment and caught her in his arms.

"Mary, I love you!" he said briefly as he held her.

She drew her head back and looked him steadily in the face.

"What is that?" she asked simply.

"Why, I—I don't know, only I believe you love me too."

"I would go to the end of the world with you!" she said. "But I never heard of love."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

"Then you shall, for we will go away and live where there is nothing else."

"When?" she asked.

"As soon as I——"

"As soon as you are back from over the ranges?" she exclaimed gleefully.

"Yes," he answered.

"Yes, because then you will have come from over the ranges."

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Because father always says that the only man who shall take me away must come from over the ranges, and Narli says it is always from a distance that the young man comes who steals the girl."

"But I don't want to steal you, Mary."

"You will have to," she answered, firm in her conviction that the aboriginal custom she had heard of from her old companion was the only one that existed.

"Won't you come otherwise?"

"I won't fight long," she said, recalling how Narli had told her that the damsel wooed by the youth from afar was expected to repel him by force. At that moment footsteps were heard, and she slipped away.

"Counting the stars?" asked Giles, as he came through the doorway and saw Wilton leaning against one of the posts of the verandah.

"No, I was thinking," Wilton answered.

"That's a pretty tough job, I've heard," laughed Giles.

"I'll take a look at the horses," Johnson said as he stepped off the verandah and sauntered towards the paddock.

Wilton turned towards his host.

"I want to marry your daughter," he exclaimed.

Giles looked at him for some moments in silence.

"You want to marry? Why, man, you're only just starting life. Why begin with a dead weight hanging on to you?"

"I don't consider it one," Wilton replied warmly. "If you——"

"Well, well, don't lose your temper over it," Giles interrupted. "I've had too much of it, I suppose. But if you're serious, why, I'm only too pleased. But you promised to go over the ranges."

"And I shall keep my word."

"Then it's a bargain. When you come back you can take her. Here comes Johnson, so we'll say no more about it beyond this, that when you come back she is yours, and whether I'm here or whether I'm not, you can take her."

WILTON was firm in his decision to start on his journey without delay, so after breakfast the next day he had a brief interview with Mary, telling her that he was going to start away at once, so as to be able to return as quickly as possible. She, in her unsophisticated way, told him that she would be quite ready to welcome him back and leave Billah when he told her. As he rode through the bush, keeping to the directions he had received from Giles, he was thinking of little else than her promise and her safety during the absence of himself and Giles.

Arriving at a small creek about sunset, he decided to camp. He had finished his evening meal, and was sitting by his fire smoking and building castles in the air, when he was suddenly seized from behind.

He struggled to his feet and strove to break away from the grip that held him, at the same time turning to see who it was that had attacked him. By the dim light from his fire he caught sight of a black head, and the next moment he was surrounded by a crowd of aboriginals, who bound his arms tightly behind him and tied something over his eyes, paying no heed to his struggles and threats. Then they tied his legs together and laid him on the ground.

Up to that not a word had been uttered, but when he was laid down he heard a laugh, and a voice above him said:

"So we've got you at last, have we, my fine buck? Well, I hope you'll enjoy what's in store for you."

"Who are you?" Wilton cried.

"Who am I? You would like to know, wouldn't you? You would like to know a lot more, I dare say, but you'll be disappointed. This is good enough for you," and the muzzle of a rifle was pressed against his forehead.

"You're very brave when I am bound," Wilton exclaimed, his blood rising.

A kick in the ribs made him gasp for breath.

"That'll do for you," the voice replied. "There's an account to settle with you, my fine squatter, and money won't pay it. You dodged us a few nights ago, but we've got you now, and we'll have your mate, too, before long, and you'll be able to learn then how the boss pays the likes of you."

"You're one of——" Wilton began, but another kick stopped him.

"Shut up!" the voice said. "You listen to what I say. You will start to-morrow for

new country. Where it is doesn't concern you, and you'll have to walk. If you try to run you'll be knocked on the head, so you had better do as you're told. The blacks have got you, and not one of them talks English, so you won't be burdened with any secrets you'll hear. They are to take you where you'll be dealt with as the boss thinks fit, and if you value comfort in your last few days you'd best go quietly and give no trouble."

"I will not!" Wilton burst out.

"Oh, won't you?" answered the voice, with another kick. "You can see to that in the morning. For the present I'm off, so good-night. I'm taking your horse, too. You can send in the bill for it to Midnight. He'll pay."

After the voice ceased Wilton heard the man's footsteps moving away, and later the sounds of a horse trotting; then there was silence, only broken by the occasional crackling of the sticks on the fire.

He lay quiet for some time, listening, but could distinguish nothing. The men amongst whom he had fallen a prisoner were capable, he knew, of any form of cruelty, and were also his inveterate enemies. Slowly an idea took hold of his mind, but its hideous cruelty was such that he resolutely fought against it until the strain of the silence upon his nerves broke down his resistance, and he gave way to the fear that was upon him. What if his enemies had bound and blindfolded him and left him to his fate?

Unless he could escape from his bonds there was no hope for him to escape the death of slow starvation and thirst to which such a plan doomed him. It would be worse than useless crying for help, for there was no one within ten miles who would come to his assistance. There was only one way of escape, and that was by breaking free. He struggled frantically to loosen himself from the cords that bound him.

In his wriggings something caught in the cloth that had been tied over his eyes and round his head, and as he felt the resistance he jerked his head quickly. The strain on the cloth told him that it held, and he made a big effort to twist his body sufficiently to change the direction of the strain. It was successful, and the bandage slipped over his head, leaving his eyes free.

He glanced rapidly round. So far as he could see he was absolutely alone, and his fire was burning low. It looked as though the idea which had come to him were correct, for between him and the creek he saw that several large stones had been placed, as though his

captors had anticipated how he would roll towards the creek when thirst came upon him, and had put obstacles in his way to prevent his reaching the water.

He looked down at his legs. They were tied together by a length of thin cord wound round and round them. He managed to sit up, and wheeled round so as to get his feet towards the fire. By wriggling and twisting he worked one of the, as yet, unburnt-out logs away from the others and turned its glowing end within reach. Then he placed his legs above it, so as to bring the cord in contact with the red ash. He felt the heat strike through to his skin as the cord caught the flame and snapped in two or three places. Intent only upon freeing himself from his bonds, he paid no heed to the pain which followed, but his legs were burned in many a place before he had the last turn of the cord severed and was able to use his feet and stand up.

The next thing was to free his arms, and he looked round anxiously for some means of liberating them. At his feet lay one of the stones which had been placed there to prevent his rolling to the water. One of its edges was sharp and jagged, so against this edge he rubbed his bonds until they snapped and he was once more free.

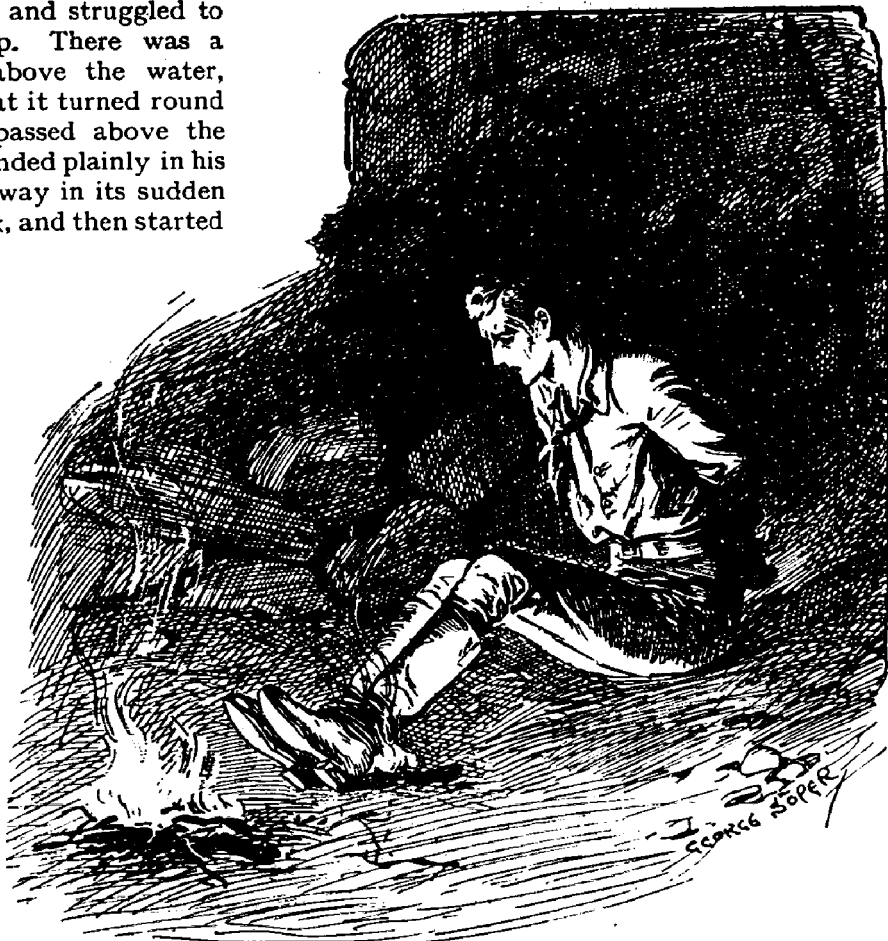
Then he looked about him. The bush lay sombre and silent around him, the gentle lapping of the stream as it bubbled along its rocky bed alone disturbing the stillness. The dull glow from his dying fire showed like an angry eye shining through the darkness, for the sky was overcast, and the gloom was otherwise unbroken. He went to the fire and kicked out the last gleam in the embers. Again he listened, and hearing nothing more than the water, he stepped into the creek and followed down the stream. He believed it would lead him to the river, and from there he could hurry to Billah or, if Giles had already gone, to Johnson. As he hastened along, slipping and stumbling over the wet stones and boulders that lay along the creek bed, he suddenly plunged forward in the darkness, and fell headlong, with a resounding splash, into a deep pool. Rising to the surface, he struck out until he felt something secure under his feet.

Dimly through the darkness he made out steep banks rising close on either side of him like two walls, and in front he caught the sound of falling water, while directly he touched bottom with his feet he felt that the stream was flowing rapidly past him. He was evidently just above a cascade, and, fearing to go

over it in the dark, he swam and struggled to the bank and clambered up. There was a smooth flat space a little above the water, and, following it, he found that it turned round the high wall of rock and passed above the fall, the roar of which now sounded plainly in his ears. He followed the pathway in its sudden turn round the projecting rock, and then started back. On the other side there was a smouldering fire, and round it the forms of a dozen natives lay sleeping.

Although Wilton started back as quickly as he could immediately he caught sight of the sleeping blacks, he was not quick enough to escape the notice of one of them. As he turned the rock again he heard the yell of warning with which his discovery was announced.

Springing towards the water, he slid down into the still, deep pool just as the natives rushed round the rock. He dived deep, and came to the surface as slowly as possible, but directly his head was above water he saw that resistance was useless. Each man, as he sprang up, had seized a brand from the fire. The light from the waving torches, when the men scattered round the pool, enabled the



THEN HE PLACED HIS LEGS ABOVE IT SO AS TO BRING THE CORD IN CONTACT WITH THE FLAME.

quick-eyed blacks to see Wilton long before he came to the surface, and a dozen spears were pointed at him as he rose.

(To be continued.)

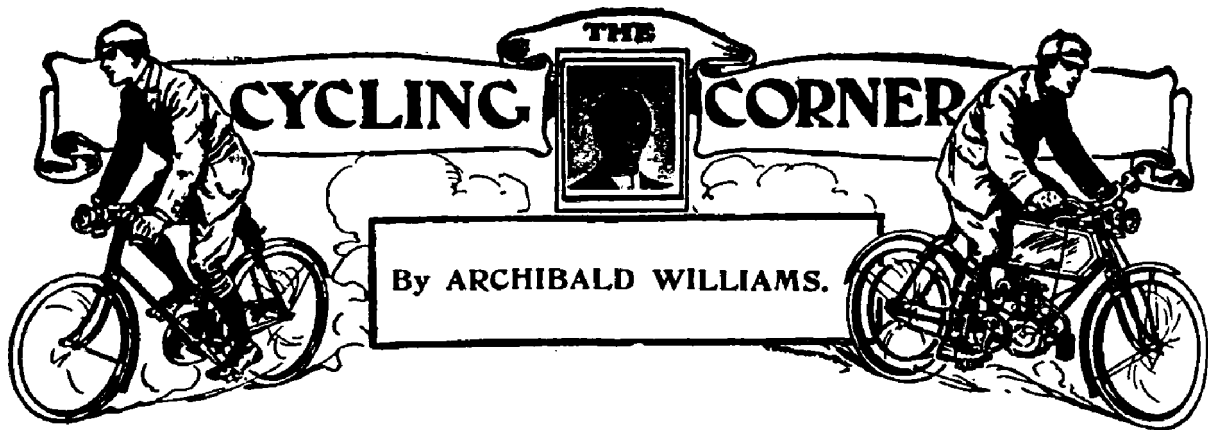
In a Tropical City.

ONE of the first things that strikes you on going ashore, and especially if it be night and the rainy season, is the hissing, whistling, and croaking sounds that fill the air. You could fancy yourself in some factory with the machinery running at full speed.

This is caused by the insects that creep out in the darkness, like one of old, "seeking whom they may devour." Their name is Legion. In addition to the mosquitoes, which, like the poor, "ye have always with you," we have the black beetles, known by the name of cockles and hardbacks; also cockroaches and grasshoppers and locusts, the sawyer beetle, the scissors-grinder, the great borer, the stag-horn beetle, the candle-fly, the maribuntas, and a whole host beside which set up their nightly

music. In addition to these there are the swarms of frogs that infest the wayside, the roads, and the trenches.

Big frogs with big bass voices that can be heard one or two miles away, and little ones that whistle and wheeze, all in a chorus of their own. As my wife said, "This is the very paradise of insects." The insect concert commences at dusk. At that time the performers begin to tune their instruments. There is a beetle called here "the sick o'clock beetle," that leads off the entertainment. He might be called the conductor. With a shrill whistle he sounds the keynote; the others take it up, and soon the music is in full swing. —From *British Guiana*, by the Rev. L. Crookall.



THE LIGHT CYCLE.

WHEN the buyer of a new machine shows his purchase to his friends they subject it to the following ordeal:

First, they stare at it and say, "A smart-looking mount, that." (Naturally true of a new cycle.)

Secondly, they spin the pedals; and say nothing.

Thirdly, they lift the cycle to try its weight. This seems to be the crucial point of the inspection. If they wish to be pleasant, they declare it to be a "nice light machine." You may believe that they mean it, or not, as you like.

Of course, the only definite test of weight is that of the scales. Catalogue estimates generally include the wicked word "about," which means *plus* a pound or two, as a rule. Now, I want to consider at some length this question of weight. What should a full roadster scale?

As my starting-point I take the avoirdupois of the average road-racer, given in several catalogues at *about* 28½ lb. Well, let's say 29 lb. The specification includes:

- 24-in. frame.
- 28-in. wheels.
- Light saddle.
- Rat-trap pedals.
- Two rim brakes.

On placing my "full roadster" on my weighing machine (which I consider to be a very George Washington for truth) it tips the beam at 37 lb. This looks rather heavy, doesn't it? But, then, the machine has "all on," except the lamp.

By means of a little sum I am able to satisfy myself that the weight is reasonable, after all. I have weighed details of my machine and of a road-racer, and therefore am in a position to account for the difference.

My machine has:

	lb. oz.
3-speed hub: extra weight	2 6
Rubbered pedals	10
Large wallet full of tools, &c.	2 0
Mud-guards	1 8
Touring-saddle	1 2
Bell	8

Total extra weight 8 2

Add 29 lb. 29 0

37 2

So you see that practically I have a road-racer with sundries added.

I think we may safely assume that the makers wouldn't build a road-racer any heavier than is necessary to stand rough wear. And as the frame and forks of the full roadster have to carry an extra 5 or 6 lb. (the weight of the three-speed hub falls on the back wheel) you cannot expect its weight to come out at a lower figure than that of the racer *plus* the etceteras.

I should add in parenthesis that the Dursley Pedersen machine, built on lines quite different from those of the diamond-framed cycle, is much lighter.

EXTRA WEIGHT WORTH ITS WEIGHT.

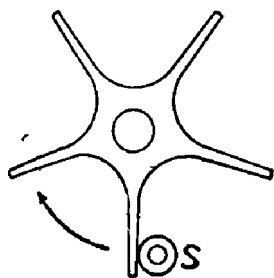
I don't envy the road-racerist on his lighter machine. My change gear is invaluable; my mud-guards save a lot of cleaning up; my more elaborate saddle gives additional comfort; my big wallet holds many useful odds and ends, besides tools; and the rubbered pedals afford lesser vibration for the feet. And, as I find that even with 8 lb. of camera and a 2-lb. lamp "up," I can in a calm average twelve miles an hour over undulating, and even hilly, country for a good riding day, without feeling the least bit "done," I really don't worry my head one moment about those 37 lb. of bike.

FITTING THE CYCLOMETER.

While on the subject of speeds, I should like to mention with all due modesty that I did 9996 miles in twenty minutes the other day. At any rate, my cyclometer said so; and I was soon readjusting the striker which operates the star-wheel of my Veeder. When attaching the cyclometer I forgot that the striker should hit the star-wheel *underneath*, not above. Having at one time or other mounted a dozen or more of these little recorders, I ought to have known better; and as a self-afflicted penance I herewith append a few hints which may be useful to readers.

The recording apparatus of the "Veeder" has a lug projecting underneath, which slides in a slot on the top of the mounting-plate. A

lock-screw keeps the lug tight in the slot. Loosen this screw and slide the dial along till the star-wheel almost touches the slot. Next remove the right-hand nut of the front wheel spindle and pull off the end of the mud-guard stay. Put cyclometer in position; replace stay-end; and screw nut on fairly tightly. Now shift the dial to the left till the star-



Showing the correct position of the striker relatively to one arm of the star-wheel of a Veeder cyclometer, when the arm is vertical.

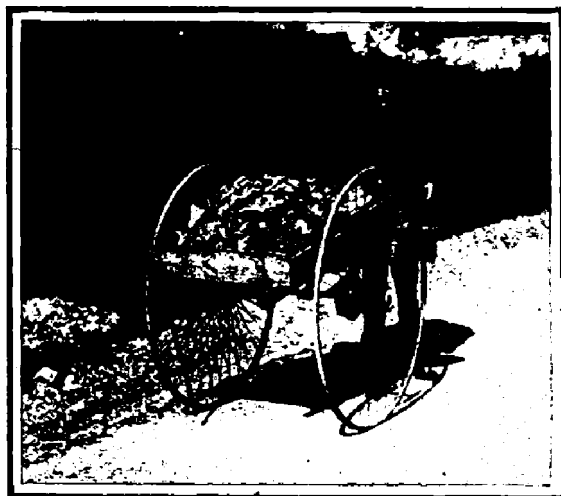
wheel all but touches the wheel; tighten lock-screw; pull the cyclometer back till it touches the fork, and tighten the nut.

The striker has a tiny roller mounted on a little strip of metal which slides in a socket. Loosen the little lock-screw on the latter and get out the roller-piece. Pass socket over a spoke between the hub and the point where it crosses its neighbour, and slide the roller-piece into position. Screw up loosely. Lift the front wheel from the ground and rotate it till the roller comes into contact with a spoke of the star. The correct testing position of the roller is shown simply in the diagram printed above. When this has been attained, tighten up the lock-screw of the striker; but not *too* hard. I find the double-dial "trip" and "total" Veeder much more interesting than the simple "total," as it enables one to register any single ride without any trouble. The "trip" is set to zero very quickly. Turn the milled head at the outside of the trip dial until the unit and fraction digits are equal, e.g., 322, 577. &c.; then pull the head out a fraction

of an inch. This locks units and fractions together, so that you can turn them in a lump till 000 appears. Then press milled head in again; and your "trip" is set.

WIDE PEDALS AND TOE-CLIPS.

Pedals which are too wide for the boot and allow the foot to keep slipping forward are a nuisance, unless fitted with a pair of toe-clips. The pattern I prefer is the leather-covered "Speedwell," made by Jos. Lucas, and costing about 1s. 6d. When mounting your machine don't bother about "finding" your clips (if they haven't found themselves) until you have got



The fate of a pair of tricycle wheels—to support a coster's barrow!

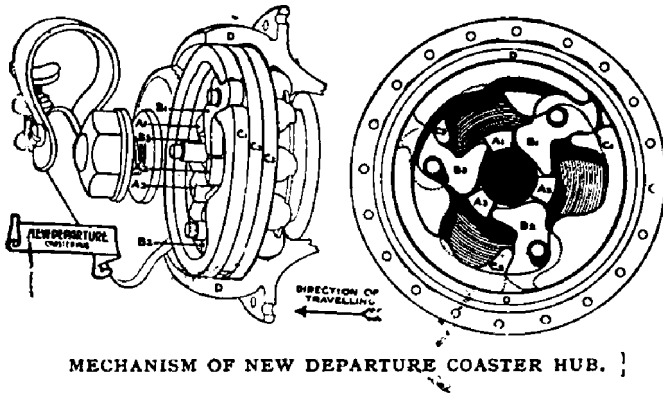
up a little impetus. Then free-wheel and kick the pedals over in succession.

GOOD CYCLES.

I have just received catalogues from the Singer Company, and Edward O'Brien of Coventry. The most original feature of the Singer machines is the method of applying the brakes. There are two roller brake levers, one for each hand. When the right is squeezed the rear brake only goes on, while the left lever applies *both* brakes simultaneously. The fork is thus relieved of some of the strain which is liable to set up. In short, the left is the "emergency" lever. This firm caters for the tricyclist, quite a large portion of the catalogue being devoted to the three-wheeler: and the rider who has not the use of his legs can find comfort in the "Velociman," propelled by two levers pulled towards him simultaneously. The rider has his back supported by a rest mounted on the end of a lever which moves

the rear wheel, so that a slight twist of the body alters the direction of motion. Singer cycles keep up their repute for good finish.

Edward O'Brien makes a speciality of "Coventry Challenge" cycles, which he offers at very reasonable rates. They are very smart, and up-to-date in every particular. Send for a



MECHANISM OF NEW DEPARTURE COASTER HUB. }

catalogue. By the way, how beautifully the makers get up their catalogues! I have in my pigeon-holes a large number of their brochures and a fine exhibition of the printer's and blockmaker's art they represent. Some of them even come under the heading of "dainty."

BRAKE AND CARRIER.

Not long ago I was negotiating a pretty stiff hill when I found that my rear brake wouldn't go on. I at once pulled up with the front brake and sought the cause of this strange obstinacy, which I traced to the clips that attached a rear carrier to the backstays. Continuous jolting had made these slide very slowly down the stays until they got within the space through which the brake horseshoe moved, and so effectively gagged it. Very soon afterwards a friend brought me a cycle that had developed similar obstinacy, and noticing that it, too, had a carrier over the brake wheel, I soon spotted the trouble. *Moral*: Screw your carrier clips well up.

THE NEW DEPARTURE HUB.

Messrs. Brown Bros. have sent me a print showing the internal arrangements of their back-peddalling brake hub. I have used it, since a number of my readers probably own a New Departure, and may be interested to learn how the brake acts. This hub is a very ingenious piece of mechanism, and deserves to be treated considerably, *i.e.*, to be lubricated properly with a special lubricant supplied for the purpose, which does not liquefy under the heat set up by the brake rings rubbing on the drums.

REPAIRING OUTFITS.

What a lot of old repairing outfit boxes one accumulates, together with a corresponding number of half-empty chalk tubes and squeezed-out rubber tubes! Why always put down sixpence or a shilling for a new outfit when one can replenish a box for about threepence? A tube of solution costs twopence; patches can be cut from old inner tubes; canvas and sandpaper mean but a fraction of a penny, if bought by the sheet; and a penn'orth of small rubber tubing suffices for half a dozen valve sleeves. I calculate on this basis that I could fill up half a dozen old outfit boxes for 1s. 3d. or less.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. C. R.—Buy a Standard Rudge-Whitworth with two-speed gear, gears 72 and 55 in. If you find these too low you can have a larger chain-wheel fitted. I don't think that you need fear any trouble with a change-speed gear. I use a Sturmey-Archer (three-speed) and never find it fail. The important thing is to keep the cable which operates the changing mechanism properly adjusted. Aluminium cycles are not made now. They are certainly lighter than steel ones and not the prey of rust, but not sufficiently dependable. After all, one's neck is more to be considered than a few plated surfaces.

If you use your cycle in all weathers you must use the cleaning cloth diligently. As for sideslip, all the best-known types of tyres minimise it, though they do not relieve the rider of the need for careful handling in treacherous places. The price of the cycle mentioned is just under £10.

"Lamborlece."—I should advise the following route: Ilfracombe, Milltown, Barnstaple, Bampton, Taunton, Langport, Yeovil, Sherborne, Shaftesbury, Salisbury, Andover, Basingstoke, Hartley Row, Bagshot, Egham, London. The roads between Barnstaple and Taunton are rough in places; from Taunton to Yeovil fair; from Yeovil to Salisbury good; from Salisbury to Andover gritty in dry weather; from Andover to London excellent. This route will give you all sorts of scenery. The total distance is about 210 miles. Vol. I. of the "British Road Book," published by the Cyclists' Touring Club (47 Victoria Street, Westminster), will be very useful to you for this ride.

Puzzled.—I am afraid that I could not give you instructions for straightening the forks of your cycle without seeing the nature of the damage. Wouldn't it be best to take the forks to a repairer, who could put them right for you without risk of breaking anything? If you tried the job yourself you might crack the tubes, with dire results subsequently.

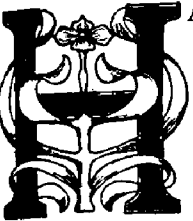
J. Q. Turner.—Thanks for your long letter. I have read your specification with interest. I would suggest the following alterations: (1) no gold lining; (2) rods to separate brakes; (3) Sturmey-Archer three-speed gear (one guinea more than two-speed), 54, 71, 94 in. gears. With this you will show up well in any "run."

RAM CHUNDUR, HAVILDAR.

(Of the Agra Police.)

By E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.



HAVING often heard of the originality and great mental subtlety displayed by the criminals of India, I was fired with a desire to write a series of Hindoo detective stories, and with that object in view I called on my

friend, the District Superintendent of Police at Agra, and asked him to put the necessary information in my way. He professed his willingness to do so, and, pointing to a well-filled bookcase, said :

"There are the Police Reports for the last twenty-five years. Help yourself. I promise you'll find them pretty dry reading. I am no hand at telling a story myself, but we possess a treasure in the person of the Havildar. He can spin you yarns for weeks on end about the cases he has been engaged on. He is not exactly a liar, but he is about the most unblushing boaster I have been privileged to hear. Being the biggest fool you could meet in a month's travel, he naturally believes he is the most ingenious detective that ever was. Every success is due to him, and every failure to some one else. He also believes he is the most important man in the department, not excepting myself. Still, there is one virtue that he really possesses, for he is brave to fool-hardiness. Make his acquaintance, and if you can only take down his yarns verbatim and say you invented them, you should be able to make your mark in literature."

I did as he suggested, and was pleasantly impressed by the appearance of the Havildar, who was a fine, soldier-like Hindoo, nearly six feet high, deep chested and broad shouldered, with fiercely curled whiskers of iron grey and a voice like the commander of a battalion. He was past fifty years of age, but looked as active as any young fellow. He was delighted with my proposal, and said that the one unsatisfied ambition of his life was to have his adventures duly recorded in a book, after which he could die happily.

According to appointment he arrived just as I had finished my dinner, made myself comfortable in the cane lounge in my verandah, and lit my favourite Trichinopoly. An attendant brought his old-fashioned silver hookah and a small rug.

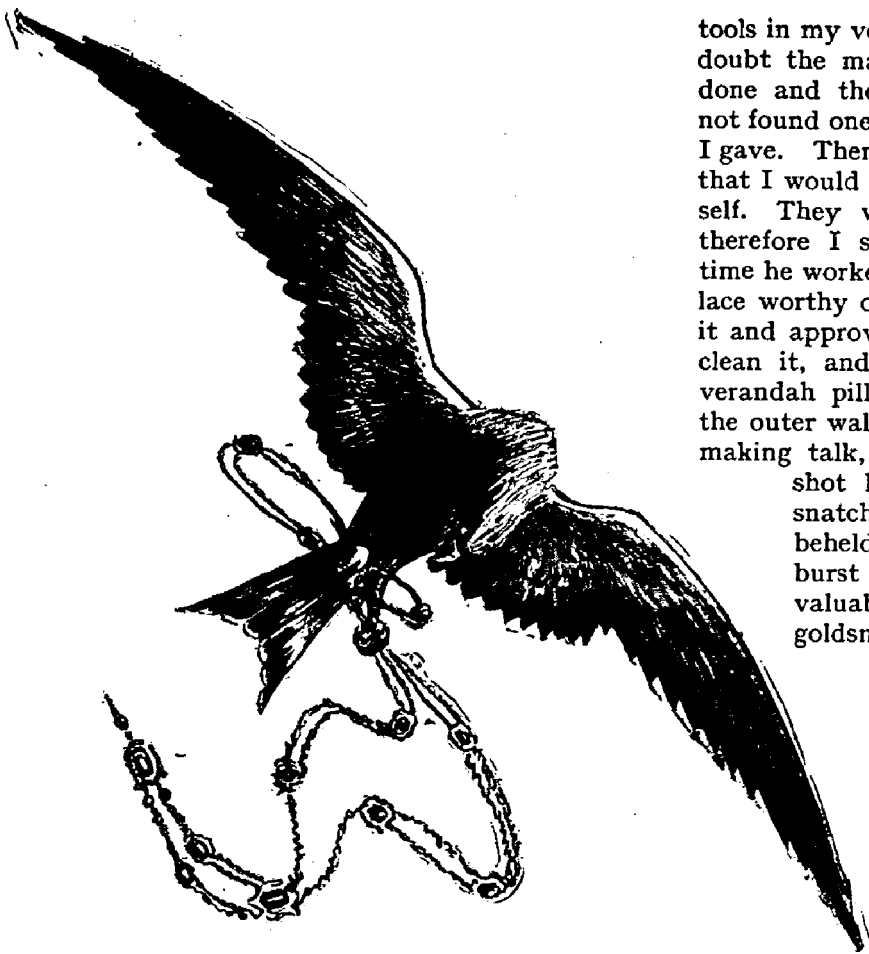
Having seated himself cross-legged on the latter, and taken a few deep pulls at his hookah to see that it was in working order, he gave his whiskers an extra twist, and began :

"The Sahib has done a wise thing in coming to me. Who knows the many-faced criminal like Ram Chundur, Havildar, of the Agra Police? Who has captured more of these vermin, bazaar jackals, household snakes, and jungle wolves? Whisper my name in the market-place, and you will know the thief by his ague-legs. Is there a problem to solve, a mystery to make clear, men say, 'Send for Ram Chundur, Havildar.' I have seen, Sahib, the police of the three Presidencies baffled by a mystery, like a ring of helpless monkeys round a cocoanut, but what was the opening of a cocoanut to Ram Chundur, Havildar? Men cried 'Shabash! Well done!' But it was no effort of the intellect to me. Some men are born so. This is straight talk and true, Sahib. Put it in your book. Born so. Pupil of no man.

"What would the Sahib hear first? The tale of some jewel stolen?

"Then let the Presence hearken to me, and I will speak of the necklace of Adjudia Nath. Though its loss occurred some ten years ago, the circumstance is still green in my memory.

"About the time of mango blossom came Sudoo, a dependent of the rich mahajun, Adjudia Nath, begging that the police would proclaim a reward for the finding of an emerald necklace which his master had lost. It not being my custom to deal with the slave when I can speak with the master, I sent the mahajun word I was coming to see him concerning this matter. Therefore, putting on my best uniform, with belt and sword and long riding



A KITE SHOT LIKE AN ARROW FROM THE SKY AND SNATCHED AWAY THE NECKLACE.

boots of shining leather, I mounted my grey mare, whose tail and fetlocks had been dyed a fine crimson since the Hoolie festival, and doubtless there was no finer sight that morning in the bazaar than Ram Chundur, Havildar, of the Agra Police."

Here the moustaches were brushed up fiercely again, and he proceeded :

" Bidding two of my chowkedars follow me, I rode to Adjudia Nath's, the big white-washed house near the Fort. Sweetmeats having been spread before us, and tobacco given us to drink, as is the custom, we sat and discussed the bazaar news till there remained nothing further to talk about ; then, begging pardon of me for mentioning his own affairs, Adjudia Nath spoke of the necklace thus :

" ' The wedding of my daughter draweth near, Havildar Sahib, and therefore I had brought to me a crafty goldsmith to make me certain ornaments, bracelets, anklets, nose-rings and ear-rings, all of the best Delhi gold, which I supplied. These he made to my great satisfaction, sitting here and working with his

tools in my verandah, day after day. Without doubt the man was honest, for when all was done and the ornaments weighed, they were not found one grain less in weight than the gold I gave. Then I bethought me of some emeralds that I would like made into a necklace for myself. They were exceedingly precious gems, therefore I sat eyeing the goldsmith all the time he worked. At last it was ready—a necklace worthy of a king. When I had examined it and approved it, he put it into the bath to clean it, and then hung it on a nail in the verandah pillar to dry, for the sun shone on the outer wall of the pillar. While he was yet making talk, standing near the pillar, a kite shot like an arrow from the sky and snatched away the necklace. This I beheld with both eyes, and my heart burst within me, for the stones were valuable stones. But the grief of the goldsmith was great indeed, for he tore his hair and rent his garments, and would have cast himself into the well, but that we held him back by force. Certain of my servants gave chase to the bird, but the kites of the bazaar are many, and it was soon lost amongst them.

" ' Without doubt, the bird must have soon dropped the necklace, finding it was not eatable. Therefore, I would beseech you, Havildar Sahib, to post up

a reward of Five Hundred Rupees for the finder of the gems. Also I shall have the town crier with his drum to proclaim the same in the bazaars.'

" ' You will do wisely to offer the reward,' I said, ' for, have no fear, the gems must soon be found, and none would be bold enough to keep so valuable a necklace should he pick it up.'

" Then the mahajun presented the *pan* and gave us leave to depart.

" Now with me was my sister's son, a poor lad for whom I had procured service under the Sirkar. Put these things in your book, Sahib. Of my charity I procured him service.

" ' Havildar Sahib,' said he, for I had forbade him to call me ' Uncle ' before others, ' have you observed the nail in the wall on which the necklace was hung ? '

" ' Yes,' I replied, ' there is naught strange about it.'

" ' It is a wooden peg.'

" ' Well, what of that ? '

" ' There are also smears of blood on the peg and on the wall.'

“Naturally; the kite cut its foot darting on the peg,” I replied, astonished at his stupidity.

“But the marks are many and old. Also there are a great number of scratches on the wall around the peg. Doth it not make one think that—?”

“Think what, you blockhead?”

“That it would be well to inquire the name and abode of the goldsmith?”

“Now I perceive what thy aim is, thou greedy dog; thou would’st be gorging sweetmeats all day.”

“I spoke roughly with a purpose, for Adjudia Nath listened to our talk.

“I forbid you to place the goldsmith under contribution, for he is a poor man and honest.”

“Nay, Havildar Sahib, I had not thought of doing so,” he answered. “It will be of greater service to make a few inquiries in the butchers’ bazaar.”

“Hast gone mad?” I cried in bewilderment.

Adjudia Nath laughed. “You have kept him in the sun too long. Now, a lot of cold water poured on the head hath great virtue.”

“But I had mounted my mare, and, angrily bidding the youth follow, I returned to the Thanna.”

“Long I lay awake that night thinking of the reward. It would be a wise thing to find the necklace myself, if possible. Therefore at daybreak I took a boy, the son of a tobacconist of the bazaar who lived over against my house near the Thanna, and, going to some trees near Adjudia Nath’s house, whereon were kites’ nests, I made the lad climb up to see if, perchance, the kite had carried the necklace into one of them. I feared the kites would attack the boy fiercely, as is their custom, and I had therefore taken a gun with me to shoot any troublesome birds, but to my surprise none came near him.

“The boy was descending the last of the trees when Murli, my sister’s son, who had received a week’s leave that morning, came up laughing.

“It was a clever idea, Havildar Sahib, to think the kite would take the necklace home to his wife, but, alas! they are divorced at present, for the breeding season is past, and birds do not use nests at all seasons.”

“Which was like a fool’s talk. For if birds do not sleep in nests, where do they sleep? Having told him that when he was a man of forty he would understand these things better, I asked him, with some scorn, what he had found in the butchers’ bazaar.

“Just the food I expected to find,” he replied. Which was impudent, for, being a Hindoo, he could not eat meat of any kind.

“I flung his turban in the dust and poured hot abuse on his head, but he made off quickly.

“That night, likewise, I was restless as I lay on my charpoy on the roof, for the lungs refused the hot air of the rooms. While the sun yet slept, I arose, and, sitting on the side of the bed, smoked my hookha. No man at that hour was in the street. After a time I heard a little noise, the bamboo mats which shut in the shop of the tobacconist across the road were moved, and out stepped the boy who had climbed the trees for me. Looking with stealth this way and that, he set off running down the street, his bare feet making no sound. Maybe an hour after, as I wandered down the highway, tasting the morning air, I saw the tobacco boy returning from the side of the field where he had climbed the trees the day before. When he saw me he would have turned aside, but that I called to him, ‘Ram Ram, God’s peace, Luchman, what brings you forth so early?’

“He looked somewhat confused, but answered, ‘Ram Ram, Havildar Sahib, I lost my silver amulet, and it came into my mind it may have broken from my arm when climbing the trees yesterday. Therefore I went to look for it. Under the nest on the withered mangoe I found it. See, here it is.’

“And with that he opened his hand, wherein was the silver charm with the cord broken.

“I passed on and thought no more of it. That day was the second day from the posting of the notice, the offering of reward, and the beating of the town crier’s drum, but no news of the missing necklace came,—though some one, I thought, must surely have found it by that time.

“About mid-day I noticed that the shutters of the tobacconist’s shop had not been taken down. Therefore when I saw the boy come out I asked the reason of this thing.

“My uncle is dead, and my father has gone to burn him,” he replied.

“But you have kept the shop in his absence before,” I said.

“Yes, Havildar Sahib, that is true, but to-day my mother is ill and I am cooking the food.”

“To my mind these were straight words, and I would have forgot the matter, but being on the roof of my house in the day it happened that I looked towards the shop. It was still closed. Then my eye fell on the small enclosure behind the hut, and there, to my great wonderment, I saw the tobacconist seated

quietly smoking his hookha. Why he should be in hiding perplexed my mind for some time, but this even I forgot later on in the business of the day. Lying awake at night, thinking about one thing and another, the hiding of the tobacconist came to my thoughts, and I wondered in an idle manner why he had acted so. Suddenly the charag of intelligence lit up the darkness of perplexity, for, O Sahib, I am a



I BEAT HIM ON THE MOUTH WITH MY SHOE.

E.R. 11

very shrewd man! Thus it swiftly came into my mind that perchance this had somewhat to do with the necklace. He may have shut himself in so as to bury it undisturbed in some secure spot under the floor or the fireplace. This was in good sense provided he had found the gems, but there was no reason thus far to believe he had. Therefore was I reluctantly about to dismiss the matter from my mind when there came the remembrance of his son going in search of his lost amulet, and then, Sahib, like lightning, I saw it all. The amulet story was to throw dust in my eyes. The lad had found the necklace the day before in the

kite's nest, but, coveting it greatly, had left it there, climbed down, and reported the nest empty. That was the reason of his rising so early in the morning and paying the nests a visit. He had brought away the necklace concealed in his clothes, and given it to his father to bury. Hoho! the whole plot was now unveiled to my eyes, and I wondered I had not seen it before. Loud and triumphantly I laughed to the night as I lay there on my charpoy, till certain of my household thought I had the black sweeper on my chest.

"At dawn, having told two of my chowkedars to keep within earshot of my whistle, I went over to the tobacconist and asked him why he was hiding in his house when his son said he was away at a burning of the dead. Never have I seen a man look so guilty, Sahib, so I knew at once that my thought was right about the gems. With much stammering, and eyes aslant, and palms joined, he answered, standing on one leg:

"The truth, Havildar jee, is that yesterday came a money-lender to whom I owed a large sum, and I could not pay him, as certain moneys I expected had not come to hand. This being the third putting off of the debt, and the man being a very violent man and a wrathful, I was afraid and kept in hiding. But I am assured I shall have the moneys by noon. Therefore I have opened my shop and can face the money-lender should he come."

"This, Sahib, was an ingenious tale, but I, too, am ingenious, and should every ready-witted rascal be believed, who would ever be captured for his misdoings? I therefore told him that I knew he had found the necklace, and had shut up his shop so that he could hide it safely. His surprise was great, but I was convinced that he was acting. He fell at my feet, calling all the gods to witness he was innocent, and begged I would at once search his shop and the three other rooms of the hut. I could see the smooth-tongued rascal sat upon thorns, so I proceeded to search, having first whistled for my chowkedars. But I could find no trace of the missing gems, although I studied the floor for signs of recent digging, and the walls for signs of recent plastering. Having

found nothing I was at a loss what to do, when my sister's son came into the place, and, learning the details of the matter, said :

"Great is thy wisdom, Havildar Sahib ; of a surety thy idea is good. If thy slave might make a suggestion, do not be disappointed at not finding the necklace forthwith. These are cunning rascals, father and son, and have hidden it well. Take a spade and dig up all the floors to the very foundations ; take off the thatch if need be. Pull down all the walls, and break open every ball of tobacco, and examine the interior of the hookhas before desisting, lest these thieves throw dirt on thy beard and put thee to shame, Great Sir.'

"These words my sister's son spoke with a grave face, giving me mouth-honour, but I suspected in my heart he laughed in his sleeve. But as sometimes words of wisdom accidentally fall from the mouths of fools, I considered that he had unwittingly said a very wise thing, and I proceeded to have the floors dug up, while the tobacconist beat his head upon the ground and cried for mercy, saying he would be ruined.

"But I, who had a duty to perform, could feel no mercy for the rascal. Then he brought money in a bag and besought me to accept a gift of Fifty Rupees and leave him in peace. This he did in the open, while the twenty windows of the Thanna stared like twenty eyes upon us. And yet there was near at hand a secluded spot where he might have spoken privately to me. This enraged me so that I beat him on the mouth with my shoe, shouting abuse so that all might hear. Ram Chundur, Havildar, of the Agra Police, was a man of honour, and one who would take no bribes. However, I was consoled to remember there was the reward of Five Hundred Rupees, which made me very hot on the scent.

"I pressed into my service six coolies who were passing that way, and, much against their liking, I put them to work digging up the floors and pulling down the walls, and, although the sun was very fierce, so zealous was I in the service of the Government that I never left the place till sunset, when the walls were level with the ground, and the foundations excavated, and every lump of tobacco and every piece of furniture that could conceal the necklace had been broken into small bits. Then, and then only, was I satisfied that the tobacconist had hid the gems elsewhere. Nevertheless, I took the man, his wife and son into custody.

"Their lamentations, which they had kept up all day, had brought a large crowd round

the place. We had just driven these people away when there came riding on horseback the Superintendent Sahib.

"What is this you have been doing ?' he asked in tones of anger, as his eyes fell on the demolished house.

"I therefore explained the matter to him, and looked for some commendation, for, in truth, it had been hard work pulling down that house in the hot sun. But he was very wrath.

"Liberate those poor innocent folk immediately,' he ordered, 'and I hope you will make good the damage you have done to their property, for I am certain the Government is not going to pay for your foolishness.'

"My foolishness ! Ram Chundur, Havildar, foolish ?' I exclaimed in surprise, half believing my ears had played me a trick. And there were murmurs of dissent, quite loud enough for him to hear, from my chowkedars.

"Is it not foolishness to pull down a man's house and utterly ruin his shop and furniture on such a shadow of suspicion ? And while you, the head of the police, have been engaged on this fool's errand, the youngest man in the service, Murli, chowkedar, has captured the real culprit just as he was taking train for the other side of India.'

"Captured by Murli ! That boy ! Sahib, he has made a fool of you ! Let me beat him on the mouth with my shoe.'

"Are you sure you won't need the shoe yourself ? There is no mistake. The necklace is in my pocket, and there is the thief.'

"Then I saw, handcuffed, behind his horse, the jeweller ; also, in the background, with a grin of victory on his face, was that fool, my sister's son.

"And though I found it hard to believe, Sahib, it was quite true, for it came out in the evidence that Murli, thinking those marks of blood on the peg and pillar of the verandah were caused by scraps of raw meat hung there constantly by the cunning goldsmith to feed the kites, went to the butchers' bazaar and made inquiries. There were very many butchers to ask, but he remembered that, being a Hindoo, the goldsmith would not touch beef ; also he deemed mutton to be too expensive for the kites, so he went to the two or three men who sell goats' meat to the Mohammedans, and one of them owned to selling small scraps of meat to the goldsmith every day for the past fortnight. What does Murli do next but also buy some scraps of meat, and in the dinner hour, when nobody was about, he hung them on the peg. There were four kites that sat or flew constantly in sight of that peg. One

took his meat to the sloping roof of a mahajun's near by, for the kite cannot feed on the wing; two flew to the trees where the nests were; and a fourth took his to one of the four minarets of the Jumma Musjid. Several times my



WITH GREAT RISK OF FALLING, THROUGH GIDDINESS, FOR THE MINARETS ARE ONE HUNDRED FEET HIGH, HE CLIMBED DOWN TO THE LEDGE.

sister's son tried them; each time they took their meat to the same feeding-places. The roof of the mahajun's house was visible to all persons in the street; had the kite dropped the necklace under the trees I would have found

it; therefore the minaret was the most likely place. Murli proceeded to the Mosque, and found that the fourth minaret had been disused for a long time; the dust was thick on the stone stairs, there were no footprints, and his heart failed him, for it was plain the goldsmith had not been there. Nevertheless, the youth went to the top and peered over the side. There was a ledge some four feet below on which there were bones and scraps of dried skin, abundant proof of the kite's feeding-place, yet no necklace. Then he looked over on the city side, and the first thing his eyes beheld was the necklace lying on the ledge. Then he was sorry he had thought the goldsmith a thief, for now it was plain the necklace had been taken by the bird without his desire. With great risk of falling through giddiness, for the minarets are each one hundred feet high, he climbed down to the ledge and recovered the necklace. When he got back to the gallery above, he looked curiously to see what gems of such fabulous value appeared like, and, behold, Sahib! even boy as he was, he could see at a glance it was a base imitation—green glass for stones, and brass for gold! So daring was that goldsmith that, even under the eyes of the wise merchant, he managed to exchange this worthless, though clever, imitation for the real necklace, which lay all the time he was lamenting its loss at the feet of Adjudia Nath in the bath of dark-coloured liquid.

Going home, the lad saw the goldsmith being shaved at the wayside by a napie. He waited out of sight till the goldsmith was gone, then went to be operated on by the same man. As he had nothing on his chin to remove, he submitted his head, and learnt from the talkative napie that the goldsmith was leaving by the four o'clock train for Benares.

"Now in this matter do I blame the lad. Instead of coming to me, his uncle, he went to the Superintendent Sahib and told him all the case and showed him the false necklace. The Sahib kept him in his house till the city gong had beaten the half-hour beyond three, when he rode down to the station and captured the goldsmith, who had the necklace in a small casket with him.

"Adjudia Nath was very pleased to recover the gems, and paid Murli the full reward of Five Hundred Rupees. The lad, fearing I was vexed with him, forced me, much against my will, to take half the reward, saying I had worked harder than he for it, which was quite true; so, just to show I could not be at enmity with my sister's son, I accepted it. There were certain cows which I had a great desire

to buy, and for this the money would have been useful. But I learnt the foolish lad had given his half to the tobacconist whose house I pulled down, saying it was his fault, and I, being afraid the city would cry shame on me, did likewise with the half which I had earned so hardly. Yet was I loath to do this thing, for, knowing these rascals as I do, I feel convinced that the tobacconist, foreseeing I should prove cleverer than he, had contrived in some manner to send away the necklace while I was engaged in pulling down the house.

"So you see, Sahib, I had in my hand the first links of the chain, and in time I would have arrived at the other end. Therefore, those who thought I blundered in this matter were nothing but asses, and the sons of asses,

seeing that on account of its very fineness my reasoning was invisible to them. Forget not to put this in your book, O Sahib.

"For the next few days I could hear of nothing but the cleverness of Murli, chowkedar. Everywhere in the city men were surprised that a beardless boy, unaided, should have done so cunning a thing, until I made it known that he was of my blood, and that I had trained him carefully according to my methods. Then surprise disappeared. For it is known throughout the length and breadth of the land that if any man possesses the wisdom of the serpent, the cunning of the jackal, and the fearlessness of the tiger, that man is Ram Chundur, Havildar, of the Agra Police."

IN THE BAD OLD DAYS.

TALKING about washing, I had only one bath at school all the time I was there, viz., two years. This was administered to the whole lot of us in one evening by the stableman, gardener, and general factotum, in an outhouse. This man washed and scrubbed us with a piece of carpet smeared with that repulsive gelatinous abomination known as soft-soap, and while he wiped us down indulged in facetious comments upon any personal peculiarities which our condition revealed. And this reminds me that during my first Half my daily wash was not in the lavatory with the other boys. This is how it came about. At the present day little boys are put into sailor suits or knickerbockers at three or four years old; but these had not been invented in my time, and so we retained petticoats and other feminine habiliments until eight or nine, and then passed, without transition, at one leap, into trousers. When I first went to that school I was still in this infantile attire, and, as it involved the doing up of various pieces of tape behind my back, I couldn't dress myself, and so after the other fellows had left the room a servant came and put on and fastened up all except the outer portion of my raiment, which consisted of a sort of tunic gathered in at the waist with a belt, and of a bright green colour which earned me the sobriquet of "the grasshopper." With this I descended to the kitchen, and there washed myself in a small tin bowl with a handle to it, which was set upon a chair. Meanwhile the servants chaffed me, to the amusement of Mrs. Snooke, who spent that time cutting and buttering the bread for breakfast.

Twice a year the schoolroom was the scene of an event of extraordinary importance. As Dotheboys Hall had its holiday letter, so had we. Mr. Snooke composed it, and dictated it to the First Class. I have before me one of these letters, written by myself, and dated Dec. 7, 1861, when I had just turned nine years old. The handwriting is copper-plate, and far finer than anything I could do at the present time. Thus it runs:

"My dear Parents,—We shall soon have completed the studies of another year, and I am looking forward with eager anticipation to the Christmas holidays, which it is now my pleasing duty to inform you will commence on Wednesday, the 18th instant.

"After the many valuable opportunities of instruction and improvement which your kind care has afforded me, you will naturally hope to find that I have made a progress corresponding to the advantages I enjoy.

"It is my earnest desire to give you satisfaction by continued industry and good conduct, and by this means to strive to recompense you in some measure for your parental solicitude for my welfare.

"The train by which we are to leave on the 18th instant will arrive at Paddington at eleven.

"Hoping to find yourselves and all friends in the enjoyment of health and happiness,

"I am, my dear Parents,

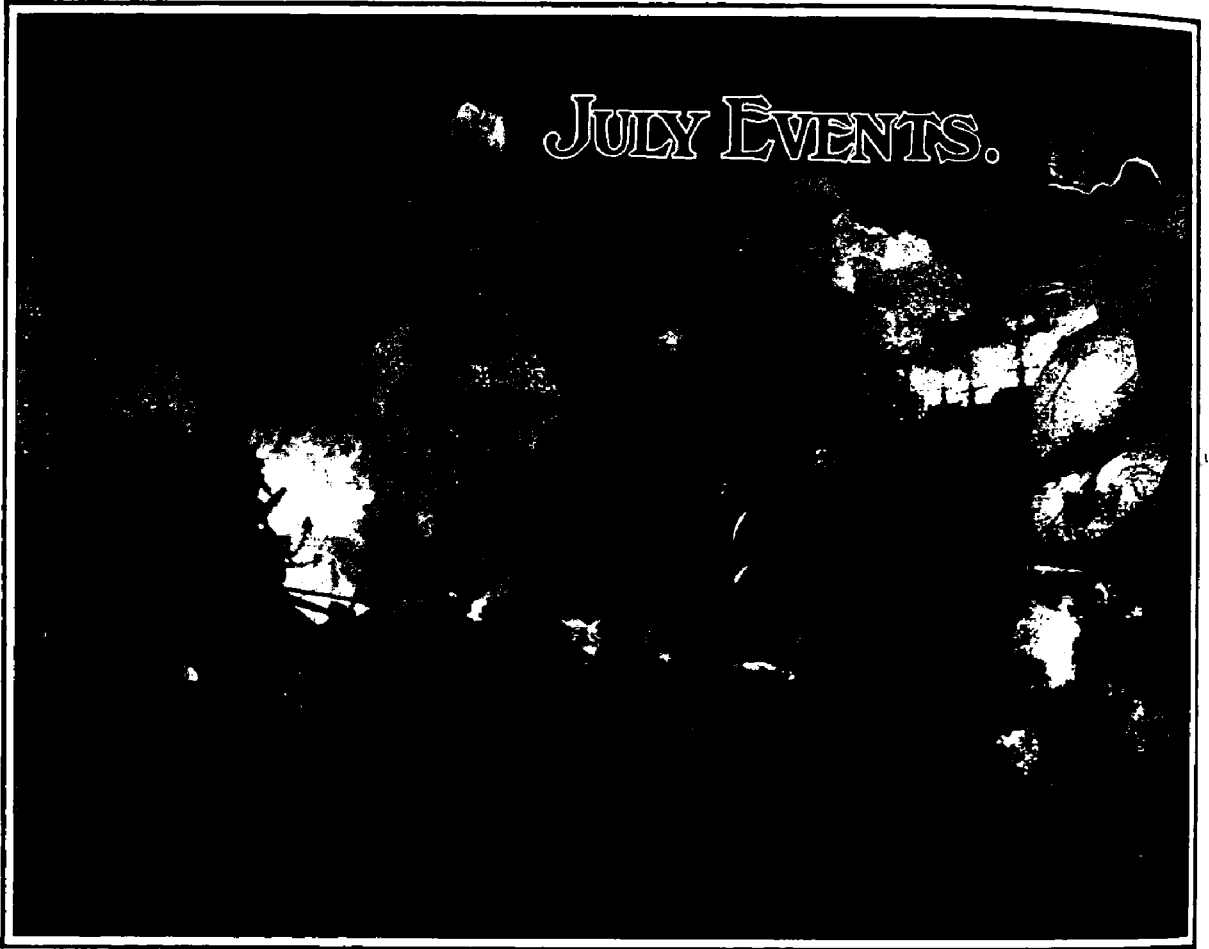
"Your affectionate Son.

"Mr. and Mrs. Snooke desire their compliments."

—From "Reminiscences of a Private School
Forty Years Ago," in *The Malvernian*.



JULY EVENTS.



THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

From the picture by P. de Louthembourg, R.A., in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.

It was the afternoon of July 27, 1588. The sun was shining brightly on the white cliffs of the English coast, crowded with anxious people gazing eagerly out across the sparkling sea, where, lost in clouds

The Defeat of the Spanish Armada.

of smoke, brave men were struggling for their country. The thunder of the guns could be faintly heard, and now and then through the drifting smoke the tall masts and fluttering flags could be dimly descried. Now and again a murmur ran through the assembled multitudes on the cliffs, swelling into a roar of joy or sorrow as some important point in the conflict was witnessed.

On past the beautiful shores of the Isle of Wight the combatants sailed. Never for one moment did the guns cease their roar or the spectators their anxious vigil, till at last, when the fleets drew near the Straits of Dover, and the sun sank in a purple haze, an end was temporarily put to the dreadful carnage, and

the Armada cast anchor under the shelter of the coast of France.

Darkness fell, and nothing was heard but the lapping of the water and the groans of men in agony. None of the weary Spaniards saw the crowded boats steal silently away from the English fleet, each towing some huge unwieldy mass towards the foe, till suddenly a lurid glare seemed to shoot up out of the very sea itself, and eight huge fire-ships, roaring and hissing, bore down upon them.

This was the English Admiral's crowning strategy. Cutting their cables in their haste the Spaniards fled out to sea, where the ever-watchful foe closed round their huge vessels in a deadly embrace. Terrified and disorganised, the Spaniards made little resistance, the shot from their huge, castle-like ships flying harmlessly over the Englishmen's decks. Until August 7 the Armada, unable to make its way down the channel against a strong head wind, struggled round the north of Scotland, ever followed by the tireless foe. On this wild

and desolate coast the Armada suffered a greater defeat at the hands of a greater power than it met in the English Channel or in the Calais roadstead. Towards the end of September a few shattered hulks staggered helplessly into a Spanish harbour—the remains of Philip's great Armada, called *The Invincible*.

ALFRED W. DOBBIN.

[With all respect to Mr. Dobbin's knowledge of the subject, I beg to suggest that very little of the fight could have been seen from the English cliffs. If the thunder of the guns could only be faintly heard, and the tall masts but dimly descried, it was not likely that the watchers on the cliffs gave expression to joy or sorrow according to the varying tide of battle, for the simple reason that they were too far away to follow what was going on.—EDITOR, CAPTAIN.]



AN event associated with July, and one which has affected the whole world, was the capture of the fortress of Gibraltar by the British.

The Capture of Gibraltar.

It was assaulted and

taken by Sir George Rooke on July 24, 1705, with a fleet of forty-five battle-ships and a landing force of two thousand marines, by partial surprise during the war of the Spanish Succession. The attacking force was composed of British and Dutch, and the fortress was afterwards ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713.

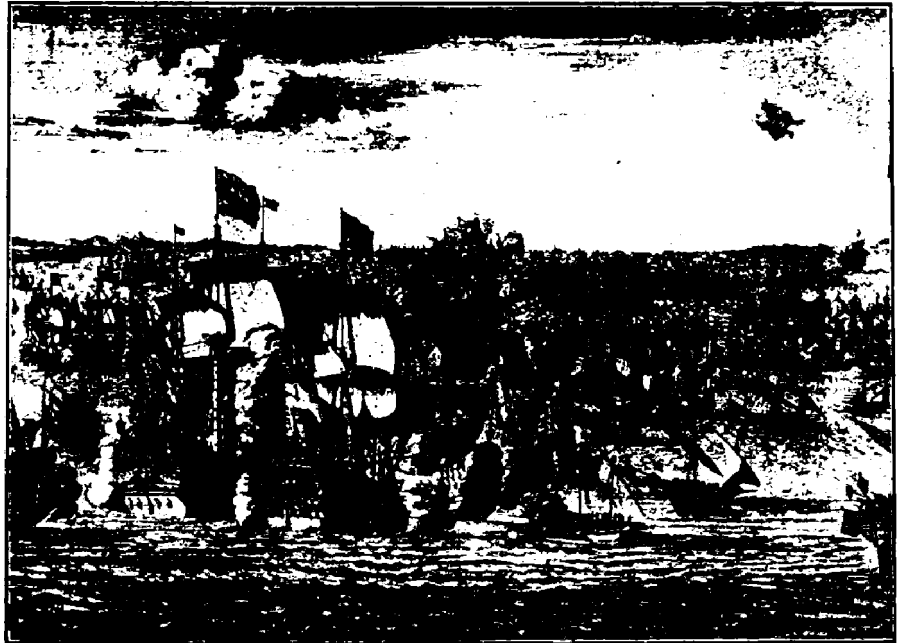
The French and Spanish have made many fruitless attempts to recapture it, notably from June 1779, to September 1782, when General Elliot successfully beat off the combined fleets by firing red-hot shot on to their decks. Such is its natural strength that although they kept thirty thousand men battering it for two years, the garrison of British soldiers held it safely for the Empire.

It has long served as a stepping-stone to Malta, and, above all, has afforded, on more than one occasion, a refuge for the British fleet in time of trouble. Making it their headquarters, our ships have been able to patrol the entrance

of the Straits, and command the narrow waters which lie immediately in front of it. In this way it has acted as a sort of key by which our fleet could close the Straits, unless to an enemy present in overwhelming force. It has furnished in the past a rendezvous for our ships for provisioning, and, in a degree also, a haven of safety for refitting after an action at sea whenever, temporarily outnumbered and over-matched, our fleet has been compelled to take refuge under its guns.

It has also afforded protection to such British naval and commercial vessels and convoys as have, from time to time, required such aid, and has usefully served as a point for concentration, whence hostile operations could be organised and carried out in safety. For all these purposes it had, as long as the fleets could anchor there in safety, a value hardly to be over-appreciated.

But it has yet to be shown how far Gibraltar can withstand modern projectiles. If it cannot afford safe shelter to the British fleet in time of war, then "the Rock"—as soldiers and



ADMIRAL ROOKE'S VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH, COMMANDED BY COUNT TOULOUSE, OFF MALAGA, AUGUST 13, 1704.

After J. Sallmaker. Rischgitz Collection.

sailors term it—will forfeit its long-established claim to impregnability.

GEORGE E. RUSSELL.



THE War of American Independence was caused through repeated attempts on the part of the English to force various duties upon

the North American Colonies. The English parliament decided that the Colonists should contribute something towards the expenses incurred by the Mother Country during the Seven Years' War. The Colonists were not unwilling to bear their share of the burden, but when an Act (the Stamp Act) was passed, in 1765, which enabled the Government to impose a tax on newspapers, commercial writings, and the like, the Colonists refused to pay the tax because they saw that if the duty were paid they would be de-

**The War of
American
Independence.**

of Boston, and introduced a strong military force into the country, whilst the Colonists on their part refused to import any British goods, and got ready a supply of powder and arms. On the arrival of tea ships from England at Boston, they were boarded by Colonists, disguised Indians, and the tea was thrown overboard. This act roused the Government to vigorous measures, and, in order to punish the people of Boston, two acts were passed. These doings brought matters to a crisis. Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Edmund Burke, and Chas. James Fox were vigorously supporting the Colonists in the English parliament, but the king would



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, 1776.

From the painting by Trumbull. Rischgitz Collection.

prived of all security for their property. They held meetings and drew up petitions against it. The ministers became very uneasy, and repealed the tax; but the pride of the Mother Country led her to pass a declaratory Act asserting her right "to bind the Colonies in all cases whatsoever." The idea of raising revenue in America was not set aside, but another mode was to be tried. Duties were imposed on glass, paper, and tea, and these also were met by a determined opposition. The British ministers became angry, but dropped all the customs duties with the exception of that on tea. They also closed the Port

not pay attention to the repeated warnings of the three great statesmen. Shortly after these repressive measures were passed, a Congress was summoned at Philadelphia which was attended by representatives of all the States but Georgia. In 1775 an attempt to seize some supplies led to the first fighting at Lexington, and the Colonists held more than their own. George Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American army, and the struggle between the Mother Country and the States began in real earnest. The first important battle took place at Bunker's Hill, where the English forces were victorious.

but only after a great sacrifice of life. Immediately after this the Colonists invaded Canada, but this step proved a failure. Then the American States boldly declared their Independence, and threw off the yoke of England. The English troops were forced to surrender at Saratoga owing to General Clinton's being so slow in marching down the River Hudson to reinforce General Burgoyne's army. This was the turning-point of the war. France, joined by Spain and Holland, recognised the independence of the States, and England's chance of success became, indeed, very meagre. An unsuccessful attempt to capture Gibraltar was made by the united fleets of France and Spain, but the English general stuck bravely to his charge and defeated them both. Fighting became general on the high seas as well as on land. The French fleet captured St. Vincent, Grenada, Dominica, St. Pierre and Miquelon; the English took Pondicherry. The termination of the war came about by the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army to General Washington at York Town in 1781. The Independence of the United States was recognised by the Treaty of Versailles, 1783, and by mutual consent England gave up Minorca to the Spaniards. Canada, however, remained in the hands of the British, and to this day the Mother Country has no more loyal Colony.

TOM ERNEST FORSTER.

THE Crimean War had marked a great development in a feeling of nationality among the Slav peoples who lived in the Balkan countries, and who were under Turkish rule.

The Treaty of Berlin.

Russian influence encouraged the Slavs, and Moscow was the centre of a Pan-Slav agitation. The Turks, after a rising of the Christians in Herzegovina, promised reforms, and their terms were not accepted by the insurgents. It became evident that the whole peninsula would rise unless the great European Powers intervened.

After terrible massacres, Servia declared war against Turkey. All the great Powers held a conference at Constantinople, but it proved a failure, and Russia declared war on the peninsula. Plevna soon fell into their hands, and even Constantinople was threatened. Britain then interfered, and war between Britain and Russia was on the verge of breaking out. When Turkey was forced to sign the Treaty of San Stefano, Austria took up arms, and Lord Beaconsfield sent the British fleet through the Dardanelles. The only hope of

peace lay in the meeting of a Congress. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury were the British representatives, and, on July 13, 1878, the conclusions arrived at were embodied in the famous Treaty of Berlin.

CLAUSES OF THE TREATY.

- (1) The principality of Bulgaria was established, and, south of the Balkans, Eastern Roumelia was set up, under the nominal control of the Sultan.
- (2) Roumania, Servia and Montenegro were declared to be independent States.
- (3) Austria obtained control over Bosnia and Herzegovina.



LORD BEACONSFIELD.
From an engraving. Rischgitz Collection.

- (4) Russia was allowed to keep Kars and Batoum.
- (5) Turkey promised reforms, especially in Armenia.

Lord Beaconsfield had gained a striking, if temporary, triumph for England, and his return, bringing "peace with honour," was the signal for intense enthusiasm. He had won a great diplomatic victory, but the results have not fulfilled the expectations created in 1878. Eastern Roumelia has not become, as Lord Beaconsfield anticipated, an outlying province of Russia. Moreover, owing to the growth of a national feeling among the Baltic

States, there is no prospect of the expulsion of the Turks from Constantinople by the armies of the Tsar. Turkey, on her part, has entirely falsified the hopes entertained by her supporters, no serious attempt having yet been made by her to carry out reforms in Armenia or elsewhere.

DOROTHY OSMOND.

THE Battle of Sempach was fought on July 9, 1386, between the Germans and the Swiss.

The Battle of Sempach.

For many years the Counts of Hapsburg, Swiss citizens who had been raised to the Imperial throne of Germany, had striven to bring the Swiss under German dominion. Such endeavours met with great resistance. There had been many hard-fought battles, and the Swiss had, in most cases, prevailed. But for every man the Germans lost they could bring ten fresh ones, while the gaps in the ranks of the Swiss were only filled with great difficulty. The German army was very powerful, and the Swiss, though brave, began to regard the struggle as hopeless.

At Sempach the two armies met, and the Swiss, according to their usual custom, attempted, by a furious onset, to take the enemy's position by storm. The German soldiers placed their spears in position and awaited in a dense mass the attack of the Swiss. On came

the latter, striving to find a weak spot in the ranks of the Germans; but they were unable to break through. It was a critical moment; if they could not break through, it would mean defeat, and such would lay the country open and necessitate the withdrawal of the Swiss to their hills. But if only one Switzer could get through, their strong arms and five-foot-long swords would secure for them the victory.

At this point it occurred to Winkelried, a gentleman of Unterwald, that if several of the spears of the Germans could be entangled, the confusion which would ensue would present an opportunity for his countrymen to break through. What better or surer way of entangling them than by burying them in his own body, the result of which, he knew, would be certain death?

Rushing forward, he came towards the row of spears. Arrived at the outer edge, he gathered up as many lance-heads as he could with both arms, suffering himself to be pierced through and through. Before the Germans could recover themselves they were struck down, and the Swiss passed through the gap.

The fury of the attack overbore the Germans, and an hour after Winkelried had perished, as many Germans as remained alive were fleeing from the battlefield, and so decisive was the victory that never again did they attempt the conquest of Winkelried's countrymen.

PERCY HODGKINSON.



"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, JULY 1906.

		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1. Sun.	Third after Trinity.	9.18.	17. Tues.	The Rev. W. G. Rutherford, LL.D., late Headmaster of Westminster School, b., 1853.	9.8.
2. Mon.	Archbishop Cranmer b., 1489.	9.18.	18. Wed.	Dr. W. G. Grace, cricketer, b., 1848.	9.7.
3. Tues.	Battle of Sadowa, 1866.	9.18.	19. Thurs.	Duke of Saxe-Coburg b., 1883.	9.6.
4. Wed.	Nathaniel Hawthorne, novelist, b., 1804.	9.17.	20. Fri.	Sir Clements Markham b., 1830.	9.5.
5. Thurs.	Rt. Hon. C. I. Rhodes b., 1853.	9.17.	21. Sat.	August CAPTAIN published.	9.3.
6. Fri.	Field-Marshal Sir George White, V.C., b., 1835.	9.16.	22. Sun.	Sixth after Trinity.	9.2.
7. Sat.	Oxford Trinity Term ends.	9.16.	23. Mon.	Duke of Devonshire b., 1833.	9.0.
8. Sun.	Fourth after Trinity.	9.16.	24. Tues.	T. Fishwick, cricketer, b., 1876.	8.59.
9. Mon.	H.M. Queen of Sweden b., 1836.	9.15.	25. Wed.	Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour b., 1848.	8.58.
10. Tues.	Captain Marryat, novelist, b., 1792.	9.14.	26. Thurs.	A. J. L. Hill, cricketer, b., 1871.	8.56.
11. Wed.	Sir Robert Plinlay, Attorney-General, b., 1842.	9.13.	27. Fri.	Sir Edward Bradford, Ex-Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, b., 1836.	8.55.
12. Thurs.	H. Carpenter, cricketer, b., 1869.	9.12.	28. Sat.	Earl of Crawford b., 1847.	8.54.
13. Fri.	Rt. Hon. W. H. Long, M.P., b., 1854.	9.11.	29. Sun.	Seventh after Trinity.	8.52.
14. Sat.	Khedive of Egypt b., 1874.	9.11.	30. Mon.	London G.P.O. opened, 1829.	8.51.
15. Sun.	Fifth after Trinity.	9.10.	31. Tues.	Earl of Meath b., 1841.	8.49.
16. Mon.	Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., b., 1733.	9.9.			

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.



THE ENGLISH TEAM
FIELDING AT LORD'S
IN THE 2ND TEST
MATCH, JUNE 16,
1905. NEAREST
FIELDSMAN, C. B.
FRY.

*Photo. taken from the
members' stand by
Dorothy Dean,
Sutton.

STOPS AND SELF-TONING PAPERS.

THE ease with which, thanks to the invention of the "iris" diaphragm, the size of stop can be altered, is not an unmixed blessing for the amateur, as it tempts him to jump from one stop to another for very little reason. It is advisable to adopt a medium stop, say F/16, as the usual working aperture, and to stick to that when great rapidity or very fine detail is not required. You will then get to understand your lens and plates much more thoroughly: and if you keep a record of exposures there will be a simpler basis of comparison. Another piece of advice I would offer is, focus with the stop you mean to use, if the light permits. This ensures your seeing the image on the focussing screen as it will appear in the negative as regards sharpness, and its brilliancy gives you a rough guide as to the exposure required. When the light is very weak, focussing with full aperture and then stopping down is sometimes unavoidable. In such a case be careful to get the most important part of your picture in good focus. The smaller stop will pull the general focus together.

We may summarise stops and subjects thus:

For snap-shots	Full aperture.
For groups and landscapes	F/16.
For architectural and lantern-slide subjects	F/32.

A CAUTION.

If the bellows of a bellows camera are not pulled well forward, there is a danger of their interposing between the lens and the ends of the plate: especially when a short-focus lens is used. We give two illustrations of a camera before and after the necessary pulling forward

of the front folds (Figs. 1 and 2). This trouble does not, of course, occur with square bellows; but we mention it because the conical pattern is now generally used on field cameras.

SANSTANE.

I have received a bottle of a liquid called "Sanstane," which derives its misspelt title (manufacturers seem to delight in torturing the English language) from the fact that it removes pyro, ink, and other stains from one's fingers very quickly. After trials that I have given it I can pronounce it to be very effective: and I, therefore, recommend it to my readers as a useful adjunct to the dark-room. Bottles of "Sanstane" (1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., post free) can be bought direct from the Sanstane Company, 15 Marchmont Street, London, W.C.

THE WRONG SIDE.

The other day I exposed two plates on the same subject, giving equal times. When it came to development, however, one plate refused to show more than a faint image, while the other came up bright and strong. On turning over the weakling, I found, to my surprise, a strong image on the *glass* side of the film, and at once understood that this plate had been put in the slide *wrong side out*. Thanks to the glass being free of gelatine smears the negative was in no way affected as regards its quality; but the print from it, of course, showed the real right to the left, and *vice versa*. An interesting accident this, which leads me to the suggestion that one might make quite an amusing series of views, well known to one's friends, all printed from reversed negatives. It is advisable to allow a little extra exposure to make up for the loss of light by reflection from the anterior surface of the plate.



FIG. 1.

Camera with bellows not properly pulled forward. As shown, they would screen the edges of the plate.



FIG. 2.

The bellows pulled forward. The spare folds are now at the front.

PHOTOGRAPHY UP-TO-DATE.

I see that in the May issue "R. A. J." bursts into inspired verse in honour of THE CAPTAIN staff, and says :

"The cycling man and camera fiend
For them A. Williams caters well."

I appreciate the compliment, and hope the feeding won't fall off. The beautiful first line reminds me of a march last Easter with the Volunteers. We stepped it in stages from Three Bridges to Brighton, being pertinaciously followed, overhauled, and shot by a motor-cyclist carrying a camera in a side-car. Every now and then he whizzed past us, and by the time we had forgotten him, there he was with his camera perched on a bank, raking us fore and aft. Scarcely had we reached our destination when packets of picture post-cards were on sale, a dozen for a shilling ; and they went like hot cakes. I think our enterprising friend deserved his success.

EVERYTHING IN ITS RIGHT PLACE.

I now pass to another story. The last thing I did before leaving home to join the marching column in question, was to have a look round my dark-room to see that everything was in order. My eye fell on two dozen negatives standing in drying-racks—the results of the previous afternoon's work. Now, as I have urged more than once in these columns that things should be put away in their proper places, I felt it incumbent on me to box these negatives and label them. On returning home I found that about two square feet of plaster had fallen from the ceiling on to the racks, breaking one

and smothering them all. Lucky I acted up to my own precept !

SELF-TONING PAPERS.

In or about the year 1887, I first made trial of self-toning P.O.P. So far as I remember, one had to fix and wash the prints and then dry them in some hot place. At any rate, heating the prints was an important part of the procedure. Being led away by the glowing accounts of the paper's virtues (given by the makers), I made fifty or more prints, and at the necessary point adjourned to the kitchen and put them in the ovens, taking care to leave the doors partly open. Unfortunately, the cook, unaware of what base uses "her" ovens were being put to, closed the doors. When I arrived to look for the "beautiful brown and purple tones," I found the twisted remains of what had once been my prints. The business had, indeed, been badly overdone : and I gave up self-toning papers till, the other day, I made trial of "Paget Simplex," "Zigo" and "Goldona" papers. They all contain the gold necessary for toning in the emulsion with which the paper is coated. The tone is acquired during the act of fixing. With "Zigo" the printing should be continued until the image is much darker than the finished print is required to be : "Goldona" and "Simplex" must not be carried so far. The print is transferred *without washing* to the fixing-bath, the strength of which influences the tone. Speaking generally, a solution containing 4 oz. hypo to 20 oz. water gives red to brown tones ; while 8 oz. hypo to 20 oz. water gives purple tones. Fixing should range from six minutes in the strong,

to fifteen minutes in the weak, bath. It is absolutely necessary to keep the prints moving, as in ordinary toning, or they will become patchy. After fixing, wash as usual to eliminate hypo. The cost of these papers is about the same as that of P.O.P. *plus* the gold needed to tone it. You must expect some initial failures before you can make the most of the self-toners, which give very good results if properly handled.

CLEAN DISHES.

A correspondent writes: "I should like to say that all traces of 'permanent' stains (in dishes) can be removed by the application of a little 'Vim,' made by Messrs. Lever Bros., and obtainable at any stores. I only came to know of this during last week, when I was having a regular turn-out of my dark room, and I wasn't satisfied with the clean look of my dishes (especially the porcelain), and I tried 'Vim' and found it perfectly satisfactory. So if any readers of THE CAPTAIN are troubled about the stains, they will know how to remove them."

I use very dilute hydrochloric acid to clean up my dishes with, but it fails to remove certain stains, such as those of gold in the toning dish. I mean to get some "Vim" and see what effect it has on this kind of stain. If it removes it, I shall consider "Vim" to be just the thing I have been looking for.

CRACKED NEGATIVES.

Another correspondent has had several negatives damaged by the unceremonious treatment of his travelling-trunk by a railway porter, who "brought it into the house like a cart-wheel." The glass of the negatives was badly cracked, but the film in most cases remained unbroken. "Velox" wants to know how to get the films on to other glasses.

To detach the film the negative should be

laid film upwards in a vulcanite or celluloid (not porcelain) dish and flooded with the following:

- Hydrofluoric acid . . . 10 drops
- Water 10 ounces.

The acid, by the bye, must be stored in gutta-percha or lead bottles. It dissolves glass.

After a time the film shows signs of parting from its support. Get hold of a corner and very gradually strip it away, and lay it in a dish of clean water. Wash in several changes. The acid expands the film considerably, so that it will require a support somewhat larger



FIG. 3.
A view taken with the film side of the plate towards the lens.

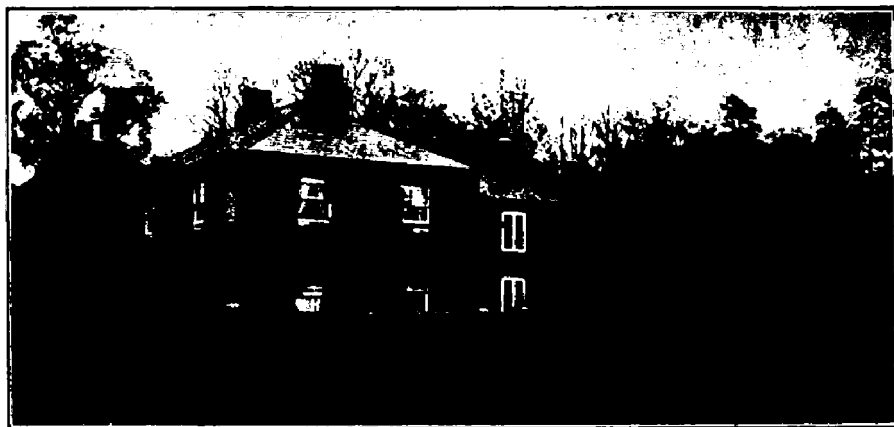


FIG. 4.
The same: taken with film side away from the lens. The detail is as good as in Fig. 3, but the right and left have been reversed.

than the original, unless you are prepared to sacrifice the edges.

The new support is stopped under the film, and as soon as it has been adjusted satisfactorily both are lifted out of the water very carefully and put to dry.

Where a negative has only been cracked

across, it is a simple matter to cement it by the edges with seccotine to a clean plate. The position of the frame should be frequently altered during printing, so that the light may strike the crack at different angles. The best plan is to lay the frame on a piece of board attached by each corner to the bottom of a long suspended string. Wind the string up, and the platform will continue to revolve for a long time as the string unwinds and winds itself up again.

KODOID PLATES.

"Velox" strongly recommends the "Kodoid" plates of the Kodak Co., and I say ditto. The plates are simply flat films clipped to cardboard backings, which give them sufficient rigidity for use in slides. They are orthochromatic, and non-halating. The first quality demands that they should not be exposed to yellow light at all, and to deep ruby rays as little as possible. One glass plate is about four times as heavy as a Kodoid of equal size. For development the films are detached from their backings by the removal of the little clips holding the two parts together.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Bruce."—(1) If you get paste on the face of a print when mounting, wipe it off very carefully with a soft rag, and then go over the whole of the print with a slightly moistened sponge. Sometimes the smears are difficult to remove in this manner, and hard rubbing only makes things worse. This refers primarily to silver prints. The best method of bringing up the surface again is undoubtedly to pass the mounted print through a burnisher, such as professionals use. No doubt a local photographer would do this for you if you asked him. You will find it a good plan, when pasting prints, to get an old catalogue or some other valueless publication, and use a fresh page for every print. There is then little danger of paste smirching the film side of the paper. When mounting, always wipe towards the edge from the centre. (2) The first appearance of an image may be said to date from the moment when your eye first detects the slightest sign of darkening on any part of the plate. In a landscape the sky, in a portrait some white portion of the dress, shows at a very early stage.

L. Crispin.—Three-colour photography is not necessarily very expensive as regards money expenditure, but it requires a lot of time and care, if the results are to be worth anything. *Orthochromatic* plates are so treated during manufacture as to be sensitive to yellow rays to a much greater degree than are ordinary plates. The *isochromatic* screen is used in conjunction with such plates to give the less actinic colours a fair chance. A yellow

screen allows yellow, green, and orange to pass more readily than blue, so that the relative shades of different-coloured objects are reproduced more faithfully. I hope to deal with this matter at length one of these days.

J. Atkins.—I have explained in previous issues the meaning of F. It signifies the distance between the optical centre of a lens and the point at which *parallel* rays (e.g., those coming from a very distant object) meet. If the object is brought nearer to the camera, or the camera nearer to the object, the rays strike the lens at a different angle, and are not brought together so soon on the screen side. So that the actual distance of the image from the lens varies with the distance of the object from the lens, but inversely. In order to have a standard of comparison between lenses, they are classified according to their F., termed the "principal" or "equivalent" focus.

B. Corbyn.—Photographs which are to be reproduced in magazines should preferably be printed on glossy P.O.P. if you wish fine details to show in the reproduction. It is useful to remember that the contrasts of the original print will be somewhat diminished by the half-tone block, so that your subjects should be from vigorous negatives. Sometimes a careful touching-up of the high lights with Chinese white, and of the shadows with "process" black, greatly improves the result. The commoner the paper on which the magazine is printed the greater is the loss of contrast. Prints should always be mounted.

W. J. Juleff.—(1) Buy a 6d. bottle of Johnson's Spotting Medium. It will suit your purpose admirably. (2) Shew's Reflex costs £4 4s. I believe that it is very good value, though it has no focal plane shutter, without which a "reflex" loses some of its *raison d'être*. A first-class article with a high quality lens costs £20 or more. By the bye, W. Butcher and Sons' four-guinea "Ralli" reflex is worthy of mention. It has a very ingenious focal-plane shutter.

"Puckered."—I am not surprised that your prints got puckered. Don't try to squeeze too many at once. A dozen at a time is the useful maximum. Be careful not to have two film sides together, or there will be slipping: and keep your left-hand fingers on the top edge of the pile while working the squeegee. This will leave a strip unaffected. So turn the pile round and work towards the other end.

G. Atwater.—Blisters on P.O.P. are caused by water working in between film and paper: generally the result of the water being too warm, or the hypo bath too strong. The best method of eliminating them is to soak the prints in methylated spirits, which absorbs the water. Blisters can be prevented by immersion in a solution of salt and water after fixing.

A. B. C.—I am afraid that I cannot answer your question without actual inspection and weighing of the different makers' wares. But quarter-plate film cameras are all so light that you needn't worry about a few extra ounces.

"Amateur."—The Klito is all right; about as good as you could get for the money. I haven't used one myself, but friends who have speak highly of it.

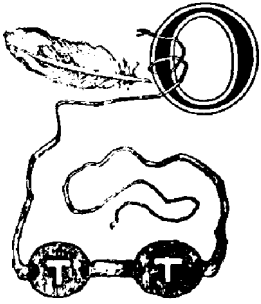


STOUT HEARTS AND RED DECKS.

A Tale of the Newfoundland Seal Hunters.

BY NORMAN DUNCAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.



I.

LD Captain Hand, of the Newfoundland sealing steamer *Dictator*, told Archie Armstrong, the owner's son, at St. John's, when the boy was nine years old, that he would take him to the ice in the fifth season after that time, "parents bein'

willin'." So it came about that Archie, now fourteen years old and hardy as every young Newfoundlander should be—robust, alert, tawny-haired, and fearless in wind and high sea—was aboard the staunch old sealer, at Twillingate, half-way up the east coast, near midnight of March 10, some years ago.

"Good-by, Skipper John," Archie had said to John Roth, with whom he had spent three days of waiting in this small outpost. "I'll send you two white coats (young seals) for Aunt Mary's sitting-room, when I get back."

"I be past me labour, b'y," said John, who was, indeed, now beyond all part in the great spring harvest, "but I'll give you the toast o' the old days. 'Red decks, an' many o' them!'"

"Red decks," replied Archie, quoting the old proverb, "make happy homes."

"'Tis that," said old John, striking the ground with his staff. "An' I wish I was goin' along with you, b'y. They be no sealin' skipper like Cap'n Hand."

It was blowing half a gale from the open sea, which lay, hidden by the night, just beyond the harbour rocks. The wind was stinging cold, as though it had swept over immense areas of ice, dragging the sluggish fields after it. It howled aloft, rattled over the decks, and flung the smoke from the funnel into the darkness inland. Archie breasted it with the Captain and the mate on the bridge; and he was impatient as they to be off from the sheltering

water, fairly started in the race for the North, though a great gale was to be weathered.

"What's the time, Mr. Ackell?" said the Captain to the mate, impatiently.

"Lacks forty-three minutes o' the hour, sir," was the reply.

"Huh!" growled the Captain. "'Tis long in passin'."

The ship was hanging off the harbour shore, with steam up and anchor snugly stowed. Not before the stroke of twelve of that night was it permitted by the law to clear from Twillingate. It was a race from all the outports to the ice, with the promise of cargoes of pelt to stiffen courage and put a will for work in the hearts of men; for a good catch, in its deeper meaning, is like a bounteous harvest; and what it brings to the wives and little people in all the cottages of that cruel coast is worth the hardship and peril.

"The whole harbour must be down to see the start, Mr. Ackell," said Archie, looking to the shore.

"More nor that, b'y," the Captain said. "I've got a Green Bay crew. Two hundred and fifty men, b'y, an' every one a mighty fellow; an' there's people here from all the ports o' the Bay t' see us off."

All the folk left in Twillingate—the women and children and old men—were at the water-side; with additions from Morton's Harbour, Burnt Bay, Exploits and Fortune Harbour it may be. Sailing-day for the sealers! It was the great event of the year. Torches flared on the flakes and at the stages all round the harbour. Guns were discharged from time to time in salute. "God speed," was shouted from shore to ship. Meantime, the wind rose higher, charged with frost.

"Let it blow," said bluff Captain Hand. "'Tis not the wind I care about, b'y. 'Tis the ice. I reckon there's a field o' slob-ice off shore. This nor-east gale will jam the harbour in an hour, and I don't want t' be trapped here. What's the time, now, Mr. Ackell?"

"Twenty-seven minutes yet, sir," said the mate.

"Take her up off Skull Head," said the Captain. "That's within the law."

The slob-ice (large lumps, close packed) was drifting in fast. There was a small field forming about the steamer, and the night-light now revealed a floe advancing with the wind, threatening to seal tight the narrow harbour entrance.

"If we have t' cut our way out," muttered the Captain, "we'll cut as little as we can. Mr. Girth," he roared to the second mate, "get the bombs out. An' pick a crew that knows how t' use 'em."

The *Dictator* moved forward through the gathering ice toward Skull Head; and the seven other steamers, whose owners had chosen to make the start from Twillingate, followed slyly on her heels, evidently hoping to get to sea in her wake, for she was larger than they. When her engines were stopped off the Head, it lacked twelve minutes of sailing time. An unbroken field of ice lay beyond the harbour entrance, momentarily jammed there.

"Can't we run for it, sir?" said the mate. "'Tis but seven minutes too soon."

"No!" thundered the Captain. "We'll lie here 'til midnight t' the second. Then we'll ram that floe, if we have t'. Hear me?" he burst out, such was the tension upon patience. "We'll ram it! We'll ram it!"

Archie could hear the ice crunching as the floe pressed in upon the jam. The barrier seemed even now to be impassable; and as the boy thought, it had yet seven minutes to gather strength. If it should prove too great to be broken, the fleet would be locked in for a week; and with every hour the size of the catch would dwindle. The captains of the nearer vessels were madly shouting to the old skipper of the *Dictator* to strike before it was too late; but he gave them no heed whatever.

"We're caught," said the mate.

The Captain said nothing. His keen expectation that the jam would break of its own weight kept him unperturbed.

"Three minutes, sir," said the mate.

The jam cracked, and gave way: the key-blocks had been broken! It remained only to breast a field of slob-ice, which was not at all an impossible undertaking for the stout *Dictator*.

"Midnight, sir!" cried the mate.

"Go ahead!"

Archie heard the tinkle of the bell in the engineer's room below: then the answering signal on the bridge. The crew raised a cheer, which was answered from the shore.

"Half speed! Port a little!"

The steamer gathered headway. She was now making for the harbour entrance on a straight course.

"Full speed!"

The *Dictator*, with her rivals following close, struck the floe—broke a way through—pushed on, with a great noise, slowly, surely; and was soon in the open sea. The course was shaped nor'east, in the teeth of the wind; for it appeared that open water lay in that direction.

The floe retarded the ship's progress, but could not stop it; the ice-pans crashed against her prow and scraped her sides—but she was staunch enough to withstand every shock; and so, gaining on the rest of the fleet, she crept out to sea, braving the rising gale.

When it came to be two o'clock in the morning, the lights of the fleet were lost in the night behind. The scattered "pans" had given way to the seas, which were rising, spume-crested, all about, and, at intervals, broke over the bows, port and starboard, with frightful violence. Gusts of wind whirled the spray to the bridge, where it soon sheathed men and superstructure in ice.

"Send a look-out aloft, Mr. Ackell," said the Captain.

The thud of the ice, as the waves hurled it against the ship's prow, the hiss and crash of the seas, the screaming of the gale, drowned the Captain's order.

"Pass the word for Bill o' Burnt Bay," he roared.

A short, brawny man of middle age, who had not missed a voyage to the ice in twenty years, soon appeared in response to the call.

"Take a glass t' the nest, b'y, an' look sharp for bergs," said the Captain. "Don't stay up there. Come back and report t' me here."

The man went about his duty with a brisk "Ay, ay, sir!" It was his work to clamber to the "crow's-nest"—a cask lashed to the topmast just below the masthead—and to sweep the sea for the first sign of icebergs.

"Keep her head as she points now, Mr. Ackell," said the Captain. "I'll take a look below." To Archie, in the wheel-house, where he had been driven by the cold: "Come, b'y! Let's have a look 'tween decks."

'Tween decks the stout hearts were rollicking still. The working crew had duty to do, every man of them; but the two hundred hunters, who had been taken along to wield gaff and club, were sprawled in every place, singing, laughing, yarning, scuffling, for all the world like a pack of boys, making light of discomfort, and thinking not at all of danger, for the elation

of departure still possessed them. In the improvised cabin aft, Ebenezer Bowsprit, of Exploits, was roaring the "Luck o' the Northern Light," a famous old sealing-song, which, no doubt, his grandfather had sung to shipmates upon similar occasions long ago. Rough, frank faces, broadly smiling, were turned to him, and when the time came for the chorus, willing voices and mighty lungs swelled it to a volume that put the very gale to shame.

"All right here," the Captain growled in his great beard.

In the forecastle, they had a lad on the table under the lantern — a tow-headed, blue-eyed, muscular boy, of Archie's age or less. He had on goat-skin boots, a jacket of deer-skin, and a flaring redscarf. The men were quiet, for the boy was piping, in a clear, quavering treble, the "Song o' the Anchor an' Chain," a Fortune Harbour saga, which goes to the air of a plaintive west-country ballad of the seventeenth century, with the refrain:

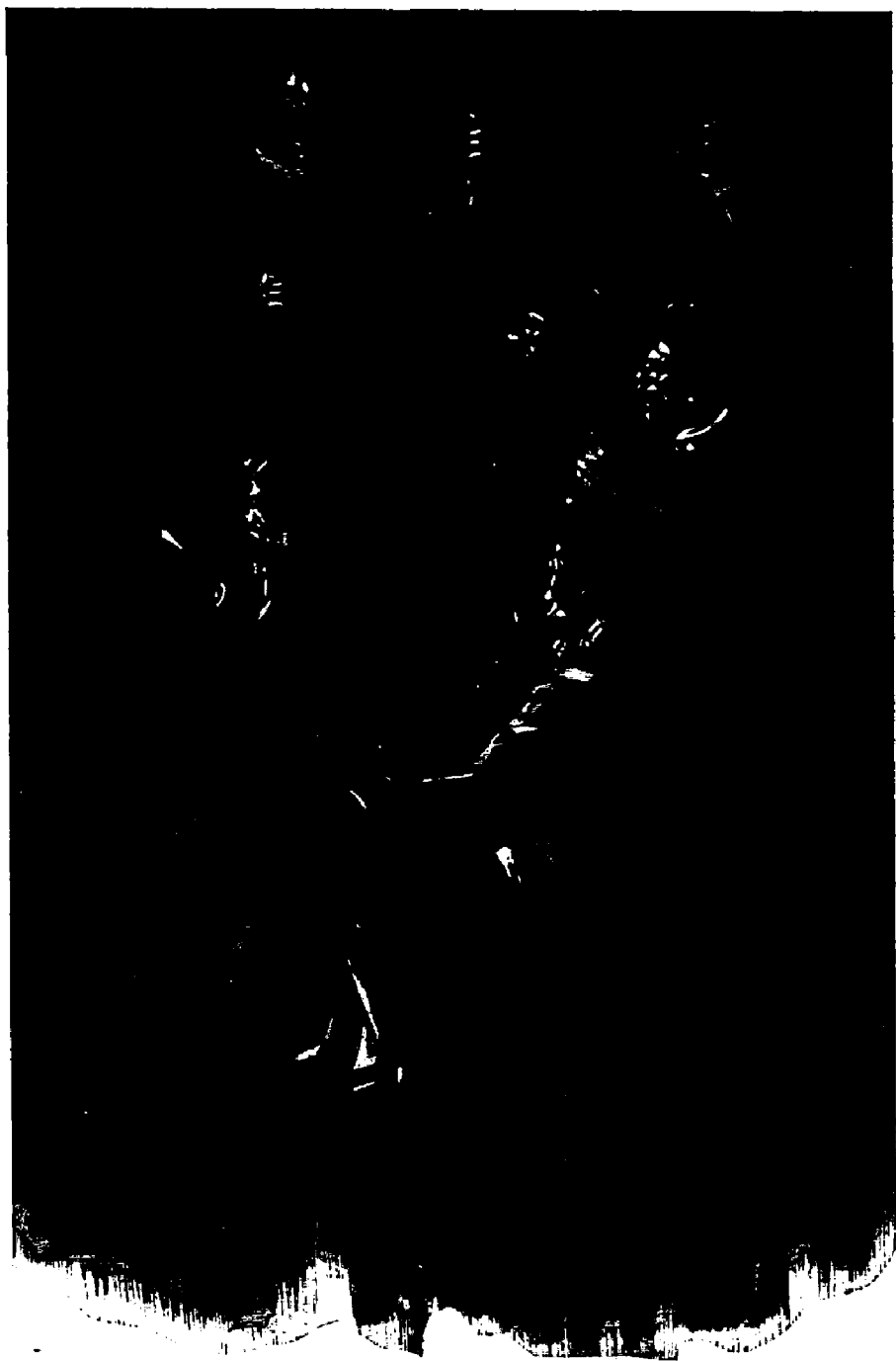
Sure, the chain 'e parted,
an' the schooner drove
ashoare,
An' the wives o' the 'ands
never saw them any
moare.
No moare! Never saw
them any moar-r-r-re!

He was near the end of the sixteenth verse, and the men were drawing breath for the chorus, when the Captain appeared in the door, wrath in his eyes.

"What's this!" roared he.

There was no answer. The lad turned to face the Captain, in part deferentially, in part humorously, altogether fearlessly.

"Where'd you come aboard, b'y?"



EBENEZER BOWSPRIT WAS ROARING A FAMOUS OLD SEALING-SONG.

"Twilligate, zur."

"Who shipped you?"

"I stowed away in bunker, zur."

"You be from Fortune Harbour," said the Captain, marking the "zur."

"Iss, zur. Me name's Jonathan, an' me fawther's a Labrador fisherman. Sure, I've sailed to the French shoare, zur, and I be a handy lad t' work, zur"

"Huh! Jonathan what?"

"Bow, zur."

The Captain raised his eyebrows. He had been before the mast with the boy's father, on a South American bark, in years long gone.

"You'll work hard, b'y," said he, severely, for he had been bothered with stowaways for thirty years, "an' I'll ship you regular' if you do your duty. If you don't," and here the Captain frowned tremendously, "I'll have you thrashed at Twillingate, an' you'll have no share with the crew in the cargo."

"Iss, zur," said the lad, gladly. "Sure, I'll stand by it, zur."

When the Captain turned his back, out came the belated chorus, with young Jack Bow leading:

Sure, the chain 'e parted, an' the schooner drove
ashoare,
An' the wives o' the 'ands never saw them any
moare.

No moare! Never saw them any moar-r-r-re!

"If he's like his dad," the Captain chuckled to Archie, as they mounted to the deck, "his name'll be on the book before the v'yge is over, sure enough."

It appeared from the bridge that the wind had veered a point or two to the north, and was driving out of the darkness a limitless field of broken ice. This, close packed and grinding, was bearing down swiftly. In the nor'east, dead over the bows, there loomed a great white mass, a berg, grandly towering, with its peaks hidden in black, scudding clouds. Beyond, and on either side, patches of white, vanishing and reappearing, disclosed the whereabouts of other bergs.

"Port!" said the Captain, quietly. "Steady now!"

He moved the lever of the signal-box until the indicator marked half speed. The ship slowly lost way. The engines throbbed, as though alive and breathing hard.

"Report, sir." This was Bill o' Burnt Bay, down from the crow's-nest, with his beard frozen to his jacket and icicles hanging from his shaggy eyebrows.

"Well?"

"They be a field o' pan-ice bearin' down with the wind 'Tis heavy, comin' about five knots, an' 'tis stretchin' as far as I can see. They be seven bergs ahead, sir, with the pan-ice all about them."

"Growlers?"

"They may be one—the one handiest, sir—there, dead ahead."

"Huh! Port! Port, there! Steady!"

Bill o' Burnt Bay lumbered down the ladder and made for the fore-castle to thaw out. The Captain devoted himself to giving the growler a wide berth; for a growler is a berg which trembles on the verge of toppling over, and is not to be desired for a neighbour.

"We can buck that ice, Mr. Ackell," said he at last, indicating the field of pan. "We'll have t' tie up. B'y," sharply to Archie, "you'll not go t' bed yet awhile. Keep near me—but keep out o' the way."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

So Archie Armstrong, son of a Colonial knight, bred to comfort and nice manners, which, as it may appear, are not incompatible with strength and fortitude, was on the bridge with old Captain Hand through an hour of crucial moments.

"Turn out all hands!" cried the Captain.

The call was passed fore and aft, and the men trooped from below. Ice-hooks and tackle were placed in handy places. The work in hand was plain enough to these old scalers.

The ship was swinging wide of the growler, against which the wind beat with mighty force. A vast surface was exposed to the gale; and upon every square foot a varying pressure was exerted. As the vessel approached, Archie could see the growler yield and sway. It was evident that its submerged part had been melted and worn until the equilibrium of the whole was nearly upset. A sudden, furious gust might turn the scale.

Captain Hand kept a watchful eye on the ice-pack, which had now come within a hundred fathoms, and was hurrying upon the advancing ship. The vessel was fairly between the floe and the growler; a situation not to be escaped, as the Captain had foreseen. The danger was clear: if the rush of the floe should be too great for the steamer to withstand, she would be swept, broadside on, against the berg, which, being of greater weight and depth, moved sluggishly. Stout as she was, she could not survive the collision.

The Skipper turned her bow on to the pack; then he signalled full speed ahead. There was a moment of waiting.

"Grab the rail, b'y," said the Captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The slob divided before the ship; the shock was hardly perceptible. For a moment, where, at the edge, the ice was loose, she maintained her speed. Then the floe thickened. The fragments were packed tight. It was as though the face of the sea were covered with a solid sheet of ice, lying ahead as far as sight carried into the night. The ship laboured. Her speed

diminished. gradually, but perceptibly—vividly so! Her progress was soon at the rate of half speed. In a moment it was even slower than that. It promised to stop altogether.

Archie was on the port side of the bridge. The Skipper walked over to him and slapped him heartily on the back.

"Well, b'y," he cried, "how d'ye like the sealin'?"

That was a clever thought of the Skipper's! Here was a man in desperate case who could await the issue in light patience. The boy took heart.

"I knew what it was when I started," he said, with a gulp.

"Will she make it, think you?"

Another clever ruse of this great heart! Let the boy have part in the action. Archie felt the blood stirring in his veins.

"She's pretty near steady, sir, I think," he said, after a pause.

The two leaned over the rail and looked intently at the ice sweeping by. They watched it for a long time.

"Are we losing, sir?" said the boy.

"No!" cried the Captain. "We do be holdin' our own."

The boy turned to the great growler, now vague of outline in the dark. The ice-floe had swept over the limit of vision. He wondered if the pack had struck the base of the berg. Then the heap of cloudy white swayed forth and back before his eyes. For a moment it was like a gigantic curtain waving in the wind. It vanished of a sudden. A mountain of broken water shot up in its place—as high as its topmost pinnacle had been; and, following swiftly upon its fall, another berg, with a worn outline, raised itself, dripping streams of water.

Thus far there had been no sound; but the sound beat its way against the wind at last; and it was a thunderous noise—like the "growlin' o' a million dogs," said the Skipper afterwards. The growler had capsized.

"Look!" the boy cried, overcome.

"Turned turtle, ain't she?" remarked the Skipper.

Archie gave him a glance of wonder for his lack of interest.

"No danger," said the Skipper, perceiving this. "I kep' away from it."

"But the ice might have carried us near it!"

"Oh," said the Skipper, lightly, "but it didn't. She do be a good ship—the *Dictator*. She do, indeed."

Another berg had taken form over the port quarter. The Captain shaped a course for it

eyeing it carefully as he drew near. It was low—not higher than the ship's spars—and broad, with the impression of stability strong upon it.

"See that berg, b'y?" said the Captain. "Well," decisively, "we'll lie in the lee o' that in half an hour. You see, b'y," he went on, "the wind makes small bother for a solid berg. It whips the pan-ice along easy enough, but the bergs float their own way, quiet as you please. In the lee o' every big fellow like that, there's open water. We'll lie there, tied up, till morning. 'Tis a waste o' good coal t' buck a floe like this."

In half an hour, as the Skipper had said, the ship broke from the ice into the lee of the berg. The floe raced past under the force of the gale, but left the lee air and water untouched by its violence. Skilful seamanship brought the boat broadside to the ice. A wild commotion ensued; orders roared from the bridge, signal-bells, the shouts of the line-men, the hiss of steam, and the churning of the screw—these, combined, were hopelessly confusing to the boy on the bridge. He saw young Jack Bow scramble to the ice like a cat, with the first line in his hand: then Bill o' Burnt Bay, and half a dozen others, with axes and hooks.

In fifteen minutes the engines were at rest, the ship was lying like a log in a millpond, the watch paced the deck in solitude, and Archibald Armstrong was asleep in his berth in the Captain's cabin—dreaming that the mate was wrong and the Captain right; that the gale had abated in the night, and the morning had broken sunny. The first peril of the voyage had been surmounted.

II.

THE hair seals, which come out of the North with the ice in the early spring, and drift in great herds past the rugged Newfoundland coast, returning in April, have no close, soft fur next the skin, such as the South Sea and Alaskan seals have: hence, they are valued only for their blubber, which is ground and steamed into oil, and for their skin, which is turned into leather. They are of two kinds, the Harp (*Phoca Greenlandica*), which is doubtless indigenous to the great inland sea and the waters above, and the Hood (*Cystophora cristata*), which inhabits the dark, harsher regions of the farther north and east. The harp is timid, gentle, gregarious, and takes in packs to the flat, newly frozen, landward pans; the hood is fierce, quarrelsome, and solitary, grimly riding the rough glacier ice at the edge of the open sea.

Thus the *Dictator* lay through the night with hood ice all about her.

"Hi, b'y! Get yarray (wide awake)!" cried the Captain, in the morning.

Archie Armstrong was "yarry" on the instant, and he rolled out of his berth in hot haste. The hairy face of the old sealer, a broad and kindly grin upon it, peered at him from the door.

"Morning, Skipper!"

"Mornin' t' you, b'y. An' a fine mornin' 'tis," said the Captain. "Sure, a finer I never saw."

"What's become of the gale?"

"The gale's miles t' the sou'east—an' out o' sight o' these latitudes. We be packed in the lee o' the berg, an' fast 'till the wind changes. There's a family o' hoods quarter mile t' the starboard. Up now, b'y, an' you'll go after them with a crew after breakfast."

When Archie reached the deck, the air was limpid, frosty and still. There was a blue sky overhead, stretching from horizon to horizon. A waste of ice lay all about—rough, close-packed, glistening in the sun. With the failure of the wind the floe had lost its headway, and had crept softly in upon the open water; so the ship was held in the grip of the pack, and must perforce remain for a time in the shadow of the berg, where shelter from the gale of the night had been sought. Save for the watch of that hour, the men were below, at "scoff" (breakfast). The "great white silence" possessed the sea. For the boy, this silence, vast and heavy, and the immeasurable area of broken ice, with its pent-up, treacherous might, was as awe-impelling as the driving gale and the night.

"What d'ye think, Mr. Ackell?" said the Captain to the mate, when the two came up.

Ackell looked to the north-east. "We'll have wind by noon," he said.

"Huh!" the Captain grunted. "'Tis what I think." He added to Archie: "You'll have a couple o' hours, b'y, 'fore the ice goes abroad. Bowsprit'll take the crew, an' you'll do what he tells you."

Ebenezer Bowsprit, with half a dozen cronies of his own choosing, led the way over the side, with great laughter. In the group on the deck stood young Jack Bow, the *Fortune Harbour* stowaway. He eyed Archie with frank envy as the lad prepared to descend to the ice; for to participate in the first hunt, generally regarded as pure sport, was a thing greatly to be desired. He was perceived by Archie.

"Captain," the boy whispered, inspired by

a wish for company of his own age, "let the other kid come along, won't you?"

"Bow," roared the Captain, "get a gaff and cut along with the rest."

In five minutes the two boys had broken the ice of diffidence, and were chatting like sociable magpies as they crawled, jumped, and climbed over the uneven pack. They were Newfoundlanders both; the same in strength, feeling, spirit, and, indeed, experience. The one was of the remote outports, where the children are reared to toil and peril, which, with hunger, is their heritage, and must ever be; the other was of the city, son of the well-to-do, who, following sport for sport's sake, had made the same ventures and become used to the same toil and peril.

"'Tis barb'rous hard walkin'," said young Jack Bow.

"Sure," said the other. "They're gaining on us."

Ebenezer Bowsprit and his fellows, with the lust of the chase strong upon them, weré making great strides toward three black objects some hundred yards away. It was a race; for it is a tradition that he who strikes the first blow of the voyage will have "luck" the season through. The boys were hopelessly behind, and they stopped to look about them. It was then that Jack Bow spied a patch of open water, to the left, half hidden by the surrounding ice—a triangular hole in the floe, formed by three heavy blocks which had withstood the pressure of the pack.

"Look!" he cried.

A head, small and alert, raised upon a thick, supple neck, appeared. In a moment a second head popped out of the water. They were hoods. The young one, the pup, must lie near. The boys stood stock-still until the seals had clambered to the pack. Then they advanced quickly. Jack Bow was armed with a gaff, which is a pole shod with iron at one end and having a hook at the other; Archie had a sealing-club. They came upon the dog hood before he could escape to the water. Perceiving this, and only on that account, he turned, snarling, to give fight.

"I'll take him!" cried Jack. "Leave me have him!"

The hood was as big as an ox—a massive, flabby, vicious beast. He was furiously aroused, and he would now fight to the death, with no thought of retreat. He raised himself on his flippers and reared his head to the length of his long neck, as the boy, stepping cautiously, gaff poised, drew near.

"Get behind him," Jack cried to Archie.

protection: the boy might strike blow upon blow without effect. The stroke must be a thrust at the throat; swiftly, cunningly, strongly delivered. A furious hood, excited past fear, is a match for three men. The odds



JACK ADVANCED FEARLESSLY, STEADILY,
NEVER FOR A MOMENT TAKING HIS
EYES FROM THE HOOD'S HEAD.

Jack advanced fearlessly, steadily, never for a moment taking his eyes from the hood's head. Upon that head, from the nose to the back of the neck, the tough, bladder-like "hood" was now inflated. It was a perfect

were against the lad. He had been carried away by his own daring.

Jack made the thrust, and the seal received the point of the gaff upon his hood, as upon a shield; then advanced, by

jerky jumps, on his flippers, snapping viciously.

Archie cried out. But Jack had skipped out of harm's way, and had faced about, laughing. He returned to the attack undismayed, though the seal reared to meet him with bared teeth.

"Strike!" cried Archie.

Teeth and flippers were to be feared. Jack had drawn nearly within reach of both. He paused, waiting his opportunity.

"Strike!" Archie cried again.

Jack struck, but the blow had no force, for he slipped, overreached, lost his footing, and fell sprawling, almost within reach of his adversary's teeth. The seal snarled and drew back, startled. Then he advanced upon the boy, who had had no time to recover, much less scramble out of his desperate situation.

It was for Archie to act. He leaped forward from his position behind the seal, struck the animal with full force on the tail and darted out of reach. The hood snorted, and turned in rage to face the new assailant. Jack leaped to his feet, gaff in hand, and faced about, panting, but ready. Jack was preparing to attack again when Archie cried in alarm, "What's that?"

There was an ominous, hollow crackling, continuing into the distance, like a long peal of thunder. The floe seemed to be turning.

"The ice be goin' abroad!" cried Jack. "Quick, b'y! T' the ship!"

The boys had been out of sight of the ship, hidden by a shoulder of the berg. Now, they heard the report of a gun recalling them; and they saw Ebenezer Bowsprit and his men making shipwards with all speed, dragging the pelt of a seal. The ice was nauseatingly unstable, grinding and shifting; but no open water had yet appeared, though at any moment a lane might open up and cut off retreat. The floe was feeling the force of a wind in the north and was stirring itself from edge to edge. It would soon be shaken into its separate parts. With Jack Bow leading, the boys ran steadily over the heaving foothold, and came to the ship in good time, as did the other party, with the pelt in tow.

The gallant old dog hood followed the retreating figures with his eyes; after which, well satisfied with himself, he slipped into the water and went fishing.

The men scrambled to the berg and released the ice-hooks and hawsers. The pack was loosening fast under the rising breeze. To the east, separating the sky from the ice, lay a long black streak; the water of the open sea, a clear way to the broad, white fields. Once free of the floe, the ship would speed north-

ward to the Groais Island and Cape Norman coasts. In a day and a night, wind and weather continuing propitious, it would be Ho! for the ice, Ho! for the seals.

A lane of water opened up. "Go ahead," was the signal from the master on the bridge, and the ship moved forward with her nose turned to the sea.

"Ha, Mr. Ackell!" exclaimed the Captain, rubbing his horny hands. "Looks t' be a fine time, man. We'll make the Groais Islands at dawn to-morrow if all goes well."

When the *Dictator* had followed the lane to within one hundred yards of free water, the advance was blocked by a great pan of ice, tight jammed in the pack on either side. So fast and vagrantly was the floe shifting its formation that what had been a clear path was now crossed by a mighty barrier. Here was no slob-ice to be forced through at full steam; but a solid mass, like a bar of iron, lying across the way.

The ship was taken to the edge of the obstruction, and the Captain and the mate went forward to the bow to gauge the strength of it. When they came back to the bridge the former had his teeth set.

"It do be stiff work for the old ship, sir," said the mate.

The Captain growled as he pulled the signal-lever for full speed astern.

"Take half a day t' cut a way through," he said. "We'll ram it. Here, b'y," to Archie. "get off the bridge. You be in the way."

Archie joined Jack Bow on the forward deck. Neither had yet experienced a charge on a pan of ice; but both had listened, open-eyed, to the sealing tales of daring that had brought disaster.

"I feel queer," Archie remarked.

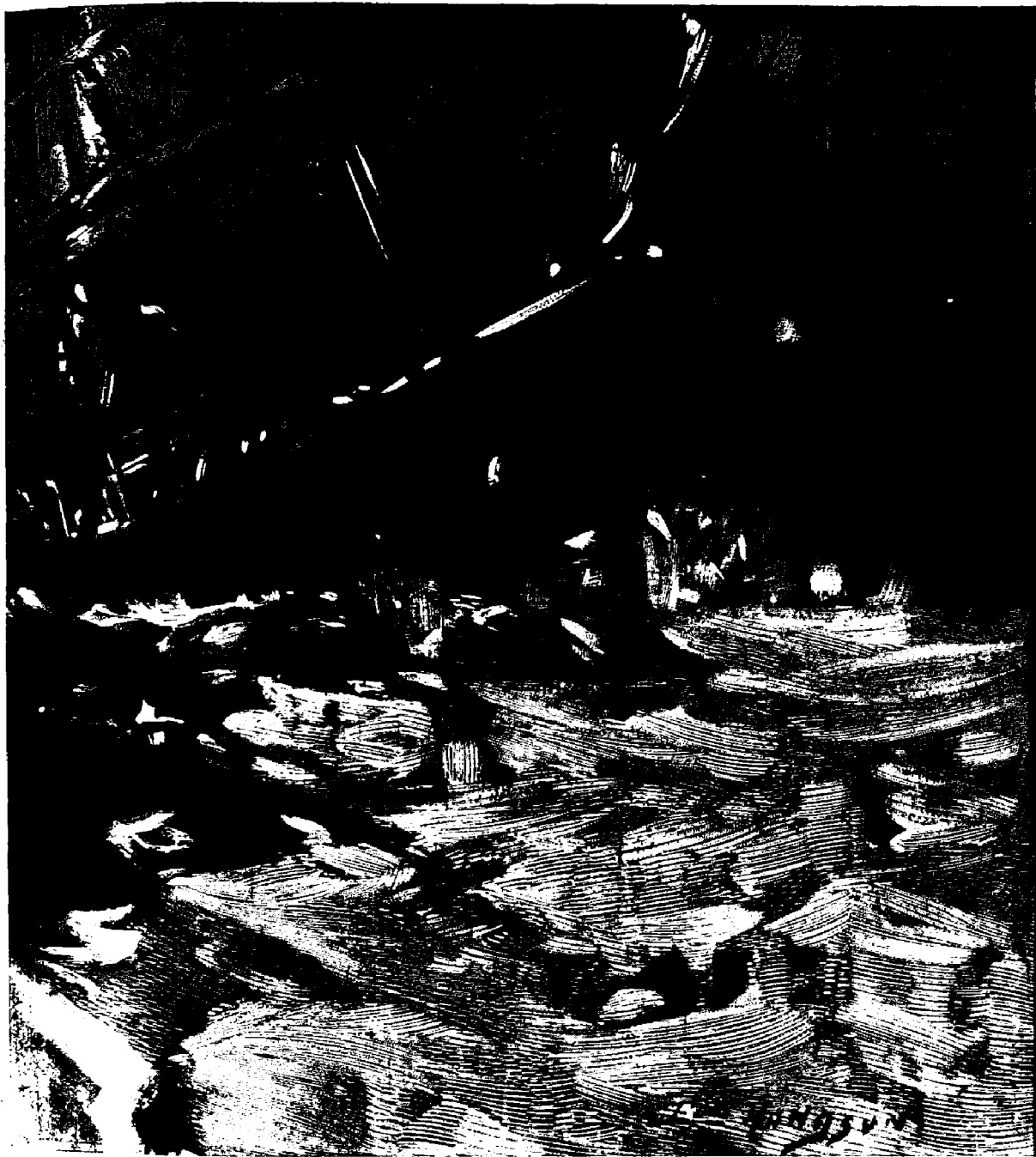
"Cap'n Hand," said Jack, as though trying to revive his faith in the old skipper, "he do be a clever one. 'Tis all right."

"Make fast below," the Captain shouted over the bridge rail.

The word was passed in a lively fashion. Tackle, boats, and all things loose, were lashed in their places, as if for a great gale.

"Stop!" was the next signal. Then, "Full speed ahead!"

The blow had been launched! A moment later, the stout *Dictator* was ploughing forward, charging the pan, which she must strike like a battering-ram, and shiver to pieces. She was of solid oak, this good ship, and built for such attacks: steel plates would buckle and spring under such shocks as she had many times triumphantly sustained. Every man was



THE VESSEL QUIVERED, CRUSHED HER WAY ON FOR A SPACE, AND STOPPED DEAD, QUIVERING STILL.

silent. Every man awaited the shock with a hand gripping some solid thing. There was not a sound save the hiss of the water and the *chug-chug* of the engines.

Archie caught his breath. His eyes were fixed on the fast vanishing space of water. The thrill of the adventure was manifest in Jack Bow's sharp, quick breathing, and in his blue eyes, which were as though about to pop out of their sockets.

"Stop!"

The engines abruptly ceased their labour. But a fathom or two of water lay ahead. The ship was about to strike. There was a long-drawn instant of suspense! Then the blow!

There was a fearful shock. The vessel quivered, crushed her way on for a space, and stopped dead, quivering still. A groan ran over her, from stem to stern, as though she had been racked in every part. The foretop-

mast snapped and fell forward upon the rigging with a crash.

A volley of cracks sounded from the ice, like the discharge of a thousand rifles, slowly subsiding. Dead silence fell and continued for a moment. Then the screw churned the water and the ship backed off, sound, but beaten; for the pan of ice lay, unbroken and unchanged, in its place, with but a jagged bruise, where the blow had struck.

"Aloft, there, some o' you, and cut away the spar!" the Captain roared. "Bill, get below an' see if she's tight. Here, you, Dickson, call the watch t' make sail. Mr. Girth," to the second mate, "take a crew t' the ice. Blast that pan in three places. Lively, now, all o' you!"

Roaring subordinates, answering "Ay, ay, sirs!" rattling blocks and chains, the fall of hurried feet, cries of warning and encouragement, the engines' gasps—these sounds, on the instant, confounded the confusion, and continued it while the good ship, snorting like a frightened horse, was backed to her first position.

"He'll try it again," Archie gleefully observed to Jack.

The Captain was pacing the bridge like some caged animal. Try it again? He was in a fever of impatience to be at it! It was as though the pan of ice were a foe needing only another and a heavier stroke to be beaten down.

"Sure," said Jack, after glancing to the bridge, "he do be goin' t' hit that pan till he smashes it, if it takes till Tibbs' Eve."

"Tibbs' Eve?"

"Sure, b'y. Does you not know what that is? 'Tis till the world's end—sure."

"Oh!" cried Archie, drawing a great breath, "this is——"

"My!" cried Jack, "but 'tis——"

Neither boy could complete the sentence. The fine ecstasy of this fight was past all expression.

"Splendid!" Archie exclaimed.

"Sure, b'y!" Jack fairly sighed.

The ship was again to be launched against the pan. The second mate took the blasting crew to the ice in the quarter-boat; and he lost no time about it, as the Captain made sure. Up aloft went other hands to cut away the broken spar and loose the canvas. Work was carried on under the spur of the Skipper's harshened voice; for the Skipper was in a passion to prove the quality of the ship.

The ice-picks were plied fast as arms could swing. Soon the mines were laid and fired. And when the dust of ice had fallen, and the noise of the explosion had gone rumbling into the silent distance, three gaping holes marked the pan at regular intervals from edge to edge.

"She do be all tight below, sir," was the carpenter's report. "Tight as a fiddle, sir."

"Now, Mr. Ackell," said the Captain, grimly, "in ten minutes we'll be free o' the ice, an' bound north at full steam."

"Or we'll be——"

"Mr. Ackell, sir," interrupted the Skipper, with a wink, "do you see any green in my eye?"

They made all sail. Then, after a quiet word or two of command, forth the ship shot, heeling to the breeze, wind now allied with steam. Her course was laid straight for the jagged bruise in the pan. There was no stopping her now. The ice cracked and shivered into a thousand pieces. The ship forged on, grinding the cakes into fragments, heaping them up, riding them down. She quivered when she struck, and strained and creaked as she crushed her way forward, but she crept on, invincible, adding inch to inch, foot to foot, until she swept out to the unclogged water. Then she shook the ice from her screw and ran grandly into the swelling sea.

"Hurrah!" the stout hearts roared.

"Hem—hem—Mr. Ackell," said the Skipper, with some emotion, "'tis a great ship!"

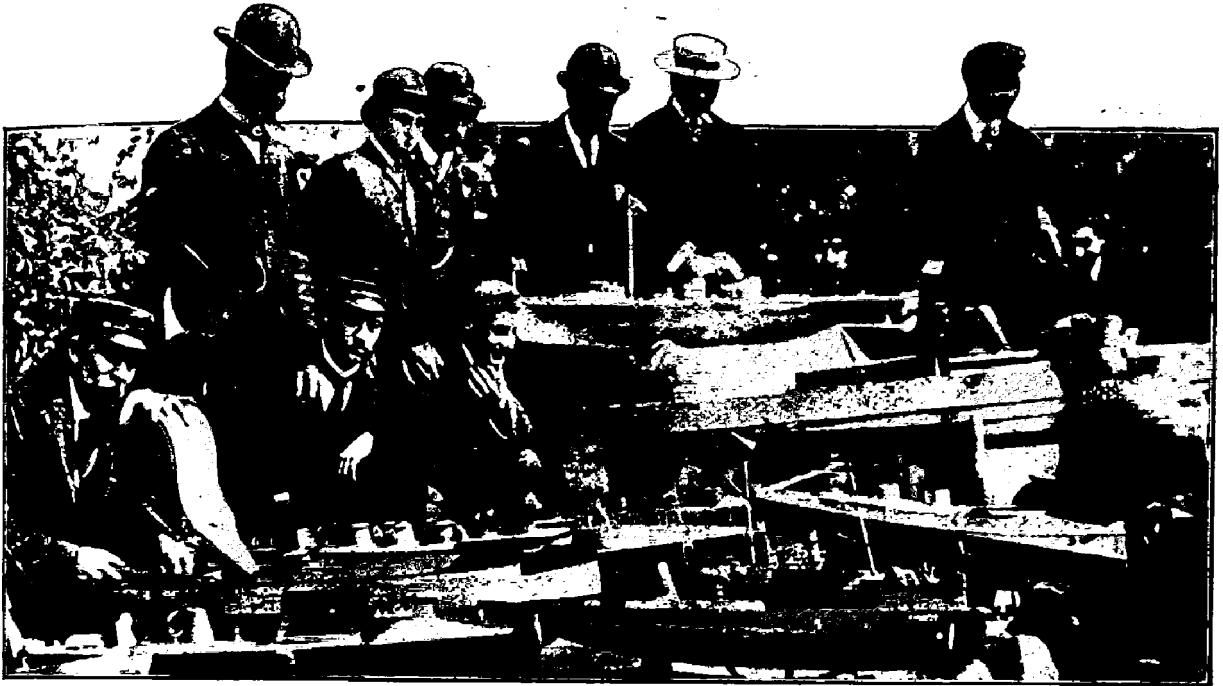
"'Tis that, sir," said the mate. "We'll sight the first pack o' harps at to-morrow's dawn."

To be concluded next month.

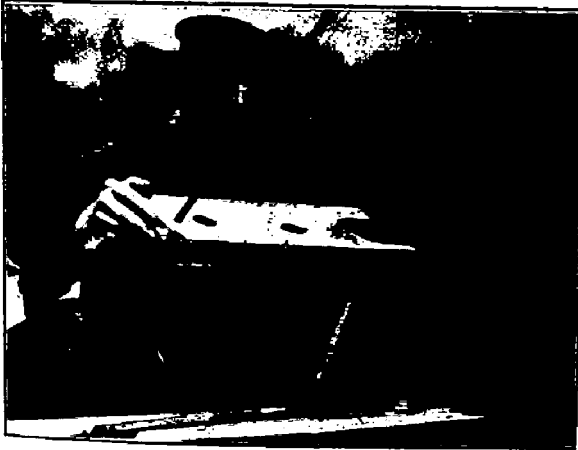
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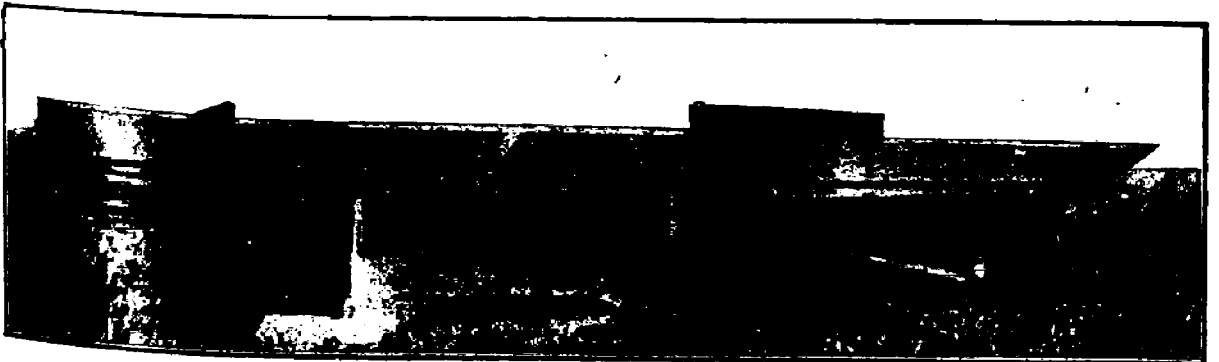
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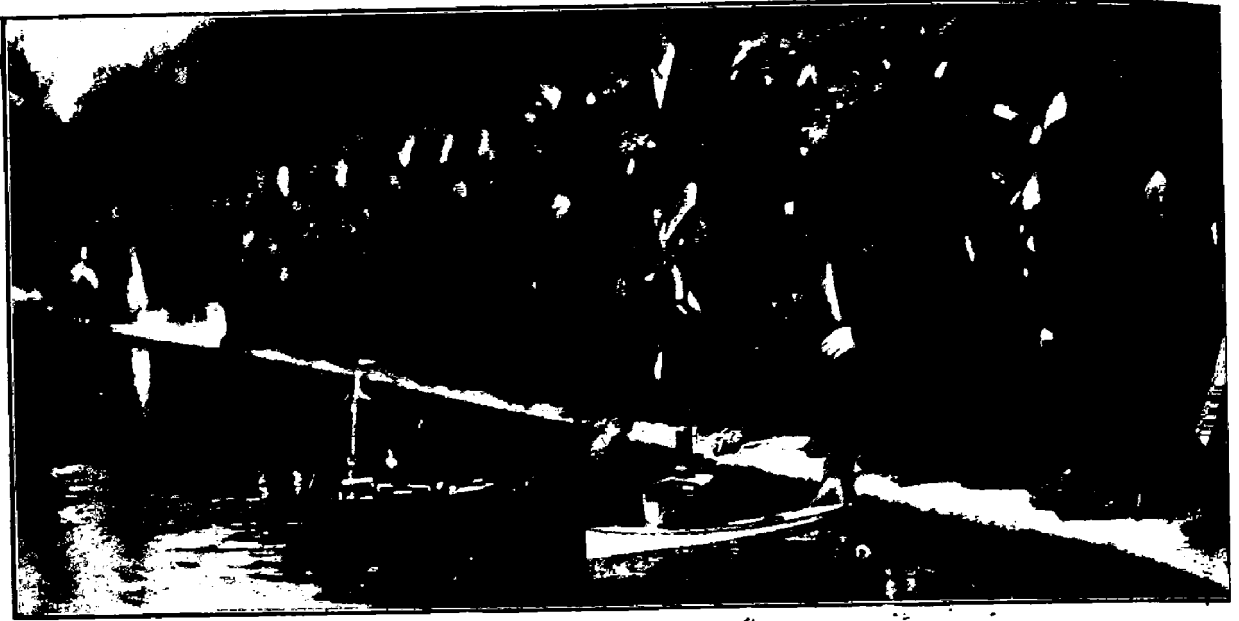
FITTING ON THE DECK AFTER GETTING UP
STEAM



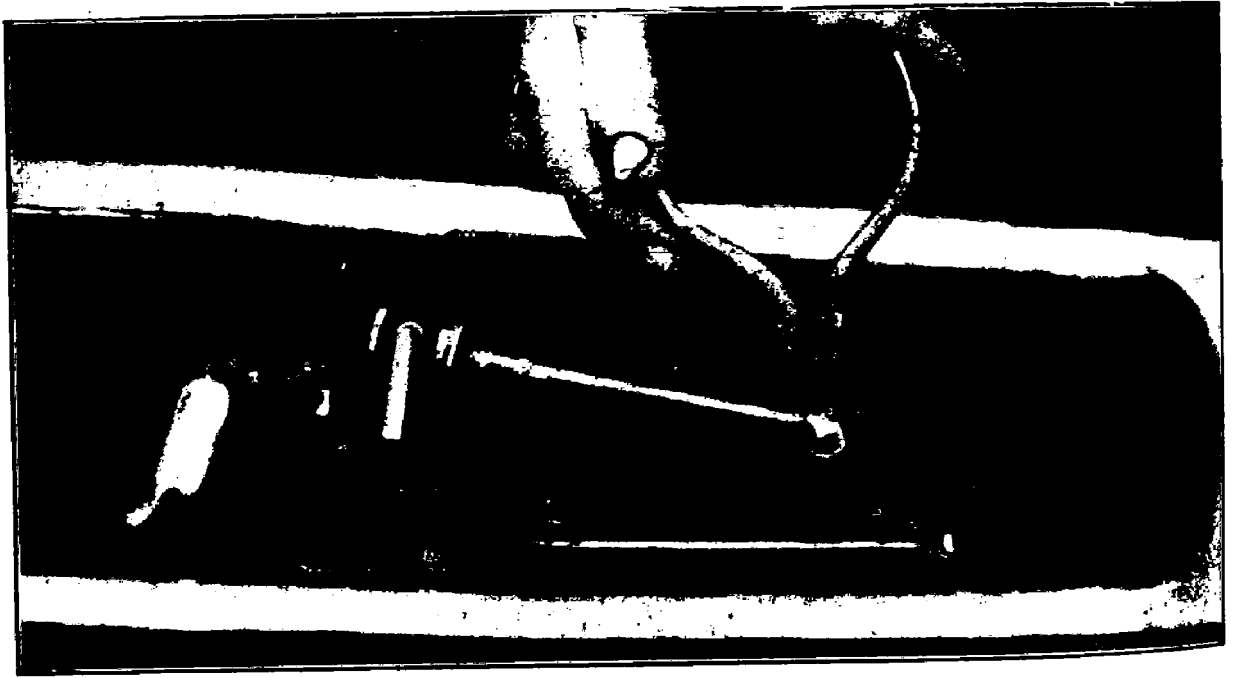
GETTING UP STEAM WITH A BLOWER ON A BOAT
THAT BURNS CHARCOAL.



PUTTING IN THE FORCED DRAUGHT BOILER-HEATER.



STARTING A RACE



DOCKED FOR REPAIRS



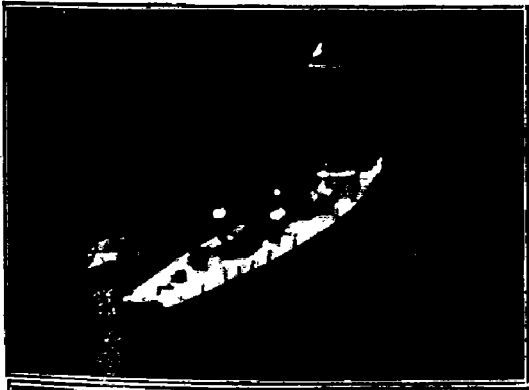
A MODEL TORPEDO-BOAT: FULL STEAM AHEAD.



BUILT IN HIS SPARE TIME.



EXPERIMENTING WITH VARIOUS TORPEDO BOAT PROPELLERS.



THE FASTEST BOAT ON THE LAKE, FOR HER SIZE, IS THE ELECTRICALLY PROPELLED MODEL SHOWN ABOVE.

SCHOOL.	MILE.	HALF-MILE	QUARTER-MILE.
Abingdon School	P. N. Graham 5 min. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	P. N. Graham 2 min. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	F. D. Smith 59 sec.
Blundell's School	G. E. Watton 5 min. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	—	R. S. Pendrara 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Beaumont College, Old Windsor	T. Leaky 5 min. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	—	E. Mayne 57 sec.
Brentwood School	H. D. Jackson 5 min. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	H. D. Jackson 2 min. 24 sec.	H. R. Kitson 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Bradfield College	Sandilands 5 min. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Lucas 2 min. 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Searle 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Brighton College	A. I. Carr 4 min. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	L. R. Russell 2 min. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	A. I. Carr 56 sec.
Charterhouse	Chandler 4 min. 55 sec.	Frame 2 min. 1 sec.	Thew 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Cheltenham College.	H. V. Hodson 4 min. 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.*	H. D. Mackenzie 2 min. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	H. Mather 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Dulwich College	N. D. Evans 5 min. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	—	H. V. N. Treadgold 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Dunstable Grammar School	J. Langridge 4 min. 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	P. Haswell 2 min. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	P. Haswell 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Eastbourne College	W. Foss 5 min. 8 sec.	V. H. Deuchar 2 min. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	V. H. Deuchar 57 sec.
Ely (King's School).	W. O. Hampton 5 min. 27 sec.	E. P. Will 2 min. 19 sec.	W. O. Hampton 63 sec.
Epsom College	A. Rackham 5 min. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	C. Clement 2 min. 15 sec.	Heard 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Fauconberg School	J. R. Abbott 5 min. 25 sec.	A. Dunnage 2 min. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	—
Felsted School	C. St. J. Wright 4 min. 49 sec.	—	O. Sidky 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Forest School.	N. R. Leslie 5 min. 11 sec.	—	H. O. Ashton 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Haileybury College	Whitehead (mi.) 4 min. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Whitehead (mi.) 2 min. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	—
Highgate School	Williamson 4 min. 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Williamson 2 min. 10 sec.*	Sayer 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Hereford Cathedral School	—	Hereford 2 min. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.*	Hereford? 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Ipswich School	F. P. Wood 5 min. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	—	W. H. Dunnett 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Lancing College	Parker 5 min. 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	G. S. Grist 2 min. 21 sec.	Grist 62 sec.
Leatherhead	J. W. H. Park 5 min. 5 sec.	W. H. Park 2 min. 18 sec.	J. W. H. Park 56 sec.
Leys School, Cambridge	—	—	W. H. Gunton 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Malvern College	—	Clegg 2 min. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Napier 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Marlborough College	Wyer 4 min. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Wyer 2 min. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Wyer 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Mill Hill School	C. W. Bywaters 5 min. 16 sec.	—	S. G. Buszard 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Oswestry School	—	D. Thomas 2 min. 26 sec.	H. G. Trayer 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Oundle School	Garrod 4 min. 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Gimson (i.) 2 min. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Gimson (l.) 57 sec.
Perse Grammar School, Cambridge	H. J. Mansfield 5 min. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	H. J. Mansfield 2 min. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	H. J. Mansfield 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Pocklington School.	Donovan 5 min. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Sale 2 min. 22 sec.	Anson (l.) 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Portsmouth Grammar School	—	—	N. M. Lane 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Reading School	L. E. W. O. Full- brook-Leggatt 5 min. 24 sec.	W. H. Pike 2 min. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	S. H. Stevens 56 sec.
Repton School	Russell 5 min. 4 sec.	Olivier 2 min. 12 sec.	Birrell 55 sec.
Rossall School	R. W. Crummack 4 min. 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	A. L. Keigwin 2 min. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	A. L. Keigwin 59 sec.
St. Paul's School	N. E. Farr 5 min. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	J. Mavor 2 min. 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	G. A. Lilly 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Sedbergh School	Iuman (i.) 4 min. 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Gwatkin 2 min. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Gwatkin 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Tonbridge School	Bigg-Wither 4 min. 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Devenish 2 min. 10 sec.	Devenish 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Wellingborough School	E. W. Beck 5 min. 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	E. W. Beck 2 min. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	G. Bennet 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Wellington College	J. T. Younger 4 min. 50 sec.	N. Field 2 min. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	N. Field 51 sec.
Westminster School	Glover 5 min. 13 sec.	Falles 2 min. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Rawlings 58 sec.
Whitgift School	F. C. Worster 5 min. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	F. C. Worster 2 min. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	D. L. Hammick 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

RESULTS, 1906.

100 YARDS.	HURDLES.	HIGH JUMP.	LONG JUMP.	CRICKET BALL.	WEIGHT.
N. Duncan 10½ sec.	N. Duncan 17½ sec.	R. V. Weaving 4 ft. 11½ in.	G. H. G. Shepherd 19 ft. 7½ in.	M. A. Butler 86 yd. 8 in.	M. A. Butler 31 ft. 4 in.
E. W. Hamilton 10½ sec.	F. W. Hinings 17½ sec.	B. P. Newill 5 ft. 1 in.	B. F. Newill 18 ft. 6½ in.	A. S. McIntyre 109 yd. 10½ in.*	B. F. Newill 31 ft. 7 in.
E. Mayne 10½ sec.	B. Watkins 18½ sec.	E. Mayne 5 ft. 1½ in.	C. Firth 18 ft. 10 in.	—	E. Vetter 27 ft. 8½ in.
H. R. Kitson 11 sec.	—	H. R. Kitson 4 ft. 11 in.	D. H. Temple 17 ft. 3½ in.	H. D. Beedie 80 yd. 2 ft.	H. D. Beedie 24 ft. 4 in.
Searle 11½ sec.	Smallwood 19½ sec.	A. Gooden 5 ft. 2½ in.	Hoare 17 ft. 6½ in.	R. Strange 100 yd. 2½ in.	—
A. I. Carr 11½ sec.	A. W. Shallow 17½ sec.	A. I. Carr 4 ft. 10½ in.	A. I. Carr 19 ft. 9 in.	A. I. Carr 85 yd. 2 ft. 6 in.	A. I. Carr 28 ft. 6½ in.
Atkinson 10½ sec.	—	Peet 5 ft. 2½ in.	Peet 18 ft. 1 in.	Thew 98 yd. 1 ft. 3 in.	Peet 26 ft. 8 in.
J. C. Humfrey 10½ sec.	A. C. M. Tennant 17½ sec.*	—	—	—	—
H. V. N. Treadgold 10½ sec.	F. G. Langdon 16½ sec.	R. B. Firth 4 ft. 11 in.	A. E. J. Inglis 19 ft. 9 in.	F. G. Langdon 82 yd. 1 ft. 5 in.	F. G. Langdon 30 ft. 6 in.
M. Schunck 11½ sec.	R. Nevill 19½ sec.	R. Nevill 4 ft. 8 in.	P. G. W. Gosse 18 ft.	W. V. R. Garland 88 yd. 4½ in.	P. G. W. Gosse 28 ft. 2 in.
T. H. Bowes 11½ sec.	V. H. Deuchar 18½ sec.	S. C. Boys 5 ft. 1½ in.	T. H. Bowes 18 ft. 6 in.	W. S. Hallilen 90 yd. 9 in.	J. E. G. Smith 26 ft. 6 in.
W. O. Hampton 11½ sec.	W. O. Hampton 20 sec.	W. O. Hampton 5 ft. 3 in.*	A. K. Bindloss 17 ft. 7½ in.	C. A. Page 87 yd. 2 ft. 9 in.	—
A. Heard 10½ sec.	Heard 19 sec.	Heard 5 ft. 2½ in.	A. D. Heard 20 ft. 2½ in.	Munro 99 yd. 9 in.	—
A. Dunnage 11½ sec.	—	R. B. Hamilton 4 ft. 5 in.	—	G. R. Keep 68 yd.	—
O. Sidky 11½ sec.	G. Ballard 18½ sec.	R. G. Holmes 4 ft. 10 in.	R. C. Lyle 18 ft. 10 in.	E. F. V. Briard 79 yd. 2 ft. 3 in.	H. F. S. Huntington 27 ft. 9½ in.
H. O. Ashton 11½ sec.	G. C. Robson 21½ sec.	G. C. Robson 4 ft. 8 in.	H. O. Ashton 17 ft. 5½ in.	F. Thorne 75 yd. 2 ft.	H. F. S. Pryke 30 ft. 5 in.
Short (ma.) 11½ sec.	Yorke 17½ sec.	Blaker (ma.) 4 ft. 11 in.	Ruck 18 ft.	Ruck 100 yd. 1 ft.	Ruck 30 ft. 2 in.
—	Sothers 17½ sec.	Sayer 5 ft. 3½ in.	Sothers 18 ft. 6½ in.	Sothers 92 yd. 2 ft. 1 in.	Taylor 27 ft. ½ in.
Hall 10½ sec.	—	G. Grasset 4 ft. 8 in.	Phillips 16 ft. 10½ in.	Britten 79 yd. 1 ft.	—
W. H. Dunnett 11½ sec.	W. H. Dunnett 20 sec.	W. H. Dunnett 4 ft. 10 in.	W. H. Dunnett 20 ft. 8 in.	W. H. Dunnett 91 yd. 1 ft. 6 in.	—
Grist 11½ sec.	Wall 20½ sec.	Mathew 5 ft. 1 in.	Mathew and Jennings 17 ft. 7 in.	M. Custance 90 yd.	—
E. A. Stanway 11 sec.	J. W. H. Park 19 sec.	A. G. Boycott 5 ft.	E. A. Stanway 20 ft. 8½ in.	—	—
W. H. Gunton 11 sec.	C. D. Hayhurst 20½ sec.	W. H. Pearson 5 ft.	—	C. Elwell 81 yd.	—
Shearman 11½ sec.	Stretton 19 sec.	Lee-Booker 5 ft. ½ in.	Burn-Callander 19 ft. 1 in.	Mann 104 yd.	Napier 28 ft. 10 in.
Soutar 11½ sec.	Soutar, Oliver 18½ sec.	H. C. Marshall 5 ft. 3 in.	Oliver 17 ft. 8 in.	—	—
S. G. Buszard 11½ sec.	—	J. E. Dexter 4 ft. 8½ in.	R. N. Rowbotham 17 ft. 11 in.	—	—
H. Andrews 11½ sec.	—	H. G. Trayer 4 ft. 7 in.	J. H. Roberts 16 ft. 7 in.	H. Andrews 72 yd. 6½ in.	R. Clibborn 26 ft. 2 in.
Gimson (i.) 11 sec.	Trenchard 17 sec.	Trenchard 4 ft. 11½ in.	Trenchard 19 ft. 6 in.	Gimson (i.) 98 yd. 2 ft. 9 in.	Boddam-Whetham (i.) 30 ft. 9½ in.
Mainwaring 11½ sec.	—	—	Mainwaring 18 ft. 2½ in.	Archer 85 yd. 2 ft. 6 in.	—
Clark 11½ sec.	—	Carr 4 ft. 10 in.	Hutton 10 ft. 8 in.	—	—
N. M. Lane 11½ sec.	W. S. Sprent 19½ sec.	C. J. Pascoe 4 ft. 11 in.	N. M. Lane 17 ft. 6 in.	L. H. Adams 93 yd. 1 ft. 8 in.	—
S. H. Stevens 11½ sec.	S. H. Stevens 21 sec.	S. H. Stevens 5 ft. 3½ in.*	S. H. Stevens 20 ft. 8½ in.*	O. R. Nares 88 yd. 6 ft.	S. H. Stevens 30 ft. 3 in.
Birrell 11 sec.	Birrell 19½ sec.	Brooksbank 5 ft. 1 in.	Birrell 21 ft. ½ in.*	Clarke (ma.) 91 yd. 2 ft.	—
C. W. Frizell 11½ sec.	W. K. Menzies 22½ sec.	J. D. Champneys 4 ft. 10 in.	W. K. Menzies 19 ft. 10 in.	W. K. Menzies 99 yd. 4 in.	J. D. Champneys 28 ft. 7 in.
G. A. Lilly 11½ sec.	G. A. Lilly 19½ sec.	E. G. Joseph 5 ft. 4 in.	D. G. Struthers 17 ft. 2 in.	R. K. Shaw 95 yd. 3 ft.	R. Willis 31 ft. 5 in.
Turner 11½ sec.	Scholfield 18½ sec.	Turner 4 ft. 10½ in.	Dahl 18 ft. 2 in.	Dahl 91 yd. 2 ft.	Sillavan 31 ft. 2 in.*
Wright 10½ sec.	Stokes 17½ sec.	Dare 5 ft. 3½ in.	Wright 19 ft. 7½ in.	Wright 101 yd. 1 ft. 2½ in.	Stokes 29 ft.
N. Y. Welman 11½ sec.	N. Y. Welman 17½ sec.	N. Y. Welman 5 ft. 1 in.	N. Y. Welman 18 ft. 5 in.	H. E. Hales 93 yd. 10 in.	—
J. K. Trotter 10½ sec.	N. Field 16½ sec.	G. F. C. Shakespear 5 ft. ½ in.	D. M. Methven 18 ft. 10 in.	M. Burridge 82 yd. 1 ft.	B. A. D. Kinahan 32 ft. 10 in.
Rawlings 11½ sec.	Newman 20½ sec.	Hepburn 5 ft. 3 in.	Pinks 17 ft. 3 in.	Rawlings 90 yd.	—
D. L. Hammick 11½ sec.	D. L. Hammick 19½ sec.	H. W. R. Mason 4 ft. 8 in.	F. C. Worster 16 ft. 6 in.	E. H. Morris 87 yd. 2 ft. 6 in.	—

* Record.

The Triumph of Peace.

By Major G. H. LANE.

Illustrated by Lawson Wood.

I.



tale I ma about to tell is one which, with your knowledge of science—so far as science is at present unfolded—will probably be condemned as a dreamy creation beyond the realms of reason. I accept your verdict as given before waiting to hear it,

yet my tale is reasonable, and you may live to see it carried out in its entirety, for if in the next generation scientific development continues to progress at its present pace, and nations continue to rise and fall in the future as in the past, no conclusion I arrive at is improbable or extravagant. Within the last twenty years we have been enabled to talk across oceans without even the medium of a wire; man's slave, the horse, in this brief period has become obsolete; ships now speed under as well as on the waters; and with the conquest of the seas we are daily doing much towards solving the problem of utilising the air as a medium for locomotion. Voices of the dead can be reproduced through the phonograph; the footfalls of a fly can be heard through the microphone; the moon, two hundred and forty thousand miles distant, can be brought to view within the range of a day's walk; with a switch we can put into activity the boundless powers of electricity to provide us with light, with heat, with motive power, or to launch us into eternity; by means of electricity we can whisper across the Atlantic, or we can utilise the same force for the purpose of boiling an egg. Thus in a short generation we see the steam-engine condemned to the scrap-heap, and the Atlantic cable abandoned as a super-

fluous medium of communication, while dirigible balloons are steered to a desired point and return to the field of their ascent. Another phase of aerial locomotion is to be seen in the developing use of the aeroplane; not many years will pass before you will with certainty abandon the roads and take an afternoon spin through space.

From the great architect Nature has man at last sought guidance in framing his models for these great inventions; the whale and the dolphin supply the lines on which the submarine or torpedo-boat must be built in order to obtain the best results; to the beetle or the cricket, with its aeroplane wing casings, do we turn for assistance in shaping aerial ships, which by development may prove so deadly an instrument in war that they may become the chief factor in promoting peace among mankind. But this peace, if attained, would not be due to a more Christian development of feeling between nations, but rather to a discreet dread of the calamities which would befall a nation worsted in war and at the mercy of the terrible engines of destruction which modern discovery has placed in the hands of combatants.

Now what I am about to describe came about through a millionaire being miserable. I can in fancy hear you remark: "A miserable millionaire? I wish I had half his complaint." Well, why not? Nothing is easier. You know the game of "Pit," in which you obtain all the cards of a suit, thereby securing a corner in flax, wheat, barley, &c., which puts a stop to the game and secures you a certain number of points? Well, that is all the millionaire does, only he deals in the real, you in the imaginary, material. This to him means the making of a vast fortune, and it means the ruin of thousands trading in a humbler and more honest way. The small man is swamped, so no wonder the millionaire is not exactly beloved of the million! Yet with all his wealth the millionaire is not a happy man; he has no

real friends; his acquaintances are obsequious to him, listen to and laugh at his commonplace platitudes; his nephews are painfully polite; his vast accumulation of riches brings him no happiness; his yacht, his motor-cars, his country seat, his salmon river afford him no pleasure. There are a few instances of very wealthy men bestowing a portion of their wealth to the advantage of the people—one offers free libraries, which are often refused; another gives vast sums for the building of refuges for the poor, to be told that he is only giving back to the people what in bygone days he had stolen from them; others offer money which no one will touch owing to the scandalous way it has been obtained. Unhappy millionaire! what can be done for him? The very poor have institutions provided for them, but the very rich are ostracised, and would gladly welcome a refuge to turn to.

Millionaires are a modern creation. Fifty years ago I doubt if there were a dozen in the world; now there are hundreds, and at the time this story deals with many thousands of them existed, and one of them propounded and circulated a scheme among the richest men in the world whereby their wealth could be utilised and invested for the regeneration of mankind.

It was generally known that a conference among the millionaires was taking place, though no one guessed what direction their deliberations were taking until an announcement appeared in the Press stating that Portugal had disposed of her possessions in the Atlantic to a syndicate, and that the payment of compensation to the real property owners in those islands had been arranged to the satisfaction of both parties—that, in fact, from the New Year the Azores would be taken over and administered by the purchasers.

Little interest beyond curiosity did this announcement awaken. By financiers it was looked upon merely as a development of the game of "Pit," the cornering of a portion of the planet!

II.

THE millionaires, after much study of climatic and geographical conditions, determined that the Azores were suitable as a location whereon to exploit their scheme. After dreary negotiations with Portugal, these islands were purchased at a cost of many millions, which in this story are of no consideration. According to Plato, as you can read in a book called "Atlantis," this group of islands was the original birthplace of man. Should we credit the

theory, what more suitable spot could be hit upon for his regeneration?

The north-west of Europe proved the most fruitful area for the selection of healthy specimens of humanity. The tempting offer of a free home on the islands and a generous income for life to the parents of offspring without mental or physical blemish aroused world-wide competition. From all nations engineers, architects and surveyors assisted in devising plans for laying out model towns and dwellings; a clean sweep of all existing buildings was made. All selected individuals imported to the Azores were tenants of the State, and, though every dweller was provided with a handsome income, there was no possible means of making money on the islands, for life thereon was to be one of healthy employment, begetting contentment, with the consequent enjoyment of existence without the cares and worries which beset mankind.

Employment was compulsory. A student could select his occupation; he could be an artist or a mechanic, a chemist or a carpenter—each chose a vocation according to his talents. The islands were not to be an Elysium for idlers or a State-maintained poor-house. The various universities of the world were drawn upon for qualified instructors. This is a very brief outline of what was carried into effect, and subsequently developed and improved upon with excellent results.

There were two fleets belonging to the islands, one of Instruction, the other of Destruction. The former soon became known and welcome in most waters, bearing its burden of scholars from the university of the islands to the ports of the old world to visit the centres of learning and philosophy, the national galleries and museums, the cathedrals, the towns of note for special manufactories, and so forth. Interesting as these visits were to the students, they all felt a longing to leave behind them the misery, vice, and poverty rampant in the busy smoke-befogged towns of the money-making world and return to their sea-washed home, where sunshine and contentment reigned, and to which their thoughts were ever thronging.

It was early recognised that should the ideal of the islands Council be realised, or even partially so, the land of their creation would become a coveted gem in the eyes of nations whose civilisation was gauged by their strength, and that to ensure safety from aggression adequate means of protection must be one of their most important points of consideration. To create a navy such as Great Britain, France or Germany possessed would lead the world



THERE WAS A LOUD CRASH ON THE DECK, AND AN EXPLOSIVE PUFF OF YELLOW SMOKE ROSE UPWARDS, REVEALING A SQUARE DOCUMENT.

to believe that aggression was part of their policy. So the Fleet Committee—aided by scientific experts—determined that their means of defence should be modelled in imitation of those possessed by three distinct objects existing in Nature—the cuttlefish, the osprey, and the dolphin. They would have an aerial and a submerged fleet, a fleet in being though not a visible one. The two first engines of destruction were so deadly in their methods that no battleship had a chance of escape if once within the zone of their operations. It would take

long to explain the wondrous workings of the limbs of the "Octopus," composed of spherically jointed tubing, similar in diameter to that laid in underground London. Each tentacle extended to a distance of eight miles from its base, and was capable of being raised to the surface of the sea, or sunk to its depths. These arms were jointed or articulated to enable them to be turned to the right or to the left; in short, they possessed all the movements of the creature from which it derived its name. A force equally firm and deadly as that possessed by the Octopus for gripping its victim existed in the terminals of the tubes, magnets of such intensity that no battleship once within its influence could make headway against its hold. If once a vessel became a prey to the magnet, electric drills finished the work of destruction by boring holes

through the hull, and thus sinking the vessel as surely as the parrot-shaped beak of the cuttlefish destroyed its captive. If resistance was prolonged, the revolving blades of the turbines were enmeshed and brought to a standstill. The whereabouts of the attacker could not be located by submarine observation, as an ejection of dark fluid at time of necessity was released which effectively obscured the transparency of the water within the radius of operations.

III.

A VESSEL belonging to the mercantile marine of one of the strongest naval powers in Europe—Germany, you at once conclude, but it wasn't Germany—anchored during the continuance of a violent gale in the shelter of the harbour of Fayal. On the evening prior to the departure of the vessel three of her crew came ashore in a drunken condition and assaulted a civilian, which deed resulted in their arrest and detention for a week in the castle at the entrance to the port. Protests for the men's release were

made, but without avail; the steamer, in consequence of shortage of hands, was perforce detained until the expiration of the sentence on the culprits.

Some three weeks after this incident a communication was received from the Foreign Office of the country to which the ship belonged, calling for an immediate explanation as to the reason of detention of subjects of his Majesty, &c. &c. By the peremptory tone of the official communication it was realised that trouble was probably in sight. Confident as to the justice of the action taken, and also as to the islands' power of self-defence, the Islanders replied stating the facts of the case. This reply was deemed wholly unsatisfactory and contrary to the testimony of the captain and all the officers of the ship to which the arrested men belonged. The vessel contained a valuable cargo which, owing to the unjustifiable action of the island authorities, had not been delivered in accordance with contract; it was therefore demanded that full compensation should be paid to the contractors, likewise to the men illegally arrested and imprisoned.

There is no need to follow this verbose Note to its end. In reply the Minister was informed that a full explanation of all the circumstances of the incident had been furnished, and that there was no further information to be given; further, it was stated that the suggestion as to compensating a country because its subjects had been punished for their misdemeanours could neither be entertained nor considered. The response to this communication was the despatch of a squadron, which included the most up-to-date battleship afloat.

What was happening was not unknown to other nations, whose sympathy went out to the specks in the Atlantic which in the few years of their existence as a new nation had developed so rapidly and so peacefully, and become a centre from which science, art, and literature drew its chief contributions. The only spot on earth free from discord, crime, poverty, and disease was to be mopped up like refuse to satisfy the greed of a great Power under the justification of a diplomatic fabrication! Great Britain and the United States, though under no covenant or treaty with the Azores, spontaneously mobilised their fleets, backed up by all parties in their respective Governments. Scarcely was their determination issued than it was mutually withdrawn at the request of the Council of the Azores, which, while expressing its everlasting gratitude for aid so nobly proffered in its time of trouble, assured the two nations that it had foreseen

the possibility of aggression and provided against it.

The punitive fleet, now breathing more freely, left its ports to enforce the satisfaction due to its country's injured dignity. The Azores were officially recorded as possessing no battleships, no cruisers, a few home-made torpedo-boats and kites, and, some statistical books of reference added, a submarine tunnel, so the fleet anticipated an easy walk-over.

The flagship led the line of battleships, now some eight hundred miles distant from the European coast, or a hundred from the Azores. Dawn was breaking, and a golden streak of light illumined the eastern horizon. The sky was somewhat cloudy, the sea moderate.

The officer on duty, yawning through his early morning watch, was suddenly aroused from his *ennui* by a hissing sound apparently proceeding from above the bridge. Looking upwards, he saw to his alarm a long streak of light bending in an arc towards the vessel. There was a loud crash on the deck, fragments of metal splashed around, and an explosive puff of yellow smoke rose upwards from the spot struck, revealing a square document.

The Captain and officers hurried on deck. The Admiral appeared from his cabin, buttoning his greatcoat over his pyjamas; the men had with equal haste jumped from their hammocks. The order "To Stations" was promptly sounded. The officer on watch was told to search the sky, which he reported clear save for a few gulls circling round.

The missive so mysteriously deposited on the deck was found to be of parchment. It was addressed to the Admiral of the Fleet, by name, and written in his own language, and it warned him that any act of aggression directed against the islands would be met by irresistible retaliation. The document was signed by the Chief of the Council, while on the opposite sheet of the missive was a beautifully executed etching of a sea-eagle perpendicularly swooping towards another of its species which bore a fish in its talons.

The crew below were considerably excited by the incident, so much so that the Admiral deemed it expedient to reassure them by circulating *his* views of the event, which were, that a missile containing a threatening document had been launched on to the deck of the flagship by an aerial ship.

Some two hours later, the sun having risen, far away to the westward the summit of Mount Pico could be seen standing out against the skyline of the ocean. The news produced a thrill of excitement throughout the fleet, which soon

subsided and gave way to a feeling of despondency tinged with anxiety. Orders were given to prepare for action, as the enemy was in sight. Decks were cleared, magazines opened, guns manned, and all hands stood to their posts. The islands now loomed large some fifteen miles ahead of the flagship, yet no opposing fleet could be discerned, no batteries or forts, only a few fishing-boats and yachts at anchor near the harbour of Fayal. A flag could be seen fluttering from the flagstaff on the castle bearing a white-winged figure on a globe. It signified "Peace on Earth." A search was made upwards, and a few gulls discerned circling at a great height. A message announcing the arrival of the fleet off the islands was sent by the Admiral to his Emperor, also one to the Azores stating the object of the fleet's mission, namely, to enforce apology, reparation, and indemnity, or the consequence of bombardment must be accepted. From the islands came the reply that they had every reason to believe that the message of the morning had been delivered.

After consultation it was determined that a round from one of the ten-inch guns should be fired at the castle to prove to the Islanders that the fleet was in earnest. The range was extreme, some eight miles. This determination was likewise communicated to the islands, which made no response. At noon the fatal shot was fired. It struck the water some eight hundred yards short of the object aimed at. Scarcely had the sound of the discharge died away, than a second terrific report was heard on the battleship, followed by a mighty explosion and dense clouds of smoke, which slowly drifted past the fleet. When the scene of the explosion cleared, to the dismay of the squadron it was seen that its flagship had disappeared, its position being marked only by shouting men struggling in the water for their lives.

All the boats of the fleet were at once lowered. The Admiral was among those saved, the Captain and three hundred and forty of his men being sucked down with the vessel. The disaster was officially considered to be due to an explosion in the magazine, and the Admiral's flag was moved to the next most powerful ship to that now slowly sinking to her resting-place at a depth of four thousand fathoms.

It is difficult to exaggerate the effect which the disaster had on the sailors of the fleet, who openly repudiated the idea put forward as to its cause. They strained their eyes skywards, but could discern nothing, not even a single circling gull. The men's conjectures as to

the cause of the catastrophe were strengthened by the statements of some of those saved, who declared they had heard a hissing sound above their heads, and saw a black ball coming towards the deck just before the explosion occurred. The views of the situation taken by the sailors led to so much demoralisation in the fleet, that the Admiral determined to at once move line abreast towards the islands and open bombardment at a distance of five miles from the shore. Signals to that effect were made, and in a few minutes the battleships were manœuvred into line. For nearly twenty minutes the engines throbbed away under full steam before it was discovered that the ships were making no headway, and then only by reason of a sea-bird settling on the waters alongside one of the ships and maintaining its position without motion.

Almost simultaneously with the discovery of the fact that the warships were stationary, the screws of the respective vessels became fouled, their shafts were distorted—and in consequence ceased to revolve—and lo! the islands had totally disappeared from view in a dense fog which was gradually drifting towards the hapless fleet. At the same time the most direful shrieks of distress came from the syrens of the numerous attendant ships in the offing, but assistance could not be sent, for the vessels despatched to teach these puny upstart islands a lesson, were paralysed and powerless. They could neither steam ahead nor astern, nor did they drift, and by their rolling and pitching it was evident that they were not aground.

In a state of bewilderment soundings were ordered to be taken round the various vessels, though it was well known that they were floating over 24,000 feet of water. The Emperor, on being informed by wireless telegraphy how matters (and his fleet) stood, replied that a second squadron had been despatched to their assistance.

The Admiral summoned all his senior officers to discuss the situation in his deck cabin. Scarcely had they taken their seats than the most portentous rappings resounded throughout the length of the ship, and the crew came helter-skelter from below to the upper deck in a state of great trepidation. The officers, unable to hear one another's voices, emerged from the cabin to find themselves the central objects of a panic-stricken crowd.

"We had better send a diver down," said the Admiral to the senior Captain; and immediately there arose a frenzied shout of "Heinrich! Heinrich the Porpoise!"



HEINRICH WAS STILL BENEATH THE WAVES CARRYING OUT HIS INVESTIGATIONS.

IV.

HEINRICH THE DIVER was an aged man, who from boyhood had explored the bottoms of many seas. He was called "the Porpoise" because he was considered to have passed the greater part of his life under water, only occasionally coming to the surface to "blow." He was the senior diver in the navy, and the men felt that there was nothing unknown under water to Heinrich.

The diver was directed to don his dress and prepare for immediate submersion, and in a few moments the top of his helmet disappeared below the water to the cheers of the bluejackets, which could be but barely heard amid the rattle and din resounding through the battleship. Men were ordered to the magazine to remove the explosives to an upper deck. The order was not obeyed; for once hesitancy of obedience appeared among the crew. Volunteers for the work were then called for, and all the officers stepped forward in answer to the summons. In a moment the men, inspired by example, responded to the order. Hardly, however, had they commenced to remove the shell and cartridges to a place of comparative safety from explosion by a mine, than they were forced to desist from work, for word had been sent from below that the keel was pierced and water was making in all compartments from stem to stern. Orders were therefore given for all boats to be lowered.

Heinrich was still beneath the waves carrying out his investigations; there were constant inquiries through the telephone as to his progress, but he was apparently too engrossed in his duties to reply. When it was seen that the vessel was doomed, the diver was informed that he must ascend at once. The lines being strained, his submerged form commenced to rise; the top of his helmet appeared, the eye lenses, the gorget—and there the diving-dress ceased!

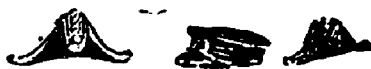
The pumpers looked aghast at one another; the men hanging over the bulwarks and those gazing through the ports were speechless. The helmet was lifted with respectful care into the boat, when within it was observed a spherical glass receptacle, shaped like a skull, the base of which was secured with a screw stopper. Inside could be seen a letter addressed to the Admiral. This was handed up by the officer in charge of the diver's boat, and passed on to the officer in command of the fleet.

The missive was perfectly dry, and penned in the handwriting of Heinrich. It read: "*To the Admiral.—Sir, keep the divers atop. Your obedient servant, Heinrich.*" On the opposite page was a beautifully executed picture of an octopus holding a battleship in each tentacle, save one, which was free, and beneath this was a ship sinking.

Water was now making such headway throughout the vessel that the only thought possible was the saving of the lives of the crew, so orders were given to prepare to leave the ship. As is usual with sailors in times of danger, this command was carried out in an orderly way. The Admiral and his officers were the last to leave the vessel. The bows of the deserted battleship began to dip, dip, more and more; the compressed air crashed its way through the decks and bulkheads with loud explosions; then, taking her last plunge, the gallant ship sank headlong to the bottom of the Atlantic.

For the third time did the Admiral transfer his flag. The helpless situation of the Fleet, in the grip and at the mercy of engines of war unknown to European Powers, was made known to the Emperor. A response came commanding the Admiral to inform the islands authorities that new facts had come to light, and that on further investigation it had been ascertained that the sailors of the detained merchant-ship were blameworthy, and met with merited punishment; also that the Captain and officers of the ship concerned would be adequately punished for misrepresentation. The Emperor added that ample apologies, with compensation, if demanded, were to be offered to the islands, and that the fleet was to return without delay.

Within thirty hours of the receipt of this message to the islands, ironclads arrived to tow the remnants of the maimed fleet back to its ports. But before the magnetic force which held the warships in chains was withdrawn, a tiny craft was observed skimming over the waves in their direction. In the stern sat Heinrich the Porpoise, with a broad smile on his face and a bundle under his arm containing the balance of his submarine costume, while on his left sat a fair-haired youth, bearing a casket addressed to the Emperor of the departing fleet. Within it was a sphere of crystal, on which was outlined the continents of the globe surmounted by a golden figure representing the ANGEL OF PEACE.





THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

THE great Exhibition has come and gone. Needless to say, it was a huge success. At the last moment it was found that for the 9000 ft. of frame space provided there were applications for over 12,000 ft.—that is to say, there were applications for 3000 ft. of space more than could be found even in the spacious hall of the Royal Horticultural Society. So the fiat went forth in official warning that exhibitors would have to cut down their requirements. But there were no less than fifty-two foreign exhibitors, and if we had attempted to show all that was sent in we should have had to find another Royal Horticultural Hall or two to display the exhibits in their full form.

It was heart-breaking work for those of us who, in shirt-sleeves, worked like galley-slaves mounting the exhibits in the giant frames provided. It was a case of getting a quart into a pint pot. With every exhibit the problem was how to find room for even the cream of the collection sent in. Sheet after sheet of magnificent and priceless displays of proofs, essays, and stamps had to be laid aside, and the collection, thus emasculated, had to represent to the public eye, in its seriously attenuated form, some of the finest gatherings of the day from all over the world. No language permissible in the vigilantly edited pages of *THE CAPTAIN* could possibly give adequate expression to the inner feelings of the exhibitors in regard to those atrocities perpetrated by the Executive Committee in their hopeless endeavour to be as fair as possible to all.

A GRAND SHOW.

Nevertheless, it was a grand show. Never in any country in the world has there been anything to approach it in philatelic splendour. The richest and rarest were there in profusion. No less than sixty frames, each holding from

twenty to thirty large album pages, were allotted to the Earl of Crawford, and even this allotment permitted of only a small portion of his great collection being shown. His exhibit of Great Britain included a nearly complete sheet of the rare 1d. black V.R., *i.e.*, 226 out of 240, valued at £8 apiece; also 200 out of a complete sheet of the rare 2d. blue, no lines, of about the same value; and almost every page of every sheet shown in all the sixty giant frames was plastered over with closely written notes in the Earl's own neat, small handwriting, giving the history of the stamps exhibited.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales exhibited grand pages of unique proofs and essays of our English stamps, and those who examined those proofs and essays will have been truly amused at the surprisingly crude attempts of the engravers to present even a passable portrait of King Edward VII., and they will also have noted that our current penny stamp owes a decided improvement in the modification of its ornamentation to her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

Amongst the great rarities shown, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales exhibited that historical rarity the "Post Office" Mauritius 2d. blue, for which he paid £1450 at auction. Mr. Henry J. Crocker, of San Francisco, had the good fortune to despatch his magnificent collection of Hawaii to the exhibition a day or two before the great western city was destroyed. His exhibit included the most complete collection known of the so-called missionary stamps of 1851. These stamps include varieties much rarer than the "Post Office" Mauritius.

Another marvellous show of rarities in profusion was Mr. Harvey Clarke's reconstructed plates of Sydney Views, including no less than eighty unused copies worth on an average about £40 apiece.

PRINCE EDWARD'S EXHIBITS.

The boys, headed by Prince Edward of Wales, can claim to have established a decided right to recognition in this Exhibition. Prince Edward exhibited in Class VI., Section II., a fine collection of unused stamps of Liberia, mostly in pairs, and practically complete from the first perforated issue; and in Class IX., Section II., for juniors under sixteen years of age, a general collection of the unused stamps of France and colonies. In each case the young prince's exhibits were marked "not for competition," probably owing to a chivalrous disinclination to elbow boys not so advantageously placed as himself out of the prizes set apart for them.

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

The effect of the Exhibition will probably be to further emphasise the very pronounced tendency towards specialism, even amongst young collectors, that has marked the collecting of the last few years. The Exhibition has been a general exhibition. It has taken no note of this tendency, but I am very much inclined to believe that it will be the last of the great general International Philatelic Exhibitions that we shall have in this country. In the higher ranks of stamp collecting the general collector is now almost as extinct as the Dodo, and general exhibitions are probably as doomed, and for many reasons. Where an acceptably fine show could be made a few years ago in a score of album pages, a specialist in the same country would now want nearer a score of albums in place of pages. The latter-day specialist collects in blocks and panes and even sheets, and he asks for an unlimited amount of elbow-room. Even in the metropolis it has been a difficult matter to find a hall or a range of halls large enough to accommodate a comprehensive philatelic exhibition. In this last gathering I could name half a dozen specialists who could easily have filled all the available space. Hence one is driven to the conclusion that in the future we shall have to specialise in exhibitions—that is to say, we shall have to limit the scope of future exhibitions within the more manageable lines of some chosen groups.

RELAXATIONS.

The Exhibition Committee planned and carried out some excellent trips and entertainments during the Exhibition week. There was an enjoyable trip by launch on the upper Thames, a couple of banquets, and a visit to Windsor Castle. One of London's popular

bands played every afternoon in the Exhibition.

Nor must I forget to mention the very important and generous recognition of the young collector that marked the management of the Exhibition. Classes were set apart and prizes provided for young collectors, and for two whole days the doors were thrown open free by ticket for the sole benefit of the young collector.

THE HONORARY SECRETARIES.

It says much for the enthusiasm of stamp collectors that two of its most eminent specialists undertook the honorary secretaryships, and worked like Trojans. Mr. Oldfield, the busy head of an important firm of City solicitors, and Mr. L. L. R. Hausburg, the omnivorous Australian specialist, were the life and soul of the Executive who shouldered all this work and the responsibility of gathering together, arranging, and returning to all quarters of the world whence they were received, valuable collections bulking up to over half a million sterling in value.

THE AWARDS.

The chief interest in the awards, of course, centred in the competition of the great Moguls. Seven great collections were entered for the blue ribbons of the show, *i.e.*, in the Championship Class. This championship class was divided into two sections—Section I., reserved for the stamps of Great Britain or any of its colonies, in separate exhibits, and Section II., for other countries in separate exhibits. For Section I. there were four entries, *viz.*, the stamps of Great Britain, by the Earl of Crawford; Cape of Good Hope, by Mr. Vernon Roberts; Ceylons, by Baron Antony de Worms; and Victoria, by Mr. L. L. R. Hausburg. In Section II. Mr. H. R. Oldfield showed Bolivia; Mr. W. Grunewald, France; and Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Hawaii. In each section one cup and one gold medal were the prizes offered for competition. These Championship displays were the talk of the Exhibition, and there was much speculation as to how the honours would be awarded. In the result the cup in Section I. fell to the Earl of Crawford, and the announcement was greeted with a round of cheers; the gold medal of the section fell to Mr. Hausburg, and an extra gold medal to Baron Antony de Worms for his Ceylons. In Section II. the cup went to America for Mr. Crocker's grand collection of Hawaii, and the gold medal to Mr. H. R. Oldfield for his grand display of the stamps of Bolivia.

Gibbons' Catalogue.

PART II.—FOREIGN COUNTRIES. 1906.

We have just received a new edition of Gibbons' Catalogue for 1906, but the order of publication is reversed this year, Part II., Foreign Countries, being published before Part I. This is explained as being due to business reasons, which, being interpreted, means that the publishing firm, having purchased the celebrated Mann Collection of Europeans at a cost of £30,000, feel compelled to concentrate their attention for the time being on Europeans. The influence of this purchase may be further traced in the revision of the catalogue. Many of the European countries have been entirely re-written. The issues of Germany and Greece have been revised and partly re-written, and Sweden and Norway are now treated as separate kingdoms and placed under S and N.

In the matter of prices, Europeans, which for years past have been reduced in catalogue after catalogue, are in this new catalogue considerably increased; in not a few cases the prices have been nearly doubled, mostly for unused.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cuatro Ojos (Evesham).—If you do not want the money I should say stick to your stamps and

open out in a few chosen countries. Then some day, when the other stamps have had time to ripen, you may sell them to advantage. But if you must sell, you might write Messrs. Ventom, Bull and Cooper, stamp auctioneers, 37 Old Jewry, London, to put them up to auction for you. A tenth of what you paid is ridiculous if you have been at all judicious in your buying. I have heard before of those chaps at Alexandria and Cairo, and am not surprised at your being outwitted and trying to get even by wrecking the shop. Oh, yes, I was very much at the Exhibition as a member of the Executive Committee.

E. D. D. (Streatham).—"O.S.G.S." on the stamps of the Sudan means that they are marked for the use of officials, *i.e.*, they are "officials."

Swansea.—Don't know your coach and horses South Africa stamp at all. It must be some local carrier's speculation.

W. J.—Stanley Gibbons' Catalogue is the best for your purpose. The so-called mourning stamp of Finland is not a postage stamp. It is a label that was produced and circulated amongst patriotic Finlanders to stick on their letters to give some expression to their national feeling of sorrow and protest against the iron rule of Russia. The latest catalogue prices of the Venezuelan President Castro portrait series are as follows:

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5c. carmine	0 3	—
5c. vermilion	0 3	0 3
10c. bright blue	0 6	—
25c. pale yellow	—	0 9
25c. orange	—	0 9



English versus American Rowing.

By RALPH D. PAINE, in the *Century Magazine*.

THE CORNELL "GALLEY-SLAVES"

THE prejudice against American crews began with the pilgrimage of Cornell to Henley ten years ago. The eight was in charge of Charles Courtney, a thorough-going professional coach. His methods were disliked by the English rowing men because he kept his charges so close in hand that social intercourse with their jolly and hospitable rivals was grimly tabooed. That boating men at Henley should lead the lives of galley-slaves was all at odds with the spirit of this holiday carnival. Suspicion of these secretive methods was shifted to positive resentment when Cornell left her most formidable rival, the Leander eight, at the starting-post, and rowed alone over the course to a technical and empty

victory. The Americans were within the letter of the law, but the episode left an unfortunate shadow on the sportsmanship of the visitors. A contrasting impression was made a year later, when Yale invaded Henley. Mr. Robert J. Cook was then recognised as the leading "gentleman coach" of the United States, with a wide acquaintance among English rowing men. The lavish courtesies showered upon these guests were returned in kind at the Yale quarters, where the life had none of the self-isolation associated with Cornell's visit. Four years ago the University of Pennsylvania crew tried its fortune at Henley, and rowed two brilliant and plucky heats before meeting defeat in the final struggle. Ellis Ward, a professional coach, returned to the Cornell policy of secluding his crew in remote

quarters, and holding them aloof from social diversion among the boating men, although with more tact than Courtney displayed. An aftermath of criticism against "professional methods" followed, old prejudices were revived, and notice was served that American crews wishing to row at Henley must leave their salaried instructors at home.

HENLEY INFLUENCES ON AMERICAN CREWS.

But while Yale and Harvard have preferred the professional coach as the price of victory to the more wholesome spirit of graduate control of rowing, they have gleaned some beneficial lessons from Henley influences. In my rowing-days at Yale it was the habit of the coaches, by means of the most elaborate mystifications, to delude Harvard about the time-records made in practice. Occasionally the fresh-man eight was disguised in varsity jerseys, with the conspicuous "Y" on their chests, and sent over to the start of the course. If the ruse succeeded the Harvard launch

scurried across the river from Red Tapp, laden with coaches on observation bent. The coast thus cleared, the genuine Yale crew slid upstream in order to practise far from the spies, or to row a mile measured by hidden marks on the shore. Again, a Yale or Harvard eight ostentatiously paddled home to its quarters, the shell was carried into the boathouse, and the men were seen splashing under the shower-bath or diving from the landing-stage. The scouts of the opposition, taking these signs to mean the end of the day's work, wearily rowed home to supper. A little later, in the dusk of the evening, the crafty crew slipped across the river and swung down the four-mile testing stretch. After such a spin, the verdict of the stop-watches was guarded as jealously as a secret of state; the coxswain was dumb to the pleadings of his men, who sought to know how their work was rated; and the coaches withheld all information from the reporters, who must sneak along shore and lie in ambush to catch the time for themselves.

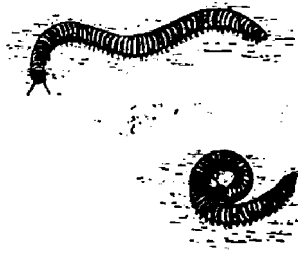


Frog's Spawn.—E. J. Solomon (W. Kensington) found a mass of frog spawn in the water-vessel of his vivarium, and asks if the eggs need any special care, such as extra warmth, to cause them to hatch. Whatever would happen to them *has* happened before this answer could appear; but for future guidance I may as well say that all the care needed is that the water be furnished with weeds. As in this case there was only one frog in the vivarium, the eggs were probably infertile, in which case they would decay instead of hatching.

Strange Nesting Site.—W. T. Laing and E. L. Burnett (Durham) send me a joint note to the effect that on May 13, when strolling through a field, they saw a thrush fly from beneath a roller which had been used only a fortnight before, and on looking closer they found built upon it a nest containing four eggs. Many similar examples of irregular nesting sites have been recorded from time to time, but they are always of interest as showing how quickly birds get accustomed to the presence of strange objects, so long as these remain quiet.

Snails Hibernating.—J. T. Edwards (Swadlincote) asks several questions relating to the hibernation of snails. (1) The larger species, such as those found in gardens, usually seek holes in walls or dry corners under the ivy, and often glue their shells one upon another. Smaller species get under stones, into the hollow stems of dead plants, or bury themselves slightly in the earth. (2) Yes, they secrete across the mouth of the shell a film of slime, and when this has hardened by exposure to the air, others are secreted within at slight distances, so that there are several layers of air enclosed in these films, shutting out the cold. (3) This winter door is known as the *epiphragm*, and the fluid matter of which the epiphragm and shell are formed is termed *conchiolin*.

Millipede.—There is no probability that the mischief done to E. Carter's (Wimbledon) garden is due to the creature he sends me, and which is figured here. By the way, it is not an insect, as he terms it, but one of the many-footed animals (*Myriapoda*), commonly known as a Millipede



COMMON MILLIPEDE
(NATURAL SIZE).

(*Julus terrestris*), from an exaggerated estimate that it has a thousand feet. It is quite harmless to growing plants, as it subsists entirely upon vegetation in a state of decay, and therefore is doing useful work by reducing such material to a condition in which it can again be utilised as food for other plants. It is quite a common creature in gardens, and can usually be found among dead roots. It is built up of a large number of hard, polished rings, which allow of sufficient movement to enable the creature to coil up as shown in the second figure. Unlike the insects, they do not change their form throughout life, but only increase in size.

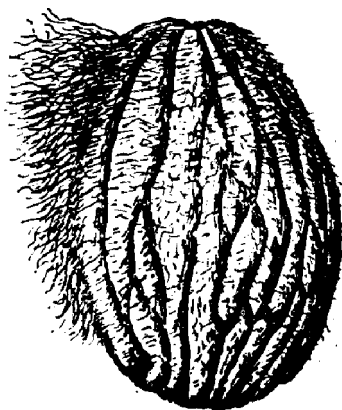
Duck.—"CAPTAIN Reader" (Lexden) has a duck which will not sit continuously on her nest, but likes to have alternate days off. He has now shut her up (presumably with the nest), and asks if he has done right. Yes, in the absence of another duck ambitious for a family to whom you could transfer the eggs, it is the best thing to have done.

Birds, &c.—"Grainy" (Balham) asks for the titles of some books on bird-keeping, and where he can obtain a small indoor aviary. (1) Bechstein's "Cage Birds" (G. Bell and Sons,

5s.) is a good standard work on the subject generally. Greene's "Notes on Cage Birds" (Upcott Gill, 6s.) is a more modern work; and the same author and publisher have a shilling handbook on "Canary-keeping for Amateurs." (2) There are numerous dealers in cages of all sorts about Upper St. Martin's Lane and Shaftesbury Avenue, or you would find what you want at Green's Aviaries, Covent Garden. I cannot recommend any particular firm where there are so many in the same line of business.

Guinea-Pigs.—Leslie Sutherland's (Aberdeen) guinea-pigs have insects' eggs attached to the hairs, particularly about the neck, and he wishes to know if he can do anything to get rid of them. One pig broke its leg above the ankle the other day, and he bandaged it with ointment dressing. When may he take off the bandage? The insects usually make their appearance either from a want of cleanliness in the hutch and bedding, or as the result of feeding on too watery green-stuff—perhaps of both causes combined. Clean and dry the hutches thoroughly and give frequently renewed dry bedding. Cut the affected hair close and dust into the roots the powder of white hellebore, which may be obtained from the chemist. As this is a poison, use it with care. The bedding should also be sprinkled with "Keating." The bandage should remain on the broken limb until the leg is completely mended, but I cannot tell you when that will be, as success largely depends upon the skill with which the setting was performed.

Foreign Nuts.—I am sorry I cannot tell "Shrimp" (Streatham) with certainty the names of the nuts of which he sends me sketches; though I have no doubt he would see them labelled in the Economic Museum at Kew, when next he is there. A—of which I happen to possess a specimen from which the accompanying figure has been made—appears to be a species of *Caryocar*, related to the less compressed and more solidly built Butternut or Souari, which is occasionally seen for sale in the London streets. They grow in Tropical America. My own specimen, minus the kernel, drifted in on the shores of Cornwall.



HUSK OF TROPICAL SEED.

Young Starlings.—G. Lawrence (Aberdeen) has his eye on a starling's nest, from which he hopes to get a young bird to tame, to teach to whistle and talk; so asks me five questions, which I can only answer briefly. (1) Get your bird when about a fortnight old. (2) Ant's eggs, meal worms, grasshoppers, snails, German paste, shredded meat, millet and hempseed. (3) It will require a very liberal coating of sand on the floor of the cage, for cleanliness; and the cage must be large and roomy, or it will damage its plumage—say two feet long by eighteen inches wide. (4) The cage should be cleaned out every day. The starling is fond of a bath, and should be given one daily. (5) Teaching animals tricks and other unnatural things does not come within the province of the naturalist, but of the freak showman. I understand that starlings are taught by being kept shut up alone in a room, so that they cannot learn other sounds than those which their teacher practises before them at regular times. I have never educated a starling, so cannot speak from experience.

Adder's-Tongue Fern.—D. G. S. sends me a plant she found growing among grass on a common, consisting of just one smooth oval leaf from the base of which grows out a slender shoot, apparently of flower-buds. But those buds will never burst into flowers, for the plant is the Adder's-tongue Fern (*Ophioglossum vulgatum*), and no fern produces flowers. As this spike enlarges and ripens, the swellings upon it will split open and reveal cavities filled with the spores by which the fern is propagated. The plant, though plentiful in places—chiefly meadows—is little known, because it is so apt to be overlooked as a young dock or young cuckoo-pint. There is nothing fern-like in its appearance, as will be seen in the accompanying drawing. The spike of spore-cases is supposed to resemble a serpent's tongue (hence the name), but there is no likeness whatever.

Gold-Fish.—G. S. A. N. (Edinburgh) tells me his troubles in the matter of



ADDER'S-
TONGUE
FERN.

keeping these fish. He bought five on April 6, and before the month was out two had died, and a third was covered with something like white mould. "The two that died had their tails in several parts; perhaps that should not be?" It certainly should not be; but I fear that your fishes were suffering from the salmon-disease, caused by the attack of a fungus (*Saprolegnia ferox*) which destroys enormous numbers of valuable salmon every year. So far as I know, no remedy has yet been discovered for it. It attacks first the parts not covered by scales, which explains why the tails of yours were "in several parts." Often the tails and fins drop off, and death usually follows. I am sorry that I cannot point out a remedy. I believe the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries is very anxious for such information.

Dealers in Minerals.—M. Wight (Kidderminster) asks for the names of several dealers in minerals, &c. Here are four: J. R. Gregory and Co., 1 Kelso Place, Kensington Court, W.; S. Henson, 97 Regent Street, W.; G. H. Richards, 3 Beauchamp Place, Brompton Road, S.W.; T. D. Russell, 78 Newgate Street, E.C.—all in London.

Crabs, &c.—In reply to J. Lomas (Peckham), there is no modern work of a popular character devoted to the British Crustacea. A good general work from the standpoint of classification, &c., is Stebbing's "Crustacea" in the International Scientific Series. He will find popular descriptions of many of the British species in my "Naturalist's Holiday" (Nelson. 3s. 6d.).

Query as to Flowers.—C. Kaberry (Catford) asks me to identify, from description only, two plants he found in flower on Romney Marsh at Easter. This is always a difficult and uncertain matter unless the description has been written by an experienced botanist in scientific language. No. 1, I should imagine, was the Hemlock-leaved Stork's-bill (*Erodium cicutarium*), though Easter this year was an early date for its flowers. No. 2 was, no doubt, the Early Field Scorpion-grass (*Myosotis collina*), which, as he surmised, is one of the Forget-me-nots. If the object he thought might be a fungus was growing on an old stump, it was probably the Candle-snuff Fungus (*Xylaria hypoxylon*).



COX'S COUGH-DROPS

BY

R.S. WARREN BELL.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance that exists between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School, only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Marquis of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, which has recently been taken by some London friends of his named Lomax. Bewildering entanglements ensue, one result of the deception being that Yarningale is sent to the school Infirmary as a diphtheritic "suspect." At the mid-term garden-party, Joan Henderson, one of the Vicar's daughters, tells Cox that she particularly wishes to speak to Yarningale, and prevails upon him to go to the Infirmary and change places with Yarningale for half an hour. Whilst Cox is there his father arrives at the school, and, catching sight of Yarningale talking to Joan, takes this boy for his son and tells him that he is to accompany him on a week-end motor tour. Cox, growing nervous over Yarningale's prolonged absence, leaves the Infirmary and secretes himself in the bushes bordering the drive, and, while Yarningale is left alone in the motor-car for a few minutes, changes places with him, the result being that Mr. Cox goes off with his real, and not his supposed, son. The suspicions of the headmaster being

aroused, he questions Joan Henderson, who admits that the boy she was talking to when Mr. Cox came up and addressed him as "Bert," was really Yarningale. Mr. Percival is therefore, confronted with the task of informing the Marquis of Lapworth that his grandson has gone off in Mr. Cox's motor-car. The Marquis is greatly upset by the news, and after failing to get the car stopped] by wiring to different points along the London road, departs himself to London. Proceeding to Mr. Cox's residence, he is told that, owing to his car having been upset, Mr. Cox is too injured to see him. As the Marquis refuses to leave the house, Mrs. Cox has him turned out, whereupon the enraged nobleman seeks the aid of the police. On the following day—Sunday—Cox, catching sight of the Marquis and the policeman with him, flies for his life and takes shelter in a house that proves to be a girls' school. More policemen are summoned, and the place is narrowly watched. After the girls have gone to church, the head-mistress finds a boy's coat and hat in one of the class-rooms.

XIX.

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Young Starlings.—G. Lawrence (Aberdeen) has his eye on a starling's nest, from which he hopes to get a young bird to tame, to teach to whistle and talk; so asks me five questions, which I can only answer briefly. (1) Get your bird when about a fortnight old. (2) Ant's eggs, meal worms, grasshoppers, snails, German paste, shredded meat, millet and hempseed. (3) It will require a very liberal coating of sand on the floor of the cage, for cleanliness; and the cage must be large and roomy, or it will damage its plumage—say two feet long by eighteen inches wide. (4) The cage should be cleaned out every day. The starling is fond of a bath, and should be given one daily. (5) Teaching animals tricks and other unnatural things does not come within the province of the naturalist, but of the freak showman. I understand that starlings are taught by being kept shut up alone in a room, so that they cannot learn other sounds than those which their teacher practises before them at regular times. I have never educated a starling, so cannot speak from experience.

Adder's-Tongue Fern.—D. G. S. sends me a plant she found growing among grass on a common, consisting of just one smooth oval leaf from the base of which grows out a slender shoot, apparently of flower-buds. But those buds will never burst into flowers, for the plant is the Adder's-tongue Fern (*Ophioglossum vulgatum*), and no fern produces flowers. As this spike enlarges and ripens, the swellings upon it will split open and reveal cavities filled with the spores by which the fern is propagated. The plant, though plentiful in places—chiefly meadows—is little known, because it is so apt to be overlooked as a young dock or young cuckoo-pint. There is nothing fern-like in its appearance, as will be seen in the accompanying drawing. The spike of spore-cases is supposed to resemble a serpent's tongue (hence the name), but there is no likeness whatever.

Gold-Fish.—G. S. A. N. (Edinburgh) tells me his troubles in the matter of

keeping these fish. He bought five on April 6, and before the month was out two had died, and a third was covered with something like white mould. "The two that died had their tails in several parts; perhaps that should not be?" It certainly should not be; but I fear that your fishes were suffering from the salmon-disease, caused by the attack of a fungus (*Saprolegnia ferox*) which destroys enormous numbers of valuable salmon every year. So far as I know, no remedy has yet been discovered for it. It attacks first the parts not covered by scales, which explains why the tails of yours were "in several parts." Often the tails and fins drop off, and death usually follows. I am sorry that I cannot point out a remedy. I believe the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries is very anxious for such information.

Dealers in Minerals.—M. Wight (Kidderminster) asks for the names of several dealers in minerals, &c. Here are four: J. R. Gregory and Co., 1 Kelso Place, Kensington Court, W.; S. Henson, 97 Regent Street, W.; G. H. Richards, 3 Beauchamp Place, Brompton Road, S.W.; T. D. Russell, 78 Newgate Street, E.C.—all in London.

Crabs, &c.—In reply to J. Lomas (Peckham), there is no modern work of a popular character devoted to the British Crustacea. A good general work from the standpoint of classification, &c., is Stebbing's "Crustacea" in the International Scientific Series. He will find popular descriptions of many of the British species in my "Naturalist's Holiday" (Nelson, 3s. 6d.).

Query as to Flowers.—C. Kaberry (Catford) asks me to identify, from description only, two plants he found in flower on Romney Marsh at Easter. This is always a difficult and uncertain matter unless the description has been written by an experienced botanist in scientific language. No. 1, I should imagine, was the Hemlock-leaved Stork's-bill (*Erodium cicutarium*), though Easter this year was an early date for its flowers. No. 2 was, no doubt, the Early Field Scorpion-grass (*Myosotis collina*), which, as he surmised, is one of the Forget-me-nots. If the object he thought might be a fungus was growing on an old stump, it was probably the Candle-snuff Fungus (*Xylaria hypoxylon*).



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XIX.

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Moreover, it was perfectly clear that the boy was a Charlton Court boy. Now, in her heart of hearts, Miss Stafford was a kindly soul. It is true that she used to exhibit temper at short notice, but, like most easily roused persons, she would swing back quickly into an equable mood, and make all the amends possible for her wrathful outbursts. At supper-time that very day, for instance, the odds were twenty-five to one that she would be hobnobbing in a friendly way with Mademoiselle Le Bœuf.

Of course, Miss Stafford was angry with this Charlton Court boy for taking refuge in her school, but, at the same time, in the warmth of her heart, she felt a little sorry for him. She was sure that the boy, whoever he was, must have been in desperate case to have rushed into a strange house. She did not for a moment believe that the boy was the Marquis of Lapworth's grandson, because it was highly unlikely that a boy would run away from his grandfather, even such a stern grandfather as the Marquis of Lapworth appeared to be.

Still, it behoved the good maiden lady to get rid of the old peer and his attendant policemen. She therefore carried the coat and hat round to the front of the house and held them up for the inspection of the Marquis.

"I am afraid some boy *has* been in the school," she said, "because here are his coat and hat. I found them in a cupboard in one of the class-rooms. Why he should leave them behind, I don't know. It is most mysterious."

The Marquis took the hat and looked at it. Then he took the coat in his hand and looked at that, too.

"Yes," he said gravely, "these would just about fit my grandson. Inspector, what do you think?"

The Inspector wasn't thinking about anything at that moment, but he saluted rapidly and replied, "Them is undoubtedly the garments of his lordship, my lord."

"Then where can he be?" rejoined the Marquis.

The Inspector's colleagues had now joined the group, and with great temerity out spoke the youngest of the party, the policeman lately from the country who had confessed that girls were not much in his line.

"It looks, my lord," said he, "as if his lordship, your grandson, had put on a disguise."

"Nonsense!" said the Inspector with a snort.

"What on earth do you mean, man?" exclaimed the Marquis.

"Well, sir," said the young policeman, "why should he take off his hat and coat except to put something else on?"

"Get back to the gate and keep watch in the road," said the Inspector testily.

The young policeman, thus rebuked, returned to his post. He was a great reader of detective stories, the engaging character of Mr. Sherlock Holmes having appealed to him in particular. Like many another policeman, he had been led by his diligent perusal of Mr. Holmes' adventures to use his powers of observation to a far greater extent than had formerly been the case. He found himself adopting Mr. Holmes' methods of noticing the peculiarities of all sorts and conditions of people. He had got into the way, his mind having the flexibility of youth, of weaving romances round mysterious-looking ladies in veils and foreign gentlemen with waxed moustachios. In short, the young policeman who had been so unmercifully snubbed by his senior officer was destined to become, in time, a particularly alert and clever detective. He was one of the New School, which does not do criminal sums in the old simple way, but makes allowances for the extraordinary and the improbable.

The young policeman paced up and down the pavement rather irritably. As nothing appeared to be doing in the road that he was watching, the policeman thought he would go a little further afield and see if there were any signs of the fugitive to be found in the immediate neighbourhood. So, with much daring, he walked to the end of the road, took a quick look up and down the thoroughfare which ran to the right and left of it, and was just about to return to the spot he had recently quitted when he observed a singular-looking young lady coming down the pavement on the opposite side of the street. The figure he cast his eyes on was dressed in feminine habiliments, but there the resemblance to a female stopped. She took long strides, and held her skirts up with both hands in a most awkward manner. The young lady also appeared to have very short hair for a young lady, and every now and then she gave her head a curious tilt forward by way of restoring the equilibrium of her hat, which seemed to be threatening



A SINGULAR-LOOKING YOUNG LADY WAS COMING DOWN THE PAVEMENT.

to fall off. The policeman had an eye for beauty, and this young lady, it appeared to him, was very far from being beautiful. Her feet, too, were unattractively prominent.

Not many yards from where the policeman came to a halt, two youths were lounging. They were dressed in the tight black clothes affected by the male of the lower classes on Sundays. Each wore a bowler hat, and each appeared to have nothing whatever to do. Each, in fact, was a living argument in favour of Sunday games in the parks and open spaces.

As the young lady came along, the two

youths stared at her with all their eyes. First they grinned and then they laughed out loud. The young lady hurried all the more when she caught sight of the policeman, and as she increased her pace she pulled up her skirt and displayed what were palpably the legs of a pair of trousers.

"Why, it's a noo woman, Billy!" exclaimed one of the loungers, throwing back his head with a loud guffaw.

"Got on 'er ridin' 'abit," rejoined Billy.

"Well, she is a knock-out," exclaimed the first youth, staring at the strange young female's disappearing form.

The policeman had also noticed that glimpse of trousers, and, his suspicions being roused, followed sharply on the young lady's track. The young lady quickened her pace still more, and on arriving at the beginning of the path which ran along the ends of the gardens of the houses in the road in which the residences of Mr. Cox and Miss Stafford were situated, took to her heels in a most undignified fashion. The policeman also broke into a trot, and then the young lady fairly sprinted at top speed, and, on reaching a certain garden door, pushed it open, passed through, and then banged it in the policeman's face.

"This is a bit of all right," said the constable. "This is what comes of observation. I thought when those young ladies went out that one of them seemed a queer-looking sort, and when I saw that coat and 'at my suspicions was verified. Anyhow, this ought to be a bit of good for me. I'll go back and act cautious."

It will be observed that the policeman was hardly the raw country youth one would have supposed him to be, judging by his fresh colour and open countenance. He wanted to get on in the Force, and saw his way to doing something for himself on this occasion. He went back to the pavement outside Miss Stafford's house, and was relieved to find that his absence had not been noticed by his superior officers.

"Well, madam," he heard the Marquis say in a loud voice, "you will not object to our searching the house, I trust?"

"You may certainly search the house," replied Miss Stafford, "but you will find no boy there, I am confident."

"So am I," said the young policeman to himself.

The Inspector and the sergeant therefore went into the house, and did not reappear for quite half an hour.

"Not a trace of him, my lord," said the Inspector.

"Dear, dear!" said the Marquis. "Then he cannot be here. And yet, how can he have escaped?"

The young constable thought that the time was now ripe for him to make a move in his own interests. He left the pavement and advanced towards the group standing in the drive.

'Begging your pardon, madam," he said to Miss Stafford, "but how many young ladies may there be in your school?"

"I have thirteen boarders and six day girls," said Miss Stafford.

"How many young ladies went to church just now, madam?" asked the constable.

"Get back to the pavement, man, and don't ask ridiculous questions," said the Inspector.

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied the constable, "I think I'm well on the track of the young gentleman we're in search of."

"Thirteen," said Miss Stafford. "Why do you ask the question?"

And now the young constable laid the foundation stone of his future success. "Because," said he, solemnly, "fourteen came out through the gateway, madam."

"Fourteen!" exclaimed Miss Stafford. "How do you know?"

"I counted 'em, madam," said the constable.

"You are quite certain that fourteen went out?" inquired the Marquis.

"Quite certain, my lord."

"And you are quite certain," the Marquis demanded of Miss Stafford, "that you have only thirteen boarders?"

"Well, I ought to know," said Miss Stafford, a little stiffly.

"Then where did the fourteenth girl come from?" asked the Marquis, in a tone of triumph.

Miss Stafford turned to the young policeman. "You evidently have some idea in your mind. What is it?"

"Well, madam," was the deferential reply, "knowing what young gentlemen are, and seeing the coat and 'at that was left behind, it 'as occurred to me that the fourteenth young lady might 'ave been the young gentleman that we're in search of."

"Stuff and nonsense, man!" roared the Inspector. "D'you think the young ladies would lend themselves to a trick like that! Get back to the pavement. When I want information from you, my lad, I'll ask for it."

"Gently, Inspector, gently," interrupted the Marquis. "There is something in what the man says. The boy *may* have dressed up as a girl. In any case, I think the constable's watchfulness is to be commended. Do me the favour, Inspector, of making a note of his conduct on this occasion."

"Very good, my lord," said the Inspector. "See? Can't refuse 'im anything," whispered the sergeant to the elder constable. "Jim'll get promotion over this."

"Well, when the young ladies come home I must question them," put in Miss Stafford. "Meanwhile, Inspector, I daresay you and your men could do with a glass of beer?"

"Thank you very much, ma'am," said the Inspector. "It's a 'ot day."

"And, Marquis, I trust I may have the pleasure of offering you something?"

"You are very kind," said Lord Lapworth. "I must admit that I am exceedingly thirsty."

Miss Stafford and Lord Lapworth therefore went into the house, and presently one of the maids brought out a large jug of beer, to which the Inspector and his men did full justice.

Soon after they had finished the beer, and the maid, much to their regret, had whisked away to the back of the house, the pupils of Bellevue House came back from church. Miss Stafford was watching for them and sallied forth into the drive.

"Stop," she said to the foremost girls, "I have something to say to you. Doris Hyam, how many of you went to church to-day?"

"Thirteen," said Doris. "Why?"

"Because one of the policemen says there were fourteen of you."

"I should have said," replied Doris coolly, "that there were thirteen girls. There was a boy as well."

"Ah!"

A general exclamation proceeded* from the police, the Marquis, and Miss Stafford.

"Who was the boy?" demanded the Marquis fiercely.

"My cousin," said Doris Hyam quietly. "Bert Cox."

Miss Stafford turned to the Marquis. "Do you hear, Marquis?"

The old peer was gasping like a gold-fish in a bowl badly supplied with oxygen. Doris, watching him, felt sure that he was going to have a fit.

"Do you mean to tell me, young lady," he cried, "that the boy who ran in here and concealed himself was *not* my grandson?"

"Allow me to introduce your lordship to Miss Doris Hyam, Mr. Cox's niece," said Miss Stafford.

The Marquis bowed stiffly.

"I am afraid you have wasted a lot of time," said Doris. "The boy who went to church with us was certainly my cousin. I cannot imagine why you should have thought he was anybody else."

"But the headmaster of the school himself told me that the boy in question was my grandson," roared the old peer.

"What a shame!" said Doris. "I expect it was one of his jokes."

"Jokes!" shouted the Marquis. "I'll teach him to joke with me. Now come, young lady, are you telling me the truth? Was this boy really your cousin?"

"He left his hat and coat behind," said Doris. "I expect his name's in his hat."

Miss Stafford uttered an exclamation and rushed indoors. It hadn't occurred to her before to look inside the hat. She brought both articles out, and without a word handed the hat to the Marquis.

Lord Lapworth stared at the name scratched in ink on the inside of the crown. The name was unmistakably COX.

"I—I—I have been misled," he stammered. "I was told my grandson had come up to London in Mr. Cox's motor-car. I have been maltreated—hustled—bullied—all for nothing. How could it all have come about?" He put his hand to his forehead. "No doubt I acted precipitately, but——"

The old peer looked white and perplexed. Miss Stafford, soul of hospitality, stepped forward and laid her hand on his arm.

"It is very hot, and you have had a trying time, Lord Lapworth. Come in and rest."

"Thank you," he said. Then, groping for his pocket-book, he turned to the Inspector.

"Childers, I am afraid I have given you and your men a lot of unnecessary trouble. I—I must apologise to you. I was misinformed. You will, I trust, accept this as some return for your trouble." And he held out a bank-note.

The Inspector saluted.

"My lord," he said, "I thank your lordship, but, begging your lordship's pardon, I should prefer not to be paid for any little service that I can render to your lordship. I have not forgotten the day, sir, when you and I—begging your pardon for being familiar, sir—stood shoulder to shoulder and kept those howlin' Afghans out of the fort. I shall remember that day, my lord, to my life's end."

The Marquis held out his hand.

"That was spoken like a man, Childers. I, too, shall never forget that day. . . . I will call on you to-morrow and have a chat about those times."

The old comrades shook hands, and then

the Marquis walked into the house with Miss Stafford.

Lord Lapworth's was a lonely life. In a stately way he moved from one country house to another, anon returning to his gaunt London mansion and the exclusive club where men exchanged more glares than friendly nods.

He lunched with Miss Stafford, and afterwards he sat on the lawn and talked to the girls. It was an entirely novel experience to him to look through picture postcard albums and listen to the inconsequent chatter of young people. But it was an experience that softened his heart and made him harbour most pleasant memories of this Sunday afternoon in June.

He had tea with the girls, and then, at Miss Stafford's particular request, he told them, in a blunt, soldierlike way, how Sergeant Childers—now an Inspector of Police—and he defended the breach against the Afghans. Simply as it was related, the girls were thrilled by the story, and listened with parted lips. The Marquis was old and gouty and bad-tempered now, but he still looked like a soldier, and it was not hard for them to imagine him, straight and stalwart, fighting with the dauntless courage that he had inherited from a long line of knightly ancestors. . . .

"Young lady," he said to Doris, when he was bidding the girls good-bye, "this is a queer business about your boy-cousin. I can't make head or tail of it."

"Why," said Doris, eagerly, "I think it's quite plain. My cousin and your grandson, Lord Lapworth, got mixed up somehow, and from what I know of Bertie I should say he was to blame. The headmaster thinks Lord Yarningale has come up to London——"

"And that your cousin is in the Infirmary?" put in the Marquis. "Very good. I won't say a word."

Doris clapped her hands.

"That will be awfully nice of you," she said, "for if the headmaster gets to know of the bother you've had, Bertie——"

"Bertie," said his lordship, "will receive one of the finest floggings he has ever had in his life. Is that it?"

"That's exactly it," said Doris. "Bertie, of course, doesn't deserve to get off, but still——"

"I quite understand," was Lord Lapworth's interpolation. "Cousin Bertie must, therefore, wriggle his way back into his own identity as best he can. As far as I am concerned, the headmaster will never know that I did not find my grandson at Mr. Cox's house when I reached London."

"I think you are perfectly sweet!" cried Doris with enthusiasm.

"That expression of opinion," said Lord Lapworth, with a courtly bow, "quite makes up for anything I have suffered in the course of my quest."

XX.

"UPON my word," said Mr. Skipjack, as he and Mr. Hallam were smoking in the Common Room on the Saturday evening which witnessed Mr. Cox's journey to London, "this fellow Cox ought to be flayed alive. How on earth Percival ever came to accept such a boy I cannot imagine."

"I suppose Mr. Cox's money is as good as anybody else's?" said Hallam grimly.

"That's quite a cold, sarcastic remark for you, Hallam," observed Skipjack. "What's the matter? Been having a tiff with the fair Mildred?"

The remark was, of course, in bad taste, but Mr. Skipjack was notorious for his tactless speeches.

Hallam made no reply. His silence provoked his colleague, who never could see when he had said enough.

"Time was," he continued, "when you were a light-hearted, companionable young fellow, Hallam, but for quite a week now you have displayed a strange sourness of temper that I can only attribute to emotional causes——"

"And time was," broke in Hallam, sharply, "when you used to mind your own business, but that time was so long ago that no one can remember it."

"When you are as old as I am," returned the senior master, coolly, "you will not allow yourself to be upset by the varying moods of a thoughtless young girl who doesn't know her own mind. Come, what's the matter? 'A sorrow shared is a sorrow halved,' you know. Tell me all about it."

"I would as soon write a column in the *Daily Mail* about what you are pleased to call 'it,' as confide in you, Skipjack," said Hallam, bitterly, as he knocked his pipe out.

"Either method would secure for 'it' the greatest possible amount of publicity."

"People in your state of mind," rejoined Skipjack, preserving an aggravating equanimity of tone, "are prone to exaggerate. You talk like a sixth-form boy who has been left out of the Eleven. Come, tell me how you have managed to fall out with Miss Henderson."

"I shall have much pleasure in giving you all the information you require," said Hallam, rising from his chair and depositing his pipe in the rack, "if you, on your part, will reveal the reason why the eldest Miss Lomax will not speak to you now."

Like many people who are fond of teasing their friends, Mr. Skipjack did not relish having the guns turned on himself in this way.

"You are impertinent, Hallam!" he cried, stung into letting his self-control slip.

"I fear I am infected in that respect by your bad example," said Hallam, as he picked up a novel and went off to take preparation.

Mr. Skipjack flashed an angry glance at his departing colleague. In the lists of love, as has been recorded, he had suffered not a few reverses. Was still another failure imminent? It would appear so, judging by Miss Lomax's demeanour that afternoon.

"And it's all that boy's fault!" he growled. "I could give him," he added, "two dozen of the hardest with the greatest pleasure in the world. An obnoxious, common young cub!"

He snatched up a red pencil and began to correct a pile of French exercises. The red pencil flashed among the mistakes like a guardsman's sabre among the dusky foe. Presently Mr. Skipjack came to an exercise written in Cox's crude, sprawling roundhand. Cox scored exactly one mark, and was put down to stay in on the following Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Skipjack felt better after this onslaught and he crammed his pipe to the brim out of the big tin Hallam had that day provided for the general use of the Common Room. The masters took it in turns to provide a half-pound tin, and Mr. Skipjack relished the arrangement (proposed by himself), as he was by far the greatest smoker on the staff.

"Poor Hallam!" he said. "A nice chap, but a perfect baby when it comes to

the exercising of a little finesse in matters of the heart. Knows more about haystacks than women. If only these young fellows would take advice from more experienced men——"

But at that moment it occurred to him that with all his experience he himself had fared but ill in his various and oft-repeated assaults on feminine citadels. Gritting his teeth—he had large, tobacco-stained teeth, and always gritted them when angered—he settled down to the exercises again, and soon the sabre-pencil was once more doing great execution among the enemy.

Mr. Skipjack was thus usefully engaged when there came a knock at the door, and the headmaster entered.

"Oh," he said, "I thought you'd be in here. Mrs. Lomax has sent down a note to say that she would be glad if the boys could go up to the Grange and see the fireworks. It seems one of the sons comes of age to-day, and they're celebrating the occasion. I think they might go, but there ought to be at least two masters with them. Savatard has gone away till Monday, and Bavin is 'bridging' at the Nicholsons', so perhaps you won't mind going with Hallam?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Skipjack, only too glad of the opportunity to get-a word with his fair lady.

Had he only known it, the note had been despatched at his fair lady's instigation. Miss Lomax had said: "Ma, don't you think it would be nice to have the Court boys up to see the fireworks? I hope that horrid Mr. Skipjack won't come with them." Ma had said: "By all means. I'll send a note to Mr. Percival at once. And I hope Mr. Skipjack *will* come. I like him—he is so attentive."

For Ma was sly. She knew that her eldest child was not indifferent to the fascinations of Mr. Skipjack, and she knew that it would be fatal to raise objections to the match. Miss Lomax was aware that Ma was sly, and had taken up this acquiescent attitude with a reason, and so Ma's skilful concealment of her opposition really defeated the object she had in view, seeing that it lent a zest and piquancy to the affair from the eldest child's point of view.

When Mr. Skipjack walked into the big schoolroom and told the boys they might put their books away and go up to the Grange to witness the fireworks, there was a cheer and a wild rush for the lockers. A treat is

never so welcome as when it is entirely unexpected. Soon all the boys were hurrying to the Grange by the short cut Cox had taken on his way back on that eventful afternoon of but a week since.

r. h.

feasts of colour that he produces for the pleasure of our eyes; the showers of blue and silver, crimson and gold; the thunder of his harmless aerial artillery; his fountains, his mines, and his port fires; his cascades,



"IF YOU ARE COX I HATE YOU LIKE POISON, AND IF YOU ARE LORD YARNINGALE I DESPISE YOU MORE THAN ANYBODY ELSE ON EARTH."

The fireworks had already started, and as the boys were crossing the Park a rocket flew skywards with a whizz and a whirr that made them hold their breath and gape in wonder. For there is something enthralling in fireworks. The wonderful art of the pyrotechnist has been too little lauded. The

streamers and bouquets—for all this the pyrotechnist deserves honour and thanks.

"After all," said the headmaster, as he stood with his wife on the school lawn watching the rockets soaring aloft, "it is rather hard luck on Cox not being able to see the fun. I've half a mind to let him go."

"I don't see why he shouldn't," said Mrs. Percival.

The headmaster went indoors and rang for the butler.

"Go down to the Infirmary," he said, "and tell Master Cox that he may go up to Charlton Grange and see the fireworks."

"Master Cox, sir," said the butler gravely, "went to London this afternoon with Mr. Cox."

"Of course, of course," said the headmaster, recollecting himself. "I should have said, Lord Yarningale. Tell Lord Yarningale he may go and see the fireworks."

"Very good, sir," said the butler.

Hence it came about that Yarningale, much to his relief, found himself released from his prison for a brief hour or two. He scurried across the park at top speed, his heart beating fast with excitement. Climbing over the railings bordering the Grange garden, he was on the point of plunging through the shrubs lining the tennis lawn, when he heard his name called. Pulling up, he observed that Joan Henderson was sitting by herself on a garden seat. She it was who had hailed him.

"Why," she said, drawing in her breath sharply, "I thought you—" So much she said, and then stopped. He noticed that she looked pale and cross.

"Thought what?" asked Yarningale, raising his cap.

"I thought you had gone to London with Mr. Cox."

Joan bit her lip and surveyed him anxiously. "I told them," she added, "that you had gone with Mr. Cox."

Yarningale could not imagine what to say. This statement, after the disturbing events of the afternoon, rendered him dumb. If he was supposed to have gone to London with Mr. Cox, what would his grandfather be thinking—and doing?

"Well," said Joan, rising from the seat and stamping her foot, "haven't you anything to say? You don't seem to understand. Your grandfather thinks you have gone to London in Mr. Cox's motor-car."

Grasping the awfulness of the situation, Yarningale was spell-bound and tongue-tied. He could well imagine how that haughty peer, his grandfather, would receive the news!

Joan rubbed her eyes and gazed hard at

the boy. Then of a sudden it occurred to her that this must be *Cox*. For, although this boy *looked* like Yarningale, she *knew* that Yarningale had gone off in the motor-car.

"Can't you speak?" she cried passionately. "You don't know what a row you've got me into. Mother is *frightfully* angry with me, and says she won't have any more Charlton Court boys down to the Vicarage. Oh, dear! I wish I'd never seen you—either of you. If you are Cox," she continued, raising her voice, "I hate you like poison, and if you are Lord Yarningale I despise you more than anybody else on earth. *Which* are you—can't you say?"

At the moment that it appeared highly undesirable to be either Cox or Yarningale, judging by the exceedingly low estimate formed of both by the Vicar's younger daughter, a third person intervened.

"That," said a voice, "is a somewhat sweeping condemnation. What is the matter, may I ask?"

Yarningale shuddered, for the voice was a very familiar one, belonging, in fact, to no less a person than the headmaster. For Mr. Percival, after despatching the butler to the Infirmary, had bethought him that he might do worse than go up to the Grange and see the fireworks himself. A man one would have chosen out of ten thousand to set in authority over boys, he was himself a boy at heart, loving, with a healthy love, all things that boys loved.

At the same time, at the proper season he could be firm with the firmness of iron, and the wrongdoer was wont to tremble before his stern gaze.

As there was no immediate answer, he repeated his question.

"Ask *him!*" Joan burst out, pointing an accusatory finger at the shrinking boy. "*He* knows. I don't know whether he is Cox or Yarningale, but whichever he is I—"

"Yes, yes," said the headmaster, soothingly, "you have reason to regard either with—er—a certain amount of—er—disapproval, let us say. I gathered as much from what you said as I came up. Well, I can set your mind at rest on one point. This is Cox, my dear. You yourself told us that Yarningale—"

"But I might have been wrong," interrupted Joan, vehemently. "They are so much alike. You can only tell them

apart by the wart. Cox has a wart on his right hand."

At that moment the scene was lit up by a shower of golden rain. The headmaster glanced quickly at the face of the boy standing near him. As he did so, he started. Surely—

"Are you Cox or Yarningale?" he sharply demanded.

It was the first time that the boy had opened his lips. What he said was to the point, however, and made up for his previous silence.

"I am Yarningale, sir."

And as he spoke, as if let off for the identical purpose of expressing the headmaster's feelings, half a dozen mortars exploded with a deafening roar.

(To be concluded.)

THE DEMAND FOR RAILWAY ENGINEERS ABROAD.

SOME time since we received from "Middy" a query on this subject. Now a reader kindly supplies us with much useful information. "For the most part," he says, "it would appear that the demand for railway men abroad is confined to technical posts, that is, as engineers—either permanent way, or locomotive. The clerical vacancies are practically *nil*, with the possible exception of South America. In India, as far as one can judge, the English population is quite sufficient to meet the demand for the comparatively small proportion of Europeans employed. There are three State roads out there, but only a few of the technical staff are recruited in England. Any applications should be made to the respective managers, who control all the appointments. The remainder of the lines are operated by public companies registered in this country, but there is small chance to enter the service of any one of them (the same applies to the State Railways) without personal influence. Applications should be made to the Secretary at the London office.

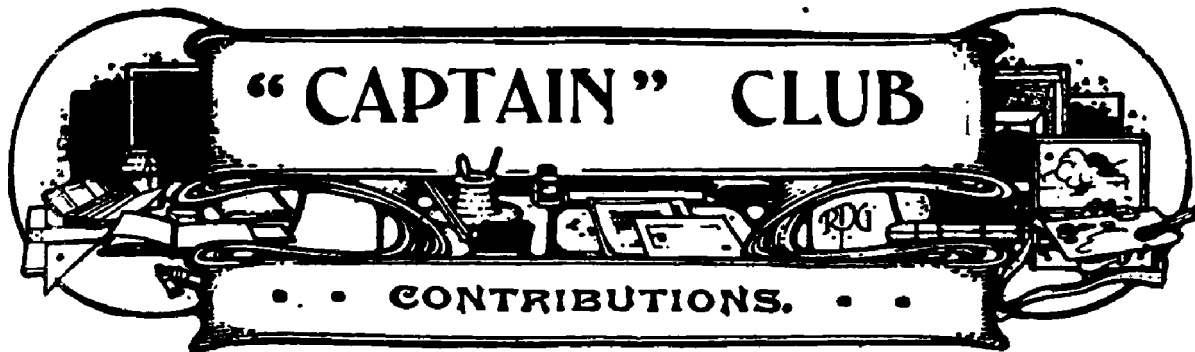
"The railways of Burmah are operated by a public company, whose office is situated at 76 Gresham House, E.C. Applications can also be made to Messrs. Rendel and Robertson of 8 Gt. George Street, S.W., who are the Company's Consulting Engineers as well as for a number of other Indian companies.

"With regard to Africa, the majority of the lines are State owned, but vacancies are very scarce. Applications for the Uganda Railway should be made to the Manager, Nyrobi, British East African Protectorate. For appointments on the West Coast rail-

ways, apply to Messrs. Shelford and Son, 35A Gt. George Street, S.W. For positions on railways in Mauritius, apply to Messrs. Hawkshaw and Dobson, 33 Gt. George Street, S.W., and for vacancies on railways in Trinidad, Ceylon, and Malay Peninsula, to Messrs. Gregory, Eyles, and Waring, 12 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. These firms are the respective Consulting Engineers, whose aid the Government seek in these matters. In passing, I may say there are no openings on the State roads in South Africa, *i.e.*, those of Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River, and Transvaal colonies; in fact, each of them is cutting down the establishment. Applications for the Mashonaland Railway Company should be made to C. Wibberley, Esq., Umtali, S.A.

"The majority of the railways on the South American continent are worked by English companies. There are a few State owned railways in the various republics, but the *employés* are exclusively natives. The most prominent companies are those of Argentina, which employ a large number of Englishmen. The biggest is the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Company, of River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, E.C. Among other large companies may be mentioned the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Company, the Buenos Ayres Western Company, and the Entre Rios Company, all of the same address.

"I consider your correspondent could not do better than turn his attention to South America, and he would do well to attempt to get on one of the last-named lines. His application should be addressed to the Secretary, should state full particulars of himself, including age, experience, &c., and be accompanied by copies of testimonials."



THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

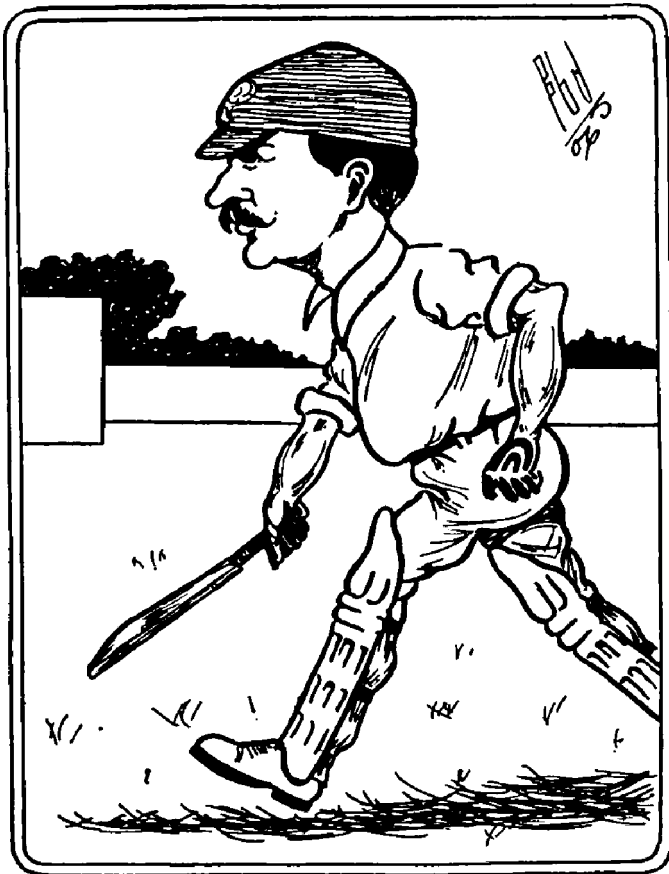
Why South Africa Won.

THE results of the test matches in South Africa must have come as a surprise to a good many readers of THE CAPTAIN. The South African team, however, is not so vastly superior to Mr. Warner's eleven as their four victories would lead one to imagine.

Being a South African myself, I am naturally proud of my countrymen's achievements, but, at the same time, I frankly admit that I do not think our team, labouring under similar disadvantages, would have acquitted themselves as creditably as the Englishmen did. Our fielding, in the first place, was deplorably weak. Our batting, though better, shows that there is still plenty of room for improvement. The only strong point of our team, then, is the bowling—which won us the last test match. The M.C.C., on the other hand, fielded brilliantly. Their weak point was, undoubtedly, their batting, while their bowling, though good, lacked variety. The light was, in a great degree, responsible for their rather poor display with the bat. The glare of a South African sun cannot fail to deceive cricketers accustomed to the more subdued light of the mother country, while a green matting on a hard ground is but a very poor substitute for English turf.

Besides these drawbacks, I think I am correct in stating that never before has it fallen to the lot of an English team to play four test matches in less than a month with a thousand miles of railway

journeying thrown in. Then again, the South African eleven is *the* eleven of South Africa. By this I mean to say that, whereas there are at least half a dozen teams in England that could meet Mr. Warner's eleven on equal terms, there are not twenty-two men in South Africa who could put up even a respectable score against the team which beat the M.C.C. In my opinion (and in the opinion of a good many other South Africans who are, just now,



J. T. TYLDESLEY (THE LANCASHIRE ROSE).
Drawn by Fred. L. Jones.

suffering from an attack of swelled head), the tear which Mr. Warner captained was not nearly representative enough. In one of THE CAPTAIN competitions last year (March, I think it was) readers were asked to pick an English eleven to play the Australians. Mr. Warner is the *only* member of the team which came out to South Africa whose name figures in the winning list!

I sincerely hope that the near future will see the South Africans in England, engaged in a fierce struggle with the team which the Australians strove in vain to beat!

"SOUTH AFRICAN."

The Midnight Motorist.

O! FOR a spin on a July night,
To the tune of the engines' rhythmic beat;
When the road unwinds in the moonbeams bright
Like a silver ribbon beneath our feet.

Advance! Advance! Now, now's our chance:
A clear white track with never a curve.
The mile-stones pass like ghosts in a trance.
(Strong now the hand and steady the nerve.)



A GOOD USE FOR OLD TRAMCARS.

The quaint pavilion of the Burnley St. Andrew's Cricket Club.

Photo. by Edmund Pate.

Sweet is the drip of the rain on the trees,
Sweet is the dip of the oars in the sea.
Sweet is the whisper of hay-scented breeze,
But the cylinder's hum is the sweetest to me.

We pound not the road with furrowing hoof,
(Ten wild horses chained in a box!)
Swift our progress, and leaves no proof
As we skim our course like the hard-pressed
fox.

Skirting the fields of waving corn.
Softly we fly thro' the cool night air.
While in the village our heralding horn
Rouses the night with its deep-toned blare.

Raise we a pæan past hedge and bank,
Drinking of motion's delight our meed.
Sing we, brothers of brake and crank,
Sing we our song to the Lord of Speed!
L. SPERO.

The Battle of Ulundi.

THE Zulus are one branch of the great Bantu division of the human race, and are by nature brave, warlike, and of splendid physique. After coming to the throne, Cetewayo resolved to re-establish the military system of Tshaka, his great ancestor, under whose rule the Zulus had subdued over one hundred clans, once of the same standing as themselves. Sir Bartle Frere, then High Commissioner of South Africa, in 1879 declared war upon Cetewayo, chiefly because he refused to disband his army or give a satisfactory answer concerning damage done to persons on British soil. Then followed the annihilation



A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

Taken at Ealing during the heavy thunderstorm on May 8. The blotch on the main fork is not a thunderbolt, but a flaw in the plate.

Photo. by A. T. S. Weatherhead.



THIS IS NOT A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN IN RICHMOND PARK, BUT A TABLEAU INGENUOUSLY ARRANGED INDOORS.

The materials used were a terra-cotta deer, two pieces of rock, a twig, and a little sawdust, with a photograph of a Canadian lake as a background. The camera was placed about sixteen inches from the "group."

Photo. by Fred. G. Stanley.

of the British troops at Isundula, the defence of Rorke's Drift, and a number of minor fights which terminated on July 4, 1879, in the Battle of Ulundi. At Ulundi was situated the Royal kraal, and after carrying relief to a great part of the forces shut up at Eschowe, Lord Chelmsford (General Thesiger), the British Commander, made this the object of his attack. He formed his men into a hollow square, with field-guns at each corner, and gatling guns in front. The Zulus, some twenty thousand strong, attacked again and again with their usual dauntless courage, but, finding the guns too much for them, were forced at last to acknowledge themselves beaten, and fled. Cetewayo, upon being captured, was sent to Capetown, being detained there as a prisoner for several years before he was allowed to return to his home, where he died shortly afterwards. One noticeable trait in the Zulu character is that, although they fight bitterly, after defeat they show no rebelliousness whatever. They now asked for British protection—Zululand finally being annexed by the British Government in 1887. By the work of this July day Lord Chelmsford and his men did much to modify the gloom created by the awful

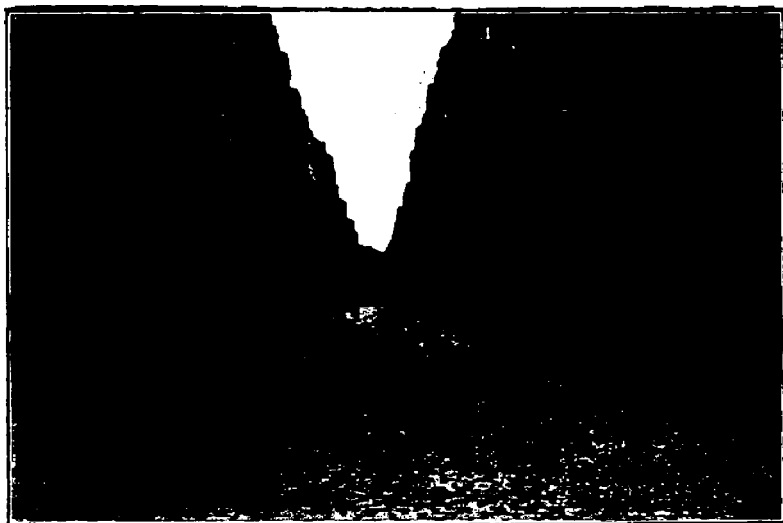
disasters at Isundula, and, besides adding something to our Empire, gave us as subjects one of the finest and most intelligent races of black men.

MAY CONSTANCE EDWARDS.

The Discoverers of Radium.

M. CURIE, the great French scientist who met an untimely death in a street accident on April 19 last, was born in Paris on May 15, 1859. He was educated at the Sorbonne, where, at the time of his death, he was a professor of the faculty of science, which post has since been offered to, and accepted by his widow, herself a lady of great scientific attainments. To Mme. Curie, indeed, the honour of discovering that marvellous substance radium is really due, for it was she who

proposed to her husband the plan of research which led to its discovery. With a ton of pitchblende from the State mines in Bohemia, M. and Mme. Curie set to work in a laboratory in the Paris School of Chemistry. This ton of matter they reduced to its component parts, and discovered two strongly radio-active substances. One of these was called polonium, after Mme. Curie's native country, and the other received the name of radium. ST. IVEL.



WHERE M. CURIE DIED.

The X in the photograph indicates the exact spot in the Rue Dauphine Paris, where the great French scientist was knocked down and killed whilst crossing the road apparently lost in thought.

Photo. by J. Frank Mielziner.

COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

Last day for sending in, July 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, September 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be forwarded in a separately stamped envelope and bear a coupon.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. Only those articles actually offered for competition will be awarded as prizes. Girls may, however, have tennis racquets instead of cricket bats.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows: Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by July 18.

The Results will be published in September.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the decision of the Editor is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—“**Cricketers' Names.**”—Compose a sentence, not exceeding twenty words, consisting of well-known cricketers' names (surnames). In composing your sentence, you may use such words as *a, an, and, the, &c.*, and you may supply such verbs as you require. The Prize will be a No. 26 Standard Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle, with Free Wheel and Two Speed Gear. (See Prizes page.)

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—“**Making the Best of it.**”—A good many people have to do things they don't like doing.

In fact, it is exceptional to find anybody following a certain calling who has not got something to say against it. Either he has to get up too early or go to bed too late, or he is too much indoors or he is too much exposed to the weather. Almost every vocation has its seamy side. I want you to write an essay showing how one can “make the best” of one's job and extract the greatest possible amount of pleasure from doing one's duty. Essays should not exceed 400 words in length, and should be carefully written on one side of the paper only. Prizes: Class I., a No. O. “Midg.” Camera, by Messrs. W. Butcher and Sons; Class II., a Croquet Outfit, by Messrs. Piggott Bros., Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 3.—“**Photographic Competition.**”—Send a photograph of anything that travels on wheels, from a go-cart to a train, from a perambulator to a pantechnic. The go-cart, &c. must be *in motion*. Prizes: Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . . No Age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—“**Drawing Competition.**”—Send a sketch, in pen, pencil, or water-colours, of a vase of flowers. Prizes: Two Benetfink Cricket Bats. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—“**Handwriting.**”—This is a competition for our youngest readers. Copy in your best handwriting the first ten lines of “The Triumph of Peace.” Write only on one side of the paper. The first prize will be a Hamley Model Yacht, value £1 1s., and the second prize a handsome Picture Postcard Album. (See Prizes page.)

One Age limit: Twelve.

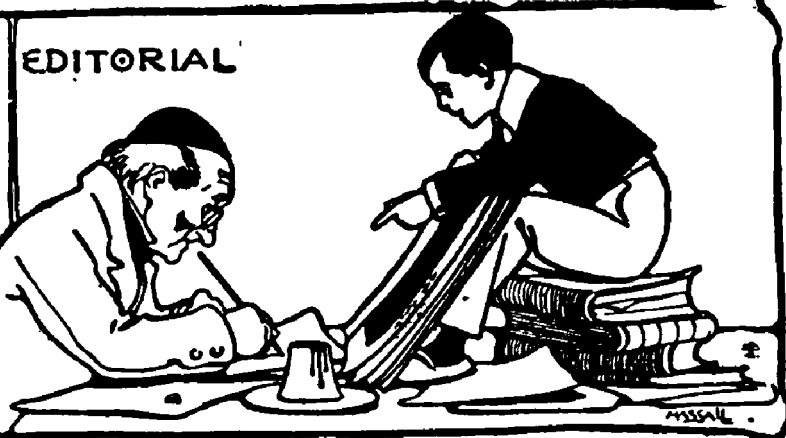
No. 6.—“**July Celebrities.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in July. Prizes: Three of Messrs. George Rowney and Co.'s Paint Boxes. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No Age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **September 18.** By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living **outside** Europe. There will be **no age limit.** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial July Competitions.”

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Captain competitors evidently taxed their brains to the utmost in order to win the bicycle which we offered as a prize for the best sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet. The sentence, you will remember, had to convey an idea and be as brief as possible. After careful consideration, we have decided to award the "Raleigh" bicycle, with all its up-to-date equipment and glittering silver-plate, to M. Donovan (age 20), 13 Weltje Road, Hammersmith, who submitted the following sentence :

Word-jumbling quips vex the crazy folk.

I congratulate Mr. Donovan on his success, and trust that his prize will prove a source of healthy enjoyment to him for a long time to come.

Close upon the heels of the winner's entry came an excellent sentence, but one letter longer, the work of Herbert S. York (age 16) :

Jack dug six heavy lumps of brown quartz.

The third best sentence (taking brevity into consideration) is the following, sent by Joseph Moffett (age 20) :

Jack, thy mild vexing quiz probes few.

This is even shorter than the two previous sentences, as it contains only thirty letters.

The fourth best sentence, sent by Cherry J. Adam (age 14), runs as follows :

Twelve bad ex-jockey men quit prize-fights.

The sentence submitted by Bernard E. Jull (age 10),

Jump back, quoth lazy vexing dwarfs,
is the champion as far as brevity goes, but in other respects it is not equal to the efforts I have already quoted.

A good sentence, which on account of its length could hardly be considered in the running for the prize, was that sent by Frank Bradshaw (age 15),

Bid for amazingly exquisite Java patch-work.

Many more clever attempts were submitted, some of them being extremely mirth-provoking. Of the ingenious endeavours to supply a sentence comprising all the letters of the alphabet, and at the same time conveying an idea, I think the following are, by reason of their quaintness, well worth being put before CAPTAIN readers. It will be observed that the majority err in point of length :

A mad jackal quickly seized the young fox above her windpipe.

Lizzie Skipjack developed the small-pox by going for queer walks.

When vexed, Tom's zebra will kick a queer pug in a jiffy.

James and Kate Quixote were both of them very zoophytological.

Zacharia caught without difficulty quite a sackful of very grand extra big jumping fish.

Two zebras kept by a croquet player jumped over a frightened ox.

Brave Marjorie quickly passed the wheezing fox.

Nebuchadnezzar got xerophthalmia in fighting to kill Jack's queer widow.

Bartholomew foxily jeopardizes quaking viscounts.

John very quickly published forty-six new magazines.

Who queerly expects a zinc dove from big Jack ?
I vow Job next quickly froze his mad pug.

Phyb, just request that crazed minx to walk seven furlongs.

Young Esquimaux wear big jackets and live in a freezing atmosphere.

Zena was quickly questioned and judged by the five prim examiners.

Joyful oxen when grazing make a bright, picturesque view.

The famishing wizard quietly expects the jocular black visitor.

Frank dozed whilst Jack was very busy making picturesque axes.

Joy gave to the bazaar an exquisitely worked music portfolio.

Nebuchadnezzar was a just, faithful and polite king, but a quickly vexed man.

The joyous lover buzzed round his expectant wife, quietly trying to kiss the woman.

"We trust to your honour——"

And now I have to mention something which has caused me very great regret. In setting this competition, I took care to lay emphasis on the fact that there are a certain number of well-known sentences in existence which have already appeared in *Tit-Bits* and other papers which hold competitions. These sentences, I said, must on no account be submitted, as, of course, they would not be original. To my surprise and dismay, I have been informed by the Competition Editor that over a hundred and fifty competitors sent in one or another of the well-known sentences quoted hereunder :

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

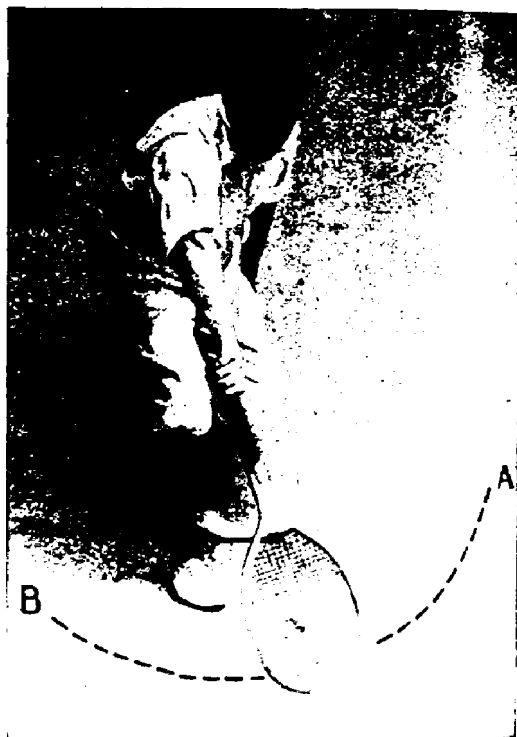
Frowzy quacks jump, vex, and blight.

Quick, wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim.

Quick, bad Vizier, jump the flowing Styx.

For over seven years we have informed readers that we trust to their honour to send in unaided work, and I am perfectly certain that the great majority of our readers have faithfully respected the trust we have put in them. Now and then, it is true, we have discovered cases where this trust has been misplaced, and I have had to address severe letters on the subject to certain competitors; but in the main competitors have acted most honourably. It came, therefore, in the shape of a shock of no little severity to find that over a hundred and fifty CAPTAIN readers had attempted to gain a valuable prize by unfair means. It may be, and I sincerely hope it is the case, that some of those competitors erred through ignorance, for not infrequently readers disregard "conditions" through sheer stupidity. Still, this could only have been the case this time with a limited number, as I distinctly warned competitors that the sentences submitted must be absolutely original. What, therefore, am I to do with regard to the readers who have wilfully attempted to deceive us by sending in sentences which were not of their own composition? My first idea was to debar them from taking part in any future CAPTAIN competitions, but I have decided, on reflection, to take a more lenient course, and have instructed the Competition Editor not

to award to any of these competitors a prize of any kind during the remainder of this year. In conclusion I must repeat that the whole matter has filled me with very sincere regret, especially when I contemplate the fact that the names of some of our best-known competitors are to be found in this sorrowful "black list."



A USEFUL STROKE,

Back-hand drive, with cut from left to right.

Photo. Fry's.

For lawn-tennis players.—A little book which I can heartily recommend to tennis players is the "Lawn Tennis Guide," written by P. A. Vaile and published at sixpence by the British Sports Publishing Company, Ltd., 2 Hind Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Mr. Vaile, who is a New Zealander, was in my office a few days before he sailed for home on May 30. I said to him then, "What a good many tennis players want is a little book putting them right on certain points, telling them where to stand, and how to make certain strokes. Accomplished tennis players know all about these things, but there are many who would be glad of instruction." "I have written that very book," said Mr. Vaile, "and the publishers are charging only sixpence for it, so it will be within everybody's reach." And, sure

enough, here is the little book lying before me! Among the various hints which Mr. Vaile gives is a wise warning to the young player not to hit hard until he can place accurately. Watching the play at many tennis clubs, one sees a great deal of wild slashing, balls flying away at a tangent into the bushes, and so on. This slashing is a great mistake. The great thing for a beginner in tennis to learn is accuracy in placing his strokes. When he has become accurate, then he can begin to hit hard—in fact, he *must* hit hard if he wants to do anything at all in the game, as even the most accurate pat-ball will never take anybody very far. Of course, there *are* times when one has to pat, and it is a good thing to cultivate "lobbing," which frequently comes in very useful. Talking about slashing (I am making these remarks on my own account—they are not taken from Mr. Vaile's book), you can very often sum up the skill of people playing tennis by watching where the balls go that are hit out of the court. The inaccurate slasher will put them all over the place, and this necessitates much laborious hunting if a garden be the scene of play; he will even hit over what netting there may be about in the course of his erratic placing and attempts to "kill" balls. Watch good players, and you will notice that the balls are kept within quite a narrow area of the court.

Mr. Vaile has something to say about every branch of the game, and in addition he tells you how to look after your court, when to water it, &c. Likewise, he criticises with no light hand the methods of various great players.

"The Author's Journal."—I have received the second number of this new periodical, which is the official organ of the Authors' League conducted by Mr. Robert D. Roosmale-Cocq, 49 Wickham Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea. I am not sure that amateur authors are in want of a league, but they can certainly do themselves no harm in belonging to an association of this kind. Besides, there is always the pleasure of seeing oneself in print! In the number before me, Mr. Sidney C. Roberts condemns the tendency of many writers to strain after epigrams:

True emotion deals an instant death-blow to the epigram. A man whose words proceed from the abundance of his heart does not stop to consider whether they are sufficiently telling or concise, and epigrammatic lovers, if they exist, must meet with but scanty success—

says the writer, and I heartily agree with him. It seems to me that there is an over-abundant supply of fiction in *The Author's Journal*. An amateur literary magazine should deal strictly with literary subjects, and quite the most useful sort of contribution to a periodical of this sort is that which I have mentioned as coming from the pen of Mr. Roberts. Room should be found for short poems, but not for long ones, and a very moderate amount of space should be devoted to tales. The editor must exercise his sense of proportion, and not print a tale occupying two pages or more if by so doing he crowds out a number of little poems and essays. I notice that Mr. Roosmale-Cocq himself contributes "A Song of a Sailor," of which the refrain runs:

It's ho! for the ocean wave, my boys, that
gaily makes us go;

It's hey! for the winds that rave, my boys, with
a yo and a heave yo ho! !

Yo ho! my boys, yo ho! ! heave ho! ! !

This is all very well, but there are few sailors who ever sing songs of this sort, or who ever think about the ocean in this way. We have already stated in *THE CAPTAIN*—and we were commended for this expression of opinion by *The Syren and Shipping*, a journal which ought to know what it is talking about—that sailors are quiet, thoughtful men and not rollicking bloods with an eternal "Heave ho, my boys!" on their lips.

"The Skipper" is the title of a new amateur journal for boys, written and edited by boys. The price is one penny, it comes out once a month, and the editorial address is 30 Regent Villas, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Readers of *THE CAPTAIN* who wish to consult the pages of this periodical should send 1½d. to the Editors for a sample copy. I have not studied its contents closely, but I will say that *The Skipper* (I wonder, now, what suggested that title to the Editors!) is nicely printed, and that, if there were more of it, our new friend might attract quite a nice little number of readers. As it is, unless the founders of *The Skipper* are well supplied with pocket-money, I fear they will find the defrayal of their printer's bill a process of an unpleasantly arduous character.

"Petrol Peter."—This is a humorous motoring book composed of verses by our

Cycling Editor, and coloured pictures by Mr. A. Wallis Mills. The price is 3s. 6d., and it is published by Messrs. Methuen and Co. It will, no doubt, amuse many Captainites, and I trust its sales will enable Mr. Archibald Williams to buy a balloon. Mr. Williams already possesses an ordinary bicycle, a motor-cycle and a motor-car, so he must be ready to try a different form of locomotion. If my suggestion bears fruit, look out for our "Balloon Corner."

"My Favourite Cricketer." —

The following essay, which gained a prize in Class I. of the competition bearing the above title, is a seasonable contribution, seeing that Mr. Fry is now, owing to his recent accident at Lord's, the subject of universal sympathy. Mr. Fry, it will be remembered, had made a hit to leg and was half-way up the pitch when he suddenly fell and lay helpless. He was carried to the pavilion, and a surgical examination revealed the fact that he had snapped the tendon Achilles of his right leg—the muscle just above the heel. The leg was put in plaster-of-Paris, and the great batsman conveyed to his home in Hampshire. There he now is, patiently waiting for the tendon to heal up. He occupies his time motoring, reading, writing, and practising on a target with a saloon rifle, which weapon he handles like a master. A mutual friend tells me that Mr. Fry displays admirable cheerfulness, and hops about with the aid of a crutch in a most agile manner. All Captainites, I am sure, will join with me in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Here is Mr. Taylor's essay :

A splendid specimen of consistent enthusiasm for cricket is Mr. C. B. Fry, whose zest for cricket is only tempered by his zest for other healthy outdoor sports. The life strenuous need not and does not apply only to men in politics, in commerce or adventurous journalism. Now and then you meet it in the realm of sport, and C. B. Fry is the embodiment thereof.

Much has been written—and the volume is by no means finished—of C. B. Fry as a cricketer. His century in the Inter-Varsity match; his record feat in 1901 of making six consecutive centuries in first-class matches; his average of 81 in 1903, the highest of a season of wet and treacherous wickets; his wonderful consistency and sustained brilliancy—these are indeed facts to be remembered! Few people, however, seem to be aware how devoted he is to the best in cricket, how anxious he is always to do better—not for his own sake, but for his country's—and how he is always striving to hold aloft the banner of our national game. C. B. Fry loves cricket for its own sake; he does not seek the applause of the multitude or the familiar

hackneyed praise of the Press. This is why he is my favourite cricketer.

We may be certain he is quite as happy in the privacy of his own grounds as when playing before straw-hatted thousands at the Oval.

Like all famous cricketers, C. B. Fry cherishes certain convictions which run contrary to the popular idea. One of these affects the value of many runs scored amid the intermittent cheers of a none too exacting multitude.

He holds that twenty or thirty scored patiently under great difficulties should receive more praise than the hundred that is knocked up almost unconsciously against indifferent bowling on a good pitch; and rightly so, too.

A large-hearted sportsman, he has a great fund of sympathy for the "servants" of sport—the groundsman, the umpire, the programme seller, the woman who waits in the tea tent. Many professional cricketers cherish his friendship; his attitude towards the "pro." is not that of Rudyard Kipling, nor could it ever be; and where other men perceive only the outer frame of a paid man, C. B. Fry discerns the heart.

GEORGE AUSTEN TAYLOR.

Bullying Reversed! — "Trident," while acknowledging that it is a good thing that bullying of the old type has been put down with a strong hand in public schools, complains that there is a danger of this reform being carried to excess. "It has created," he says, "a wholly new type of nuisance. It is no longer the big fellows who annoy the little ones, but the little ones who annoy the big, strange though it may seem. One is now compelled to put up with a lot from one's juniors which would not have been tolerated for a moment in the old days. Small boys may now with impunity 'borrow' my cricket-bat, give me a certain amount of 'cheek,' and generally make themselves an unmitigated nuisance."—I must point out to "Trident" that this sort of thing is not likely to flourish long where there is a strong monitorial system. If "Trident" is a monitor or probationer, he should be entitled to punish any junior boy who is impertinent to him. If he does not hold a position of authority he must take the law into his own hands and chance the consequences. It is intolerable that small boys, sheltering themselves behind the rules against bullying, should badger big ones. Such boys deserve a good licking, and I am sure that, if "Trident" administers that licking, any fair-minded master or monitor, on hearing a truthful statement of the case, would support him. I do not think, however, that the average "kid" is likely to worry a big boy unless the latter in some fashion forfeits the respect of the small boy

by making himself cheap or showing himself to be weak and irresolute. Judging by his letter, I should say that "Trident" has plenty of character. Let him assert it. He should adopt a firm attitude and let all and sundry know that he is not a fellow to be interfered with. Finally, let me suggest that when the time comes for him to act, he should on no account make the mistake of losing his temper. —

Books Received.—*Muscle Building.* By Luther Halsey Gulick, M.D. *How to*

Classics.) Dorking and Leatherhead. (Homeland Association. 1s. net.)

Conscription in Britain.

[I have received a number of communications on this subject, but can only find room for the letter printed hereunder, which is a reply to "A.K.S.," whose opinions appeared in our February No.—ED.]

"No man entertains a higher respect than I do for the spirit of the people of England. But unorganised, undisciplined, without systematic subordination established and



REASSURING.

AMERICAN STRANGER (*impassively, to BROWN, who has been enjoying forty winks regardless of the sea, which is now eight feet deep around him*): "Guess you'll hev to wade."

Wrestle. By F. R. Toombs. *Jiu-Jitsu.* *Dumb-Bell Exercises.* By Prof. G. Bojus. *How to Punch the Bag.* By Young Corbett. *How to Run 100 Yards.* By J. W. Morton. *Golf Guide and How to Play Golf.* By J. Braid. (British Sports Publishing Co., Ltd. 6d. each net.) *Pocket Book of British Birds.* By E. F. M. Elms. (West, Newman and Co. 2s. 6d.) *Glues and Cements.* By H. J. S. Cassal. (L. Upcott Gill. 1s. net.) *Picturesque Musselburgh and Its Golf Links.* By W. C. Maughan. (Alexander Gardner, Paisley. 1s. net.) *Science and the Manufacturer.* By Keith Quinton. (Guilbert Pitman. 2s. net.) *The Last Days of Pompeii.* By Lord Lytton. *The Cloister and the Hearth.* By Charles Reade. *Ivanhoe.* By Sir Walter Scott. (Nelson's Sixpenny

well understood, this spirit, opposed to regular troops, would only expose those animated by it to confusion and to destruction." —Wellington.

This was why the Duke of Wellington opposed conscription in his time, and this is why we oppose it to-day. It is not, as "A. K. S." asserts, that we think we do not need compulsory military training now because we have got on well without it before, but it is because we believe that a professional and properly trained army is immeasurably superior to, and far more efficient than, all the conscript armies in the world.

At the outset of his article, "A. K. S." points out the striking difference between the numbers of the British army and the



REPORTER (to centenarian): "And to what do you attribute your longevity, sir?"

CENTENARIAN (sharply): "To the fact, sir, that I haven't died."

armies of certain European countries. But, after all, mere numbers go for very little, as we have seen in the recent Russo-Japanese War. If a general had the choice, which would he prefer—twenty thousand soldiers, professionals who had voluntarily enlisted and were able, on account of their thorough training and complete discipline, to keep calm and obey orders in the most difficult circumstances, or, on the other hand, say a hundred thousand conscripts, who had been forced, perhaps unwillingly, to fight, and who had received a scanty training of about two years? I do not think he would hesitate in selecting the former.

With regard to numerical strength, we must remember that these European countries need a large army for defence purposes. We do not, since, as we inhabit an island, our home defence rests entirely on the navy.

"A. K. S." also claims that the conscript method is cheaper but surely, if it is at the expense of efficiency, the cheapness is dearly bought.

Another of the great "advantages" referred to—namely, that the whole nation could be used in time of war—seems to me

to be a disadvantage, for if all the able-bodied part of the population is away fighting, what will happen to trade? Trade suffers quite enough during a war as it is without making matters worse.

Then, besides our professional army, we have the volunteers, who, if properly managed, would probably be as capable as most conscript armies.

My reasons for opposing conscription may be summed up in brief, thus:

(1) It would destroy the liberty of the subject.

(2) It would seriously injure our trade.

(3) It would interfere with a youth learning his business.

(4) It would encourage the spirit of Militarism which is so rampant and so disastrous in Germany.

(5) Military life is morally and religiously detrimental to so many; and finally, we are far better without it, because not only are we saved from the evils mentioned above, but our army, though smaller in numbers, is likely to be far more efficient under the voluntary system, than if we introduce compulsory training.

Our army needs reform, but do not let us make the mistake of introducing conscription and all its attendant evils, which will be a remedy far worse than the disease itself.

"F."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[As we receive a great number of letters, our correspondents are requested to bear in mind that we can only comment on communications that we consider to be of general interest. Readers requiring information quickly should enclose stamped envelopes or post-cards, according to the length of the answer they desire.]

Art Criticism.—A cadet at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, writes: "In the May CAPTAIN there was a most absurd drawing of H.M.S. *King Edward VII*. To one who has seen her and her sister ships many times, it is surprising that such a magazine as THE CAPTAIN should publish such an absolutely idiotic drawing of her. The ship pictured by 'Sunny Jim' has a bow more worthy of French than English battleships. To crown everything, he has placed the ensign at the bow instead of at the stern. Such a thing is absurd, and it is very probable that 'Sunny Jim' knows no more about battleships than a crocodile does of flying. He does not even allow the *E. VII*. an anchor, much less any booms. Also in the same number there is a drawing that calls itself a scene on the Great Northern Railway. The first fault that makes itself apparent is the locomotive, the boiler of which is much too high pitched to get into any standard size English tunnel. If M. Barnes tries to draw locomotives, the first thing that he should learn to do is to learn to be able to draw a loco, in

such a way that it can be recognised as an engine of the railway that it is supposed to be of."—I hope "Sunny Jim" and M. Barnes feel duly reprov'd. At the same time I must point out to our Osborne critic that "Sunny Jim" and M. Barnes are not full-blown artists. Like my correspondent, each is as yet only a cadet—in art.

Prue tells me that there is bullying in girls' schools as well as in boys'. "A number of girls at my school," she says, "would band themselves together and be really disagreeable to one or two other girls. Sending some one 'to Coventry' was quite a favourite amusement. The girls who make things so disagreeable for others are often girls of strong influence, who, if they applied their influence the right way, could do a lot of good in the school."—Well, my dear Prue, that is the case in boys' schools as well, and in most other communities. People of strong influence should recognise the fact that their personality can be exercised for good or evil, and be scrupulously careful that it is not for the latter. Theirs is a great responsibility. . . . "My brother and I," adds Prue, "use *J. O. Jones* like a sort of bible, and are always quoting from it. My brother wants to grow up just like *J. O.*, and his greatest compliment is to say you are 'jonesy.'"

Colonial Mounted Forces.—I have received several letters of late from readers who ask me for information regarding the qualifications for admission into the ranks of the various South African police forces, the North-West Mounted Police, and other similar corps. They, and others who may be contemplating letters on this subject, should know that their best plan is to apply direct for these particulars to the Recruiting Offices in London of the different corps. Or they can write to the Chief Clerk, Emigrants' Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster, S.W., enclosing 3d. for the Government "Professional Handbook."

Two Corrections.—*J. C. Dickie* writes: "While reading the *May CAPTAIN*, I noticed two mistakes. On p. 180 you have an illustration of the Wallace Monument, Stirling. According to the wording underneath, it is situated on *Ailsa Craig*. The monument is built on *Abbey Craig*. *Ailsa Craig* is a rock in the Firth of Clyde. Again, the story of

"How Sparkes negotiated 'a Loan'" is very fine, but your artist has depicted Ambrose, the Eurasian tout, as being dressed in native fashion. Now, I have lived in India and know that a Eurasian would not on any account dress as a native. The Eurasian, although a half-caste himself, looks upon the Indian as dirt beneath his feet.

C. H. attacks my venerable self with numbers of questions which he doesn't appear to have attempted to answer for himself. For particulars regarding entrance into the Royal Irish Constabulary, he should apply to the Civil Service Commissioners, Westminster, S.W. If *C. H.* had read our issue for November last as carefully as a "regular reader" should, he would hardly have found it necessary to ask which volunteer corps in London he would be best advised in joining.

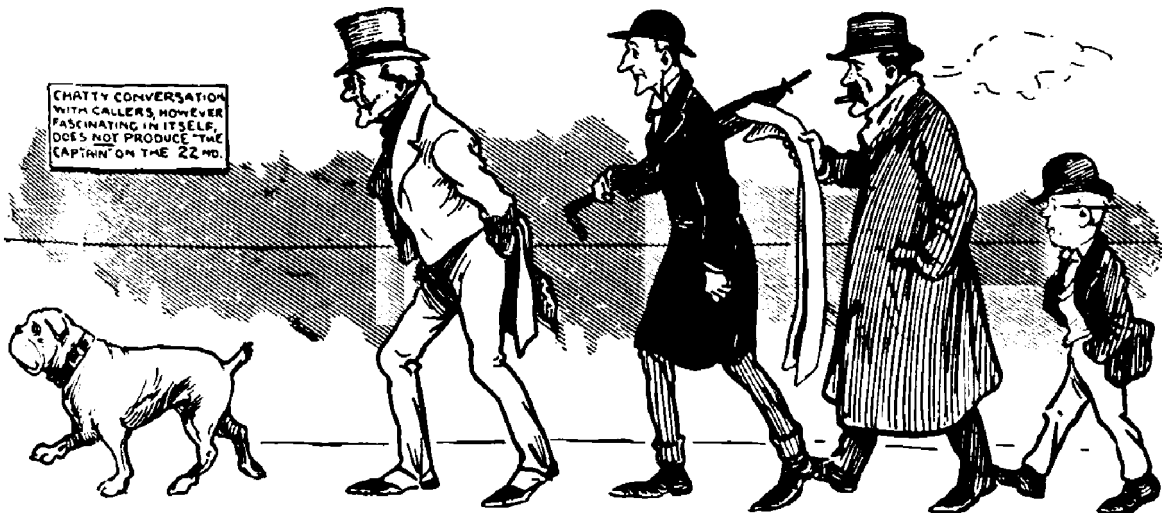
"A German Officer."—Several readers have complained about the presentment of a German officer which adorned (or, rather, did not exactly "adorn") our June cover. I admit that the drawing was not representative of German officers as a type, and have requested the Art Editor to make amends for publishing such a caricature by printing a portrait as soon as possible showing what a German officer is really like.

D. E. Tyler.—I should say that you are neat and methodical, fond of dogs and rather musical. You are not very tall, but you are active and healthy. You are straightforward, and always keep your word. You enjoy your life and have a girl-chum with dark hair (not a lot of chums) who is a real pal. This is all guess-work. As "*Datas*" would say: Am I right, miss?

"Dot and Dash."—We should have mentioned, when publishing this story, that the illustrations were drawn from sketches supplied by Mr. Tom Ronald, who took part in the Chitral Expedition, and was an actual witness of the "bridge" episode described in the story. We owe Mr. Ronald an apology for omitting to state these facts.

Captain Badges can still be obtained from this office, price 6d. each in gilt metal (for the button-hole, cap, or watch-chain), and 2s. each in solid silver (for the cap or watch-chain only).

THE OLD FAG.



THIS IS HOW WE COME BACK TO WORK AT NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING,

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—“Pack my Box with Five Dozen Liquor Jugs.”

One age limit: Twenty-one.

WINNER OF 1906 STANDARD “RALEIGH” BICYCLE: M. Donovan, 13 Weltje Road, Hammersmith, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Herbert S. York, Joseph Moffett, Cherry J. Adam, Bernard E. Jull, Frank Bradshaw.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. H. B. McCombie, George Lewcock, J. N. Hibbett, John Hodson, F. L. Hegan, Stewart Dow, C. W. Stewart, Stanley H. Kent, H. B. Wilde, James Rainford.

No. II.—“Photographic Competition.”

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF EDWARDS' XL PLATES: George Leonard Nodes, 52 Rutland Park Mansions, Willesden Green, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. St. Alphonse, F. J. Beveridge, W. E. Morley, Robert Bruckman, A. J. Shearlock.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF EDWARDS' XL PLATES: C. H. Pope, Suffield Park School, Cromer.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy A. Hilton, W. Hope, Trevor Roberts, Charles FitzGerald, J. H. Begg.

No. III.—“My Favourite Cricketer.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GRADIDGE “IMPERIAL DRIVER” CRICKET BAT: Stanley G. Head, 9 Cotlands Road, Bournemouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: George Austen Taylor, Kilvington, Axminster, S. Devon; A. Tapply, Thorndale, Wateringbury, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Seddon, W. H. Gillman, Thomas Milburn, P. E. Petter, Bernard Weaver, Henry S. Burnham, R. B. Adamson, Leonard A. Pavey, Claude H. Auld, M. D. Peterson, Kate Duffy, J. B. Sisson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF GRADIDGE “IMPERIAL DRIVER” CRICKET BAT: J. G. Knappman, Station Road, Westcliffe, Essex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Lawrence du G. Peach, 68 Richmond Grove, Longsight, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Rollo Isbister, Godfrey Lawrence, T. P. Marriott, Peter Gaunon, Cecil Wittering, Cyril M. Lamb, Cecil R. Ash, John H. Hill, Frederick C. Wild, Frank Slade, G. S. Hogan, E. L. Gedge.

No. IV.—“Drawing Competition.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT-BOX: William Charles Boswell, 106 Little Green Lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. J. Carswell, 5 Royal Crescent, Glasgow West; E. S. Whiteman, 126 Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Owen Coghlan, James Clayton, H. J. Simkin, H. T. Ainsworth, Edwin Cawthron, Percy Deacon, J. C. Matthew, Gregor McGregor, F. W. Featherstone, M. Falcon, Alfred W. Dobbin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT-BOX: Maggie Lewis, 26 Neville Street, Canton, Cardiff.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. Duncan Stark,

7 Shore Terrace, Dundee; Walter C. Orr, 45 Market Street, Haddington, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. F. Chute, W. E. Dawe, Basil Thomas Ferris, Francis Haslam, H. Dorothy Morris, J. E. G. Harris, Phyllis M. Neale, T. M. G. Tenison, Fred. Copley, Matthew J. Molloy, K. M. Parkes.

No. V.—“May Celebrities.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF HAMLEY FISHING-ROD: Samuel J. Giles, Edwardstone Cottage, Boxford, Colchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. G. Thornton, Charles Reed, A. A. Kerridge, Nellie Kennedy, A. H. Richards.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF HAMLEY FISHING-ROD: P. Eustace Petter, Elmcoote, Ilfracombe.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: G. B. Hindmarsh, 38 Fentiman Road, Clapham, S.W.; F. de M. Lainé, Les Bourgs, St. Andrew's, Guernsey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John B. Sisson, George Fry, Arthur T. Heron, P. W. Braybrooke, C. Murgatroyd, W. H. L. Gronow, B. L. Evans, Howard Carter, F. S. Nicholas, Gwendolen Okeden, Duncan Fell, W. H. Palethorpe.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF HAMLEY FISHING-ROD: George Birkett, 10 Ellerslie Road, Tue Brook, Liverpool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: G. E. R. Gedge, 8 Henleaze Gardens, Westbury, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. S. Bennett, N. M. Paton, A. D. Rawlinson, R. M. Young, W. C. Budden, J. H. Powell, F. J. Atkinson, Frank Barker, W. H. Riddel, C. Elgood, Ethel M. Fry, Bernard Hickson.

No. VI.—“Handwriting.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF HOUGHTON'S No. 2 “SCOUT” CAMERA: Harry Selby, 28 Ashcroft Road, Cirencester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Francis J. Atkinson, Meridian House, Hartlepool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lincoln Bell, W. J. Schebsman, Thomas Cooke, Leonard Turner, Forster Milburn, W. Geary, W. Goldsack, M. Henderson, Clissold Rich, Henry Nicholls, May Partington, Isaac Bloom, L. Trice, H. Buckley, H. S. Strange.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF HOUGHTON'S No. 2 “SCOUT” CAMERA: Harry Rasberry, 11 Peacock Street, Gorton, Manchester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Maud Beak, 2 Arundell Villas, Weston-Super-Mare.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Kenneth McKeand, Nellie James, Edith Hutton, William Gilmore, May Bones, G. M. Renny, Boydell Lloyd, Archibald Arbuthnott.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(April.)

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Leslie H. Burket, Blue Bonnets, St. Montreal, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: K. Touchman (Canada), G. H. Anderson (Australia), Joseph Boase (Australia), E. G. Glassford (Australia), F. C. Groves (South Africa), N. V. Tonkin (South Africa).

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: G. N. Edden, c/o J. B. Edden, East London, Cape Colony.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Hawken (Cape Colony), B. A. Spence (St. Vincent), E. Herbert Dosé (South Africa).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the “Captain,” “Strand,” “Sunday Strand,” “Wide World,” “Technics,” “C. B. Fry's Magazine,” or one of the following books—“Jim Mortimer, Surgeon,” “J. O. Jones,” “Tales of Greyhouse,” “Acton's Feud,” “The Heart of the Prairie.”

Comments on the May Competitions.

No. I.—There were a very large number of entries for this competition, many of which were disqualified as *not* being the original work of the competitor. Such old friends as “The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog”; “Frowzy quacks jump, vex and blight”; and “Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim” were immediately recognised and thrown out. We shall keep a sharp eye in future on those competitors who sent these in as original work, as in doing so they deliberately endeavoured to deceive us, and we were particularly grieved to find a few well-known names among them. We congratulate the winner of the bicycle on the originality of his clever sentence as well as on his good fortune.

No. II.—There was little variety in this competition, most of the photographs being snapshots of railway trains.

No. III.—A decidedly interesting competition. The chief

favourites were Fry (first and foremost), Hirst, Jessop, Warner, and Hayward, but quite a number of competitors found their favourites in the humbler spheres of club and school cricket.

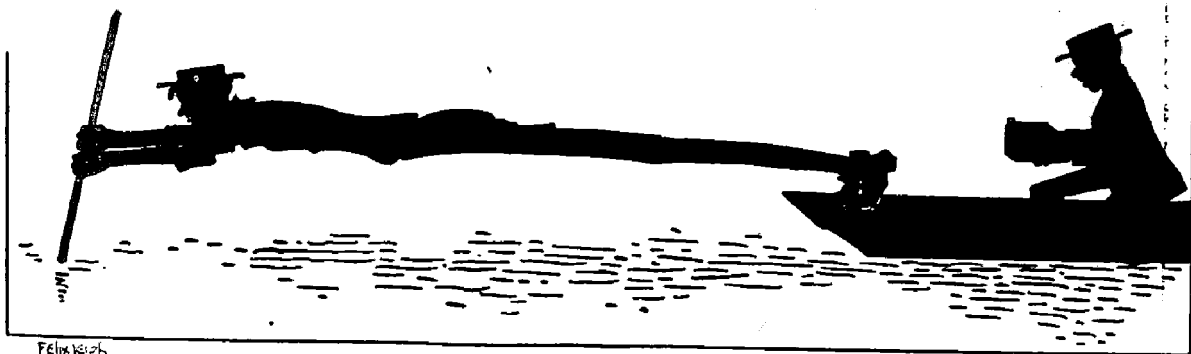
No. IV.—In spite of the difficult subject given, some very creditable drawings were submitted in each Class.

No. V.—The favourite characters were Addison, Pope, Tom Moore, Robert Browning, Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, Lord Rosebery, and Sir A. Conan Doyle. In Class II., especially, the efforts reached a very high standard.

No. VI.—As usual, the entries were very numerous and reached a high standard, especially in Class I. In Class II. we received very good attempts from quite youthful competitors.

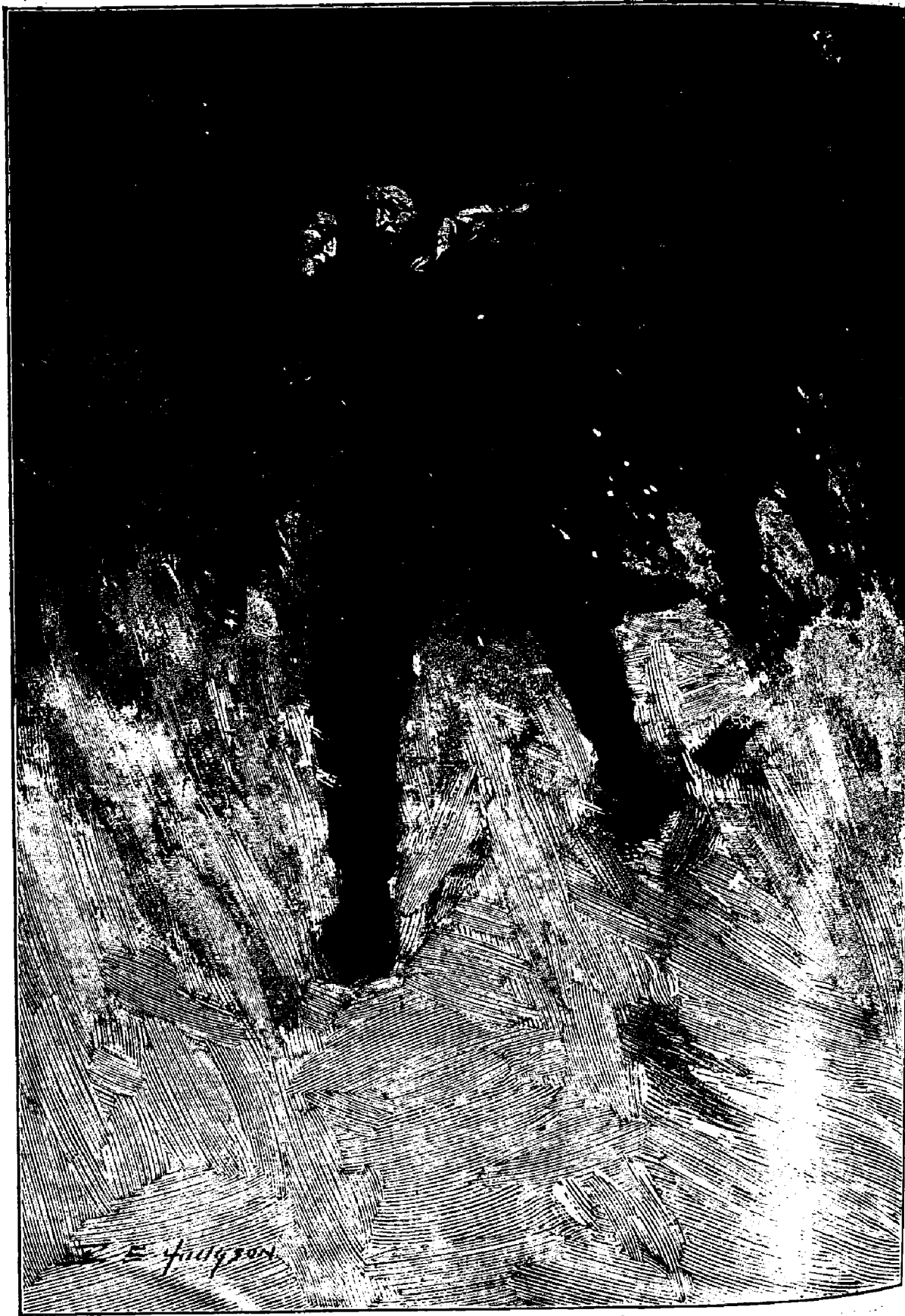
THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

HEARD AT HENLEY.



FELIX LEOPH

PHOTO. FIEND; "As you are for half-a-mo, old man!"



E. J. Haggan

BILL CAUGHT ARCHIE UP IN HIS ARMS AND RAN.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XV.

AUGUST, 1906

No. 89.

STOUT HEARTS AND RED DECKS.

By NORMAN DUNCAN.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

IN the foregoing portion of this contribution, which is a graphic sketch from the pen of a popular American writer describing the perils incident to the sealing industry, it is shown how the Newfoundland sealing-steamer, *Dictator*, starts from an east coast port for the ice-fields. With the ship goes Archie Armstrong, the owner's son, a young boy, who quickly makes friends with Jack Bow, a stow-away. When the first sealing-party leaves the vessel, Jack and Archie go with it and, unaided, attack a huge seal, which proves a capable antagonist; indeed, the gallant old "dog-hood" has had much the better of the fight when the report of a gun recalls the boys to the ship. Finding his way blocked by a great pan of ice, the Captain resolves to adopt the bold method of ramming the obstacle. The staunch *Dictator* comes through the process victoriously, and proceeds on her way to the sealing-grounds proper.

III.

THROUGH that sunny day, while the ship hurried northward, Archie and Jack found much to say to each other. They had the struggle with the dog-hood to fight over again, step by step; and, when Jack had acknowledged a debt to Archie's quick thought, and Archie had repudiated it with some heat, they agreed that the old seal had been a mighty fellow and a game one, deserving his escape from a continued attack. Then they abandoned the subject, to take up with talk of a less embarrassing character—story-telling and thrilling speculation concerning that which the days might hold in store for them. So the afternoon passed; and at the end of it they were fast friends indeed.

In the evening, Archie went to the fore-castle, to resume the gossip, until it should come time to go to bed.

"What be you doin' aboard?" Jack asked him, with fine candour.

"Oh," said Archie, "my father wants me to learn all about the business. That's why he let me come. He thinks 'knocking round at sea' is good for me, too. You stowed away, didn't you?"

"Iss, sure, b'y," Jack replied, grinning. "Me fawther knew all about it. Sure, they wouldn't ship a lad like me."

"Pretty hard work on the ice," Archie observed, sagely.

"Sure," Jack exclaimed: that had been clear to him all his life. "'Tis fearful dangerous, too. When me fawther were young, he were t' the ice in a schooner, an' they get caught with the fleet in raftin' ice (a floe of fragments so forcibly driven by the wind as to be crowded into layers) off shore up Englee way. Sure, he saw six schooners nipped; an' they were crushed like an egg, an' went down when the ice went abroad. His was the on'y one o' all the fleet that stood the crush. He says 'twas 'cause Job Herter built her. He do be the best builder t' Fortune Harbour t' this day."

"Think you'll share with the crew?"

"I want to," Jack said with a laugh. Then, soberly: "I want to—sure an' I do."

"Why?" Archie asked.

"I want t' get a skiff for lobster fishin' in New Bay. They be lots o' lobsters there—oh, they be thick as a shoal o' caplin. They be no one trappin' down that way. 'Tis a great chance."

Then the men called upon Jack for the "Song o' the Anchor and Chain," and he sang again the old, sad song, which has the refrain:

Sure, the chain 'e parted, an' the schooner drove ashore,

An' the wives o' the 'ands never saw them any moare.

No moare! Never saw them any moar-r-r-re!

Archie went to his berth; and, while the ship plunged northward and sealward, his last waking thought concerned the herd on the floe, and the men streaming over the ship's side.

At peep o' dawn the *Dictator* made the Groais Island sealing-grounds. The day broke late and dull. The sky was a dead grey hanging heavily over a dark, fretful sea; and there was a threat of wind and snow in the air.

"Ice, sir," said the mate, poking his head into the Captain's cabin, his ceremony lost in his elation.

"Take her 'longside!" said the Skipper, jumping out of his berth. "What's it like?"

"Looks like a big field, sir."

"Hear that, b'y?" the captain cried to Archie, who was sitting up in his berth, still rubbing his eyes. "A field o' ice! There'll be a hunt t' day. Mr. Ackell, tell the cook t' send the scoff up here. What's the weather?"

"Promisin' thick, sir."

"Huh! Sure, it'll not stop us."

"Sure, no, sir," said the mate with a grin. "Sure, no."

When the Skipper and the boy went on deck, the ice was in plain sight: many vast fields, rising over the horizon continually, so that there seemed to be no end to it.

"I tell you, b'y," said the Captain, "they be twenty-five thousand harps lyin' there t' pay us for a day's work. Tell me, now, could you go aloft?"

"Yes," Archie said, laughing scornfully. "I'm no landsman!"

"True word, if you're a son o' your father," replied the Captain. "Then get up with the barr'l-man, b'y, an' take a trick at swatchin'. 'Tis cold work, but great sport."

"Swatching" is merely the convenient form for "seal watching." It appeared to Archie that to swatch with the barrel-man must be a highly delightful pastime. He was not slow to mount the rope ladder to the mast-head, and slip into the cask with the swatcher, who chanced to be Bill o' Burnt Bay and vociferously made him welcome.

"See anything yet?" asked the boy.

"Nar a sign o' them, b'y. The ice do be too far off yet."

"Cap'n says they're there, all right enough."

"Wait an' I'll show 'em t' you," said Bill.

Archie was closely muffled in wool and fur; but the wind searched out the unprotected

places, and in five minutes he was crouching in the cask for shelter, only too glad to find an excuse in the swatcher's advice.

"H-h-h-how l-l-long you been h-h-here?" he chattered.

"Sure, b'y," said Bill, with no suspicion of a shiver in his voice, "'tis goin' on t' two hours, now."

"P-p-pretty c-c-cold, isn't it?"

Bill o' Burnt Bay did not reply. His eye was glued to his telescope, which fairly shook in his hand. Then he leaned over the rim of the cask, altogether disregarding its instability.

"Seals ho!" he roared. "Nor-nor-west!"

A cheer went up; and, looking down, Archie saw the men swarming to the deck.

"Take a look at the harps, b'y," said Bill. "No! Starboard the glass. There! See them?"

Archie made out a myriad moving specks: black dots, small and great, shifting about over a broad white surface. They were like many insects.

When they were visible to the naked eye, the boy said: "I-I-I g-g-guess I'll g-g-go down, now."

Now, the half-hour of exposure in the crow's-nest had chilled the lad to numbness. His blood was running sluggishly, he was shivering, his legs were stiff, and his hands were cold and uncertain in their grip. He climbed out of the cask, and cleverly enough made good his foothold on the platform of the nest: it was when he essayed the descent that he erred and faltered.

He had a full, two-handed grip on the top-mast backstay, and was secure in searching with his foot for the rope ladder lashed thereto. But when his foot struck, he released his left hand from the stays, without pausing to make sure that his foot was firm fixed on the rung. His foot missed the rung altogether, and found no place to rest. In a flash, he had rolled over, and hung suspended by one hand, which, numb though it was, had unexpectedly to bear the weight of his whole body.

"Be careful goin' down, b'y," he heard Bill o' Burnt Bay say.

The voice seemed to come out of a great distance. Archie knew, in a dim way, that the attention of the man was fixed elsewhere; doubtless on the herd of harps. Then he fell into a stupefaction of terror.

He was speechless, incapable of thought or action, when, by chance, Bill o' Burnt Bay glanced down. Bill reached over the cask and caught the boy by the collar; then lifted him to the platform, and there held him fast.

Each looked, silently, tensely, into the other's eyes.

"'Tis a cold day," said Bill, dryly.

Archie gasped.

"Tough on tender hands, b'y," said Bill.

"Yes," said the lad, in a hoarse whisper.

There was a long silence, through which the swatcher looked Archie in the eye, holding him tight all the while.

"'Tis not wise to be in a hurry, sometimes," he said at last.

The boy waited until he could view the necessity of descent with some composure. Then, with extreme caution, he made his way to the deck and the cabin, where he warmed himself over the stove. Apparently the incident had passed unnoticed from the deck. He said nothing about it to the Captain, nor to any one else; nor did Bill o' Burnt Bay, who had an adequate conception of the sensitiveness of lads in respect to such narrow chances.

Pursuing a tortuous course, the ship was driven in and out through the ice-fields to a point as near to the first seal-pack as she could be taken—a mile distant, at the least. During this tedious search for a landing-place, the crew's eager excitement passed the bounds of discipline: it was seething, uncontrollable. When the engines were stopped at last, a party of sixty was formed in a haphazard fashion; the boats were lowered in haste, and the men leaped and tumbled into them, crowding them down to the gunwales. In one of the boats were Archie and Jack, the former in the care of Bill o' Burnt Bay, to whom the "nursing" was not altogether agreeable, under the circumstances; the latter in charge of himself, a lenient guardian, but a wise one.

"Lively at the landin', now," had been the Captain's last command to the crews of the small boats.

The passengers discharged themselves,



BILL REACHED OVER
THE CASK.

whooping, and at once organised into half a dozen separate expeditions. The direction to be taken by each was determined by the leaders, and they set off at a dog-trot upon their diverging paths over the ice to the widely distributed seal-pack. Meantime, the boats were taken back to the ship and hoisted to the davits; and the ship steamed off to land another party on another field, thence to land the last party near a third pack.

The boys trotted in Bill's wake. Two pennant-bearers, carrying flags to mark the heaps of pelt, led the file. All the men wore skin boots and fur cuffs and caps. They had a ration of hard biscuit in their pockets, and some had goggles over their eyes, though the sun was not shining.

" 'Tis a queer day, this," Bill panted.

" Sure, why ? " Jack gasped.

" Is it t' snow, now, or is it not ? Can you answer me that ? "

" Sure, no," the boy answered, puzzled. " 'Tis like snow, an', again, 'tisn't. 'Tis queer, that ! "

" Hope the Captain keeps the ship at hand. 'Tis not t' my taste t' spend a night on the floe in a storm. "

" 'Tis nasty weather, b'y," said Jack.

The advance had now to be made with caution. They were so near the pack that the whines of the white-coats could be heard. Archie could make out not only the harps, but the blow-holes, beside which they lay, in family groups. At this time the men formed in twos and threes, and dispersed. In a few minutes more, they rushed upon the prey, striking right and left. The ice was soon strewn with dead seals.

It was harvest time for these impoverished Newfoundlanders. Lives of seals for lives of women and children ! Bill o' Burnt Bay had ten " kids " at home, and he was merciless and mighty in destruction.

Archie and Jack came upon a family of four, lying at some distance from their blow-hole—two grown harps, a jar, one year old, and a ranger, three years old, and spotted like a leopard.

Jack attacked the ranger. Archie raised his gaff above the fluffy little jar, which was fanning itself with its flipper, and whining.

" I can't do it," he said, lowering his club and turning away, faint at heart. Then, " Look, Jack ! " he cried, in half-amused wonderment.

The old seals had wriggled off to the blow-hole, moving upon their flippers, in short jumps, as fast as a man could walk. Apparently, they had reached the hole at the same instant, and neither would give way to the other. They were stuck, their heads below, their fat bodies above ; for the hole was not big enough to admit of the passage of two at a time. Their selfish haste was their undoing. Jack was not loath to take advantage of their predicament.

Thus, everywhere, the men were at work. When they had finished, the " sculping " knives were drawn, and the labour of skinning was vigorously prosecuted. The pelts, which

are the skins with the blubber adhering, were piled in heaps of six or more, according to the strength of the men who were to " tow " them to the edge of the field, where the ship was to return in the evening. Each tow was marked with a flag, which did service as a brand : when the crews of several ships are working on the same field, these distinguishing marks are highly important.

Night drew on before the sculping was finished. The weather thickened in the north-west. In that quarter the sky grew dark, heavy, threatening.

" Quick with the sculping, b'ys," said Bill o' Burnt Bay, who was in tacit command of the group. " They be heavy weather comin' down. I mind me a time when a blizzard came out of a sky like that. "

The dusk grew deeper and a flurry of snow fell. The other groups were already dragging their tows toward the sea. There was need of haste.

" Lash your tows, b'ys," said Bill. " Leave the rest go. 'Tis too late t' sculp any more. "

There was a chorus of complaint.

" Lash your tows ! " roared Bill.

When the party set off for the landing-place, the snow was falling thickly. Gusts of wind were sweeping out of the north-west with swift increasing frequency ; stinging, forceful blasts.

" Faster, b'ys ! " cried Bill, himself setting so fast a pace that it was difficult for the men to keep up with him, laden as they were.

" Quick, b'ys ! " Bill cried again. " We'll be caught here if we're not yarry. "

Night closed in when they were but half-way to the edge of the field. They pushed on, exerting their utmost strength. The flags which marked their destination were barely visible.

" Any sign o' the ship ? " one man asked at last : his words echoed every man's thought.

Bill o' Burnt Bay paused. He looked steadily into the north-west, where the ship had last been seen. It was black there, and the snow was thick.

" No sign o' her, Bill ? "

The storm burst furiously. Snow fell from an inexhaustible store. The wind caught it and drove it in blinding clouds over the face of the ice.

" Not yet, b'ys ! " said Bill. " But she do be on her way here, never you fear. "

The ship was nowhere to be seen.

When the last party of hunters had been landed from the *Dictator*, the ship was taken off the ice-field ; and there she hung, in idleness, awaiting the end of the hunting. It was then

long past noon. The darkening sky in the north-west promised storm and an early night. It fretted the Captain. He was accountable to the owners for the ship. He was accountable to the women and children of Green Bay for the lives of the men. So he kept to the deck, with an eye on the weather; and while the gloom deepened and spread, a storm of anxiety gathered in his heart—and, at last, broke in action.

"Call the watch, Mr. Ackell!" he cried sharply. "We'll wait no longer."

He ran to the bridge and signalled. "Stand by!" to the engine-room. "Fire the recall gun, Mr. Ackell!" he shouted.

The discharge of the gun brought all work on the ice to an abrupt close. The men only waited to pile the dead seals in heaps and mark possession with the flags.

"Again, mate!" said the Captain. "They be long about it."

A second discharge brought the men on a run to the edge of the field. It was evident that some imminent danger threatened. They ran at full speed, crowded into the waiting boats, and were embarked as quickly as might be. Then the ship steamed off to the second field, five miles distant. When she had come within hearing distance, three signal guns were fired; with the result that, when she came to, the men were waiting for the boats.

It was a run of ten miles to the field upon which the first party had been landed. The storm had now taken form and was advancing swiftly, and the fields in the north-west were hidden in a spreading darkness. The wind had risen to half a gale and the snow was falling thinly. A run of ten miles! The Captain's heart was racked. Overtaken on the floe by a blizzard! It was the chance supremely dreaded. An appalling fortune seemed to be descending upon the men on the ice.

"I think, mate," said the Captain, "I think we'll make it, if——"

"Ay, sir?"

"If they be no ice with the gale."

The ship had been riding the open sea, skirting the floe. Now she came to the mouth of a broad lane, which wound through the fields. It was the course: thence, at all hazards, she must thread her way to the place where the men had been landed.

"Be you goin' inside the ice, sir?" the mate asked, diffidently.

The Captain started and stared straight ahead. The mate thought he had not heard the question.

"Be you goin'——" he began.

"Be I goin' WHAT?" roared the Captain,

turning upon him. "Be I goin' WHAT, sir?"

It was sufficient. The mate asked no more questions.

When the ship passed into the lane, the storm burst overhead. The scunner in the foretop was near blinded by the driven snow. His voice was swept hither and thither by the wind: directions came to the bridge in broken sentences.

"Half-speed!" the Captain signalled, with a groan.

The ship crept along. For half an hour, while the night drew on, not a word was spoken, save the Captain's quiet "Port!" and "Starboard!" into the wheelhouse tube. Then the mate heard the old man groan:

"Poor b'y! Poor Sir Archibald!"

No other reference was made to the boy. In the Captain's mind, thereafter, for all the mate knew, young Archibald Armstrong, the owner's son, was but one of a crew of sixty men, lost on the floe.

"Ice ahead!" screamed the lookout in the bow.

The ship was brought to a stop. The lane she had been following had closed before her. The mate went forward.

"Slob ice, sir!" he reported.

Broken ice, then, had come down with the wind: it had been carried through the channels, choking them. "Do you see water beyond, b'y?" the Captain cried.

"'Tis too thick t' tell, sir."

The Captain signalled "Go ahead!" The chance must be taken. To be caught between two fields in a great storm was a fearful situation. The ship pushed into the ice at a snail's pace, labouring hard and complaining of the pressure upon her ribs. Soon she made no progress whatever. The screw was turning noisily—the vessel throbbed with the labour of the engines; but she was at a standstill.

"Stuck, sir," said the mate.

"Ay, mate," the Captain said, blankly. "Stuck!"

The ship struggled bravely to force her way on; but the ice, wedged all about her, was too heavy.

"God help the men!" said the Captain, reverently, as he signalled for the stopping of the engines. "We're stuck."

"An' God help us," said the mate, "if the fields come together!"

Conceive the situation of the *Dictator*. She lay between two vast, shifting fields. The Captain had deliberately subjected her to the chances in an effort to rescue the men for whom

he was accountable to the women and children of Green Bay. She was caught; and, if the wind should drive the fields together, her case would be desperate, indeed the slow, mighty pressure exerted by such masses is irresistible. Either the ship would be crushed to splinters, or—a slender chance—she would be lifted out of danger for the time. Had there been no broken ice about her, destruction would have been inevitable. Her hope lay in that ice; for, with the narrowing of the space in which it floated, it would in part be forced deep into the water, and in part be crowded out of it. If it should get under the ship's bottom, it would exert an increasing upward pressure; and that pressure might be strong enough to lift the vessel clear of the fields.

"Take a week's rations an' four boats t' the ice, mate," the Captain directed, "an' be quick about it. We may have t' leave the ship."

While the mate went about this work, the Captain paced the bridge, regardless of the cold and storm. The grinding, rending sounds, already rising from the slob ice, warned him that the ship was to be nipped. The fields were coming together.

"The Lord," he muttered, "has us in His hands!" Then, "Poor little b'y! Poor Sir Archibald!"

In half an hour the mate was back to report that the boats and the food were landed on the ice.

"Call the crew," said the Captain.

The men gathered on deck. They were silent. The only sounds came from the ice—and from overhead, where the wind was screaming through the rigging.

The Captain awaited the event with a calm spirit.

IV.

It was soon apparent to Bill o' Burnt Bay that he and his men must pass the night on the ice. No help could reach them from the ship in a blizzard of such force and blinding density.

The snow was thick and shut out of sight all but the space immediately round about. The wind had risen to such terrific strength that sound could make small way against it. Thus, neither guns nor signal-lights could be perceived, even if the ship should beat her way to within one hundred yards of where the men stood huddled. Bill determined that it would be the better part of wisdom to seek the shelter of an ice-hummock and there await the passing

of the storm. He gathered the men about him.

"B'ys," he cried, at the top of his voice, for the wind whisked low-spoken words away, "there be a clumper somewheres handy. Leave us get t' the lee of it."

"No, no!" several men exclaimed. "Leave us get on t' the rest o' the crew. 'Tis no use stayin' here."

"B'ys——" began Bill.

They would not listen. They abandoned the tows, hurried forward, and were soon swallowed up by the night and the snow. Bill o' Burnt Bay was left alone with Archie and Jack and a man named Osmond from Exploits, who was a dull, heavy fellow.

"There be a clumper within a hundred yards o' here," Bill shouted. "I marked it before the snow got thick. We must find it. 'Tis——"

"'Tis t' the left. 'Tis over there," said Jack, pointing to the left. "I marked it well."

"'Tis somewheres t' the left," said Bill. "We must find it. 'Tis our only chance. Archie, you follow me; an' keep sight o' me—keep just sight o' me. Don't lose me, b'y, for your life! Osmond, follow the b'y. Watch him well. Jack, b'y, you follow Osmond. When we get in line, we'll face t' the left an' go for'rard. The first t' see the clumper will signal the next man, an' he'll pass the word."

The three nodded their heads to signify their understanding of these directions.

"Osmond, don't lose sight o' this b'y," said Bill, impressively, placing his hand on Archie's shoulder. "D' you mind? Men," he went on, "if one loses sight o' the others, 'tis all up with us. Leave your pelt go. I'll take mine."

Shelter from that frosty wind was imperative in Archie's case. He made no complaint, for he had been brought up in a school of endurance; but, hardy as he was, and stout as his spirit was, the cold was striking through the fur and wool about him. When Bill moved off, dragging his burden of pelt, the boy calmly waited until the stalwart figure had been reduced to an outline; then, with heavy steps, but fixed purpose, he followed, keeping his distance. Osmond came next. Young Jack had the exposed position—a station of honour in which he exulted—at the other end of the line.

Bill gave the signal, which was passed along by Archie to Osmond and by him to Jack, and they faced about and moved forward in the direction in which the clumper lay.

Archie searched the gloom for the grey shape of the clumper. It was a shelter—a mere relief. But how despairingly he searched for a sight of that formless heap of ice! Soon he began to stumble painfully. Once he lost sight of Bill o' Burnt Bay. Then he faltered and fell and could not rise. It was the watchful Bill who picked him up.

"What's this, b'y?" said Bill, his voice shaking.

"I fell down," said Archie, sharply.

"I'll carry you, b'y," Bill began. "I'll carry you, in——"

Archie roughly pushed the man away. Then he stumbled forward, keeping his head up.

At that moment, Osmond, who was like a shadow, to the right, gave the signal. So Bill o' Burnt Bay knew that Jack, whom he could not see, had chanced upon the clumper. He caught Archie up in his arms, against the boy's protests and struggles, and ran with him to Osmond, and thence to Jack, all the time dragging his tow. When they reached the lee of the ice, Archie was quiet: he was about to fall asleep, as Bill perceived.

"Unlash the pelt," Bill said quickly to Osmond, "an' start a fire."

With the help of Jack, Osmond took a pelt from the pack, and spread it on the ice, fat uppermost.

"They be no wood," he said, stupidly.

"Take the cross-bar o' the tow-line, dunder-head!" said Jack. "Here! Leave me do it."

While Jack released this slender bar of wood from the end of the line, stuck it in the blubber and prepared to set fire to it, Bill was dealing with Archie's drowsiness. He shook the lad with all his strength, slapped him, shook him again, ran him hither and thither, and, at last, roused him to a sense of peril. The boy fought desperately to restore his circulation.

"Tis ready t' light," Jack said to Bill.

"I'll do it," said Bill. In caution to Archie: "Keep movin', b'y. Don't you give up."

Neither Osmond nor Jack had matches, but Bill had a box in his waistcoat pocket. He shielded the contents from the wind while he took one match out. Then he closed the box and handed it to Osmond. Had he put it in his own pocket this story would have had a very different ending.

Archie was stumbling back and forth over the twenty yards of sheltered space. He had a great, shadowy realisation of two duties: he must keep in motion, and he must keep out of the wind. All else had passed from his consciousness. At every turn, however, he

unwittingly ventured further past the end of the clumper. Twice the wind, the full force of which he could not resist, almost caught him. Then came a time when he had to summon his whole strength to tear himself from its clutch. He told himself he must not again pass beyond the lee of the ice. But before he returned to that point, he had forgotten the danger. A mighty gust laid hold on him, carried him off his feet, and swept him far out into the darkness.*

It chanced that Jack, who had kept an eye on Archie, caught sight of him as he fell. "Archie!" he screamed.

"Archie?" cried Bill, looking up. "What ——"

Archie had even then been carried out of sight. Jack leaped to his feet and followed. He gave himself to the same gust of wind, and, with difficulty keeping himself upright, was carried along with it. Bill grasped the situation in a flash. He, too, leaped up, and ran into the storm.

"B'y! B'y!" he cried. "Where be you? Oh, where be you, b'y!"

It was the first time in many years that heart's agony had wrung a cry from old Bill o' Burnt Bay.

Jack was carried swiftly along by the wind. It was clear to him that, should he diverge from the path of the wind, not only would he be unable to find the lost boy, but he himself would be in hopeless case.

The wind swept Jack close upon Archie's track, but, as its force wasted, more slowly. The boy soon tripped over an obstruction and plunged forward on his face. He recovered and crawled back. There he came upon Archie, lying in a heap, half covered in a drift of snow.

"B'y!" Jack sobbed. "Is you dead, b'y?"

Archie opened his eyes. Jack looked close, but could see no light of intelligence in them. He shook the boy violently.

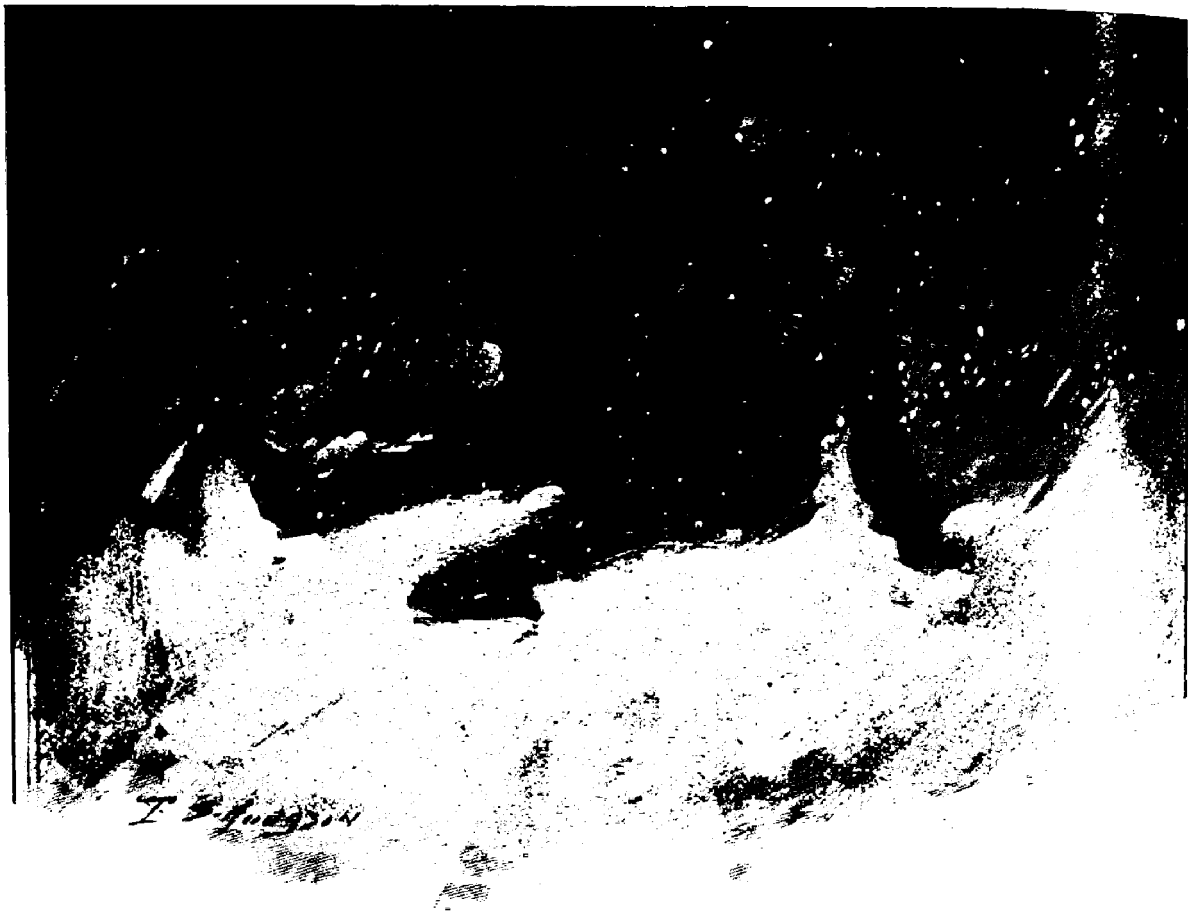
"Archie," he cried. "wake up! Wake up!"

"What?" Archie responded, faintly.

Jack lifted him to his feet, but there was no strength in the boy's legs. He was limp as a drunken man. But the exertion restored the blood to Jack's limbs, and he felt his strength returning—a strength which the arduous toil of the coast had mightily developed.

"Stand up, b'y!" he shouted in Archie's

* It is related by the survivors of the SS. *Greenland* disaster, of some years ago, that one man was in this way carried half a mile over the ice. When he was found, he had gone mad.



HE CAME UPON ARCHIE LYING IN A HEAP.

ear. "Put your arm on my shoulder. I'll help you along."

"No," Archie muttered. But, despite this proud protest, he was lifted up; then he said: "Give me your hand. I'm all right."

Jack wasted no words. He locked his arms about Archie's middle and staggered forward against the wind. The wind had fallen somewhat and he made progress. But the burden was heavy, and twice he fell. Then he heard Bill o' Burnt Bay's voice. He shouted a response, but the wind carried the words away into those places where there was no one to hear. He could hear Bill, but Bill could not hear him. So, when the call came again, he marked the location, and staggered in that direction.

"B'y! B'y! Where is you, Archie?"

The voice was nearer—and to the left. Jack changed his course. The next cry came from the right again. Was the wind deceiving him? Or was Bill changing his place? Jack was nearly exhausted. Then came a ringing cry, near at hand!

"Bill!" screamed Jack.

"Here! Where is you?"

Bill's great body emerged from the darkness. He cried out joyfully as he rushed forward, took Archie from Jack's arms, and slung him over his shoulder.

"Praise God!" he muttered tremulously, when he felt life stirring in the small body he held so closely to his own. "Praise God!"

He put his face close to Jack's and looked steadily into the boy's eyes for an instant. No words were needed. Then Bill turned. Where was the clumper?

"'Tis there," said Jack, pointing ahead.

Bill shook his head. His homing instinct, to which he had trusted his life in many a fog and night, told him otherwise. Reason entered into his decision not at all: he waited until he was persuaded that his face was turned in the right direction. Then he started off unhesitatingly. He had found the harbour entrance thus in many a thick summer night when his fishing-punt rode a trackless sea.

"Take hold o' me jacket, b'y," he said to Jack. "Mind you stick close by me."

They had not proceeded far when, "What do that be?" Bill exclaimed. "There! To the right! Ahead!"

It was a light—a dull, glowing light, shining through a curtain of snow.

"'Tis the clumper!" cried Jack.

'Come, b'y," said Bill. "We be saved!"

They roused Archie from his stupor, and warmed him over the fire, which Osmond, after many failures, had succeeded in lighting. They broke the cross-bar of the tow-line in two, took another pelt from the pack, and made two fires. The wood was like the wick of a candle; it blazed in the blubber, and was not consumed.

The wind abated as the dawn advanced and the snow ceased to fall. Light crept over the field, and men appeared from behind clumpers of ice. Group signalled to group. A dozen men were clustered at the spot where the ship had landed the crew in the morning. To that place all the others wended their way, a gaunt, haggard, frost-bitten crowd. The terrors of the night oppressed their souls; and, through weeks, would haunts their dreams.

They counted their number. Fifty-nine living men were there: and there was one dead body—that of Thomas Lever of Exploits, who had strayed from his fellows and been lost. Thus they waited the full break of day, while eyes were strained into the departing night. Where was the ship? Had she survived?

As the light increased the storm passed on, and the *Dictator* was revealed, lying on the ice, listed far to port. The slob ice, in which she had been caught, had been forced under her, and she had been lifted out of danger when the fields that nipped her came together.

When it is said that old Captain Hand embraced Archie, and searched through all his pockets for a handkerchief which he could not find, there remains little to be told. He was more haggard than the rescued men. What depths his brave spirit sounded on that long night could never be described.

"Well, b'y," was what he said to Archie, with the shadow of a smile on his wan face, "you be back, eh?"

"Safe and sound, Cap'n," said Archie, wearily, "and hungry."

"Send the cook for'ward with the scoff!" roared the Captain.

Before noon, all the men were safe aboard, and the ice was breaking up. When the *Dictator* settled softly into the water, at the parting of the fields, the pelt was stowed away. She had no difficulty in making the open sea: and thence

she set forth in search of other floes and other seal-packs. In five days she was loaded to the hatchways. The decks ran red, in truth. Dangers, hardship and toil had not daunted these stout hearts. They pursued the hunt with high-beating courage; and every day of the labour Archie Armstrong passed with them on the ice.

The *Dictator* made Twillingate without mishap. There it was made known that the name of Jonathan Bow of Fortune Harbour was "on the books," and not a man grumbled because the lad was to share with the rest. There, too, old John Roth, to whom two "white-coats" had been promised, claimed the gift of Archie and was not disappointed. And there Archie said good-bye to Jack for the time.

"I'll see you this summer," he said. "Don't forget, Jack. I'll spend a week of vacation time with you in Fortune Harbour."

"No," said Jack. "You'll spend it t' New Bay. Sure, me name do be on the books, an' I be goin' after lobsters with me own skiff in July."

"I'll go with you, if you'll take me," said Archie. "And I can never, never forget that—"

"Sure," Jack interrupted, flushing, "you'll go with me t' New Bay, an' times we'll have."

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, b'y!"

That summer Jack went to New Bay, but it was not in a skiff. It was in a swift little sloop specially made to be sailed by a crew of one. It came north, mysteriously, from St. John's, to the wonder of all Green Bay: and its name was *The Rescue*. And a letter came north for Bill o' Burnt Bay, which, when he read it, stirred him to the profoundest depths of his rugged old heart, for he roared in a most unmannerly fashion that he'd "be busted if he'd take a thing for standin' by such a b'y." But in reply to a second letter, he said he would "be willin' t' take it on credit, if he'd be 'lowed t' pay for it as he could." That is how Bill o' Burnt Bay came to sail to the Labrador in his own fore-and-after when the fish were running.

"'Tis on the road t' fortune I be," he said. "Sir Archibald Armstrong trusted me, a poor man, with that schooner. He do be the finest man in Newfoundland—'cept his son, Archie, b'y, who's as good a man as his father." Which was precisely what Captain Hand told Sir Archibald in the office of the company when he reported his return.

A MIGHTY HUNTER.

Being an Interview with Mr. F. C. Selous.

By A. E. JOHNSON.

Illustrated from special photos. taken for this article.



F. C. SELOUS.

Photographed at the time this interview was written.

WHEN Frederick Courteney Selous was a boy at Rugby School, in no pursuit could he find such delight as in wandering over the country-side at random, a pea-rifle in his hands, making a surreptitious bag of such miscellaneous small game as field and hedgerow afforded. In his case the old saw received striking confirmation: from earliest years "the child was father to the man."

"The instinct of the hunter and the

traveller," said Mr. Selous, as we sat before the fire in his "den," "must have been implanted in my breast by some savage fairy present at my birth. From infancy the desire of the chase and the curiosity to explore the untravelled places of the earth possessed me, and grew in time to be an overmastering passion. Fuel was added to the fire which Nature had already kindled by the books of travel and exploration which formed my favourite reading.

"The records of African travel, in particular, had a special fascination for me. Forty years ago, you must bear in mind, Africa was a dark continent indeed, the secrets of whose mysterious heart had been penetrated by but few white men. I contrived, however, to get hold of practically every book which contained records, no matter how meagre, of African exploration, and these I eagerly devoured. Gordon Cumming and Baldwin I read, and re-read, and read again, until I must have known their pages

pretty well by heart. Gradually, my native instinct to answer the call of the wild, which had been ringing relentlessly in my ears through all my boyhood, grew into a steady determination: the steady determination into a fixed resolve."

But the pathway of the would-be Nimrod was beset with obstacles, not the least of them being a worthy father who did not enter, with as much enthusiasm as his son could have wished, into the latter's scheme for making elephant-hunting in a lone far land a lucrative profession. To the parental mind the proposed plan did not seem to offer a "career."

But opportunity came at last. The son of a friend of his father was shortly to start for the diamond fields, to which the great rush was then being made. Young Selous was quick to see and seize his chance, and perceiving at length that the vagrant instinct was ineradicable and certain to claim its own sooner or later, however much opposed, his father yielded to entreaty, and gave not only his sanction to the expedition proposed, but sufficient funds to enable him to make his way out to Africa.



HEAD OF BUFFALO BULL.

Shot on the Ramokwebani River, Western Matabeleland in November 1876.

Further help the intrepid adventurer was not anxious to receive.

"My plans, you see," explained Mr. Selous, "were quite complete. I did not embark upon this project in haphazard fashion, but only after much serious consideration. I had not the smallest intention of trying to amass a fortune on the diamond fields; my object was rather to make my way up country as far as Potchefstroom, which in those days was a sort of outpost of civilisation. Careful study of

equipment which civilisation had given him. In this magnificent and untrammelled freedom he roamed for three and a half years, during all that time scarce setting eyes upon a white man's face, save when he repaired with great store of ivory—spoils of the chase—to Buluwayo, there to traffic with the traders, replenish his stock of arms and ammunition, and buy fresh oxen and wagons.

As the veteran hunter, with far-off reminiscence in his eye; recalled those early days, I



LARGE LION.

(Standing height at shoulder, 3 ft. 8 in.). Shot by Mr. Selous at Hartley Mills, Mashonaland, in December 1891. Just before he was shot, this lion had killed one bullock, one calf and fourteen sheep and goats.

Gordon Cumming and Baldwin had convinced me that if I could only fall in, at Potchefstroom, with some hunter or trader who would allow me, either out of good nature or for a consideration, to accompany him into the interior, I should then be able to support myself without difficulty by hunting elephants and bartering the ivory."

The plan succeeded. Events fell out according to expectation, and at the age of twenty young Selous, one white man amongst a party of blacks, was deep in the heart of the African forest, hunter and trapper, a primæval savage in all respects but for the intellect and material

asked him whether the dreams of his boyhood were realised to the full.

"They were, and more. What I say then, I say now, after years of experience: there is no life on God's earth to equal the hunter's. There is no liberty like his freedom, no pleasure like the fierce joy of the chase, no hearth like the glowing embers of the camp fire, no couch like the good brown earth."

"And you were not afraid of sickness?"

"Sickness! There is no room for it in a hunter's life. Continuous exposure renders him hard as nails, constant exercise keeps his

lungs sound and his limbs supple. I was too fit and healthy to afford a loophole of attack to the most insidious disease-germ."

Mr. Selous has already told, in the pages of *THE CAPTAIN*, how he "bagged" his first elephant, and there is no need to recount the story here. It will be remembered that he explained in his narrative how he was wont, when elephant-hunting, to obtain freedom of action in the pursuit of his quarry by discarding his trousers and giving chase on foot, clad only in a hat and shirt, and shoes made by himself.

"It was tough work, that elephant-running," said my host, when I questioned him on these

"Not by any means. In those days the country was teeming with game, just as British East Africa, and doubtless the unexplored parts of Central Africa, are teeming to-day. Lions were plentiful, rhinoceros abundant, herds of giraffe were constantly to be met, while droves of buffalo were numerous everywhere. Antelope of every variety swarmed on the veldt, and every river was the haunt of the hippopotamus and the crocodile."

"And of big game generally, which animal do



ORIGINAL MUSEUM BUILT BY MR. SELOUS AT WORPLESDON.

Containing about 200 heads of African game, as well as a collection of native arms, &c.

hunting methods extraordinary. "Usually I had two guns with me, carried by a couple of natives who ran with me, and loaded as they ran. A herd of elephants in retreat travels fast, but by dint of hard running I could generally manage to overtake the great brutes. Of course, bare legs were bound to suffer rather badly from the thorns and prickly scrub, but the splendid condition I was in caused wounds and lacerations to heal with incredible rapidity, and one soon came to regard the nastiest scratches as part of the day's work."

"But elephants were not the only big game you encountered?"

you consider affords the best sport to the hunter?"

"The lion, undoubtedly, for he is the most dangerous. I know it is the fashion to decry the 'king of beasts,' and hold him up to scorn as a skulking poltroon, but my experience of him is very different. Mind you, the lion is no truculent ruffian. He will seldom attack the hunter unprovoked, but neither will other animals, except in isolated instances. Suppose you meet a lion on the veldt. Ignore him, and he will take no notice of you, unless it be to get out of your way. But annoy him, even without actually injuring him, and in nine cases out of

ten he will stand up to you like a good plucked 'un."

"Then the lion is not the coward he is painted?"

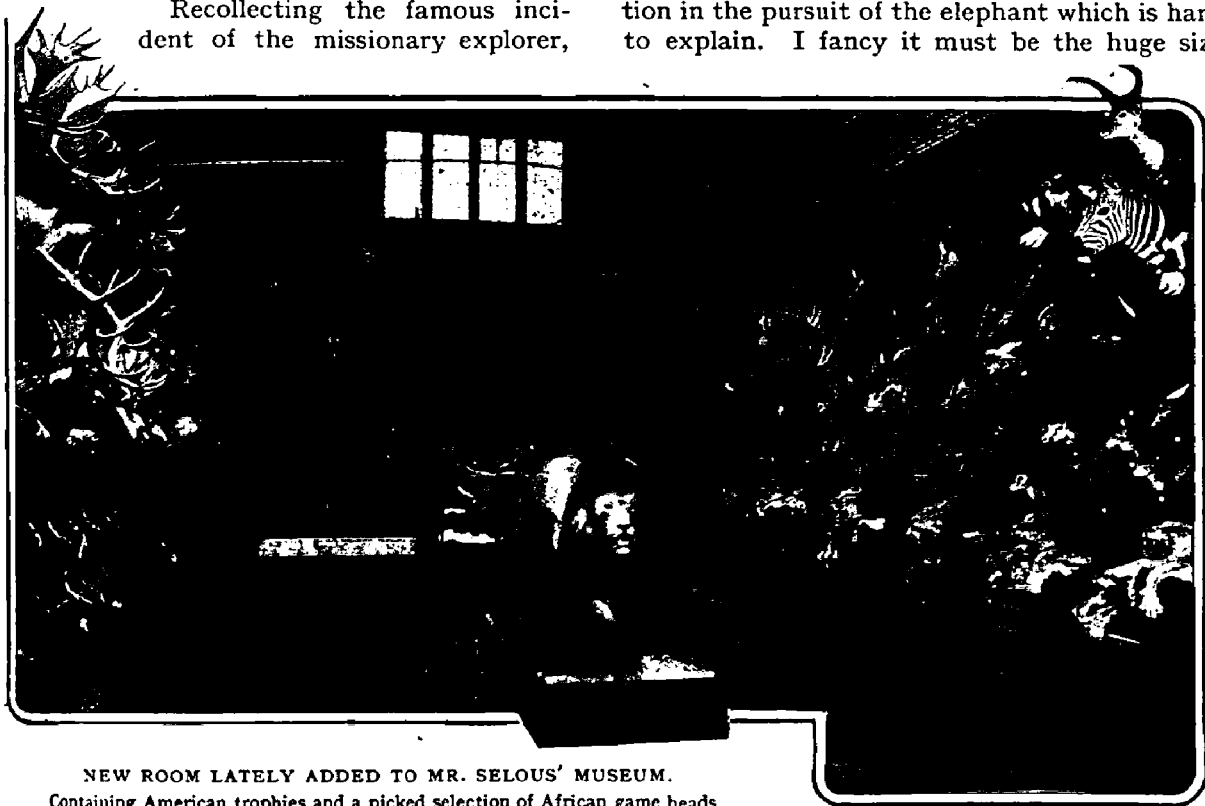
"There are, of course, lions and lions, but speaking generally these great carnivora are more dangerous to meddle with than any other kind of African game, and certainly more fatal accidents have occurred of late years in lion-hunting than in the pursuit of any other wild animal."

Recollecting the famous incident of the missionary explorer,

the booming note of a cock-ostrich, but the full-throated chorus of a troop of lions beside the drinking-pool, heard—as I have heard it—in the darkness of night not a score of yards from the smouldering ashes of the camp-fire! I know of no more tremendous, more awe-inspiring, sound in Nature. Literally, the very earth trembles at the noise."

"And after the lion, what animal should the hunter wish most to meet?"

"The elephant, I think. There is a fascination in the pursuit of the elephant which is hard to explain. I fancy it must be the huge size



NEW ROOM LATELY ADDED TO MR. SELOUS' MUSEUM.

Containing American trophies and a picked selection of African game heads.

Dr. Livingstone, in the lion's clutches, I inquired if my host had ever met with a similar adventure.

"No," was the reply, "I have never been bitten or mauled by a lion, though I have come very near such an experience more than once. Dr. Livingstone was badly bitten on the shoulder, but felt no sensation of pain, and this, I think, is the usual experience of men who have been mauled by lions or tigers. I imagine that the terrific energy exerted by these large carnivora when biting in anger causes such a shock to the nervous system, that all sensation is for the time being numbed, as it would be by a blow from a sledge-hammer."

"Wasn't it Livingstone who described the lion's roar as being like the voice of an ostrich?"

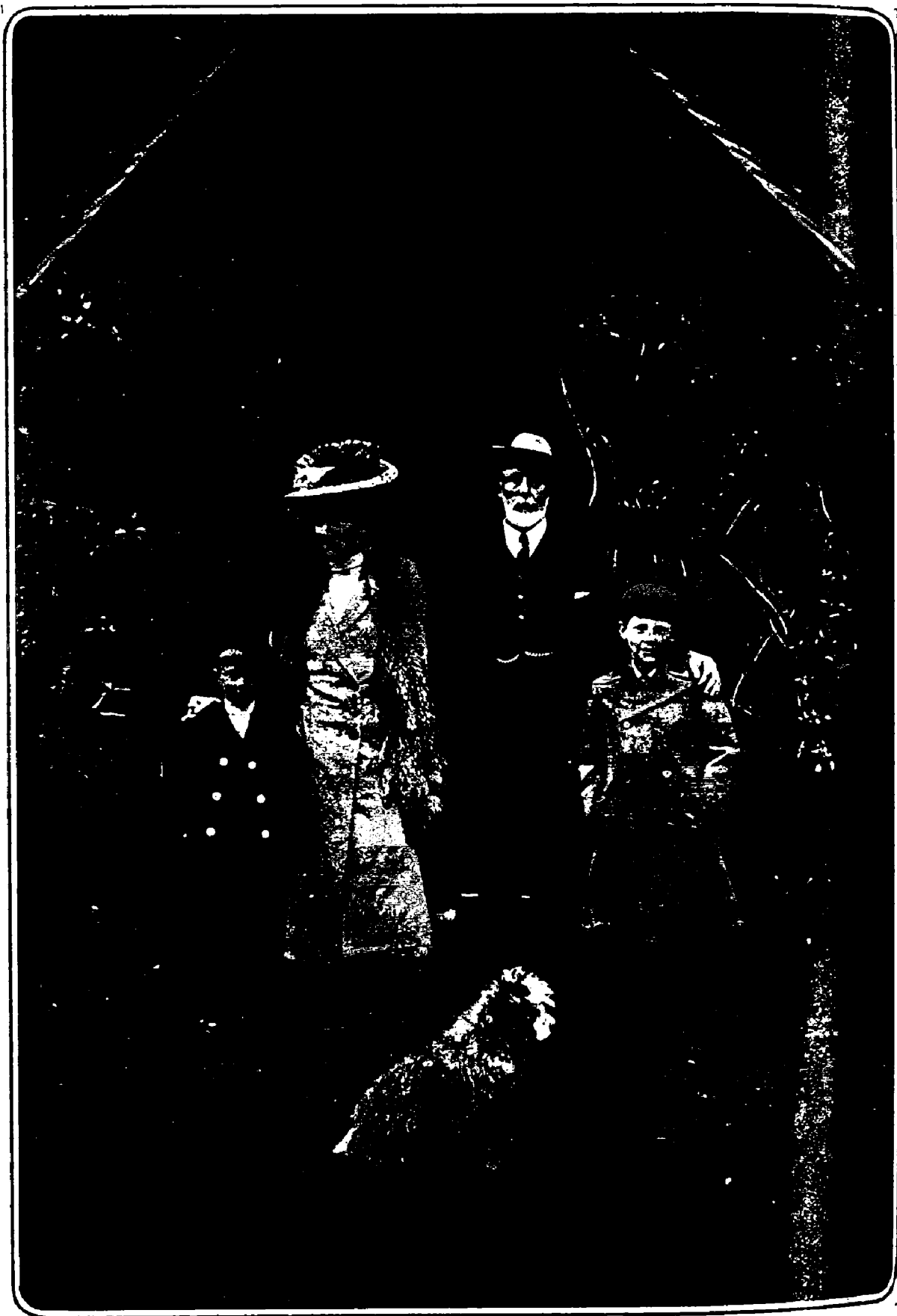
"Yes, and a very one-sided description it is. The distant roar of a lion is certainly not unlike

of the quarry and the unconscious pride which the hunter feels in pitting his skill against such leviathan strength and cunning intelligence. There is danger, too, for a charging elephant is a thing to try the nerves of the stoutest."

"It is impossible to dodge, I suppose?"

"On the contrary," was the reply, "the man who turns and flees will almost certainly be caught and either torn in two or trampled under foot. The best plan is to stand one's ground and fire point-blank at the gigantic monster as he comes striding down, with his great ears cocked, screaming through his up-lifted trunk. If hit, he will almost certainly swerve to right or left, and give the hunter a chance to skip out of the way and put in another shot. If the hunter misses——"

Mr. Selous paused significantly, then continued:



MR. AND MRS. SELOUS AND FAMILY AT THEIR HOME AT WORPLESDON, SURREY.

A herd of giraffes affords good sport, but without more danger than attends a gallop behind hounds in the shires. Except for its long legs, with which it can kick with amazing force and skill at close quarters, the giraffe is a defenceless creature, and the killing of it savours somewhat of murder. Ungainly as these strange animals appear in captivity, I know few more beautiful or graceful sights than a herd of them in full retreat, and a gallop after them is a most exhilarating experience. It has need to be a gallop, too, for if you would overtake a giraffe on the open veldt you must press your mount to his utmost speed at the outset. A sudden burst is more than a giraffe can manage, but in a steady chase he will distance a horse with ease."

"The rhinoceros is a good 'un to go as well, is he not?"

"Yes, they trot—which is their ordinary gait—at an amazing pace, and when they gallop they get over the ground with remarkable speed. I have been chased by them, when on horseback, more than once, and my mount had to go his hardest to keep ahead while they puffed and snorted at his heels. In certain districts of East and Central Africa the Black Rhinoceros is undoubtedly a very dangerous animal, but in my own experience in South Africa I found this species much more inquisitive than vicious, and never knew one to charge unless when wounded or annoyed. Frequently a brute would come trotting up to within twenty or thirty yards, inquisitive or curious, only to wheel rapidly and trot away when a stick or stone was thrown at him."

I don't know whether my host perceived my amusement, but I think not, for he recounted this incident with the most delightfully naïve gravity. But picture the scene for a moment: the solitary man in the desert wilds, and the formidable horned rhinoceros which trots up to within a few yards of him and snorts in his face. The man calmly picks up a stone, throws it, and the rhinoceros—without a murmur—trots away again! The cream of the jest is that the principal person concerned evidently sees nothing remarkable in the incident. Even more comic is his comment upon an adventure with a hippopotamus.

"The river horse is a peaceful beast in the ordi-

nary way, but occasionally it will bite a swimmer, and not infrequently it attacks canoes. A boat of mine was once sunk thus by a malicious hippopotamus. The monster first rose underneath the craft and tilted one end, so as to let the water pour in at the other, then lifted an enormous head above the surface, laid it across the thwarts and pressed the whole craft under. At the first attack my 'boys' dived overboard and swam to the bank, getting there, fortunately, before the hippo had finished attending to the canoe."

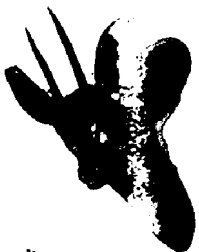
"Then you were not in the canoe yourself, Mr. Selous?"

"No, most unfortunately," is the instant reply, in a tone of such genuine regret that I burst out laughing—to the evident bewilderment of my host. "*Most unfortunately!*"

If only the Old Fag would let me have the whole of this number of THE CAPTAIN in which to recount the adventurous incidents and the hair-breadth escapes which my host, in matter-of-fact tones, reels out from the storehouse of his experience! Like most men who have really seen and done things, Mr. Selous is not anxious to talk of his achievements, but once tapped (if I may so put it), he reveals himself as a wonderful mine of curious hunter's and naturalist's lore. And not the least remarkable feature of his thrilling narrative is the undemonstrative manner in which it is told. He will relate some breathless tale of peril and imminent death in calm, level tones, such as a man might use when describing how he went shopping yesterday with his wife. One hardly knows whether to be more amazed or amused by this grave, kindly man, with the quiet voice and the gentle manner, who is telling these soft tales of fierce and bloody encounters with the savage denizens of desert and jungle.

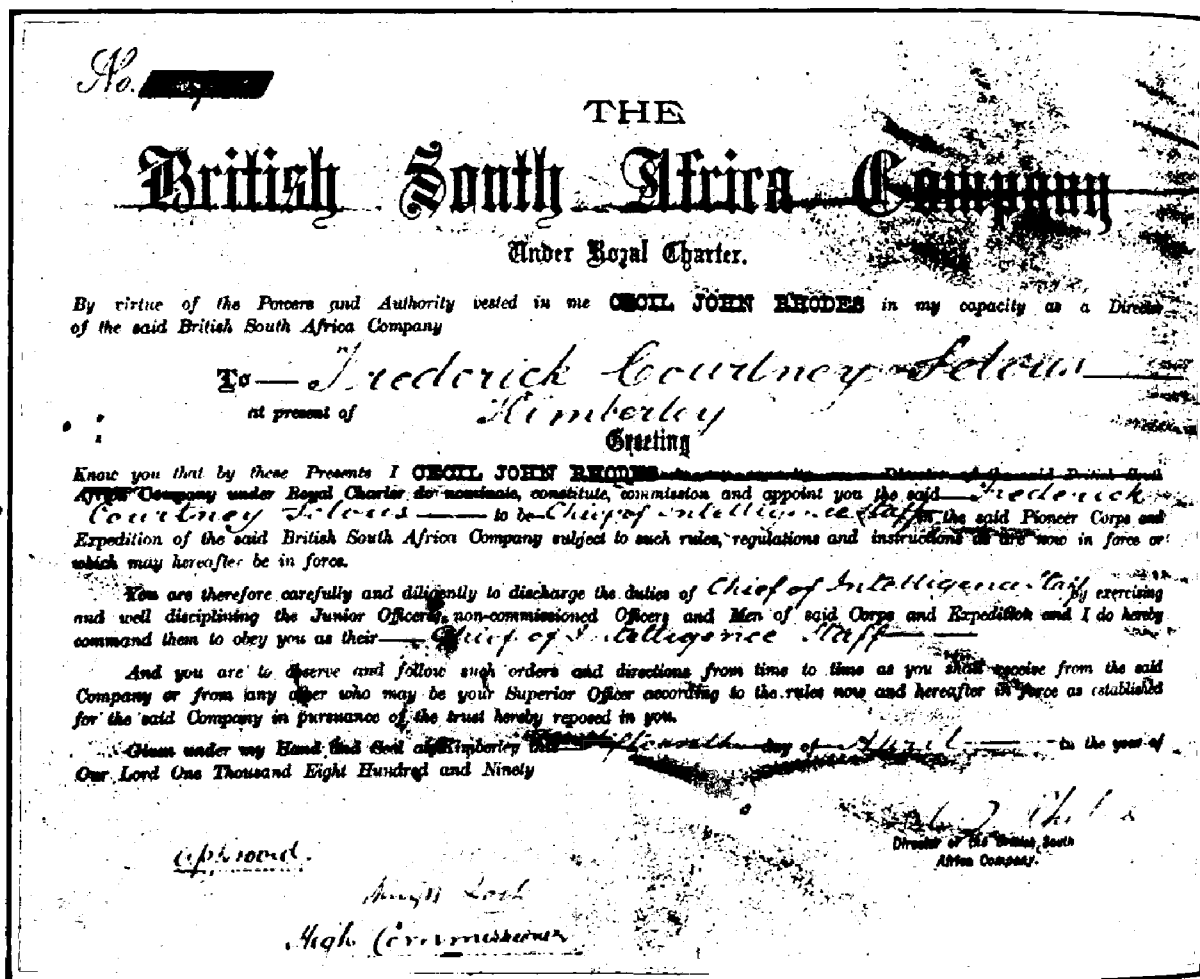
Once his wearied horse failed to answer the jerk on its bridle smartly enough, and he was thrown down and stunned by the charge of a wounded elephant. When he came to, he found himself pinned to the ground by the weight of the monster, which had sunk upon its fore-knees, and was only able by sheer luck to wrench himself free and beat a successful retreat, after crawling out between the vengeful brute's hind legs.

Another time a buffalo, morose from the severe mauling which it had received from



lions, and provoked by an assegai wantonly flung by a kaffir, burst forth from its lair and charged the intruders. Selous was unarmed, and the natives who were carrying his elephant guns bolted. The only refuge at hand was a small sapling, six inches in diameter at the most, and up this the hunter shinned with an alacrity quite astonishing. "It only needed a charge from the buffalo," remarked Mr. Selous, "and

take aim, my horse moved as the animal came at us, and I was obliged to lower the gun from my shoulder and fire point-blank in the buffalo's face when the latter was scarcely six feet off. By some extraordinary accident, I missed. The brute's horn caught my luckless horse in the flank, and sent the pair of us sprawling. Worse still, my heavy elephant gun was knocked out of my hand as I fell. The buffalo stopped



DOCUMENT SIGNED BY THE LATE MR. CECIL RHODES.

Appointing Mr. Selous Chief of the Intelligence Staff on the Pioneer Expedition to Mashonaland in 1890.

the tree would almost certainly have snapped in two." But the truculent buffalo, satisfied, presumably, with having put the disturbers of its peace to flight, contented itself with sniffing at the hunter's feet (the tree being small, he had been able to climb only just out of reach), and lumbered off into the bush.

On yet another occasion Mr. Selous had a still narrower shave from a buffalo. "After a short chase, an old bull suddenly turned, and charged. Instead of standing still to let me

dead, with head lowered, a yard or so beyond my prostrate figure. I had scarcely time to collect my wits before he charged again. Just as he was upon me, I flung myself flat upon the ground, with the result that the upward thrust of the horn just missed me, though the round part at the base hit me a heavy blow and bruised my left shoulder badly. Fortunately, the buffalo did not turn again, but galloped straight on and disappeared.

"That story reminds me, by the way," added

my host, "of a very common error made by artists when depicting a buffalo in the act of charging. If your editor, for instance, were to commission one of his staff to illustrate the incident I have just been relating, the odds are about 100 to 1 the resulting picture would show the buffalo charging *with his head down*. As a matter of fact, a buffalo invariably charges with his head up, his muzzle outstretched and his horns laid back, lowering his head only when on the point of tossing the enemy."

Of adventures with lions Mr. Selous has legions to tell. There was a tawny ruffian by the Tati River which he wounded and tracked into scrub, but whose trail he lost when evening came. Taking up the pursuit next day, he stalked his quarry from bush to bush until with a savage roar the monster sprang at him unexpectedly from a thicket close at hand. Aim was impossible—there was no time. But at point-blank range the rifle spoke, and the lion, hit in mid-air as it sprang, dropped dead—less than six feet from where the hunter stood.

But if I am to say anything of Mr. Selous' adventures of later years, and he has been something more than a mere hunter of big game, I must reluctantly refrain from further narrative of his "narrow squeaks." His experiences in unexplored Africa extended over a long term of years, but it must not be supposed that for the whole period he was out of the track of civilisation.

"After three and a half years as an elephant hunter, the growing scarcity of elephants and the desire to renew acquaintance with my family brought me back to England. In those days there was no Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and the Natural History Department of the British Museum was miserably inadequate, especially as regards Africa. Such specimens, moreover, as it did boast were very poor. This suggested a new scheme to me, and when I returned to Africa, after a few months, at home, I was armed with commissions to obtain skins of all the principal animals (big game especially) for the proposed new museum."

"Then I suppose some of the spoils of your gun are national property, Mr. Selous?"

"Yes; a good many of the specimens of African animals in the Natural History Museum were shot by me during the years which followed my second visit to the Dark Continent. I used to skin carefully the finest animals which fell to my rifle, and after specially preparing the hides, send them over to England."

For years the intrepid hunter roamed the great African continent, now hunting with the natives in the south-east, now camping on the Zambesi within hearing of the thunderous roar of the Victoria Falls, or paying his court to Lo Bengula, savage monarch of a savage race. Small wonder that when Cecil Rhodes, in the name of the British South Africa Company, began his great work of opening up Mashonaland, he sought out Selous and secured his services as guide and intelligence officer. Selous was probably the only white man—certainly the only Englishman—acquainted with the country, and he knew it as the Old Fag knows Burleigh Street. For two and a half years Mr. Selous was in the service of the Chartered



HEAD OF VERY LARGE MOOSE.

Shot by Mr. Selous on the North Fork of the Macmillan River, Yukon Territory, in September 1904. This animal stood 6 ft. 11 in. high at the shoulder. The horns have a spread of 67 in. and weigh 75 lb.

Company, and under his guidance the pioneer expedition made its way through the unknown country to the south-east of Matabeleland.

Of Lo Bengula Mr. Selous has many stories, both quaint and terrible, to tell. His first meeting with the fierce chief of the Matebele was in early days, when Lo Bengula graciously visited his wagon and gave him permission to hunt elephants in his country. On that occasion the king was attended by a group of savage courtiers whose expressions of loyalty and admiration strike the European ear as somewhat ludicrous. "Oh, thou prince of princes, thou black one," were some of the cries which greeted the monarch's progress, "thou calf of the black cow, thou black elephant!"

In his methods of meting out punishment

Lo Bengula was, to employ Mr. Selous' quotation, "a harbitrary gent." On one occasion, in Mr. Selous' presence, a luckless native youth was brought before him, charged with having allowed hyaenas to destroy one of the royal foals.

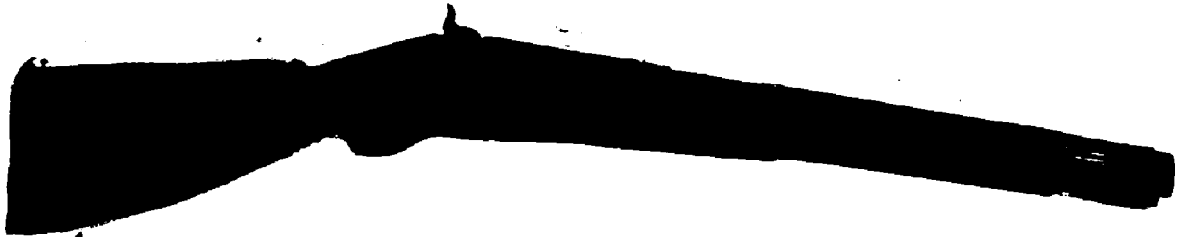
"Did you not hear me say that the foal was to be well guarded?" asked the king. The prisoner trembled, and replied in the negative.

"His ears are of no use to him," was Lo Bengula's comment, as he turned to an armed attendant. "Cut them off."

The sentence was carried out on the spot.

At the end 1892, Mr. Selous was back once more in England. But not for long. The following year saw him out again in Africa,

in on the escort, a native troop of Khama's men. At sight of me, they checked, evidently expecting a force of white troops at my back. Dismounting, I opened fire, and the Matebele promptly took cover behind the trees, presently beginning to return my fire. My horse grew restive under the bullets, and jerked so impatiently that the thong by which his bridle was attached, in accordance with my invariable custom, to my belt, presently snapped it and broke loose. I had already come to the conclusion, when this happened, that the post was too hot to hold, and I accordingly turned to make off. So far I had not been touched, but as I was in the act of mounting a bullet struck me in the side.



OLD MUZZLE-LOADING ELEPHANT GUN (4 BORE) USED BY MR. SELOUS FROM 1872 TO 1875.



375 BORE CORDITE RIFLE BY HOLLAND, USED BY MR. SELOUS TO-DAY.

just in time to take a hand in the first Matebele war, throughout which he served, not unscathed, though he was fortunate to escape with nothing worse than a bullet wound in the side. Here is the story of the incident.

"It happened while I was with the Gould-Adams column. We had had a heavy march, and were in laager, waiting for a convoy of wagons, which were expected to arrive at daylight. Morn came, but no wagons. Instead, while the day was still young, heavy firing suddenly broke out down the road. According to custom, the men's horses had been hobbled and turned loose to graze. My hunting experience, however, had made me chary of being ever far parted from my mount, and my horse was close at hand. Consequently, I was in the saddle and out on the road before the bugle had finished sounding 'Horses in.'

"Sure enough, the enemy had attacked the convoy, and when I reached the scene of action, one wagon—its driver killed—was already in the hands of the Matebele who were closing

"I had no time to examine the wound, for at this moment some of Gould-Adams' mounted troops came up, as well as reinforcements from the escort of Khama's men, and a brisk fight began. We got the wagons in safely, but the Matebele thereupon attacked the laager, and were only repulsed after a sharp set-to. My wound was stiff by the time I was able to give it attention, but luckily it was not a dangerous one. The bullet had cut through the muscles of my right side, but glanced off a rib bone. Judging from the enormous bruise which it had caused, I am inclined to think that the bullet was a round one, probably fired from a muzzle-loader."

The Matebele War over, Mr. Selous paid another visit to England, returning to Africa in 1895, a few months before the outbreak of the terrible rinderpest in Matebeleland, which was followed by the outbreak of the Matebele rebellion—a time of stress and danger through which Mrs. Selous shared her husband's strenuous life.

The insurrection suppressed, Mr. Selous shook

the dust of Africa once more from off his feet, and this time came home for good. At all events, he has not been out to Africa since, and has no present intention of again making a journey thither. The Africa he knew and roamed over is being gradually "exploited" by the march of civilisation, and though game in plenty exists, without doubt, in the yet unpenetrated heart of Central Africa, it has all been driven from the hunting-grounds he traversed. Nor of all the men, Boer or native, whom he knew in the days before the devastating hand of war laid waste the land, can he hear of one that still lives.

Since he settled down in England, Mr. Selous has lived, with occasional intervals for hunting trips to Eastern Europe, the Rockies, and elsewhere, at Worplesdon, in the midst of glorious Surrey, and any one will direct you to his home if you ask for "the house with the museum." For adjoining the residence Mr. Selous has built himself two commodious galleries in which are stored his hunting trophies.

A wonderful place is the "museum;" more wonderful still if you have the luck to be conducted over it by the owner, and hear from him the tales which hang by every "specimen" on the walls. There is but one trophy in the place which Mr. Selous' rifle does not claim, and that is a tawny lion's skin, with a magnificent mane, which was given to him by his Majesty Lo Bengula. All else is tribute to the prowess of a mighty hunter, though representing, naturally, but a very small fraction of a lifetime's "bag."

In the middle of the first room, as we enter, stands a splendid lion, forepaws together, tail outstretched, and head lowered—one can almost hear him growling. He has been set up. Mr. Selous explains, in the exact attitude assumed by a lion when at bay.

"I shot that fellow," he murmurs reminiscently, "when he was prowling round the camp one evening. He passed me, I remember, as I sat behind a tree, about that



distance away"—we are standing within touching distance of the glass-eyed monster—"and never saw me."

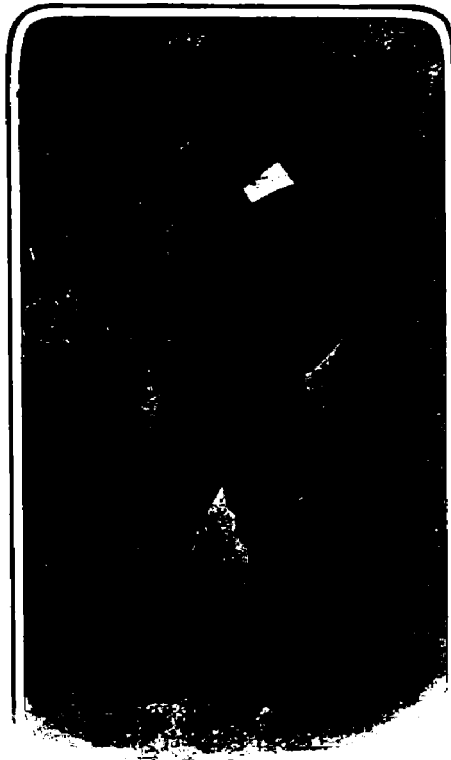
And so it is with every trophy before which we pause. Grim heads of buffalo, truculent and savage, glower at us from the walls, cheek by jowl with horned antelope and noble antlered deer, of each some tale of rare and oft-times thrilling interest is told, always in the quiet voice and manner which a man might use who spoke of a day among the rabbits. No elephant rears its huge bulk in either gallery, but many a hairy tail hangs upon the walls as a relic of a fallen giant, while horns of rhinoceros, curved and polished, stand side by side with the curling tusks of hippopotamus.

Not least in interest is a clumsy old gun depending from a nail—antiquated, heavy, and of wide bore, with a stock of rudely polished African thornwood, bound round by a broad leathery strip which proves, on inquiry, to be a piece of an elephant's ear.

"My old elephant gun," says Mr. Selous, affectionately, as he takes the cumbrous muzzle-loader down. "I shot many an elephant with that in my early days, and never wished then for a better." I smile as I handle it, imagining to myself the face of the modern sportsman were he asked to track a wounded elephant to its death with no other weapon but this in his hand.

As we left the museum I asked a question which many readers of *THE CAPTAIN*, I am sure, must be anxious to hear answered.

But Mr. Selous shook his head when I put it. "There is little chance for a boy nowadays to go and do likewise, as you suggest. Certainly game still exists in plenty in Africa, for, though vast tracks have been cleared in the 'opening-up' process, there yet remain great unexplored fastnesses to which the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the rest have retreated. Why, it is only the other day, you will remember, that Sir Harry Johnston discovered the existence of the Okapi



MR. SELOUS' ELDEST SON, FRED, AGED 8.

—an animal previously unknown to zoologists—in the Congo forests.

"But to make a living by hunting, as I did thirty-five years ago, is not possible, I fear, under present conditions. Even in districts so teeming with game as British East Africa, the spoils of the hunter are strictly limited, and my experience is not one, I think, which can be repeated."

"Then you would discourage the would-be hunter?"

"By no means," was the quick reply. "I never said that. To my mind, there is no life

finer than the hunter's, and I would be the last to discourage any boy who has the true instinct for the chase. Let your young Nimrods take heart. The world is wide, and holds still some happy hunting-grounds.

"Moreover, it is not to be supposed that the joy of a hunter's life is merely in killing and slaying; it is something more than that. I say, let the boy who hears the call of the wild answer the summons boldly, and with a fearless heart. Happiest of all happy men is he who is 'blooded to the open and the sky.'"



ECONOMICALLY-MINDED LADY (*handing cabby his bare legal fare*): "Here's your fare, driver, and here's a bun to refresh yourself with."

CABMAN (*with delicate sarcasm*): "Thank 'e, mum. You don't 'appen t' 'ave sich a thing on ye as a wisp o' 'ay for th' 'oss, I s'ppose?"

"AT ALL COSTS."

By ADRIAN LEIGH.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PEARSE.

I.

BY the flickering light of a bivouac fire, which blazed brightly in the chill darkness of the early hours of the morning, Alexander, the regimental surgeon, was dressing Captain Fairfax's arm, shattered by an unlucky bullet close above the elbow. In the dark night around them rose the hum of many voices as the weary soldiers sought what comfort was to be found on the rock-strewn hillside, and from the summit of the hill the occasional crack of a rifle, last sign of the dying battle, rang out sharp and clear. At each report Fairfax winced, for the rifle-shots served to remind him that the enemy were still in possession of the ridge from which the zooth had been ordered to dislodge them, and to emphasise the failure of the corps on whose bravery he would have staked his life. And worse than that was the knowledge that his own company, the men whom for years he had trained in preparation for a day like this, had been the first to waver and halt in the advance, and the first to turn and recoil before the hostile fire.

"That's all I can do for you here, old chap," said the doctor, as he put the finishing touches to his work. "You must go back to the field-hospital: I've sent for a stretcher."

"But I can't go back," said Fairfax.

"Nonsense! you must," replied the doctor. "Hang it, man, don't you understand your wound's serious?"

"Yes, but we're to attack again at day-break, and I must be there to lead my company."

"Young Clifford will lead it all right: he's as keen as mustard," was the reply.

From where he lay Fairfax looked up sharply at the surgeon.

"Look here, Alexander," he said, "a doctor's confidence is inviolate, isn't it?"

"That depends," said Alexander.

"Well, if I tell you a thing I'd say to no one else, will you swear never to—"

"I'll swear anything that'll keep you quiet," growled the doctor, "for if you worry like this you'll lose your arm as sure as my name's David."

"You must patch it up for one day, Alex., for—I hate saying this—I can't leave the company to be led by Clifford."

"Can't let Clifford lead the company!" cried Alexander. "Why, I've always heard he's the best subaltern in the regiment—a regular young Napoleon."

Fairfax's features twitched.

"Alexander," he said, "you're one of my oldest pals as well as a doctor, though I wouldn't say this even to you in other circumstances—young Clifford was the first to crawl behind a rock and lie there to-day, and naturally the men were only too ready to follow his example. When I was hit he made no effort to push the men on, and such leading as that won't get the company into the Boer position to-morrow. Besides, I'm feeling ever so much better already," he added beseechingly.

"That's a lie," the doctor muttered under his breath. But aloud he said: "That's right, old man; you'll soon be more comfortable."

"And you'll fix me up for to-morrow?" said Fairfax. "Don't you think, if you put my arm in a good strong splint—"

The doctor turned away to where his medicine-chest stood open near the fire.

"I'll put you into a good strong sleep, my friend," he said to himself, carefully pouring some carmine liquid into a measure-glass. "Drink this," he added, returning to Fairfax; "you'll find it'll ease the pain."

In a few minutes, as the doctor stood watching him, Fairfax's head dropped back and a smile of contentment passed over his face.

"By Jove! what a clever fellow you are,

Alex.," he whispered drowsily; "this is delicious."

But suddenly, with a clatter of heavy boots, two privates of the Army Medical Corps stumbled out of the darkness into the light of the fire, bearing a blanket stretcher. Alexander held up his hand warningly and the men halted, but not before Fairfax had seen them. Struggling with the narcotic, he roused himself for an instant.

"They've not come for me, Alex., have they?" he said. "Remember to-morrow! . . . We're to storm the hill . . . You won't let them take me down . . . You know young Clifford's . . . Not a word of that to a soul . . . I think I'm going to sleep Alex., old chap . . . Fresh for to-morrow . . . We'll give 'em . . ."

The indistinct mutterings ceased. Fairfax's features relaxed, and his head turned partially to one side, his uninjured arm creeping up to support it. He slept.

Alexander beckoned to the soldiers. Carefully they placed the stretcher at Fairfax's side, and lifted him on to the blanket. Then, seizing the handles, they raised him, and, with the doctor walking at the side, moved slowly, with their sleeping burden, down the hill.

They had not proceeded far before they passed a young officer sitting with his back against a rock, a few paces from the path. His elbow rested on one raised knee and his chin in the palm of his hand, as his eyes sought the ground in a stony stare. As the stretcher approached he looked up, and then sprang to his feet, revealing a tall, slim, athletic figure topped by a smooth boyish face.

"Is that Fairfax?" he inquired.

As Alexander nodded the boy looked down, avoiding the doctor's eye.

"How is he?" he asked, turning downhill as if to accompany the stretcher.

"He'll do all right, though he may lose his arm," replied Alexander. Then he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"He's such a beggar to worry, that's the worst of it," he said. "He has been fretting all night because of our repulse. If we're beaten again to-morrow he'll never forgive me for not letting him stay to lead your company, and, goodness knows! he may worry himself into his grave. Do you know, Clifford, you can do more for his recovery than I can?"

"I! What can I do?" Clifford burst out.

The doctor's grasp tightened on his shoulder, forcing the boy to face him.

"Lead your company straight to-morrow; be the first on the ridge and cover the regiment with glory, and I'll bet my pension against a pipe of tobacco that Fairfax will be out of danger in a week," he said.

Then he stopped suddenly, caught Clifford's hand in his, and, as he wrung it, added:

"Now get back and put in an hour's sleep. Sitting up all night is the worst of preparations for a hard day's fighting."

Then he turned and strode off down the hill, leaving Clifford standing there alone, watching the stretcher disappear into the darkness of the night.

"Alexander knows," the boy muttered to himself, "and I thought no one, not even poor old Fairfax, had noticed. Good Heavens! I wonder what the men think."

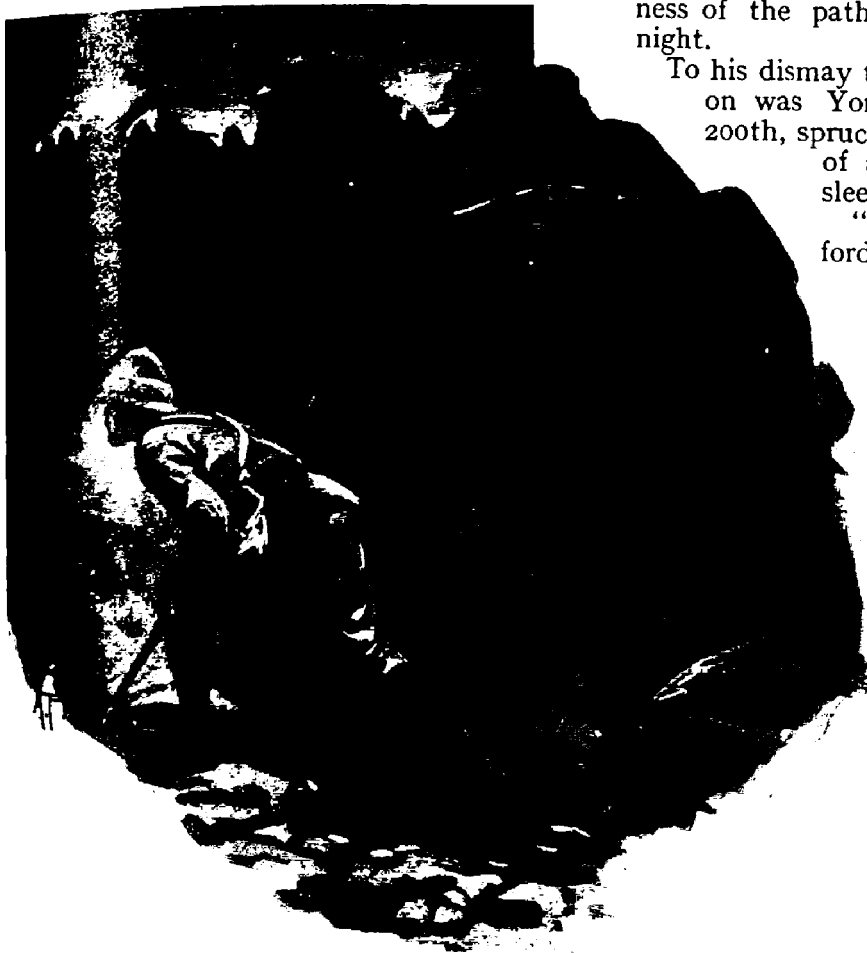
For a minute he stood brooding. Then he ground his heel into the ground and continued savagely:

"But I will lead them straight to-morrow. It wasn't funk; it was only because I was not——"

Plip-plop! rang out a rifle from the distant ridge. Crack! another answered from the British line a hundred yards up the hill from where Clifford stood. And then, without warning, the dark sky-line of the mountains, hitherto barely visible in the night, suddenly blazed into a lurid line of spurting flame, while the bullets shrieked around in all directions. Briskly and excitedly the British soldiers, in defiance of all orders, took up the Dutchmen's challenge, until the hill echoed and re-echoed with the purposeless din.

Clifford's place was with his men, and he started to run forward, stumbling and scrambling up the uneven path. A mule, somewhere in the darkness to his left, was hit, and fell with fearsome cries, torturing Clifford's acute imagination with the vision of its unseen agony. A man was cursing and groaning not far to his right. The enemy's fire was increasing in volume, and his own company, by its efforts to make a suitable reply, was drawing most of the hostile bullets in his direction. To cross the fifty yards which still separated him from his men, meant, Clifford knew, a great risk of sudden death.

All around him he could hear the bullets striking the rocky ground with a noise like the cracks of a hundred waggon-whips. Suddenly one struck at his feet, and before



HE CREPT HASTILY AWAY FROM THE TOO SEDUCTIVE SHELTER.

he knew what he was doing he found himself crouching behind a rock at the side of the path, quivering in every limb.

"Get out o' this! there ain't room 'ere for more than one," growled a rough voice in his ear, and as, maddened with shame and the fear that his identity might be discovered, he crept hastily away from the too seductive and already occupied shelter, he heard the voice continue:

"By gum! I believe yon was an orficer!"

He knew the speaker. It was Moran, the worst skulker in his company; and at the thought that he had sunk to the level of such a man, he collected all his courage and leapt to his feet. But the effort came too late to salve his self-respect; for, as suddenly as it had commenced, the firing ceased, and to his real mortification he reached his company without encountering any greater danger than was threatened by the rugged-

ness of the path and the darkness of the night.

To his dismay the first person his eyes fell on was Yorke, the adjutant of the 200th, spruce and immaculate in spite of a day's hard fighting and a sleepless night.

"Oh! there you are, Clifford," cried the adjutant, catching sight of him; "I've been hunting for you everywhere. Got your fellows in hand at last, eh?"

Clifford did not reply. He could not explain that he had not been with his company to stop the outburst of random fire, but had been cowering behind a rock fifty yards down the hillside, and he trembled lest the adjutant should ask him particulars of the alarm. Luckily, however, Yorke, in happy ignorance of the subaltern's confusion, went on to inquire for Fairfax, and then said:

"I've managed to do you a good turn, young fellow. The general has just sent up to say that he has chosen us to lead

the attack at daybreak, and as we can only advance up this narrow spur by one company at a time, the colonel asked me which company I thought should go first. I suggested yours, for I knew that if any one could get the men up the hill, you could. So, to paraphrase old Nelson, it's a D.S.O. or a bullet in the head for you in the morning."

II.

THE adjutant moved on towards the next company, and for ten minutes after his departure Clifford was too busy preparing his men for the work that lay before them, and ensuring that they went into action with neither empty stomachs nor empty ammunition-pouches, to have much time for thought. And scarcely was his mind free from the care of these necessary details, than he heard his colour-sergeant calling to him.

"Better have something to eat, yourself, sir," said his trusty right-hand man.

Clifford shook his head, but the sergeant was not to be deterred from his kindly solicitude.

"I've just cooked a soup-square, sir," he insisted, "and you're welcome to half of it. These soup-squares put a deal of life into you, and there's little prospect of another meal, to-day."

Clifford approached the heap of glowing embers over which the colour-sergeant was warming the soup, and took the tin canteen from his subordinate's hand. The hot soup looked very tempting, and he felt cold.

"Sure you can spare it?" he asked.

"Rather, sir," said the sergeant, "and welcome, for you'll need all your strength to-day. The men are a bit shaken after yesterday and will take a lot of leading; but they'll follow you, sir, better than any one."

"I intend to do my best, colour-sergeant," said Clifford, as he handed back the half-emptied canteen.

And at the moment he spoke the truth. The simple trust in his skill and courage shown by the non-commissioned officer's words, following so soon after the almost identical words of the adjutant, almost, if not quite, persuaded him that yesterday was a dream, and that he was, as had so often been said, the best subaltern in the regiment.

But now the air was alive with the hum of voices and the rattle of accoutrements that herald the awakening of an army. The mountain ridge, where the Boers were, was slowly taking shape, and the bivouac fires were burning low and their brilliancy fading. In twenty minutes it would be light; already he could see the rough outline of the spur up which he was to lead the attack, and for a moment he shivered at the thought that, unless he mastered himself, that path which should guide him to honour and distinction, would almost certainly cover him with disgrace. For that moment down the hillside, when he had flung himself behind the rock in terror at the bullet-filled night, had instilled in him a terrifying dread that no amount of resolution would enable him to face danger unconcerned when it came to the actual pinch. But his new-found courage, born of the trust so obviously placed in him, repelled the morbid idea, and it was a determined and resourceful man, who with skilled eye was weighing every point of van-

tage and difficulty on the line of approach to the enemy's position, that the colonel and adjutant found scanning the hillside with prism-binoculars, as they came up to give the final orders for the advance.

"Taking it all in, Clifford?" said the colonel cheerfully.

Clifford lowered his glasses and saluted.

"Yes, sir," he said; "when are we to start?"

"You can go right off now, my boy," answered the colonel. "Go straight at them, and I'll support you with the rest of the battalion. The gunners have been ordered to aid your advance by their fire as soon as they see you climbing the hill. Your chief difficulty will come when you reach the first ridge, that which we can see from here. Behind it the ground dips into a narrow valley, and then rises to the main Boer position. The problem for you will be to cross that valley in a rush, and get into the Dutchmen on the ridge beyond with the bayonet. Now then, off you go!"

From the first all went well. The men flung wide out in extended order, mounted the steep hill with grim determination, and although the first bullet from the enemy sent an unwelcome shiver down Clifford's back, he quickly pulled himself together and faced its successors with at least an outward show of unconcern. But suddenly sheer cliffs arose on either side, confining the front to a single narrow path; and, more disconcerting still, splashes of white paint and, here and there, a glittering biscuit-tin, showed that the Boers had accurately gauged the range beforehand.

There was no question who was to lead. It was plainly one of those emergencies which, without any orders to the effect, silently demand "officers to the front." Clifford looked up at the path winding between the rocks, and then down at the supporting companies, beyond whom he fancied he could see the now diminutive figures of the colonel and Yorke watching the advance through their glasses. Then his mouth shut tight, and, signalling to his men to adopt single file, he plunged at their head into the gully.

Crack! Crack! Crack! rang out the Dutchmen's rifles, and the air hummed with the whistling bullets. Several men were hit, but Clifford seemed to bear a charmed life. Already he was near the end of the path where it widened on to a stretch of grassy downs just below the first ridge of



LOOKING UP, HE SAW HIS MEN RACING DOWN TOWARDS HIM.

which the colonel had spoken. There he turned to order his men to be ready to deploy and extend again, when, as the words passed his lips, phit! a bullet hit the ground at his feet, and the man immediately following him, into whose face he was looking, suddenly fell and rolled down the path, shrieking in agony.

Clifford bounded up the hill from the

dangerous spot. The next bullet might strike him, too. The expression on the wounded man's face and the sound of his cries had snapped his frail and newly gained control over his nerves. Choosing the first cover he saw, a small rock, he flung himself down panting behind it, not daring to raise his head to see how his men were faring.

But his order had been passed down the

straggling procession, and, one by one, the British soldiers dashed past the dangerous outlet of the path and ranged themselves in a line with their officer, fixing their bayonets for a charge.

The sight of this glittering array within so short a distance of them was too much for the Boers. Gradually their fire slackened and then died away, as they slunk from their entrenchments and ran back to the shelter of their main position.

Clifford looked up. Occasional bullets still whistled past, but now they flew high, and he at once recognised that they must come from the main ridge further on, and that while he and his men remained behind the shelter of the lower ridge, the crest of which was now only fifty yards in front of them, they were safe from harm.

And then his shaken courage whispered to him that he had done enough. No one could deny that he had driven the enemy from their advanced position and that he had led his company straight. He had been at the head of his men the whole way, and even his last bolt for cover, though away from danger, had been towards the enemy. It was time for the supporting companies to do their share. But when they came up they must not find him fifty yards below the crest. That would never do. It would look much better and be quite as safe to be one yard below, ready, to all appearances, to dash across that valley of death of which the colonel had warned him.

He gave the order, and the men clambered up the hill and lay down behind the crest. A few boulders, at the spot where Clifford himself lay, gave excellent cover, and he peered between them. The main ridge, crackling with the unseen discharges of smokeless ammunition, lay right before him, and the valley which separated him from it was smooth and bare as the inside of a saucer. Suddenly his colour-sergeant, a stained handkerchief bound round his temples, from which a bullet had flicked the skin, crawled to his side.

"They're waiting for us to go on, sir," he said, pointing down the hill behind them, and as Clifford turned his head in the direction of the gesture, he saw that the supporting companies had halted. For a moment he sought in vain for a plausible excuse for his inaction, for in a dull, sullen way he knew that he was determined not to cross the smooth, bullet-swept sward of the valley.

"We must let the men have time to get their breath," he said at last.

"I think they're all right now, sir," said the sergeant; "and the longer they look at that ridge the less they'll like the job of tackling it. Look, sir; what's that?"

Behind them, far below, a point of glittering light was flashing and trembling in the morning sun.

"It's from headquarters," said Clifford. "Corporal Jones, can you pick up communication with that heliograph?"

"I'll try, sir," said the signaller, adjusting his tripod on the sloping ground and clamping the mirrors. Then, as he depressed the button, the distant light steadied for an instant in response and then flashed back the "call" signal. Then, as it twinkled afresh, Corporal Jones read out the message:

"The general orders the 200th to take the position at all costs."

III.

"'At all costs!'" said the colour-sergeant; "that means that we're all to get killed if necessary."

"Yes," replied Clifford, "that's exactly what it does mean. Tell the men to get ready."

Then, after allowing them a minute for preparation, he leapt to the summit of the crest, and, drawing his sword, pointed forward to the Boer position.

"Men," he cried; "the general says we're to take the ridge at all costs. Charge!"

Phit! Phit! Phit! Whiz! Whiz! the bullets struck and shrieked. Clifford was half-way across, untouched. Suddenly a voice behind him cried, "They're not following us, sir!" and as he turned his head the colour-sergeant pitched forward at his side and lay still. Two other men lay killed or wounded a few yards back. Of all the company those three were all that had responded to his call. Curses on their cowardice rose to his lips, but they were never uttered. For in a flash he realised that the fault was his. It was his own fear that had prevented the men from charging when their blood was up and kept them lingering behind the lower ridge while their courage cooled. Well, he must make atonement.

Alone, in the centre of the open valley, he stood for a moment motionless among the whistling bullets. Then, slowly and deliberately, with unhurried pace, he began to

retrace his steps towards the ridge behind which his men lay cowering. When close enough for his voice to reach them, he stopped and shouted at the pitch of his voice :

"The general says the zooth must take the position at all costs !"

But not a man rose. All around him spurts of dust, flicked from the hard ground by the spattering bullets, flew up into the air, and he wondered vaguely why he was not hit. Again he lifted up his voice and bade the men charge, but again without effect. Then a heavy blow fell on his shoulder and he spun round and fell forward on his face. An instant after, a great shout roused him, and, looking up, he saw his men, their bayonets gleaming in the fierce sunshine, racing down the slope towards him. His fall had acted on them as the heliograph-message had on him. As they surged up to him he struggled to his feet.

"Help me along," he cried, grasping the outstretched hand of a sergeant. "Now, men, into them with a will !"

But the Boers did not stay, and five minutes afterwards Corporal Jones was flashing from the summit of their position

that the hill was won, while the captain of the first of the supporting companies was ripping off Clifford's jacket to staunch the blood which welled from a wound beneath his collar-bone.

That afternoon they carried him down to the field-hospital, where Alexander, the doctor, met him at the door of the tent.

"How's Fairfax ?" were Clifford's first words.

"Right as rain," said Alexander. "You worked the cure. I said you would."

"Not I," said Clifford, careless now of appearances, for he knew that he, too, was cured ; "I was in a blue funk. It was the fellow who heliographed us to take the hill at all costs. They say up there that the general didn't send the message after all. Who was it ?"

"How should I know, old chap !" said the doctor. Then, as others came forward to attend to Clifford's wants, he turned away and whistled a few bars softly to himself.

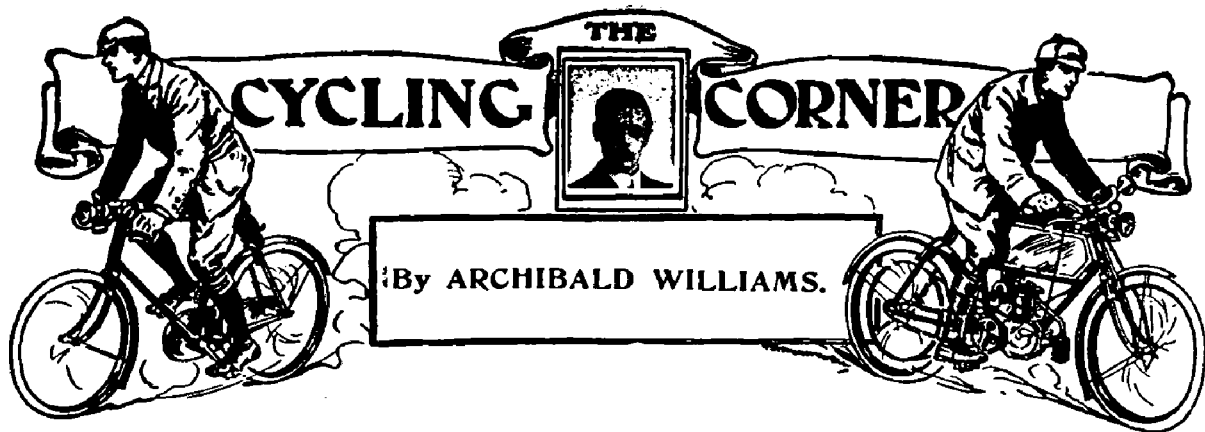
"Good idea of mine," he muttered ; "I wonder what put it into my head. Heaven send that the general will forgive my taking his name in vain."



AFLOAT ON THE BOUNDLESS ETHER.



CASTAWAY OF THE FUTURE : "'Tis two days since the atmospheric liner was wrecked, an' we 'ad to take to the ship's aerostat. But if so be as the petrol 'olds out, I may yet reach one of the unin'abited planets that lie 'ereabouts !"



CYCLE-CAMPING: CYCLING IN FRANCE.

ONCE upon a time—ten long years ago—it was the fashion to ride in Battersea Park. Somewhat, but not much, more recently, people took big doses of night-riding, by the light of the moon, or, when that failed, merely by the light of the flickering lamp which knew not acetylene gas. Then came a great boom in touring and racing, or perhaps these came earlier—I'm not quite certain; and after that the inevitable reaction. Rich folk forgot their cycles. Battersea Park reverted to the pedestrian. Instead of going into the night a wheel, people went to bed. Cycle-touring lost some of its savour. Cycle-makers lost money.

But the cycle has multiplied steadily from year to year, in spite of slumps and electric trams and motor-cars, and in due course a fresh use has been found for it—that of house-mover. When I say house I mean tent, and that a tent of the lightest possible nature consistent with efficiency; *plus* cooking, sleeping, and toilet necessaries. Mr. T. H. Holding, who has given us a delightful little volume, "Cycle and Camp," was the originator of the new departure; at least, I think I am right in saying so. In 1901 he inaugurated the Association of Cycle-Campers, which now boasts between two and three hundred members. The Hon. Secretary is H. Biden Steele, Esq., 11 St. Martin's Court, W.C.; the annual subscription is 2s. 6d., and the objects, as set forth in the handbook are: (a) To unite cycle-campers, promote cycle-camping, and develop suitable appliances; (b) to prepare, when practicable, a list of camping sites, and give places at which necessaries may be obtained; (c) to issue, periodically, a list of members and their addresses; (d) to arrange united camps in various centres, at convenient times.

Any lady or gentleman is eligible for membership, and non-adults are barred out. Do I

hear any juvenile readers growl, "What's the good, then, of mentioning cycle-camping to us?" Please understand that you can be a cycle-camper without being a member of the A.C.C., for England is gloriously free. And with the holidays coming on, and much stored energy about to be let loose, I thought that this novel and inexpensive method of taking a holiday might suitably be noticed.

WHAT CYCLE-CAMPING IS.

Now, I am not going to set up here as an oracle, for the simple reason that I never have done any cycle-camping in my life, though I have lived under canvas several times. But a study of the subject from the outside has put me in possession of a good many facts. First, and generally, the pastime is steadily becoming more popular. It is taken quite seriously by people in a position to afford a holiday in more expensive quarters than a tent, who speak enthusiastically of a life which just falls short of being absolutely open-air. Again, the necessary outlay is not great, since the cover of the tent can be made at home out of the proper materials, which are to be bought of Messrs. J. Platt and Company, St. Martin's Lane, W.C. The poles and ground-sheet (*mackintosh*) are best bought ready-made, also the cooking-lamp, cooking-utensils, and air-pillows. Money spent on these—and please note that all cycle-camping articles should be *good*—is saved in the long run, and the cycle-camper, if in less luxurious quarters than the hotel affords, has much greater

FREEDOM OF ACTION.

With his kit-on-wheels he can, like the gipsy, wander whithersoever he wishes, and pitch his camp where fancy suggests—after, of course, getting permission so to do, if permission is needed. If a place develops unsuspected

attractions he may linger without thoughts of an increasing hotel bill. The actual cost of provisions is very small, and provisions are practically the only item to be considered. If the weather *does* become impossible, cycle and kits are easily transferred to the train, or you may take refuge temporarily for a day or two under ceilings and slates. So that in any case you can't be worse off than the hotel-dweller, provided that you consider the freedom of camp life and the fun of acting as your own cook and bottle-washer worth the roughing-it which, as the result of your own choice, loses most of its roughness.

THE KIT.

The cycle-camper must take reasonable care of his health, and to do so he needs proper protection against damp and cold, and a good

- (8) Aluminium saucepan and frying-pan.
 - (9) Enamelled iron cup, plates, spoons and forks. Sheath-knife.
 - (10) Aluminium boxes for butter, tea, and coffee. Mackintosh bag for sugar, lawn bags for bread, oatmeal, &c.
 - (11) Canvas water-bucket.
 - (12) Basin made of rubber sheeting stretched on small canes.
 - (13) Pair of American storm-slippers.
- Under the heading of clothes must be included such articles as are usually taken on a cycle-tour. I should also advocate the addition of a sweater, which is very grateful and comforting at night and in the early morning.

THE TENT

may be one of three shapes. Our illustration (Fig. 1) shows, reading from left to right, a



A CYCLE-CAMP.

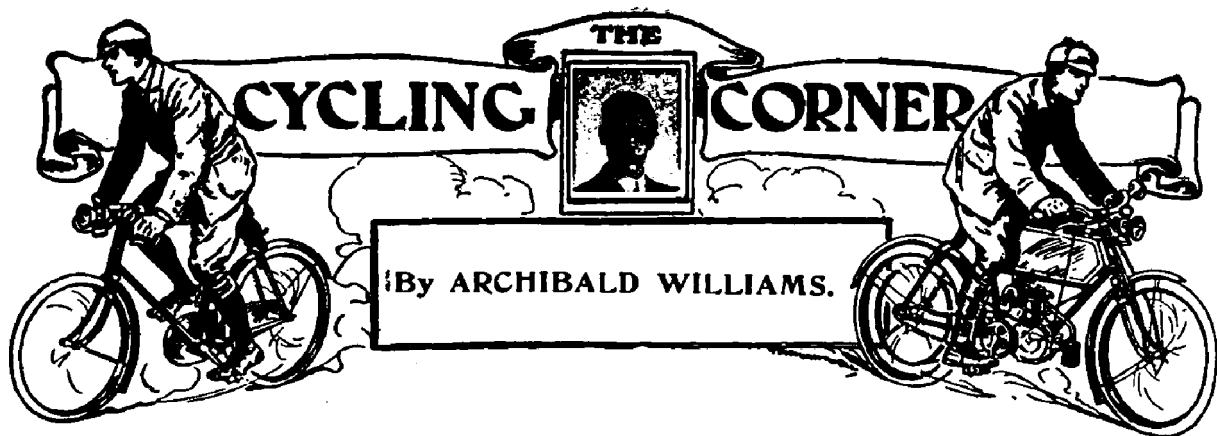
On the left is a "cottage" tent; in the centre an A-tent; on the right a "gipsy." Cycle-camping has come into fashion lately.

supply of wholesome food. With regard to his requirements I do not propose to give full details—are they not contained in the books of Mr. Holding and the A.C.C.? But as the prospective cycle-camper will like to have some idea of what he is letting himself in for, I append a list of essentials:

- (1) Tent, poles, pegs, guy-lines.
- (2) Ground-sheet.
- (3) Ground-blanket.
- (4) Candles.
- (5) Sleeping-bag of all-wool material (*vide* "Cycle-Camping," Appendix).
- (6) Air-cushion for pillow.
- (7) Cooking-stove, to burn either methylated spirit or petroleum. The Swedish petroleum vapour-lamp, while heavier and more expensive than the spirit-stove is more effective.

"Cottage" tent with fly-sheet, an A-tent, and a "gipsy." The first, having vertical walls, gives increased accommodation. The second is most easily made and pitched. The third allows more head room, and is a compromise between the other two. A fly-sheet can be used with any type, provided that the poles have projections to carry it. It keeps the tent dry, gives extra warmth during chilly nights, and mitigates the heat on a hot day. It also serves as a protection under cover of which packing up can be done comfortably on a rainy day.

A tent which, with poles, pegs, ropes, and ground-sheet, weighs only 6½ lb., will accommodate two people comfortably. A complete outfit for two people (*i.e.*, everything except the cycles, which should have a two- or three-



CYCLE-CAMPING: CYCLING IN FRANCE.

ONCE upon a time—ten long years ago—it was the fashion to ride in Battersea Park. Somewhat, but not much, more recently, people took big doses of night-riding, by the light of the moon, or, when that failed, merely by the light of the flickering lamp which knew not acetylene gas. Then came a great boom in touring and racing, or perhaps these came earlier—I'm not quite certain; and after that the inevitable reaction. Rich folk forgot their cycles. Battersea Park reverted to the pedestrian. Instead of going into the night awheel, people went to bed. Cycle-touring lost some of its savour. Cycle-makers lost money.

But the cycle has multiplied steadily from year to year, in spite of slumps and electric trams and motor-cars, and in due course a fresh use has been found for it—that of house-mover. When I say house I mean tent, and that a tent of the lightest possible nature consistent with efficiency; *plus* cooking, sleeping, and toilet necessaries. Mr. T. H. Holding, who has given us a delightful little volume, "Cycle and Camp," was the originator of the new departure; at least, I think I am right in saying so. In 1901 he inaugurated the Association of Cycle-Campers, which now boasts between two and three hundred members. The Hon. Secretary is H. Biden Steele, Esq., 11 St. Martin's Court, W.C.; the annual subscription is 2s. 6d., and the objects, as set forth in the handbook are: (a) To unite cycle-campers, promote cycle-camping, and develop suitable appliances; (b) to prepare, when practicable, a list of camping sites, and give places at which necessaries may be obtained; (c) to issue, periodically, a list of members and their addresses; (d) to arrange united camps in various centres, at convenient times.

Any lady or gentleman is eligible for membership, and non-adults are barred out. Do I

hear any juvenile readers growl, "What's the good, then, of mentioning cycle-camping to us?" Please understand that you can be a cycle-camper without being a member of the A.C.C., for England is gloriously free. And with the holidays coming on, and much stored energy about to be let loose, I thought that this novel and inexpensive method of taking a holiday might suitably be noticed.

WHAT CYCLE-CAMPING IS.

Now, I am not going to set up here as an oracle, for the simple reason that I never have done any cycle-camping in my life, though I have lived under canvas several times. But a study of the subject from the outside has put me in possession of a good many facts. First, and generally, the pastime is steadily becoming more popular. It is taken quite seriously by people in a position to afford a holiday in more expensive quarters than a tent, who speak enthusiastically of a life which just falls short of being absolutely open-air. Again, the necessary outlay is not great, since the cover of the tent can be made at home out of the proper materials, which are to be bought of Messrs. J. Platt and Company, St. Martin's Lane, W.C. The poles and ground-sheet (mackintosh) are best bought ready-made, also the cooking-lamp, cooking-utensils, and air-pillows. Money spent on these—and please note that all cycle-camping articles should be *good*—is saved in the long run, and the cycle-camper, if in less luxurious quarters than the hotel affords, has much greater

FREEDOM OF ACTION.

With his kit-on-wheels he can, like the gipsy, wander whithersoever he wishes, and pitch his camp where fancy suggests—after, of course, getting permission so to do, if permission is needed. If a place develops unsuspected

attractions he may linger without thoughts of an increasing hotel bill. The actual cost of provisions is very small, and provisions are practically the only item to be considered. If the weather *does* become impossible, cycle and kits are easily transferred to the train, or you may take refuge temporarily for a day or two under ceilings and slates. So that in any case you can't be worse off than the hotel-dweller, provided that you consider the freedom of camp life and the fun of acting as your own cook and bottle-washer worth the roughing-it which, as the result of your own choice, loses most of its roughness.

THE KIT.

The cycle-camper must take reasonable care of his health, and to do so he needs proper protection against damp and cold, and a good

- (8) Aluminium saucepan and frying-pan.
 - (9) Enamelled iron cup, plates, spoons and forks. Sheath-knife.
 - (10) Aluminium boxes for butter, tea, and coffee. Mackintosh bag for sugar, lawn bags for bread, oatmeal, &c.
 - (11) Canvas water-bucket.
 - (12) Basin made of rubber sheeting stretched on small canes.
 - (13) Pair of American storm-slippers.
- Under the heading of clothes must be included such articles as are usually taken on a cycle-tour. I should also advocate the addition of a sweater, which is very grateful and comforting at night and in the early morning.

THE TENT

may be one of three shapes. Our illustration (Fig. 1) shows, reading from left to right, a



A CYCLE-CAMP.

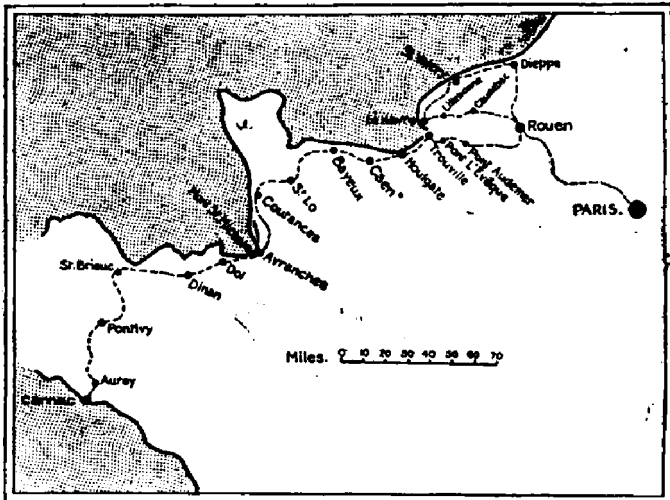
On the left is a "cottage" tent; in the centre an A-tent; on the right a "gipsy." Cycle-camping has come into fashion lately.

supply of wholesome food. With regard to his requirements I do not propose to give full details—are they not contained in the books of Mr. Holding and the A.C.C.? But as the prospective cycle-camper will like to have some idea of what he is letting himself in for, I append a list of essentials:

- (1) Tent, poles, pegs, guy-lines.
- (2) Ground-sheet.
- (3) Ground-blanket.
- (4) Candles.
- (5) Sleeping-bag of all-wool material (*vide* "Cycle-Camping," Appendix).
- (6) Air-cushion for pillow.
- (7) Cooking-stove, to burn either methylated spirit or petroleum. The Swedish petroleum vapour-lamp, while heavier and more expensive than the spirit-stove is more effective.

"Cottage" tent with fly-sheet, an A-tent, and a "gipsy." The first, having vertical walls, gives increased accommodation. The second is most easily made and pitched. The third allows more head room, and is a compromise between the other two. A fly-sheet can be used with any type, provided that the poles have projections to carry it. It keeps the tent dry, gives extra warmth during chilly nights, and mitigates the heat on a hot day. It also serves as a protection under cover of which packing up can be done comfortably on a rainy day.

A tent which, with poles, pegs, ropes, and ground-sheet, weighs only 6½ lb., will accommodate two people comfortably. A complete outfit for two people (*i.e.*, everything except the cycles, which should have a two- or three-



A SKETCH-MAP SHOWING GOOD ROUTES IN NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.

speed gear), scales about 35 lb., or 17½ lb. to each rider. Considering the convenience, the extra weight over and above that which one ordinarily takes on tour is nothing to speak of. The cycle-camper is not a long-distance man. The shorter his stages, the more weight he can afford to carry, and the larger the number of campers travelling together the more, within certain limits, may weight be reduced.

A WORD OF CAUTION

will conclude my remarks on this topic. That is, if you take up cycle-camping, avoid causing any annoyance to people who grant you permission to camp on their properties. Don't leave a speck of *débris* about as an unpleasant reminder of your passage, and generally act as you would like other folk to act if they were on your land. A few gross cases of inconsiderateness might easily prejudice a neighbourhood against the dweller in tents.

TOURS IN FRANCE.

A correspondent asks me for information about touring in Normandy, so I will get on to the second item of my heading. The Normandy roads are simply first-class, atoning thereby for occasional monotony. In places they stretch ahead straight as a line for miles, flanked on either side by poplars and fruit-trees. But some of the country is most picturesque, and the ecclesiastical buildings of the big towns are magnificent. The route-map which I append (Fig. 2) covers ground with which I have personal acquaintance in Normandy and N. Brittany—in some ways more interesting than Normandy. After crossing from

Newhaven to Dieppe, the tourist may either follow the coastline to Le Havre *via* St. Valéry, or steer due south to Rouen, and begin by an inspection of the Cathedral (mount the spire), the Church of St. Ouen, and the Palais de Justice. The guide-book will tell of other interesting objects. From Rouen he may ride to Le Havre along the right bank of the Seine *via* quaint little Caudebec and Lillebonne, or take the left bank route through Pont Audemer and Pont L'Évêque. In the former case Trouville is reached by steamer from Havre.

Then on past Houlgate to Caen (visit Church of St. Etienne, where William the Conqueror was buried; the Abbaye aux Dames, the resting-place of his wife Matilda, and Le Bon Sauveur, huge home for the deaf and dumb, where everything is done on a very big scale). Bayeux is the next place to halt at on account of the famous tapestry, one of the quaintest things imaginable. The country from there to Coutances *via* St. Lo is pretty. Avranches is a charmingly situated town. A few miles further on is Pontorson, where you turn aside to Mont St. Michel—on no account to be passed by.

BRITTANY

proper is entered by the time you reach Dinan, a most lovely centre for excursions. If you are fond of archæology push on through St. Brieuc, Pontivy, and Auray to Carnac, noted for the most remarkable druidical (?) monuments in existence, extending for miles along the sea coast. There are menhirs (stone pillars) and dolmens (tombs) scattered broadcast over the country. I cannot conceive



THIS GENTLEMAN ISN'T DRESSED FOR CYCLING. HE IS A BRETON PEASANT IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE. Photo. Z. le Rougic, Carnac.

that any one could fail to be interested by these unhistoric relics, so massive that one wonders how they were ever set in place. You should visit the Miln Museum at Carnac, and see what sort of articles the rearers of the monuments used for war and the chase.

One great charm of Brittany is the simplicity of its people. Things haven't moved so fast there as in Normandy and other parts of France. Corn is, or was, a few years ago, still threshed by the flail or by a machine driven by horses walking up a kind of treadmill. The country folk wear curious and picturesque raiment when attired for a *fête* or *pardon*. And altogether, a few days spent in the Wales of France is refreshing after the bustle of busy Normandy.

A return to England may be made either by riding to Dinan and St. Malo, and thence shipping to Southampton, or by rail to Paris (for a look round the capital), and back to Dieppe by road, *via* Rouen.

The routes mapped might be covered in three weeks comfortably, giving time for sight-seeing.

SOME HINTS.

If you are a member of the C.T.C. your cycle will enter duty-free on presentation of a special Custom Ticket, which may be obtained *gratis* from the secretary on application. If you are not, you will have to pay a deposit of about a franc per lb. of cycle, recoverable on leaving the country.

The rule of the road is reversed in France. Remember this, and go very quietly at first, and look out for motor cars.

GOOD MAPS.

For the country between Dieppe and Caen get *Carte Velocépidique de la Seine-Inférieure*, mounted on linen. For the Caen-Dinan stretch. *Grande Carte Cycliste de Bretagne et Normandie—Section Nord*, published by A. Taride, 18 Boulevard St. Denis, Paris. For the Breton route you can't beat the *Plan Vélo de la Bretagne* (St. Malo à Saint-Nogaire), of the Librairie Neal, Paris. All these can be got at the big London map-sellers', I believe.

Vol. XV.—53.

BOOKS.

"The Continong" (1s. 6d.) is an invaluable little guide. It includes *really* useful phrases,



SOME OF THE HUGE MENHIRS, OR STONES, WHICH FORM PART OF THE DRUIDICAL REMAINS AT CARNAC, S. BRITTANY.

They extend in roughly parallel rows for some miles. Their purpose and origin are unknown. The man standing on the left affords a standard of comparison as regards size. Some of the stones are 20 ft. high and weigh 40 tons.

Photo. Z. le Rougic, Carnac.



A DOLMEN, OR TOMB, OF PREHISTORIC MAN.

The body was laid under the big horizontal slab, and earth was piled over to make a large mound. In the course of time wind, rain, and man have removed the earth, leaving the dolmen bare.

Photo. Z. le Rougic, Carnac.

routes, hotel lists, and lots of other information. The "Continental Road Book" (France, Part II.), published by the C.T.C., helps you with distances from Rouen westwards and southwards.

THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT



By G. Firth Scott.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story concerns the pre-gold discovery days in Australia. In the thinly populated bush district laying some seven days' journey north of Sydney, a number of escaped convicts form themselves into a band of bushrangers, under the captaincy of one known by the sobriquet of "Midnight," he being a man of broad build wearing a long black beard and long black shaggy hair. Periodically, the squatters combine to hunt down the band. At the time of the story, they had succeeded so well that only a few members of it remain, "Midnight"

being, of course, one of these survivors. While James Wilton, a young squatter, is conveying a waggon-load of woollen bales and hides to Sydney, he is attacked by a tribe of blacks led by some members of "Midnight's" band. These are in turn attacked and routed by another tribe, and during the fight Wilton escapes from the one danger only to run into an apparently greater, in that he falls into the hands of a party of squatters who are out looking for bushrangers. Being taken for a bushranger by them, he is hanged on a tree, and is at the point of death when the rope by which he is suspended is cut in two by a bullet fired by a government trooper who recognises him as being Wilton the carrier. The leader of the band of squatters is a man named Giles, a small-built, clean-shaven fellow with a very awkward temper. Giles is so enraged with his fellow squatters for deciding not to hang Wilton, that he leaves them and goes home. The squatters, with Wilton and the two government troopers, proceed on their way in search of "Midnight." They get on his track, only to lose it again, but succeed in capturing one of the gang named Sam Plover, who some eighteen years before had kidnapped a baby-girl in Sydney. Plover is mortally wounded, but before he dies tells them to question "Midnight" concerning the whereabouts of the girl. Wilton returns to Sydney to claim the reward offered by the girl's father for the capture of Plover, and with the money he and Trooper Farrell purchase Meleelee Run, whither Wilton

proceeds, leaving his partner to follow. Wilton's immediate neighbour is Giles, who rides over to warn him against the blacks. Fearing an attack from the latter, Wilton is out reconnoitring when he observes "Midnight" himself enter his hut. When the outlaw emerges, Wilton decides to show him no mercy. He fires, but misses him, and then has to fly for his life. "Midnight" burns his hut down and departs. Wilton makes his way to Giles's "run" and is hospitably received by the squatter and his pretty daughter Mary, with whom Wilton promptly falls in love. Led by Douglas, a squatter renowned for his skill in tracking, the white settlers in the district again turn out in pursuit of "Midnight." Giles and Douglas, between whom a feud has existed for some years, have gone off in different directions when a shot is heard, and Giles races back to the main body with the information that he has been shot at by Douglas, whom he declares to be no other than "Midnight" himself. The squatters scour the bush for Douglas, but fail to find him. When the party disperses, Johnson and Wilton, acting on information given to the latter by Boondahbillah, a friendly blackfellow, endeavour to find "Midnight's" lair. While watching a cave in the gully the blackfellow had indicated as being the resort of the gang, they hear Douglas's voice, a fact which makes them feel sure that Douglas is, indeed, the redoubtable outlaw. On returning to Billah, Giles's homestead, Wilton asks Giles for his daughter's hand. Giles says Wilton shall have his answer when he has been over the ranges to see about some cattle for him (Giles). On the first night of his journey, Wilton is captured by a band of aborigines led by white men, and escapes from his captors only to run into the hands of another party of blacks.

CHAPTER XXII.—(continued).

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

TO make any further attempt at escape would have been to court destruction. He swam to the bank and raised his hands above his head in token of surrender. The blacks crowded round him, jabbering and gesticulating. One of the number, who stood in front of him, asked, in broken English, "What name?"

Scarcely thinking of what he was saying, Wilton answered, "Boondahbillah."

The effect upon the group was startling. They ceased their chatter and looked at him curiously.

The man who had spoken before shook his head. "Boondahbillah not name!" he exclaimed.

"Friend belonga me," Wilton said. "Good fellow, my word."

The black muttered something to his comrades, and an animated discussion ensued.

"You belonga Midnight?" the black asked.

Wilton shook his head.

"Midnight bad fellow. Beat Boondah-

billah plenty hard. Then he came longa me," he said.

"Meleelee?" the black exclaimed.

Wilton nodded.

"Midnight see you, you fall down dead, my word," the black continued.

Wilton nodded again.

"What bin you come along here?" the black asked, but before Wilton could reply there was a sound of shouting up the creek whence he had come. Another band of natives rushed up and, falling upon Wilton, bore him to the ground, where they held him while they talked rapidly to the others. They were evidently explaining how he had escaped, for they held the burnt and chafed cords that had bound him, and the cloth that had been tied over his eyes.

His arms were once more pinioned behind his back and the bandage placed over his eyes. Then the voice of the black who had spoken to him sounded in his ear.

"You bin go along quiet," it said. "By-um-by Boondahbillah come up, you all right."

He asked where he was being taken, but received no answer.

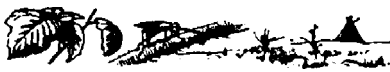
He was led forward for some time and then lifted off the ground and laid down. When his bonds were removed and his bandage was taken off, he found that he was lying on a sandy patch underneath a big shelving rock. A fire smouldered near, and a crowd of blacks stood around him.

One of them advanced towards him and, pointing to him, lay down with his head on his arms and shut his eyes. Sitting up, he pointed to the east; then he rose to his feet and lifted one foot off the ground after the other as though he were practising the "mark time" of the drill-books, lifting his hand meantime until it pointed to the west, when he lifted his feet more laboriously, as though he were very fatigued. He pointed again at Wilton and waited.

Wilton supposed that the pantomime signified that he had to sleep, as there was a long journey before him on the morrow. He nodded and smiled in token of his understanding.

The black pointed to him and spread his hands out and smiled. Then he lay down and pretended to crawl cautiously away, when half a dozen of those who stood by hurled spears which stuck in the sand all round him, and he rolled over. Rising to his feet he pointed to Wilton and to himself and shook his head.

Wilton again nodded and smiled to notify that he understood that it would be madness to try and escape, and the black laughed and turned away.



With the exception of three, who were evidently on guard over him, the blacks lay down round the fire, and Wilton, left to his own resources, lay and thought, wet, cold and uncomfortable, until he slept.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EXPERIMENT BEARS FRUIT.

HE was awakened by being shaken by the shoulder, and found that the sun was just rising. The black who had made the signs to him on the previous evening was beside him and beckoned him to come over to the fire, where there was some meat broiling on the embers. He rose and went over, and one of them offered him some of their fare, which he ate with such appetite as he had. When the meal was completed they tied the bandage over his eyes again and led him away.

As the hours wore on and he was still led forward without a halt or a rest he began to understand how very realistic the signs were that had been made to him. Although they did not pinion him further than the bandage over his eyes, the constant hold kept on his arm told him that escape was as yet impossible, and he continued walking until he felt almost exhausted. But still there was no relief, for his conductors never slackened their pace.

Throughout the day they walked, and when at last they stopped and removed the bandage from his eyes he found that the sky was red with the setting sun. He sank down exhausted, while his companions made a fire and prepared to cook the scant fare they had obtained during the day. Wilton was watching them in the listless apathy of fatigue when two others appeared from the surrounding bush with a shout. As he looked round at the new-comers he immediately recognised the black who had spoken to him at the time of his recapture, and his old friend Jimmy Boondahbillah. The latter hastened over to him while the other talked rapidly to his captors.

"My word, you all right now," Jimmy exclaimed.

"Where am I going?" Wilton asked.

"You bin come along with me home again," Jimmy answered. "You plenty good to me one time, and now, my word, me take you back home again."

"But why did you run away?" Wilton asked, his mind reverting to the time that he had returned to his hut and found that Jimmy had vanished.

"My word, me run away plenty quick. Midnight come along."

"Midnight?" Wilton exclaimed, "No, Midnight came later, long time after."

"No, Midnight come outside hut and me run plenty fast."

"That was not Midnight," Wilton answered with a laugh. "I shot at Midnight and he burned the hut."

"You shoot him there?" Jimmy asked, pointing to his eyes.

Wilton shook his head and put his hand on his breast.

"Baal that no good," the black answered. "You shoot him here and him fall down dead," he went on, again indicating his eyes. "But suppose you shoot him there," and he put his hand over his heart, "Midnight get up and run away no dead."

"What name that?" Wilton asked.

"Baal it me know. That feller-debbil-debbil, I think it."

"Where you bin since?" Wilton asked.

"Me hid alonga ranges, Midnight want to kill me."

"And all these?" Wilton asked, indicating the men who were gathered round the fire.

"They tribe belonga me. That feller talk alonga you, he bin brother longa me. My word, him come and say, 'Jimmy, plenty quick, come along, Midnight take 'im Melelee man.'"

"What were they going to do with me?"

"Midnight no good," Jimmy answered evasively.

"But when he finds I have escaped?"

"Baal him find it. You shoot him plenty soon."

"Where is he now?"

"Me take you longa cave down gully where he go. Then you shoot him."

"Down under a fallen tree and along a track by the side of a big rock?" Wilton asked.

"You savee that cave? That belonga gang. Midnight not there."

"Yes, I heard him," Wilton replied.

"Baal that his. Me show you plenty soon by-um-by."

The black who had acted as leader of the band approached them and spoke to Jimmy, and for some time they talked together. At length Jimmy turned to Wilton and told him to eat and then sleep, and that when the sun came up they would go back to Melelee.

"I go alonga Billah," Wilton said.

"No good, no good," Jimmy exclaimed excitedly.

"Why no good?" Wilton asked with a laugh. "I stay there till the new hut is built."

"No more," Jimmy answered.

A fear flashed through Wilton's mind. Had Midnight and his gang stuck the place up after Giles left, or before?

"Has Midnight—where is the gang now?" he asked quickly.

Jimmy looked at him askance, but did not answer.

"Have they been to Billah? Tell me quickly," he cried.

"Baal it answered in a

"How far Wilton asked.

"Along a

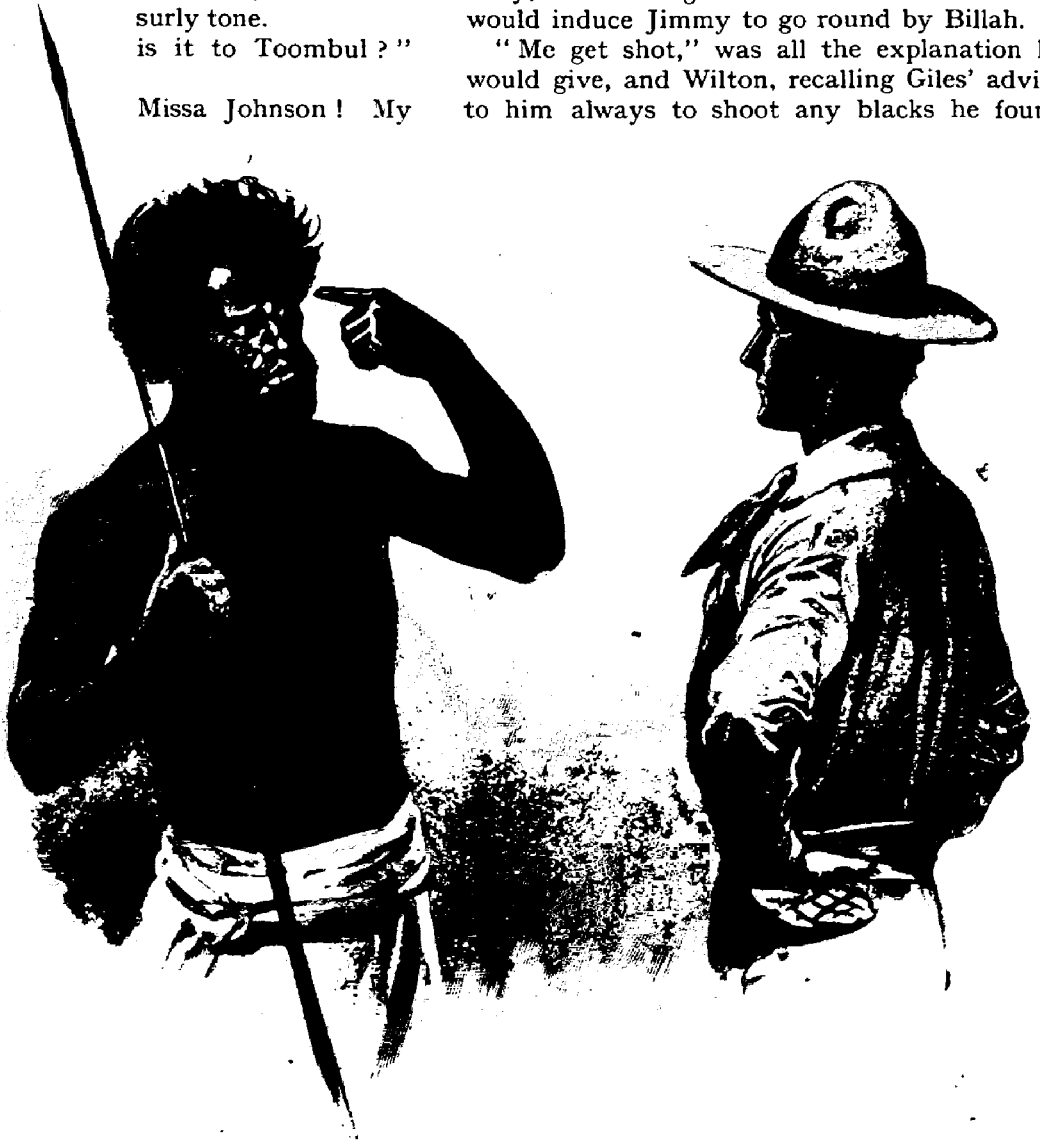
me know," the black surly tone. is it to Toombul?"

Missa Johnson! My

the bush. During the day he had abundant evidence of the superiority of the black over the white in matters of finding the way across country, for by the time that the sun was setting Jimmy told him that early next day they would be at Toombul. They fed upon a wallaby Jimmy had killed during the day, and Wilton, fatigued by his prolonged march, lay down and slept with a lighter heart.

The next morning they were on their way early, but nothing that Wilton could do or say would induce Jimmy to go round by Billah.

"Me get shot," was all the explanation he would give, and Wilton, recalling Giles' advice to him always to shoot any blacks he found



"YOU SHOOT HIM HERE AND HE FALL DOWN DEAD."

word, good feller that," Jimmy replied brightly.

"We'll go there at once," Wilton said.

"When sun come up," Jimmy answered.

At the first flush of dawn Wilton awoke, and as soon as the sun was up Jimmy and he bid good-bye to the tribe and struck away through

about his station, attributed Jimmy's fear to Giles' rumoured antipathy to men of his race.

When they arrived at Toombul they took Johnson by surprise. Wilton, travel-stained and haggard, walked into the room where the squatter sat at his midday meal.



"Great heavens, Wilton! what has happened?" Johnson cried when he saw him.

"Everything, pretty well, except that I'm not dead," Wilton replied. "And I should be that, too, but for Jimmy. When did you leave Billah?"

"Yesterday, after I saw Giles away. But tell me about yourself."

Jimmy had followed Wilton to the house and now appeared at the door.

"Hullo! who's this?" Johnson exclaimed.

"This is Jimmy, the black whom Midnight flogged, don't you remember? He has saved me from the gang."

"What, did they stick you up?"

"They collared me at night. But never mind me; what about Mary?"

"She's all right, I believe."

"But they are going to attack the place."

"You don't mean it!" Johnson cried.

"Jimmy won't go near the house."

"Baal it me get shot," the black said.

"Who bin shoot you? You think it Giles shoot you?" Johnson asked.

The black nodded and grinned.

"That's all right, Wilton. Giles has a great reputation for shooting at blacks, and they are all scared of his very name. If that is all the reason you have for thinking the gang is going there, why, it is not worth bothering about; so sit down and have something to eat, and tell me the yarn I am wanting to hear."

Wilton briefly told him what had occurred, and also that Jimmy had come to show them Midnight's special hiding-place.

"We won't let that wait," Johnson exclaimed. "Are you fresh enough to go there right away? I can mount you and give you a rifle."

"I'm a bit done. I have been walking for nearly three days, and I would rather have a camp than start away now," Wilton replied.

"How far to the cave?" Johnson asked.

"Plenty long way," the black answered.

"Well, if you're done, it will be as well perhaps to wait till to-morrow."

"Very likely he won't be there now," Wilton said.

"Me bin go and see," Jimmy exclaimed.

"Good business," Johnson cried. "That's the idea, Wilton. You have a rest, and Jimmy will go and see if Midnight is away or not, and then we can go to-morrow and at all events learn where the place is."

The black started away, after taking in enough food to last him for a day, and Wilton, who was thoroughly wearied, lay down on Johnson's stretcher and was soon asleep. It

was well on towards evening before he woke up, feeling considerably re-invigorated.

"Now I'm fit to start off, if you are," he said with a laugh.

"We shall have to wait till the blackfellow comes back," Johnson answered. "But supposing it is only the cave that we discovered?"

"It is not. I told him about that, and he said that that was the place where the gang met, but that Midnight's was away from it. What do you propose to do if he comes back and says Midnight is there?"

Johnson thought in silence for a time.

"Well, I would like to capture him and let him be hanged."

"But he will fight."

"I expect he will, and then we shall have to shoot him."

"Better shoot at once, I think, for he may have some of his crew about, and we can expect no quarter if they get a chance at us."

"It is hard to say until we face him," Johnson said.

"Do you know what Jimmy told me? That the only place to aim at was his eyes."

"Why?" Johnson asked.

"He said that to aim anywhere else was 'no good,' and I begin to believe it, for I fired point blank at him the night he burned Meleecle, and it had no effect upon him."

"Is he bullet-proof? Or perhaps he has a charmed life," Johnson said with a laugh.

"Jimmy calls him a debbil-debbil."

"Giles will be very mad if we capture him. I believe his trip to Sydney is to convey information to the police that he was right after all, and that Douglas is now known to be the invulnerable leader, though I would never have believed it if I had not heard his voice that night."

"I was rather struck by his face when I first saw it. The colour of the skin and the beard are the same, only Midnight wears the latter a little more wildly."

"But that can easily be fixed up," Johnson said. "Now that I know, I am surprised that I never suspected it before. There are a hundred things that should have suggested it. For instance, Midnight was never seen when Douglas was with us, and as for his being out when Douglas was away under arrest that time. I believe it was only a clever make-up by one of the gang. However, it is no use wondering now. We are all very clever when we are told."

"That is what Giles will say when we have completed our task."

"You will have to make him consider it is as good as that journey over the ranges to see his stock," Johnson laughingly retorted.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MIDNIGHT AT BAY.

THE following day they waited for the return of Jimmy and the news whether Midnight were hiding or not, but it was well in the afternoon before he came.

"You bin come along now," he exclaimed. "That feller go way when sun come up."

They discussed it between themselves before they decided to act on the suggestion, but Jimmy's persistence that Midnight would go away the next day determined them. They carefully loaded their rifles, and, mounting their horses, rode slowly after the blackfellow.

He walked along silently and rapidly, leading them through the bush without a pause, until they found that they were nearing broken country. At the same time the daylight began to fade.

"We shall have to go on foot," Johnson said. "We cannot ride in the dark in this rough country."

"We can keep alongside him easier, too," Wilton answered.

They called to Jimmy to stop, and explained their intention.

"By-um-by you leave it horses in gully," he replied.

"But where is the gully?" Johnson asked.

"It will be dark almost immediately."

"Over there," Jimmy said, pointing.

"Plenty light till then."

"Hurry along then, if it is to be done," Wilton said, and Jimmy started off again at a more rapid rate.

There was just light enough to see what they were doing when he led them into a narrow, blind gully, which turned out of a larger one, its entrance being almost obscured by a clump of thickly growing mimosa.

"It's a grand place to leave the horses in," Johnson observed, "or, for the matter of that, to camp in ourselves."

"How far now to the cave?" Wilton asked.

The black, standing near them, raised his hand. "You keep plenty quiet, my word. Midnight all round."

"This would not be a bad place for him," Johnson said.

"You get it rifle ready?" Jimmy asked.

"Both ready," Wilton answered.

"By-um-by we go along, quiet. No speak.

Plenty soon find it cave. Sit down and wait sun come up. Midnight wake up. Come out. Bang, bang. Midnight him fall down dead."

He accompanied his brief, disjointed oration

with expressive gestures, and danced round the two at his concluding words.

"You've arranged it all," Johnson said with a hearty laugh.

Jimmy led the way from the gully and up the steep side of the larger one, the two white men following close upon his heels. At the top he stopped and bent down to the ground.

"Plenty quiet," he whispered, and resumed his walk, going very slowly and carefully down a slope which lay on the other side of the rise they had just climbed.

They soon found they were walking down a narrow, well-defined pathway, which turned and twisted round boulders and trees until it was impossible for either of them to say in which direction they were travelling. Then the ground became level, and they went along straight for some distance through what appeared to be thick bush, judging by the even greater darkness than they had yet experienced. Suddenly, Jimmy stopped again and lifted Wilton's arm until it pointed.

"Him sleep there," he whispered.

Wilton turned to Johnson and repeated the information.

"But where are we? It is as dark as a pit," Johnson whispered.

"By-um-by sun come up," the black answered when they asked him.

"And I suppose we must sit down and wait?"

"Plenty quiet," the black replied.

They sat down, with their rifles on their knees, to wait until enough light should come for them to see where they were and what they were doing. The place was wonderfully still and quiet.

"I wonder where we are. Is it near the big cave?" Johnson said in a very soft whisper.

A gentle rustle of leaves checked him, and for the remainder of the night they sat still and silent. At last the sky directly overhead began to grow a little less dark, the forms of the trees stood out from the prevailing shadow, and they knew that dawn was at hand. In front of them there was a low boulder, standing close to a vine-covered face of rock, and round it a narrow track curved. They glanced round for their guide, but he had disappeared.

"Are we trapped?" Johnson said as soon as they could make out their surroundings.

"No; I believe in Jimmy," Wilton answered.

"But where is he?" Johnson asked.

A rustle sounded from somewhere amongst the trees, and Wilton held up his hand.

"Quick, be ready!" he whispered, "I will stand there," he went on, indicating the



shelter of the boulder. "He may come along that path. You hide——"

Before he could finish, a footstep sounded on the pathway, and Wilton sprang for-

ward with his rifle ready, as round the boulder the unmistakable form of Midnight appeared.

He stopped in his stride as he caught sight of



GEORGE SOPER

HE UTTERED A SHARP CRY AS HE FELL BACK.

Wilton, and for a moment the two men stood watching one another.

With a quick movement, Wilton raised his rifle to his shoulder and, covering the outlaw, cried out, "Surrender, or you're a dead man!"

Midnight's lips parted in a loud laugh as he drew a pistol from his coat-pocket and deliberately took aim at his opponent.

Wilton heard a report almost beside his ear, and, at the same moment, his finger pressed on the trigger.

"Load! quick! load!" Johnson cried behind him, and both hastily began to recharge their rifles while yet the smoke from the two shots hung between them and Midnight. As it slowly dispersed they saw the man still standing with levelled pistol. But at the same instant that they could see him, he was also able to see them, and the flash and report of the pistol told Johnson that advantage had been taken of the opportunity to reply to their shots. Wilton, engrossed in the reloading of his rifle, uttered a sharp cry as he felt a numbing twinge in his chest and staggered back under the force of the blow.

The cry following upon the shot aroused Johnson to the danger of his own position. He was standing as a target for Midnight. Clubbing his rifle, he sprang forward through the smoke towards the spot where the outlaw had been a moment before—to find that Midnight had fled. He plunged through the undergrowth and round the boulder from behind which Midnight had appeared, and glanced keenly and quickly around, but without seeing anything save trees, bushes, and rock. He was, for the moment, non-plussed, and paused, hesitating whether to proceed or return to Wilton, when he heard the sound of a shout from down the gully and Wilton's voice calling him.

"You are badly hurt," Johnson cried as he caught sight of Wilton lying on his side with a blanched face and a red stain spreading over the front of his shirt.

"Never mind now. Quick and load," Wilton gasped, as the shout came again from down the gully, nearer and more distinct than it had been before.

Johnson rapidly completed the operation of loading both rifles, and then turned to his friend.

"Let me help you under cover," he said. "It's no use waiting in the open for those brutes to pot at you."

He stooped over Wilton and raised him to his feet; but the exertion was too much for the wounded man, and, stumbling forward, he slipped from his comrade's arms and fell heavily to the ground. The sound of some one crashing

through the undergrowth behind him caused Johnson to turn just as Jimmy and Douglas leaped out on to the open patch where he was standing. He made a dash for his rifle, and, seizing it, aimed at Douglas as he cried:

"Stand off or I fire!"

Douglas stopped and looked at him steadily.

"Fire if you like, Johnson; though it would be a poor testimony of your friendship to kill me at the moment of my escape."

Jimmy slipped past Johnson as he challenged Douglas, and knelt down by the side of Wilton, calling upon him, in his broken English, to speak and say he was not dead.

"Your escape?" Johnson exclaimed.

"Certainly; my escape from the gang that captured me the day we were out. That blackfellow did the trick for me an hour or so since, and told me you two were here waiting to shoot Midnight——"

"But—but *you* are Midnight. We heard you in the cave. It is no use hiding it now," Johnson interrupted savagely.

Douglas threw down the rifle he was carrying and held out his arms.

"If I am Midnight, then shoot me where I stand," he cried.

"Baal it Midnight; baal it Midnight; that feller, no, no," Johnson heard as Jimmy sprang in front of him. "Poor Missa Melelee, 'im dead, sure."

"Shoot me if you don't believe me, Johnson, and then look after Wilton," Douglas said quietly.

"I believe you," Johnson answered slowly.

"But——"

"Never mind the rest. I'll explain after. Wilton needs all our attention now," Douglas rejoined.

At the first glance it looked as if Wilton were beyond the reach of their attentions, for he lay bleeding copiously from a wound in his chest and apparently lifeless. With such means as they could devise they stanchied the bleeding and bound up the wound.

"We must get him away from here sharp, or it will be all up with him," Douglas said, as they proceeded with the bandaging.

"But how are we to move him?" Johnson asked.

"There was only one man in the cave where they hid me, and the blackfellow settled him; but there are a couple of horses and some blankets. Send the blackfellow for them and we will make a sling to carry Wilton if he cannot sit a horse," Douglas replied.

Jimmy, as soon as the suggestion was made to him, supplemented the scheme. Behind the

boulder, he said, was a small cave which Midnight used as a secret hiding-place and which was only known to one or two of the gang. He was for carrying Wilton there before starting for the horses.

"I did not see it when I was behind the boulder just now," Johnson remarked.

"Suppose you come now," Jimmy exclaimed.

"Have a look at it, Johnson, while I stay with Wilton," Douglas added.

"He may be hiding there," Johnson excitedly whispered. "We fired at him, and when the smoke cleared he stood there," and he pointed to the spot. "He had a pistol in his hand and shot Wilton. Then I jumped for him, but when I was through the smoke he had disappeared."

Douglas looked up from the knot he was tying in the strip of flannel which did duty for a bandage.

"Why did you not say that before?" he said.

"Get your rifle. We'll both go."

They whispered their suspicions to Jimmy.

"My word; yes, yes; plenty like it," the blackfellow answered as he stepped lightly towards the boulder, closely followed by the two men with their rifles ready.

The black stealthily crept round it and stopped, listening intently. Then he pointed, and, following the direction, Johnson saw a vine straggling over a ledge in the rock. The blackfellow, pressing himself against the boulder, stole silently along until he was almost beside the trailing tendrils of the vine. He peered cautiously around and then rose to his feet with a chuckling laugh and pushed the vine on one side, revealing the narrow entrance to a small cave. He turned towards the two with the laugh on his face when a shot echoed from high on the other side of the gully and Jimmy fell to the ground.

Douglas sprang forwards and looked upwards. A wreath of smoke floated calmly amongst the rocks and the vegetation.

"Look out!" Johnson cried. "Keep under cover."

"We'll have to get out of this as fast as we can, or we shall all be picked off like that," Douglas exclaimed as he rejoined his companion and glanced at the black, who lay where he had fallen, with a bullet wound showing in his head.

"But what about Wilton? He's not dead, and we can't leave him," Johnson said.

"We must carry him," Douglas answered. "One carry him while the other keeps a look-out. The black's as dead as a doornail."

They stepped back to Wilton. He had come

to again and was leaning upon one arm and glancing vacantly from side to side.

"Try to hang on to my back," Johnson said to him. "Here's Douglas. We were mistaken about him, but there's no time to talk now. Pull yourself together, if you can, till we get you out of this."

Wilton's head was swimming and his mind was mazy and confused, as he felt himself being hoisted up on to Johnson's back. He held on as well as he could, not quite understanding why he was doing so and only dimly realising that he was being carried somewhere; wondering, too, now and again, why he was being taken over the roughest ground while there was a good open space near at hand. Then he noticed that the place was steep and evidently hard to climb, and then he sank to the ground once more and went away into darkness just as he heard some one say, "Thank Heaven, we're at the top!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FALL OF BILLAH.

THE night preceding the day fixed for the departure of Giles for Sydney,

Mary had been asleep for some time, when she was awakened by the report of a rifle-shot. Immediately after it came sounds of shots from different sides of the house, accompanied by hoarse shouts.

She sprang from her bed and dressed hastily, a dull red glare illuminating the room while she was so engaged. Terrified, she rushed through the doorway and charged heavily against a man who was standing just outside the room. He flung his arms around her and held her in spite of her struggles, at the same time calling out:

"Hurry up, Bill, I've got her."

She heard steps behind her, and the next moment a heavy blanket was thrown over her head and wrapped so quickly and so tightly round her that she could not further resist. She felt herself being carried swiftly along. Then she was rudely set down, and the blanket thrown off.

Two men were holding her. Near by she saw Narli, also held a prisoner, while in front of her was Billah homestead, already on fire at one corner and with men setting light to the other parts. Between her and the blaze stood a broad-shouldered man with heavy unkempt black hair and beard.

"Father! father!" she shrieked.

The black-haired man turned towards her and beckoned, and the men who held her arms forced her forward. The flames, eagerly

preading over the sun-dried woodwork of the house, already lit up the front of it.

"There he is, on the verandah," one of her captors said in her ear with a laugh; and she, glancing at the burning house, saw on the verandah, clearly outlined by the light, the figure of a man lying prone and still.

A terrified scream broke from the girl as she realised the significance of the sight, and fear and horror lent their influence to her struggles as she fought and tried to break away from those who held her. But she was powerless against them, although she did not desist from struggling until her overtaxed strength gave way and she fell forward, fainting and exhausted.

How long she remained in that state she did not know, but when she recovered sufficiently to notice what was going on, she saw the man with the heavy black hair seated on his horse and talking to another man a little way off. The glare from the fire lit up the scene, the house being nothing but a pile of blazing, glowing timber.

"Midnight says you're to tie her up," she heard a rough voice say, and once more she was enveloped in the stifling blanket, wrapped so tightly and securely round her that she was unable to move, and could scarcely breathe. Then she was placed on a horse, which at once moved forward.

It seemed to her that hours elapsed before the horse stopped and she was lifted down.

She heard a gruff voice, blurred and indistinct through the blanket, and the sound of a door being slammed. Some one was fumbling with the blanket, and presently it was thrown off her, and she saw the face of Narli close beside her own.

"You are not dead; tell me you are not dead," the black gin exclaimed in her own tongue.

"Where are we?" Mary replied, looking curiously round.

She saw that they were in a small slab hut. On the hearth a fire was blazing cheerily up the wide, open chimney, and on a rough board table which stood in the middle of the floor there was a sufficiency of the coarse, rude fare that forms the staple diet in the far back blocks. A couple of bunks built of untrimmed saplings and after the fashion of ship berths, one over the other, occupied the end opposite the fireplace, the remaining two walls being occupied, the one with a few shelves and pegs, and the other by a heavy doorway and a shuttered window. The floor was of split timber, undressed and uneven, and the roof showed the framework of the rafters and scantlings, and the inside of

the sheets of bark which covered it. Mary immediately recognised that it was one of the hastily, though securely, erected "humpies" which bushmen build for themselves when they decide to stay for any considerable period in one place.

"It might be a stockman's humpy," she said as she looked round. "But where are we, Narli? which way did we come?"

Narli only shook her head in answer.

"Did they blindfold you, too?" Mary asked.

Again Narli shook her head and laid a finger across her lips.

"Why don't you answer?" Mary exclaimed.

"They are listening," Narli whispered.

"Wait, and keep quiet."

"Narli, you know," she cried, as she rose to her feet and stepped towards the door.

Narli caught her by the arm. "Wait, wait!" she whispered excitedly. "You are safe now. Wait, and we will escape. The door is barred now, and men are on guard outside."

Mary pushed her off. "I will not wait," she said. "I will break the door open. I will——"

Before she could complete the sentence the door was thrown open and three men appeared, one of them being the black-haired man she had noticed at Billah.

"Look here, young woman," one of them said. "Now you're able to listen, just pay attention. You and the gin will stay here till we think it proper to move you. There's plenty of food for you, and a place to camp. But if you go outside till you are told to, you'll get more than you bargain for."

He turned when he had finished, and slammed the door, bolting it from the outside. Mary, as she stood looking blankly at the closed door, felt old Narli's arm steal round her waist.

"Come over to the fire," she whispered in her native dialect. "Don't be afraid and don't let them think you are. We will get away by-and-by."

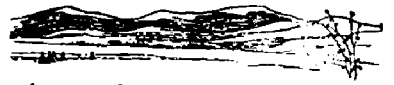
But Mary was by no means so sanguine. The spirit of bravado which had come to her as she started to walk to the door left her when she was faced by the three men, and the noise of the bar being fastened outside completed her discomfiture.

"Oh, why didn't they kill me, too!" she exclaimed dejectedly, as she allowed Narli to lead her back to the fire.

"You all right; Missa Wilton come by-um-by, my word," Narli replied in broken English.

"But how will he find us? He will only find Billah in ashes."

"You wait. By-um-by, plenty time, he come, my word," and Narli grinned.



"They may have killed him as well. Oh, why didn't father start yesterday and tak me, too?"

"That all right," Narli answered. "You wait. By-um-by."

Mary let her glance wander to the fire.

"Listen now," Narli said, sinking her voice to a soft whisper and speaking once more in her own language. "This place is near my tribe. I tell them and you are all right then."



THIN WISPS OF SMOKE SLOWLY ROSE FROM EACH LITTLE FIRE.

"They are no match for Midnight," Mary replied, sadly shaking her head.

Narli grinned as she said: "Blackfellow no good, eh? By-um-by you see whitefellow no good. Blackfellow light fire; plenty smoke, plenty, plenty. Whitefellow say no good. Ah! blackfellow see; quick, my word; plenty savee."

"What is the good of that?"

Narli laid a finger on her lips again. "By-um-by; to-morrow; you see," she replied.

"I don't want to see to-morrow; I want to die now," Mary wailed, suddenly breaking into a passionate storm of weeping which took all that Narli could do to suppress. When it was passed, she allowed herself to be laid on one of the bunks, and she was sufficiently worn out to sink into sleep shortly after. But throughout the night the old gin sat by the fire, listening and thinking.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BLACKFELLOWS' TELEGRAPH.

SEVERAL days elapsed before Narli was able to carry out her intention of making "plenty smoke," as she termed it.

The morning after the capture, Mary awoke to find the shutter pulled back from the window and the door open.

Narli hastened over to her. The man had come some time before, she explained, and had told her that so long as they did not try to escape, they would be allowed to go in and out of the hut as they pleased; but there would always be some one on guard, even if they could not see him, and to attempt to escape would mean to be shot. There was plenty of food for them, and they would remain unmolested conditionally upon their remaining quietly where they were.

The hut was built upon a slight rise, with standing timber growing immediately around it, but in front the ground sloped down, and a little way off it was open, stretching away to a fairly sized stream, Narli explained. The bank on the opposite side, high and rugged with a heavy outcrop of rock, swept round on either hand in a wide curve. Behind the humpy

there was a good deal of timber, beyond which the ground again sloped away to a wide sandy strip, on the other side of which the bush was dense. So far as she could gather in her brief inspection, the river in flood would flow along the sandy strip and make the rise, on which the humpy was built, an island, or, if the flood was a heavy one, cover it altogether, as had evidently been the case in the past, for there were plenty of evidences in the trees near the hut that bygone floods had swept through them.

For the time being there was only one attitude for them to adopt, she urged. They must remain quietly where they were, doing nothing to arouse the suspicions of their captors, but watching always for the opportunity to escape, which, Narli maintained, was bound to come "by-um-by."

During the next ten days they found, whenever they went from the hut, that they were followed or watched; then the vigilance of their guard relaxed, and by the time that a fortnight had elapsed from the night of their capture, they had neither seen nor heard any one for a day. But Narli insisted that it would not do to be sure too soon, and she allowed another three days to pass before she made any effort to make the "plenty smoke" upon which she relied so firmly as a means of obtaining help.

When she did make her preparations, they were very disappointing to Mary. Small quantities of dry twigs were placed in a half-circle, some dozen yards separating each heap; upon the twigs green leaves were piled, and earth heaped round each, nearly half-way up the little mounds. Then Narli grinned and said that next day she would send the message.

On the following morning she took a half-burned stick from the fire, and, carefully wrapping the glowing end in a strip of partly dried bark, she led the way to the half-circle. Blowing the still smouldering stick into a flame, she ignited each heap. Thin wisps of smoke slowly rose from them and curled up through the still air, becoming almost invisible as they ascended.

"That's no good whatever," Mary exclaimed impatiently. "You said plenty smoke, and now you make less than the humpy chimney makes."

But Narli only grinned and said, "By-um-by," as she started back to the humpy. On their arrival at it she stopped at the doorway and, drawing Mary inside, turned to point in the direction of the fires. Mary looked and saw, floating high over the trees, a row of thin wisps of smoke.

"Plenty smoke; plenty smoke," Narli said

with a laugh. "Sun go along," and she waved her hand over towards the west; "still plenty smoke. Then blackfellow see and say, 'Hullo! what name?' and come along. White man see and say, 'Camp fire.'"

"But will the blackfellow come?" Mary asked.

"By-um-by," Narli replied.

Still Mary was not satisfied. Versed though she was in the blacks' bush arts, this was an entirely new phase to her, and she questioned her companion until she learned the secret. It was the blackfellows' way of signaling, Narli explained. When, after the big gatherings of the tribes, each little band went upon its own nomadic course and became scattered over the country, they were always called together, if necessity required it, by means of the smoke signals, or warned of the approach of a warlike enemy. Whenever a blackfellow saw smoke showing above the bush he stopped and watched it, to see whether it was a camp fire or a signal for the latter was always steady and persistent, while the former was only temporary and irregular. If he wanted help he made the signal smoke, the arrangement and order of the wisps explaining to any one who saw them what he wanted. When a blackfellow saw such an arrangement as she had made, he would know at once, she said, that some one wanted help but that it was dangerous to give it.

"And by-um-by blackfellow come along," she added.

"When he knows it is dangerous?" Mary asked.

"He plenty careful then," was the answer.

Throughout the day the thin wisps of smoke ascended slowly over the tree-tops and stood in long filmy columns, the token of a camp fire, as Narli had said, to the unobservant white man who might see them, but definite and unmistakable messages to the perceptions of a blackfellow.

The next day Narli was briskly on the alert, and towards noon took Mary to a spot from where they could look over at the high bank on the other side of the river.

"Blackfellow!" she exclaimed, and, following her direction, Mary saw two lines of smoke rising away in the distance. Then Narli hurriedly made two mounds similar to those of the half-circle, and, within an hour, the smoke from them floated in the air. Another hour passed and they saw a third column rising between the two distant ones.

"Blackfellow coming fast," Narli said laconically.

The day waned and passed without any blackfellow appearing, and the two were sitting



A BLACKFELLOW
GLIDED IN, CLOSELY
FOLLOWED BY OTHERS.

over the fire in the humpy before retiring for the night when Mary heard a slight patter on the roof, followed by a squealing chatter.

"That's the first 'possum I've heard since we have been here," she said.

Narli looked at her laughingly as she imitated the squeal, and, going to the door, opened it gently. Mary looked round and saw a blackfellow glide in almost on the ground, closely followed by two others. Narli shut the door and they stood up.

With rapid tongue she told them briefly of the burning of Billah and the carrying off of herself and Mary by the gang.

"The white man at Billah is not good," one of the blacks said, interrupting her.

"The white man at Billah is not good," Narli answered. "But there are white men at Melelee and Toombul."

"The white man at Melelee is good. He

was in our hands, but we would not harm him," the black said.

"Then go to him and tell him," Mary exclaimed, and the three blacks turned quickly towards her as they heard her speak their tongue.

"You are of the white man of Billah?" one of them said.

"She is the chosen of the white man of Melelee," Narli exclaimed. "Go to him and lead him here."

"But he has gone over the ranges," Mary said. "They must go to Toombul and tell Mr. Johnson."

"He has not gone over the ranges. We captured him, but now he is free," the black answered.

"Mr. Johnson will know," Mary said in English to Narli.

"Go to Toombul and tell what we have told you," Narli said.

The long wailing note of a bush curlew sounded outside the hut, and the men at once turned to the door, and, opening it silently, slipped out.

the last one saying, as he went: "We will go; but watch the river, for floods are coming."

Narli closed the door and stepped quickly across the floor to her place by the fire.

"The curlew's call was for danger," she whispered, and almost as she spoke they heard the sound of horses' hoofs pass slowly round the hut and die away in the distance. They sat listening in silence for some time, but no other sound came to them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A FLOOD FROM THE RANGES.

THE hopes of early rescue with which Mary awakened were rudely checked by the discovery that the guard had been renewed over them on the morning following the visit of the blackfellows.

As soon as they appeared outside the hut, they saw, a short distance away, a couple of men, sitting by a camp fire smoking, while beside them was the remains of a meal, and behind them two tethered horses saddled and bridled. Mary, who saw them first, shrank back into the hut, a fear that the blacks had betrayed them coming into her mind.

"Some of the gang are outside, quite close," she said hurriedly to Narli. "We have been betrayed, and——"

But Narli would not allow her to finish. No blackfellow would betray the friend of a man who had been good to them, she said. If the appeal had been made in the name of Giles, it would have been different, because the blacks hated him for many a cruel wrong done to their tribesmen; but as they remembered and treasured up their hatred against the men who harmed them, so they also remembered and treasured up their faith in the men who showed them kindness.

"There are many of the first kind," Narli said with an angry gleam in her dark eyes, "but how many of the other? Listen, white girl, while I tell you. One only have I known; one have I heard of. The man of Toombul took away a piccaninny from a white man who was beating it, and beat the white man; the man of Melelee was kind to a wounded black, as they told us last night. That is all I know; but of slaughtered warriors, how many? of stolen gins, how many? of captured piccaninies, how many?"

Mary knew sufficient of the manner in which the early settlers treated the unfortunate aborigines to prevent her replying, and the old woman, glowing eloquent in her own language, continued:

"Did not you smile when I spoke of the big smoke? Yet you have been as the child of my race, speaking our language and knowing our customs. Did not the answer come from the distance? Did not the men leave their hunting to come to us? Will not the white men come when they hear of it—when they are told by the blacks, who are true to us?"

"Yes, yes," Mary answered. "But why are these men outside now?"

Narli remained silent for a few moments.

"Let us go to the river," she said presently.

"Why? What is there at the river?"

Mary asked.

"They said, last night, we must watch the river as floods were coming. The men may know also, and that will be why they are here,"

Narli replied.

"In case we should escape? How can we if the river is in flood?"

"They might take us elsewhere," Narli said.

They left the hut and proceeded down to the river-bank, noticing, as they went, that one of the men followed them. As they approached the stream they saw that it was higher than on the previous day, and that the water was no longer clear, but stained and muddy. There had been heavy rain amongst the ranges where the river had its source, and although the place where the humpy stood had escaped the rain, it was evidently not going to escape the subsequent effects.

"The quickest floods and the worst floods are those that come down from the ranges," Narli said.

"None of that lip. Talk English or nothing," they heard, and, turning, saw the man who had followed them, standing close behind them.

"There's a flood coming down and we may have to shift from here, so you'll have to be ready," he went on, speaking to Mary.

She looked at Narli without answering. To move from the humpy would mean, if Wilton or Johnson came to their assistance, leaving the one place where they could be found.

"Flood come down!" Narli exclaimed scornfully. "Plenty rain, plenty flood; no rain, no flood."

"Oh, we know all about that!" the man answered. "There *has* been rain, and plenty of it, up the ranges. Anyhow, if we move, you move: so you'd best be ready."

He walked back to his companion, and Mary quickly told Narli of her fears of what would result if they were to leave the humpy. The blackwoman looked at the river and shook her head. The flood was coming down sure enough, and, as she knew, it would come down very fast, creeping up over the place where the humpy stood, and rushing like a millrace over the sandy patch on the other side of the rise. Once the water started coming along that sandy streak, it would be time to move, for a flood coming down from the ranges does not take very long to get away, but rushes and roars along, carrying everything before it and leaving only desolation behind it. When the volume was big enough to fill the back channel, the flood would be near its height, and the rush of water which would then be coming down would be such as to render the now dry channel impassable. The water might rise as high as the roof of the humpy, and then what would happen?

She explained to Mary what staying meant, and added that the river looked as if a heavy flood were near at hand.



"But we cannot leave the humpy. To remain is our only chance of escape," Mary replied.

"They will carry us away with them," Narli said.

"No, we will go inside the hut and fasten the door!" Mary exclaimed. "If the flood comes down fast they will not dare to stay, and we will not come out."

She persuaded Narli to adopt her suggestion, though the old gin tried very hard to make the danger clear.

They returned to the hut, and, closing the door, made it as secure from the inside as they could. Then they waited, Narli meanwhile tying up small portions of flour in pieces of an old blanket. Presently they heard one of the men shouting to the other from the bush behind the hut, and shortly after one of them rode up to the door and hammered on it.

"Come out, you two," he cried; "the water's coming down the back channel, and rising fast!"

"We won't come!" Mary answered.

They heard the man call to his mate, and they heard the mate ride up.

"It's now or never," he said excitedly; "it's coming down in tons, and will be too deep to get across in a few minutes!"

"Come out, or we'll smash the door in!" the other shouted, as he recommenced his hammering on the door.

"Smash it in, while I ride back and see how it is now," they heard one say, and the other replied:

"Sing out how it is."

The next moment there was a heavy smash against the door, and it started to give, a second smash forcing it open; the man was pushing his way in, when from the bush came the warning cry of his mate. Inside the hut they could not do more than hear the voice; but the man evidently heard the words, for he turned to his horse, and, springing into the saddle, spurred rapidly away.

Mary laughed.

"I knew they would not stay if they were in danger," she said. "Now we are safe!"

But Narli shook her head doubtfully.

"No good, no good," she muttered.

"Shall we go and see if they are over?" Mary suggested.

Keeping as much under cover as possible, they crept through the bush behind the hut until they came in sight of what had been the sandy strip. Before they saw it they heard it, for the channel was filled by a rushing, boiling torrent that went foaming and swirling along in all the fierce anger of a storm-fed flood. Nowhere

could they see any sign of the men, and whether they had been swept away with their horses, or had succeeded in reaching the other side, there was nothing to show. They stood watching the volumes of water pouring along where, only a few hours before, the bed of the channel had been dry and bare; and even as they stood they saw the water creeping higher and higher, and heard the roar grow louder and louder.

"It will soon run away at this rate," Mary said.

Narli shook her head. It was only when there was a very big body of water in the higher reaches of the stream, she said, that the first of the flood came down in such force and such quantities, and it would not be able to run away. Everything which stood in its way—dead trees, snags, loose stones, and caving banks—would be swept along until, at the first narrow place, they would get jammed, and the water would back up.

"The humpy is high enough, anyway, to be safe," Mary replied; but still Narli shook her head and muttered:

"No good, no good."

There was nothing very novel in the sight of a flooded stream to Mary, and, as she did not share Narli's fears, the fact that they were practically cut off on all sides did not alarm her. They had managed to remain at the place where the rescuing party would seek for them, if the blackfellows carried the message to Toombul, and, for the rest, she was contented to wait with hope before her, as she had already been compelled to wait without it. But to Narli the situation was full of significant warnings, and every time she went to the edge of the stream, to note whether it still rose or fell, she returned looking more grave and anxious. Two very bad signs she noted each time, a diminution in the velocity of the current, and an increased height in the volume; and by them she knew that the outlet below was choked with *débris* which was stemming back the stream, and that, unless the waters coming down decreased, or the outlet became free, she and Mary might have to swim for their lives before morning. And as the day wore on the edge of the water encroached more and more on the rise, until, by the time the sun went down, the water was nearly up to the door of the hut, and still rising.

"We can get on to the roof," Mary said, when Narli suggested that the flood would soon be up to them. "The humpy won't wash away with all these trees round."

But Narli was not so sanguine, and insisted that it would be wiser if they swam for it while there was yet light. The current was least in

the deep side, and her plan was to float out on any dry wood they could find, taking with them the small parcels of flour she had tied up, until they reached the open water beyond the trees, when they would have to strike out for the high bank on the other side, and trust to circumstances as to their chances of reaching it. Mary, however, maintained that they were quite safe where they were, and that even if the flood came over the floor, they still had the roof to climb on to until the water had time to get away.

So they waited till the sun went down, showing them, with its last rays, the water stealing gradually nearer their haven.

"It will all be gone by the morning," Mary said, as she looked out before retiring for the night. "I don't believe it has risen an inch since the sun set."

She laughed at her companion as she added that on the following day the rescuers would be there to take them away. She was elated and joyous at the prospect, and before it she ignored the nearer danger, going to sleep happy in her fancied security; but it was not for long. Narli, anxious and restless, remained awake and on watch, and every time she went to the door of the hut and looked out, holding a blazing stick high above her head, she saw the reflected gleam on the water closer, until at last the flood rippled up to the slab walls. She came back and looked at the sleeping girl, half hesitating to awaken her, in case the flood might have reached its limit and be on the turn. Again she went to the door and looked out, and, as she stood, she saw the water slowly rise against the boards and spread gradually across the floor of the humpy. A hundred fears took possession of her, and with a wild cry she sprang across to Mary.

Vol. XV.—55.



"QUICK, NARLI, GET UP TO THE ROOF!"

Startled from her sleep the girl sat up. The now terrified gin clasped her round the waist, and wailed out her anguish. The flood was upon them, she cried, and nothing could save them.

"It can't be so high!" the girl cried; but a glance at the floor sufficed to gainsay her.

"Quick, Narli, get up to the roof!" she exclaimed, as she jumped up out of the bunk in which she had been sleeping. "Climb up here," she added, as she scrambled into the one above.

Standing up in it she could reach the rough sheets of bark which composed the roof.

"We are safe here for a time, and then we

can get through if it rises much higher. We *must* stay in the hut till they come!" she said.

Narli huddled up into the bunk, moaning and wailing.

"Be quiet, Narli," Mary exclaimed; "it isn't rising now!"

A gentle hiss from the fireplace answered her, as the water reached the burning wood and gradually extinguished it, leaving the interior of the hut in darkness, and doubling the terror of Narli. She clung to Mary, trembling.

The interior of the hut seemed to grow darker and colder and the lapping of the water nearer, as she sat holding Narli. Once she fancied she could see the surface of the water almost level with the bunk, and some of the fear that her companion had come to her. She dared not look down again, lest she should see what her growing terror prompted her to believe was there, and yet she had a great longing to not only look down, but to jump down, into the cold stream that was waiting to devour her. She

clung closer to Narli, and shut her eyes. Then a chill struck through her. Reaching out her hand, she touched the water on a level with the bunk.

"Narli! Narli!" she cried. "Quick! the roof."

The chill of the water, as it invaded the bunk, had also touched the gin. In the darkness she sprang up with a yell. The sound grated on Mary like a knife-edge.

"Quick! the roof!" she repeated as she stood up and beat against the bark with her hands.

"No good, no good," Narli wailed.

The loosened sheet of bark lifted, and the hut was filled with the sounds of crashing and roaring. Although it was only the noise of the flood coming distinctly to their ears, the effect upon the two women was overwhelming. Blind, unreasoning terror possessed them; they believed that the hut was collapsing, and with wild despairing shrieks they struggled to get through the opening out on to the roof.

(To be concluded.)

Versatile Cricketers.

By A. WALLIS MYERS. Sketches by FRED BUCHANAN.

I WONDER whether it has ever occurred to you that if the shores of England were suddenly to be invaded by a foreign foe, as some of our pessimistic newspaper

writers imagine possible, a regiment of sharpshooters could easily be enrolled from the ranks of first-class county cricketers. I hear somebody say, "wicket-shooters." No; that is not what I mean. There are many cricketers capable of wielding the rifle with quite as much precision and effect as the bat, and though, out of consideration for the feelings of spectators and for the safety of the valuable old pictures which hang in pavilions, they rarely come armed to the ground, yet if you were to send some of them to Bisle you would find the regular marksmen opening their eyes.

Prince Ranjitsinhji is an excellent shot, cool, alert, and gifted with the sportsman's instinct of scenting a trail. Ask the Sussex professionals what they think of Ranji as a big-game killer. When the Prince goes on tour with the team he will generally be found in the professional's saloon firing their imaginations by the relation of hair-breadth escapes in the jungle, of elephant hunts and tiger excursions. A year or two ago Ranji, dozing with some friends in a tree in an Indian forest, awoke to find the animal they were tracking careering about in close proximity. Before the members of the party were fully



RANJI AS A BIG-GAME KILLER.

awake, the Prince had mortally wounded the lion with a splendid shot. That king of the forest measured ten-feet-six, but it was by no means the first royal beast that the great batsman had brought to its knees.

Just one other incident to illustrate the versatility of K. S. R. When Ranji was an undergraduate at Cambridge he once found himself in the billiard-room of a local hotel. The Newmarket races had been on a day or two before, and one of the bookies, moving slowly homeward, chanced to enter the saloon.

"Care to play a hundred up on the green cloth?" he said in a patronising manner to the Prince, who was idly turning over the leaves of a periodical on one of the seats.

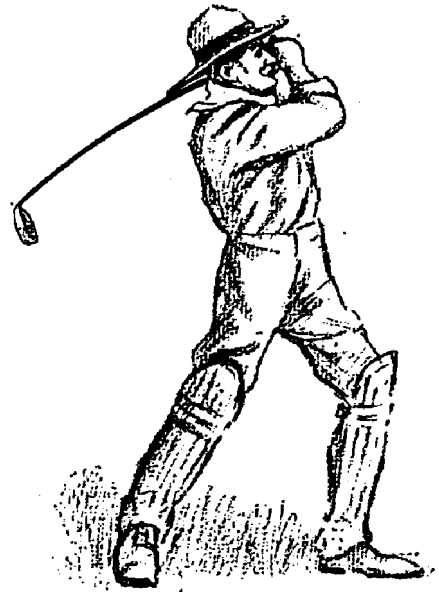
"What will you give me?" was Ranji's reply, given more in fun than as a serious application for a start. He was not much inclined to play at all.

"Oh, anything you like," said the bookie. "I'm rather a dabster at the game. Make it thirty, and we'll play for a sovereign."

"On condition that it goes to the Bolingbroke Hospital," answered the Prince as he picked up an odd cue.

To cut the story short, Ranji began like a novice. He missed easy cannons, failed to put the red down when the ball was in the jaws of the pocket, and seemed perfectly undisturbed when his opponent had amassed ninety points, and his own score, without his handicap allowance, was only ten. But when, on his next visit to the table, the Prince ran completely out in one break, the bookie was never heard to applaud his own billiards again.

Lord Hawke, the popular captain of York-



THE HON. F. S. JACKSON COULD DRIVE A GOLF-BALL OVER THE PAVILION AT LORD'S.

shire, would make a worthy officer in the regiment of cricket sharpshooters. In the winter he likes few things better than a day in the Yorkshire covers. On occasion he has invited Tunnicliffe and some of the other county professionals down to Wighill Park, and they have proved themselves by no means inexperienced performers with the gun. Lord Hawke, in fact, though modest about his other accomplishments, is an all-round sportsman, and an excellent story-teller. For this reason, and for his genial qualities, he is a much sought-after guest at house-parties in every part of the country.

How many CAPTAIN readers know the real F. S. Jackson? They watch his all-round proficiency in the cricket-field at a distance of a hundred yards, and probably some of them possess his signature in their autograph albums; but they have never seen him drive a golf-ball over the pavilion at Lord's from the opposite end of the ground. Yet he could, doubtless, achieve this feat if he were put to the test, for Lord Allerton's heir is almost as happy on the links as he is on the cricket pitch. But Mr. Jackson is something more than a master hand at most games. He is a shrewd and keen business man, controls an army of workmen, and is also a director of a great newspaper. One of these days, if he does not enter Parliament in the meantime, he may take a team out to Australia—he is anxious to have one knock on a Southern wicket before his cricket career is over—and then he will be able to show the rough-riders out there that he can



LORD HAWKE AND TUNNICLIFFE CAN DO A CREDIBLE DAY'S SHOOTING.



MR. G. W. BELDAM IS
AN EXPERT PHOTO-
GRAPHER.

handle a horse almost as delicately as they can. A first-class angler, he can capture his trout with the leaders in the craft, while of that pastime which is the other extreme of outdoor life—driving a motor-car—he has a first-hand knowledge.

What a galaxy of versatile cricketers Middlesex possess! There is Mr. George Beldam, for example, who is adroit at many things. He can take a snapshot photograph as expeditiously as

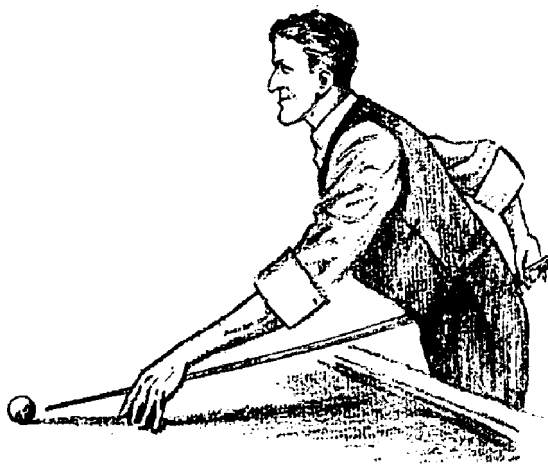
he can a wicket. Every noted cricketer, golf, and lawn-tennis player has faced his camera—not as the ordinary sitter does, stiff and anxious, like a man awaiting the dentist's forceps—but in the full exercise of his art—a moving "sitter" in fact. I remember being present on the County Ground at Hove one Saturday morning when Middlesex had just defeated Sussex, and there watched Mr. Beldam at work with his camera on Ranjitsinhji and Mr. C. B. Fry. Neither seemed to care an atom for the photographer. Fry pitchforked balls to the boundary, Ranji glided off-balls round to leg in his inimitable style, and all the while Mr. Beldam, standing in a direct line with the batsman's "fire," was pressing an indiarubber ball at the end of a tube which connected with his camera. Before many hours had elapsed the finished prints, giving life-like representations of the famous cricketers, were ready. No professional photographer in the world could have got such results.

Why G. W. Beldam excels so strikingly in his pictorial work is not so much because he is an expert operator, but because he has intimate practical knowledge of all the games whose masters he "snaps." At Cambridge he captained his college at football, and he was a member of the Peterhouse lawn-tennis six. As a golfer he is well able to take care of himself against any player in the land; his handicap is practically scratch, and he can approach the green with a delicacy of touch rarely excelled. At billiards he is quite useful. This Middlesex amateur is an artist before he is a photographer. Some of his water-colours have been exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, which you will admit is some guarantee of his proficiency with the brush.

In Gregor Macgregor and C. M. Wells, Middlesex have two old Rugby Internationals, the first having represented Scotland, and the second played for England six years in succession. How many of the Etonians whom Mr. Wells now instructs know that he has made the biggest score (244 v. Notts in 1899) ever hit for the Metropolitan County, and that he is the only old Dulwich boy who has appeared in an English fifteen for six years running? Mr. Wells now plays golf, before and after his August cricket.

One of the best amateur billiard players now seen in the cricket field is B. J. T. Bosanquet. He treasures the Oxford University cue among his numerous trophies, and had the satisfaction of winning both singles and double ties against Cambridge. In 1900 he challenged the winner of the Oxford cue and beat him, and was again successful against the sister University. Mr. Bosanquet has done even more vigorous work with the hammer; he "threw" against Cambridge for two years. In the winter the famous Middlesex bowler amused himself by playing full-back for Oriel College, thereby helping it to win the Inter-Collegiate Cup; he also played in the same position for the Old Etonians. He is also a fine skater, and captains an Oxford ice-hockey team. Bernard James Tindal Bosanquet is truly an all-round man.

J. T. Hearne is another amateur marksman. He passes a good part of the winter away shooting wild duck and other game in the neighbourhood of his Buckinghamshire home. By the way, "Jack" Hearne has an interesting collection of Indian souvenirs presented to him by H.H. the late Maharajah of Patiala, one of the keenest cricketers in India, to whom



MR. B. J. T. BOSANQUET IS NO MEAN BILLIARD
PLAYER.

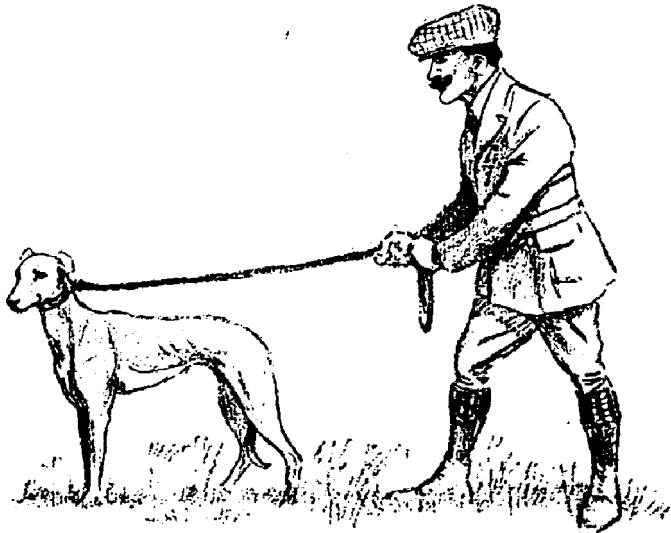
Hearne paid no less than six visits. L. J. Moon, of course, is a Cambridge double blue, besides being a Corinthian and a fine runner. P. F. Warner can shoot well, is something of a linguist, was a sound Rugby man, and knows how to address the inhabitants of nearly every country under the sun. It was a speech he delivered at a banquet that first brought him under the notice of a great publisher, and procured him many journalistic commissions.

Lancashire can also boast several versatile cricketers. Its captain, Mr. A. C. Maclaren, knows a good horse when he sees it, and is fond of racing his own dogs. Recently he has added motoring to his other hobbies, and though a swift pilot, enjoys the almost unique distinction of not having been once fined. Jack Sharp we all know as the great Everton forward, but we are less familiar with L. O. S. Poidevin as the winning stroke of a University four. Yet this alert batsman once told me that of the various sports in which he had been engaged—cricket against England on Australian soil, lawn-tennis against America on English soil, riding his own buck-jumpers, fishing for Antipodean salmon, running and jumping on the track—none ever gave him so much pleasure as winning a neck-to-neck race at Sydney on the river in the freshman's fours. First one boat led, then the other; finally Poidevin gave his men a call just as they were nearing the winning-post; they answered it, and the craft shot home by a nose. We must not forget that R. H. Spooner has played for England at Rugby football, and is perfectly at home in the racquet court; or that Hallows and Tyldesley both play football, while the latter also handles a golf club.

S. H. Day and E. W. Dillon are footballers of the highest class, the first a "soccer" man and an international, the second an England Rugby representative. Like Spooner, Day has appeared for his school at racquets, and is now a progressive golfer. C. H. B. Marsham can probably still jump further than any member of the Kent Eleven, which he captains; J. R. Mason has donned the football colours of the Old Wykehamists with distinction. C. J. Burnup's versatility, almost equals that of C. B. Fry (cricketer, athlete, huntsman, automobilist, angler and editor). Burnup was one of the three batsmen to score over 2000 runs (Abel and Trumper were the others) in 1902; for some years he was one of the principal goal-scorers for the Corinthians; he has played in the final of the Public Schools racquets championship; he has visited

nearly every corner of the globe, and is something of a mountaineer. Consult him if you are going abroad; he knows all the ropes.

The Brothers Palairet, though all too rarely seen on the pitch to-day, can still lay claim to the affections of the public, for both are sportsmen of the best and truest type. Unfortunately for football, R. C. N. broke his knee-cap fifteen years ago, and has not been able to play since. But he is an all-round athlete—a fine and enthusiastic rider to hounds, more than an average shot, and devoted to his fishing-line and the golf links. His brother, L. C. H., the greater batsman of the two, beat the School record at Repton in the two miles, one mile and half-mile—a record on its own account for one and the same year. He, too,



MR. A. C. MACLAREN IS FOND OF RACING HIS OWN DOGS.

was a Corinthian. He has been honorary secretary of the Taunton Vale Foxhounds for the past six years, and when he is not in the saddle he is handling a gun or fishing-rod. Even the gentle, though scientific, pastime of croquet claims him as an exponent.

But we must hurry on. Space is running away, and many other talented cricketers demand a mention, if it is only a passing one. The other winter's day I chanced to be in the neighbourhood of Ashstead, Surrey. "Who are those men running?" I inquired of a local postman. "They are beagles, sir," was his reply, "and one of them is W. G. Grace." And true enough it was; the veteran was still keeping himself young by means of a rural sprint. The other "W. G.," with Quaipe as an afterthought, still plays hockey for



DR. W. G. GRACE RUNS WITH THE BEAGLES.

Warwick County, and is one of the smartest outside-lefts in the country. Quaife, of course, makes athletic goods, and is in partnership with Lilley. L. G. Wright, the batsman who

always goes in first for Derbyshire, has engaged the attention of a football crowd at the Oval, and has played back for the North. On his spare evenings he co-edits a cricket guide, and is so well known in the county that "Derby" will find him on a postcard. Mr. T. L. Taylor, of Yorkshire, certainly deserves a line in this article, if anybody does. He began his career early by becoming champion of sports for boys under sixteen at Uppingham; three years later he ended a promising football career by getting crooked. But he managed to win the school fives cup, and on going up to Cambridge took up hockey, and appeared against Oxford for four years. Before his trip to New Zealand he played regularly for Yorkshire, the North, and England.

Military cricketers of the first rank are, as a rule, all versatile men; they have less time to develop one sport at the expense of others. I should be sorry to begin enumerating the military tournaments at home and abroad from which Major Poore has emerged with chief honours, and it would be difficult in the limited space at my command to do justice to the many-sided achievements of Captain Wynyard, who has now added to his other pursuits those of taking photographs and appearing in amateur theatricals.



Conducted by **EDWARD STEER, F.L.S.**

Stuffed Birds. — "Purple Emperor" (Leeds) wishes to know the value of a case of stuffed birds, of which he sends me a list. It is a mixed lot, tropical and British, but he says they are in "perfect condition," and he has been told that the Lyre bird is worth £500! I have never taken much interest in natural history from the commercial side, and have no idea what his collection is worth. That is a point that could only be settled by sending it to Stevens' Auction Rooms, and seeing what it would fetch under the hammer. But I imagine that no naturalist would bid

for so miscellaneous a collection. I should invite some local dealer in curiosities to look at it, and make an offer.

Book on Birds' Eggs. — H. Hoyes (Bawtry) asks for the title of "a book, cheap and good, with a short description of each egg." The best book at a low price is Canon Atkinson's "British Birds' Eggs and Nests" (Routledge) with coloured plates, 3s. 6d., or plain plates, 1s.

Names of Plants. — E. L. L. (Wantage) sends me flower spikes of two species of Orchids, gathered near Wantage, for identification. He is quite correct in his supposition that the

white one is the Butterfly Orchis—to be accurate, the Large Butterfly Orchis (*Habenaria chlorantha*). The red-purple one is the Fragrant



BUTTERFLY ORCHIS.

Orchis (*Habenaria conopsea*).—H. M. (Wylve S. O.) sends me a piece of a shrub of which he says: "It grows on the downs about here, and does not grow high, though its branches grow to a good length. It has a white blossom, and flowers freely. In the autumn red berries appear. Could you name it in the 'Naturalists' Corner,' and give Latin and English names?" With pleasure, H. M. It is the Cotoneaster (*Cotoneaster vulgaris*), a member of the apple and pear family. Though apparently growing wild on your Wiltshire downs, it is not regarded as a

true native of this country, except on the Great Ormes Head. It is a subalpine shrub, at home in parts of the Continent and in the Himalayas.

Gold-Fish.—The Gold-fish difficulty appears to be an everlasting one, but I think it is largely an unnecessary one. Scarcely a month passes without my receiving a query, the advice I have so frequently given being ignored. Correspondents cheerfully tell me that they have kept the fish under the most unnatural conditions, and then calmly ask, "Why have these fish died?" The latest complainant is Miss M. Odgers (Liverpool), and she says, "For several years we have endeavoured to keep gold-fish. Our trouble is, that after we have had the fish for a month or two, they gradually turn black in patches, and in a very short time die. We keep them in an ordinary glass bowl half filled with water, with no weeds, moss, or stones; the water is changed every other day, and on these days we allow the fish to swim for an hour or two in the bath. We feed them on ants' eggs, also given every

other day." Now, if Miss Odgers will look through recent CAPTAINS, she will find that this method of keeping fish without weeds or stones in frequently changed water is just what I have always denounced. In this case, it is true, there is an added element of danger. Is that bath always absolutely innocent of soap? I can do no more than say: read my advice to previous correspondents on this subject—and follow it.

African Locusts.—I thought I should not appeal in vain for some information respecting the Locusts illustrated in our June Corner, though I expected it to come from South Africa. Jack Chapman (London, S.W.) hails from Kimberley, where the photos. were taken, and, knowing all about the matter, he kindly supplies what I asked for. He says: "The species in the photo. are called 'foot-hangers,' as they are young locusts, and have not yet got their wings. When fully grown they are about two inches long, and have transparent wings. They are, when young a red brown in colour, but when grown they are light brown. The

'foot-hangers' come in myriads along the ground, and eat up every green thing. The flying locusts come in such clouds that it gets quite shady until they have passed or settled. They destroy every kind of vegetable above the ground. The 'foot-hangers' also destroy woollen goods, but the locusts do not. The only way to ward them off is to light fires and squirt them with blue-mottled soap and water. Sometimes rollers have to be got out to crush them." Now, that is a good, clear, business-like account of the matter, and I shall be glad to hear from Jack Chapman again about the birds and butterflies that he mentions in his letter.



COTONEASTER.





The Professor's Bees.

By "MARTIA."

Sketches by F. F. Skinner.

(Being the account of how a Greyfriars boy, invalided home for the summer term, was introduced to the hobby of bee-keeping.)

I.

"**W**HO'S that looking into my garden?
and whoever you may be, are you
afraid of bees?"

The Professor's voice reached me over the yew hedge where I had halted at the wicket-gate wondering what he was doing.

"It is I, Jack Thornley," I shouted.

"Oh, you're one of the Thornley boys, are you? Thought you were both at school. Well, if you're a good Samaritan, come and help me; the gate's locked, but I daresay you'll know how to get over it."

So it was bees the Professor was busying



himself with—I knew nothing of them, save that they could sting. We had only recently come to King's Ferrars, a little village near the Northumbrian moors. My father had fallen at Colenso, so my grandfather begged my mother to come with Dick and me and make our home with him. I had barely seen the Professor, but his garden was very attractive as viewed from the lane.

The gate I speedily vaulted over. I found the Professor planting a step-ladder close to a cypress-tree, one of the boughs of which was dragged down under the weight of a curious brown bag, which seemed alive. It glistened here and there in the hot June sunshine, and a great buzzing was everywhere.

"Did you ever see a swarm before?" asked the Professor, as I gazed fixedly at the brown bag.

"No," I answered. "Is that weird thing a swarm?"

"Yes, and a fine swarm, too. Now I want you to help me—again I ask, are you afraid?"

"N-o-o-o," I replied doubtfully. "I don't think so."

"If there's a thing I hate it's indecision," grumbled the Professor. "For goodness' sake say either 'Yes' or 'No.'"

So I said "No," and determined I wouldn't be afraid.

"Good. Now, we'll run no risks, so put on that muslin, slip the elastic over your hat crown, and tuck it in under your coat. I don't like wearing muslin, but I object to bees on my neck, so I just turn up my coat collar."

"What are we going to do with them?" I asked anxiously.

"I'm going to get them into this straw skep, and cannot very well hold the skep and shake the bough, as it is too high up. Now, I want you to do either one or the other—which shall it be?"

"If you don't mind, please," I said diffidently, "I'd rather not hold the skep."

"All right," so I was directed to climb the step-ladder, pass my arm through the tree, and grasp the right bough. The skep was held close under the swarm.

"Now give it a sharp shake," said the Professor. I did so, and the greater part of the mass fell—a second, and the rest followed.

"Hold!" called the Professor, whose head was in a cloud of bees, the skep he held looking just like brown froth. "Now fetch me that round board with the stone on." I ran for it with excited bees everywhere pursuing me, or so it appeared. I began beating them away with my hand.

"Don't do that for the world," I was fiercely told. "You'll make them furious, and we shall both be stung. Be gentle and very quiet. Don't hurt them and they won't hurt you."

The Professor turned the skep of bees down on the board, and as we ledged one edge up with the stone, he said: "That serves two purposes; I do not squash the bees on the edges, and it leaves space for any bees still flying to get in, and settle in the skep. Now, you see, I lay this folded white cloth over the top to shade it from the sun, and quiet the swarm. I shall leave it there until the evening. Come and have some strawberries."

He helped me off with the muslin, and gently flicked away a few bees still crawling over me.

"No stings, that's good—I have, but I unintentionally squeezed one of the little rascals, and, of course, he couldn't help stinging. Then, showing me the sting he had pulled out: "A bee has a curved sting, and the act of using it kills it, for it cannot withdraw it. A bee doesn't sting except under provocation. Boy, you're looking far too white to please me—by-the-by, did I not hear you had been ill?"

"Yes, sir," was my shamefaced reply. "I had influenza at school, and what the Doctor called 'brain complications' after. He said I mustn't touch Greek or Latin or mathematics for a month or two, but just live out of doors."

"And sent you home like a bad penny, I suppose?"

"Yes, and its hard luck. I had a chance of the Form prize, and should have played in my House eleven. Now, I can do nothing. It's a beastly waste of time."

"That's all what you call 'rot,' my boy. It's your own fault if it's waste of time. Take an interest in your new surroundings. Help your mother by doing any small duty that comes first, above all by keeping a cheerful face and trying to get strong. When you care to help a lonely old bachelor, come to me. Your father was one of my oldest friends, the best man I ever knew. You must put up with my cranky ways for his sake. Now for the strawberries. They do well on this sunny bank; I always pride myself on having the earliest in the neighbourhood."

We had a ripping feast and then a walk round. I think there never was such a garden! Flowers and fruit-trees all mixed up together—arches of pear and apple trees—rocks and heather (the Professor was Scotch) and a well almost hidden by lovely ferns.

In the sunniest corner was the long shed of hives. We stopped to look at them, and the Professor discussed his favourites.

"This hive lost its queen two years ago, and the bees all died in consequence. I meant to remove the hive, but before doing so a swarm flying over from a distance took possession of it—a curious fact, but they have never done very well—too much old wax probably. From this centre hive the swarm this morning has come. As you see, the bees at its mouth are uneasy, and not working, which means some exciting cause."

I began to be interested. "What is a swarm? I mean, what causes it?" I asked.

The Professor gently lifted the roof of one of the hives, and raised the woollen rug. Under it was a square of glass, and through it I could see the bees working, and wax. "Look," he said, "the working bees make all these beautiful combs of wax in which they store the honey, but in certain of them the queen lays eggs—early in the season. These in time become maggots, and then bees; in both stages they are fed with pollen—the yellow powdery stuff from the flowers. See, there is a bee with his legs covered with pollen like orange knickers." The Professor closed the hive, and continued his talk as we wandered on. "Now and again you find a queen cell; this is much larger than the others, and more carefully looked after, the embryo queen being differently fed. When she at length emerges, the old queen gets uneasy and there seems to be a kind of party strife in the hive, some of the bees sticking to the old queen, some to the young. Unless a queen gets killed, it ends by one of them—generally the old one—rushing out of the hive with her following, and settling on some resting-place—near or far. That is a swarm."

"Do they often go far?"

"Sometimes. Many swarms are lost in this way. A swarm seems often attracted by sound: a belfry, for instance, will prove irresistible, and in Styford clock tower, over the river yonder, several swarms are ensconced and cannot be got at. Probably in each case the clock was striking as the bees were in flight."

"What will you do with these?" We were now standing by the covered skep.

"I shall hive them this evening: by-the-by, I must get things ready. It's only twelve o'clock; your mother won't be anxious, I hope, if I keep you a little?"

I said "No," adding, "I wish I could help you, but I don't know anything about bees."

"Well, it's time you learnt, my boy." So we went into a pleasant garden-room, where all sorts of seeds and tools were stored—in one corner shelves and a table for bee belongings.

The Professor took down what he called a "bar-frame hive," and explained it.

"Now, we are setting up a new establishment and must furnish. You see this lower part is a kind of box, and contains nine wooden frames. I fill them with these sheets of foundation wax, fastened in with wire, across and across, so."

I watched; it seemed slow work, but I felt sure I could do it, so I begged to try. Yes, it was really not difficult at all, and I soon found how to handle and pull tight both wax and wire without breaking the one or cutting my hands with the other. We both worked hard, and had just finished all the frames (or bars) when the clock struck one, and I had to run home as fast as I could. A voice shouted after me. "Proceedings commence at eight to-night; come if you care to." I called back, "Thanks awfully," but felt almost sure I shouldn't care to tackle the bees again.

That evening brought me a letter from Dick, full of school news—that ten of the new kids had mumps, "beastly nuisance"; that the House matches were now in progress, and our team had a chance for the cup; that Stanton Junior had got into a row through keeping a snake in a biscuit-tin—for the snake had got out and squirmed down the dormitory stairs and terrified the matron, &c. He ended by supposing I was enjoying myself with no beastly "prep." or "lines," and suggested that as there was no tuck-shop at King's Ferrars, or *finer*, I could save up splendidly for the camera—this being our great ambition at present. The saving up, I need hardly mention, was rather difficult *and* slow out of very limited pocket-money, and many demands on it.

I felt rather grumpy at missing the school matches, but tried to remember what the Professor had said, and make the best of it.

In the evening, almost without thinking, I found myself at the Professor's garden, and made up my mind I would face the bees again, and try to help. He saw me and said, "Hurry up, I'm just beginning." He had already placed the fresh hive in the bee-shed. In front of it was a low, wide stool, and a sloping board led from this to the wide slit (the mouth of the hive), both stool and board being covered with the white cloth. He lifted the skep very carefully, showing me how the bees were all close packed in it and carrying it to the stool shook the whole of the bees on to the white cloth. Such a mass they looked, and such a buzzing began, and flying round and general commotion. I got my muslin and came near. The Professor was kneeling down

and turning over the bees with his bare hand, peering at them closely.

"I am looking for the queen," he said, "to see if she is in good condition. *There she is!*" and he took up in his hand a big long bee with short shining wings. "That's her majesty, and a real beauty! Now, take up your new quarters, my liege lady." And he laid the queen close to the hive mouth, gently urging other bees in the same direction. She entered, and then others followed, until all the mass had trailed up the sloping board. The flying bees lowered quickly now the queen was housed; those, too, massed on the roof of hive and shed, also came down to the board and walked in orderly fashion into the hive, until only a few buzzing stragglers remained.

This is an exact description of what happened; it was a most curious and beautiful sight.

"That was ripping!" I cried, as we shook the last laggards from the white cloth.

The hive door was at once slipped in place to leave only a small opening—and the new colony were left in quiet possession.

"I have put in a bee-feeder full of syrup," said the Professor. "It is advisable always to feed a swarm. I shall be away all day to-morrow lecturing at Carlisle, and shall be glad if you will come and look round—it is regular swarming weather, and I don't want to lose them. Bring a basket, remember, and pick the best strawberries for your mother, and have a good feast yourself, or the birds will get them all. Try and persuade your mother to come and look at my roses," he added as I ran off.



"IT'S A SWARM, BUT I'LL HAVE NOUGHT TO DO WI' THEM."

II.

ANOTHER day of glorious sunshine. I did some commissions for my mother, but by eleven o'clock was at The Elms. The new hive looked settled and busy, but the hive next to it was restless and fussy. I watched the bees a little, then went with my basket to the strawberry beds and began my pleasant task. I was roused by a perfect roar of buzzing. A cloud of bees was pouring from the restless hive. Flying low, the mass slowly settled on the gravel path a few yards from me. I gazed—fascinated. The heap gradually rose, piled

high. A big swarm, if swarm it was. Then I remembered the Professor was away.

I left my basket and hurried to the old gardener in the greenhouse.

"A swarm!" I cried. "At least, I think so. Can you put them in the skep?"

Old Brown scratched his head. "Not me, young master, I'm that afeard o' bees. I'll not meddle with them."

"Well, at least come and look if it *is* a swarm," and I led the way rapidly.

"Yes, it's a swarm sure enough," he said, standing at a safe distance, adding, as he backed away, "but I'll have nought to do wi' them."

"Is there any one I can get who could take them?" I inquired anxiously.

"No-o; there's Jim the postman has bees, but he's on his rounds, and t' schoolmaster's busy, and Treddle the tailor and the cobbler are both away the morn."

What was to be done! Could I possibly manage it myself? Yes, I decided to try, and if I did it badly and got stung, well, I must put up with that. I would begin at once before I got nervous. I could not possibly do *quite* as the Professor did—the bees being so differently placed—but at any rate I could do my best. I ran to the garden-room, got all the "requisites" and a pair of stout leather gloves. Then I set to work. It was clear I could not use the board, the bees being on the ground, so I got one or two bricks, laid them close to the swarm, and then placed the skep over its edges, resting on the brick. With the folded sheet I covered completely bricks, skep and bees, leaving only a small space for stragglers to enter. I was much relieved when it was over; it had been so difficult to be quiet and slow when the bees were all round me. My hands shook so that I was afraid I might spoil it all. I was covered with bees. When I inspected myself at a safe distance I found them thick under my coat. I took it off and shook it and my cap. Two sharp pricks on my wrists showed me bees squeezed under the leather who had revenged themselves. I took out the stings, and tipped the ammonia bottle on the wounds (as I had seen the Professor do), and found they were not worth troubling about.

I had been longer than I thought over this business, and had only time to fill my basket and hurry home. I intended to say nothing about the swarm yet, but I found I couldn't resist telling my mother, and she was immensely interested. Then I told her I thought I had better get the foundation combs ready, and

she quite agreed, and said she would come, too—and see the roses.

We took the short cut by the wicket-gate, of which I now had a key. I showed her everything, the chief feature being the covered skep on the ground. I peeped under, and saw that most of the bees had crawled up into the skep. So far so good. Then I found all the things, and fitted the wax and wire, until everything was in readiness for hiving.

I felt awfully excited when I went to meet the Professor at the train and told him about the swarm, and what I had done. His eyes twinkled behind his spectacles and he grunted, "Um, um," several times until I had finished. Then he said, "So this is the boy who was afraid of bees yesterday! You'll do, I think. I feel rather proud of my pupil. Bless my heart, how like his father the lad is!"

I felt jolly contented, I hardly knew why. We passed along the garden, and I led the way to the swarm. "Something wrong here, I am afraid." The Professor stroked his chin meditatively.

"I'm so sorry," I cried. "I was afraid I might make a mull of it."

"You did all that any one could do—only it's very unusual for bees to swarm on the ground, and I must try and find out a reason for it."

"Shall I fetch the stool and board," I said. "and the hive?"

"No, but get your head covered; your young eyes must help mine. Bring also a plate and glass."

Then we laid the sheet on the ground, and the bees were shaken out. "Come here beside me and help look for the queen." The Professor knelt and began his search.

I no longer felt so afraid, and did as I was told, in the end turning over the bees, daintily, like he did. "There!" and in a second the queen was picked out, with a few of her staunchest subjects, and under the glass on the plate.

"We will have a look at her under a magnifying glass," said the Professor, leading the way to his study. Not difficult to find the cause, however—the queen had only one wing.

"She must die," said the Professor, and he touched the little head with some chemical. The two or three other bees crawling slowly round and over the dead royalty, seemed to realise what was wrong, and buzzed lingeringly out at the open window.

I felt very sorry as I asked, "Why were you bound to kill her?"

"Because, my boy, a queen must be perfect in every way, or a hive will fail. She may

have been injured in issuing from the shallow mouth of the hive; I cannot say. Never mind; the bees will all go back to the old hive and probably swarm again with a fresh queen in a few days' time."

III.

EVERY day I saw the Professor. I found I could help him in many small things. I watched the bees anxiously, too. As he had prophesied, in a few mornings the hive swarmed again—on an apple-tree this time. I was allowed to do nearly all the hiving, and saw the fine brown queen with two extra shining short wings lead her subjects into the new kingdom. The hive was in place beside the other swarm in one of the bee-sheds, the food (which I had also made) on the top, and all snug and trim. The Professor lingered with some hive belongings in his hand, and said:

"Now, Jack, I'm going to give *you* these two hives of bees. I like to see you care for them, as they are my pet hobby. They are the cleverest folk I know, and the more you study them the more wonders you find. You cannot move them into your own garden yet, it is too near this, and they would get bothered as to their whereabouts, but you can build a shed for them, and house them there, when they come from the heather."

Very lamely I gasped out my blundering thanks, and promised to take all possible care of them, and read up all I could about them.

"Well, I can truly say, dear boy, it will repay you. I make you free of my library, and on the fourth shelf in the corner you will find much to interest you."

How much pleasure those bees brought me, I cannot describe! The village cobbler, who mended my boots, had four hives, and we got quite chums as he worked and we talked of bees. The tailor, too, was quite an expert, and only too ready to tell me all he could. One day he asked me to help him hive a difficult swarm which had taken possession of a dis-used coke oven. In course of conversation on our way home, I found he was secretary of the village cricket club. He asked me to play in a match a few days after. I was lucky enough to make top score, so other invitations followed. He showed me an improved way of making bee-syrup. We stood over the fire in his clean kitchen, stirring the yellow liquid, while his wife smiled and the small children stared wonderingly.

"See, Master Jack, I use best white cane sugar, put it in a pan with a pinch of borax,

just cover with water, and stir and skim and let it simmer—not *boil*—until it is thick and syrupy—not *watery*—and mind it *is* best sugar. A year ago my missus there bought a lot of sugar cheap; it looked good, and we all used it, but when I boiled some for the bees, lor! they wouldn't touch it. So I says to meself, what bees won't eat can't be good for bairns, and since then we all have best sugar."

I made friends, too, with the carpenter, and bought of him the boards for my shed. With his advice, and after many discussions with the Professor and my mother, we chose the best place in the garden—facing due south, with no trees to impede flight—and then my shed slowly rose, a noble edifice in my eyes.

What with hiving bees (for the Professor had two other swarms), making syrup, preparing and putting on sections, building and painting my shed, reading and well digesting the pictures in the wonderful bee-books of the library at the Elms, and many other small matters, the time I had thought would pass so slowly simply fled.

I was as strong as a horse, and almost as brown as the fat cob which I rode now and then when the Professor took me to some more distant place of interest.

We visited lots of bits of the Roman Wall, and he told me much about it—of the vallum, or big ditch running parallel to the stations, even now to be plainly traced; and the mile castles. In imagination we peopled it with the 12,000 men of the Roman legions who manned it—soldiers of many conquered nations, compelled to serve and fight under the Roman Eagles: Asturian cavalry, Parthian bowmen, and others. The Professor told of the sufferings endured by these men from the sunny south, and how they died in thousands during certain winter marches through the snows of Northern Britain.

We peered into the well on the wall near the station of Procolitia (found by some workmen only a few years since) where statuary and jewels lay hidden, and thousands of coins, gold, silver and bronze, with the heads of all the Emperors during the Roman Occupation of England—from Antonius Pius to Gratian.

In the crypt of Hexham Abbey we groped with a candle and found the tablet. Caracalla, having killed his brother Geta (joint Emperor), had erased his name from the regally inscribed stone. The Professor said only two other such erasures are in existence, one on the arch of Severus at Rome, and the other in Egypt.

I think there is no such interesting county as Northumberland. King's resting-places, and



THE HIVES WERE LIFTED OUT AND THE LITTLE SLIP-DOORS WERE OPENED.

battlefields, and hidden treasure, carved stones and old houses—from Agricola and his forts to Geordie Stephenson's cottage by the colliery, and Puffing Billy, his first engine.

The first week in August, Dick came home. He had got a prize, and his remove, and his fourth eleven colours, and was very excited and superior over it all. I felt quite a beast for being envious. I am glad to say it was only for a moment, I had so much to be glad of, too. He had not saved much for the camera, but neither had I. My pocket-money had gone in nails, wood, paint, wax foundations, sugar and many bee necessaries.

We went to the heather with the tailor one day, to see if it was ready for the bees. He showed us how the powder from the blossoms came off on our boots, and told us that that was the honey the bees got from the heather; and he warned us that we should lose no time in getting the full use of it.

We had a tremendous preparation next day. All the hives had to be arranged. I had my first lesson in removing the full sections of honey from the Professor's old hives.

Each hive has the lower frames of honey and

wax always left in for the bees' use, but above the frames, open crates of sections are laid, and these when full are taken away. A crate holds twenty-one sections, a full section being one pound in weight. Mine, being a swarm, had had no sections on yet. I wanted to put them on during the clover season, but the Professor said, "No, let the bees get all the honey in the frames for themselves; then they will be strong and in good condition for the heather, and you will get a fine harvest of unmixed heather honey. The best is usually made by the swarms."

We took some lovely white clover honey off the Professor's hives. The bees were rather angry, as they generally are then, so a cloth was wrung out in carbolic

and water, and laid over the top for a minute and some smoke puffed in, which stupefied them, and then a bee-separator was slipped in between frames and sections, so that the bees could go down but not come back, and in an hour or so the sections were nearly emptied of bees, and we carried them into the house.

The crates were refilled with empty sections and put on again.

I had my crates on now also, two crates on each hive, so I had plenty of sections to get filled. These were covered up warm and tight with calico and woollen mats; then the roofs were fitted on tight, and screwed and roped firmly together. The Professor said an accident to a hive in a cart has more than once killed the horse, the angry bees stinging it to death.

The Elms' groom took all our hives on a big flat cart, and the Professor and Dick and I went too.

We started at eleven o'clock that evening, shutting the little hive doors the last thing, being sure then that all the bees were in.

It seemed so weird walking on through the night—the ghostly white horse and strange-

looking cart, with its burden, making the only loud sounds as they grated along; the night-jar broke the silence occasionally, and owls called to one another, "Wack, wack, wack," and "too whoo-o," and when the moon rose we saw them, grey and wide-winged, flying across. We enjoyed it all, and the Professor told us of the stars and comets. Then we smelt the strong sweet scent of heather, and were soon knee-deep in it, climbing up and up until we reached the chosen spot at last.

We had brought planks with us, and found stones to lay them strongly on behind a wall. We lifted the hives out, one by one, until all were in a long row; then the little slip-doors were opened, and all was done.

"Will they be quite safe?" I asked, with the new anxiety of a property owner.

"Yes. The farmer in yonder house looks after them. He passes twice a day to his sheep; we pay him a shilling a hive."

"Would no one steal them? It would be quite easy."

"I don't think so; most people would be afraid to touch bees, and those who understood them would probably be too honest."

The Professor put on his ulster and climbed on to the flat cart, enjoining us to do the same, and we turned homewards. It was very cold, and intensely quiet, no sound of birds, and in the fields the cows and sheep and horses looked huge and shadowy lying down. Below in the grey light lay Blanchland, and the Professor told us how, on such a morning as this in 1327, Edward III. with his band, on his way to meet the Douglas, lost the way among the bogs and rocks and heather, to find themselves at length in this quiet valley. Froissart goes on to say that "the King and his tired knights turned their horses to feed in the fields of a monastery of White Monks which had been called in King Arthur's time, 'Blanchland.'"

Then as we grated slowly along, the east got pink, and the sun came streaming up.

IV.

AND now comes the sequel. My bees turned out a source of profit—in two ways.

When they came home again, the beginning

A HARD-WORKED INSECT.

A LITTLE London girl was paying a visit to some relatives who lived on a farm. It was the first time she had ever left her home in the heart of London, and the rural sights and sounds bewildered her not a little. At tea-time she sat between two bonny, rosy-cheeked girl-cousins, looking very pale and

of September, my hives were the wonder of the country-side, and my name appeared in the local paper. I had been accused of over-feeding in my anxiety to give enough, and the swarms had been early and strong. This year the larger amount of food had been good, it appeared, and my honey harvest was one of the finest. I got an offer from the great London restaurant people, Towers and Stream, to take all the full sections I had at 1s. 6d. a pound. I accepted gladly. I had sixty full ones averaging about one pound each (besides twenty-four others sufficiently filled for home use). We had quite an excitement packing it, and when Dick and I went back to Greyfriars we took the precious honey-box with us as far as King's Cross, and handed it over to the shop messenger. We made many plans for the spending of the big sum of money, the camera being a prominent feature.

Work seemed strange just at first, but after a few days it came easier than ever before. I got my House colours, and was soon in the thick of the fight for the "footer" cup.

Christmas was drawing near, and the exams were on. No regular Form prizes were given except at midsummer, but we all worked hard for the top places—and removes.

The great excitement of this term were the prize essays, for which various bequests had been made by old Greyfriars, long since dead and gone. They were competed for each Christmas.

I determined I would try for one of them at least, so put down my name for Natural History, as my talks with the Professor had given me many new ideas. There were three subjects to choose from:

LEPIDOPTERA, *i.e.*, Moths and Butterflies.

ARACHNIDA, *i.e.*, Spiders.

MELLIFERA, *i.e.*, Bees.

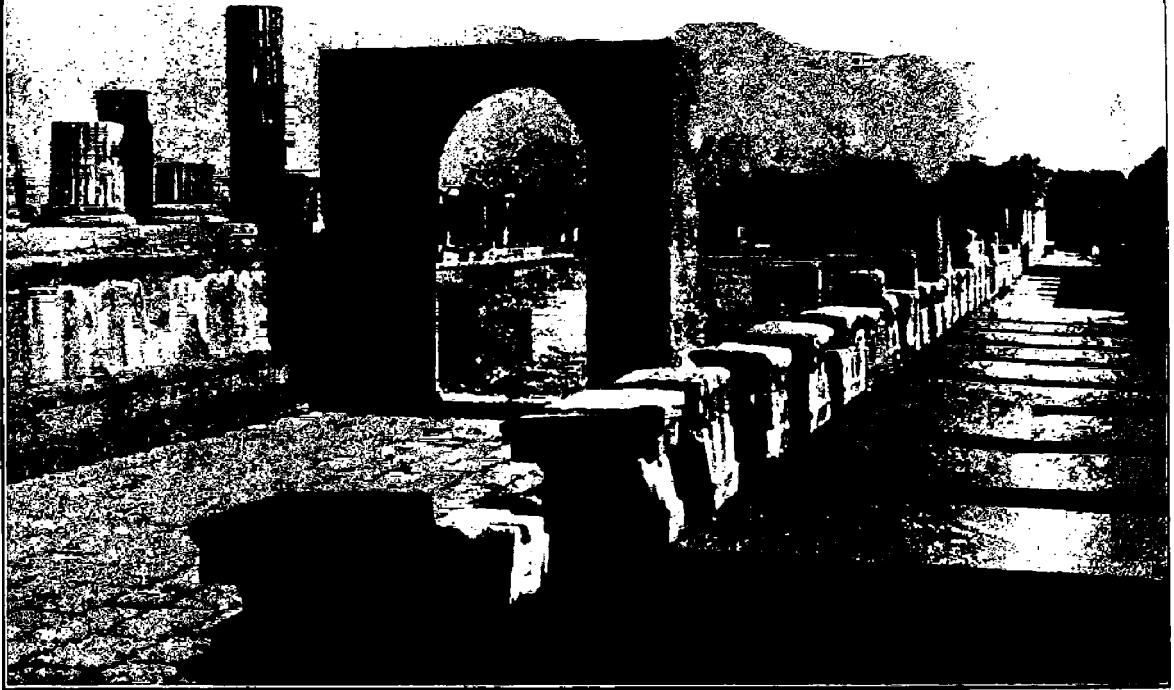
I knew nothing much of spiders and very little of moths, but—*bees!*

As the Yankees would say, I was "right there"—and the prize I won was a ripping Cartridge Kodak.

Altogether, I'm glad I came across the Professor that day and didn't funk helping with his bees.

insignificant by comparison. Naturally, she was shy, and hardly spoke a word. At length, feeling it incumbent upon her to make a remark, in the middle of a pause in the general chatter she turned to the cousin on her right and remarked, pointing to a large bowl of honey which stood near her plate: "I see you keep a bee."

AUGUST EVENTS.



RUINS OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, POMPEII.

Photo. Rischgitz Collection.

THERE are tragedies—and tragedies. There are those that affect the life of the individual and all nearest and dearest to him. On the other hand, there are overwhelming disasters that affect whole communities, and come with a suddenness that leaves us awestruck and amazed. Such is the catastrophe with which we have to deal. Centuries have rolled on since that awful doom overtook the city of Pompeii, yet it is no dim, shadowy past event, but one which is pregnant with interest and romance.

The Destruction of Pompeii.

Pompeii was taken in B.C. 80 from the Samnites, the original founders—by the Romans. In 63 A.D. the city was shaken by an earthquake of some violence. The place was abandoned, but, some years after, the inhabitants took courage and returned. The town was rebuilt, but hurriedly. Gay decoration was substituted for massive splendour and simplicity. In every way the city was revolutionised for the worst. It was a little Rome in itself, supplied with every luxury. The baths themselves were the Roman "ther-

mal" on a smaller scale. Costly temples and public monuments were raised to the Roman deities. Vice reigned supreme—almost all gave up their lives to the pursuit of pleasure.

But for this profligate city an awful judgment was preparing. While the citizens were engaged in their ordinary routine of pleasure or business, a torrent of lava and burning stone was rushing down Vesuvius. On, on it flowed, nearer—nearer it came, till the people, lifting up their eyes, beheld the destruction. The brightness of noon was turned into the blackness and horror of night, relieved only by the flashings of lightning around Vesuvius. Heaven and earth seemed being torn up from their very foundations. Hot ashes flew around doing their deadly work. From the buildings and temples the people—implored their gods for aid—poured in haste, the stronger treading the weaker relentlessly under their feet. Anywhere, anyhow, they must escape. The flight lasted for three days. Only a few escaped—homeless and friendless. The beautiful and flourishing city had become a mere heap of mud and ashes.

In 1860 the city was unearthed. Wonderful

and romantic discoveries were made. The Forum, the temples, and public buildings were exhumed. The skeletons of many of the inhabitants were found—some were of sentinels still at their posts.

And even in this century, the history of the buried city, lying among the ruins of its past splendour, has a strange fascination and interest.

MARGARET REID.



WARREN HASTINGS, first Governor-General of India, was born in Worcestershire, in the year 1732. He was

The Death of Warren Hastings. born in poverty, in the domains which had belonged to his famous forefathers, the Hastings of Daylesford. At the age of eighty-six, after a life stormy and romantic to an extent seldom equalled, he died at Daylesford, as Hastings, the lord of the manor, on August 22, 1818.

Warren was early sent to a school in the village. When he was eight years old, his uncle Howard took charge of him, and sent him to a school at Newington, near London; and after two years spent there, the boy was transferred to Westminster

Hastings showed great brilliancy under Dr. Nichols, and he was just thinking about a university career when something happened

which changed the whole course of his life his uncle died, and the orphan was given over to the charge of a distant relation. This gentleman at once decided, in spite of the headmaster's remonstrances, to take the promising youth from school and send him to India. And thus it happened that in January 1750 he sailed for Bengal.

The young man had not long to wait for an opportunity of showing some of the gifts which have made him famous. The country was in a turmoil. The ambitious dreamer, Dupleix, was at the zenith of his power. Robert Clive had not yet sprung into fame, and England was struggling with France for supremacy in Southern India. Surajah Dowlah had just captured Calcutta, and the fugitives had fled to the island of Falta, on the Hoogley. Hastings, meantime, had been taken prisoner at Cossim Lazar, but he was allowed a great deal of liberty, and he was able to keep his countrymen in Falta informed as to the intentions of the Nabob, a dangerous task in which he showed great skill. Clive, upon the recapture of Calcutta, rewarded the young cadet by appointing him to be Resident at the court of Mir Jaffier the new Nabob.

After spending a few years in England, Hastings returned to India as a Member of Council at Madras. He was not long in the country before the Directors of the East India Company promoted him to the head of the



THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS IN WESTMINSTER HALL, 1788.

From an engraving. Rischgitz Collection.

Government of Bengal, and from this time till 1785 he was the great man in India.

Hastings does not appear to have been an absolutely scrupulous man in all his dealings. In the case of Nuncomar, his most dangerous enemy, Hastings' conduct was not by any means above criticism, but his adversary was evidently a man to be crushed, even if by means not absolutely conscientious.

The Rohilla War has been discussed from every point of view by essayists and historians.



THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY.

From an engraving. Rischgitz Collection.

Whether it was a barbarous transaction or not, one fact is certain: Hastings, many years before, had guaranteed to help the forces of Surajah Dowlah in war against other provinces.

In spite of impeachment and temporary disgrace, Warren Hastings remains to history as one of the greatest of administrators, and many of his measures of government are in use to this day in India.

ERIC MOORE RITCHIE.

ON Friday, August 28, 1346, Edward, having crossed the river Somme, determined to make a halt and wait for the French. He halted near the village of Crécy, and stationed

The Battle of Crécy.

his army on a slight ascent with a small wood in the rear, where he placed all his baggage. He divided his army into three divisions; one he put under the command of Edward, Prince of Wales, at that time a boy of sixteen; another he entrusted to some of his lords, and he himself took charge of the third. The English army numbered thirty thousand, while that of the French was four times as large.

On the following day, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, the French came up and the battle began. Count Alençon, in command of the French cavalry and a band of Genoese cross-bow men, advanced upon the opposing lines, but were soon checked by the English archers. The latter poured forth a deadly shower of shafts from their bows, and the French ranks wavered. Suddenly, as if heaven were proclaiming the commencement of this terrible slaughter, a thunderstorm broke forth over the field of battle. When the clouds cleared away, the sun shone full on the faces of the Genoese, whose bow-strings, as they had no cases in which to put them, were slackened by the rain, and so became useless. The confusion then was terrible. The French bowmen turned and fled among the cavalry, and the King of France, seeing this, ordered the latter to gallop over them. From this moment the confusion increased. The English archers kept on firing their shafts into the midst of the cavalry, who dropped from their saddles in great numbers. The Count of Alençon, however, rushed through and attacked the cavalry of the Prince of Wales on the flank. The latter fought bravely, and were gaining on the French when three German and French squadrons came to the aid of Alençon. Seeing the Prince of Wales so hard pressed, the division under the Earl of Arundel advanced to aid him.

The fight now became furious; the French fought fiercely, but, on seeing their leader fall, they turned and fled. The panic among the French increased, and in a short time the whole army was completely routed.

Two kings, eleven princes, one thousand knights, and thirty thousand men were slain on that fatal day.

Such was the battle of Crécy!

FRANK BRIERLY.

THE question of the Spanish succession had

The Battle of Blenheim.

long been the most important in Europe owing to the complications involved in it.

On the death of the old Spanish monarch, the people chose Philip, Louis XIV.'s grandson, to be king. Louis, acting on the principle that "The Pyrenees had ceased to exist," immediately poured troops into the Netherlands, and the Dutch were so reasonably alarmed that Britain's aid was invoked. She accordingly entered the field as a supporter of Austria's claim.

Churchill took over the command of the allies, and quickly gained some decisive victories. The crafty French monarch, however, decided on a bold game. He determined to send a large army across Europe to capture Vienna, and so terminate the war. Churchill, now Duke of Marlborough, divining this plan, marched to meet him at the head of an army rather inferior to his opponent's. The rivals met at Blenheim, a small village situated at the confluence of the little river Nebel with its mightier companion the Danube.

The Duke divided his army, he himself commanding the centre in opposition to Tallard, while his right wing was under the command of Eugène. Under cover of a feint attack Marlborough dealt severely with the French centre and left, and after a few hours' fighting completely routed them. He then passed to the rear and isolated the village itself. Tallard had positively crammed the place with soldiers, and as a result, with the communications cut, they became useless. Long and bravely did the surrounded maintain a defence, but any doubt of the issue being quite out of the question, the officer in command at length surrendered.

Thus ended the famous battle in which were sacrificed so many thousands of valuable lives. No victory could be more decisive, for over 14,000 prisoners were taken. The invincible host of 60,000 veterans was reduced to 20,000, being worn in battle and shattered



THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

From an engraving. Rischgitz Collection.

in defeat. Louis' indomitable pride was crushed to dust at one blow, his army's prestige broken once and for all, and, worst of all, the object he had in view disappeared far away over the horizon.

But amid the losses of the vanquished we must not forget the glory of the conquerors. Vienna, and with it the cause of the allies, was saved. Had Marlborough been defeated, Britain would have been invaded, and the tyrannical line of Stuarts probably restored—an event which would have led to the loss of true freedom, so dear to all British hearts.

Marlborough's praise will never be forgotten, for we have old Kaspar in "After Blenheim" exclaiming,

"But 'twas a famous victory,"

and also we have that noble passage in Addison's "Campaign" beginning,

"'Twas there great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved."

H. B. CHAMPION.

PERHAPS, next to personal freedom, one of the greatest blessings we enjoy is the freedom of the Press. From

Reduction of Tax on Newspapers.

the time printing was first introduced it was looked upon with suspicion, but when it began to influence public opinion it was forthwith "gagged with a system of licences." By the Tudors the Press was placed under the Star Chamber, and the rigid censorship then

established was relaxed but little till, in 1695, the Licensing Act expired, and was not renewed. The abolition of the censorship would hardly alone have brought about the popularity of the Press in the British Isles ; for that, cheapness was necessary. The Press, however, was hampered by heavy duties. For instance, in 1835 each advertisement was taxed eightpence, and each sheet fourpence. On August 13, 1836, however, the first step towards removing the burden was taken by Mr. Rice when he reduced the tax on newspapers to one penny. This reduction caused not only an increase in the circulation of the old newspapers, but brought about the creation of a number of others, especially daily papers. The good work was concluded in 1855 and 1861 with the abolition of the compulsory stamp on newspapers and the paper duty respectively.

The influence of what has been described with truth as the fourth estate of the realm on the English people can be realised only by those who review the past century of our political and social history. How great is its work for the cause of freedom we may judge by the fact that newspapers are practically denied to the Russian people, and those that do circulate among them are subject to a rigid censorship which renders the Russian Press little better than the organ of a despotic bureaucracy, and deprives it of that independence which is characteristic of our English Press.

The functions of the Press are of different natures. It furnishes the public with the latest and most important news of the world ; it permits the nation, as it were, to take part in the deliberations of Parliament, and serves as a powerful check upon the Government ;

it acts as a Court of Appeal ; it enables the public to form opinions on the questions of the day, and as an educational factor is not to be despised ; and, finally, it exerts great influence on public morals by its dreaded power of giving publicity to disgraceful deeds. Wielding as they do such great power, it reflects great credit on the editors of English newspapers that rarely, if ever, do they abuse the trust reposed in them, but remain a shining example to their less wise brethren of America and the Continent.

A. TAPPLY.

If we suffer our thoughts to turn to lessons in the Hanoverian period of history, and especially to 1805 and 1808, we see the two nations of Britain and France in a veritable panorama of bloodshed. We see them at Trafalgar and Austerlitz—one a victory for Britain, the other for France. On either side were great leaders—genii of war.

The sands of time gently sink, and now look at the play. Old Father Time smiles benevolently on the scene—on the mingling of the Tricolour and the Union Jack. We see Admiral Caillard exchange greetings with King Edward—the supreme moment of the *entente cordiale*. Jacques and Jack Tar roam the shore arm-in-arm. There is entire peace and amity between the two nations.

I call this a religious pageant. God's hand wrought this change, which came about " *Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.*"—Zech. iv. 6.

HENRY PATRICK.

* * "THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, AUGUST 1906. * *		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.	Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1. Wed.	G. Tosetti, lacrosse international, b., 1879.	8.48.	8.22.
2. Thurs.	Battle of Blenheim, 1704.	8.46.	8.20.
3. Fri.	King Haakon of Norway b., 1872.	8.44.	8.19.
4. Sat.	Percy Bysshe Shelley, poet, b., 1792.	8.42.	8.17.
5. Sun.	Fifth after Trinity.	8.41.	8.14.
6. Mon.	Duke of Argyll b., 1855.	8.39.	8.12.
7. Tues.	Earl of Nelson b., 1823.	8.38.	8.11.
8. Wed.	Rt. Hon. Sir George Turner b., 1851.	8.36.	8.9.
9. Thurs.	The Rev. H. M. Burge, D.D., Headmaster of Winchester College, b., 1862.	8.34.	8.6.
10. Fri.	Viscount Goschen b., 1831.	8.32.	8.4.
11. Sat.	The Rev. E. J. W. Houghton, Headmaster of St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, b., 1867.	8.30.	8.2.
12. Sun.	Ninth after Trinity.	8.29.	8.0.
13. Mon.	Mr. J. L. Paton, M.A., Headmaster of Manchester Grammar School, b., 1863.	8.27.	7.58.
14. Tues.	Prince Henry of Prussia b., 1862.	8.25.	7.56.
15. Wed.	Sir Walter Scott, novelist, b., 1771.		7.54.
16. Thurs.	Lord Hawke, cricketer, b., 1860.		7.52.
17. Fri.	F. G. Aflalo, sportsman, b., 1870.		7.49.
18. Sat.	Emperor of Austria b., 1830.		
19. Sun.	Tenth after Trinity.		
20. Mon.	Major-General Sir H. P. Ewart b., 1838.		
21. Tues.	Battle of Vimiera, 1808.		
22. Wed.	September CAPTAIN published.		
23. Thurs.	Major-General Sir F. Carrington b., 1844.		
24. Fri.	Bishop of St. David's b., 1854.		
25. Sat.	Bret Harte, author, b., 1839.		
26. Sun.	Eleventh after Trinity.		
27. Mon.	Algiers bombarded, 1816.		
28. Tues.	Count Leo Tolstoi b., 1828.		
29. Wed.	Rt. Hon. G. Wyndham b., 1863.		
30. Thurs.	Admiral Sir Algernon M'L. Lyons b., 1833.		
31. Fri.	Queen of the Netherlands b., 1880.		



COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

By **R. S. WARREN BELL,**

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SKELTON.

XXI.

ALTHOUGH it would appear to many boys that masters are perfect beings—especially if, in Miss Stafford's phraseology, they can "leap high and hit the ball hard in cricket matches," the fact must be recorded, with profound regret on the part of the present historian, that they often

fall short of this lofty appraisal. While young Mr. Lomax, aged twenty-one, was dashing about in evening-clothes which showed promise of being completely ruined before the night was over; while a younger Mr. Lomax, his face and hands grimy with gunpowder, was sending up rockets and fire-balloons; and while various friends of the Lomaxes were exploding Jack-in-the-boxes, fastening Catherine wheels on to trees, and making Oriental shells go off with a noise of thunder—while, in fact, the old Grange garden was being converted into a sort of make-believe Port Arthur actively engaged in repelling the Japanese host, the two masters who had been deputed to keep the boys in order had taken advantage of the general excitement to advance their own personal interests.

Seated on the rustic bench which has already been described as occupying a position in the kitchen garden of the Grange, Mr. Skipjack was holding forth eloquently to the eldest Miss Lomax, who, alas! appeared to be lending an unwilling ear to his protestations.

"You," Mr. Skipjack was saying at the moment we take the liberty of eavesdropping, "are the one girl in the world who can rid my life of the ghastly solitude which has hovered over it like a cloud for so many years."

"That reminds me that you have never told me how old you are," said Miss Lomax, with an inquisitive little laugh.

Mr. Skipjack sighed. "I am afraid I shall never see thirty again," he boldly replied.

"You have still plenty of time, then, in which to look for a girl who will really suit you."

"I shall never look beyond *you*," was Mr. Skipjack's emotional rejoinder. "If you refuse to have me, Isabel, I shall go to my grave an old bachelor."

"But suppose papa objects!" said Isabel.

Mr. Skipjack seized her hand and pressed it with fervour.

"My dear girl," he cried, "only say 'Yes,' and I will overcome the objections of a thousand fathers."

"And mamma—what about mamma?" asked Miss Lomax. "I am afraid she doesn't like you very much."

"Because I am a poor schoolmaster?" cried Mr. Skipjack passionately. "Your mother is ambitious for you, Isabel; she wishes you to marry a title. Come, now, say 'Yes,' and love will give me the eloquence to overcome the objections of both your father and mother."

"Why should you think I care about you at all?" asked Isabel coyly.

Mr. Skipjack knitted his brows. He had set his heart on winning Miss Lomax and, with the help of her fortune, founding a school of his own. It would be, of course, a preparatory school like Charlton Court. The fees would be high, and the boys would be drawn from the best and (Mr. Skipjack did

not forget the Cox type) wealthiest families of the land.

But setting up such a school would be an expensive matter. He had reckoned up the cost and consulted catalogues, and he was almost disheartened by the figure such an undertaking would run into. Say he proposed to take thirty boys only. Thirty single iron bedsteads, at twenty-four and sixpence apiece, would cost him—

The answer to the sum goaded him on to fresh efforts.

"Don't tease me, Isabel!" he cried.

"I am not teasing you." Miss Lomax rejoined. "How funny!" she went on. "You have never yet told me your Christian name. As you call me by mine, I think I have a right to know yours."

This sounded promising.

"My Christian name," said Mr. Skipjack, "is William."

"I like those simple old names," said Miss Lomax. "I suppose they call you 'Bill' at home?"

"They do not, indeed!" he replied. "I strongly object to being called 'Bill.'"

And, indeed, such an affectionate abbreviation did not seem to suit the severe-visaged senior master.

"I think, however, that I shall call you 'Bill'!" said Isabel, in a kittenish way. "May I?"

More and more promising! Victory seemed now within his grasp. The thought of the thirty single desks he would require, of best pitch pine, varnished, complete with inkwell, price twenty-nine and six apiece, was a fresh spur.

"You may," he began, slowly, "if you will consent—"

Miss Lomax seemed to retire into her shell again. "I haven't really thought you over yet," she murmured.

Masters' desks—four pounds ten each; blackboards, thirty shillings; gymnastic apparatus—an untold sum; bats, cricket-stumps, footballs—they all totalled up to an appalling amount.

"Isabel," he said, slowly and deliberately, and without meaning a single word that he uttered. "if you refuse me I shall take a post that has been offered me in India. In Rangoon—to be particular. I shall never return to this country. Do you wish to make me an exile from England?"

"Well," said Miss Lomax slowly, "if you promise to be kind to me—"

"I will be devotion itself," cried Mr. Skipjack.

"Then my answer is 'Yes,'" said Miss Lomax, with a sigh of relief.

Mr. Skipjack with difficulty restrained himself from performing a war dance on the path. Already he saw himself the proud proprietor of a school of his own.

"And so my week of misery ends in the greatest gladness I have ever known!" he cried. "To think that that boy should have separated us for a long, long week! But he is going to be richly rewarded!" he concluded with a ferocity not altogether becoming to the occasion.

"What boy?" asked Miss Lomax.

"That boy Cox. Don't you remember that we had a little disagreement about whether he ought or ought not to be punished for 'cutting' detention?"

"Do me a favour, William," said Miss Lomax, pressing Mr. Skipjack's hand. "Do not let Cox suffer."

"The boy," replied Mr. Skipjack sourly, "deserves a caning."

"Won't you grant me this favour? Promise me that you will do your best to save him from punishment," urged Miss Lomax.

"My darling, your slightest wish—" began Mr. Skipjack unwillingly.

"It is my wish," said Miss Lomax. "Promise, please."

"Very well, I promise," said Mr. Skipjack gritting his teeth silently.

In another part of the garden a somewhat similar conversation was proceeding between a more youthful pair of lovers. Mr. Hallam, after running about and making himself very hot for half an hour, had come to the conclusion that he had done his fair share of the work. His colleague (whom, by the way, he could not see anywhere) might safely, he considered, be left to do the rest. Mildred Henderson had come up with her sister Joan, and Hallam had observed with some anguish that she seemed to be getting on very well indeed with a certain tall young soldier who had been invited down from town to take part in the celebrations. When the young soldier was led off by his friend Lomax to apply his military skill to the exploding of a mortar which would throw a shell that, on bursting, was scheduled to produce a shower of beautiful stars, Mr. Hallam promptly took the place he had vacated.

"Now, then," he said, "let us have this out."

"What do you mean?" asked Mildred coldly.

"Well," replied Hallam, who was a gentleman of considerable determination, "either we are to be friends or we are not to be friends. Anyhow, I'm not going on in this way. Come for a little walk; I want to talk to you."

Mildred hesitated for a moment, but his masterful attitude got the better of her. The Grange garden was well supplied with snug corners, and to one of these, well away from the glare of the illuminations, Mr. Hallam led the Vicar's daughter.

"Mildred," said Mr. Hallam, "I'm afraid I have been behaving very foolishly."

"Very," agreed Mildred.

The young master cast about for a suitable continuation of his speech. "I am afraid," he went on a little lamely, "that I have offended you."

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Mildred. "You haven't offended me in the least. After all, what has happened? That poor little boy Cox wanted to have his wart charmed, and I told him to go and have it charmed. It is true you had said he was not to go, but I was not in the least offended by that—not in the least."

"Well hit!" said Cupid, who was sitting in a tree just above them.

"I thought you were," said Mr. Hallam. "You wouldn't speak to me this afternoon."

"Wouldn't I?" replied Mildred in a tone of great innocence.

"You know you wouldn't," cried the young master.

"I don't see why I should speak to *you* particularly more than to anybody else," said Mildred.

"No," said Hallam, "I don't see why you should. Still, as a friend of your father's——"

Mildred gave a little laugh. "Oh, I see. Is it because you are a friend of my father's that you have asked me to come and sit on this damp seat, where I can't see any of the fireworks?"

Cupid chuckled his approval. Hallam said nothing.

"Was it," continued Mildred, "because you are a friend of my father's that you said there was no necessity for tea to be sweetened when I poured it out?"

"Boundary!" said Cupid.

Hallam drove his heel into the lawn.

"It seems to me," went on Mildred, "that you ought to have asked my *father* to come and have a quiet talk with you, instead of me.

Shall I go and fetch him? And perhaps, as you seem so attached to my family, you would like me to go and fetch my grandmother—poor old dear!"

"Is this your idea of a joke?" demanded Hallam savagely.

"I *thought* I should annoy you," said Mildred. "I always find it rather fun annoying bad-tempered people."

"I—bad-tempered!" exclaimed Hallam, with a forced laugh. "Why, I am described in one of my testimonials as exceedingly cheerful and obliging!"

"That testimonial wasn't written by a girl, was it?" inquired Mildred, "especially by a girl who——"

"What?" asked Hallam.

"Well, by a girl whose father was a friend of yours, let us say?" replied Mildred wickedly.

Mr. Hallam was not in the mood for banter. Mildred's chaff rendered him desperate. He seized her hand. "Mildred," he said simply, "will you marry me?"

She remained silent.

"Will you?" said Hallam earnestly.

Still Mildred made no reply.

Hallam sank back with a sigh. "Then you don't care for me?" he said.

With a sudden delightful impulse the girl threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. "Of course I do, you old silly," she cried, springing to her feet. "Come on," she added, "let's go and see the fireworks."

"Wait a minute," said Hallam in a dazed way. "I don't understand."

"What don't you understand?"

"Why—do you mean to say that—you have—*accepted* me?"

"Yes, dear," replied Mildred fondly.

"Is that all?" gasped Hallam.

"Well, what more do you want?" she asked. "Of course," she added with a demure smile, "we shall have to talk it over a good deal and all that, but for the present I've accepted you."

"But," said Hallam, who still did not seem to realise his good fortune, "I thought it was quite a different sort of business to this. I thought I should have to ask you for quite half an hour, and then be refused, and ask again later on. I really don't understand. This is so sudden."

Mildred, with a pretty little gesture, put her hands on the young Oxonian's shoulders and stood facing him, a picture of girlish grace. "Oh, dear, what a lot of convincing you take! Listen, *Charlie*," she went on, and Hallam's heart beat fast as she uttered his



"I, MILDRED HENDERSON, DO ACCEPT THEE,
CHARLES HALLAM, FOR MY WEDDED
HUSBAND."

Christian name. "I, Mildred Henderson, do accept thee, Charles Hallam, for my wedded husband. There, do you understand that? I am a very straightforward girl,

Charlie, and not, I am afraid, very sentimental, but I assure you that I love you very much, and that I shall make you a very nice wife. Now, do you quite grasp my meaning?"

"I am beginning to realise," said Hallam, taking her hands in his, "my stupendous good luck. As you seem to like plain speaking, Milly, my sweetest, I promise you in return that I will make you the most perfect husband the world has ever seen."

So saying, he kissed her, and as they wandered away hand-in-hand, Cupid said, in his childish treble, "Never in my life of several thousand years have I known a case rounded off so smoothly—but I must get to business." And he flew away with his bow extended to its fullest capacity.

"As I am so happy, Charles," said Mildred, as they approached the zone of fire, "I do not want anybody else to be unhappy just now. Mother tells me that, owing to Joan, Cox has got into some kind of trouble. You won't let him be whipped, will you?"

"If it is in my power," said Hallam, "I will get him off. That I promise." And once more he pressed the fair hand that lay within his own.

"Go it," said Cupid, as he fluttered by.

XXII.

ON Sunday it was understood that Mrs. Percival was always "at home" to the masters at tea-time. The masters did not often avail themselves of this standing invitation, for, much as they respected their chief, they saw quite enough of him in the ordinary course of events without desiring to make his closer acquaintance in the drawing-room. New young masters generally attended these functions with commendable regularity during the first month of the term, but from that time their attendances began to fall off. The longer a master stayed at Charlton Court, the more infrequent became his visits to Mrs. Percival's drawing-room.

It therefore fell out that Mr. Skipjack took tea in Mrs. Percival's drawing-room at very rare intervals, and so, on the Sunday following the display of fireworks, the good lady was considerably surprised to see the senior member of her husband's staff follow close upon the footsteps of the maid who brought in the tea-tray.

Mrs. Percival was, unlike the majority of headmasters' wives, well liked by the staff, and it was a legend that if one wished to obtain a favour from the headmaster, one's best plan was to enlist Mrs. Percival's aid and support. Mr. Skipjack came to tea with two particular objects in view—first, he wished to break the news of his engagement to Miss Lomax, and, secondly, with great unwillingness to utter a plea in Cox's behalf.

Mrs. Percival would not have been a woman had she not evinced a genuine amount of interest in Mr. Skipjack's first announcement. She was of opinion that nothing could make Mr. Skipjack more disagreeable, and she therefore held that it was not possible for him to be anything but improved by marriage.

Then Mr. Skipjack proceeded to the second part of his errand. He feared that Cox, on his return from London, would meet with a somewhat unpleasant reception from the headmaster, a reception in which a long and flexible cane would play an important rôle. At any previous time Mr. Skipjack would have derived considerable pleasure from hastening the flagellation in question, but now—it was like swallowing a bitter pill, but he must obey Isabel's orders and beg the boy off. On no account, however, did Mr. Skipjack intend to let Mrs. Percival know that the said Isabel had prompted the utterance of this plea.

"Cox," he said to Mrs. Percival, "has many good points. Perhaps I have been unduly hard on him of late. I hope the Head will let him down lightly."

"I must see what I can do," said Mrs. Percival graciously.

"The lad," Mr. Skipjack went on, assuming a gentleness of tone that quite surprised Mrs. Percival, "wants understanding. Beneath his rough exterior there lies, I am sure, much that is lovable."

"I shouldn't have thought it," replied Mrs. Percival. "Cox has always struck me as being a boy of the incorrigible type."

"My dear lady," cried Mr. Skipjack, "you don't know him as I do!" ("And she doesn't, by George!" he added to himself.)

"Ah, well, of course you masters know the boys better than we women do. Still, Miss Gracechurch, who is a splendid judge of character——"

"Dislikes Cox? I daresay."

"On the contrary—he amuses her. She says he is a perfect desperado in Etons." And Mrs. Percival laughed. "Well, well," she added, "I will do what I can for him."

"That will be very good of you," replied Mr. Skipjack, who presently withdrew, to speed with light steps to the home of his lady love.

Five minutes after Mr. Skipjack's departure, Mrs. Percival received an unexpected visitor in the person of Mr. Hallam. This young man was a great favourite of hers, and when she was informed in halting periods of his engagement to Miss Henderson, she congratulated him with the utmost warmth, thinking in her heart of hearts that Mildred was a very lucky girl. Mr. Hallam absent-mindedly drank a cup of tea without bothering to sugar or milk it, but in his state of blissful agitation could not bring himself to eat anything. Eventually, he asked the headmaster's wife if she would put in a word for Cox.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Percival, "this boy Cox seems to have won the hearts of the staff. I have already been asked by Mr. Skipjack to get my husband to let him down lightly."

"Well, to tell the truth," said Hallam, "it's Milly—Miss Henderson, I mean—who wishes him to get off. Personally, I think a good licking is just what he wants—several good lickings, in fact. Still——"

"If the worst comes to the worst, I'll hide the canes," promised Mrs. Percival.

"You are a brick—if you will excuse my saying so," said the young master. And then he, too, flew on winged feet to the cool and shady lawn where his destined wife was awaiting him with outward composure but much inward fluttering.

The headmaster had been writing letters in his study, and so was late for tea. He was not in the best of tempers, and cut his wife rather short when she put in a word for Cox.

"But both Mr. Skipjack and Mr. Hallam say——" remonstrated Mrs. Percival.

"I don't care what they say," replied the Head. "In matters of this sort I prefer to use my own discretion. Will you kindly have a little fresh tea made, my dear?"

Like a tactful woman, Mrs. Percival therefore ceased to urge the point.

"Astonishing," said the Head, when he

had been softened by a good cup of tea, "that Skipjack of all men should have put in a word for Cox. Skipjack, I know, thinks I ought to cane more."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Percival, "he is going to marry Miss Lomax, and I suppose he will take a school of his own, and then he'll be able to cane as much as he pleases."

"I shall be sorry to lose him," said the Head. "He is a fellow with awkward corners, but he is very thorough. He has turned out more scholars from this school than any other master. I shall be sorry to lose Skipjack. I must confess, however, that I cannot understand this attitude of his towards Cox."

"No doubt Cox has his better side," suggested Mrs. Percival doubtfully.

"He is a thorough young scamp," said the Head, putting down his cup. "A scheming young bully. I had a talk with Joan Henderson last night, and she threw some light on Cox's movements. He wants a good thrashing, and he is going to have it to-morrow."

Mrs. Percival sighed. When her husband spoke in this tone, she knew it was useless to argue with him. It would mean hiding the canes, after all.

By the second post on the following day, the headmaster received two letters. One of them was from Mrs. Cox, and detailed, in homely language, how it had come about that the Marquis of Lapworth had been so summarily ejected from her house. For Cox, after escaping from the young policeman, had made a clean breast of the affair to his mother, who, later in the day, had repeated her son's story to his father. Needless to say, she was immediately enjoined by the Cough-Drop King to address a whole-hearted apology to the Marquis. Afterwards she penned an account of the adventure for Mr. Percival's edification.

"I do not think," said the headmaster, as he opened the second letter, "that Cox and Yarningale will change places again in this fashion."

Then Mr. Percival began to read the other letter, which filled him with considerable surprise, not to say wonder. For Lord Lapworth, after leaving Miss Stafford's seminary, in the fulness of his heart had gone to his club and indited an epistle to Mr. Percival which, he hoped, would save Doris Hyam's cousin from receiving the

punishment he so thoroughly deserved. The letter ran:

MY DEAR MR. PERCIVAL,—A line to let you know I arrived safely in town on Saturday evening and proceeded at once to Mr. Cox's residence. I discovered that my grandson had been brought away by Mr. Cox owing to the extraordinary similarity existing between the two boys. I found Mr. and Mrs. Cox to be very pleasant and hospitable people, and, deeming that my grandson could not remain in better hands, gladly agreed to let Yarningale stop with them as their guest for the week-end. I am afraid I put you to some trouble, and must apologise for what must have appeared to you over-hasty conduct on my part. I will also ask you to offer my regrets to your wife.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Percival and yourself.

Believe me to be,

Yours faithfully,

LAPWORTH.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the headmaster, "what can the good man be thinking of! Yarningale is *here*! And again, these Coxes are of all people the kind that he would most dislike. I can't make it out. It's beyond me."

The headmaster took the two letters to his wife, and watched her face as she read them.

"Poor Mr. Cox!" she said, when she had concluded her perusal of Mrs. Cox's epistle. "He ought to be more careful when he is motoring. I daresay he will be all right in a day or two."

Mr. Percival with difficulty preserved his gravity as he watched his wife's eyes growing larger and larger as she proceeded with the Marquis's strange communication.

"My dear," she said, "what has happened is quite plain. The Marquis has gone out of his mind, or is temporarily affected by the heat."

"In the event of his *not* having gone out of his mind," said the Head, "what is your alternative solution of this problem?"

"Why," said Mrs. Percival, "that you have been taken in again by Cox."

"Again?"

"That boy last night told you he was Yarningale, didn't he?"

"Great powers!" exclaimed the headmaster, "do you think it was really Cox after all?"

"What else *can* one think?" said Mrs. Percival. "Mrs. Cox writes to say that it was her son who travelled home with Mr. Cox, and the Marquis that it was his grandson. Which are we to believe?"

"Well," said the headmaster, "as you know, Mrs. Cox has been here several times, and she always struck me as being an exceed-

ingly clear-headed woman, very practical and downright. If, however, you think that the Marquis is correct in his statement, it would appear that *Mrs. Cox* has gone out of her mind."

"Some women can't stand trouble," replied *Mrs. Percival*. "She may be extremely upset by her husband's accident. But, no!—no mother would be mistaken about the identity of her own son."

"You may remember," said the headmaster, "that the *Tichborne* claimant was declared by old *Lady Tichborne* to be her own son, but in spite of her statement to that effect he got twenty years penal servitude."

"Don't talk about *Tichborne* claimants," cried *Mrs. Percival*. "Besides, he was a great big bearded man. That was quite different. One of two things has happened. Either *Mrs. Cox* has gone out of her mind, or the *Marquis* has gone out of his."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and the butler entered.

"I thought you would like to know, sir," he said, "that *Master Cox* has just arrived back."

"Ah," said the headmaster, "now we shall find out all about it. Tell *Master Cox*," he added to the butler, "that I wish to see him at once—in my study."

XXIII.

THE invalided cough-drop merchant was not easily persuaded that the boy he had brought from *Charlton* in his motor-car was his own son. When, however, that son appeared at his bedside and remarked in his characteristically blunt manner, "Don't be an ass, pater. I'm Bert," *Mr. Cox* was positively compelled to acknowledge that he had been taken in.

"Bert," said he, after surveying the boy's imperturbable countenance for some little time, "you will do well in life. You're not the sort 'oo'll ever knuckle under to anybody else—not an inch. The way you sat tight in the back of the car and never said a word was first-rate. You fairly had me, Bert. Feel in my trouser pocket, chum," he added to his wife, "and get a sovereign out. That's for Bert. That's to make up for the whoppin' he's going to have when he gets back to school."

"Whopping? Why should I get a whopping?" demanded *Cox*, his countenance for the first time betraying some uneasiness.

"Well," said the Cough-Drop King, "I guess you've been up to some hanky-panky. You weren't about anywhere when I called at the school, and it's for that you'll get a whoppin'. Never mind, hold your breath and bear it. . . . By the way, Bert, I've got a treat in store for you for the summer holidays. I've bought a steam yacht, and I'm goin' for a cruise in 'er in August. You can bring that boy 'oo's so like you if you care to. He's a nice, gentlemanly sort of feller, and it'll improve you to 'ave his society."

"What, that moke *Yarningale*?" said *Cox*.

"*Lord Yarningale* will be a very nice companion for you," said *Mrs. Cox* impressively. "It's not every boy who goes to school with a lord, Bert."

"Don't be a snob, mater," said *Cox* severely. "I'd rather have *Stafford* or *Wilson*—they're much jollier chaps."

"Listen to him," said *Mrs. Cox* with an indulgent smile. "Calls his old mother a snob."

"I suppose we're all snobs, if the truth be told," said the Cough-Drop King.

"I know I am," said *Mrs. Cox*, "if liking lords is being a snob. Don't we all like being seen with our betters? Look how people treat you if you are with your betters! Say we land at some port and go to a hotel. You start talking to the first people you meet—that being your way, *Caleb*,—and they're cold and distant. Then you say, 'Bert, where's his lordship?' and see how they break off their airs! It's an entry into society to go yachting with a lord, my dear."

"I daresay you're right, chum," assented *Mr. Cox*. "It certainly does grease the axles a bit, knowing lords."

"Well," said *Cox*, "I think it's all tommy rot. I'd rather bring a chap who's not afraid of wetting his feet."

"Bring 'oo you like," said *Mr. Cox*. "Bring that *Mr. Skipworth* if you like—'e seemed a nice, affable gentleman."

"If you ask *Skipjack* to go, I shan't go," retorted *Cox*.

"Well, bring 'oo you like," said *Mr. Cox* wearily.

This conversation took place on Sunday evening, and subsequently *Mrs. Cox* wrote her letter to *Mr. Percival*. Soon after breakfast on the following morning, *Cox* went into his father's room to say good-bye to the invalid. The Cough-Drop King was still far from well, and he spoke with an effort.

"Good-bye, my boy," he said. "Stop playing tricks and try and be a credit to me. Give my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Percival. Yes, and remember me to Mr. Cheapjack, or whatever 'is name is."

"All right, father. Good-bye. Hope you'll be better soon."

He kissed his father, and then Mrs. Cox and he left the sick-chamber.

"Now, Bert," said the good lady, "be a good boy and work hard. I have made up a little hamper," she proceeded in a truly motherly tone, "and so you won't go back empty-handed."

"Thanks, mum, awfully," said Cox.

"And you can ask any school-fellow you like to come on the yacht," said Mrs. Cox. "There will be plenty of room for everybody. You know it's always been open house and do as you please with your father. I don't think a more generous man ever stepped."

"Yes, the gov'nor's a good old sort," observed Cox patronisingly.

"So bring who you like, my dear," said Mrs. Cox, "and we'll make them very welcome. It's quite a ship that your father's bought—a sort of liner. I think it weighs two thousand tons."

"My dear mater," cried Cox, "who ever heard of a ship *weighing* tons? When you talk about a ship being two thousand tons you mean that it pushes away two thousand tons of water."

"How clever you are getting, Bert!" cried Mrs. Cox. "I always thought that when you talked about the tonnage of a ship you meant how much it weighed. Well, my dear boy, the carriage is at the door and you must be going. Remember me very kindly to Mrs. Percival, and say that I shall always bear in mind how nice she has been to you while you have been at Charlton Court, and that if I can recommend any boys to the school I will."

"Where's the hamper?" asked Cox abruptly.

"It's in the carriage, dear. Now, kiss me good-bye, and mind you're a good boy until the end of the term, and get a good report and end up well. Good-bye, dear." And the motherly soul kissed the lad very affectionately on both cheeks, and wiped some tears from her eyes as he ran down the steps and jumped into the carriage whose door George, the footman, was holding open. George closed the door and hopped briskly into his seat by the coachman, and Cox

drove off indulgently waving his hand to his fond mother.

At the station Cox spent sixpence on various periodicals of a cheap and sensational order. George had procured him a first-class ticket and a seat in a smoking carriage, for he was fully aware of his young master's weakness in the direction of tobacco. The hamper was put in the rack, and, having seen Cox into the train, George touched his cockaded hat and went off with a shilling in his hand—which, after all, was quite as large a tip as he could expect from a school-boy.

"That young 'un 'll be an 'ot 'un," remarked George to the coachman as they drove away.

"Speak respectful of your betters," replied the coachman, who had driven Mr. Cox for twenty years; and George, deservedly rebuked, subsided into silence.

When Cox reached Charlton he directed a porter to take his hamper up to the school, and then set off on foot for Charlton Court. It was just after noon when he reached his destination, and a June sun was glaring down fiercely upon the sleepy village. The road was white and dusty, and few people were abroad. The beauty and placidity of the scene did not, of course, appeal to this boy of fourteen, but if a London worker could have been transported to this quiet village he would have sauntered along in the sunshine with a soul full of contentment. It was an unspoilt little village, quite rural and rustic. Many of the cottages had front gardens full of beautiful old-fashioned blooms. Bees hummed from flower to flower, filling the air with pleasant, dreamy music. The atmosphere was pure and sweet, and there brooded over the place a restfulness which to a city-dweller would have seemed as delightful as the nectar the bees were gathering with their unremitting industry.

Inspired by no such thoughts as these, Cox was making his way along the village street at a pace the reverse to rapid, when from a large, ivy-clad house—the local school for young ladies—there emerged the dainty figure of a maid of about his own age. Cox did not have to look at her twice to see that it was Pattie Lomax. He took off his hat.

"So you've come back?" she said.

Cox grinned in a mirthless way. He was not a gentleman of elegant speech, and a grin very often served him as an excellent substitute for conversation. Pattie knew this. She knew more than this, in fact; she knew

he was not a very desirable young fellow, did not bear a good character, was rough and rude, and far from being what one would term a gentleman. In spite of this knowledge, she liked Cox; there was something about him that attracted her. She could not have expressed the feeling to herself in so many words, but her instinct told her that Cox's personality appealed to her more than anybody else's personality. A judge of character could have safely surmised that Cox would grow up to be a rather fine, strong man, fond of shooting and racing and spending money, a braggart, and not a little in love with himself. At the same time, to some woman or other he would prove a good chum, and a very faithful one—to his wife, let us say. A little girl of fourteen could not be expected to know all this, but even little girls of fourteen look ahead, and in a vague way Pattie had made up her mind that she and Cox would always be great friends, and that she would always be his best girl-friend. The future was casting its shadow in front of her.

"There's been an awful fuss," she added. "It's all come out."

"What's come out?"

"About you changing places with Yarningale. It's all known. Do you," demanded Pattie suddenly, "despise spies?"

"What a fearful pun!" said Cox.

"I didn't mean it for a pun," went on Pattie. "Do you despise spies?"

"I suppose so," said Cox. "Most fellows do."

"Well," said Pattie, her eyes very large and her face very serious, "you will despise me, because I am a spy. I listened in the shrubbery."

"This sounds like a tale," said Cox with a grin. "One of those tales where the girl says, 'Unhand me, Sir Reginald!' I've just been reading one in the train. 'Sir Reginald' was always pawing some girl or other about."

"Do be serious," said Pattie, "and I'll tell you all about it. On Saturday night that horrid Joan Henderson came up to see our fireworks. Yarningale was let out of the Infirmary, and Joan was mean enough to tell Mr. Percival all about it."

"Hang on a bit," said Cox. "All about what?"

"Don't be so stupid—all about your changing places with him," said Pattie. "And I listened."

"Good," said Cox. "What did you hear?"

"I heard her," said Pattie, in a dramatic manner, "tell Mr. Percival how Yarningale went down to the Vicarage instead of you, and told her that he had been staying in detention in your place."

"Yes, I know he told her something about it," said Cox, "and I'm going to bang his head for it. I've not had an opportunity yet."

"Well," continued Pattie, "Yarningale told her that he was not you, and then they went out to see her white rats, and she had to leave him with the rats, and when she came back she found that the father rat had been put in with the other rats and was trying to eat one of its little boys."

Cox gave a loud, unmusical laugh. He felt he could trust Pattie. "No," he said, "I changed them."

"That's what Joan told Mr. Percival," said Pattie with great earnestness. "She said that she was certain that while she was away from the outhouse you changed places with Yarningale."

"So I did," said Cox. "I wonder how on earth she found it out!"

"Because," continued Pattie, "she felt sure that the boy who was on the lawn after the visit to the outhouse was not the boy she had been talking to in the drawing-room. For one thing, he had a wart on his hand, and the boy in the drawing-room *hadn't*. She told Mr. Percival all that."

"Little beast," said Cox.

"You see," explained Pattie, "the whole mischief was done when you changed the rats. That's what the little silly can't forgive."

"Well," said Cox, "what's going to happen when I get back, do you think?"

"I'm afraid," said Joan, sympathetically, "that you're going to have rather a bad time. I overheard the headmaster say that he would question Yarningale closely, as he did not intend to have tricks of this sort being played by boys in his school. He also told Joan that you had evidently taken advantage of Yarningale's weak disposition."

"Great Scott!" said Cox. "I shall get a whacking. But I'll give it young Yarningale for this. I'll teach the young brute to sneak about me."

They had reached the gate of the drive leading to Charlton Grange. Pattie stopped and looked fixedly at her companion.

"You told me you despised spies," she said. "If so, you must despise me. But I only listened because I knew they were talking about you."

Cox looked foolish. "I don't despise you," he said. "I—I—think you're an awfully good sort."

They glanced at one another shyly. Pattie was blushing, and Cox was a trifle redder than was usual with him. Pattie put out her hand and for a moment allowed her fingers to rest in Cox's rough paw. Then, with an awkward little nod, she turned and ran up the drive.

XXIV.

EVERY boy on returning to the school after a holiday of whatever duration was expected to make his re-entry by the front door. Had this rule not obtained, Cox would have insinuated himself into the building by the playground in as unobtrusive a fashion as possible. He had excellent reasons for not heralding his arrival with a flourish of trumpets, so to speak.

As the front door did not open from without, Cox was compelled to ring the bell. What a clang it made! John answered it and gazed gravely—yet, withal, with a twinkle in his eye—at the newly arrived one.

"Thanks, John," said Cox, as the butler opened the door for him. "Beastly hot, isn't it?"

"It is very hot, sir," said John, in his unctuous bass voice. "I trust you had a pleasant week-end, sir?"

There was something in John's voice that Cox didn't like.

"Oh, it was all right. Gracie in her room?"

"I believe Miss Gracewood is in her room, sir," said John, who then, in accordance with his duty, went to inform the headmaster of Master Cox's safe return, Cox himself going upstairs to report that event to the matron.

He was coming downstairs when he again encountered the butler.

"The headmaster wishes to see you, sir," said John, not without sympathy.

Cox experienced a curious all-goneness about the legs. He was sure he was in for a good old row. It looked very much indeed as if he were going to get a licking. Cox set a high value on his skin, and did not like it to be hurt. And the Head could hit very hard!

He said nothing, however, but proceeded to Mr. Percival's study.

"Oh, is that you, Cox?" said the headmaster. "I want to speak to you."

The Head leaned back in his chair and assumed his most judicial expression.

"From various sources, Cox, I have learned that you have been acting in a most reprehensible and impudent manner. Presuming on your close resemblance to Yarningale, you have induced him to change places with you in order that you might escape punishment. On Saturday week Mr. Skipjack put you down to stay in for two hours in the afternoon, and I believe I am correct in saying that you prevailed on Yarningale to take your place?"

"Yes, sir," said Cox.

"Returning to the school, you found that Yarningale had gone down to the Vicarage, so you at once followed him and effected another exchange with him. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir."

"And in the course of the afternoon you behaved in a most brutal manner to Miss Joan Henderson's pet rats?"

The Head stooped to pick up a piece of paper that had fallen from his desk.

Cox shuffled his feet and said nothing.

"Your silence condemns you. That night," the headmaster went on in hard, level tones, "after Mr. Skipjack had examined you as to your movements during the afternoon, with a despatch and ingenuity which you never display in your work you succeeded in representing Yarningale in his dormitory. I have felt it my duty to interrogate Yarningale on this subject, and I have gathered that you were the primary cause of his being sent to the Infirmary. Whilst he was there, of course, you were unable to play any further pranks with him. But on Saturday last you again changed places with him and allowed him to mix with my guests on the lawn. Do you deny that?"

"No, sir."

"As a result of this folly, Lord Lapworth was led to suppose that his grandson had gone up to town with your father. But it appears that you changed places again with Yarningale at the last moment?"

"Yes, sir."

"How was Lord Lapworth received at your house?"

"He was turned out by a footman," said Cox.

"And by saying a few words you might have saved him that indignity?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you not speak out?"

"I was afraid of him," said Cox.

"You behaved in a most cowardly and

ungentlemanly manner," said the headmaster, who, Cox noticed with a tremor, was now really angry, "and I intend to punish you severely."

The Head rose and rang the bell. John answered the summons with suspicious alacrity; he almost fell into the room, in fact.

"John, kindly tell Mr. Skipjack that I wish to see him," said the Head.

"Very good, sir."

When the butler had closed the door the headmaster went to the cupboard in which he kept his canes. On opening it, he uttered an exclamation of annoyance. Mrs. Percival had been as good as her word. She had hidden the canes.

"Er—go into the music-room and wait there till I send for you," said the Head to Cox.

Mr. Percival was a man of feeling, and did not wish to add to the culprit's suspense by keeping him in the study while the butler hunted for a cane. Thankful for the respite, the boy slunk out.

Now, sitting at the piano in the music-room, thumping away at a doleful piece entitled "The Soldier's Farewell," was Robert, Earl of Yarningale. It was his hour for practising. He had just reached the most miserable portion of the piece—presumably where the soldier was saying good-bye to his wife—when he was seized roughly by the nape of the neck.

"You—skunk!"

Such was the accusation breathed into his ear as he struggled up from the stool and faced round on his aggressor.

"What d'you mean?" demanded Yarningale of Cox.

"You've told old Percy everything, and I'm going to be whacked. You're a snivelling young sneak. Won't I pay you out for this!"

"YOU'VE GOT ME INTO THIS ROW, AND YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE THE WHACKING."

Yarningale stood aghast.

"I'm awfully sorry—he asked me——"

John's voice sounded in the passage.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, "I ordered some new ones on Friday. They are in my room."

"Get one," was the reply—in the headmaster's voice.

The words stung Cox to frenzy, and the Cough-Drop cunning once more came to his aid at this dread crisis. He sprang forward and seized Yarningale by the throat.



"You've got me into this row," he said between his teeth, "and you've got to take the whacking."

"Let go," gasped Yarningale.

"I won't—until you promise. Say you'll take it," and Cox's grip tightened on his victim's windpipe.

"All right," almost sobbed Yarningale, thoroughly scared.

"Mind you do," snarled Cox, dodging behind the piano and crouching down as footsteps sounded in the passage.

"Cox!" said a voice. It was Mr. Skipjack's, and there was a ring of satisfaction in it.

"Go on!" hissed Cox.

"Cox—you are wanted," said the senior master in a sharper tone, and Yarningale walked out of the room.

Scarcely daring to breathe, Cox remained in his hiding-place. He heard the Head's study door open and close—the study lay next to the music-room—and he listened acutely for the sounds of the cane in action. He had listened thus before during floggings, and knew that, the walls being thin, every stroke could be heard.

A murmur of voices came to his ears, but no sounds of caning. Strange! Had some hitch occurred? He turned hot and cold. Had the imposture been discovered? Hardly, for neither the Head or Mr. Skipjack would be suspecting anything of the kind.

The study door opened and closed again, and yet again. Five minutes elapsed. What did it mean? Cox's forehead was wet with perspiration.

Ten minutes had gone, and still Cox was crouching behind the piano. It was the most awful moment of his life.

At length—at length he could hear footsteps approaching the music-room. They

halted at the door—crossed the threshold—neared the piano. They were slow and stately footsteps. Cox glanced up fearfully. The butler was gazing down at him.

"The headmaster wishes me to say, sir," said John, "that he is still waiting for you."

Cox, looking very crestfallen, came out of his hiding-place.

"He said I was to see you to the study, sir," added John, waiting for Cox to precede him.

The procession of two wended its way out of the music-room and up the passage to the study door.

The butler opened it.

"Master Cox, sir," he said, and closed the door upon Cox as the latter entered.

In the middle of the study a chair had been placed in an ominous position. When a boy was flogged, it was the custom for him to stand in front of the seat of a chair and place his hands over the back of it, where they were seized and firmly held by his form-master. Mr. Skipjack's grip was notorious, being about as merciful as the embrace of a steel trap.

On one side of the chair stood Mr. Skipjack—Cox noticed with a shudder; on the other the Head, armed with a long, vicious-looking cane.

"Hold out your hand," said the Head to Cox.

"Oh, only 'handers' after all," said Cox to himself, and was temporarily comforted. He stretched out his right hand—the palm of it upwards.

"No, I want to see the back of it," said the Head. "Ah, thank you—I observe you have a wart. You probably forgot that means of identification when you sent Yarningale in here. . . . I must assist your memory. . . ."

And he pointed to the chair.

THE



END.



LIFE-SAVING DRILL.

By C. W. BROUGHTON.

THERE are very few public schools in the British Islands where no provision is made for teaching swimming, and this is rightly so. For of all exercises there is none which more promotes health and cleanliness or which affords finer training than swimming.

Soon, it is to be hoped, every

British boy and girl will learn to swim. Parents and teachers have long recognised the need of suitable instruction in swimming. So important is this considered in many of our large towns that free admission to the baths is granted to boys and girls from the elementary schools. By forming a swimming club a considerable reduction could be obtained in the price of season tickets for the boys of any public school favourably situated.

Yet, although Town Councils, parents, and teachers have so thoroughly recognised the importance of a knowledge of swimming, only a comparatively small number of swimmers have carried their knowledge of swimming any further. There is something beyond the power to swim. I refer to the rescue of the drowning. Every summer in these Islands a sad number of persons are drowned. Many of these would be rescued if the swimmers present knew how to proceed: yet, in many cases, as we know, the effort of the swimmer is futile and sometimes fatal to himself. The reason is that the swimmer does not know how to go about the work he has undertaken. Bravery there certainly is, but not the scientific knowledge which can alone perform the task. There are, I trust, few of my readers who would not risk their lives to save the drowning; but bravery *must* be backed by knowledge.

Now comes the question: Where can I get this knowledge from? A society called the Life Saving Society has issued all the necessary

information in a very handy form in a book—the “Handbook of Instruction”—which may easily be obtained. Not only does this Society—whose Patron is the King and whose President is the Prince of Wales—issue the book, but it provides a series of examinations graduated to suit all swimmers from ten years of age, and concluding with an examination sufficiently stiff to try the best swimmers in England. If you obtain the book and learn all there is in it—both theory and practice—you will be able not only to rescue the drowning, but also to resuscitate the person. No one having so prepared himself for the work can doubt the result of an effort to rescue the drowning.

Having obtained the book, the next question which presents itself is: How shall I proceed?

Thus: learn your rescue drills thoroughly first on land and then in the water. At the word “drill” I expect you will say, “I don’t want any drill.” Yet you have drill in every game. If you fail to play straight at a straight ball, you know the result. Therefore, you practise playing straight; at first without a ball.

You know this to be true, but you do not call it drill, yet it is. All drill, then, is not tedious, and this Life-Saving Drill is certainly not tedious. Again, you can be the instructor. Get four of your schoolfellows to join you, and each one in turn can then instruct the other four and learn for himself at the same time. A few drills on land will enable all the squad to become thoroughly proficient in the rescue and release drills if each member tries hard to do it exactly as directed in the book. Then, when you have become quite expert on land, you can practise in the water.

When both land and water drills are well done, you will proceed to the resuscitation drill. Get the school doctor or one of the masters to give you a simple lecture on the air passages and lungs, breathing, and methods of restoring respiration. After the lecture is

over, be prepared with questions on any point of difficulty that may have arisen in your mind when looking through the drill. Then, having obtained your answers, and having a clear understanding of the points referred to, proceed with the resuscitation drill. I have dealt thus fully with the rescue, release, and resuscitation drills because they are required in every examination of the Life Saving Society. The drills form the chief parts of the earlier examinations, and consequently the work, when once done, needs only practice to be ready for any future examinations.

I can hear you saying, "There is not much swimming yet." Quite so, but I am coming to that part of the programme. Before you can pass the Elementary Examination you must prove to the examiner that you can:

- (1) Swim a distance of not less than 50 yards on the breast and 25 on the back.
- (2) Recover objects by diving.
- (3) Perform the land drills for rescue, release, and resuscitation.
- (4) Perform part of No. 3 in the water.

In No. 4 the distance you must carry the subject is fixed at not less than 10 yards.

That is a test of your ability to swim, dive, and perform the drills both on land and water. Don't take your examination until you can

with ease perform the rescue and release drills in water; as a minimum, it is well to prepare yourself to carry the subject 15 yards. Be "fit," be ready, and your examination will be purely another practice.

You will, doubtless, after passing the Elementary Certificate Examination, go further, if you do, you will take the Proficiency Examination.

In this, No. 3 of the Elementary occurs again, and No. 4 is increased to the whole of the rescue and release drills in the water, the subject to be carried 10 yards.

In swimming, you must prove your ability to swim 100 yards on the breast and 50 on the back: to swim to a depth of 5 feet and bring up an object of from 2 to 5 pounds weight.

The next examination is for the Medallion of the Society, and following that comes the examination for the Diploma of the Society.

The above will indicate, in broad outline, the work to be done. If carefully followed, the "Handbook of Instruction" will give all information for the classes, and only steady and careful practice is wanted to ensure success. The land drills will answer a purpose which you have not thought of, in addition to their value; they will find you occupation on wet days in the winter.

The First Test Match in South Africa.

NEVER have I witnessed anything like the scene at the finish. Men were shrieking hysterically, some even were crying, and hats and sticks were flying everywhere. When the winning hit had been made the crowd simply flung themselves at Nourse and Sherwell and carried them into the pavilion, while, for half an hour after it was all over, thousands lingered on, and the whole of the South African Eleven had to come forward on to the balcony of the committee room. . . . Haigh, ill in bed at his hotel, a quarter of a mile away, could hear the shouts of the spectators as Fortune inclined first to one side and then to the other, but he could only lie still and chafe, and no doubt would have given much to have had a bowl at Nourse; for Haigh nearly always bowls well to a left-hander. His absence not only deprived us of a bowler with a knack of rising to an occasion, but it also threw additional work on to the shoulders of Lees and Blythe, both of whom I can scarcely praise enough for their energy and determination during a long day under a hot sun on a hard grassless ground with none of the give and relief of a turf field.

And so we were beaten, but defeat in such a struggle was glorious, for the first test match will be talked of in South Africa as long as cricket is played there.—From "The M.C.C. in South Africa," by P. F. WARNER.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Are You "Left Eyed"?

IN the May number of THE CAPTAIN there appears a picture of Lord Roberts at a rifle range firing from the left shoulder, and the accompanying paragraph closes with this astonishing statement: "*his conten-*

tion being that the left eye possesses the stronger sight."

This is too sweeping an assertion to be accepted even from so great an authority as "Bobs"; but probably what the famous soldier means is that *in his own case* the left eye is stronger than the right.

Comparatively few people have eyes of equal strength, but it is surprising how many do not know which is their "master" eye. CAPTAIN readers may settle the matter



MR. C. B. FRY IN A NEW RÔLE.

The distinguished athlete in his Hampshire home, where he is recovering from the unfortunate accident to his foot sustained while playing for Sussex v. Middlesex at Lord's last May. The dog in the first picture is "Jane Brindle," who has often fielded for her master while practising.

Photos. by W. E. Hodgson.

for themselves in the following simple way.

Hold out a key at arm's length, and (with both eyes open) look through the ring at some small object a few yards away; then, without moving the arm, close the right eye. If the left eye is "master," the object will be seen as before; but if the right is stronger, the article looked at will (apparently) have jumped away to the left of the key.

The reason for this optical delusion is that, unconsciously, the "master" eye "takes the sights," as Volunteers would say; the weaker optic being unused. A. S., JR.

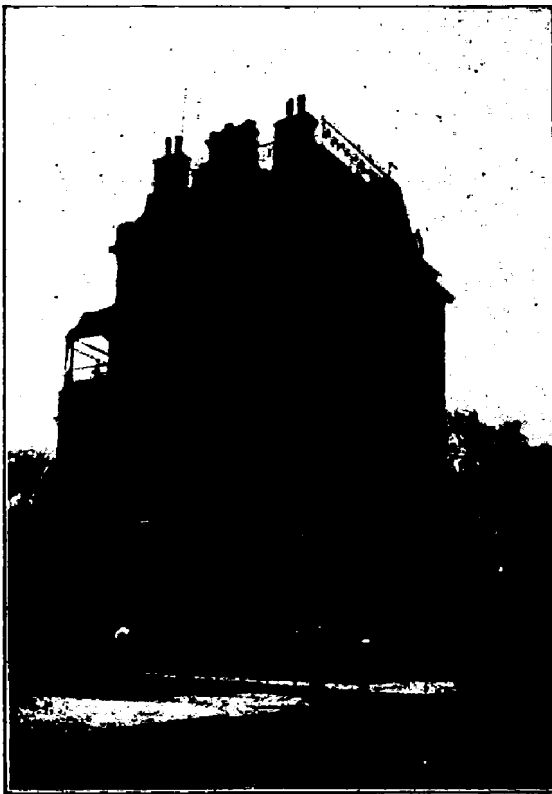
Another Trick Photo.

THE accompanying photo., which apparently represents a clever acrobatic feat, was taken as follows. A lofty, well-lighted room was chosen as the scene of the exposure, and the camera was suspended from the ceiling, lens downwards, at a distance of about five feet from the wall and twelve from the ground. The floor immediately below the camera was got up to represent, as nearly



AN ACROBATIC FEAT AS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.

Photo. by G. E. A.



A PECULIAR HOUSE.

Photo. by C. W. J.

as possible, the wall, by placing a picture on the ground, &c.; and the wall itself was arranged as the floor by tilting up boots and gaiters, and placing a chair on its back with its legs against the wall. All these preliminaries having been completed, the subject took up his position on the ground, holding the back of the chair with his right hand. The exposure was then made, with the result depicted. GEO. E. ARROWSMITH.

A Peculiar House.

THIS house, of which I am sending a photograph, stands at the corner of Upper Cheyne Row and Oakley Street, in Chelsea, and is locally known as "Phene's Folly." The edifice in question presents one of the most extraordinary examples of architectural and sculptural incongruities that ever man spent money on. The entire front of the mansion, which is four storeys high, is completely covered with mystic devices, angels, gargoyles, lions, griffins, armorial bearings, balustrades, columns, and capitals, all being arranged without any system whatever. The inconsistency of the designs is aggravated by the fact that they are painted in the most vivid and startling colours. brilliant reds, bright



THIN BOY: "I wish I had all the money I've spent on tuck!"

FAT BOY: "I wish I had all the tuck!"

Drawn by S. Jacobs.

yellows, and emerald greens being extensively employed. Eight large female figures form the basis of the scheme, and between their heads are tablets and medallions on which are depicted snakes, elephants, sacred bulls, ecclesiastical emblems, gods, and goddesses. The windows are covered with dust, and many of the panes are broken. Nobody lives in the house, and no visitors are ever admitted to it.

CHARLES W. JONES.

Peculiarities of English Weights and Measures.

WE sell pickled cod by the barrel, hooked cod by the score, shrimps by the stone, soles by the pair, Dutch smelts by the basket, and English smelts by the hundred. In Ireland, butter is sold by the cask and the firkin; in England, by the pound of 16 oz., by the stone, and by the hundredweight of 112 lb.—not, as in Canada, of 100 lb. A load of straw is 1296 lb.; of new hay 2160 lb., and of old hay 2016 lb., though when new hay becomes old is a question that needs answering. A firkin of butter is 56 lb., a firkin of raisins 112 lb., and

a firkin of soap 64 lb. A hogshead of wine is 63 gallons, but a hogshead of beer is 54 gallons. A pipe of Madeira is 92 gallons, of Bucellas 117 gallons, of port 103 gallons, and of Teneriffe 100 gallons. A stone of hemp is 32 lb., of flax, 16½ lb. at Belfast and 24 lb. at Downpatrick, and of wool 14 lb.

From which it may be concluded that the English are a logical and clear-headed nation.

J. EVANS.

The Captain.

SOME boys in "maths" take their delight,

And others classic lore are wrapt in;
Some study German day and night—
I read THE CAPTAIN.

Some love Jack Sheppard's escapades
And fixes tight that he is 'trapped in,
And some Dick Turpin's daring raids—
I read THE CAPTAIN.

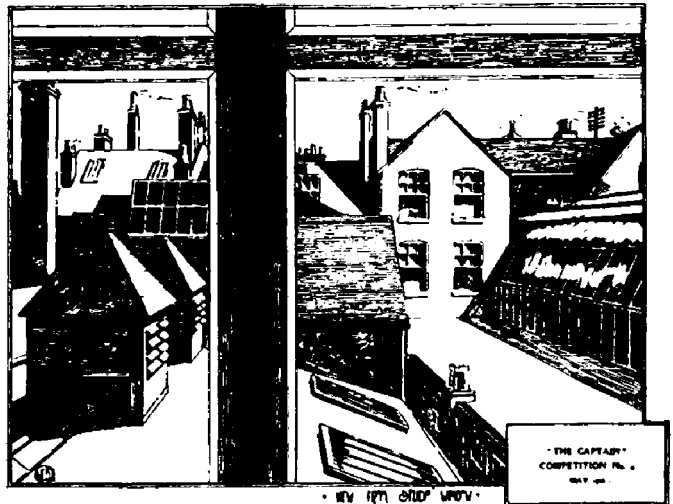
Some love the jolly Pirate bold,
And how he 'scapes when prison clapped
in;

Some love the heroes brave of old—
I read THE CAPTAIN.

They all deride my simple taste,
And some suggest my brain I'm tapped
in;

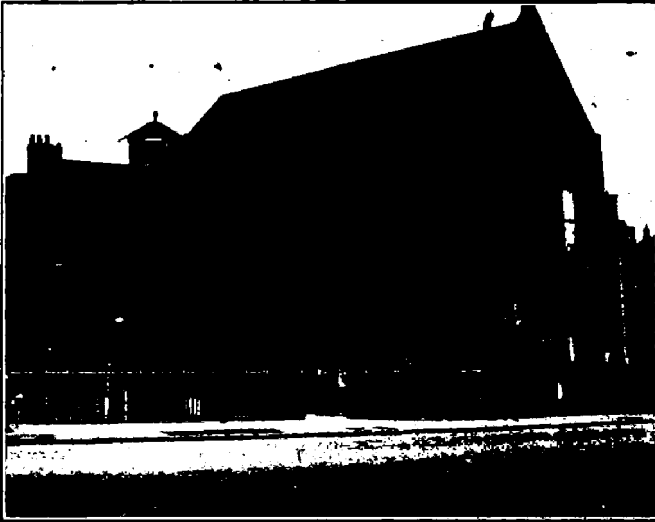
No time in arguing do I waste—
I read THE CAPTAIN.

L. SPERO.



"VIEW FROM MY STUDIO WINDOW."

The winning picture in the May Drawing Competition, Class I.
Drawn by W. C. Boswell.



THE ANCIENT CHAPEL OF THE SARDINIAN AMBASSADORS,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, SHORTLY
TO BE PULLED DOWN.

Photo. by C. G. Paul.

An Historic Church.

THE Catholic Church of SS. Anselm and Cecilia, Sardinia Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, will soon be demolished to complete the improvements which the London County Council are making in this part of the metropolis. The church, which was built in the sixteenth century, was closely associated with the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in London, and was frequently attacked and fired during the era of religious turmoil. It was formerly the chapel of the Sardinian Ambassadors, and the Catholic judges and barristers met there for the celebration of the "Red Mass." Not long ago, there were discovered beneath the altar stone fourteen relics of saints and a document stating that the stone itself was originally a part of the old Glastonbury Abbey. This ancient edifice will be replaced by a new church to be built in the immediate vicinity.

ST. IVEL.

"More Howlers."

A GILLIE is a thing you hang meat on before a fire.

A panorama is a hat that folds up.

A lagoon is a part of an army.

A sandwich man is a soft sort of chap.

Julius Cæsar was murdered in the Sanatorium in Rome.

A press-gang is a set of men in a railway accident who take bandages with them.

A trade wind is a wind that blows away trade.

"JOKER."

Very Unfortunate!

I REALLY am a pleasant man,
As jolly as can be ;
Yet dismal far beyond all words
Are all who visit me.

I greet each caller with a smile,
And speak in cheerful tone ;
They mostly answer with a frown,
Or else a dismal groan.

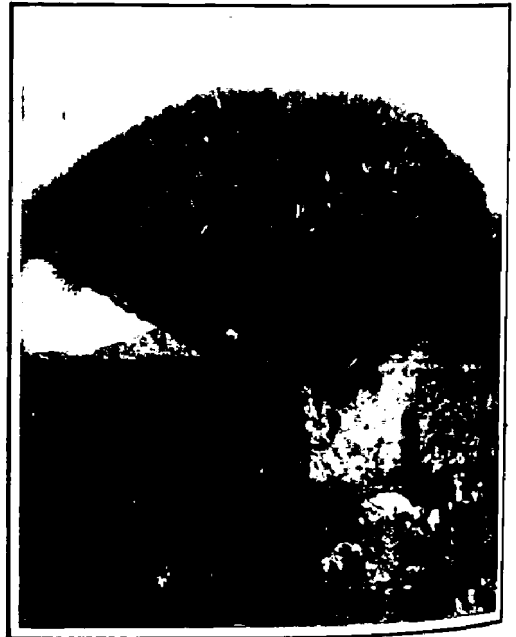
I bid them take the easy chair,
Most comfortably made ;
They writhe upon its springy seat
As if they're being flayed.

But when they're bidding me good-bye—
It's very rude, you know—
They smile once more quite happily,
And seem most pleased to go'

Old friends I've known from boyhood's days,
And those of later years,
All treat me in this unkind way—
My inmost heart it sears.

I'm sure it is no fault of mine,
I greet them heartily ;
Why should they treat me so because
A dentist I must be ?

HERBERT J. BRANDON.



THE FAMOUS DRAGON-TREE AT LAGUNA,
TENERIFFE.

It is said to be 3000 years old.
Photo. by Muriel A. Price.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

Written and Illustrated by G. H. DAVIS.

STIFF half-gale blowing, and a heavy sea running, the ugly waves capped with ghostly phosphorescent lights. The night is not, perhaps, exactly suitable for the work before us. We are out on night torpedo practice, having been dispatched by the Admiral to steam, with several other destroyers, some distance

out to sea, and on returning to deliver an unexpected torpedo attack on his flagship, in order to test the efficiency of the respective crews.

Pitching and rolling, lolling and lurching, we forge ahead. Up on the platform the lieutenant-commander is an immovable figure, with his night-glasses glued to his eyes, eagerly watching for the mass of steel which is to be our target to-night. Away to port, a distant jar of machinery, or a larger flash of foam, tells where a companion is fighting our common enemy, the sea. Each man stands at his station, enveloped in oil-skins and waiting anxiously.

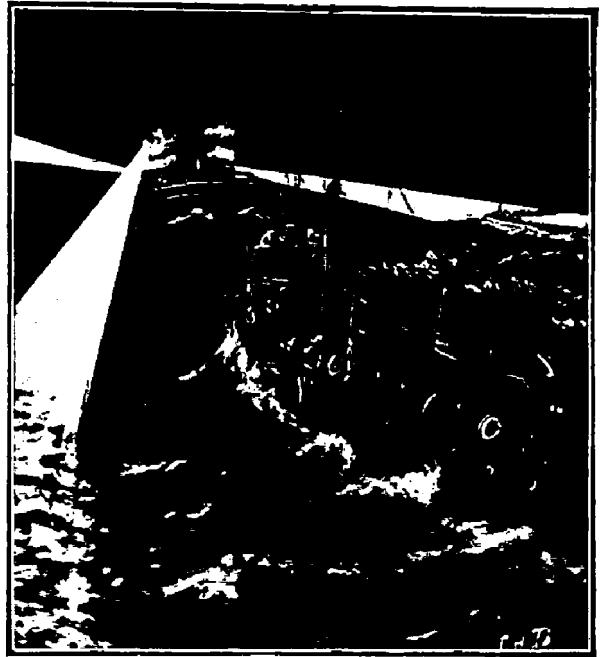
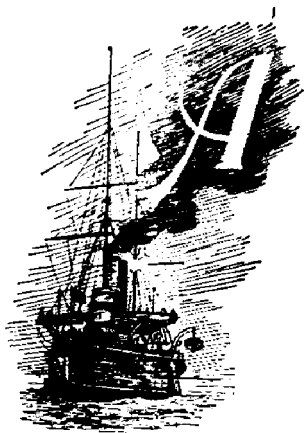
Clang! goes the engine-room telegraph gong. At the moment a row of lights appears, and snatches of music reach our ears.

The new-comer is a big Atlantic boat speeding on her way with a living freight of 2,000 souls. On again, past cattle boats, collier brigs, and "tramps"; then far away a solitary white spark darts out of the blackness and a report comes sharp as a pistol shot across the water. That very instant the big white beam of a search-light flares up and sweeps round over the sea. Nearer we creep, now within range of that big and deadly white beam, shimmering incessantly over the sea, nearer and nearer. All thoughts of danger are swept aside, and we seem to be at the game of war in all its deadly reality.

The indicator points to "full speed ahead" at last, the engineers move the levers, and the frenzied cranks whirl faster than ever; the whole fabric shivers, and we dash madly at our foe (and most probably, in actual warfare, to destruction). The men are ready at the torpedo tube, the gunner adjusts everything, and then the word of

command rings out. The next moment the sleek form of the torpedo dives into the sea with its two little propellers whirring wildly. One can't but think for the moment what powers of destruction this wicked weapon would hold if charged with her "war-nose" and its 200 lbs. of gun-cotton, hurrying through the sea until it either strikes its foe with a result one can but faintly imagine, or, spent, its valves open, dives into the depths of Davy Jones' locker.

The search-light is circling round us, but we are hard to locate; then at last it strikes the milky wake astern of us, travels up it, and flares in our faces; the little three and six-pound quick-firing guns sparkle and clatter again from the tops and superstructure, and we turn away—theoretically destroyed. As we move off, a little blue glare flames up against the bow of the battleship; it is the Holmes light attached to the nose of our torpedo, which thus heralds



TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER DISCOVERED BY MEANS OF THE MAN-O-WAR'S FLASHLIGHT.

its success. Later, with the help of the search-light and the Holmes attachment, the torpedo is once more recovered, for it is too valuable an article to lose. As our boats are hoisted aboard once more, and the screws begin to turn again, the grey mists of dawn creep along the eastern horizon; and, yawning, we go below.

COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

Last day for sending in, August 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, October 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be forwarded in a separately stamped envelope and bear a coupon.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. Only those articles actually offered for competition will be awarded as prizes. Girls may, however, have tennis racquets or hockey-sticks instead of footballs.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by August 18.

The Results will be published in October.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the decision of the Editor is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—“**Historical Characters as Athletes.**”—Choose a celebrated historical character and represent him as a distinguished (or otherwise) exponent of a modern pastime. It is quite easy to associate Rugby football with this historical character, croquet with that, with another wrestling, with another lawn-tennis, with another golf, and so on. This will make a most interesting competition. Essays should not exceed 400 words, and must be written on one side of the paper only. If two essays are of equal merit, the prize will go to that most neatly written. Prizes: Three Columbia Graphophones. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No Age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—“**Missing Words.**”—Supply the missing words in the following paragraph. The number of letters in the missing words are indicated by dots.

The land rose as we the coast, and the sepoy . . . us through a . . . of gorge that on to the sea-shore, where, selecting a nook, we outspanned, and the set to preparing breakfast. That disposed of, we left the camp standing, and followed our cicerone the beach northwards. Truly an iron-bound, coast just here. A of sandstone precipices of altitude and verticality dominated the beach to our right.

Prizes: Two Post-Card Albums. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—“**Clock Sentence.**”—Write a sentence of twelve words, making the number of letters in each word correspond with the figures on a clock face. That is to say, the first word must contain one letter, the second word two, and so on to the twelfth. The sentence can be about anything you like, but of course it must make sense. This sounds an easy thing to do, but it isn't. Prizes: Two No. 0 “Midg.” Cameras, by Messrs. W. Butcher and Sons. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—“**Design for 'Captain' Cover.**”—Send a design, in colours, suitable for reproducing on our cover. The design must be *strictly original*. The prevailing colour of every design should be red. Prizes: Gradidge Footballs. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No Age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 5.—“**Photographic Competition.**”—Send a photograph of a holiday subject. Prizes: Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . . No Age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—“**August Celebrities.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in August. Prizes: Three “Swan” Fountain Pens. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No Age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **October 18.** By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living **outside** Europe. There will be **no age limit.** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial August Competitions.”

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Little-known Holiday Resorts.

—In publishing the information which I have gathered from a perusal of the essays submitted for this competition I shall no doubt put a large number of readers in touch with "pastures new" for their summer holidays. At the same time, I shall be offending one reader, "Yorkshireman," who implores me in a letter just to hand not to publish any of the essays. "In these days of excitement and fast travelling, and straining for something new," says he, "it is so hard to find a little-known place, a place not boomed by a railway company or afflicted with a new red-brick hotel and lodging-houses *ad lib.*, nor over-run with trippers and motorists. Such places, I say, are so few and far between that there is no need to hurry their complete extinction. So I hope that you will keep to yourself any information you may receive about any pleasant places which may still remain unspoiled by modern vandalism. Therefore, if you have any sympathy with lovers of simple, quiet, natural holiday resorts, please be careful lest you betray their favourite corners to the unceremonious mob." Now, I quite see this correspondent's argument, but I put it to him: Is it [not a somewhat selfish one? Moreover, it is rather rude of "Yorkshireman" to suggest that in publishing the names of little-known holiday resorts in *THE CAPTAIN* we are revealing these desirable places to the "unceremonious mob." This expression conjures up the beach at Southend and Margate; factory girls, arm-in-arm, yelling "Down at the Old Bull and Bush"; negro minstrels with brazen voices chanting ditties about mothers-in-law and gentlemen who indulge in too much beer; knock-kneed Cockneys eating

periwinkles with a pin; loud-voiced youths in imitation panamas and cummerbunds making saucy remarks to giggling maidens. These constitute the "unceremonious mob" —worthy people most of them, honest toilers for their bread who conduct themselves in this free-and-easy manner simply because they have to work so hard and keep such long hours all the rest of the year. So, to cut this preface short, I beg to inform "Yorkshireman" that by publishing particulars of little-known holiday resorts in *THE CAPTAIN* I am confident that I shall not help to vulgarise or spoil such resorts. On the other hand, the effect of my remarks will be, I trust, to send a somewhat larger number of appreciative visitors to quiet villages, the inhabitants of which will in no wise object to their presence. Furthermore, let me remind "Yorkshireman," the "unceremonious mob" doesn't descend upon sequestered hamlets. It likes to be raucous and noisy and to associate with its kind. "Yorkshireman" need, therefore, have no fear. *THE CAPTAIN* may make some little-known resort better known, but it will not spoil it or do anything to lessen the attractiveness which has inspired some competitor to sing its praises. Limited space compels me to "boil down" the essays I am quoting to narrow limits. I am, therefore, simply giving essential particulars about each place, and leaving the glowing expressions of approval in which the essays abound to my readers' imagination.

Lulworth, Dorset.—A beautiful village situated five miles from Wool Station (on the Wareham to Weymouth line), and about eight miles from Weymouth. Laurence Housman has described Lulworth in his novel "Sabrina Warham," giving it the name of "East and West Gill." Most interesting

coast, originally a hot-bed of smuggling and "wrecking." Very reasonable tariff at the Lulworth Cove Hotel—the only hotel. One meets charming people here, says Doris Bollam, and artists come to paint the sea and the downs.

Trebarwith Strand, North Cornwall.

—"He is a bold man," says C. T. A. Wilkinson, "who ventures to recommend his favourite haunt to a friend. No two men are alike in their likes and dislikes, so that it is quite on the cards that the spot which seems perfect to one man is a disappointment to another." True, O King! Wisely spoken. Mr. Wilkinson, however, has no hesitation in recommending to CAPTAIN readers "an almost ideal spot for a holiday" in the shape of Trebarwith Strand, which, he says, has so far escaped the notice of the world in general. Trebarwith is a little village with accommodation for a small number of visitors, connected with the beach by a narrow, rock-bound gully, washed at each tide by the sea. This sounds very romantic. There is a beautiful stretch of sand for bathing, and the scenery is exquisite. Here, again, there are smugglers' caves, and the beach is a fine playground for children. The station is Camelford, four miles away, which is reached *via* Okehampton.

Swanton Morley, Mid - Norfolk.

Bernard Weaver remarks that when people go to Norfolk they flock to the Broads, and so remain ignorant of the county's other charms. Swanton Morley, according to Mr. Weaver, is "one of those truly rural places where the natives can be studied in their element." When the visitor is tired of native-studying, he can fish for pike or trout in the Wensum, or, on payment of a shilling fee for the whole of his stay, play cricket on the good ground with which the village is provided. From the station (East Dereham) one can travel by excursion to Cromer, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Norwich, Wells, Hunstanton, Sandringham, and Lynn. At Dereham the curfew bell is still rung every night at eight.

Clay-next-the-Sea is the promising name of a place in North Norfolk, situated between Sheringham and Wells, which is recommended to Captainites by L. Spero. The sea is a mile away over the green marshland, which is covered by the tide. The air is wonderful and "brings new

joy in life to the jaded town-dweller." You bathe from your tent at Clay, you cycle, and you can enjoy good free shooting over the marshes. There is fishing, and there are golf-links. The nearest station is Holt, on the Great Northern Railway (four miles from Clay), a fast train taking the jaded town-dweller to Holt from King's Cross in three hours. Good accommodation can be had in the village, and there is a "very decent hotel—the 'George,'" says Mr. Spero.

Mousehole is a quaintly named fishing-village about three miles from Penzance, which Cecil E. Wright recommends as a holiday resort. Boating, bathing, fishing, and fern-gathering in the "Mousehole Cave" are the principal holiday occupations. Mousehole has its memories, for in 1595 it was destroyed by the Spaniards, and one can still see a cannon ball which was fired at the church by the rascals.

Corton, Suffolk.—This, says Benjamin Corbyn, is a little seaside village about a mile and a half from Lowestoft and about eight miles from Great Yarmouth. It is an ideal spot—the bathing is good and safe, there are golf-links, and cheap and comfortable lodgings are to be had. Blundeston—the Blunderstone of "David Copperfield"—is within easy walking distance. Mr. Corbyn becomes almost poetical when he talks of the heather and brake, and the view from the cliffs of the brown-sailed fishing-boats and white-winged yachts.

Studland is a quaint, old-fashioned little village nestling on the side of the Purbeck Hills, about four miles from Swanage and seven from Bournemouth by water. It would be impossible to find a more lovely spot for a holiday, declares Reginald Meaton. The little sheltered bay provides the safest possible bathing- and boating-ground. No better place could be found in which to spend a holiday under canvas, but rooms can be had at very reasonable rates. The nearest railway station is Swanage, and one can reach all sorts of interesting places by steamboat, rail, a-wheel, and on foot. For a quiet holiday, says Mr. Meaton, you can't do better than Studland.

Seaton Oarew lies a mile and a half to the south of West Hartlepool, and, if we may believe Claude Bloom, it would be hard

to find a nicer little seaside resort for a quiet holiday. "The beach might almost be called perfect," and Seaton Carew is, moreover, a golfer's paradise. The accommodation is excellent. Mr. Bloom lays particular stress on the cleanliness of Seaton Carew, and on the invigorating walks to be enjoyed over lovely grassland with the sea close at hand all the way.

Perranporth, a Cornish coast village nine miles from Truro, has already been mentioned in *THE CAPTAIN*. Accommodation is cheap, the air is very nourishing, and one can do pretty well as one likes there—walk about with bare feet, for example. There is a "lost church" there which everybody ought to make a point of seeing when the tides allow of it, says Walter B. Gale. I am sorry to say that I did not see this curiosity when I myself was at "Perran" in August 1899.

Tyn-y-Gongl is a small village on the west coast of Anglesey. The nearest station, Llanefui, is six miles away, so Tyn-y-gongl is what you might call quiet. According to Alan Ebbutt, there is glorious sand for children at Tyn-y-gongl. (I wonder how it is pronounced.) "You can wear your oldest clothes there," adds Alan, "and go without stockings or hats, and ladies can wear their hair down if they like." Cricket is played on the sands, and golf—of a kind. Tyn-y-gongl is the sort of place where you can get caught by the tide if you are not careful!

Wimmereux is a little village a few miles out of Boulogne. A lot of English people go there every summer. Although a small place, Wimmereux, says Blanche Clarkson, possesses several large hotels, a casino, and shops of all kinds. One can have a thorough good holiday at Wimmereux, and an amusing one, for every day there is a procession of bathers through the streets. You dress and undress at your hotel, and strut to the sea and back in a *peignoir*. I think I should look rather *chic* in a *peignoir*.

Beer is a small fishing-village on the south coast of Devonshire. Seaton is the nearest station. Beer has only one street, so you are not always asking the policeman (if there is one) "the way." The one street has two lamp-posts, and the lamps are only lighted in winter. So if there is no moon you find your bicycle lamp handy. You get your

stamps at the grocer's. Altogether, a primitive little place, but one, says Winifred Whiston, in which a great amount of pleasure and rest can be obtained after a year's hard work. And if you would be livened up, is not Sidmouth but seven miles distant?

East Runton is in Poppyland—a mile and a quarter from Cromer. Nearly all the villagers let their cottages for the season, and sleep in sheds and out-houses in order to obtain a modest sum to put by for the winter. It seldom rains at East Runton, which is kept cool on the hottest day by the sea breezes. You hire bathing-tents from the boatmen, and your afternoons you spend rambling about the Felbrigg woods, where, Dora Yabsley tells me, "the bracken grows nearly as tall as a man." *CAPTAIN* readers will like East Runton, I can see.

Huntly, Aberdeenshire, affirms William Ewen, though situate on the main line of the Great North of Scotland Railway, is about as little known to the Southron to-day as it was when its lawless feudal chieftains set at nought the thunders of the Vatican and defied the Scottish king to arms. Coming down to earth, Mr. Ewen remarks that if the curative properties of its mineral waters were widely known, this Aberdeenshire town would become the chief of the northern spas. Its scenery is unsurpassed by any in Scotland, one can fish in the local rivers on payment of a nominal fee (trout and salmon swarm in these waters), and one can play golf, cricket, and tennis there. Its bowling-green is the finest in Scotland. There are good hotels at Huntly, and it is satisfactory to learn that Huntly people of to-day retain none of that ferocious hostility to outsiders which Sir Walter Scott represents their ancestors as having shown. (It would be a bad thing for the hotels if they did.) "For its historical connections," runs Mr. Ewen's peroration, "its salubrious climate, and the facilities it affords for hill-climbing, fishing, camping-out, scene-sketching, and photographing, we can heartily recommend to those desirous of a real holiday this, the capital of Strathbogie."

Kirkby Lonsdale is situated about thirteen miles from Kendal, in Westmoreland. "I should think you would like Kirkby very much if you are a climby man," says Edgar Stowell, for this neighbourhood is a mountainous one, and to enjoy oneself

there one requires a good pair of legs. Kirkby Lonsdale has a population of about 900. The scenery is most striking, the air is very bracing, and there is good fishing to be had in the neighbourhood. The place abounds in legends and stories, and the antiquarian would find a feast of delight in the bridge across the Lune, "which is so exceedingly old that nobody can trace it back past some hundred years." Altogether, Mr. Stowell thinks Kirkby Lonsdale ought to be better known, and begs to recommend the quaint little Westmoreland town to the British holiday-maker.

Lamorna is another Cornish village which is out of the beaten track of tourists. It lies "far down in West Cornwall, about five miles from Penzance," says D. N. Garstin. "When bicycling out from Penzance, you come to Lamorna, you wonder why such a small place possesses a hotel. Well, the reason is that a certain number of people know and appreciate Lamorna, but the proprietor of the hotel would no doubt be pleased if Lamorna were known to a great many more people." According to Mr. Garstin, Lamorna is an ideal holiday resort. He has never come across a better in the British Isles or on the Continent.

Stromness, Orkney, sounds a long way off, yet there may be a few Captainites who will take Rollo Isbister's advice and visit this quaint little place. It has a nine-hole golf-course, but, of course, the principal recreation is sailing. "The town lies along the shore, and every house by the water's edge has its own little pier." One can get shooting, fishing, and cricket there as well as golf, and "the air is so bracing that one never wants to loaf."

Well, I have taken you around and about a bit in the course of these necessarily brief descriptions of little-known holiday resorts, and I trust some of you may find in this list a place in which you will spend an enjoyable holiday. In most cases, a line to the Vicar or Postmaster should be sufficient to obtain

information as to lodgings. No doubt, all these places will be glad to see new faces and welcome visitors. Anyhow, wherever they go, let me in this August number wish all Captainites the jolliest of summer holidays!

How to Repair Broken Phonograph Records.—A. C. Burrows says that the following is a recipe sent to him for repairing broken phonograph records: "Soak the fragments in H₂O.



HANDY MAN AMENITIES.

BEARDLESS BIRDIE: "I used to have whiskers like yours, but when I saw how they made me look I cut them off!"

WHISKERED WIGGIE: "Well, I used to have a face like yours, and found I couldn't cut it off, so I grew a beard!"

From The Bluejacket.

Pass the broken pieces through a coffee mill and transmit all sounds into a common tin can; then melt the powdered wax, remould round a rolling-pin and dry slowly, having placed cylinder inside the can containing the escaped sounds. Take care that no magpies, parrots, or women approach the cylinder while it receives back its musical notes. Should this simple process fail, call at a shop with a shilling, secure a new record, and break it less violently than its unfortunate predecessor. A way of avoiding future trouble is to dig a hole in the garden and bury the phonograph along with the

remaining records. Should a longing return to hear once more a favourite record, scratch a slate with a rusty nail and emit synchronically vocal sounds resembling the calls of a distressed duck. The illusion is then complete."

"Ambitious," although not yet sixteen, tells me that she hopes to get her B.A. and be a barrister. She adds that she is intensely fond of arguing, and takes a leading part in her school debates. I do not laugh at her suggestion. I know there are a great many girls equipped, if I may put it this way, with masculine brains—that is to say, they feel capable of entering the professional arena on level terms with men. There is no doubt that there are women who would achieve success as solicitors and barristers, in fact I am personally acquainted with women who have sufficient intellectual stamina to grapple with the intricacies of the law, if properly trained, as well as most men. But as a sex I do not consider that women are the intellectual equals of men, nor do I think that women will ever be admitted to the Bar. However, "Ambitious" should go on, get her B.A., and try her luck. The argument is that women have been kept in such a state of subjection all these centuries that they have never had a chance of developing the same mental strength as that possessed by men, and I do not see how they ever can, because a woman's mind, like her body, is built on more delicate lines than a man's, and always will be. I do not think that women were ever intended to do the same kind of work as men; and, although it is necessary for women to enter into competition with men nowadays in order to earn a livelihood, I think it is unwise of them to claim equality with men and demand equal rights in such things as having a vote, and so forth.

Hampshire v. All England.—A correspondent signing himself "Old Sport" sends me the following extract from the *Universal Magazine* for the year 1777. "Your Hampshire readers," he says, "will see that their county could play cricket, once." I may suggest to "Old Sport" that Hampshire plays cricket very well now, although I must admit that she is not quite capable of taking on the whole of England. The extract I mention runs:

"September 18, 1777.—Yesterday evening exactly at six o'clock the great cricke match between the county of Hampshire and All

England was finished in the Artillery Ground, and the numbers on the match were as follows:

"Monday.—Hampshire got 187 notches, and England 32 with two wickets down.

"Tuesday.—England 119, total 151. Hampshire (second innings) 85, with four men out.

"Wednesday.—Hampshire (second innings) 96, making in the whole a majority of 247. England (second innings) 117; majority on the match for Hampshire, 130.

"Lord Tankerville and his man were the two first who went in yesterday, and got betwixt them 49 notches, and were both so unfortunate as to be caught out; his Lordship by Small, and his man by Aylward.

"Most of the others were caught out, which gave so quick a turn to the game."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As we receive a great number of letters, our correspondents are requested to bear in mind that we can only comment on communications that we consider to be of general interest. Readers requiring information quickly should enclose stamped envelopes or post-cards, according to the length of the answer they desire.]

A. H. E. J. sends me an essay entitled, "Roughing It," in which he suggests that schoolboys should be taught cooking, scouring, cleaning windows, lighting fires, washing up crockery, washing clothes, darning stockings, gardening, and manual labour of various kinds. I beg to suggest to my contributor that a school is not a reformatory, and that a fellow must be a very poor sort of fellow indeed who can't do a bit of gardening or scouring without having learnt it at school. Personally, I enjoy doing housework occasionally, and I do not think that there are many well-balanced members of the educated classes who regard it as beneath their dignity to clean a pair of boots or a window, or do a bit of weeding in the garden. In fact, it is the well-educated man who least objects to putting in hard manual work when occasion requires. I have known quite a number of gentlemen who take pleasure in cooking chops and steaks for themselves, making their beds, and proving themselves generally independent of womenkind, just as they would have to do if they were living in the backwoods of Canada or in the Australian Bush.

Elsie.—You will get over these little jealousies as time goes on. You are passing through a stage which most girls pass through. As to whether you ought to go to another school or stay at home, I think your mother is the best judge. Leave off being "mad on" people, and occupy your thoughts with some healthy hobby. There are, for instance, some nice hockey clubs out your way.

E. J. P.—Your *nom de plume* is too long and awkward, and so I am referring to you by your initials. It is absurd of you to say that girls should not be allowed to enter for our competitions. Girls and boys play hockey and tennis together, swim together, and share in other pursuits. Why, therefore, should they not read the same magazine and go in for the same competitions? You must be more chivalrous and tolerant.

Noel L. Brown.—Your verses are considerably better than many I have seen and a good deal worse than many others. You do not strike any distinctive note or say anything new. Thousands of poets have referred to the fact that "the lark directs its sweet chorus towards the heavens' ethereal dome." We are also well aware that "the peewit's cry" is mournful, and that "the setting sun sinks in the west." To achieve fame in poetry you must express some new idea in a graceful flight of fancy, or indite some majestic piece of music in word form.

C. H. W.—You can obtain a full list of the works of the late Talbot Baines Reed from the Religious Tract Society, Bouverie Street, E.C.

Victor Tomlyn.—French periodicals can be obtained from Messrs. Hachette and Co., 18 King William Street, London, W.C. I am afraid I must leave you to find a French correspondent by making inquiries for one among your friends, as we do not put readers in communication with one another except for the purposes of forming a CAPTAIN Club.

J. B. (Toronto) hopes base-ball won't be taken up in this country. "The game is all right," he says, "but it is the way it is played which makes nice people not like it here. The players use awful language and abuse the referee, and the crowds behave awfully. When the home team is batting, the crowd yell as hard as they can to disturb the man who is pitching, and I have seen the captain of the home team lead the shouting, calling out 'Make more noise there'—as if there wasn't row enough. Did Mr. Jackson do that when Armstrong was bowling? If your professional footballers take up the game it will be the same sort of thing, don't you think so? It is a most exciting game, but it is 'not cricket.'"—I do not think baseball will catch on in this country to any extent because cricket and football will always be the principal loves of the British people. Then, again, hockey is coming along with such immense strides; but I can assure my correspondent that if base-ball were played in this country the onlookers would not behave as they appear to do in Toronto.

"Medical."—If at eighteen years of age you are 5 ft. 10 in. and about 36 in. round the chest, you are a good size and have every reason to be satisfied with your proportions. Some fellows grow after eighteen and some don't, but the chances are pretty even that you may reach six feet. You need not be anxious to do that, as 5 ft. 10 in. is a very good working height. An occasional cigarette doesn't hurt a fellow of eighteen, but if he wishes to keep in good condition he will find it advisable not to smoke.

J. B. Ebdon (East London).—I congratulate St. Andrew's College on turning out such good athletes. To send three Rhodes Scholars to Oxford who are competent to play for the 'Varsity is a fine achievement.

"Ham."—Yes, it would be awfully jolly if we could arrange for CAPTAIN readers to produce a play at the Albert Hall, but I think you can have little idea of the extraordinary amount of trouble it would mean. I think that, as you suggest, "Cox's Cough-Drops" might well be dramatised, and the author doesn't mind anybody having a go at it for private representation only. It should be quite easy to get two boys in a school very similar in appearance and write a play round them in which they are constantly being mistaken for one another.

Corniola.—You are worrying yourself unnecessarily. It is just as natural for some people to be thin—very thin, indeed—as it is for others to be fat. I appreciate the fact that you don't like being alluded to by such names as "Boney," "Skinny," "Fiddle-face," &c., but when you tell me that you have passed two severe medical examinations and have been pronounced a perfectly healthy subject, I can only say that you ought to be very thankful. As for remedies, any doctor will tell you what kind of food makes flesh—tapioca pudding, bread-and-milk, porridge, and other farinaceous substances. You might try a diet of this kind, but I hardly think it would make you any fatter. The best way to get fat is to take life easily, keep good hours, sleep with the window open, and eat plenty of butter.

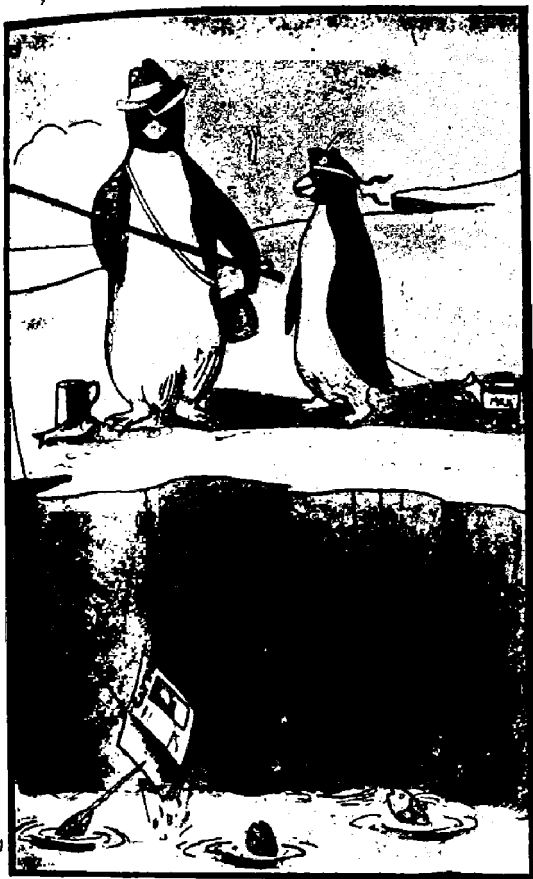
"A Sincere Admirer."—I think your suggestions are very sensible, and when we have cleared out our existing stock of prizes we shall allow readers to choose goods to a certain amount from the catalogues of firms advertising in the magazine. I am sorry I cannot alter the coupon system, but if two brothers share THE CAPTAIN they must also share the coupons—take three apiece, say. When two people club together to buy THE CAPTAIN, it is not fair that each should enjoy the advantages that a reader enjoys who purchases THE CAPTAIN for himself only. Surely you can see the justice of this?

B. T. Weatherill.—I hope to find space for your little essay on Mr. Bosanquet this summer. I hope I have got your name right—you wrote it so badly that I had to make a shot at it. It is extraordinary how many people write quite legible letters ending with illegible signatures.

R. N.—The O.F. as a wrestler now! I wonder what he will be next. The sketch displays some ability, but you have made the hands look like gloves—and badly made gloves at that.

L. T. Rackham.—I have no particular views to express on boxing. It is a healthy sport, and it is a most useful thing for a man to know how to look after himself in a shindy. An ability to use his fists has always proved serviceable to the Briton, and our Tame Artist herewith depicts a Briton getting to work on a foreigner who has tried to use a knife to him. Boxing will always be one of the national





THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.

Drawn by G. McGregor.

sports of this country, and a very good manly sport it is, too. The late Judge Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," was very useful with his hands. When he was a young barrister he used to go down to the East End and teach the young East-enders how to box.

G. Falconer.—Your caricature of Mr. Tom Browne does not suggest him in the least, nor is it at all like him. For one thing, you have made him a thin man, whereas he is a burly one.

H.A.A.—Your sketches are of the crudest description. As for endeavouring to represent me as a country squire, I can only say that even Basketville refuses to touch the portrait.

Sheep in the Falkland Islands.—The contributor of some particulars about the Falkland Islands to our January number stated that there were 200,000 sheep on the islands. J. W. Matthews,

who is a native of the Falkland Islands, comes down on that contributor like a thousand of bricks. "Your contributor," he says, "evidently obtained this paragraph from the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Since that statement was inserted in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' the number of sheep in the Falkland Islands has increased to 700,000."—I sincerely hope they don't find their way to Chicago!

The O.F. at Home.—Already this month I have received sketches depicting me as a country squire and as a wrestler, and now "Young Hopeful" (who is in bed with a bad ankle) sends a pencil sketch representing me at home, reading in an arm-chair. Curious to see what "Young Hopeful" has given me to read, I examine the title of the periodical and find that it is one called **THE CAPTAIN**. No, my young friend, much as I admire and venerate the magazine in question, I prefer to read something else when I retire to my suburban residence. After all, one can have a little too much of a good thing.

Poems and Essays.—I must ask those readers who have sent me poems and essays to accept my assurance that their contributions are read in their turn, and that the best of them are put by for publication when space permits. It is difficult to say when space will permit, as we already have enough such contributions to fill a whole number or couple of numbers. The senders must exercise patience and hope for the best. Those contributions which we cannot use we hand to the Hound of the Basketvilles—unless stamped, addressed envelopes are enclosed for return.

Handwriting.—Again I have to disappoint a large number of readers who have written asking me to "tell their characters" by their handwriting. I have already said that this magazine is run for the community and not for the individual, and although by way of a bit of fun I occasionally make a guess at some correspondent's character by his writing, I do not wish readers to take it as a matter of course that I shall do this for everybody who sends a request of that nature.

Jim.—I should say from your handwriting that you are rather untidy and not very fond of getting up in the morning. You have a very honest sort of face, and are good company. You are impetuous, and never sulk. Am I right, sir?

"Englishman."—The sketches you send show promise, but are not sufficiently distinctive or original for publication.

W. W. Gray.—Sorry, but Prince Arthur's visit to Japan is now out of date.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: "Girl-reader," S. L. Burnard, "X. Y. Z." (hardly interesting enough), E. Elvery (a good suggestion; I will bear it in mind), J. Fergusson (we can't reproduce pencil sketches), "Obo" (not bad, and not particularly good; promising), E. G. Glassford, Naval Cadet.

THE OLD FAG.



Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—"Twelve Best Subjects for the Athletic Corner."

One age limit: Twenty-one.
WINNER OF 1906 "SWIFT" BICYCLE: Leonard A. Pavey, 10 Edith Road, Plashet Grove, East Ham, E.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: T. W. Spikin, 347 Benham Lane, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
HONOURABLE MENTION: P. V. Maynard, B. C. Cory, Charles R. Gater, A. McLaughlan, T. Watson, Edward W. Tee, W. E. White, T. P. Bennett, John Browne, J. F. Dewar, K. F. Graham, B. Walling, Albert Albrow, P. E. Petter.

No. II.—"Silhouettes."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: Olive C. Harbutt, The Grange, Bathampton.
HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Terry, Constance H. Greaves, T. W. Nicholson.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: Lewis J. L. Sparke, 12 Mayfield Road, Acton, W.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Harry Barker, Harold Fox Walton, Harry Calderbank, H. J. Simkin, Thomas Curley, C. Cotton, S. B. Wilde.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: William Percy Brooks, 42 Lausanne Road, Hornsey, N.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Douglas E. Hearne, P. Arrow, Tom Lewis, Janet Hughes, Walter C. Orr, Mollie Smith, P. Goodman, Horace A. Webb, William Orr.

No. III.—"County Cricket Reform."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT "SURREY DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Alfred J. Judd, Silverdale, Mansfield Road, Taunton, Somerset.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. L. Adams, Arthur W. Green, Henry Skellern, Charles Reed.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT "SURREY DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: S. H. Newman, 40 Devonshire Road, Hackney, London, N.E.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Clive McManus, 37 Upper Rock Gardens, Brighton.
HONOURABLE MENTION: P. Eustace Petter, A. Tapply, T. H. Woods, H. Hall, Edwin D. Walkey, J. L. Cadoux, C. S. Nash, H. M. McCrossan, David Nicoll, Herbert C. Joyce, Guy Hume, C. V. Edwards.

No. IV.—"Summer-Time."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: B. Gubbins, Dunkathel, Glanmire, Co. Cork.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Blyth, A. Lenton Pentelow, George Billmore, R. W. Copeman, H. F. Woods, Mrs. Cleland.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: V. E. Colton, Paynes Farm, Woolmer Green, Knabworth, Herts.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Marguerite A. Tenison, Stanley Casson, J. H. Doggett, S. J. Pick, Sydney Wallis, S. H. Piggott, Oscar F. Smith, Dorothy Alice Hilton, Cecil Cotton, G. H. Webber.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: P. Arrow, 6 Mechlin Mansions, Brook Green, Hammersmith, W.
HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Gibsons, John R. Cleland, Owen W. Callard, S. C. Peacock, Charles Frank, J. C. Bedell, H. P. Robotham, Norman Lea, R. J. Drury.

No. V.—"June Celebrities."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND Co.'s PAINT-BOX: G. Browne, 2 Clifton Grove, Clifton, Bristol.
HONOURABLE MENTION: A. J. Judd, S. J. Giles, C. T. Down, G. Greenwood, H. R. Bishop, Charles Reed, W. L. Adams.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND Co.'s PAINT-BOX: Frederick G. Skinner, 11 Albury Street, Deptford, S.E.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Reginald C. Meaton, Surrey House, High Street, Camberley, Surrey.
HONOURABLE MENTION: D. G. Tyler, P. E. Petter, A. Tapply, Katharine Stuart, E. A. Storrs Fox, T. W. Spikin, A. H. Wilford, C. Murgatroyd, J. H. Powell.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND Co.'s PAINT-BOX: Arthur Williams, 47 Wind Street, Aberdare, Glam.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Hilda Snow, 71 Walm Lane, Brondesbury, N.W.
HONOURABLE MENTION: E. E. Field, P. W. Braybrooke, G. Gregory, Reginald Dovey, Dollie Parker, Swinburn S. Cherry, Walter Little, Eric H. Walker, Stanley H. Kent, G. E. R. Gedge, William Timlin.

No. VI.—"Little-known Holiday Resorts."

One age limit: Twenty-one.
WINNER OF NO. O "MIDG." HAND CAMERA: Doris Bollam, 71 Breakspears Road, Brockley, S.E.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. T. A. Wilkinson, 30 Thicket Road, Anerley; Bernard Weaver, Schoolhouse, Swanton Morley, E. Dereham.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Rollo Isbister, D. N. Garstin, E. L. M. St. J. Spero, Claude Bloom, E. Wright, W. B. Gale, Benjamin Corbyn, Alan Ebbutt, Blanche Clarkson, Winifred Whiston, Dora Yabsley, R. C. Meaton, William Ewen.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(April.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: Cecil Telford, Suite 43, Steele Block, Winnipeg, Canada.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. R. Norburn (Transvaal), Allan M. Petry (Canada), Eric Stanley Chaplin (S. Australia), G. P. Cassel (Cape Town), Leslie H. Burket (Canada), Ben Kalaingo (Calabar), W. G. Hanson (Canada), Harold F. Collier (Canada), Hugh Miller (Queensland), H. J. Clare (S. Australia).
No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Chas. S. Inkster, Nile Street, Port Adelaide, South Australia.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Jack Loutet (Canada), G. G. Proctor (Trinidad), Jack Weir (Calabar), Anana Udö (Calabar).
No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: E. Herbert Dosé, 81 Strand Street, Cape Town, South Africa.
HONOURABLE MENTION: May Constance Edwards (Cape Colony), B. A. Spence (Kingstown St. Vincent), Ivy Davis (British Guiana), Benjamin Smellie (India), H. Cecil Collier (Canada), Brian Alfred Harris (India).
No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: C. Gibbon, 104 Woodford Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Lee Matheson (Canada), E. R. Thompson (South Africa), Sam Ekanem (Calabar).
No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: L. D. Lefroy, 1 Balmoral Avenue, Toronto, Canada.
HONOURABLE MENTION: John Morrison (Egypt), Aldridge Kershaw (Transvaal), K. Hands (S. Africa), J. Fauvel (Canada), Norman Vivian Tonkin (Transvaal).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greghouse," "Acton's Fraud."

Comments on the June Competitions.

No. I.—A number of excellent suggestions for the Athletic Corner were sent in, and many of the subjects, if not exactly original, are decidedly not "hackneyed." We hope to publish articles on a selection of them in due course. Our congratulations to the winner of the Bicycle—a competitor who invariably submits good and careful work.

No. II.—Some very clever and amusing specimens of our competitors' skill with the scissors were submitted, particularly in Class III.

No. III.—Competitors made very many interesting suggestions—but the general tendency was to give the "pros" and ignore the "cons," and we fear that serious difficulties would prevent the adoption of the majority. We shall publish some of the essays later on.

No. IV.—Harvest scenes, landscapes, and seaside pictures composed the majority of entries, many of them being very artistic in effect.

No. V.—By far the greater number chose for their "June Celebrities" Dr. Arnold and Charles Kingsley; others sent in excellent essays on George Stephenson, the Duke of Marlborough, Millais, and Kitchener.

No. VI.—The attractive descriptions of "Little-known Holiday Resorts" made me not only wish that holiday-time had arrived, but also that I could visit in turn all the places described. The one drawback to a good many of them appears to be the difficulty of getting there, but no doubt I should find ample compensation for this on my arrival.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

A SATISFACTORY WEAPON.



FEATHERS (as the boomerang returns to the thrower):
"Well, if *that's* how the implement works, I certainly
prefer it to a catapult."



" ONLY MIDNIGHT AND TWO OTHERS GOT AWAY WITH THEIR LIVES " (p. 495)

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XV.

SEPTEMBER, 1906

No. 90.

THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT.

By G. Firth Scott.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MESSAGE SPEEDS.

WHEN Wilton was again able to look around him and intelligently understand what he saw, he found himself lying on a stretcher-bed inside a fire-lit room, while in front of the fire two men sat, with their backs towards him, smoking and conversing in a low tone.

"Johnson!" he said, fancying that he recognised the voice of one of the speakers; but the sound of his own voice, coming weak and thin, and the effort it cost him to speak at all, surprised him so much that when he saw one of the men turn and reveal the face of Douglas, it seemed quite in keeping with the other incongruities of his mind.

The man rose and came over to him, Wilton watching him with wondering eyes. There was no doubt that it was Douglas, the dim uncertain mind told itself, slowly trying to grasp why it should question the reality.

"Are you awake again, old fellow?" Douglas asked, bending over him.

"Yes. Have I been asleep? There's a— where is this?" Wilton answered, disjointedly.

"This is Toombul. You're not too well, so don't worry, but take things easy for a day or two. Johnson's in the next room having a camp. He's been with you all day, so Dick the stockman and I are taking our spell to-night."

"What's wrong?" Wilton asked, feebly. "I feel all played out, and there is something—"

Dick the stockman had also risen from his

seat by the fire and had come over to Douglas, carrying in his hand a pannikin he had taken from beside the fire. "A drop might do him good," he whispered.

"Take a pull at this," Douglas said, as he interrupted Wilton to offer him the pannikin. "Dick made it. He boiled down a bullock in a half gallon or so of water and says it will put you right in two days if you'll drink it."

The two men raised him up and he drank the warm liquid that was in the pannikin.

"It'll make a man of him in a week," Dick whispered to Douglas, as Wilton lay back, feeling refreshed and revived by the draught. "Just do a bit of a sleep, Mr. Wilton, and you'll buck into shape in an hour," he added to the sick man, who, tacitly accepting everything he was told, closed his eyes and drifted into slumber.

When next he awakened he found it was daylight, and that, while his mind was clear, his body felt more of the vigour of life than it had when he awakened the night before. He glanced towards the fireplace and saw Johnson standing and looking at him.

"I dropped the lid of the billy. I was afraid it would disturb you," he said, as he came over to Wilton. "How do you feel now? They told me you came round in the night. Don't move," he added quickly, as Wilton made as if to rise.

"What is it? I can't get the hang of things at all," Wilton said, irritably. "Was Douglas here? I thought I saw him."

"Just keep quiet and you'll be all right," Johnson answered. "You had a bit of a twister a week or so since, but I reckon you're

well over it now. Have some more of Dick's stew; he swears it is what has saved you."

He went back to the fire and brought over a pannikin half full of the same kind of liquid Wilton had had before.

"It's good stuff," Wilton said; "but tell me all about this affair. I feel played out, and what is all this on my chest?"

"You take things easy for a day or so longer and trust to us to look after you. Then, when you can get up, we'll go over the yarn again," Johnson replied.

When Wilton was able to leave the stretcher, Johnson told him the story of the adventure in the gully, and made the confused memory clear.

"We were wrong in both firing at once," Johnson said as they sat and talked the matter over.

"It is the last thing I clearly remember," Wilton answered. "After that I am all confusion. Tell me exactly what took place."

"Well, Midnight had you covered with his pistol and fired at you as soon as the smoke from our shots cleared away. You fell, and I jumped for him, but he had gone before I could reach him. You called me back as you heard the blackfellow coming and feared treachery, but there was no treachery about him. He had found Douglas chained in a cave down the gully where we heard him that night, and had let him free after knocking on the head the one member of the gang who was there. Douglas can tell you his yarn himself; he will be back here to-morrow night. All I can say is that Jimmy set him free and brought him along to help us. But when he appeared I thought he was Midnight and came near shooting him before I realised my mistake. As it was, we turned our attention to you, and while we were doing so that cold-blooded fiend Midnight picked off Jimmy with a rifle shot fired from up the gully. Douglas and I saw it was no use staying where we were, unless we also wanted to be picked off, so we started for home, bringing you with us."

Reaching out his hand, Wilton gripped that of his companion. He wanted to say something, but the words stuck in his throat and he could only stare at the fire and pull hard at his pipe. For some minutes the two men sat in silence; Wilton reviling himself be-



"DICK'S STEW."

cause he could not express all the gratitude he felt to the man who had saved his life, and Johnson blaming himself for having owned up to it. "He would have done the same for me," he mused. "I need not have made a song about it."

The silence continued until it became oppressive to each of the simple-hearted, plucky Britons, who shrank instinctively from anything approaching a scene. Then Johnson reached down for the pannikin that stood near the fire.

"Have some more of Dick's stew," he said, as he handed the pannikin to Wilton.

The following evening saw Douglas again at Toombul. Johnson had not explained that he had ridden over to Billah, as soon as Wilton showed signs of recovering, to let Mary know what had happened; his explanation was that Douglas had gone away for a day or so in case his presence should worry Wilton during his early convalescence.

"Why should it?" Wilton asked when Johnson told him.

"Well, you were a bit queer in the head once

or twice, and you raved about Midnight and Douglas being one and the same person, as we thought, you know." He might have added that it was his own idea that if Mary would come over, her presence might do more for Wilton than anything else. Expecting to see her, he wondered when Douglas did not return as early as he should have done. He wondered more when he saw Douglas ride up alone and with a terribly hard, set face.

"Where's Wilton?" he exclaimed quickly.

"Over at the house. Where's the girl?"

"Billah's in ashes," Douglas answered.

"You don't mean it," Johnson cried.

"And I found this," Douglas went on, producing a white handkerchief on which there had been stained the words, "*Account settled, MIDNIGHT.*"

Johnson looked at it blankly.

"We can't tell him," he said quickly.

"Not yet," Douglas answered.

"Lucky I didn't say where you had gone," Johnson went on.

"I had a look round for tracks," Douglas interrupted. "They followed their usual mode, attacking from all sides and riding off in indifferent directions, and then crossing and re-crossing each other's tracks. We'll have to raise the country over this."

"But what has become of the girl?" Johnson asked.

Wilton, hearing the voices, had come to the door of the house, and Douglas caught sight of him. "Don't talk about it now; there he is," he said, as he got out of his saddle and walked up to the house.

"My word, you're looking yourself again already," he said as he went up to Wilton.

"In a week from now you'll be all right."

"Thanks to you and Johnson, and——"

"Dick's stew? Yes, that's the joker," Johnson called out, interrupting him.

"Dick's stew is great tack," Douglas added.

"You came along the Billah road, didn't you?" Wilton said, turning to Douglas.

"Did you see——"

"By-the-way, Douglas, Wilton is very anxious to hear your yarn," Johnson said quickly. "I didn't care to tell it for you, seeing you would be back to-day."

"There's not much to tell," Douglas began, while Johnson slipped behind Wilton and shook his head vigorously, "but I can give it to you when——"

"When we've had something to eat," Johnson added. "Lead the way, Wilton."

As Wilton went into the house Johnson

whispered to Douglas, "Keep on the yarn and don't mention the other just yet."

"Now for my little tale," Douglas said as soon as they were seated. "You remember how I left the rest of you when we found the track ran down to the river? Well, I was mad at the way every one went across, and I was on my road home when two fellows sprang out of the bush and covered me with their rifles, while another shouted out to me to put up my hands. Before I could do even that a man on horseback spurred up to me and grappled me, and about ten blackfellows sprang up from around me and hauled me from my horse. I fancied I was a fairly good hand at tracking, but I will own that I had no idea any one was near me at the time, and I was tied up and helpless before I realised what it all meant. They hauled me under cover and kept me there until I heard the sound of a horse approaching. Then they pushed me from the cover and I saw Giles riding along. I guessed it was a trap for him and I shouted out to warn him, but I was too late, for the men who had stuck me up fired point blank at him. I thought he was dead for a certainty till I saw him wheel his horse and gallop off as hard as he could go. But if he got off all right I did not, for the blow on the head that followed my warning effectually closed my mouth for the time being. When I came to myself, I was chained to a log in a cave with a man on guard over me, and there I stayed until that blackfellow came and settled my guard and let me go."

"But you have not told him all about the night we were on the rock over the cave," Johnson said.

"That was a bit queer," Douglas said with a laugh. "They were as scared as rats of any noise after dark, and when those stones came rattling down they thought the same as I did—that it was a rescue party for me. So I laughed at them for being scared of a wallaby, as if a wallaby would have come near us with such a fire as they kept blazing! But when no one came——"

"We thought that what Giles had said was true, for the moment," Wilton exclaimed.

"Well, I should have done the same, I dare say," Douglas replied good-humouredly. "It was rather rough on my reputation——Hullo, what's this?" he broke off suddenly as he caught sight of a blackfellow passing the window.

The next moment a stalwart aboriginal, streaked with ochre and holding a war-spear in his hand, entered the room and stood just inside the doorway.



"Hullo, what name belonga you!" Johnson cried, springing to his feet.

"Melelee man! Toombul man!" the black said.

"It's the man who let me go," Wilton exclaimed.

"Billah man no good," the black continued. "Gib it tucker; plenty blackfellow want it tucker," he went on, waving his hand towards the outside of the house. "Me show it Billah girl; plenty flood; my word."

Douglas and Johnson looked at one another while Wilton cried out as he stepped towards the black, "Quick! what is it?"

"Billah big fire; Billah girl say, 'Quick, tell Melelee man; flood come down, me plenty dead soon.'"

"Billah burnt! Mary—flood—dead!" Wilton gasped, as he staggered back.

"Hold up, old man—hold up," Johnson cried as he caught him. "You talk their lingo, Douglas; ask him what he means."

While Johnson helped Wilton across the room to a chair Douglas talked rapidly with the blackfellow, who told how he and his companions had been on an expedition when they saw Narli's signal, how they had answered it and gone to the place where it had been made. Then he gave the story Narli had told him, and wound up by saying they had travelled all day to reach Toombul that night, because a big flood was coming down the river, and the humpy might be covered, and that in consequence of their haste they were all very hungry.

Douglas made free with what food there was on the table, and, taking the black out of the room, shouted to Dick to give him enough to feed himself and his companions. Then he hastened back to the room to find Wilton lying full length on the floor and Johnson trying to force some rum between his lips.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A RACE FOR RESCUE.

FOR a long time Wilton remained unconscious, for so long, indeed, that his two comrades began to despair of his ever coming round.

The bullet from Midnight's pistol had entered his right breast and had splintered a rib, but where it had ultimately lodged no one at Toombul was sufficiently acquainted with surgery to say. All that they could do they had done; though it only amounted, after all, to binding up the wound, keeping the patient in bed, and feeding him up with such nourishment as was contained in "Dick's stew." That he ever

came out of the death-like trance in which he was when they managed to get him to the station was due more to his unimpaired constitution than to anything else, and the two friends had arranged between themselves a little scheme which was, however, doomed to defeat. Directly Wilton showed signs of convalescence Douglas had ridden to Billah with the intention of bringing Mary over to Toombul, after which both he and Johnson intended to urge an immediate start for Sydney, where Wilton could get proper medical attendance and subsequently marry. Now the blackfellow had come and had blurted out his evil intelligence.

"Get him on to the bed," Douglas said as soon as he rejoined Johnson. Together they lifted him and carried him over to the bed where they had placed him when they carried him home from the gully.

"What about the girl?" Johnson asked.

"The blackfellow says she and the old gin are in a humpy the gang have up Moggill Creek. There's a big fresh coming down from the ranges and they expect a flood, so we had better hurry as fast as we can. There were only two men in charge, the black said."

"But we cannot leave Wilton like this."

"No, one of us will have to stay—unless he comes out of this fit—when we can tell him we are going to the rescue, and leave him in Dick's hands."

But when Wilton did recover his senses again and heard the full story the blackfellow had to tell, he also wanted to go to the rescue.

"You cannot stand it," Johnson told him. "It will be a rough trip in the dark, and we may have to swim our horses over. You are not strong enough for that yet."

Douglas joined in dissuading Wilton from any such intention.

"When we get back we shall all start for Sydney at once, and you will want what strength you have for that journey. Don't delay us now."

Wilton lay back, weak and anxious.

"All right," he said, "but don't lose time."

The blacks gave a minute description of the situation of the humpy and also of the shortest route to it; but nothing would induce them to retrace their steps that night. The next day they would go, but not before.

It was no use arguing with them, so, handing Wilton over to Dick, Johnson and Douglas saddled their horses, and, leading two others, set out, fully armed and equipped with everything they thought might be wanted.

The night was moonless, but they were able to follow the Billah track as far as the place

where the station house had stood. Then they turned off into the bush and rode more slowly in the direction the blacks had indicated. The route was rough and difficult, but the necessity of haste urged them forward, and they kept their panting horses at it until they heard a dull roar in the distance.

The meaning was clear to each of them, but neither spoke; they sat the tighter in their saddles, and urged their horses into a quicker pace, till the sound of the rushing waters was distinct and they knew the creek was near at hand.

"We ought to have struck the bluff they said was opposite the humpy," Douglas said shortly, as he stopped his horse and dismounted.

Johnson followed his example, and, securing the animals, they advanced cautiously on foot.

The roar sounded louder in their ears, and dimly through the dark of the night they saw, below them, a wide stretch of rushing water. As they stood, each man straining his eyes to penetrate farther through the gloom, neither spoke, although the same thought was in each one's mind. Gradually they made out the dark shadow of standing trees somewhere in the middle of the expanse; but the trees were not very high above the surface, and surely no humpy was ever built whose roof would reach to where the water swept past the trees.

Still the two men stood watching in silence, each one hoping that the other would be able to make out something he could not himself see, but which would give the lie direct to the growing conviction in his mind. Then, with one impulse, each stretched out his hand and grasped his comrade by the arm.

From across the waste of swirling flood there came another sound besides the roar and rush, and the hearts of the two men stood still as they heard the faint muffled shrieks of women. Even as they listened, the shrieks became louder, and they heard the words, "Help! help!"

"Thank Heaven!" Douglas exclaimed, and placing his hands to his mouth, he gave a loud, long coo-ee.

The cries ceased, and a shrill coo-ee answered his.

"Where are you?" he shouted as loudly as he could, and the one word "roof" was all that they could hear of the answer.

"Can you hold on?" he shouted again.

The roar of the flood smothered the words that were sent in reply.

"Not long," Douglas shouted, "not long;" and, as if it were an echo from the other side, came back the words "not long."

Then he turned to Johnson.

"It's a swim," he said.

"There's no other chance," Johnson replied.

"Shall we go together?"

"Better go singly. If the first goes under——"

"Just so," Douglas interrupted. "I'll try first."

Without further words they set about making arrangements for the attempt which might result in the rescue of the two women or the drowning of themselves. Taking with him a coil of light rope, Douglas suggested entering the stream higher up.

"I can go with the current and strike across for the trees," he said quietly. "Build up a big fire on the bluff here and it will guide me."

He held out his hand and Johnson grasped it.

"Good luck," he said, and Douglas strode rapidly away.

The fire was soon blazing almost at the edge of the bluff, and as the light gleamed across the rushing stream it revealed the mighty volume of water that was surging along, bubbling here and there into great swirls and eddies, in which the floating *drifts* of huge trees and logs writhed and twisted. But to the two women who clung to the saplings which held down the sheets of bark on the humpy roof, the gleam of light was as a token of salvation. They did not think of the expanse of water which divided them from it; they did not weigh how it was almost impossible for any one to reach them, let alone help them; it was enough to know that willing hands and brave hearts had come in answer to their appeal, and in that knowledge they found again the courage which had died away before their loneliness and danger.

Johnson piled up all the dry wood he could find upon the fire and peered anxiously towards the dark line half-way across the flood. The minutes dragged until it seemed that hours had passed since his comrade went away. He listened for any sound which would tell him that the two women were still living, or that Douglas was safe; but nothing came to him save the crackling of the fire and the roaring of the water. He stood up and uttered a long coo-ee. Then he heard two voices, high and shrill, answer him across the flood, and another from up the stream.

"Help is coming!" he shouted, and dimly heard, but could not understand, the answer from the humpy.

Again he waited in silence, feeding the fire until the glare showed upon the line of the



TO THE TWO WOMEN ON THE HUMPY ROOF THE LIGHT WAS AS A
TOKEN OF SALVATION.

trees that stood midway across the stream and lit up the bush behind him. Shading his eyes, he looked up the river, and once he fancied he saw a black speck appear. He picked up a blazing brand and waved it round his head, shouting encouragement to what he believed was Douglas. The speck appeared again, nearer the centre of the stream and nearer the line of trees. Forgetting all else, he strained his eyes and ears for some token that Douglas was safe. Then he gave vent to a mighty shout as he heard the words, "All right!"

When he left Johnson, Douglas walked as rapidly as he could along the bank, until he came to a spot opposite and in a line with the trees amongst which the humpy stood. The light of the fire showed distinctly across the water, and he saw that the stream was narrower where he was and flowing with a tremendous

current. Stripping off his boots and coat, he tied the length of rope round his waist, and as he stepped towards the water he heard and answered Johnson's shout. Then he plunged in, striking out with all his strength diagonally across the river, the current carrying him along with tremendous velocity. Around him the water bubbled and boiled, and logs, floating with the current, threatened a greater danger than the flood. But he was a strong, able swimmer, and he was well in the centre of the stream when he saw the clump of trees immediately before him. The rush of water swirled away from the barrier made by the trees, with a heavy back current sweeping close in shore and then out into the main stream. Douglas found the hardest part of his task was to prevent himself being carried out again. He was spun round in the eddies and almost dragged under as he neared the trees; then he seemed for a moment

to be in still water, and in another second he was clinging, breathless and well-nigh exhausted, to the branches of a standing tree. The force of the current was no longer so tremendous, and as soon as he had recovered his breath he struck out slowly and swam gently from tree to tree until he saw the shadow of the humpy roof loom ahead of him. A few more strokes and he was alongside of it, and, grasping a projecting sapling, he clambered on to it and lay upon the sloping bark.

"Where are you?" he gasped, fearful, as he heard no one, that he was, after all, too late.

"Mr. Douglas!" Mary exclaimed as she recognised his voice.

"Yes," he panted.

"Oh, Narli, we are saved!" she cried. He struggled and clambered to the side where

the two were clinging. Then he shouted out the words that told Johnson the fight so far was won.

CHAPTER XXX.

COURAGE WINS.

IT was evident that nothing more could be done until the morning light had come, and Douglas shouted over to Johnson that they were quite safe until the dawn. The fire was kept blazing, and the gleam of it was some small comfort to the three who were clinging to the humpy roof. Otherwise they had but little to cheer them during the next two hours. Then the day broke and revealed to them the fact that the water had touched its highest point and was rapidly falling.

To Douglas the appearance of the sun was doubly welcome, as it overcame the coldness he experienced from his saturated clothing.

"The humpy will be out of the water in six hours," he said encouragingly.

"If we could only have a fire," Mary answered as she shivered.

"And something to eat," Douglas added. "Can you swim?" he asked suddenly.

"A little," Mary replied. "Narli taught me."

"There's a way to get out of this, if you care to try it," he said. "It's a bit risky, but we shall have to wait for hours before we can get the horses over."

"There is a ford lower down, I think," she answered. "It was the way we came, as far as Narli and I can remember."

"But the stream is too strong for it to be passable for hours yet," he said. "If we could get some of this bark off we could fix up floats."

"And swim over? Through that current?" Mary asked, pointing to where the stream was visible between the trees.

"It's better than waiting," he answered.

"No good," Narli exclaimed. "By-um-by flood all gone."

"It will take a long time going," Douglas said.

"No, no," Narli persisted. "Soon flood all gone; look!"

She pointed to the nearest tree-stem, the flood mark on which was already some two feet above the water. Douglas remained sceptical, but once more the black showed racial superiority over the white; for in half the time that Douglas had given for the water to leave the humpy, they were able to climb down through the hole the women had made

when they effected their escape on to the roof, and stand on the floor of the hut. It was mudstained and slimy, but it was on solid ground; and with bark torn from the roof they soon had a fire blazing up the chimney.

Narli hunted round until she found some of the small parcels of flour she had tied up in pieces of blanket. The water had soaked through the covering and had moistened the flour, where it touched the blanket, into a thick paste which effectually prevented the moisture from penetrating further. Within that shell of moisture the flour was dry, and there was enough to serve them for bread.

It was quickly kneaded and made into hasty cakes, and with appetites keen-edged by their fasting vigil of the night before, the three devoured them as soon as they were baked. Refreshed and re-invigorated by the meal, Douglas went outside the hut and found that the water was receding rapidly, and that already sufficient ground had become exposed for him to walk within easy hailing distance of Johnson.

He called out that there was a ford lower down, and Johnson replied that he would ride along the bank of the stream and see whether he could get the horses over.

A mile or so below the humpy the stream spread out and was comparatively shallow. The water was still flowing at a great rate, and Johnson decided to wait an hour or so before attempting to get over. By the time that a couple of hours had elapsed, he decided to make the attempt.

He drove the horses in as high up stream as possible. The water came up to the girths of the one he was riding until they reached the centre of the stream, when it deepened suddenly and the horses were carried off their legs. They swam for the opposite shore, and were again on their feet twenty yards farther ahead, and from there, until they reached dry ground, the water was only up to their knees.

Turning them up the stream he drove them at a smart gallop until he arrived opposite the humpy. There was still a fair-sized creek running where the track of sand had been before the flood, but he again put the horses into it and managed to get them over to the rise, now an island, on which the humpy stood. A few minutes later and he rode up and exchanged warm greetings with the three who were awaiting him.

"We had better not waste time here," Douglas said when they had each told of their experiences. "Now that the flood has gone

down the gang may come back to look for their prisoners."

"Yes, we had better get over to the other side and have a rest and feed there," Johnson assented.

They succeeded in getting over the small creek easily and rode quickly for the ford, Mary's spirits rising higher than they had been for many days.

When they arrived at the ford, Johnson led the way and managed to avoid the deep place where the horses had had to swim when he came across earlier. Then, safely on the other side, they cantered briskly for a couple of miles before they drew rein.

As they rode along, Johnson came beside Douglas.

"Did you tell her about Wilton?" he asked.

"No; I only said he was at Toombul," Douglas answered. "I wanted to get away from there before I told her the rest."

"We'll camp here for a time, and then we can tell her," Johnson said.

They stopped and dismounted, and, lighting a fire, sat round it while the billy boiled for the tea.

"Wilton's at Toombul," Johnson said quietly. "He did not go over the ranges." "The blackfellows said so; they said they had captured him and let him go again," Mary replied.

"So they did," Johnson went on. "Then he came to me and we tried to capture Midnight, but Wilton got hurt and he is at Toombul now."

"How was he hurt?" Mary asked quickly, looking at Johnson with an anxious face.

"I think he'll be all right now," Johnson continued. "He was picking up well, and Douglas rode over to Billah to bring you, but discovered it was burned. Then the blackfellows came."

The light died out of Mary's eyes.

"I thought he was still away when I did not see him with you," she said brokenly. "Oh, that brutal Midnight!" she exclaimed, as she burst out crying.

"He'll be all right now," Douglas said softly. "We will take him to Sydney."

"Is he badly hurt?" the girl asked.

"He was hit, but he'll be right when we show him whom we have brought with us," Johnson answered.

"Oh, do let us hurry!" she exclaimed.

"Miss the Billah road," Johnson whispered to Douglas, as they started off again, and he nodded and led the way through the bush so as to pass half a mile away from the ruined station.

As they approached Toombul, Johnson galloped on ahead. When he came in sight of the station he saw Wilton on the verandah and waved his hat to him.

"Where's Douglas?" Wilton cried, as he rode up.

"Coming along with the others," Johnson answered, as he sprang from his horse.

"The others? Then you have——"

"We found them safe enough," Johnson replied, as Wilton grasped his hand and once more failed to put his thoughts into words. "I came on ahead to fix things up a bit," he added quietly; and not until long after did Wilton learn all that was implied in the simple expression, "We found them safe enough."

Shortly the three came in sight, and Wilton hurried to meet them. Mary slipped from her horse, and, heedless of all else, Wilton clasped her in his arms.

"My love! my love!" he said, as she clung to him, sobbing.

"Oh, that cruel Midnight," she moaned.

"He killed father, and nearly killed you."

"But I am all right now," he whispered, "and we will go away to Sydney and get police and have that scoundrel hanged yet."

"Oh, it has been awful!" she moaned.

"Just before Mr. Douglas came——" she continued, and then, looking round, broke off. "Where is he?" she exclaimed, for Douglas had continued his way with Narli and Mary's horse, and the two were standing by themselves.

"I forgot them," Wilton confessed. "They have gone into the house."

He linked his arm in hers, and they walked together to the station. At the door Johnson met them.

"We have tea ready," he said in an unconcerned tone.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MISTS RISE.

IN spite of the heavy strain on the endurance of Douglas and Johnson, it was late at night before the three men went to sleep. Mary and Narli went to their room soon after the meal was over, and then the three sat round the table smoking and debating what was the next thing to be done.

The last escapade of the gang showed them that something more would have to be done to rid the country of the pest than the desultory campaigns of the squatters had been able to accomplish.

"The Government must help us or we shall all be wiped out," Douglas said forcibly.

"Now that Giles has been killed, and his station burned to the ground, perhaps we shall be able to get some police to scour the district."

"It's the only remedy," Johnson assented. "We shall have to go to Sydney."

"That's it," Douglas exclaimed; "you and Wilton start off with the others as soon as they are rested enough, and I'll stay on here and call all the fellows round. You can set me right, too, while you are down there," he added grimly.

"There's not much fear about that," Wilton answered.

In the morning Wilton told Mary. She wanted to start the same day, but Douglas and Johnson both urged for a couple of days' rest before the journey was begun. In the meantime the party of blackfellows was sent round to the different stations with messages signed by Johnson, Douglas, and Wilton, calling the squatters to meet at Toombul as soon as they could, and telling them of the destruction of Billah. Another message was also given to the blacks for their own tribe, and it was that they could always have rations and blankets for the asking at either Melelee or Toombul as a recognition of what had been done in the rescue of Mary.

Two days later, Wilton and Johnson, accompanied by Mary and Narli, started for Sydney, and travelled in easy stages down to the coast. In the early part of the journey they made their own camp at night, but when they came into more settled country they could always reach a homestead before dark.

To the girl, whose whole life had been spent away in the back blocks, the time occupied in that journey was all too brief, every day bringing with it some new pleasure, in addition to the fact that the distance between her and the metropolis was gradually becoming less. And in the contemplation of that fact Mary found a satisfaction she had never known before. When they were within a day's journey of the elder Farrell's homestead, situated on what was then the outlying settlement around Sydney, Wilton rode on ahead to convey the news, and Mary was strangely excited. A new life was opening before her, and the next day she would see what for years she had longed, and apparently longed in vain, to realise.

There was a warm and hearty welcome given to Wilton when he rode up to the trim and comfortable cottage in which the parents of his friend lived, and the hospitable couple became more delighted when he told them of the party that was following him. Mrs. Farrell

bustled around immediately he mentioned that Mary and he were going to get married.

"Ride back and show them the way, while we get things fixed up," Farrell exclaimed; and Wilton retraced his steps, meeting the others a mile or so from the house. They all increased their speed and cantered up to the cottage. Hearing them, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell came out to welcome them. Wilton was at the time helping Mary off her horse, so that she had her back towards the cottage when the couple came out.

"And so this is the——" old Farrell cried gaily. Then, as Mary turned round and he saw her face, he stood still with wide-open eyes, staring at her.

"This is Mary," Wilton said before he noticed the amazement of Farrell.

"Kate! Come here, Kate!" the old man said quickly, reaching out a hand towards his wife, but still keeping his eyes on Mary. "Who's that?" he exclaimed, pointing with his other hand at Mary.

Mrs. Farrell looked and screamed, and, running up to Mary, threw her arms round her and held her closely as she exclaimed: "My own dear mistress. My poor dear mistress. Oh, thank Heaven, I've seen her again!"

Mary looked from one to the other and then at Wilton. "What is it?" she asked tremulously.

Farrell seized Wilton's hand and wrung it heartily as he slapped him on the back and shouted, "Well done, my lad; I'm proud of you!"

"But what does it mean?" Wilton asked.

"Mean? Why, gracious me! she's the image of her mother, and it knocked me cold when I saw her."

"My mother?" Mary exclaimed. "Did you know her?" she said to Mrs. Farrell, who was still hugging and kissing her.

"Know her? Why, you poor dear darling, of course I know her, and so shall you as soon as Jim can ride over and fetch her."

"But she is——" Mary began.

"Here, Jim, take one of them horses and quit sharp. This ain't no time to wait," the motherly woman cried, turning to her husband. "I'll take charge of my dear young mistress till they come."

She led Mary into the cottage, with Narli at their heels, while Farrell jumped on to Johnson's horse, and shouting, "I shan't be long, boys," galloped down the road.

Wilton and Johnson looked at each other.

"What does it mean?" the former exclaimed.



"I should say we had better wait and see, though it does look as if some one had gone queer in the head," Johnson replied, as he glanced down the road along which Farrell was riding furiously

into the cottage. Wilton turned and looked after them, angry and puzzled.

"Good iron, my lad, good iron!" exclaimed old Farrell, slapping him on the back and throwing his hat in the air.

"But what does it all mean?" Johnson asked quietly.

"Mean?" Farrell cried.

"Why, it means that you've found the Major's daughter."

"The Major's daughter?" Wilton exclaimed.

A figure ran out of the cottage and up to the three, and, as Wilton turned, Major Pearson met him face to face and seized him by the hands as he exclaimed, in a broken voice:

"God bless you, my boy! God bless you, my boy!"

"Is it she, Major?" Farrell cried.

But the Major was too moved for words, and as he nodded his head in answer, two tears glittered in the sunlight as they fell, and told his companions of the tumultuous joy that was in his heart.

"Come," he said, and led Wilton into the cottage. Johnson and old Farrell following. At the door of the sitting-room he stopped. Mrs. Pearson, with Mary in her arms, sat crying softly, while Mrs. Farrell watched them, her own eyes overflowing. Narli, forgotten but not forgetting, stood beyond them, looking from



"WHO'S THAT?" HE EXCLAIMED, POINTING AT MARY.

The two put the horses in the paddock and then stood at the cottage gate, waiting.

"We had better go inside," Johnson was saying, when a cloud of dust appeared down the road. "Here he comes back," he added, "making dust enough for a team."

But besides Farrell there was a buggy, and in that buggy a lady and gentleman. Arrived at the gateway, they alighted hurriedly.

"Major Pearson!" Wilton exclaimed, as he stepped forward; but the Major pushed past him, and, accompanied by his wife, rushed

one to the other. The Major led Wilton straight across to his wife, and, taking one of her hands, placed it in Wilton's.

"He found her," he whispered; and Wilton felt the hand he held tighten upon his own. It was all that the mother could spare in that moment of supreme joy.

Later, when matters had settled down into a calmer state—"There! it made even me want to sniffle," as old Farrell used to say when he retailed the story in after years—Wilton was overwhelmed with tokens of the parents' love and gratitude, while Johnson's sturdy nature

was reduced to distressful uncertainty in the presence of so much emotional demonstration. And Narli—ugly, black old Narli—was made the queen of the ceremonies, and treated with a lavish generosity that she utterly failed to comprehend; for she was able to supply some information which was invaluable, and which, so far as the Pearsons were concerned, completely proved Mary's identity with the child that had been stolen from their home in the early days of their married life.

Narli had, she said, been carried off a long time ago from her tribe by a white man who gave her a little white piccaninny to take care of. They had travelled a long way, and always through the bush and away from the tracks where white men usually travelled; for the white man was always telling her to keep a sharp look-out for any traces of other white people, and he would never go near the tracks.

One day, on resuming their journey after a heavy storm of rain, they were witnesses of a sad scene. Whilst concealed by the bush, they observed a squatter about to ford a swollen stream. He had his wife and child in the waggon with him, and when he reached mid-stream his waggon was overturned and his wife and child swept away. The man himself after a desperate struggle reached the bank. Narli's companion rushed down the stream and endeavoured to save the woman and her baby, but when he reached them he found that they were dead. The man, on witnessing their plight, swooned away and was for some hours unconscious. During this period, Narli's companion hid the dead child, and, when the bereaved squatter recovered his senses, told him that she (Narli) had succeeded in restoring his little girl to life. After this, Narli's companion told her that the squatter who had lost his wife had agreed to take her with him to look after the child. Then Narli's companion went on to tell her that she was never to mention what had occurred or he would come and kill her. He was, he said, going away, and if she ever saw him afterwards she was not to remember him and was never to speak to or of him, nor tell the child, when it grew up, of what had taken place in the early portion of its life.

Narli had been handed over to the other man and given the child to take care of again, and thenceforward she had had the care of that child and had kept the secret so well that not even Giles ever suspected that the girl, who grew up as his daughter Mary, was a stranger. And yet his own child met the same fate as its mother—the fate which clouded and marred all his subsequent life.

"And he died defending me," Mary said, with tears in her eyes, as she recalled the scene on the night of the attack on Billah, when she was told to look on the verandah of the burning house and saw the form of a man lying still within a few feet of the roaring flames.

"Did she ever see the man again who first gave her the charge of you?" Mrs. Farrell asked.

It was a question that Narli would not answer. She had told all she knew, she said, and fidgeted nervously when they tried to persuade her to add this last item of information to her story.

"I wonder——" Mary began and stopped.

"You wonder what, dear?" Mrs. Pearson asked.

"There was one man who used to come to Billah, and Narli always seemed worried when he was there. It was that, I think, which first made me hate him."

She turned suddenly to Narli.

"Was it Wills?" she asked quickly.

The old black woman started.

"Baal it me know," she answered sullenly.

"That is who it was," Mary went on; "the man Giles wanted me to marry, and from whom I ran away. Narli would have said 'No' if it were not."

"But it was Plover, the man Wilton shot, who stole your child, wasn't it?" Johnson asked the Major.

"When you—after you came—when I told you," Mary exclaimed excitedly.

"It was the expedition that interrupted the wedding arrangements," Johnson replied.

"And Wills never came back," Mary cried. "He *must* have been Plover."

"Or Midnight," Johnson added.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RUN TO EARTH.



ALTHOUGH the Pearsons were satisfied that Mary was their child, the striking likeness between her and Mrs. Pearson giving them proof enough, the question was not so easily settled in the eye of the law. Giles having been reported as dead, another victim of the gang he had done so much to suppress, the Government decided that the grant of Billah should be available to the only child, and Mary was duly notified that the transfer had been made to her.

In the meantime, Wilton had been consulting doctors with regard to the bullet wound he had received from Midnight. The wound itself had healed; although a rib had been cracked



UNDER COVER OF THE SMOKE MIDNIGHT DASHED INTO THE BUSH.

and the bullet was imbedded somewhere in the muscles of the back, the doctors asserted that no vital damage had been done and nothing would be gained by trying to find and extract the ball. The only existing obstacle to the marriage having been thus removed, the ceremony was performed, the Major giving the bride away, and Johnson officiating as Wilton's best man.

At the subsequent gathering the Major announced the belief that he and his wife had in common as to Mary being their stolen daughter. Legally, he told the astonished guests, it was a difficult thing to prove; but as a matter of belief both he and his wife accepted it, and he was glad to have the opportunity of announcing that Mary and her husband would be joint heirs to all his

property and his wife's when they were called hence.

Then the happy couple, united by a hundred ties, went away for their honeymoon, which was to last until Billah was rebuilt, the superintendence of which rebuilding Johnson undertook. He also undertook to explain to Farrell that Melelee had been transferred to him absolutely; and, to carry out both tasks as quickly as possible, he started on his homeward journey a day or so after Wilton and Mary were married.

He posted rapidly along and arrived at Toombul just in time to participate in the final escapade of Midnight and his gang.

As he came within the boundaries of his property, he picked up the track of a heavy mob of cattle, and saw by the state of the track that it had been driven along at a very much higher speed than was usual. He pressed forward, and, as he came in sight of the house, saw the large mob in the home paddock and half a dozen men round the verandah. As he rode up

he recognised Farrell and Douglas.

"Good luck to you, old man, you're just in time," Douglas cried out.

"Why, what's in the wind?" Johnson exclaimed as he dismounted.

"The house is to be burned down to-night," Douglas replied.

"It's this way," Farrell said. "We were on our road up when we fell in with a couple of police who were on a roving commission and joined our camp. Floods delayed us a bit, and at some places the stock was not ready for us, so we are really some months late. But a day's journey from here, when we did manage to get through, we were stuck up by our old friend."

"Midnight?" Johnson exclaimed.

"The same," Farrell replied. "He evi-

dently didn't know we had troopers with us, and he and his men had a nasty time of it. Only Midnight and two others got away with their lives. We suffered a bit, too, and made all haste on here, expecting to find you and Wilton. Instead we found Douglas, who made us comfortable, and we decided to camp here until you and Wilton came back. But a day or so since one of the blacks you made friends with came and gave us the tip that to-night Midnight was going to burn the place down and wipe us all out. We sent word round, and have so far managed to muster ten, all good shots and well-armed. You make the eleventh, and, as it is your house that is to be burned, you had better take the lead."

"This is very encouraging," Johnson observed, looking at the men who had come to his aid.

"We've drawn up a little scheme of our own," Douglas said. "It means the loss of the house, but we think it will settle Midnight once and for all."

"What's the scheme?" Johnson asked.

"We propose to lie outside, under cover, and wait. If the tale the blackfellow brought is true, Midnight has only two white men with him now. That means he will set fire to the place at once and pick us off as we come out. Instead of that we will pick him off; he cannot well dodge half a score bullets all at once, and we are going to let him have a volley, trusting to luck to roll the others over."

Johnson thought for a few minutes in silence.

"We'll soon run up a fresh shanty," one of the men said.

"What do you say?" Farrell asked.

"It's worth trying," Johnson answered at length.

"I doubt if we shall ever want another chance at him," Douglas said. "If every one fires at the same time it will be impossible for him to escape."

"If he does——" Johnson began and stopped. It would not do to let too many into the secret of the cave at the head of the gully. He took an early opportunity of speaking to Douglas. "If he should escape," he said, "he will make for the cave where Wilton was shot. You and I had better keep the knowledge to ourselves and slip away after him."

"That's so," Douglas replied. "We need not tell any one."

As the evening came on the men kept inside the hut, and had their supper in silence as a precaution against warning any spies there might be about as to their numbers. When it was dark, they crept out one by one and

went to their allotted places, to wait, with rifles ready, for the sight of the man they wanted to shoot and the signal for their volley.

It was a moonless night, and the hours passed without a sound occurring by which the watchers could learn of the enemy's approach, until a faint glimmer of light sped through the air, and, with a slight thud, a spear buried itself in the roof of the house, and the fibre tied round it burst into flame. Two more followed, and in another minute the dry sheets of bark were ablaze. The fire spread along the roof and, as it increased, lit up the surrounding bush, enabling the men lying in ambush to see three figures creeping stealthily towards the verandah.

They divided, one going to either end and the third standing boldly forward in front of the door. The ruddy light fell upon him and lit up his black beard and locks.

Douglas and Johnson lay side by side, and the latter softly whispered, "Take the man on the right, I'll take the other, and leave Midnight to the boys."

Silently they aimed, while the remainder of the party held their fingers on the triggers and waited for the shout that Johnson was to give as the signal for the volley.

Midnight, after watching the growing fire for a time, burst into a loud laugh.

At the same moment Johnson shouted, and the report of the volley cut short the outlaw's mirth. The two men who were posted at either end of the verandah fell, while Midnight staggered blindly forward and stumbled. With a yell of triumph the men sprang from their hiding-places and rushed upon him.

Recovering himself, he faced round and raised his rifle. The charging squatters scattered as he fired. Under cover of the smoke he dashed into the bush, with all the men after him.

Douglas caught Johnson by the arm.

"It's a race for the cave!" he exclaimed. "He'll double on them, and we'll go as hard as we can to get there before him."

Without waiting to look at the two who were lying where they had fallen, and who, as it happened, were never to rise again, Douglas and Johnson rushed through the bush in the direction of the gully in which the cave was situated.

The grey dawn was showing when they came to the edge of the steep bank up which they had carried Wilton. They hastily clambered down and hurried along the gully till they reached the boulder at the end.

"Shall we go into the cave or hide up the bank?" Douglas asked.

"Into the cave," Johnson answered.

They found it was a small chamber formed

by a projecting ledge, the underside of which sloped inwards, leaving barely room for a man to stand upright in the middle. A couple of blankets thrown together, with the ordinary articles of a bushman's camp lying beside them, were all the cave contained.

"We shall be better on the bank," Johnson said, as he glanced round.

"There's not much here," Douglas answered, as he held the vine back and made as if to step out. But a sound caught his ear, and he grasped Johnson by the arm.

"He's coming," he whispered, hoarsely.

There was the noise of some one treading heavily and clumsily beyond the boulder, and then a man staggered round it. He groaned as he leaned against it for a moment before he slipped weakly to the ground. There was no mistaking the black hair and beard, but the face was ghastly pale, and the swaggering form of the once redoubtable Midnight was limp and helpless.

As the two squatters stood watching him from behind the sheltering vine, each experienced a momentary twinge of pity as they saw the man make a great effort to rally himself.

Painfully he struggled to unloosen his coat, and when he had it open they saw under it a heavy, crudely fashioned cuirass. He pulled and tugged at the straps with which it was fastened, and as it fell from him he leaned

back against the boulder once more and gasped.

His head drooped forward upon his hands, and the watchers saw his fingers working amongst his hair. The mass of raven locks slipped over his head, carrying with them the beard and a roughly made helmet. The exertion of getting these articles off had exhausted the wounded outlaw, and once more he let his head rest against the boulder.

As his face became visible, Johnson and Douglas started forward with loud cries, for *the face was the face of Giles!*

Midnight turned towards them and strove to get on to his feet; but he was too far gone, and rolled over in a swoon.

The two men stood over him, too horrified to speak, and too indignant to feel even pity for the dying wretch at their feet. Slowly he regained consciousness and looked at them.

"Too late," he gasped out, and lay back—dead.

"Thank Heaven, Wilton does not know!" Johnson exclaimed.

"He never shall, nor his wife either," Douglas answered quickly.

"But the story must leak out," said the other.

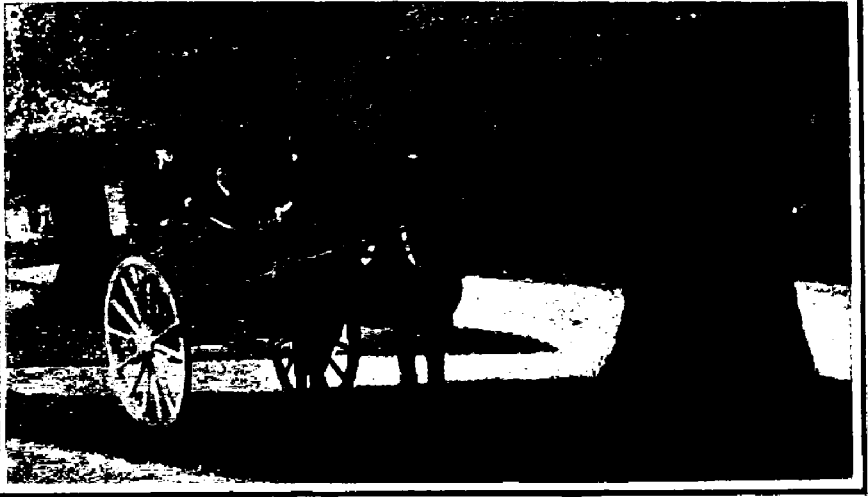
"Only if you tell it," Douglas replied. "We will bury him where he lies, and bury his secret with him."

THE END.



"TOO LATE," HE GASPED OUT, AND LAY BACK—DEAD.

The Captain Camera Corner.



CORRECT-SHADE PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE red coat of a golfer walking across the links is a very prominent object. In fact, the colour is chosen because it is so easily visible at a distance. It simply hits you in the eye. Again, a clump of yellow blossoms asserts itself most effectively against a green background. You can see a broom bush in flower when it is very far away. The human eye is particularly sensitive to yellow, orange, and red rays.

What about the ordinary photographic plate? Get your golfer to allow himself to be taken in all the glory of his coat. Alas! that notable garment appears in the negative as clear glass, in the print as a dark splotch. The ordinary plate is "colour-blind" to red. Now put a few yellow flowers in a vase and photograph them. Or, once more the result is most disappointing; the plate can't "see" yellow rays well, and the gorgeous flowers might almost as well have been black so far as photography is concerned.

If it wasn't for this insensitiveness to yellow and red rays, we could not use yellow and red light in the dark room during development. So that in one way it is a decided advantage. But we have to pay for this convenience by a great loss in the shade values of coloured objects.

I am therefore going to give you a few paragraphs on

ISOCHROMATIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

Don't be frightened at the adjective. It simply means "equal-colour." I have substituted "correct-shade" at the heading of the article because the reader must not suppose that if he uses isochromatic plates he will get a print in *natural* colours. That belongs

to three-colour photography, a much more complicated process. No, all we can manage with the isochromatic plate and screen is to reproduce light-coloured objects—whether light yellow, light green, or light blue—as light objects; and dark-coloured objects as dark, whatever their tint.

I think that to get a good grasp of the subject we ought to begin with a consideration of the

COLOURS OF THE SPECTRUM.

In Fig. 1 we see a beam of white light passing through a hole in a screen on to a triangular glass prism. The seven colours which go to make up white—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red—are sorted out by the prism, which bends them at different angles out of their original paths. Violet is refracted most, red least; and the intermediate colours in the order shown. The first four are bracketed to the letter A, which means *actinic*; the last three to N A, *non-actinic*. The distinction is not quite correct, since rays of *all* colours affect

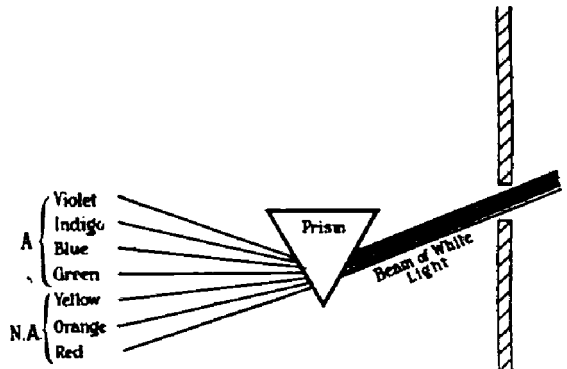


FIG. 1.—Showing how a beam of white light is sorted out by a prism into its seven constituent colours. Those at the top of the scale are the most actinic, or plate affecting, rays.

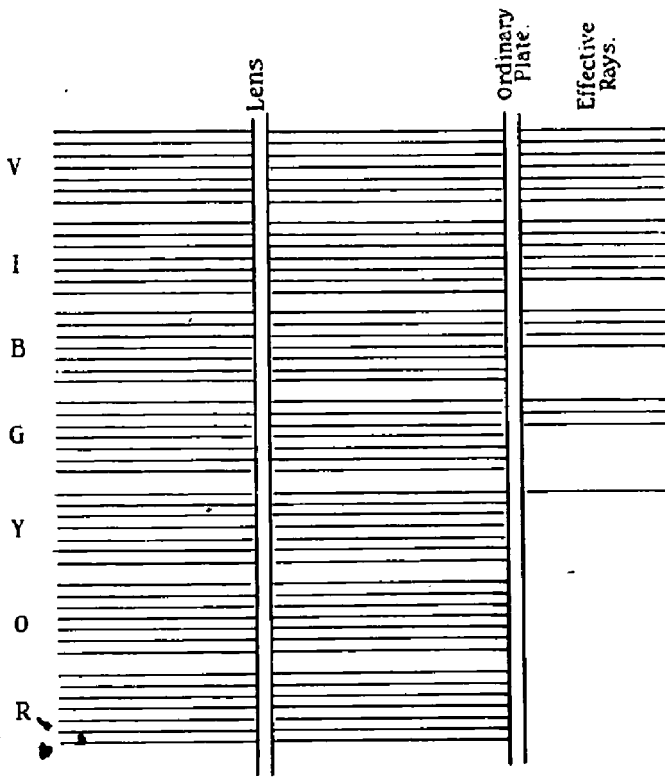


FIG. 2. - Showing pictorially how rays affect an ordinary plate unprotected by a yellow screen, or ray filter.

the ordinary plate more or less (hence the necessity for not exposing it too much even to red light during development), but for image-imprinting purposes yellow, orange and red may be disregarded.

Under ordinary circumstances violet rays make most impression, indigo less, blue less still, and so on down the scale with a rapid loss of efficiency. Curiously enough, the colours which the eye sees best the plate is most blind to.

HOW TO EQUALISE MATTERS.

The isochromatic plate has a film which has been stained to make it more sensitive to the non-actinic rays than an ordinary plate is, and less susceptible to the actinic. Yellows get a better chance than before.

But blue is relatively still too powerful. So we put between object and plate (usually on the lens) a transparent yellow screen. Now, colours are jealous of each other in varying degrees. Red is not on speaking terms with blue, but quite friendly with orange. Yellow likes green and orange, but tries to score off violet.

So, when rays of all colours reach the screen on their way to the plate it says: "All yellows pass on; greens, yes, you may go too. So may orange. But steady on, blues, indigos, and

violets. I shan't let you through without payment." Those that do reach the plate find a varying welcome accorded them. As before, a violet ray is more powerful than a yellow, but the difference has been reduced.

WHY AN ISOCHROMATIC (= ORTHOCHROMATIC) PLATE IS NEEDED.

The reader may ask, "Couldn't one work with a screen and an ordinary plate?" Yes! you can. But in order to handicap the blues sufficiently you would have to use a screen so deeply tinted that the exposure would be tremendously prolonged. The "iso" plate does away with the need for a very dark screen, and therefore shortens the exposure. By means of two diagrams (Figs. 2 and 3), I have endeavoured to show pictorially what happens. (1) Where an ordinary plate is used without a screen; (2) where an iso plate is used with a screen. A correct exposure has been given in each case.

The rays strike the lens (Fig. 2) in bundles of seven for each colour. All pass through and fall on the plate. To the left of the plate those rays are prolonged which affect it. (The

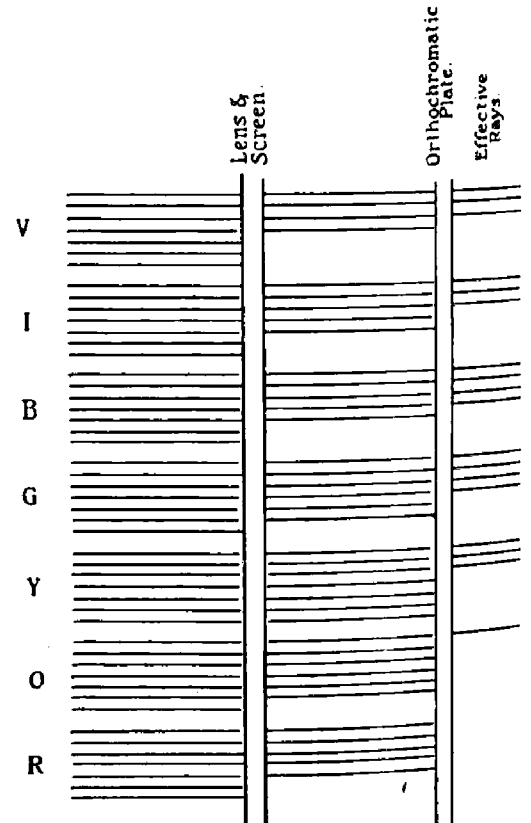


FIG. 3. - Showing how a yellow screen handicaps the most actinic rays, and how the plate also helps yellow. The proportions are here quite changed.

arrangement does not profess to be scientifically correct, but it serves my purpose.) You will notice that all the violet rays have "made their mark"; all the indigos but one; all the blues but three; three greens; one yellow; and no orange and reds.

Now turn to Fig. 3. The screen here controls the entrance. Some of the rays are held back, excepting in the case of yellow. Their effect on the iso plate is shown as before. It is evident that the yellow gets a much better chance now. Even orange makes an impression. Green is strong; so is blue; but indigo and violet are not so prominent. If we use a *very* dark yellow screen we can practically kill the blue end of the spectrum altogether, and tip the balance entirely in favour of the red end. But we must be careful not to *over* correct, as the remedy would then be worse than the disease.

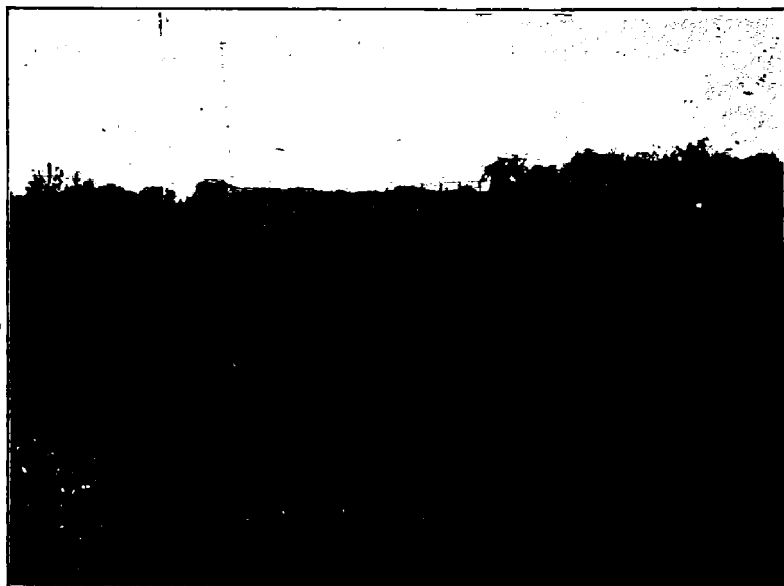


FIG. 4.— A bed of broom bushes taken with an ordinary plate and no screen.

EXAMPLES OF "ISO" WORK.

Not three hundred yards from my dark room is a disused gravel pit, overgrown with broom bushes. Two months ago these put on their summer dress of yellow blossoms, and gave me an opportunity of making a practical test of the value of screen and plate. To have a standard of comparison I first exposed an ordinary plate without using a screen. The result is shown in Fig. 4. The blossoms are hardly distinguishable from the green foliage. Next I inserted an iso plate, and slipped a "three-times" yellow screen over the lens and gave an exposure thrice as long as in the other case. You will admit that Fig. 5 gives a much better idea of blossom-covered bushes than Fig 4.



FIG. 5.—The same, with screen and isochromatic plate.

daisies, except for one on the shady side, are distinctly lighter than the pansies, and the detail of their "eyes" is decidedly improved.

DEVELOPMENT OF ISO PLATES.

It must not be supposed that because iso plates are more sensitive to yellow light, their development is a very difficult matter. Good ruby glass or fabric cuts off the most dangerous rays, and there is no reason why a negative should not be watched during development, though it is wise to keep it covered as much as possible until the image is well out. There is no disguising the fact

Returning home, I made a further test, this time with a "six times" screen, my subject being a few bright yellow daisies (doronicums) set up beside some dark purple pansies.

Fig. 6 is the record of an ordinary plate (no screen). The pansies appear much lighter than the daisies. The dark screen and iso gave a much better rendering (Fig. 7), since the



FIG. 6.—Groups of purple pansies and yellow daisies on ordinary plate. The dark pansies appear lighter than the bright daisies.



FIG. 7.—The same, taken with isochromatic plate and dark screen. The shade values are here rendered very much more correctly.

that one cannot take quite the same liberties with an iso as with an ordinary plate, yet after handling a dozen or two you will become quite used to the restrictions. The ordinary developers are used. Ammonia is best avoided, however, as the forcing agent, since it sometimes causes green fog. Pyro-soda is excellent.

SPEED OF ISO PLATES.

The "Special Rapid" iso made by Messrs.

B. J. Edwards and Co. is about $\frac{1}{4}$ ths as fast as the Special Rapid non-iso, and with a "three-times" screen requires about four times the exposure. That excellent journal, *Photography*, in a recent issue drew attention to a feature of the iso plate which is interesting to the snap-shot worker using no screen. At mid day he is somewhat handicapped by the comparative slowness of the plates, "but," says the writer, "there is a counterbalancing advantage. It is when the light is poorest that the hand-camera user feels most the want of a very fast plate, and the light is poorest at sunrise and sunset. Sunrise we may ignore, but many of the best effects are to be got at sunset. We know that as the day draws to a close the light gets yellower and yellower, and as it does so the orthochromatic plate, which at mid day was distinctly slower than the ordinary, gets relatively faster and faster. The yellowing of the light does not affect it to anything like the same extent that it affects an ordinary plate, and before the falling-off of the light has made photography impossible the ortho plate will be the faster of the two. So that, as a matter of fact, in spite of the correct statements of measured speeds, the hand-camera worker who uses orthochromatic plates is not likely to find them noticeably slower

than plates which are not orthochromatised, and at times may even find them faster."

THE ADVANTAGES OF USING ORTHOCHROMATIC PLATES.

The fact that these plates are now favoured by all the leading landscape photographers, for use with and without a screen, is a general and conclusive proof that they are better suited for landscapes than are ordinary plates. The yellows and greens which Nature displays—

the former especially in the spring, early summer, and autumn—are more correctly graded. The blue of the sky is held in check; the horizon is not merged into it so completely; the haze which is often a serious nuisance to users of ordinary plates by reason of its blueness, has its effects greatly minimised; and clouds are given a much better chance. For cloud photography pure and simple a light screen and ortho plate are a *sine qua non*. A little extra care is required in handling these plates, but that won't daunt the keen photographer.

A WORD ABOUT SCREENS.

It is best to buy these from reputable dealers. Home-made articles *may* be satisfactory, but, on the other hand, they very likely *may not* be so. Some makers of plates—we may instance Messrs. Marion—supply screens specially suited to their particular brands. If you always use plates from the same firm—and it is advisable to do so—inquire whether they make screens as well.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

Be careful that your screen is not in position when it isn't wanted, or dire under-exposure will result. Also be sure that it *is* in place when it *is* wanted. At first you may find yourself making a few mistakes of this kind.

"GLAZEIT."

In the June issue I made a mistake about this preparation, which in fairness to the manufacturers I ought to correct. "Glazeit" is not rubbed on the ferrotype plates, but is used for soaking the prints in preparatory to squeegeeing them on the plates. The immersion hardens the film, so that it peels off very easily when the print has dried.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Douglas A. Whiston.—(1) *Intensification.* First wash the negative very thoroughly so as to eradicate every trace of hypo. Then immerse in a saturated solution of mercury bichloride (*i.e.*, water which has dissolved the greatest amount of the chemical that it can carry) until the image has whitened right through. Turn the negative over to see that this has taken place. Keep the plate rocking, or wipe the face constantly with a pad of cotton-wool to prevent specks settling on it. Then remove, wipe with a pad under the tap and wash for several hours. Immerse in a bath of one drop of ammonia to the ounce of water until the film has

blackened right through. Then wash again for half an hour, and the business is finished. Always return the solution of mercury bichloride to its bottle through a filter paper. (2) *Reduction.*—Immerse the negative in a bath of: water, 8 oz.; hypo, 2 oz.; ferricyanide of potassium (saturated solution), 1 oz.; until it is as thin as you require. Then wash it thoroughly.

"**Captainite**" writes: "I see in my July CAPTAIN that 'Bruce' has experienced some difficulty in mounting prints; allow me to suggest the following method, which has always proved most satisfactory. After toning, fixing, and washing, allow the prints to dry and then cut them to the size and shape required. Next place the number required to be mounted in water (running if possible) until they become perfectly limp. Then press them in an irregular pile on to a piece of wet glass, thick preferably; stand this on end to allow the greater part of the water to drain off, and leave the prints till they are firm on the glass. Care should be taken not to allow them to actually stick, but they should be so firm that they will not shift when rubbed with a stiff paste brush. Use plain starch and rub it well in. Do not spare the starch; it is cheap. But be careful that no lumps are left on the back of the prints. Then place the print on the mount and go over it gently with a smooth, moist sponge. This method is particularly suitable for enlargements. I have mounted big 12 by 10's (which are generally such a bother) quite easily by it."—Many thanks, "Captainite," for your practical and lucid hints. When you speak about prints curling, do you mean before or after mounting? In the former case they are easily flattened by drawing the backs over the sharp edge of a table. In the latter, the prints and mounts should be kept under pressure while drying.

J. Dix.—I think that the fabric is every bit as good as the glass, except that you can't see through it. If your window faces south, west or east, you should use at least two thicknesses of the fabric; and there should be a red curtain (Turkey twill is a very suitable material for this) to draw across the window when the sun shines on it. There is certainly less danger of fogging your plates if you keep them well away from the window. It is always advisable to expose them as little as possible even to yellow light, for, as I have said, *all* colours make more or less impression on a plate.

A. E. O. Lee.—Thanks for your photos. of the unlucky *Montagu* on the Shutter Rocks. You have made some very nice snaps as regards the composition of the pictures, but the prints are rather too light. I think it very probable that intensification would improve the negatives. If they are at all dense to start with they should be reduced first, and then intensified. I notice that you seem to have got into some difficulty with your developer, or other bath, for the prints are in two cases rather blotchy.

"**Actinometer.**"—Hadn't you better buy the apparatus and read the instructions? It is very difficult to explain the working without a reproduction of the dial.

W. J. Juleff.—Yes! I will duly weigh your suggestion and see whether I can find room for some remarks on the subject.

ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

A DIVISION OF SPOIL

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

MERRETT junior said he wished he had a banjo. He went further. He said he wished Merrett senior would give him one.

"Do you know what banjos cost, Theodore?" inquired Merrett senior, who was in the City, and knew with a certain exactitude the value of money.

They were walking home from an afternoon concert when Merrett junior made his request. At the concert a man in a frock-coat and a yellow tie, a man, that is to say, entirely without claim to the respect of a right-thinking public, had dealt so dexterously with an instrument of the kind in question that Theodore's vague yearnings for fame had swollen within him and crystallised. Hitherto he had wished to distinguish himself, without settling on any specific channel for his talents. He wanted to sit in an atmosphere of envy and congratulation, but he did not go so far as to say exactly how he proposed to do it. The concert went well, the rendering of "Dixie," closely followed by "The Mosquitoes' Parade," had decided the matter. He would learn the banjo and play it to awed audiences when he got back to school. If a man in a frock-coat and yellow tie—bright yellow—could do it as well as that, how much better after earnest practice, couldn't he do it? The general consensus of opinion at Seymour's house, Wrykyn, of which house and school Merrett was a member, up to the present, was that he was a bit of an ass. His banjo would remove this impression.

The only objections were that he had not a banjo, and that his father, though a man of wealth, was not taking to the idea of giving him one with that jovial eagerness which ought to be the leading trait in a parent's character.

"Do you know what these things cost, my boy?" asked Mr. Merrett, returning to his original suit.

"Yes. I know a place where you can get one for a quid. We're just coming to it now. Look there!"

They stopped before a pawnbroker's. In the window was an undeniable banjo,



and the price, marked on a card in fair, round letters, was one pound.

"Well?" said Mr. Merrett, rattled.

"Shall I go in and order it?"

"Certainly not, certainly not. I shall give the matter a great deal more thought than I have had time to do up to the present before I buy you this instrument. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, my boy. You must earn it, Theodore, you must earn it."

Theodore's reply was spoken under his breath, and escaped notice.

And so home.

On the following morning Merrett junior's school report arrived. His father read it over his second cup of coffee. Coffee is supposed to have a soothing effect on the system. If this is so, we can only suppose that this was one of the beverage's off-days. It seemed from this document that his form-work was poor. "Lacks energy and concentration," wrote his form-master nastily, "without which qualities his undeniable talents avail him little."

"This report is disgraceful," said his

father. "I see that the average age of boys in your form is fifteen. You are sixteen and a half. Your French, I note, is weak. How is that, when only last summer you spent a fortnight with your Aunt Elizabeth at St. Malo?"

Theodore muttered something wordless through a jungle of toast and marmalade, and was asked not to speak with his mouth full.

The Serious Talk which was the sequel to the battle at breakfast ended in a sort of informal treaty. All was to be forgiven if Theodore should show a marked improvement during the forthcoming term. Meanwhile, for the remainder of the holidays, he would spend his mornings reading Greek and Latin authors on alternate days in order to give his Undeniable Talents a fair show. In the evenings, when he returned from business, Mr. Merrett would examine him on the day's portion (with the help, though he did not mention this detail, of a Dr. Giles' crib).

In this strenuous fashion the holidays drew to a close. By the time his boxes were packed, locked, and corded, and placed in the hall in readiness for the cab on the last afternoon, what Theodore did not know about the first three hundred lines of Euripides' *Medea* and the first two books of Horace's *Odes* was not knowledge. As for Merrett senior, he was beginning quite to enjoy those classics, and his opinion of Dr. Giles as an author was of the highest. On Theodore, on the other hand, the thought of those wasted mornings bore heavy. His air in the cab was one of gloom.

His father noted this melan choly, and not unnaturally set it down to grief at leaving the ancestral home. He was touched. When not impressed with the idea of doing his duty

as a parent, Mr. Merrett was not a hard-hearted father. After all, he reflected, the boy had worked well for the last fortnight. He deserved some reward. (What the boy would have done if he had had a word to say in the matter, he did not ask himself.)

"Theodore, my boy," he said, as they got out at the station, "I have come to a decision. Some time ago you mentioned a desire for a banjo."

Sudden alertness on the part of Merrett junior.

"You shall have it."

"Oh, thanks awfully."

"If you bring back a prize with you at the beginning of the summer holidays."



"IF YOU BRING BACK A PRIZE," SAID MR. MERRETT.

Return of dejected expression to the face of Theodore. What was the good of making a condition like that? What earthly chance had he of landing a prize? As regarded the form prize, he was in the position of a distant relative of a peer with a number of healthy lives between himself and the title. That trophy would fall to one of half a dozen or more Frightful Swots who were going up the school at a perfectly indecent pace. He had often felt that there ought to be some sort of a speed limit for this type of person.

He felt it again as the train moved on its way. The form prize was out of the question. Mathematics? He barred mathematics. Never had liked them. Couldn't do a sum for nuts unless he consulted the Answers at the end of the book first. French? Ah, now what *about* French? What was the matter with that?

Two minutes later Theodore had decided to win the French prize.

It was Theo's misfortune that in the same form as himself there happened to be one Tilbury. Now, Tilbury also wanted the French prize, and he meant to get it. The other members of the form had not the slightest desire even to see it. It happened, therefore, that while thirty of the Lower Fifth entirely overlooked Merrett's manoeuvres, his thirty-first rival regarded them with the deepest suspicion and discontent. He confided his woes to Linton, that Lower Fifth ornament, during the interval one day. Linton was a cheery individual who ratler led the Lower Fifth life and thought. He was promising at all games, and worked hard in form,—making up for this expenditure of effort by creating disturbances whenever possible.

"I say, Linton, I call it a bit thick," said Tilbury.

"What is?" asked Linton.

"That bounder, Merrett," explained Tilbury. "He's given up full marks in French six times running."

"Why shouldn't he? Amuses 'im, and doesn't hurt any one else."

"But there's the prize."

"You don't mean to tell me that you want it! I wouldn't have it as a gift. If you're so keen, your best dodge is to give up full marks, too."

"Thanks. That's a jolly good idea," said Tilbury. "I will."

(I do not defend Linton's moral outlook. I merely record it.)

The system on which French was conducted at Wrykyn needs a little explanation. Etiquette did not demand honesty from you save in the examinations. At the end of the hour every one corrected his neighbour's "slip," and handed it back to him. The marks were then given up to M. Gandinois. Most people gave up something near full marks. It pleased M. Gandinois, and hurt nobody else. At the end of term the term's marks were added to examination marks, and the winner got away with the prize. With Merrett, therefore, giving up full marks every time, it will be seen that Tilbury's grievance was well-founded. Tilbury had not that wealth of imagination which is so necessary to success in French. He was in the habit of giving up only about 75 per cent. In the exams., of course, everybody played fair.

This was a curious point of French etiquette at Wrykyn. Cribbing might run riot during the term. In fact, the better you did it, the more of a sportsman you were considered. But by unwritten law it ceased absolutely as soon as the examination began. It had frequently puzzled M. Gandinois, the disastrous falling-off in the standard. Boys who had scored 95 per cent. throughout the term on questions of grammar, would amass totals of fifteen and twenty-one in the time of crisis. He put it down to brain-fag.

So Tilbury went his way, and proceeded to adopt a system of Retaliation. As for Merrett, he went on from strength to strength. Looking at his marks, the casual observer would have said that here was that rare prodigy, the English boy who was brilliant at French.

And in due course the end of the term came, bringing with it the examinations.

Tilbury came up to Linton as the Lower Fifth streamed out of the room, and foamed with indignation. His hands revolved in the air.

"Oh, chuck it," said Linton; "you aren't a semaphore. What's up?"

"It's that bounder, Merrett."

"What's he been doing to you?"

"He was swindling. He swindled all the time. I saw him. I was watching him."

Linton looked serious.

"Are you certain?" he said.

"Absolutely. I was watching him. I saw him. He had a book under the desk. Old

Gandinois couldn't see him because the top of his desk was in the light, but I could. I was watching him. And now he'll get the prize."
 "Don't you worry. He hasn't got it yet," said Linton. "Look here, did any one else see him?"

"I don't know. Firmin might have done. He was sitting near him."

"All right. I'll ask Firmin. And don't go gassing about it till you hear from me, or you'll go getting into trouble. See!"
 Tilbury saw.

He was, he said, in excellent health, and hoped his father was the same. He added that he had hopes of bringing back the French prize.

And when at the prize-giving, two days later, the headmaster read out, without excitement (for he was beginning to get a little tired of the business), "French prize, Lower Fifth,—T. Merrett," these hopes would have appeared to the majority of people to have been realised. As Merrett walked down the hall with his handsomely bound copy of "Les Misérables," in his hand, he saw himself, as in a vision, playing "Lumberin' Luke" to enthusiastic audiences.

The Lower Fifth had assembled in force in their form-room to collect their books when Merrett arrived. Linton was standing by the master's desk. He seemed to be waiting for something.

"Hullo, Merrett," he said. "Is that the prize? Let's have a look."

Possessing himself of the gleaming volume, he cleared a space for himself among the ink-pots and papers on the desk, and sat down. Merrett noticed that a certain hush of expectancy had fallen on the room.

"Look here, Merrett," said Linton, turning over the leaves of the book, "you probably don't know it, but you were seen cribbing in the exam. What about that?"

"Fat lot of right you've got to talk about cribbing," said Merrett.

"We all crib during the term, so it's all right. But it's an understood thing that we don't do it during exams. So you don't seem to have much claim to this rotten book, do you?"

"Give it back."



"HERE'S YOUR LOT, FIRMIN," SAID LINTON.

Linton consulted Firmin. Firmin supported Tilbury.

"Yes, he'd certainly got a book under the desk. Rather rot. I call it, even in French. Not that one wants the prize, of course," he added hastily, lest he should be misjudged.

"Of course not. Still——"

"In an exam.——" said Firmin.

"It's not quite——"

"The game, is it?"

"Better not say anything to anybody, Firmin. I'll look after this."

That night Merrett wrote to his father.

"Wait a second. You'll get your share all right. This is going to be done perfectly fairly. Now, some forms would have touched you up for this, wouldn't they, you chaps?"

"Rather," said the form.

"But we aren't going to. You ought to be grateful. Only, as we've all got just as much right to the prize as you, we're going to divide it."

"I say—" said a voice of protest. Tilbury had come out second in the French order, and he had not looked for this Communistic arrangement.

"Dry up," said Linton. "And if you come any nearer, Merrett, you'll get it hot. Follow? There are five hundred and six-

teen pages of this book. How much is that each, some one?"

A pause.

"Thirteen, exactly," said Firmin.

"Thanks. Here's your lot, Firmin," said Linton. "Don't mind them being a bit torn, do you?"

"Not a bit," said Firmin. "Thanks."

"You can have the cover, Merrett," said Linton, when he had handed every one his portion of the prize. "Come in useful as an ornament for your mantelpiece at home."

But Theodore never troubled to exhibit his share of the spoil in that way. And he still wants a banjo.



THE PYRAMID.

(RECOLLECTIONS OF A "GYM" DISPLAY.)

I WAS never great at cricket, for I wasn't built that way,
I was much too weak for footer, so they wouldn't let me play;
But once I thanked my lucky stars that I was light and small.
Or they never might have picked me for the Pyramid at all!
It took a bit of doing, but we managed it all right,
We practised to perfection—yet, I swear it, on the night,
When the "gym" was packed with people, I'd have given half a quid
To get out of my performance in the beastly pyramid!

Perhaps you've had the needle if you've ever tried to act,
Or very nearly farked a bit when going to be whacked—
Well—those were our sensations—though we felt no end of swells
As we fell into our places by the gaudy parallels;
(A fellow vaguely wonders what'll happen, if he swerves,
To the awful, tangled web of straining thews and throbbing nerves!)
Soon the sergeant gave his orders, and we did as we were bid—
Till I balanced high and lonely on a human pyramid!

The sergeant's words came back to me—"Just keep your head and *stand!*"
If I felt a trifle rocky it was *that* that made it grand,
For I set my teeth and stuck it, though my head began to swim
When a burst of mighty cheering broke in thunder round the "gym."
Yes—I stood erect and steady—till the sergeant muttered, "jump"—
And I landed on the matting with a comfortable bump;—
Then a fellow near me murmured, "What a plucky little kid!"
And I nearly shrieked for joy about the rotten pyramid!

Oh, the everlasting triumph of a memorable day!
The others may forget about a paltry "gym" display;
But—the horror of the stillness—all the strain—and then the thrill—
Oh, I feel it all, and see it all, and hear the clapping still!
I was never great at cricket, for I wasn't built that way,
I was much too weak for footer, so they wouldn't let me play;
And the short and simple summary of all I ever did
Is—I kept my nerve and balance in the glorious pyramid!

ARTHUR STANLEY.



CHINESE STAMP DESIGNS.

CHINESE stamps have an interest of their own for English collectors, for they represent the devotion of an eminent Englishman to the by no means easy work of introducing Western methods into the Celestial Empire. Sir Robert Hart entered the British consular service in China in 1854, and in 1863 he was appointed Inspector General of the Chinese Customs. Under his wise management the customs revenue has risen from eight million taels to over twenty-seven million taels. He has organised the postal service with equal success.

In the spring of 1893, Sir Robert, as chief inspector of Chinese maritime customs, addressed a letter to the Foreign Office in Peking in regard to the institution of a postal system in China after the pattern of similar institutions existing in Europe. This memorial was sanctioned by the throne. In accordance with the proposed scheme, every capital or province was to be endowed with a non-resident Director of Posts, and every capital of a Province with a non-resident subaltern postal official. Their assistants were to be chosen from the Chinese population, but it was to be required that they be familiar with the English language. In the country towns, as well as in the cities of the second and third rank, the post office was to be administered by Chinese. This scheme referred only to the non-treaty ports and the interior of the country. In the treaty ports the postal administration was to be administered in connection with the custom house. It was intended to retain the existing carrier service, but the private postal agencies were to be abolished; so far as possible, in the new administration, the people employed by these private agencies were to be retained. After three years, the project finally ripened, and Sir Robert was appointed General Postal Director.

The first postage stamps of this newly organised Imperial Post were issued in 1897. First came some provisionals, provided by surcharging the issue of 1885; then at the end of the year a series of new designs was engraved, inscribed "Imperial Chinese Post."

The history of all the stamps of China will be found written in the April number of the fifth volume of *THE CAPTAIN*. It was my first contribution as philatelic editor, and I have no intention at present of going over the ground a second time. I want only to show you some



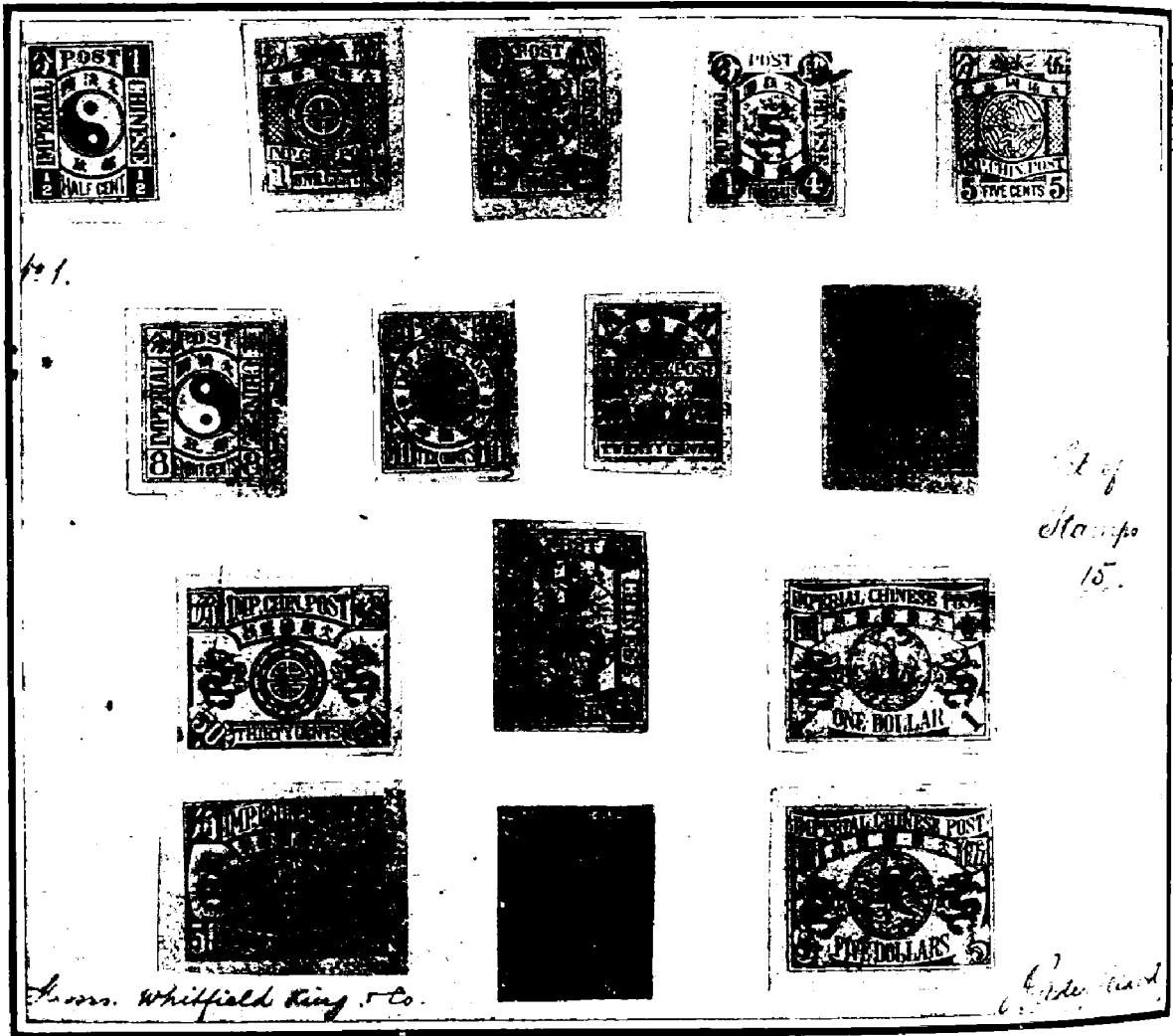
MR. AND MRS. DE VILLARD IN THEIR GARDEN AT SHANGHAI.

From a photo.

interesting pictures in the shape of the first series of designs made for this new Imperial Chinese Post. Photographs of these first designs were presented to me by my old friend, Mr. C. Whitfield King, for inclusion in my exhibit of the stamps of China shown at the recent International Philatelic Exhibition. They are of special interest from the fact that they were the occasion of a little romance and, possibly, a tragedy also.

Mr. R. A. de Villard, an artist resident in

the common parlance of the day, Mr. de Villard, despite his acquaintance with Chinese ways, had innocently put his foot into it. In several of the designs he had abbreviated the inscription to "Imp. Chin. Post," which was not allowed. Consequently a fresh series of drawings had to be made, and if these proofs are compared with the stamps subsequently put into use, it will be seen that most of them were considerably modified in many ways. In submitting his designs Mr. de Villard



MR. R. A. DE VILLARD'S ORIGINAL SERIES OF DRAWINGS FOR THE IMPERIAL CHINESE POSTAGE STAMPS. Reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. Whitfield King and Co.

China at the time, was commissioned to prepare a series of designs for the new Imperial Post. He was a high official in the Chinese Imperial customs, and he had designed the postage stamps of 1894. The series of drawings now reproduced in THE CAPTAIN were submitted, but were fated to be rejected, for, to put it in

still more seriously put his foot into it by colouring the 20c. in Imperial purple, thinking that would, of course, be a popular and most acceptable colour. Evidently he was innocent of the fact that the use of this colour is absolutely forbidden in China, except by members of the Imperial family. There was a big row,

and no doubt for a time it was probably a question whether the poor artist would be decapitated or otherwise disposed of. However, he drew a fresh series of designs and steered clear of the Imperial purple, but whether it be a coincidence or otherwise, it is a fact that Mr. de Villard was shortly afterwards suddenly ordered to go on a surveying expedition through Thibet, and to make his way thence to India, returning to China by sea from Calcutta. As every "Captain" boy will know, the journey from China through Thibet into India is one of the most dangerous that anybody can undertake, and, previous to the days of the English expedition to Thibet, would have been regarded as a sentence of death. Even Mr. de Villard seems to have regarded it with some such feeling, for he wrote his friend Mr. C. Whitfield King from Chunking, on his way to Thibet, stating that in all probability that would be the last letter he would have from him, and Mr. Whitfield King has not heard from him since.

[NOTE.—Since writing the above I have received a brochure written by another official in the Imperial Chinese Customs Service in which Mr. de Villard is spoken of as "the late Mr. de Villard."]

Reviews.

Sarawak and Seychelles.

Mr. Bertram W. H. Poole has published a couple of excellent little guides to these countries.

In "Sarawak," published by Mr. D. Field, he gives us a very carefully written history of the various issues, with very precise lists of all varieties of the interesting early issues, and if any of our readers feel inclined to specialise in this country they cannot do better than get Mr. Poole's excellent little book, price 1s. The principal varieties are fully illustrated, and everything is made as clear as possible for the would-be-specialist in the stamps of Sarawak. As a British Protectorate it comes into the range of British possessions.

In THE CAPTAIN, vol. xii., p. 145, in giving a history of the stamps of Sarawak, I stated that the first stamps were printed by Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald. Mr. Poole now states that, "In all early descriptions of this stamp (first issue) it is positively asserted that the design was engraved and the stamps manufactured by Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald and Co. of Glasgow. For many years this firm received the credit for its production and also for the Sarawak stamps in the succeeding design, but modern investigations have proved

that Mr. Charles Whiting, of London, was their manufacturer." Now, as a matter of fact, modern investigations have done nothing of the sort, for the simple reason that Maclure and Macdonald printed the stamps, as I stated in THE CAPTAIN, and I have a letter from Messrs. Maclure and Co. (late Maclure and Macdonald) in which they state that "about the year 1868 we (then Maclure and Macdonald) engraved and printed Sarawak stamps to the order of Rajah Brooke."

"The Postage Stamps of Seychelles," published by Mr. Oswald Marsh, price 1s., is written on similar lines, and includes the full history of the discovery of the two types of the Queen's head of the first series. The stamps of the little island of Seychelles are great favourites with many collectors, but they are full of provisionals that have been largely cornered and manipulated by a most persistent and objectionable class of speculators that is the bane of the postal authorities of Seychelles. We believe most collectors acquit the postal authorities of any connivance with these speculators and accept the many surcharges and their varieties as genuine. Mr. Poole gives us the full list, and in many instances the numbers printed in each case.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. O. (Maritzburg).—You will find several advertisements of dealers in THE CAPTAIN advertisement pages. Study those pages and make your own selection. The firm you have had stamps from is one of our leading firms. For exchanging, I believe the Birmingham Philatelic Society run an exchange packet for foreign and colonial members. You can ascertain the terms and conditions by writing the Hon. Sec., Mr. G. Johnson, 308 Birchfield Road, Birmingham. Oh, yes, there is a vast difference in buying and selling prices. Most dealers allow discounts peculiar to themselves off marked prices. Dealers will generally allow a pretty fair exchange for used copies of very high values. You will not find foreign dealers any cheaper than our English dealers for British colonials; frequently they are much dearer. You will probably find the Birmingham Society's Exchange packets suit your requirements best.

Granite (Aberdeen).—The Ichang, being local stamps, are not catalogued in our English catalogues, but in the Scott catalogue published by the Scott Stamp and Coin Co. in New York, the set is priced as follows:

	Unused.
½c. orange brown	3c.
1c. bistre	4c.
2c. purple	6c.
3c. violet	10c.
5c. dull rose	15c.
1m. green	25c.
15c. blue	40c.
3m. carmine	70c.

Don't recognise the other stamps; none of them seem to be postage stamps from your description.

The Mouth of the Cavern.

By H. HERVEY.

Illustrated by Edgar A. Holloway.

"**W**HO can suggest anything else?" asked Richmond, as we disconsolately dumped into the rickety chairs of Sooriacooppum travellers' bungalow—to wait for breakfast. We were four infantry subs., of whom Richmond, aged twenty-eight, was much the senior, and had journeyed in bullock-carts by bad roads from Shevacottah, sixty miles inland, for the purpose of bagging a tiger that had been reported at Sooriacooppum. Despite three days' assiduous beating, however, we had failed in discovering the brute or, in fact, any other kind of big game.

"Anything else?" growled Plyter peevishly. "I see no chance of it. What do you say, Tilford?"

"The same," I replied. "but let's question the bungalow sepoy; he may be able to help us."

"A good idea," put in Hanserd, and he shouted for the man.

We had all picked up Hindustani, and, on the sepoy appearing, Richmond said to him. "Your tiger has turned out a humbug, sepoy, and apparently there is no other big game worth shooting. Is there anything else to do? Anything to see in the neighbourhood? If not, we'll go home."

"There is only Kuddul Covil, sir, on the coast, ten miles distant. Before railways came almost every European traveller stopping at this bungalow would go and view it."

"And what is to be seen at this Kuddul Covil?"

"It is a very high cliff, sir, overlooking the sea, with a hindoo temple on the top; hence the name, Kuddul Covil, or sea temple. In the face of the cliff, directly below the building, is the entrance to a cave."

"What sort of cave?"

"No one living can tell, sir, for it is quite inaccessible; but tradition says that in ancient times the cliff could be scaled, and that a band of armed robbers kept their booty in the cavern. The tradition also relates, sir, that a fearful visitation from Heaven struck the spot; that in

the space of one day, the four chief Brahmins of the temple—who alone could enter the inner chamber where the idol sat—were all carried off by cholera, and that during the same night an awful storm raged; the sea beat on the cliffs, and the earth shook. It is said that from that day the robbers were never heard of, and the votaries of the Kuddul Covil goddess became so terrified by the deaths of their chief priests that they removed the idol to a village four miles inland, since which Kuddul Covil has remained abandoned. From superstitious fears no one will go near the place, far less enter its doors. The shore below is never ventured on for the same cause."

"What is supposed to have become of the robbers?"

"The belief is that the storm caught them while they were scaling the cliff and destroyed them, sir."

"Gets interesting," said Richmond.

"Yes, and I vote we go," said Hanserd. "I should like to have a look at the place."

All being agreed on the point, the matter was clinched. The sepoy's superstitious qualms were overcome by a promise of reward, and, under his guidance, early next morning we set out in our bullock-carts, coming in sight of the sea by about eight o'clock.

The land rose as we approached the coast, and the sepoy led us through a kind of gorge that opened on to the sea-shore, where, selecting a shady nook, we outspanned, and the servants set to preparing breakfast. That meal disposed of, we left the camp standing and followed our cicerone along the beach northwards. Truly an iron-bound, desolate coast just here! A succession of sandstone precipices of varying altitude and verticality dominated the narrow beach to our right; the sea broke in oily rollers to our left, while of human beings there were no signs. After a mile's trudge, the sepoy pointed to a cliff loftier than those we had yet passed. "There, sirs, is Kuddul Covil on the top, and when we get nearer you will see the cave." In another

quarter of an hour we arrived directly below the temple-crowned height, at a spot where the beach was strewn with huge fragments of rock. Roughly, we estimated the cliff to be four hundred feet high, a vast perpendicular wall of grey-red sandstone, broken about fifty feet from its verge by an irregular round opening, evidently the mouth of a cave. For some moments we gazed up in mute wonderment.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Richmond, the first to speak. "How did the beggars reach that hole? they must have done so from this side—with that inhabited temple above them."

"I know," cried Hanserd, who had been using his eyes to some purpose; "all this *d'bris* originally formed part of the cliff; probably it was not sheer at one time."

"And the fellows used to scale it?" I asked.

Hanserd nodded, and Plyter, who had been poking round, now sang out, "Here you are—look!"

We joined him, and saw a big chunk of stone showing several flat iron bars protruding from its surface; further search discovered other pieces similarly furnished, and as they fitted loosely in their sockets we concluded that the robbers used the bars as steps, removing them as they ascended the cliff, and that it was while making their last climb they must have been overtaken by the storm spoken of by the sepoy, and so the bars remained.

"Great Scott!" muttered Richmond, as we gave expression to these surmises, "then all this stuff may have collapsed while the chaps were clawing up to their warren, eh?"

"Yes," I said, "and what is more, if we could manage to reach it I daresay we'd find some of the loot."

"That is, if no one has forestalled us," remarked Plyter.

"Little fear of that," responded Richmond.

"Superstitious funk alone would hinder any natives from trying, even if there was a means of getting up."

"I say, can't we manage it somehow?" demanded Plyter excitedly.

"Not from here below," answered Richmond, "but we might from above, by letting ourselves down over the brow of the cliff."

"Humbug!" ejaculated Hanserd incredulously.

"Honest Injun," retorted the other, laughing.

"The question is, could we stand it? Dangling in a bight of rope with a four-hundred-foot drop below you would be a hair-raising business."

Now, it happened that I was particularly

cool-headed in situations of the kind alluded to by my chum; as a boy and youth at home I had done a lot of cliff-climbing after eggs; the proposed venture therefore presented nothing very alarming to me, so I offered to go first.

"Bully for you, Tilford!" cried Plyter ecstatically. "I'll follow."

"I'll come third," said Richmond.

"And I'll bring up the rear," put in Hanserd. "But what about rope, a boom of sorts, with a pulley or wheel to pass the line over? Besides, who's to let us down?"

We regarded each other inquiringly, till Richmond said, "Hold on. Sepoy, who lives in that little house near Sooriacooppum bungalow? Any one to do with the engineering department?"

"Yes, sir, the Public Works Overseer."

"Thought so—from the wheelbarrows stacked in the verandah. Has he any stout rope, and a pair of shears?"

"He always has rope, sir, and a pair of shears came when he recently repaired the bridge close to the bungalow; the shears are still with him."

"Good! I tell you what, you fellows," continued Richmond, "I'll write in to the Overseer to lend us, say, a hundred feet of strong two-inch rope, one of his shear-legs, and a pulley wheel. I'll send the note by the sepoy, who, if the stuff is forthcoming, will assemble a dozen coolies—to bring it out, and also to man the rope for us."

It was therefore settled. We regained our camp; Richmond wrote his letter and handed it to the sepoy, who was instructed to hurry back with the gear, and bring twelve coolies as unsuperstitious as could be found, who were to be bribed for the job, the sepoy himself being stimulated thereto by the promise of a further reward. The party were to go straight to the temple, one man only coming to apprise us of its arrival, whereupon we would join it. In the meanwhile we made ourselves comfortable in our impromptu camp, and waited.

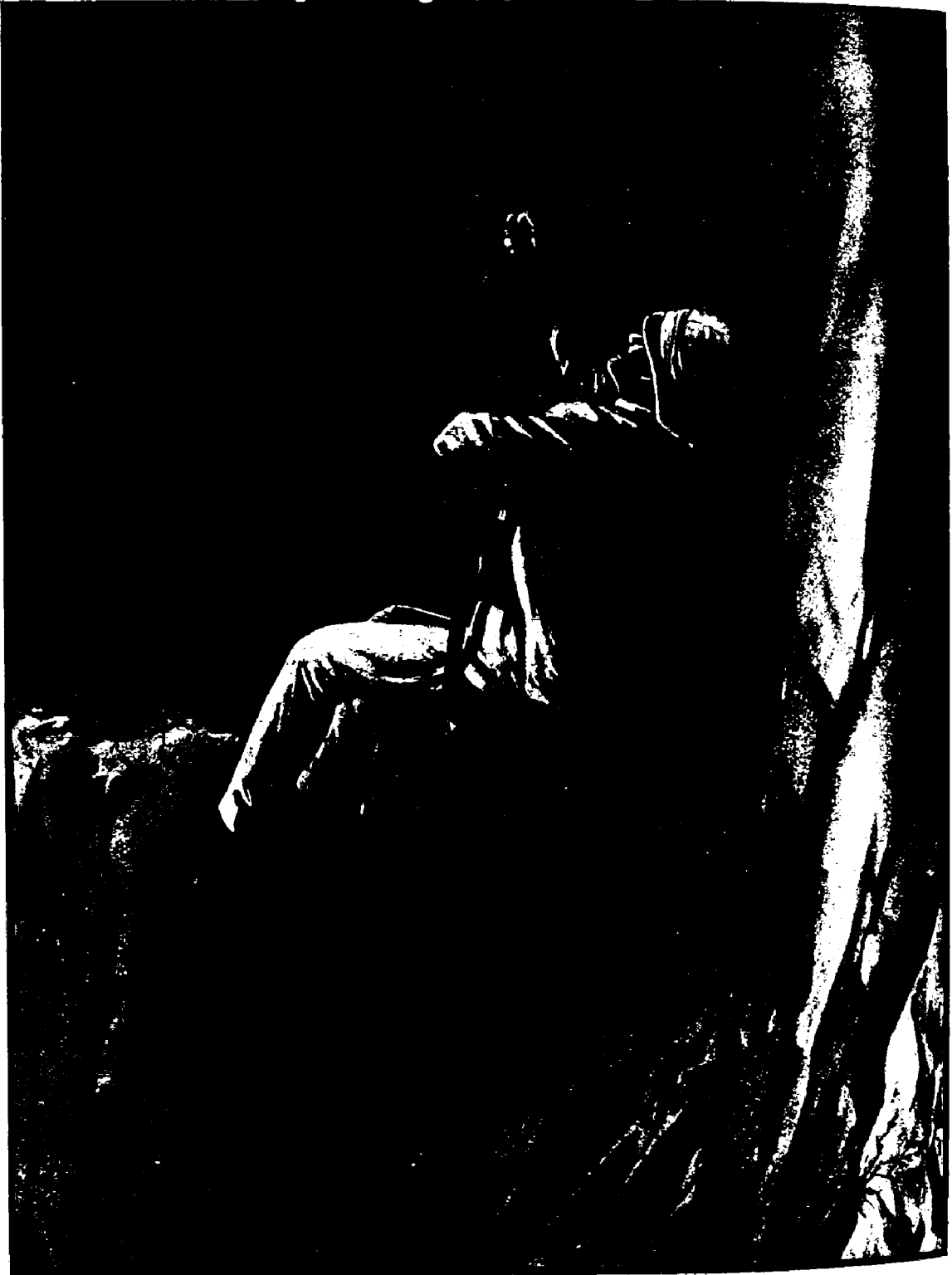
At eight next morning the messenger arrived. We made an early breakfast, and after a tedious, circuitous climb found ourselves in the abandoned temple. There was not much to see. We "did" the whole building in five minutes; the only remarkable feature was that the central gate in the seaward wall of the front court opened on a narrow ledge not more than six feet from the verge.

"I suppose the natives are out of it, but are you sure that no European has been

down to the cave?" demanded Richmond of the sepoy.

"Certainly not since I have been in the

district—now ten years, sir. Had such happened earlier, the fact would have become tradition, and I should have heard of it."



WHEN I ARRIVED LEVEL WITH THE CAVE FLOOR, A GAP OF FIVE FEET OR SO YAWNED BETWEEN IT AND ME.

We rigged the boom with the pulley-wheel, reeved the rope through, made a loop, ran the spar-head a foot beyond the clean-cut brink, secured the butt-end by lashing it to one of the monolith gate-posts, paid out the rope, and then told the coolies to grasp it and squat in a row on the timber. They obeyed us implicitly, but they were evidently uncomfortable, and not a man-jack—the sepoys included—would look down the precipice.

All was ready. I seated myself in the loop. My three companions, lying flat down, protruded their heads over the brink and watched me. I did not feel nervous as I gave the word to lower away. The gear worked smoothly, and I gradually descended. But lo! I had not dropped ten feet ere I began to suspect that we had made a great omission in our observations; from our point of survey below we had failed to note that the higher part of the cliff-face was slightly concave; the rope, with me weighting it, threatened to form the chord to the arc of the cliff-face! And so it proved: when I arrived level with the cave floor, a gap of five feet or so yawned between it and me! I gave the signal to belay, and looked up.

My friends realised my dilemma. "Can't you reach it?" shouted Richmond.

"No—it is too far!" I bawled.

"Swing yourself!" suggested Plyter.

I tried; but whether it was something in the "lay" of the rope, or the disturbing consciousness that I hung over a sheer fall of three hundred and fifty feet, I could not manage to get up the necessary impetus, less so in the desired direction. I pendulated sideways instead of forwards!

"Have you a spare bit of rope?" I bellowed.

"Yes—why?"

"Send along a bamboo, to get myself into swing with!" I had casually noticed that the coolies had carried the rope slung on one.

Presently, down came the bamboo at the end of a thin cord. Undoing the stick and couching it like a lance, I butted the end against the cliff face. A second butt gave me the requisite momentum at the proper angle, and, after swinging myself a little, I plumped safely into the cave mouth.

Hitching the bamboo in the loop, I shook the rope, the signal previously agreed on, and up it went. Cliff-climber though I was, I felt too shaky to look about me, and the only note I made was that the floor of the cave was littered with stones. My anxiety as to how my chums would stand the ordeal drowned all other considerations, and I awaited their

advent with some misgivings, for it was only now, after I myself had been through it, that the perilous nature of our undertaking came home to me.

It seemed an age ere Plyter appeared, armed with the bamboo. Shouting up, as I had done, to belay, he essayed to put his lance in rest, but to my dismay it slipped from his grasp and vanished into the profundity below.

"Have they another bamboo?" I asked on recovering speech.

"No; I looked before starting."

"Try and swing yourself in!"

He tried, but failed—as I had.

"Good golly!" exclaimed Plyter, "what's to be done? If I return, how are you to follow?"

"No, no, don't give in yet!" I said, quickly unwinding my cummerbund, a narrow silk affair some fifteen feet long. I gathered the strip in my hand, and, warning Plyter to catch, I launched the coil at him; he seized it, and the next moment I towed my chum safely into the cave mouth.

As the two who were still to come could not hear us from our position inside the cavern, I tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and, scribbling a few words descriptive of the cummerbund expedient, stuck the paper between the strands of the rope, which I shook and then let go. Presently number three came down, and we hauled him in with the cummerbund. He was pale as death, and seemed much relieved when he landed. I shook the rope, and away it went.

"I say," muttered Richmond, mopping his forehead, "this is too much of a good thing. My heart was jumping like a rabbit as I came down."

I did not wonder, and, from his looks, Plyter evidently sympathised with him. For a few moments we waited, anxious for Hanserd to join us; but imagine our consternation when we presently beheld him lying limp and inert, his body by a miraculous chance balanced across the rope-loop, his head and arms dangling on one side, his legs on the other! To add to our horror, the descent slowly continued; in the absence of the check signal—with none of us to control them now, with not a man looking over the verge—the coolies went on paying out the rope, and Hanserd was already halfway past the orifice.

I held my coiled cummerbund in hand; unreflectingly I was about to cast it when the more thoughtful Richmond snatched the silk from my grasp, knotted a stone in one end, and then threw it out like a "bola." Providen-

tially, it caught the loop; the weighted end fell on the right side, and then, with only this precarious hold, and the rope still descending, we hauled the poor chap in just as he was sinking below the level of the cave. Luckily Plyter had a full water-bottle, and Richmond a brandy-flask. We first brought Hanserd round with the water, and then caused him to swallow a gulp or two of the spirit. In a few minutes he revived.

"Well, old chap," cried Richmond cheerily, "you are out of the wood, so can whistle. What went wrong?"

"Heavens knows," muttered Hanserd hoarsely. "I was all right till about half-way down, when, like a fool, I thought I'd look below. Immediately I did so, I got dizzy, and I remember no more until you chaps brought me round. I'm eternally obliged to you," he added, reaching out and squeezing our hands.

All four being now safely together, we set to looking about us. Larger and loftier than its entrance gave idea of, the cave extended some thirty feet into the living rock, and the further end was wrapt in gloom. In the walls on both sides appeared catacomb-like recesses. Every one of these niches seemed to contain something, and we were about to overhaul them when I thought I heard a voice.

"Hark!" I cried abruptly.

All listened. They were calling us from above.

"The duffers!" growled Richmond, going as near the cave's brink as he dared, with us following. "What is it?" turning his face upward, and shouting in the vernacular.

The reply was unintelligible; though repeated, none of us could comprehend it.

"Oh, they be sugared!" exclaimed Plyter



THE ENTIRE LENGTH CAME SLITHERING DOWN, AND PLUNGED LIKE A FLASH INTO THE ABYSS, ALMOST DRAGGING RICHMOND WITH IT.

scornfully. "I expect they're asking permission to knock off, to eat their rice or something. Come on! let's see if there's anything here worth annexing."

"Aye, but before we set to work," put in Richmond, "let's make sure that the rope is secure."

"Why, what should happen to the rope?" I asked.

"Always best to make certain," and with the words he grasped the line and gave it a smart tug. Try and realise our feelings when the entire length came slithering down and plunged like a flash into the abyss, almost dragging Richmond with it.

"Fortunate you didn't let the rope go.

Richmond," I remarked half hysterically, breaking the awed silence that the mishap had plunged us into.

"Might as well be at the bottom of the precipice," he replied gloomily.

"Come, I don't see that," observed Plyter.

"No?" said Hanserd in a grave tone.

"What's the use of the rope to us—down here?" Then only did we fully awake to our fearful predicament, and the terrible conviction smote us all that we were in a death-trap.

"Now, what's to be done?" queried Richmond. "No use expecting help from above; it is plain that the fellows have decamped for some reason or other, and left us nicely in the lurch, so the question is, how are we to get out of this?"

Painfully we reflected, but no suggestion offered itself. It was quite manifest that the whole posse of coolies with the sepoy had deserted, otherwise it was impossible to account for the rope coming away. Our inspection of the locality, moreover, and what we had learnt about it told us that no other natives were the least likely to visit the temple, and even did they, how would they fathom the situation? How could we make known our fix to them?

"One thing; we've not searched the cave yet," resumed Richmond. "It's just possible there's an outlet that may lead from this. Come, we'll look."

Comforted by his words, we commenced our investigation. The area was not extensive, and in a few minutes we had scrutinised the whole of it, walls, floor and ceiling; there was no egress, not a sign of one! We regarded each other blankly.

"Cheer up!" again exhorted Richmond. "These sort of places generally have a secret passage going somewhere. Let's try the niches."

Hopelessly, mechanically we obeyed him, commencing with the first niche on the right-hand side. Something perishable had apparently been stowed here, for the receptacle was full of dust. Our object being to find the mouth of a passage, we cleared out the dust, unearthing several metal vessels in the process; in the next niche we found articles of the same kind; in the third, several native swords with what looked like jewelled hilts. The contents of the next and last niche on that side would, under other circumstances, have gladdened our hearts. We found some brass vessels which proved heavy as lead. On lifting one out, it upset, and a shower of gold coins poured forth, but at that juncture the wealth of the world might have

been there for all we cared. Our very lives were in jeopardy, and would gold save them? Crossing over to the opposite side, we were about to attack the first niche when the fact that it was full of stones, and differed in shape from the others, struck us simultaneously. It was more square than oblong! Feverishly we emptied it of every stone.

"By Jingo!" exclaimed Richmond, peering into the cavity, "this looks more likely."

"Heaven grant it!" murmured Hanserd, striking a sulphur match, which, on blazing up, revealed—what? an iron ring hanging on an iron staple let into the back wall of the recess!

Were we dreaming? Our hearts beat fast. Speechless with new-born hope, we waited while Hanserd struck another match. Yes, it was no dream; the ring proved a reality. Moreover, the rectangular outline of the stone proclaimed it a "placed" slab, not an integral part of the rock.

"The rope! the rope!" shrieked Richmond. I seized it, and, plunging half my anatomy into the niche, reeved the cord through the ring. Nearly demented, we tallied on, and, after one or two moments of delirious tugging, out came the stone with a flop, disclosing a dark vacuity beyond. We hastily hacked off pieces of the rope, which, being of tarred hemp, burnt brightly on ignition. We blessed Hanserd for having brought along that match-box. We raised our improvised torches and looked into the void. One glance was enough. It showed a flight of rough-hewn steps leading in an upward direction.

Full of indescribable sensations, and with Richmond leading, we scrambled single file into the cavity and ascended those steps, which, after turning twice, terminated in a small chamber-like space where we could barely stand upright. But, alas! no indication of an exit presented itself. Again did we taste the bitterness of death as we held our now dimly burning torches to the walls and the floor, desperately examining every square inch. No, not a crack, not a cranny! We faced each other in despair.

As we stood there in a silence of vanished hope, Plyter gave a great gasp. We followed the trend of his gaze, and once more did expectation well up in our souls as we saw an irregular slab—perhaps the covering to an outlet.

"Now, chaps!" cried our leader, "all hands up against it, and shove like mad!"

We did shove like mad, and after nearly snapping our tendons we shot the slab from its place. It fell outwards with a thud, and a stream of heaven's daylight poured in on us



IT WAS NO DREAM; THE RING PROVED A REALITY.

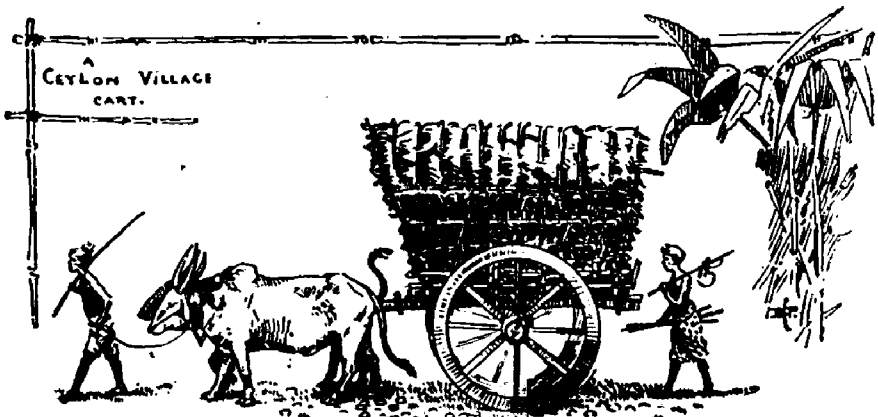
through the aperture. Springing on to our companion's shoulders, Plyter and I went first and hauled up the other two, when we found ourselves in the deserted temple, the passage by which we had escaped opening into the building immediately behind the massive stone pedestal whereon erstwhile the idol had rested. We caught each other's hands in silence, and

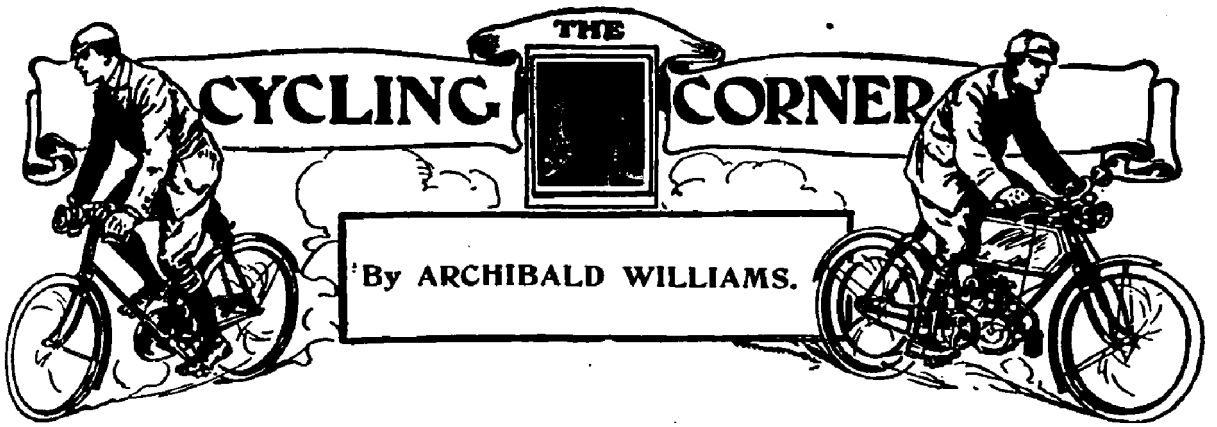
if the feelings of my comrades can be gauged by mine, a prayer of gratitude went up from their hearts during that brief pause.

When we had recovered our normal senses we returned to the cave and made an exhaustive search for valuables. To be brief, we gathered up everything worth taking away. We eventually conveyed our booty to Shevacottah, where, after many tedious formalities had been gone through connected with "treasure trove," we received our due and proper share of rupees, each man of us pocketing a sum which placed him in funds to an amount far exceeding his wildest expectations.

At Sooriacooppum the sepoy came to us with tears in his eyes and said that, having screwed up his courage to look over the brink while Hanserd descended, he was horrified at seeing him lying across the rope-loop. Withdrawing his gaze for a few

moments, he looked again and perceived the loop to be empty. Then he shrieked out, asking if we were all safe. Obtaining no reply, and no signal coming on the rope, he believed that all of us had perished by falling down the precipice in our efforts to save Hanserd; so, fearful of the consequences, he took to his heels and fled, to be followed by the coolies in one panic-stricken scamper.





THE HEIGHT OF THE HANDLE-BAR &C. THE ATTACHMENT OF COVERS.

UNDER ordinary conditions, or, perhaps, we had better say, under favourable conditions, the arms have only to do the very light work of steering the cycle and enabling the rider to keep his balance. Be it noted that we here exclude from consideration the gentleman who prefers to ride with his handles low and throw a considerable part of his body weight on to his wrists. For speed purposes his position is advantageous, but since it is apt to contract the chest and produce curvature of the spine it is one which cannot be recommended, at any rate to young riders whose bodies are still growing. The ordinary "upright" position is the theme of this paragraph, and I refer to it because in all things there is a happy medium, and some cyclists affect a super-elevation of the handle-bar which is unscientific and therefore to be avoided. Ladies, especially, seem to prefer to have their arms normally crooked, possibly because they think that the high handle-bar

gives them a more graceful poise. But it is a mistake to overdo the thing, since the arms have to play a part in the propulsion of the machine when strong pedalling becomes necessary.

In Fig. 1 are shown diagrammatically the positions of the body and arms of a

person who has the handle-bar at the correct height. The arms are slightly bent. If a hill is encountered a stiffening of the arm muscles enables the rider to pull on the handles and so get a better purchase for a drive with the legs. Should the hill be rather steep he leans forward a little to throw more weight on the front wheel. This bends the arms; if the incline is long he becomes aware of a certain discomfort in the oblique pull, and, at intervals, sits up to ease the muscles.

The rider who has the handles raised, as in Fig. 2, is at a great disadvantage both on hills and when fighting a wind; being practically deprived of the power of doing any arm work. When adjusting your handle-bar have the handles only a very little higher than the saddle.

OUTER COVERS.

In more than one make of "beaded-edge" covers the one edge is extended (*see A in Fig. 3*) to act as a protection for the inner tube against the heads of the spokes. When fitting on a cover of this sort it is necessary to get the flap edge into position first, and in the case of the rear wheel to have it on the chain side. If the tube has to be got out for the mending of a puncture be careful to raise the short

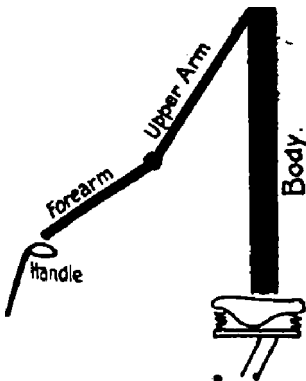


FIG. 1.

The correct position of body, arms, and handle-bars: arms almost straight.

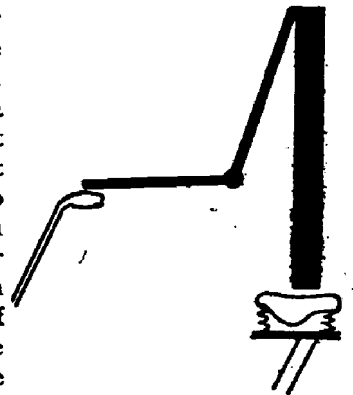


FIG. 2.

Handles too high, arms too much bent.

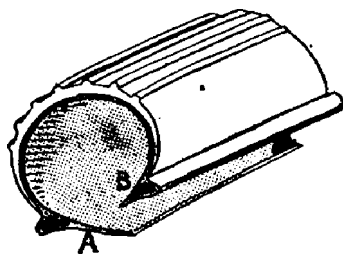


FIG. 3.

Section of a Clincher "A. W.-on" beaded edge cover. The extended edge A serves to protect the tube against the spoke-heads. It should be fitted to the rim first. The edge B must always lie on the top of A.

edge, B. In order to prevent mistakes it is advisable to mark the cover on the short-edge side with a dab of paint or a small rubber patch solutioned on.

When the cover is in position it appears in section as shown by Fig. 4.

THE WIRED-ON COVER

is similarly represented in Fig. 5. You will observe that the inner tube assumes a somewhat pear-shaped section, the neck being in the central groove of the rim. When replacing the cover after a "mend" the plate at the inner-tube end of the valve stem must be kept out of this groove by pushing the valve well in. Screw the lock nut B (Fig. 6) up the stem, till it touches the sleeve nut A, and press the valve inwards till B touches the rim. The cover will now fall into place at this spot. All that remains to be done is to press with the thumb on the cover over the valve to force the valve plate down on to the edges, and to screw nut B tightly against the rim. Extra tightness may be got by working the valve with one hand while twisting the nut with the other. The lock nut, by forcing the valve plate against the edges of the cover, and then against the rim, prevents "creeping" of the cover, *i.e.*, gradual movement round the rim, which is apt to tear the inner tube from the valve if allowed to occur. Some beaded-edge covers have no protective flap, and to accommodate the valve stem there is a semicircular nick cut in each edge. In fitting a cover it is necessary to get these nicks exactly opposite the valve hole in the rim. Where a flap exists it is pierced for the valve, and serves to anchor the cover. Nevertheless, the lock nut should be made tight, in order to secure the other edge.

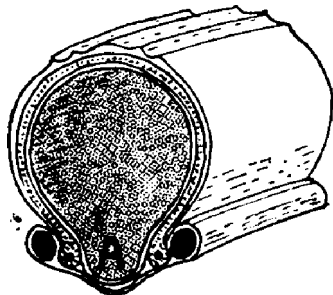


FIG. 4.

Section of the same cover, and of the rim; cover and tube in position.

In Figs. 3, 4, and 5 the canvas element of the cover is indicated by small dots.

Readers will do well to note that on the canvas falls practically the whole strain of the air-pressure inside the tyre; and that if the canvas rots, even though the rubber tread may be sound, a burst must occur sooner or later.

STRENGTHENING THE COVER

in the sense of rendering it less liable to puncture may be effected by lining the inside canvas over the tread with strips of rubber an inch wide. An old tube will provide sufficient materials for a double layer. Put a good smear of solution on the canvas and let it get almost dry before applying the strip, which should be similarly prepared. For convenience' sake use strips not more than a foot long. The layers should "break joint," as engineers say, *viz.*, the joints in one set of strips should not be exactly over those in the layer below.

Such reinforcement will slow the tyre a little, but the loss of resiliency is more than made up for by the gain in invulnerability.

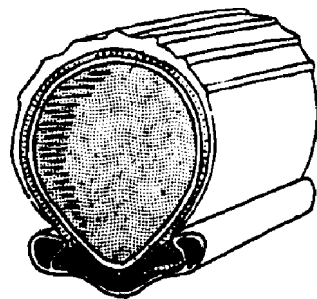


FIG. 5.

Section of wired-on cover, tube and rim, showing the position occupied by the cover's edges in the rim.

TESTING THE VALVES.

A very gradual leakage may be due to a faulty valve. So, before removing the cover to hunt for punctures, find out whether the trouble is there. This is easily effected by turning the wheel until the valve is at the highest point, and immersing it in a small bottle or test-tube filled with water. A leak is shown immediately by the formation of air bubbles. A Wood's valve in such a case needs a new rubber sleeve. A fault in an all-metal valve is due either to bad grinding of the valve, or the bending of the valve stem, which cannot be put right easily. Better buy a new top from the nearest agent.

LOSS OF POWER IN BRAKES.

If either of your rim brakes develops a loss of power, the pads or the adjustment of the rods and levers probably need looking to. Recently my rear brake became very weak, though I could put it on hard enough to cause the brake lever to bend considerably. On adjusting the horse-shoe so that the pads came about an eighth of an inch nearer to the

rim I found that I could fetch the machine up "all standing" when travelling at a fair pace, even if I applied no more pressure than before. The difference in efficiency I traced to the angles which two little bell-cranks in the brake-rod gear made with their rods at the moment when the pads first touched the rim. Previous to adjustment, the cranks had turned beyond the position of maximum power before the pads came into action.

Don't replace the brake pads until the old ones are really past their work; because a worn pad has more gripping power than one which must be worn down to the shape of the rim before it has a good holding surface.

TEST YOUR BRAKES

separately on a short, steep hill with a clear run at the bottom. Either brake ought to be sufficiently powerful to arrest the machine without help from the other. It is very unwise to be satisfied with "something" of a brake on the front wheel merely because that on the rear wheel is very efficient. A few days before writing this I was shown a cycle with a miserable thumb-operated lever brake as the second string to a good rim brake. I tried this on a very moderate slope, and found that the most muscle-racking thumb work had practically no effect whatever on the speed. The terrible Handcross Hill motor-'bus accident ought not to be without its warning to cyclists. "Brakes failed to act" is very

common reading in the reports of cycling disasters.

A LICK OF PAINT should be given to any portion of the tubes of a cycle from which the enamel has been knocked off, especially in the region of the steering-post. The tubes are made of very thin, though strong, metal, and their corrosion by rust to a depth which in other parts—such as the cranks—might not matter,

may here be a source of real danger. Before painting, scrape or rub the surface bright, so that the paint may get a good hold.

The least crack in frame or forks is a serious matter, as it is capable of sudden and indefinite extension. If you ever discover one, take your machine forthwith to the repairer and have the part strengthened or replaced. Owing to the great advances made in manufacturing processes, such faults are now fortunately of very rare occurrence.

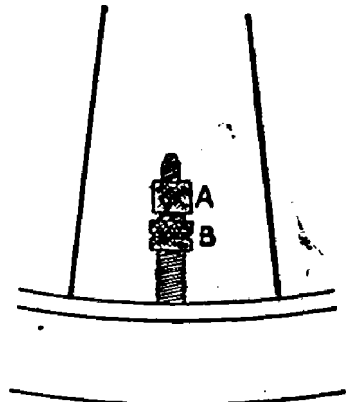


FIG. 6.

When replacing the cover, screw the lock-nut B of the valve up the stem till it touches the sleeve-nut A, and push the valve inwards to allow the edges of the cover to get under the plate of the valve. Then press in the cover with the thumb, and screw B hard down against the rim.

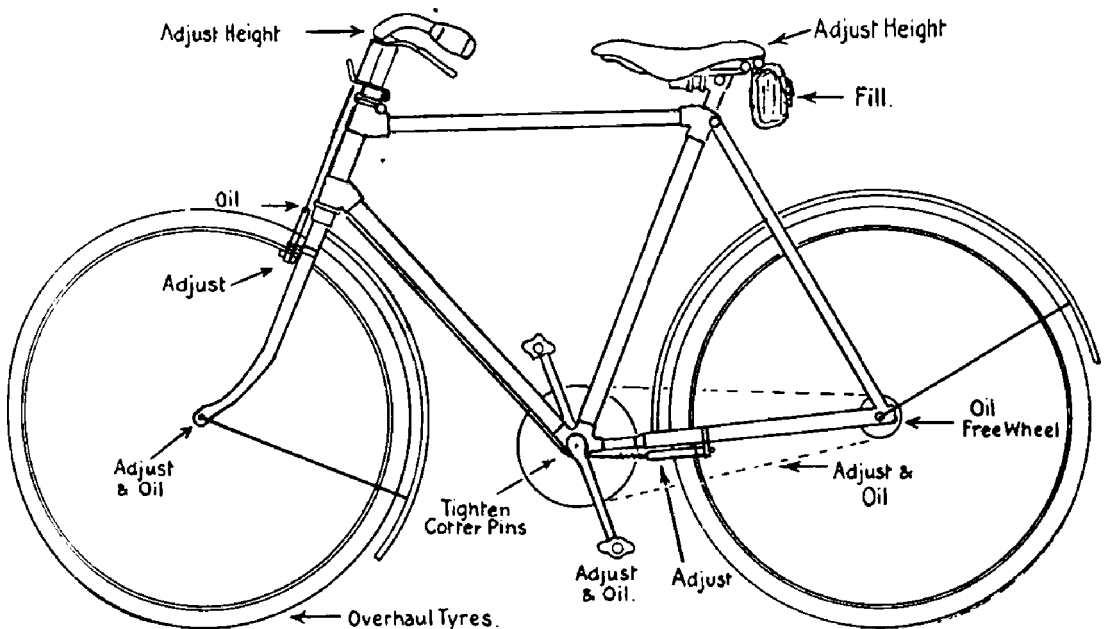


FIG. 7.

A few things to be done to your cycle before you start on a tour.

THE OVERHAUL.

I append a sketch of a machine with notes referring to the various parts which should be looked to before you go off on tour. As I have treated every detail at one time or another in these columns, I need not here refer individually to the various operations that are very easily performed, and eventually save a lot of wear and annoyance.

THE CYCLE ON THE TRAIN.

Considering the shape of a cycle, one can understand why the railway guard is not overjoyed when he has to stow away a few of these angular mechanisms within the recesses of his van. Apart from the sundry bruises on the shins which fall to his share in handling a batch of cycles, he often has to get his stowing done quickly, yet in such a manner as shall reasonably protect the cycles against injury. When the van is already partly filled with other baggage this is by no means an easy task, and allowance must, therefore, be made for any slight "shortness" in his manner.

What helps "the guard" also usually saves the machine. Here are a few suggestions on the preparation of a cycle for long-distance journeys in trains: (1) Remove the pedals. This ought to be a very easy and quick business. (2) Slew the handles round till in a line with the cycle. The front brake rod may have to be removed. That also isn't a big job. (3) If you have a cable-operated, change-speed gear, unfasten the cable at the hub end and coil it out of the way. (4) Remove the lamp and take it into the carriage with you. For travelling, an acetylene lamp is very preferable to an oil-lamp. It may be placed in a bag without fear of injury being done to other contents if the water is first emptied out of the reservoir. In no case should a charged oil-lamp be left on the cycle, since it may drip over somebody else's possessions and cause damage.

As to protecting the enamel of a cycle against injury, this can hardly be done unless the whole thing is swathed in flannel or packed in a basket,—remedies which are almost worse than the disease. After a fairly extensive experience of cycle-training I come to the conclusion that one must reconcile oneself to a few scratches on the polish; and for that reason I don't have any gold lining on my machines. It is so easy to hide a little breach in an all-black surface: whereas a break in the lining cannot be made good.

It is wise to superintend your cycle being put in the van, if circumstances permit. Some

porters have a very hazy notion as to a safe angle of inclination, and will stand a machine almost perpendicularly against the end of the van, from which it parts company on the first application of the brakes.

Don't let porters stick labels on the spokes, saddle, or frame. The tie-label which you ought to affix to the cycle with your name and destination written thereon is the best place for the railway label also.

A USEFUL MAP.

Among the latest publishers of maps for cyclists is the Swift Cycle Co. They now offer for the sum of 1s. a very good map of London and its environs within a radius of twenty-five miles, to which is attached an up-to-date visitors' guide, a street index, theatre plans, and an Insurance Coupon for £1000. If you want a cloth binding, 2s. 6d. is the price. Send to the Swift Cycle Co., 15 Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Twopence extra for postage. I think that this would be a good investment for any cyclist who lives in or near the "big village."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Uncertain."—(1) The water should be dropping steadily into the carbide chamber as long as you require a flame. The size of the flame is regulated by the rate of flow. Many users of acetylene lamps make the mistake of not allowing enough water to flow, with the result that the brightness of the light keeps fluctuating in a most aggravating manner. On the other hand, don't open the valve too far, as this causes a tremendous waste of gas, and probably damages the reflector. There isn't much danger of an explosion, since the gas escapes rapidly through the burner and valve. (2) The light given by an Acetyphote lamp (which, by-the-by, costs 12s. 6d.) with a new reflector I found on experiment to be about equal to that of ninety candles. The candle-power of an illuminant is reckoned by the light given at any moment, not by consumption, as your letter leads me to think you suppose. To make this quite clear, the lamp in question would illuminate an object as brightly as ninety candles burning *at once* and situated at the same distance from the *object*. I can't give you any exact figures about an 8s. lamp, as illuminating power depends so largely on the shape of the reflector.

W. Armitage.—The clicking noise doubtless comes from your chain, if it is of roller pattern. Each roller revolves on a steel "liner," the ends of which are fixed into the ends of the side-plates of the link. Sometimes these crack, and break up, so that the roller has "play" on its rivet. When this happens the chain gives a click every time a loose roller comes into the driving portion of the chain. If your chain is much worn I should advise you to get a new one; which will cost you about 7s. 6d. Want of proper lubrication and cleaning is largely responsible for roller chains developing fractures in the liners.

"Trailer."—No! I'm rather off trailers. Except in very level country they give the poor rider terribly hard work to do. If you have to turn the invalid out to walk up the hills, as you probably will be obliged to do, it seems to me that he or she could not get much advantage out of the spin. Unless the trailer is provided with brakes it is a nasty follower on anything like a steep decline, and absolutely deadly on a greasy slope. Therefore, while admitting that on good level roads a trailer may afford a convenient and cheap means of transporting people who can't cycle themselves, I plump against it for touring purposes.

"Nomad," Wandsworth Common.—The most direct route is: across London to Stoke Newington, and then straight ahead north through Edmonton, Waltham Cross, Ware, Royston, to Cambridge. You might return through Chesterford, Bishop Stortford, and Epping. For several miles out of London neither road is any great shakes, though you will get plenty on the macadam. Beyond Ware they are excellent. Shouldn't advise you to get a motor-cycle just yet. Wait till you are a few years older, and meanwhile strengthen your legs with the pedal machine.

T. Littlehales.—It is of no avail to have plated parts which show signs of rust replated on the top of the original coating of nickel. The surfaces ought to be scraped clean to the steel and replated afresh. Some manufacturers are certainly very remiss in their plating department. Nickel and electric current are cheap enough for a high-class machine to be given a really good coating at the prices charged. A properly finished handle-bar would certainly not have shown rust in the short time you mention even if the air had been damp and no rubbing administered.

N. W. (Croydon) writes: "Can you account for the fact that I cannot keep my crank-bracket bearings 'rigid'? I no sooner adjust them than they get slightly loose again." Probably the sockets into which the cups screw have become a bit worn in the thread and the lock nuts do not grip the cups properly when tightened up. Or the bearings may be somewhat out of truth, and, therefore, always show a certain amount of "shake" with the cranks in some positions.

"Clubbite."—(1) Palmer tyres are no good for Dunlop rims. The principle of attachment is quite different in each case. Palmer and Clincher tyres are usually interchangeable on a rim built for either. (2) Tandem tyres are considerably stronger than ordinary roadster tyres. (3) Yes! the old smooth covers were certainly much more durable than the modern article. But in those days rubber didn't cost about six shillings a pound.

"A Constant Reader."—(1) A good cycle. (2) I believe it has. (3) Mounting and dismounting by the pedals won't strain a cycle that is worth mounting. The strain of driving is more severe than that of either operation. Many thanks for speaking so kindly of the Corners. I hope you will not be disappointed in the future.

"Doubtful."—Rat-trap pedals stick to the foot very well while the points are unworn, but as soon as the points become blunted, slipping will commence. Touch them up with a file. On the whole I think that rubber or felt is preferable. If the pedals are a bit too wide for your boot, use toe-clips.

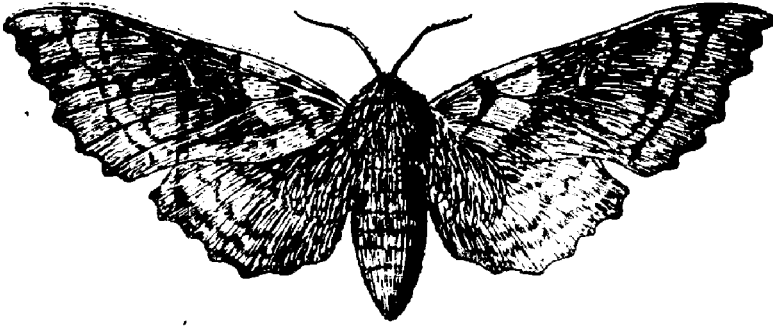
B. Jenkins.—The cracks in your covers are due either to age, to insufficient inflation, or to the cycle being stored away in too dry an atmosphere. Tyres deteriorate through want of use as well as through use—like a good many other things.



Blowing Egg.—Stanley Clement (Mumbles) has a Falcon's egg which, he avers, cannot be blown because it contains "a young bird of considerable size." Can he save the egg in any way? The shell can be preserved if Stanley has the proper egg-collector's tools. A large hole should be made in the side, and if necessary, carefully enlarged with dissecting scissors, then the points of the scissors may be introduced and the chick cut up, and extracted piecemeal by the forceps. Great care and delicacy of handling, of course, are required

all through the operation, but it is one that often has to be performed in the case of rare eggs.

Poplar Hawk Moth.—Claude C. Knowles (Wednesbury) sends me a moth which he caught in a bungalow. He does not know the name of it, and has not seen one in the neighbourhood before. He would be glad if I would tell him all about it and "if it is worth anything." Well, it is the Poplar Hawk-moth (*Smerinthus populi*), and is a fairly abundant species. I do not quite understand that



POPLAR HAWK-MOTH.
(Natural size.)

"if it is worth anything." It is, of course, well worth a place in every collection, though the specimen sent was a bit rubbed and unset; but if the question refers to its commercial value—that is a phase of collecting of which I steer clear, but I know that it is only represented by two or three pence in the dealers' lists. The caterpillar is a handsome creature and feeds on various species of poplar and willow, as well as on birch.

• **Tortoise.**—"Westbury" (Fareham) appears to credit me with second-sight or some similar occult power, for he asks me to tell him the name and port of origin of a creature I have not seen and which he does not sufficiently describe. He does say it is a Tortoise about 2 in. long by 1½ in. broad, and has a tail almost as long as its body. He says further that he was told to feed it on insects and green leaves. "Westbury" says "he has shown a great liking for dusty and dirty corners, where I presume he finds his insects, but so far as we can tell he never touches green food or fruit. . . . Since the warm weather began he has taken to remaining in the water all day." These two facts indicate that the creature is a water-tortoise; and you might as well offer a rabbit beef steaks as give green-stuff to a water tortoise. As I have indicated times almost without number, the food of the water-tortoise is aquatic insects, small fishes, tadpoles, &c. Your tortoise is probably the European Terrapin, but an American species is also introduced here, and I cannot say with any certainty which it is without seeing the creature. For further information respecting Tortoises I must refer you to previous answers on the subject in this Corner. They have been many, and I expect I shall incur the displeasure of the O.F. for again dealing with the matter at such length.

Marmoset.—G. E. Cowie (Liscard) has had a Marmoset Monkey for a year, but in Janu-

ary "it lost the use of one of its hind limbs and appears to be paralysed. He eats well, however, and otherwise is all right. Is it possible to cure him or not?" Marmosets are very delicate creatures, and do not appear to do well in this country. It is, of course, impossible for any one who has not seen this particular specimen to express an opinion of any value upon its affliction, or its chance of cure. Monkeys are of such similarity to man in their physical organisation that I should advise

you to get the advice of the family doctor, giving him all the information you can about the case.

Scarlet Mite.—F. W. J. Belton (Chester) sends me what he describes as an "insect" for identification. It is only an insect in the popular sense of applying that much-abused term to anything small. In a "Naturalists' Corner" we must be a little more exact. It has eight legs; an insect has only six. The creature is really the Scarlet Mite (*Trombidium holosericeum*), better known to gardeners as Red Spider. F. W. J. B. appears to have taken quite unnecessary trouble over the killing and preserving of his specimen. He killed it in fluid ammonia, then bored a hole in it and squeezed out the internal contents between two glasses, then washed it, and replaced it between the glasses, in which he sent it to me packed in quaker oats or some other floury mixture. A better plan would have been simply to drop it into methylated spirit, or boiling water, and dry on blotting-paper. When secured between glasses, a little cotton-wool above and below would have been a more satisfactory packing, as the finer particles of meal sifted in between the glasses and whitened the specimen, making its discovery and identification difficult. A cardboard box, too, should never be used for sending anything breakable through the post. Tin or wood is much safer.

Name of Insect.—H. Gibsons (Croydon) sends me a sketch of a four-winged insect of which he desires to know the name. His brief description is; "Wings like a Dragon-fly's (transparent); body also like a Dragon-fly's, and of a pale green;



LACE-WING FLY.
(Natural size.)

eyes of a golden colour; antennæ yellow." Both sketch and description leave no doubt that it is one of the Lace-wing Flies, of which we have several species; in all probability the Golden Eye (*Chrysopa perla*). It is one of the gardener's best friends, for throughout its larval stage it feeds entirely upon green-fly (*Aphis*). You may often find its eggs on the leaves of rose-trees. They are mounted on extremely long hairs and look like very delicate pins stuck into the surface of the leaf.

Silkworms.—A. S. Burleigh (Cheltenham) asks where he can sell his raw silk, unwound from silkworms' cocoons. He says he has heard that it can be sold for 21s. per oz. I am sorry I cannot help him. When, as a boy, I used to keep many silkworms, I was fired with the prospect of getting a guinea an ounce for my silk, but though I worried many of my elders on the subject, no one could tell me where to dispose of it. I suppose that some of the Coventry silk-weavers would be the people to go to, but it is extremely doubtful whether they would look at the small parcels that amateur breeders could offer them. It is very probable, too, that our amateur method of winding it may make it unsuitable for their purposes. Sorry that A. S. B.'s first application did not reach me in time for any earlier answer than that given to his second letter.—"Bombyx" (Tiverton) wishes to breed one of the larger species of silk-producing moths, and asks which is the easiest to rear. I have never kept these, though I had intentions of doing so thirty years ago when Dr. Wallace made great efforts to popularise them in this country. *Attacus yama-mai* is considered to be one of the best for the purpose, and as it feeds on oak there is no difficulty about supplies. I do not know any firm that keeps them in stock, but I have no doubt that Messrs. Watkin and Doncaster, 36 Strand, London, W.C., would obtain the eggs of this or any other species for "Bombyx," who should tell them exactly what he wants, and how many, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Yama-mai comes from Japan and, therefore, will stand the English climate under similar conditions of treatment as those commonly given to *Bombyx mori*, the common silkworm.

Sea Anemones.—A. H. Preston (Christchurch) asks: (1) if it is possible to prevent the Beadlet Anemone from drooping its tentacles instead of keeping them erect. Not if they prefer to let them droop, any more than you can prevent a dog from wagging its tail. As a rule, in a

fully expanded Beadlet, the outer series of tentacles curve down towards the base of the column, whilst the inner ones take an upward curve. If they all hang limp and flaccid there is something wrong—probably indigestion. Some people who try anemone-keeping fail through giving the creatures indigestible meat. Nature-study suggests that the food they get in the sea is the most suitable, and I used to feed mine on raw mussel, tender bits of raw fish, small shrimps, &c. The Beadlet is certainly the most easily managed species, and failure is usually due to improper feeding; (2) *Ulva latissima*, the Sea Lettuce, and other of the green seaweeds may be successfully grown in the aquarium, to the advantage of the animal inmates, provided you get small, healthy specimens that are attached naturally to stones. If loose, they simply decay.

Book on Bird-stuffing.—"Would-be-taxidermist" intends "going in for bird-stuffing," and wishes to know of a good book on the subject. The best book I know is Montague Browne's "Practical Taxidermy," published by L. Upcott Gill, price 7s. 6d.

Bullfinch.—S. Castle Smith (Kenley) has a pair of hand-reared Bullfinches, and is not sure whether they are having the right food and treatment. Let the seed be principally rape that has been soaked in water, and occasionally for a change give a little hemp. Food should be varied as opportunity offers by giving them seeds of trees, such as pine, beech, ash, sycamore; the berries of holly, mountain ash, guelder-rose, &c.; also fresh seeds of grasses. Then they will also appreciate the addition of green food such as lettuce, watercress, apple. The cage floor should be strewn with sharp sand, a little of which they need to aid digestion of their seed food.

Ferns.—R. Skilton (Bloomsbury) wishes for a short list of places within 30 miles of London where he can obtain some of the less common of the wild ferns to furnish a town rockery. All the "less common" and most of the "most common" ferns have been exterminated within the London area; and I should be acting contrary to public interests in publishing localities known to me, for the purpose of a further raid. There are firms like that of Messrs. Birkenhead, of Sale, Cheshire, who breed and cultivate ferns for the purpose R. Skilton has in view; and, for the equivalent of his railway fare to the localities I might name, he could obtain from them plants better suited for town culture, without injury being done to any one.

THE MYSTERY OF THE "EMILY GRIMES"



BY CAPTAIN
PROTHERO.

Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.

I.

CAPTAIN HACKETT sighed, and I may as well let you into the secret at once why he did so. He was hard up. Five years ago he had suddenly made up his mind to forsake a knockabout life, and of all things to take its place had decided to rear poultry on a little farm he knew of in Kent.

However, as things were shaping at present there seemed little prospect of his doing as he wished, for since this decision nothing had prospered with him. First of all, the bank in which his savings were deposited suspended payment, and to make matters worse, just about this time the owners of the vessel he was master of sold her, thus leaving him without a command. Since then he had walked the heels off his boots looking for another ship, and that he hadn't found one was the prime reason why he now sat in a sailors' shabby boarding-house at Sydney and sighed.

Presently his face cleared, and rising from the chair he occupied, he reached for a bowler hat, much the worse for wear, and with the air of a man who has at last decided some knotty point in his mind, adjusted it to his head and sallied forth into the street. He walked quickly along until, reaching Erskine Street, he turned sharply to the right, a direction which brought him to the waterside, where all his attention seemed to be claimed by a three-masted schooner which lay over towards Johnson's Bay.

To the nautical observer she was ready for sea. As a matter of fact, she had been ready for the last week, and all she now waited for was a man to command her. Yet so far that man had not been found. In a port like Sydney, where, I am assured, there are men willing to captain Noah's Ark or a bathing machine, this little circumstance said quite plainly that there was something seriously in the way of their doing so. It was just this. For the

last three voyages in succession, the *Emily Grimes*, three-masted schooner, had returned to Sydney without the man who had left that port in charge of her, he having died some time through the trip. Of course, there was nothing really terrifying in this, but there was something else behind. Each man had died with the very same symptoms, and in the very same manner. Retiring to his bunk, he had dropped into a sleep from which he never awakened, for in each case every effort to rouse him had proved futile. Just at the moment this queer business was the talk of sailor town, so the *Emily Grimes* was under a ban, for not even the veriest beach-comber possessing a master's ticket could be found to sail her.

As a last resource for employment, Captain Hackett's resolve was to offer his services in respect to the *Emily Grimes*. Having once made up his mind, he soon put his plan into execution.

"Your fraternity seem to have tabooed her," said the owner, Mr. Waters, jumping at the chance of a man with Hackett's capability, "and I'm glad to see you're above such silly superstition."

"Don't know about that," replied Hackett. "My experience teaches me that one never sees smoke unless there's a fire somewhere to account for it. This isn't exactly the job I should choose for myself, but needs must when the devil drives, and as I'm hard up, I'm going the whole hog and take it with my eyes open."

"Tut, tut, man," said Mr. Waters; "what has happened is simply a coincidence, though a strange one. There's no mystery here, I can assure you, and I'm ready to plank down five hundred yellow boys to the man who can prove there is. Don't run away with the idea that this is a liberal offer, for as there's nothing to find out, no one is likely to handle the sum I mention."

"There's no harm in having it in writing," remarked Hackett, with business instinct.

"Not in the least," replied the other, grinning: "the result will be the same. Here you are!"

Twenty-four hours later, the *Emily Grimes* was once more breasting the broad Pacific, and Captain Hackett was in charge of her. There were six men for'ard, with two mates and a steward aft. The latter was an East Indian with large, patient-looking eyes, but it was noticeable that they gleamed with a strange fire in moments of excitement.

He had been three voyages in the *Emily*, and was held in some esteem by the owners, for he was the only man who stuck to her, and seemed to view with indifference the remarkable things that had happened for three successive voyages. He had also come in for a pat on the back for efforts to restore consciousness in each of the unfortunate men, and his knowledge in such matters had gained him some respect from the crew, who regarded him as a coloured gentleman who knew a thing or two.

For a vessel of her class, Captain Hackett found the *Emily Grimes* all that could be desired, and yet, strangely enough, he was anything but easy in his mind. The presentiment of something hanging over him got on his nerves, giving him a sensation of timidity he had never in his life known before. Had it been something palpable, something he could have grasped. Captain Hackett was the sort of man to hit it in the eye, or, failing in the first attempt, get up and go for it again. The thought that perhaps the ship was impregnated with the germ of some fatal disease (a not unknown circumstance) had little to commend it, for in that case others besides the captain would certainly have been affected. However, he went to the trouble of fumigation, and also shifted his sleeping-quarters to the other side of the ship. Having done this, by sheer force of will he banished any unpleasant thoughts connected with the vessel he commanded.

Three months, spent around the Line Islands slipped quickly away. Ill-luck, which had been Hackett's portion for so long, seemed to have grown tired of persecuting him, and, indeed, went to the other extreme. The *Emily Grimes*, now a full ship, was bowling south again with a reasonable prospect of

making a record, both in the quantity of cargo and the time taken to gather it.

With this chance in front of him, the skipper was just as keen on it as a motorist, so, with a freshening wind, decided to remain on deck all night, and, as he quaintly remarked, drive the coach himself. It was breaking daylight before he finally went below to obtain the sleep he was in need of.

The steward glided into the berth carrying the morning coffee, and placing it on the settee, departed as quietly as he had come.

Preparatory to turning in for an hour or so, Captain Hackett divested himself of his coat, and, tossing it down without looking where it



CAPTAIN HACKETT SIGHED. . . . HE WAS HARD UP.

was going, upset the coffee the steward had placed ready for him.

He little thought at the time that this trivial accident would be the means of saving his life.

Righting the cup, the contents of which had been absorbed by the cushion, a moment later he turned into his bunk. Yet, in spite of his night vigil, he couldn't drop off. Usually a question of two minutes, it now seemed an impossibility, all his senses being more than usually alert.

Half an hour of this sort of thing induced him to give up the attempt, and he was on the point of rising to go on deck again when the sliding curtains which hung in front of his door were quietly pushed aside, and the head of the steward appeared in the opening. There was nothing unusual in this, for probably the man wished to remove the cup and saucer, and had taken the precaution of observing to see if he could do so without awakening the skipper. But what struck Captain Hackett and aroused his curiosity was the peculiar gleam in the steward's eyes, and the look of intense excitement on his face.

Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, the man entered the cabin, noiselessly drawing the curtains after him.

"Confound the fellow," thought the skipper, on the point of revealing that he was awake, "why all this mystery about gathering up a cup and saucer?"

However, the man didn't gather up anything. He simply looked at the crockery, and putting his forefinger and thumb into his pocket, drew forth some minute instrument. The plot was thickening with a vengeance, and in his surprise Captain Hackett nearly betrayed himself by opening his eyes to see what the article might be. Just at that moment the man was looking at the object in his hand, otherwise he must have seen him; but by the time he raised his head again, Captain Hackett was motionless, with not so much as a flicker of an eyelash as evidence that he had been observing the intruder. All the same, as he lay there his mind was working actively, and every fibre of his body tingled, for he was convinced that here, in the peculiar behaviour of the man in front of him, was the solution of the mystery which had enveloped the *Emily Grimes*.

Captain Hackett afterwards declared that the next sixty seconds was the worst and longest minute he ever put in through his life. Having made up his mind to gain possession of whatever was contained in the steward's hand without giving him a chance to make away

with it, the skipper had need of all his self-control to lie perfectly still until the man approached and stood over him.

When this happened, Hackett waited no longer. His eyes opened and his fist shot out at the same instant, but owing to his prone attitude he failed to attain the object desired, which was to reach that vulnerable spot known to the fraternity as the "point." However, his blow was sufficiently hard to send the man staggering to the other side of the berth, and the skipper jumped quickly from the bunk to follow up his advantage.

But he had a bigger job in front of him than he had anticipated, for, although the steward looked a frail object of humanity, in reality he was as wiry and supple as an eel. Gifted in this manner, 'tis surprising the amount of trouble a small man can give a bigger one when it comes to a scrap.

Time after time the skipper seized him, and time after time the steward wriggled from his grasp, until Hackett began to lose his temper, and began to think that in order to overpower the man he would have to do him some serious injury. It never once occurred to him to call for assistance, which might easily have been obtained. Perhaps the fact that he had underrated his task made him all the more determined to conquer single-handed, so that sheer doggedness kept him at it.

As the mate who had charge of the deck walked sleepily to and fro, he caught the sound of something unusual going on below. He stopped his sleepy parade to listen intently, and the next moment had taken at a bound the steps which led into the cabin. Hastily plucking the curtains aside, he saw what was going on, and hastened to join in the fray.

Seeing he was likely to be cornered, the Indian put down his head, and, charging desperately at the mate's legs, upset him in the alleyway. Before the mate could regain his feet, the man jumped past him, and in spite of the grab Captain Hackett made for him, bounded up the companion, and on reaching the deck, made straight for the galley and barricaded the door.

The question now was how to dislodge him. For he was armed, and already several of the crew had been the recipients of a pot-shot. By charging for the door five minutes would have been ample time in which to burst it in, but Captain Hackett had no idea of losing half his crew in this manner.

Mid-day came and went, and still the steward was in possession.

Captain Hackett called the mate to him. "Look here," said he, "it's about time we stopped his little caper, don't you think so? Of course, I could shoot him from where I stand, but that's not my plan. I've just noticed that the galley-hatch is off, and I wonder I didn't see it before. Now, while you engage his attention, I'm going to creep for'ard. You see the move, don't you? I'm going to jump on him."

The mate grinned. "Let me do it, captain," he pleaded; "I'm lighter than you are."

"Just the reason you shouldn't," replied Hackett, pleasantly. "I weigh thirteen four, and that's the beauty of it. Now, when I jump, let the crowd make for the door; he'll have all his work cut out without paying attention to you."

Ten minutes later, Captain Hackett had gained the fore part of the ship, and, having removed his boots, climbed on to the house.

It required a nice, clean jump to do what was intended, for the hatch was only a little over two feet square, and to bungle it would give the steward time to make matters exceedingly warm for him. Hackett stood eyeing the aperture for some moments before holding up his hand as a signal for the others to create a diversion, and then, taking a short run, disappeared through the hole as neatly as though he had rehearsed the act for weeks.

At the sound above him the Indian turned swiftly, just in time to receive the skipper's feet full on the chest. There was not much room below, and the impact sent the man flying, jamming him hopelessly between the stove and the side of the galley, from where he was finally released and placed under lock and key.

Having seen this accomplished, Captain Hackett returned to his own cabin. Here he went down on his knees, and from under the settee fished out the article he was searching for, which proved to be a small hyperdermic syringe. At the moment he did not know what it contained, but as he carefully locked it up he had a conviction that this



HIS BLOW WAS SUFFICIENTLY HARD TO SEND THE MAN STAGGERING.

little article would provide an explanation for everything.

The next morning Captain Hackett dropped in to see how it fared with his prisoner, and later on gave the mate a gist of the interview.

"The fellow thinks he has discovered an antidote for cobra poison," said he, "and the curious things that have happened aboard this craft is due to his weakness for experimenting with it. First he dosed my predecessors with poisoned coffee, and then he tried to bring 'em to by applying his antidote with a syringe. I pointed out that, bunched together, his experiments had been anything but successful, and he was kind enough to say that a few lives were nothing if in the end he perfected an antidote which would save a portion of the twenty thousand who die annually of snake bite in India. Well, he talked like a Philadelphia lawyer, and wanted me to set him at liberty

that he might continue his experiments. I told him I couldn't follow him quite so far, and that the only liberty he'd get would be when I handed him over to the authorities, which would be as soon as the anchor was on the bottom."

No doubt this was the worthy captain's intention, but a certain little incident put it out of his power. A morning or two later the mate aroused him earlier than usual with the startling information that the prisoner had disappeared. The skipper was out of his bunk before the mate ceased speaking, and made his way hastily to the house on deck which had served as a temporary gaol. The door was still fastened, but no sooner had he entered than the truth of the mate's statement was evident. No Indian was visible, but on the deck lay the handcuffs which not long before had encircled the man's wrists.

"Mister mate," said Hackett, slowly, turning to his chief officer, "you and me are two very simple sailormen. He's slipped the bracelets and gone through the porthole, and if we had had as much gumption as a motherless calf we might have known the fellow was slippery enough to go through the eye of a needle."

"Where can he have got to?" answered the mate.

"Down among the mermaids," replied the skipper, drily.

II.

WHEN the *Emily Grimes* reached Sydney, Captain Hackett, although his prisoner had vanished, proved conclusively the nature of the mystery connected with the vessel. He blessed his lucky star that he had been cute enough to obtain a voucher, and, as he pocketed the reward, his mind was busy with the future as he thought gleefully of a little farm in Kent and the poultry he would rear upon it.

Captain Hackett was thinking of giving up his job on the *Emily*, and booking his passage for England, when he was astonished to read in his paper an announcement to the effect that the Government were offering a reward of £250 for the Indian's capture, or information which would lead to the same thing.

There had never been the slightest doubt in his mind that the man had cheated justice in the manner described, and that, unless he was amphibious, he had long since paid the penalty of his crime, although in a different manner to what the skipper intended.

"There's no accounting for the working of a Government's mind," thought he, "but why they should offer a reward for a man whose

body is probably distributed among the sharks of the Pacific is a little beyond me. I wonder they don't offer a reward for the finding of the lost tribe of Israel!"

As he couldn't see any reason for such a proceeding, he put on his hat and went down town intent on gathering information concerning it. He was soon in possession of the facts. It appeared that two men, former members of the *Emily Grimes'* crew, had been drinking in a little public-house on the outskirts of the town. As they were seated in the bar the door had been pushed open, and an Indian carrying a bundle of silk handkerchiefs had entered. He started to hawk them among the few customers on the premises, and the two men in question had each purchased one.

Some ten minutes after the Indian had gone, one of them was suddenly struck with an idea.

"Look here," said he, to his companion, "it's just occurred to me that we've seen that fellow before. I've got a good memory for faces, and you can't deceive me. He was steward of the *Emily*."

"Just what I was thinking myself," replied the other. "That's the chap right enough. I'd know him among a hundred."

With this they both jumped quickly for the door, much to the astonishment of the landlord, who rapidly ran his eye over the glasses to see if they had purloined any. Reaching the outside of the tavern they had looked eagerly up and down the street, but their man was nowhere to be seen.

"Tell you what," said one of them, "the chap recognised us and has done a skip. What shall we do about it?"

"Give information to the police," replied the other.

So they started off for the nearest police-office, and made an emphatic affidavit to the effect that the Indian they had seen was the former steward of the *Emily Grimes*. They had no theory of how he came there, but that he was the man they mentioned they were positive.

This was what Captain Hackett heard, and naturally he didn't believe a word of it.

However, this belief (or lack of it), which he kept to himself, was not shared by the majority. Every beach-comber in the town resolved to make a bid for that £250, seeing that a royal spree lay in the possession of it. They gave up their usual occupation of looking for a ship and hoping they wouldn't find one, and turned their attention to a little private detective work. Nearly every day some

Indian hawk was seized by astute sailormen and hauled off to the nearest police-station—in fact, the coloured men of the place began to think that life would be easier for the time being if they stayed in bed all day.

Captain Hackett got a deal of amusement out of these proceedings. "Make a good plot for comic opera," said he. "Of course, the whole thing is impossible. They can beat the country from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Perth, and then they won't find him, simply because he isn't here."

Had any one suggested that Captain Hackett would himself join in the search he ridiculed, he would have laughed in his face and told him there was more profit in rearing poultry than in hunting for a man who didn't exist. Yet, as he sat ruminating one day, an idea came into his head which made him even more keen on the job than any of the others; what is more, his idea held out an infinitely better chance of success.

He was on board the *Emily* when this thought crossed his mind. Taking a chart from the rack, he spread it out on the table in front of him. Finally, he placed the end of his dividers on a tiny spot about the size of a full-stop. This represented an island in the Pacific, but so unimportant a one that on the chart it didn't even possess a name.

"That's the place," said Hackett, eyeing this minute spot severely. "If the man's alive, which I doubt, that's the only piece of land in this wide world which contains him."

For he now remembered that on the night of the Indian's disappearance the *Emily Grimes* had passed close to a small, wooded island, and he was rapidly conceiving a lively desire for further acquaintance with the little place.

"It's just possible the fellow may have reached it," thought he, "and if by any chance he did I can safely bet my hat he's there still."

However, before he finally made up his mind to take action in the matter, he determined to make sure that this strange reward was still going, so interviewed a certain Government official of his acquaintance.

"Yes," said this gentleman, smiling, "the thing's still going, and likely to be. Can't say I've much faith in it myself, though our informants are so positive; people mostly are when they're not quite sure. You see, everybody was kicking up such a dust about the matter, and, as usual, blaming the Government, that we were forced to do something to appease the public. Being liberal-minded, we offered a reward which is never likely to be gathered, and there the matter stands at present."

Then he gave Captain Hackett a deliberate wink, and asked him if he thought of going in for it himself. Captain Hackett didn't commit himself in this respect. He simply grinned, and soon afterwards took his departure.

"Am I going in for it?" said he, having got clear of the premises. "I should jolly well think I am. That poultry farm will have to wait a bit, for I've made up my mind to take another trip."

Fortunately, as we have said, he had not yet severed his connection with the *Emily Grimes*, so that a week or two later found him once more bound on an island cruise.

Captain Hackett would have liked to run direct for the little island which he had located on the chart, but as the vessel was not his property he had to follow instructions. "Obey orders if you break owners," was his motto—as it is every good skipper's—so that any idea of going out of the ordinary course on his own business was beyond the question. Yet he saw no reason why he shouldn't call at the place later on, for his homeward journey took him within sight of the very spot.

One morning, a couple of months later, the little island lay on the horizon in front of him, and before mid-day he had dropped his anchor on the lee of it. From the small strip of beach rose a few scattered cocoanut trees, never planted by the hand of man, but, having drifted hundreds of miles from other islands to be finally cast ashore here, had flourished and were now fruit-bearing.

As Captain Hackett ran his eye over the little island he realised more than ever the unlikelihood of his hopes being realised. However, he determined to look at the place now he had reached it, and consoled himself with the thought that, even if his errand proved fruitless, it meant no material loss.

"Get a couple of hands in the boat," said he to the mate; "I'm going ashore to have a look round. They might as well bring a couple of kegs along in case we come across water."

So, while the two men searched for water, Captain Hackett strolled off in an opposite direction, intent upon looking for something else. As he went along he glanced keenly about him, but it was not until he reached the other side that anything unusual came under his observation. Here the beach was strewn with quite an amount of cocoanut shell, and he picked up several pieces to examine them. Of whole nuts he would have taken no notice, but these fragments spoke to him in a language he understood. Thus encouraged,

he sought for other signs of a human presence, and soon found them in a humpy roughly built of cocoanut leaves, and what looked like the dead embers of a fire. They weren't dead for all that, for, as Captain Hackett stirred them with his hand, he quickly drew it back again. "What one might term a warm indication," said he, flickering his fingers painfully.

He went on board soon after this, being satisfied with what he had discovered. So far, he hadn't said a word regarding the real object of his visit to the island, for when he thought of it calmly the whole thing seemed a forlorn sort of business. What he had seen, however, caused this feeling to disappear, and he knew that the time had arrived to take others into his confidence.

"I shall want all hands ashore to-morrow morning at daylight" said he, to the mate. "I'm going to organise a little hunting-party."

The mate looked surprised, and mildly wondered if the skipper had taken leave of his senses. Several times through the day he had scanned the little place from end to end with binoculars, and had seen nothing worthy of powder and shot.

"But there's no game on that little island, surely, captain?" said he.

"That's where you're mistaken," returned the skipper; "there's game there right enough—black game, and it'll pay us handsomely to bag it. What do you say to our late coloured steward as quarry?"

"You don't mean to say so?" cried the mate, grasping the idea at once.

"That's just what I do mean, though," said Hackett. "That absurd Sydney business set me thinking, and I remembered we passed close to this island on the night he disappeared. It occurred to me that there was just a chance he may have reached it; any way, I determined to have a look, and that's the only reason I have for anchoring here. This afternoon I found something which set the matter beyond doubt, for round the other side I discovered a quantity of cocoanut shell, some of it broken no longer ago than yesterday. Further on, a fire had been lit, and foolish like I put my hand into it, and, as you see, scorched my fingers. So that proves conclusively there's some one on the island, and judging from its size it ought to be easy enough to find him."

The next morning Captain Hackett took all hands ashore with him, and having spread them out to his satisfaction, started on a systematic search of the little island. They commenced at one end and reached the other without discovering what they sought. Then they

went back the way they had come, beating every inch of ground even more carefully than before, but still with no result.

Captain Hackett scratched his head and looked perplexed. "I know the fellow's here," said he, "although so far we haven't seen him. He's lying low, and we must have overlooked him somehow, but we'll have him in the end if it takes us a week. Any way, it's time we had some dinner, so we'll go aboard now and resume the search later, and I shall be very much surprised if we don't lay him by the heels before sunset."

There was a surprise in store for them in any case. The boat had reached within two hundred yards of the schooner, when they were startled by the report of a firearm, and then others following in rapid succession.

"Back all!" shouted the skipper, as the bullets fell about him, "back all for your lives."

A little wisp of smoke which floated from one of the cabin portholes, told where the shots came from, and Captain Hackett wasn't long in making up his mind what was the matter.

"Confound it," said he, when the boat had reached a distance of safety, "the fellow's euchred us after all. While we've been searching the island he's slipped down to the beach and swum off to the ship. Apparently he's found the guns and ammunition, and so far seems to have much the best of the deal."

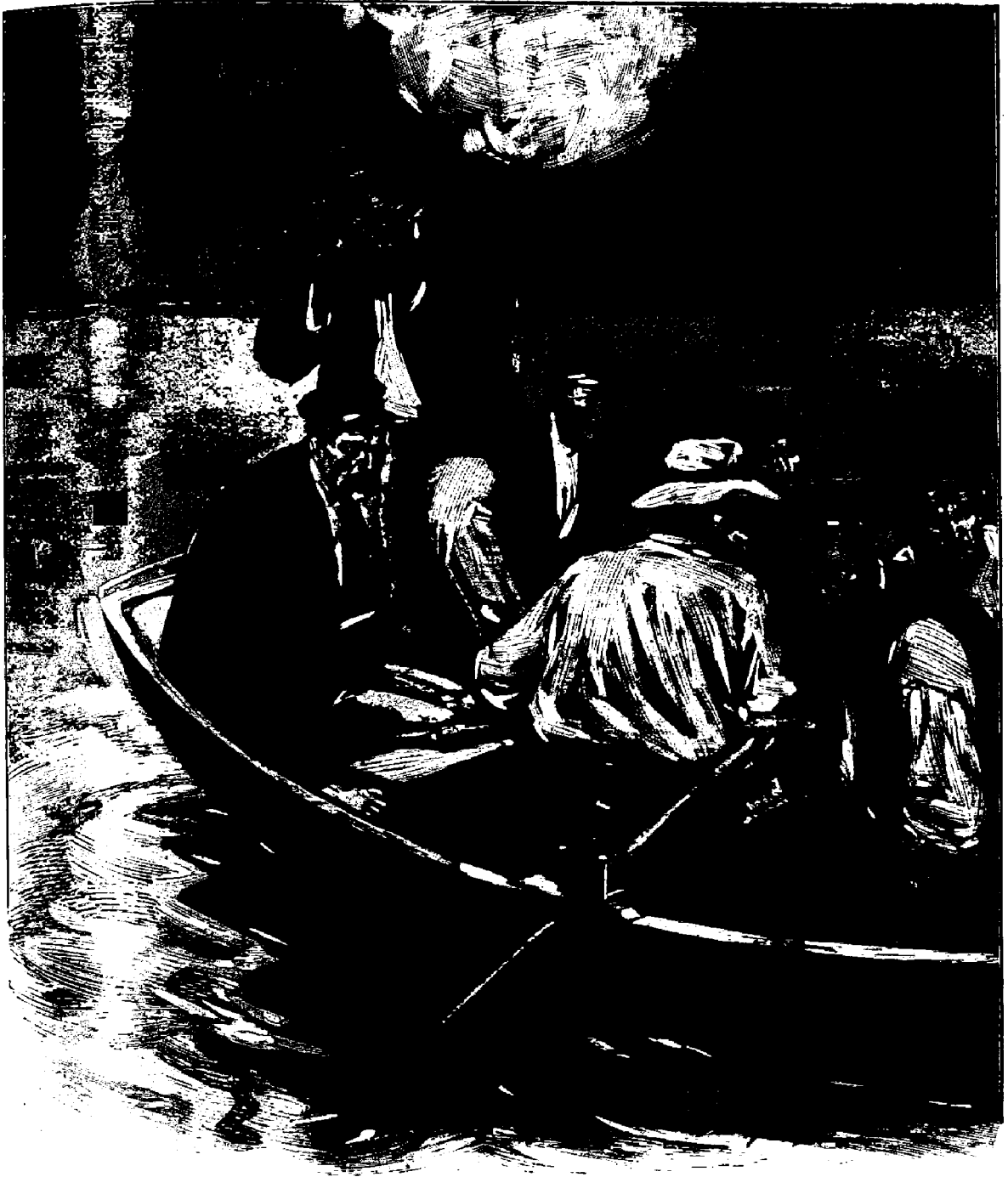
At first Captain Hackett had been inclined to laugh and treat the affair as a joke, for certainly the situation had its comical side. But this feeling soon passed away, and as the day wore on he grew serious, for he began to see that if they didn't regain the vessel before dark all sorts of unholy things might happen. The man might even fire the ship, and Hackett had unpleasant visions of his vessel disappearing for ever in a column of smoke and flame.

Several times the boat approached with the object of parley, but in each case had to retire, the only answer being a fusillade.

"This is too absurd," said Hackett, the boat having pulled away out of range for the third time. "If the fellow thinks I came here expressly to play at king-of-the-castle with him, he's liable to find himself mistaken. I'll give him one more chance to surrender."

None of the boat's crew were armed, the captain alone carrying a rifle, for he had been afraid that one or other of them might do some damage, and by killing the man jeopardise that little reward he had never lost sight of.

Once more the boat was headed towards the



"I'M SORRY," SAID HACKETT, RELUCTANTLY BRINGING HIS GUN TO HIS SHOULDER.

ship, and once more she came under the fire directed against her. But there was no retreat this time. The boat held steadily onward, the Indian, who was now firing from the deck, blazing away at them without pause.

"Vast pulling," said the skipper, quietly, as a shot tore away a portion of gunwale from the boat and slightly wounded one of the crew. "I think we're near enough."

The men who were pulling thought so too, for naturally they had their faces from the vessel all this time, and could see little or nothing of what was going on. They knew their backs offered a fine target for a bullet, and the thought had created a nasty, creepy sensation down the spine, a feeling which nearly caused them to lose their nerve. As they lay on their oars and the boat became

stationary, this tendency to jumps disappeared, for, although they were in no less danger, it is worth something to be able to face the direction danger is coming from.

"I'm sorry," said Hackett, reluctantly bringing his gun to his shoulder, "but he won't listen to reason, and there seems no help for it. I only want to wing him, but the chances are against me. It's like shooting for the King's Prize, for this shot has two hundred and fifty pounds hanging to it, a condition which is liable to make one nervous."

With this he pulled the trigger, and the next instant the Indian had leaped two feet in the air and fallen heavily on deck.

"Give way, boys, give way," cried Hackett, rising in the stern sheets to urge them on.

The boat shot forward as the oars gripped the water, and half a minute later lay alongside the schooner. Without loss of time

Hackett jumped aboard and made his way to the prostrate Indian, earnestly hoping both in the interests of humanity and profit that his shot had not proved fatal.

"Shoulder," said he, after a brief examination; "the fellow will be as right as rain in a week or two."

When Captain Hackett arrived in Sydney, rather to the chagrin of the Government, he handed his capture over to them, and claimed £250 in exchange.

"I'm hanged glad the notion took me to overhaul that island," said he, when, two months later, he found himself in London. "Ideas are funny things to monkey with if they are dangerous, as proved by my Indian friend; but on the other hand, if they're sound, a simple idea is sometimes worth a pot of money. And now for those chickens!"



Sweden and its People.

(From the *Portmuthian*.)

SWEDEN, we are taught in our geography books, is one of the three countries which formed the old kingdom of Scandinavia; that kingdom now does not exist, but we understand in speaking of Scandinavia that Norway, Sweden, and Denmark are referred to. Sweden as a country is extremely picturesque and full of interest. Now and again when one comes across a grander piece of scenery than the rest, it is easy to imagine that Switzerland and its delightful scenery has been wafted there. It is beyond doubt that the lakes, which are so numerous, do much to help towards the beauty and charm of the country, each lake having its own peculiar attraction, whether it be in the colour of its water, or in the magnificence of the hills covered with sweet-smelling pines, or whether it be long and winding, or otherwise. The rivers, too, add much colour to the picture as they wind in and out of hilly or flat places, some joining lakes together, while others, more independent, are little more than mountain torrents rushing on their way to the sea.

The rivers afford but little scope for navigation, for, generally speaking, they are much too rapid and dangerous, and, unless they can be turned into a canal or portion of one, they are

useless except for floating timber down to the ports. The lakes and canals are, therefore, of great importance to commerce and general service; the railway systems being poor and slow, it is beyond question that a great deal of transportation is done by water, which after all is very little slower than by train. Practically all "goods-train" freight is conveyed by boat from place to place.

Let us now turn our attention to the people and their customs. In my estimation there is nothing more interesting than the study of the ways and methods of another nation, especially when comparing them with those of your own countrymen. The Swedes as a nation are particularly favoured with splendid physique, good looks, and excellent carriage; they are most hospitable and generous, even to a fault. Both men and women are very fair and usually of good height, so much so that were we to quote the first line of a certain nursery rhyme—"Monday's child is fair of face"—it would be almost logic to say that the great majority of the people of Sweden were born on the second day of the week.

Physical drill, for which they are so famous, has done wonders in that country; it is little wonder then that it is being rapidly introduced

everywhere else in the world. Round shoulders are a rarity in Sweden, and it can be said, without exaggeration, that cripples are hardly known. The men are usually splendid specimens of manhood, whom one can hardly help admiring; the same is to be said of the gentler sex, who can as well claim, and more so, the admiration expressed for their brothers.

Sports in Sweden are numerous and very popular with both sexes; football is beginning to be known, but at present it is only played by certain clubs and a few professionals. Cricket is more widely known, and is being taken up largely by the better classes; it can be truthfully said that the fair sex quite shine in the game. Tennis, however, is played all the year round, and can claim to be a national game by now, as it is patronised by rich and poor alike. Magnificent pavilions are built everywhere for the purpose of playing tennis during the long winter months. The Crown Prince built one of splendid dimensions in Stockholm; it contains four courts, the courts being separated by netting which is suspended from the roof; a promenade, on to which tea-rooms both quaintly and prettily decorated open, encloses the "field." It is needless to say that this particular pavilion during the season is daily thronged with the cream of Swedish society, especially when the Prince plays.

Sailing is a most popular summer pastime with all classes. Every family owns its own yacht; the poorer folk, being clever with their hands, make their own, and often these "home-made" articles are of superior finish, and quite as good as those belonging to the more well-to-do people. Speaking of the Stockholm district, where the two "seas" are, one finds that the upper classes patronise the "Salt Sea" or Baltic, whilst the humbler classes spread their sails on the "Malar Sea," or Malar Lake.

In the winter, when all water is frozen over for so many months, attention is turned to skating and sail-skating; here again each "sea" is once more honoured by its summer patrons. Sail-skating is a most exhilarating

pastime, everything, however, depending on the wind; with these sails attached to your shoulders and skates to your feet, and a good breeze behind you, you can travel for miles in an afternoon and return feeling very satisfied with your "outing."

Besides the sports I have mentioned, there are several games of lesser importance, but none the less enjoyable, as they are just the thing for odd half-hours, and it is games of this sort that are being largely taught in the elementary sections of English board schools.

Although there is the Swedish language, which has a very pure and melodious sound, the Swedes all speak at least one other language; even in the village schools the children learn either English, French, or German. Sweden, being what is known as a "poor" country, has to place itself in a position that will not cause inconvenience with greater foreign countries; therefore, all foreign correspondence is practically carried on in the three most important languages of the world. English is mostly spoken on the western side, where the ports which trade with our country are to be found; German on the southern side, and French in the east. *Apropos* of the purity of the Swedish language, I was much amused on being told that if I were to speak good broad Highland Scotch to any Swede, my meaning would be understood and that I should be speaking fairly fluently. This is, in a way, partly correct, as some of my Scotch friends tried it, and I must say that I was much surprised to see how quickly it was interpreted.

One thing that is very striking to the foreigner is the great importance of the telephone in the entire country. Everywhere is to be found the telephone, be it in offices, streets, houses, bedrooms, or kitchens, so greatly does the nation rely upon it. No one ever troubles to walk fifty yards to do a certain thing if it can be accomplished by that useful invention! The mere fact of saying "good-morning" to your neighbour is done by the voice-carrying machine.



SEPTEMBER CELEBRITIES.

By Readers of "The Captain."

No sovereign was ever confronted by greater difficulties than Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne of England. The country was in a state of unrest, the people were dangerously discontented, the misgovernment of the proceeding reigns had cost the country dear. England had no navy worthy of the name, and her army was so degenerate that the recent loss of Calais had been unavenged.

Queen Elizabeth.

It needed all Elizabeth's sound statesmanship to save the land from ruin, and fortunately she was well qualified for the task. By cautiously not interfering in European affairs,

she gave the country time to recover from its exhaustion, and by holding the balance between France and Spain she secured the good will of both countries. It was not until the defection of France forced Elizabeth to seek help from the Dutch, that open hostility with Spain began, and by that time England was strong enough to fight her own battles.

Relations with Scotland were very strained during the early years of the reign, and Elizabeth could not enjoy a moment's security so long as her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots, lived. Elizabeth has often been blamed for Mary's death, but it must be remembered that Mary came to England as a fugitive and besought the English Queen's mercy, thus making an amicable settlement between the two countries impossible. For eleven years only Elizabeth's firm resolution saved Mary from the block, and during that time the Scottish Queen entered into plot after plot, many of which endangered Elizabeth's life, until Burghley and Walsingham could endure the danger no longer, and, after a struggle, forced Elizabeth to sign the death warrant.

Elizabeth was undoubtedly the greatest of the Tudors, yet, being a woman, she had many of the weaknesses of her sex. In keen foresight and quick intuition she could outstrip her ministers, and her grasp of European politics was unsurpassed. But she excelled rather in theory than practice, in peace rather than in war, for when the crisis came she was apt—as her seamen knew to their cost—to hesitate and delay, and when the order for action was given, to recall it before it could be carried out. Never an expedition sailed without experiencing several such delays, and her policy was apt to vary, according as the men of peace or the men of war held her ear.

The close of the reign was sad and mournful. Elizabeth found herself an old woman without kinsman or friend



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From the painting by Zuccheros in the National Portrait Gallery, Rischgitz Collection.

near, while her trusted advisers had passed away and mere servants of the Crown taken their place. But Elizabeth had already achieved greatness, and she is remembered to-day as a most wise monarch, whose country's welfare was ever her first thought.

ETHEL CARLETON WILLIAMS.

ONE of the most striking and best-known characters of the world's great men is, without doubt, that of Dr.

Dr. Johnson. Samuel Johnson; there being, perhaps, hardly a single English-speaking man to whom his name is not a household word. A large part of this fame is certainly due to that minute and exhaustive account of his life written by his admirer and companion, James Boswell; for seldom has the life of a great man been so openly disclosed, his utterances so carefully preserved, and his every act so religiously recorded as have been those of Johnson in this famous Life.

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield on September 18, 1709. He was the son of a struggling bookseller, from whom he inherited his powerful frame and melancholy temperament. Even as a boy he was of a large unwieldy build, irregular in his dress and terribly disfigured by disease: and when in his later years he started a school his failure might be largely attributed to the shortcomings in his appearance. Consequently in his twenty-eighth year we hear of Samuel Johnson journeying to London and, by writing occasional essays and pamphlets, gaining a meagre livelihood.

Of Johnson's writings, subsequent to this, the most famous is, of course, his well-known dictionary of the English language, which took him eight years to compile; but in addition to this he was the author of many other works, such as "The Rambler," "The Vanity of Human Souls," the "Lives of the Poets," and "Rasselas," which in their time achieved great popularity.

But, perhaps, Samuel Johnson's name will go down to posterity more especially on account of his marvellous conversational abilities, so admirably recorded by Boswell. He was, one might almost say, the greatest master of conversation England has ever seen. None was able to compete with him in argument; for by dint of sheer hammering in of his points he could overcome the stoutest adversary.

One of Johnson's failings was the extreme bluntness of the language he used to his opponents; but his powerful arguments and vigorous eloquence more than atone for this, and cannot but command our profound ad-

miration. Moreover, by way of excuse for his irritableness and consequent abruptness in conversation we must remember the physical disabilities under which he laboured. The disease which had disfigured his face when a boy, had rendered him blind in one eye; he was very deaf and was troubled with incurable



SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
Rischgitz Collection.

insomnia. We must also consider his fearful fight against poverty, his great genius throttled by the lack of means, and we must admire the man who, despite his misfortunes, succeeded in attaining such a high position on the pinnacle of fame.

At last, in the year 1784, Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, the essayist, the conversationalist, and the critic, departed this life. He was gifted with a tongue of wonderful asperity, yet he was a most humane man, who tempered his jeering words with generous deeds. He had a deep knowledge of human nature which he used for the benefit of mankind in general, and, altogether, he was a man of sterling purpose, honestly striving to live up to the ideals he had set before him.

WILLIAM KENTISH.

ON September 29, 1758, was born the greatest of our sailors—Horatio Nelson—in the country vicarage of Burnham

Horatio Nelson. Thorpe, Norfolk.

Robert Southey, in his immortal work, has familiarised us with the chief incidents of Nelson's moving

life, from his appointment as a weak and ailing lad of twelve years to his uncle's ship, the *Raisonnable*, to his glorious death in the hour of victory and at the summit of his fame at Trafalgar in 1805. Throughout his whole career he was an example of a strong mind triumphing over the limitations imposed by a weak body. He took part as a lad in an expedition to the Arctic Seas, and returned broken in body and mind by sickness. Long afterwards, when his name was a household word, he confessed to feeling so despondent at this time that he even wished he were dead. Better counsels, however, prevailed, and he resolved to be a hero, "and, confiding in Pro-

vidence, brave every danger." History shows how nobly he fulfilled his resolution. He himself ascribed his sudden enthusiasm to a "light from heaven," and surely it is not sacrilegious to suppose that his brave spirit was inspired from above at a period when England was pre-eminently in need of a champion against the power of the mighty Napoleon.

Within the limits of a short essay it is impossible to describe even briefly the many famous actions that Nelson fought, and the task is, moreover, unnecessary, so well are the details known to all. On October 21, 1805, at Tra-

falgar, he fought his last battle, and hoisted his last and most famous signal to his beloved seamen, "England expects every man will do his duty," and nobly on that day did every man justify his admiral's trust, but the bravest, the noblest, and the gentlest fell at the moment of victory. With Nelson's death, his work was done. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated—they were destroyed, and the shores of England were saved from invasion for many years. In the words of Southey, Nelson has "left us, not, indeed, his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength."

A. TAPPLY.



LORD NELSON.

From the painting by L. F. Abbott in the National Portrait Gallery, Rischgitz Collection.

WHILST another Mr. Balfour is looming large in the public eye, Alexander Balfour (though no relation) must not be forgotten, more especially by Liverpool people who still enjoy many benefits conferred by him.

A word or two about his parents. Both his father and mother were noted for hospitality and generosity, consequently it is not surprising to find that Alexander Balfour was a fine character by nature. He was devout, unassuming, and, above all, unselfish. This latter trait showed itself throughout his career. Where any good work had to be carried out, labour, cost and difficulty counted for little, if a result was to be attained.

Alexander Balfour was born at Leven Bank, Leven, Fifeshire, on September 2, 1824. In 1844 he came to Liverpool, and was considerably rebuffed in his efforts to obtain a situation, but his perseverance was rewarded by a post in a merchant's office. This, his first difficulty in Liverpool, afterwards caused him to take a keen interest in all young men strangers in towns, and resulted in the tremendous growth of the Y.M.C.A., which, before he came to Liverpool, had had a struggling existence. His efforts, combined with those of Mr. Samuel Smith, transformed it into the flourishing institution it now is.

In 1851, Mr. Balfour entered into a partnership with a friend, the firm being styled "Balfour, Williamson and Co., Merchants and Ship Owners."

Mr. Balfour's most striking works in Liverpool were: (1) in the interests of seamen; (2) in educational work; and (3) in the cause of

Temperance and improvement of the Licensing Laws.

Taking his efforts amongst seamen, we find that he regarded these efforts as a duty, his business, of course, largely depending upon ships and sailors. He was one of the projectors of the "Liverpool Committee of Inquiry into the condition of our Merchant Seamen," which was, in part, the means of passing, in 1880, the "Merchant Seamen Payment of Wages and Rating Act." A Home was founded for Apprentices and Junior Officers, known as "Balfour House." He convened a meeting which obtained for sailors Sunday Service on board ship. In 1874 the "Seamen's Orphanage" was founded; later, the Mersey Mission for Seamen, and, in 1885, the Seamen's Institute. In the above cases, if Mr. Balfour was not always the projector, he was certainly one of the most energetic and enthusiastic workers in their behalf.

In 1874 he directed his energies to the cause of education, and in this year became a member of the Liverpool Council of Education. He helped to provide scholarships for school children, and for a period of several years maintained at his own expense a Pupil Teachers' College. In fact, without his magnificent gifts it is doubtful if the Council would have obtained such efficient results. In 1882, the University College, Liverpool, was projected and opened, Mr. Balfour here again being a munificent benefactor.

Liverpool, during Mr. Balfour's residence in it, was overrun with public houses, and as a consequence crime was rampant, and deaths (more or less directly caused by strong drink) frequent. With his customary enthusiasm Mr. Balfour threw himself into the temperance cause, helping to bring about many excellent reforms.

For various reasons, in the years 1860-2 and 1867-8, Mr. Balfour visited and resided in Valparaiso, Chili, and here, too, his instinct was to do his little to better his fellow men. Valparaiso citizens will always bless the good fortune that sent him to them. He improved the hospitals, instituted reading and social rooms, &c., for the English artisans, and aided, both in person and with pecuniary gifts, the Temperance and British and Foreign Bible Societies.

Mr. Balfour was, as this short account faintly shows, a universal philanthropist. He was a Presbyterian, but at the same time broad-minded; all sects and creeds were alike to him, none having preference. He did his best, as he once said, to alter Liverpool from being

"the Black Spot on the Mersey" to "the Bright Spot on the Mersey," and who shall say he did not succeed?

He passed away at his residence, Mount Alyn, Denbighshire, on April 16, 1886, aged 62.

His statue, erected by public subscription, is to be seen in St. John's Gardens, Liverpool.

H. C. SMITH, Jnr.

MICHAEL FARADAY was born in London on September 26, 1791. His boyhood was spent amidst great poverty.

Michael Faraday.

He at length received an appointment at the Royal Institution, where he made several discoveries. His crowning achievement was the production of electricity from magnetism—the principle of the dynamo.

The catalogue of the Royal Society gives a list of 158 memoirs contributed by Faraday. He died on August 25, 1867.

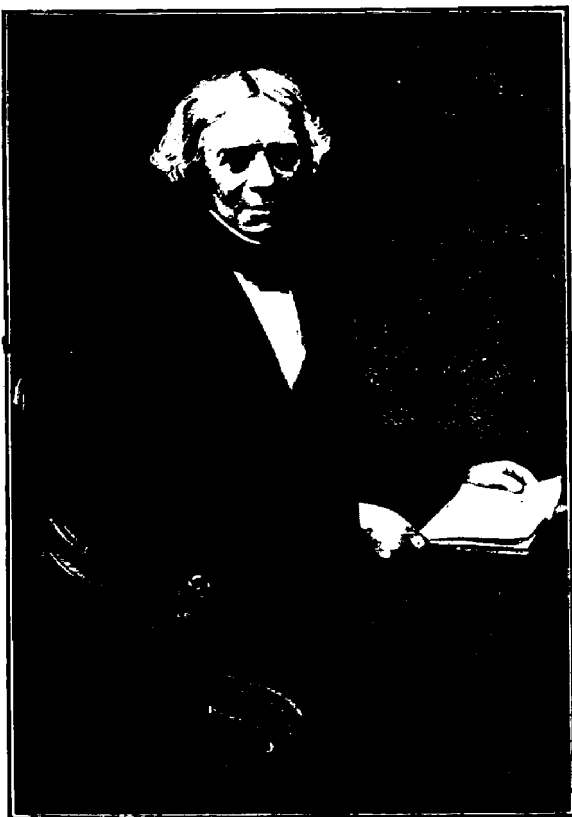
Faraday was a great electrician. He lived at a time when little was known of the powers and properties of electricity. His discoveries now seem simple enough, as all the great primary discoveries do to generations who see the results in everyday application, but they were the necessary first steps which are the hardest to take.

It is hardly possible to appreciate Faraday too highly, if we consider how important the science in which he was one of the greatest pioneers, perhaps the greatest, has become to the world. The messages of life and death, of good and evil fortune, which are carried daily through the world's network of cables could not have been sent but for him. When Queen Victoria, on the day of the celebration of her Diamond Jubilee in 1897, started upon her progress through the ranks of her cheering subjects, she sent a message of greeting to each of the colonies of her Empire. When she returned, the answers awaited her. This is no matter for wonder to the unthinking man, but to any one who can think, and who can imagine the time when such communication was impossible, it will appear an achievement of science which surpassed that of any of the geni of fable.

To the British Empire, with its interests in every corner of the globe, the work of Faraday, as of every annihilator of time or space, is peculiarly important. The mother in England converses with her sons in Africa, in America, in Asia, or in Australasia. They take counsel together against attack and for defence, and the strength of their union has been increased

manifold by the help of Faraday, the son of a blacksmith, the newspaper boy, the book-binder, the philosopher.

Michael Faraday was born to no advantage of position or wealth. The hardships of his childhood and youth were such as would have deterred any one without the inspiration of genius from seeking more than a comfortable livelihood. But Faraday had genius, and was content with nothing when something yet to be achieved lay beyond, and he ended his days



MICHAEL FARADAY, F.R.S., D.C.L.
Rischgitz Collection.

in universal honour. He was one whose name was an ornament to the roll of the most exclusive and most learned society, bearing titles amongst the most coveted which Europe could bestow, and meriting them, perhaps, beyond any other holder.

ARTHUR W. WOOLLEY.

W. W. JACOBS is not a genius, and his humour is not entirely spontaneous. These two statements, I am aware, will meet with a good deal of opposition, and to justify myself in making them it will be necessary to

give a brief analysis of Mr. Jacobs' style. It will also be necessary to consider, for a moment, his pre-literary career, which is really the root of his now widespread fame.

William Wymark Jacobs was born on September 8, 1863. When twenty years of age he became a clerk in the Savings Bank Department of the General Post Office, and continued in this department till 1899; at which time his literary fame was assured. It had, as a matter of fact, been assured three years earlier, when his first book, *Many Cargoes*, was published. This book was an immediate success. The scene and characters were original, and the humour was abundant and of the right kind—the kind which is not ridiculous. Mark the conclusion the public came to, when it learnt that the author had hitherto spent practically all his workaday life in an office. Mr. Jacobs had been wasting his time up to the writing of *Many Cargoes*, and was a genius unawares. But this was a great mistake. Mr. Jacobs' father was a wharf manager at Wapping, and amongst the people of Wapping the son had spent a great deal of time carefully and minutely studying and observing this phase of life. As a result of this he ultimately found himself the possessor of a vast amount of knowledge on this subject, and this knowledge does not at first appear to be the best kind to turn to profitable account. However, Mr. Jacobs adopted the idea of writing stories on a plan somewhat like the following:

That the milder side of the natures of his characters be shown, drawing to the utmost on the humorous oddities of these people, and throwing on the whole such side lights as show the reader their very souls.

And whether the story be told by the night watchman, or by the old man who frequents the bench outside the "Cauliflower," the principle is the same, and the story has for its foundation the outcome of the observations made before the public came to its wrong conclusion about Mr. Jacobs.

R. E. THOMAS.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1832, was the date set apart for the birth of a future national hero, whose fame and achievements alone can challenge those of Marlborough and

Wellington. I refer to Earl Roberts of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford. To his military genius is the success of many campaigns entirely due, and his well-earned retirement in 1904 created a vacancy which it has been found impossible to fill.

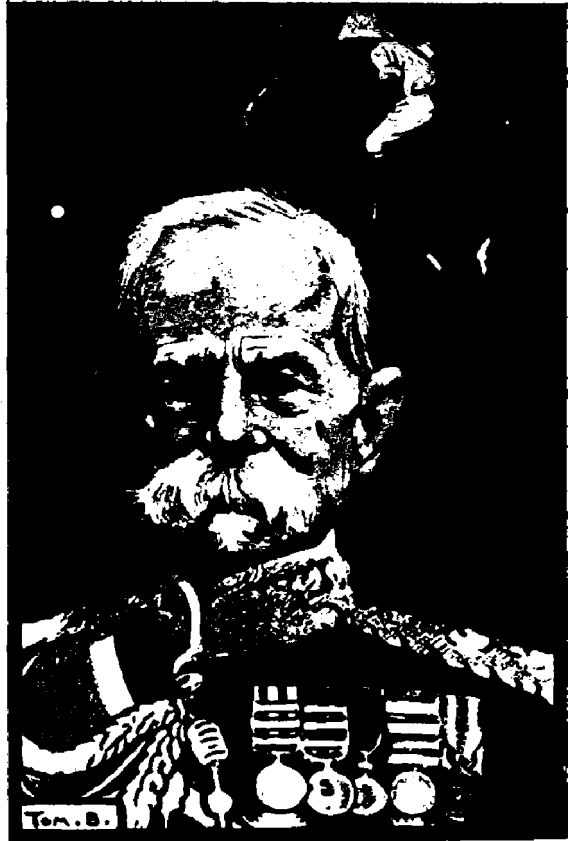
Born at Cawnpore, in India, it is only appropriate that his greatest achievement, and certainly the most brilliant military feat of modern times, should have been accomplished in that country. Everybody knows how, on the investiture of Kandahar by Ayoub Khan, after the disaster at Maiwand, he performed that rapid march from Cabul to Kandahar, and thus gloriously filled up another page in the annals of British military history.

His achievements in South Africa are still fresh in the minds of patriotic Englishmen. At the end of the year 1899, he left England to take command of our forces in South Africa, where he soon changed the aspect of affairs by a series of brilliant successes, not the least notable of which were the Relief of Kimberley and the capture of General Cronje. Even before his return to England he was, amid universal acclamation, appointed to the supreme command of our forces, in succession to Lord Wolseley. This campaign, however, was saddened by the death of his son, who was killed at Colenso, after earning the much coveted Victoria Cross.

Though now he has retired from active service in the Army, Earl Roberts is indefatigable in his attempt to better that branch of our national existence in the House of Lords. It is characteristic of him that almost alone he has dared to advocate conscription in England.

It is safe to say that Earl Roberts has seen more campaigns than any living Englishman. Very appropriate are the words of the verse :

“ If you stood him on his head,
 Father Bobs!
 You could spill a quart o' lead
 Out o' Bobs.



LORD ROBERTS.
 From a cartoon by Tom Browne, R.I.

He's been at it forty years,
 Amassing souvenirs
 In the shape of slugs and spears,
 Ain't you, Bobs?"

May he long enjoy the honours which have
 fallen to him so thickly, yet so deservedly!
 CYRIL J. SEED.

English as she is Malted.

A READER sends me the following copy of a letter written to a friend of his by a Maltese gentleman with whom he exchanged stamps. The English, of course, is comical, but I do not suppose there is a single reader of THE CAPTAIN who could write Maltese anything like as well as this Maltese gentleman can write English.—Ed. CAPTAIN.

“ I received your esteemed for which I was very content. I am rather collecting stamps for Post C.

I my collection contains about 6 thousands and I have plenty duplicates. From those stamps that you sent me, I took about 8 the other are duplicates and some of these I possesses. Therefore, if you wish to exchange more stamps with me, I be ready with you. For now I sent these stamps and I hope that they will be add to your collections. I beg you also to not send me duplicates stamps. My duplicates are about : Italian, English, Egypt, French, Germany, ecc : except they I have also of other countries.”

AN ACT OF GRACE.

A CRICKET STORY
FOUNDED ON FACT
BY :: HARRY TREVOR



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

"But surely you don't seriously advocate the encouragement of a style of play for which young Stevens has an unfortunate propensity?"

"Why not, sir? He not only *hits* nine out of every ten balls bowled, but 60 per cent. of them are plumb in the middle of the bat. We are always being told that to succeed nowadays a man must specialise, and it seems to me that a good many of us might perhaps have done very much better in after life, had those of our youthful inclinations which showed any germs of originality, received more encouragement."

"Dr. Grace's views upon the subject would, I think, prove instructive," replied the Head, a shade of annoyance showing itself in his voice.

"I should be quite willing to abide by his verdict. But Dr. Grace is hardly a fair example. He is a heaven born genius to whom instruction and encouragement were alike unnecessary. I am quite sure he would be the last person to suggest that every boy should be taught certain hard and fast strokes, for which he shows little aptitude, when he can play them more successfully—from a run-getting standpoint—in another way."

"Go on, Saunders, go on," purred the elder man, condescendingly. "Your enthusiasm does you credit, even if your views are not strictly logical."

"Not logical? Why? Take the point I have already suggested. A ball comes along which a boy, rightly or wrongly—I don't care which—wants to have a 'go' at. Well, he hits it or gets out. Either way he has, at any rate, made a whole-hearted attempt. Now, if I am not misrepresenting your views, sir, he should approach it in a strictly orthodox manner. He has no confidence in himself or the stroke he is playing. What's the result? A weak, indecisive 'shot'—and a 'blob.'"

"And so you think the emulation of one's betters is a doctrine that should be religiously expunged from the educational curriculum?"

YOU always betrayed a predilection for the cap of liberty, rather than that of the establishment at which you received your early training, Saunders," said the Head, sententiously. "The younger school of thought no doubt consider my opinions archaic, but I still hold that the necessity of learning to walk before attempting to run is as applicable to the field of sport as it is to questions of—shall we say—less absorbing interest."

Saunders laughed.

"Oh, I know, sir, that you look upon me as a rank red Republican, but it's this slavish devotion to tradition which has been responsible for half our national failures."

"Well, I think we have done fairly well on the whole," broke in the elder man with ponderous playfulness.

"I think we might have done very much better," went on Saunders, unperturbed. "Why, it's the same story in every walk of life. Commerce, Art, Army—I don't care which, and now there's Harrington here won't give young Stevens a trial in the first eleven merely because he hits a good length ball to the boundary over 'cover's' head, instead of pointing his left shoulder towards mid-off and playing it gracefully along the ground into the fieldsman's hands."

I chuckled inwardly. I knew at whom the shaft was levelled, and I had recently had a spirited discussion with my superior over this particular boy's batting.

"Emulation? No, but slavish imitation and blind hero worship—by all means. How is it, do you think, that the 'old man' can still get a team of young cricketers out quicker than any other bowler in England. Why, not only because he has learnt from experience the precise manner in which boys are taught to play each particular class of ball, but because he knows jolly well that even a loose delivery, coming from him, appears dead in the eyes of his youthful opponents. I don't mind betting that if the familiar figure in the M.C.C. cap were to step on to the ground to-morrow morning, the very boys who to-day have been knocking the cap off the ball when Everett was bowling (Everett was one of our masters, and the best trundler Oxford has produced for years), would all be out for under fifty. No, no; believe me, sir, a little disrespect for our elders in the cricket field is a distinctly advantageous thing."

"If that is so," said the Head, loftily, at the same time pushing back his chair from the table, "I trust it is an advantage of which Hilton boys will never avail themselves. I only wish you had been able to persuade Dr. Grace to pay us the visit he promised to, some time back. I feel sure——"

"By Jove, it never occurred to me! The match at the Oval was over last night. If I had thought of it, I would have wired. Only last week he told me he was looking forward to coming down some time during this season."

"I wish with all my heart you had, Saunders, though I fear your somewhat pessimistic ideas in regard to your old school's prowess and pluck would have received a rude shock."

A few minutes later we adjourned to my room.

The old boys' match was the great event of the school cricket season. Formerly, the composition of the visiting side had been confined to past members of the school, but of late the difficulty of raising a team had necessitated a slight departure from established custom, and Saunders, who had run the side for five years in succession, had accordingly brought down a sprinkling of outsiders, among whom was generally one, at least, who was a shining light in the first-class cricket firmament. It was a capital thing for the boys, and an excellent advertisement for the authorities. On the present occasion, however, his search after notorieties had been less successful, and though his side was quite good enough for the purpose, it did not include any really great player. Although not, perhaps, quite "first chop" himself, he was an excellent "all

rounder," whose cheery disposition and breezy phraseology, in addition to a liberal yearly competence, had made him intensely popular with amateurs and professionals alike. Moreover, he was an admirable mimic, and sang a capital song.

"You were a bit rough on the old man to-night. He was a clinking good bat in his day," I said, during a lull in the conversation.

"Yes," he replied, "I'm sorry; but it seems to me that the progressive conservatism of which he is so fond of talking, consists in telling others to wake up while you go to sleep yourself. Look at young Stevens, for instance. There's a boy who, I don't mind betting, is the best public school bat of the year, and he talks about unfortunate propensities and bunkum of that sort."

"To give the old chap his due, he's fair enough according to his lights. Everett tells me that after you left he sent for him and expressed his intention of giving young Stevens a place to-morrow."

Saunders whistled. "A challenge, eh? My theories are to be put to a practical test."

"Oh, I don't know that, unless you are prepared to catch the midnight mail and bring 'W. G.,' or his double, back in your bag."

"Eh, what's that?" he said, looking up suddenly. There was a knock at the door, and the porter entered with a letter.

"Mr. Saunders?"

"Here you are. Excuse me a moment, will you?" Saunders opened the letter, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

"No bad news, I hope?" I said a few moments later, noticing his preoccupation.

"Well, I don't know," he answered thoughtfully, as he heaved his burly form, that had once done duty in the English Rugby pack, out of the creaking cane chair. "Things are rocky on the Stock Exchange, and my broker has written for an immediate interview. Is that early train still running? I'll hurry back as fast as possible, and one of the boys can sub. for me."

"What a beastly nuisance. Yes, 6.5. But you've a twenty minutes' wait at Swindon."

"I think I must go, notwithstanding that I shall miss the time-honoured spectacle of the old man leading his flock into the field. I'll bet you a new hat, Everett, that young Stevens hits you twice to the boundary in the first two overs. (In this particular match it was the custom for such masters as were Hiltonians to play for the old boys.) Right! Now I am going to turn in. I must get for'ard with my sleep. Good-night."

"To give Saunders his due, lack of energy is not one of his failings," said the Head, coming into my class-room upon the following morning and handing me a telegram. "Neither will I deny his keen perception of dramatic effect. Like a good playwright, he delays the climax until the last moment."

I ran my eye quickly over the slip of pink paper.

"Extraordinary good luck. Sending thoroughly representative substitute. With you 12.15. Cannot get back till dinner.—Saunders."

"Well, what do you make of it, Harrington?"

"There's more in this than meets the eye. You see, sir, he says 'representative.'"

"Yes," answered the Head, jocularly, "but representative of what? His own prowess, or some one of even more exalted distinction in the tented field?"

"The latter, I should say, sir," I replied. "Whichever way it is, I think we can count upon a big surprise."

"I shouldn't wonder if you are right," said my superior, with his hand on the knob of the door. "Saunders and I may have our differences, but there's no doubting the generosity of his motives where his old school is concerned."

* * * * *

A perfect hurricane of questions were hurled at my head as I crossed the ground an hour later upon my way to the pavilion. Did I think he would be an amateur or a professional? A bat or a bowler? A county player or an International?

Naturally the members of the eleven adopted a somewhat more reserved attitude in regard to the identity of the mysterious substitute than did their juniors, but it was easy to see from the faces of all the pitch of excitement to which the school had been wrought by Saunders' telegram. Even the Head, for once, was not immune.

"Tell those boys to come away from the road, Everett," he said nervously, at the same time glancing at the pavilion clock. "Whoever it is, I don't want him to think that we base our behaviour upon the traditions of a county ground crowd."

A number of youngsters who had perched themselves in the trees which hid the road from view, from the seclusion of which they could duly herald the early approach of the illustrious stranger, began to slink back in response to the master's summons, and at the same moment the wheels of a carriage were faintly heard approaching from the far end of the drive.

It was really too ridiculous, but for the moment I caught the general infection.

"Shall we toss, sir?" I said, wishing to appear unconcerned. "I'm running the side, you know, until Saunders turns up."

Under ordinary circumstances, the winning of such a momentous event would have been received by the whole school with one of those shrill cheers with which juvenescence is wont to express its emotions, but on this occasion the Head called and won without so much as a single "hooray" from even his pet pupil.

"I suppose you'll bat, sir?" I said hurriedly.

"What does Horace advise, Harrington?" he replied, as he paused on his way to meet his guest. "'Ad hoc——'"

The words died away on his lips as a high-pitched, half-petulant voice came floating towards us from out the clump of trees which screened its owner from view.

"How dare you! Half a crown! Do you know who I am? Here's two shillings, and that's sixpence more than your fare. Half a crown, indeed! Why, half the cabmen in London would give half their day's pay to drive me half as far."

"By George," whispered Everett, excitedly, "I believe it's none other than——"

He stopped dead, for around the corner there appeared the tall, slightly bent, heavy form of a big-bearded, sunburnt man in flannel trousers, a long fawn waterproof and a square bowler hat, carrying in his right hand an enormous cricket bag.

The Head was blushing like one of his rawest recruits as he stepped forward and held out his hand.

"Dr. Grace!" he said effusively. "This is indeed an honour."

"Don't mention it, Doctor, don't mention it. I was on my way home when I met Saunders, who told me how you were fixed, and as it only meant coming on from Swindon by a slow train, instead of a fast, I thought I might drop in in the hope of getting a bit of a game. Cricket's cricket, you know, wherever it is, and I'm a trifle short of practice."

"Yes," responded the Head, politely. "I saw that you were rather unfortunate in your last match."*

The great man's voice took a shriller note.

"Unfortunate! I call it rank rightdown cheating. That new fast man holds up his hand for a ball I never hit within the same street of, in the first innings, and goes and bowls before I was half ready in the second."



"DR. GRACE?" SAID THE HEAD. "THIS IS INDEED AN HONOUR."

"May I offer you anything after your journey?"

"Oh, well, Doctor, of course if you're going to have something, I don't mind joining you."

"I fear it is a little early for me, but please don't let that—"

"Well, perhaps on second thoughts I'll wait

a bit. I see we've lost the toss, and if I'm to get a knock before Saunders returns we shall have to look sharp. Here, young man, which end do I bowl?" he added, turning to me. "Are you skipper?"

"Harrington is acting temporarily in that capacity," exclaimed the Head, genially,

will acquit any member of my establishment of want of respect. . . ."

"Respect? I never said anything about respect. Besides, what do those boys there mean by—'well played, Gloucestershire'? Are they getting at me?"

"Oh, no, sir, I assure you," broke in poor Stevens. "It's my nickname. I'm rather fond of cheese, and so, you see, as I was born in Gloucestershire they——"

"Oh, you were born in Gloucestershire, were you?" went on the great man thoughtfully. Then he added, with a sudden air of determination: "Now, look here, young master, London County plays the South Africans on Monday; I know a cricketer when I see one, and you'll just come in first with me, hanged if you shan't!"

Whether the blank astonishment of the Head or the ecstatic exaltation of his pupil was the funnier, I cannot say, but I only wished Saunders had been present to witness the triumphant vindication of his theories.

The next half hour's play put a much better complexion upon the fortunes of the batting side. The score had been quickly carried to 110 when Everett bowled the younger player with a "trimmer" for a really admirable 65. That the Head recognised the hopelessness of his party's cause was proved by the first ball he received after the arrival of his new partner. He had, alas! arrived at that stage in life where hand and eye cease to act simultaneously, and the ball, that twenty years previously would have probably necessitated the repair of the pavilion clock, flew straight up towards the sky.

"Right!" cried Dr. Grace, advancing to take the catch.

Instinctively the Head's portly form started up the wicket; there was a mighty thud, and the two great lights of mental and physical culture bit the earth together.

For a moment we couldn't help smiling, when to our horror the scalp of the greatest cricketer the world has ever seen appeared to slip down over his left ear, the big beard fell away, and there was presented to our astonished gaze the fair hair and smooth chin of—Saunders!

The explanation came some two days later in the form of a long letter from the perpetrator of the jest himself. It appears that the "Head's" supercilious aspersions upon modern methods and young Stevens' batting capabilities in particular, had set him searching about for some plan whereby to disprove the truth of his elder's assertions. My chaffing suggestion that he should go up to town and bring down W. G. gave him the necessary lead, and when the letter from his stockbroker requesting an immediate interview arrived, the imposture—which but for one of those unfortunate *contretemps* that we are told so often upset the best-laid plans of mice and men—had taken shape. The plot had been as simple in execution as it was bold in design, and a visit to Clarkson—that invaluable public servant, who has crowned more heads than all the long illustrious line of Archbishops of Canterbury put together—alone became necessary. Thence, in company with a trustworthy assistant, he had immediately returned—after despatching the now famous telegram—to the village inn at Brinton, a mile distant, where, with the aid of crape hair, a solution of permanganate of potash, and a few stock properties, the metamorphosis was accomplished.

Young Stevens' disappointment was the only regrettable feature of the practical joke. But even his injured feelings were greatly soothed the following week by the receipt of a letter from no less a person than W. G. himself, to whom Saunders had written a long account of the facts, and who, with his usual sense of humour and kindly sympathy in all matters relating to our national game, had expressed a high opinion of the boy's plucky effort. Besides, was he not the proud possessor of a genuine autograph letter? a fact which for many years gave him a more exalted position in the eyes of his school fellows than the many excellent innings which he continued to play.

The old boys' match is still the chief event of the cricket term at Hilton, but Saunders has not been down since.

The Head's sense of humour is strictly classical.

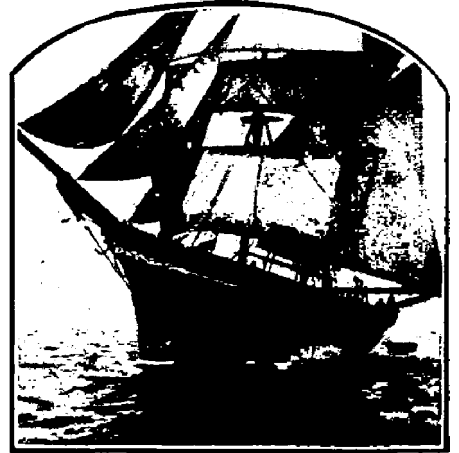


LONDON BRIDGE TO THE SEA

BY FRANK L. CROSSE



*Illustrated
from the
Writer's
Original
Photographs.*



IT is a lovely summer's morning that finds us at London Bridge ready to embark on one of those many handsome and luxurious steamers for a trip

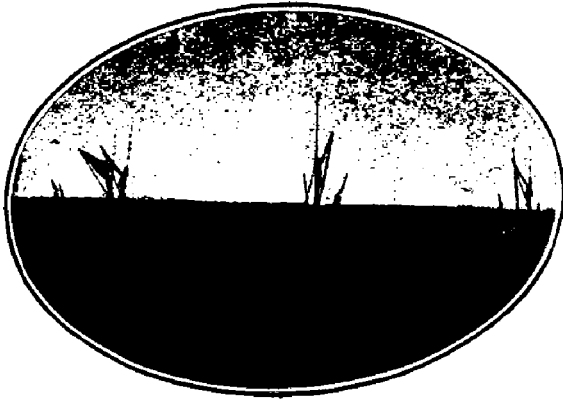
stream we drift, passing Billingsgate Fish Market, with its trawlers and Dutch eel boats. Strings of porters are carrying from the trawlers fish that in this part go by the

on the bosom of old Father Thames, away down to the health-giving ozone breezes of the Thames Estuary and North Sea. A slight heat haze hangs over the river, obscuring the sun's rays, but this is only the preliminary to a fine day. A great stream of vehicular and passenger traffic is sweeping over London Bridge from the South. Most wayfarers seem to be hurrying along, bent on a good, honest day of toil, to return again with the ebb toward sundown. What a study it is, this tide that flows and ebbs every working day over Sir John Rennie's massive structure! As we pace the spacious saloon deck many faces peer over the parapet from above, casting longing glances in our direction. Our complement of passengers being made up, several snorting blasts are given on the whistle for the Tower Bridge. The little steam capstans, "forrard and aft," are clanking round. The order on the telegraph to the engine-room is now given, "Slow Ahead." Almost simultaneously our captain, who seems the quintessence of tranquillity, gives the order to "let go aft" by merely a movement of his fingers. Very slowly out into mid-



THE PONDEROUS BASCULES OF THE TOWER BRIDGE.

. Kodak Snapshot.



THAMES BARGES OFF SOUTHEND PIER.
Kodak Snapshot.

only fishermen's cottages. A hospitable old fish-wife begged us enter her humble abode for shelter, with, "Come along, my dears, I'll see you welcome." We entered, to find the best room of the cottage the domicile of about twenty fowls of various sizes! To-day, one part of Leigh, that situated on the cliff, is a nice residential part.

Southend Pier, one mile and a half in length, is plainly visible. Southend is the paradise of the one-day tripper. Although he does not disturb that part of Southend on the cliff, he swarms in his thousands on the front in the lower part of the town. A great scheme was at one time on foot for reclaiming a part of the foreshore to make a marine lake and drive, the cost to be a third of a million. A most picturesque sight, only to be compared with a Con-

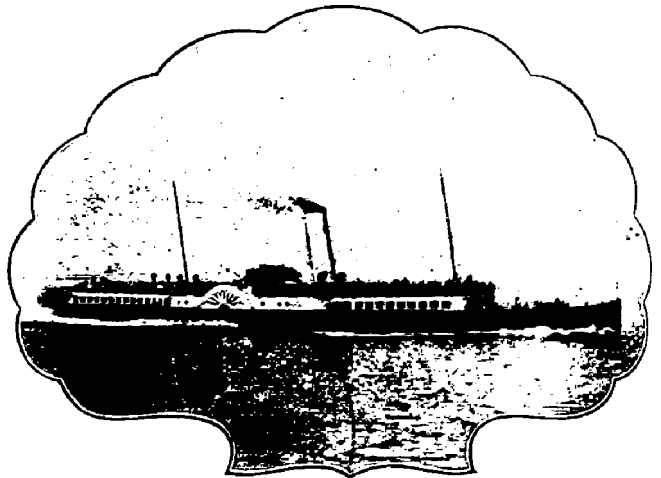


DAVID COOK.
Kodak Snapshot.

tinental watering-place, is that to be witnessed any fine summer evening on the cliff. Hundreds of lounge chairs are at your disposal. One may sit here viewing the great highway of commerce to the strains of an excellent band and smoke one's cigar dreaming of the Arabian Nights.

After leaving Southend, we notice the tide is on the ebb, for banks of shiny mud and sand may be seen skirting the coast.

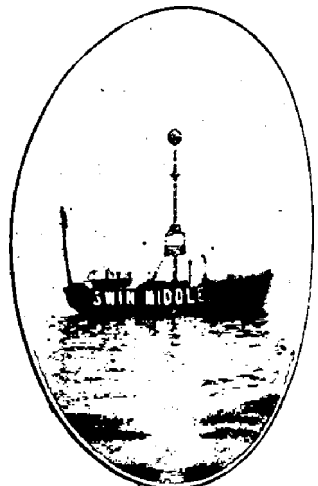
It is considered by some eminent medical practitioners to be highly beneficial to consumptives and those suffering with other chest diseases to put on an old pair of boots and walk over these flats on a hot day, breathing the ozone properties in the air.



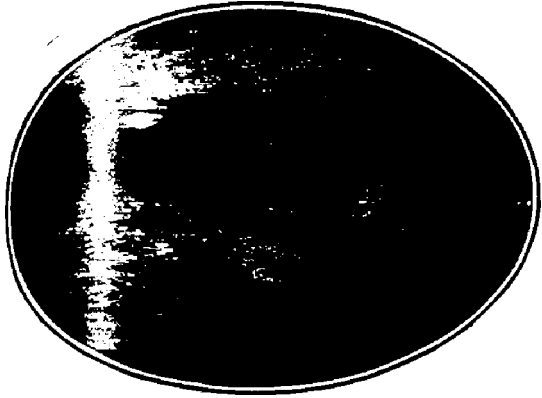
THE S.S. "EAGLE" NEARING SOUTHEND.
Kodak Snapshot.

"Dinner is served, if you please, sir." Ah! nothing could be better. What appetites we have. Down to the sumptuous saloon we go and are served with a capital luncheon.

Coming on deck after lunch, we find ourselves within a few miles of Clacton. Clacton and Walton are both popular towns, this part of the kingdom having the reputation of the lowest rainfall. By the way, between Clacton and Walton is Frinton, a fast-growing place with safe and excellent bathing.



THE SWIN MIDDLE
LIGHTSHIP.



SUNSET OFF THE ESSEX SHORE.
Kodak Snapshot.

The bathing establishment could not be in better hands than those of David Cook, of Lowestoft. This modest old hero of the East Coast has saved 103 lives.

Returning to London we cross the Spitway, five miles from Clacton. A bell buoy is placed here on the southern edge. At low water great care is taken in navigating a vessel through here. The depth at low water spring tides gets less every year. This may be a great inconvenience to Clacton in a

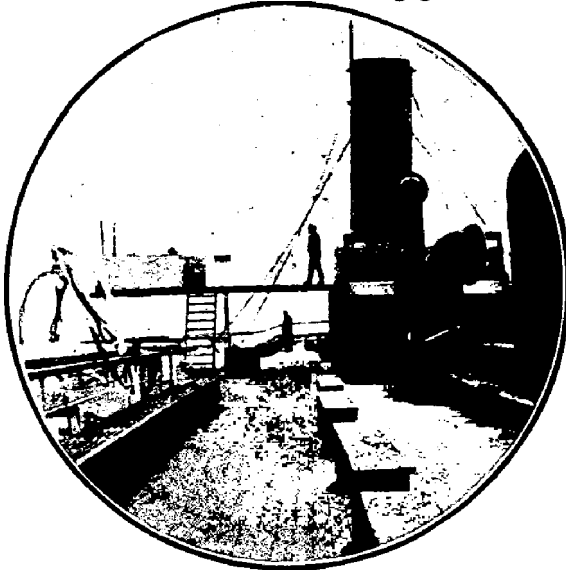
year or two, in fact, the opinion of an expert is not at all optimistic. The Swin Middle Lightship, lying as it does in the fairway, we pass on the port hand; the Maplin Pile Lighthouse we leave on the right.

Those yellow funnels that you can now see, with the setting sun shining on them, in a south-easterly direction are steamers returning from Margate, except one, which is the Flushing to Queenboro' Mail Packet. We arrive at Southend just before sunset. One of the prettiest sights I can recall is passing Southend one clear night with the harvest moon just rising. The double rows of electric lights east and west of the pier ashore, with the town lights formed, as it were, a gigantic necklace, and, with the pier lights as a pen-

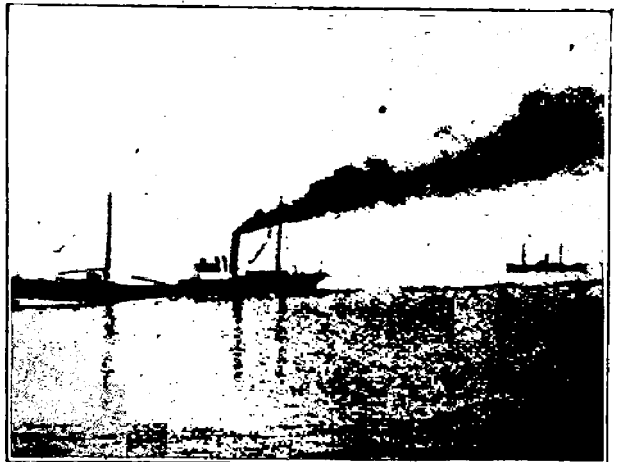
dant, it could only be summed up in one word, "Superb."

Before we arrive at Tilbury it is dark. The various coloured lights marking the shipping in Gravesend Reach appeal to us. The white and red lights of a steamer are seen off our port bow. It proves to be a little steam trawler, with bows set well up in the air, going away out into the North Sea, bound for the fishing fleet that perhaps may be engaged off the Yorkshire coast or in the vicinity of that great shoal—the Dogger. She is running down the river in fine style, and soon vanishes astern in the darkness. In a few days she will be back again at Billingsgate loaded with fish for the

London multitude. After saying good-bye to our many friends, we leave the steamer at Tilbury Pier. A fast train in waiting conveys us to London in something like half-an-hour, terminating a very memorable day; and while the gas buoys are showing their warning flash and the lightship's crew keep their lonely vigil in the darkness, our great City slowly clothes herself in stillness, for sleep.



DECK OF THE S.S. "LONDON BELLE," SHOWING THE LENGTH OF THE PROMENADE DECK.
Kodak Snapshot.



NORTHUMBERLAND COLLIERIES MAKING FOR THE THAMES.
Kodak Snapshot.

THE BARTON CUP.

By Stuart Wishing.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

I.

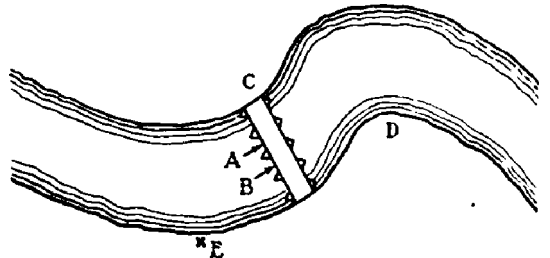
WE are a rowing-school, you know, and distinctly a good crowd. We don't go to Henley, as it's too far off, but we run a very good local regatta—a two days' affair—and this year we had a hot crew. It included three old colours, Chambers, the captain, who rowed "three"; Barker (stroke); Comyns (bow); and White—a new man, but quite sound. I was the noble cox.

We had had high hopes for the "Grand," the chief event; but as ill-luck would have it a scratch crew of Cambridge loafers had come North on a pot hunt. We rowed through three heats, and were only beaten by the "Stragglers"—as they were called—in the final by three-quarters of a length. Two of them, let me tell you, were Blues.

The Grand—which is rowed on the first day—being now beyond our reach, all our energies were devoted to carrying off the Barton Challenge Cup—a prize presented by the local M.P. for local crews. We had not won it for four years, but now we meant to do the trick. There were four crews entered for the great event—ourselves, the local 'Varsity, and two town crews. The 'Varsity and the Town B crew we felt pretty sure of beating; but the Town A lot gave us serious anxiety. They hadn't done much in the Grand; but they had come against the Stragglers in the first round, and been beaten by a length and a half. On form, therefore, we were a little superior; but we had had four courses to their one. Still, we hoped for the best.

And here I must give you a short description of the course. It is about the same length as at Henley. The Gear is more than wide enough here for two boats to row abreast, but the great drawback is this: when about two-thirds of the race is over, the river turns sharply to the left, and at this point there is a bridge—of

arches! Four-oared boats can get through all right—with good coxing. There are two arches in the centre, No. 1—the Easy Arch, and No. 2, the Hard. The Easy is the wider of the two, but when a light-ship passes through the Hard, there are only about six inches to spare on each side of the blades. Again, the Hard boat has to turn much more sharply, once she's through, and more rudder has to be put on. So the Easy boat gains some two lengths when both are straight again. This, you might think, would spoil all racing, but the river soon turns once more to the right, and the Hard boat gets it all back at Raff's Corner. I give a little map to make it clearer.



A, Easy arch; B, Hard arch; C, Savel Bridge; D, Raff's Corner; E, Lowndes' Boathouse.

Half-past two found me at our boat-house, and I was soon joined by the other members of the first boat.

"Ready, all?" asked Chambers. "Now—lift!"

The ship was duly launched, and they took their places.

"Come along, cox!"

"Get forward!" I sang out. "Ready? Paddle!" and we swept away smoothly on our journey to the start.

To shorten the narrative a bit, I may as well say at once that we came against the 'Varsity, while the two Town crews cut each other's throats. The 'Varsity were a slightly harder nut to crack than we expected, for we

only beat them by two lengths. True, we had the Hard Arch, and I fouled it slightly, owing to the River Gear being in heavy flood. There was a lot of water coming down, and it bothered me considerably. The boat didn't answer to her rudder quite so soon, for we rowed down-stream. Nevertheless, we were pretty pleased with ourselves when we eased at the finish, turned, and began to paddle back to Lowndes, where we were to leave our boat till the next heat.

All went well till we reached our destination: I got through the bridge pretty easily—(it is fairly simple from the finish-side)—and we paddled on a bit. Here my judgment was at fault for the first time in my coxing career.

"Turn her, cox!"

I employed the usual turning tactics, but unluckily we had hardly gone far enough up. The Gear was coming down at a good old rate, and, as soon as we were broadside on, the current caught us fair and square. We began to drift rapidly, and looked a bit helpless.

"Don't ram her on to the bridge!" roared our coach Stretton from the bank. "Careful, cox!"

"Back her, stroke side!" I said, a little bit anxiously. "Back her, stroke side—paddle on, bow."

"Hurry up!" Stretton ordered; and I knew

by the tone of his voice that he was getting jumpy. That also helped to flurry me, though I tried to keep cool. At least I can say this—I didn't give a wrong order.

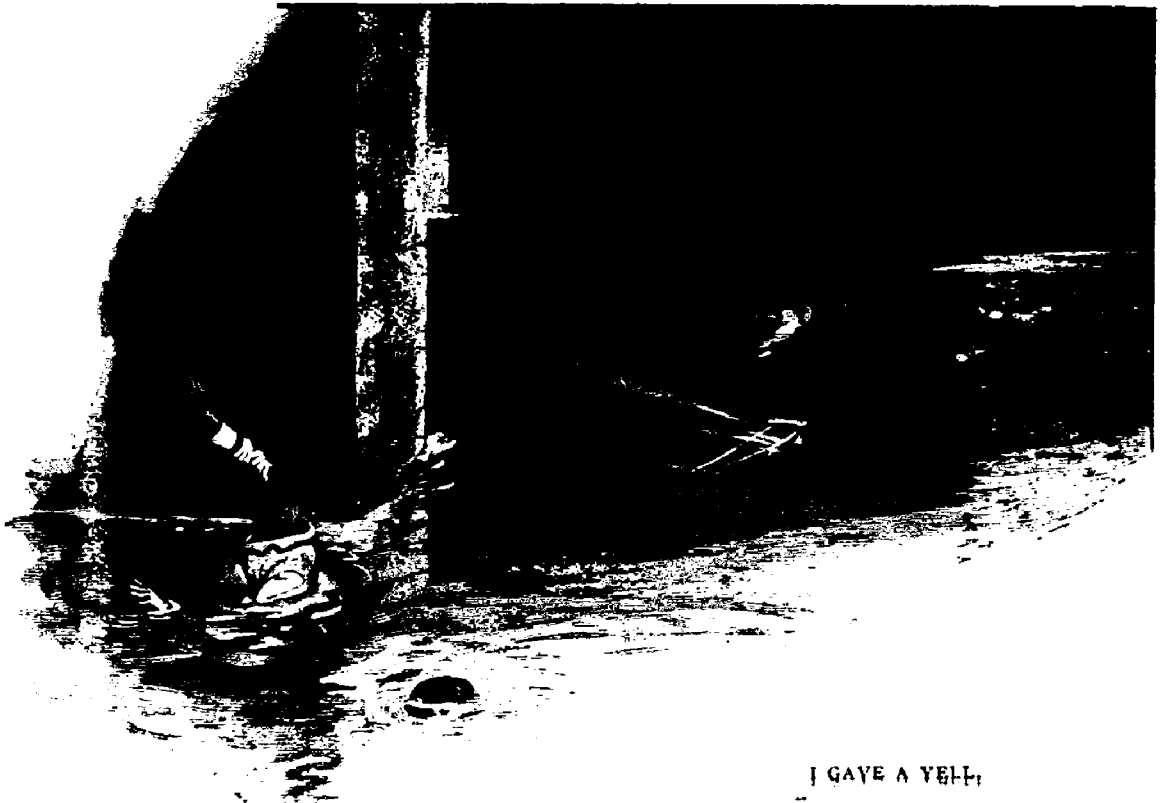
"Back her hard, stroke side—that'll do—touch her, bow! Back her, *all*!"

We were fifteen yards from the bridge, and things looked nasty. Chambers glanced quietly over his shoulder.

"Back her all you know!" he said. He didn't shout it, but—everybody heard—even the crowd on the bank, which had thickened by this time, and was watching our progress in breathless silence. They saw it was going to be a close thing.

"Back her!" Stretton shouted again, though every one was backing for all he was worth. It was too late! The fifteen yards had diminished to ten—to seven—to five—to—the next moment we struck on the arch, and went over.

On an ordinary day it wouldn't have mattered a brass button, for we all have to pass a swimming test before being allowed on the river at all. But the flood ruined everything. Besides—I had the rudder-lines round me as we capsized. I had been too keen on getting the boat away to chuck them over my shoulders before we capsized—indeed, I hadn't once remembered. So, when I rose gasping to the surface I had a



I GAVE A YELL!



ANOTHER TEN YARDS, AND—

"I want fifteen good 'uns now, School!" he shouted, and then began to count monotonously, one—two—three—the rowlocks marking the perfect time all through. We let the old ship have it for all we were worth, quickened a shade, and fairly humped on to the beginning.

It paid: the half length they now possessed dwindled to a quarter, and the quarter to a couple of yards. The two yards vanished like a pot of jam on Sunday, and we were level—dead level to an inch!

"Six more!" cried our horseman on the bank, counting again through his old megaphone; and at the end of that strenuous half-dozen we had shoved our nose in front a good four feet, while the crowd yelled like mad.

Barker grunted in a pleased sort of way, and I'd almost swear that Chambers winked at me

in the midst of the stress, while I observed with interest and envy the play of the muscles beneath his zephyr. He was sweating a trifle, and the others were blowing a bit—nothing to speak of, you understand, but they were rowing a good race, and beginning to feel it the merest touch.

But I had no more time to admire the chest-development of our captain. Up to the present I had had practically nothing to do. You see, we were a beautifully level lot, and the boat only needed a slight touch of the rudder now and again to keep her straight. The weights of the crew balanced nearly exactly, and no great strain on the lines was necessary, as the ship held on her course on an even keel. But a more serious time was at hand, and I collected all my brains and wits to nerve myself for the event of the day. Half the course was now over; we



BANG! WENT THE JUDGE'S PISTOL.

were beneath the first bridge—a suspension affair—and the curve of the Gear was just beginning to influence our destinies for good or ill. At this point I had all my work cut out for me, as you can guess, and the Town crew, grasping the situation, made one of their efforts. I heard their captain say “now” to their cox: the little beast repeated the order with additions of his own, and they all got on to the beginning like a regular School first boat—I can't say more than that. The curve helped—their extra pounds helped them too—and in five seconds they had regained the lost ground, and were ahead—gaining every stroke.

“Don't mind it!” roared Stretton. “Swing out and keep it long. You—must—*not*—hurry—now!”

It was a hard saying, but very wise. I knew it was the advice of an old oar—an admiral of

strategy, as it were—and advice to be obeyed. Still, I couldn't help sympathising with the poor brutes who weren't allowed to quicken up, but were compelled to sit tight and grind, feeling by instinct all the time that the Town were going away. Luckily I had no time to waste on morbid fancies, for Sevel Bridge loomed large before my gaze. Now was my chance to show that I was a good cox, and worthy of the testimonials given me in the “Three Tuns”! Now was the opportunity to refute the slanders on my health and staying powers! If I could get through the Hard Arch after a ducking, when the Gear was in flood as well, no one would ever be able to say that I couldn't steer a boat. I swore I'd do it or drown myself in the bathroom when I got home.

We were sixty yards away, and, gripping my lines more tightly, I put the rudder on gently

would fall if it came to grief when turning a sharp corner while travelling at a high rate of speed. He thinks it would fall on the outside, while a friend of his avers that it would come down on the inside. Our own opinion is that the direction of the car's fall would depend on the nature of the mishap.

Handling the Ball.—Bernard Weaver consults us on the following point. He played a ball with his pads, and the ball stopped dead. An appeal was made for l.b.w., but the umpire decided that he was not out. Our correspondent, thinking the ball was dead, picked it up, and was promptly given out for "handling the ball." This was quite right, as a ball is not dead until it has been returned to the bowler.

A Question of Off-side.—L. F. Taylor asks whether a centre-forward shooting at goal and hitting the crossbar, may shoot again when the ball rebounds? Certainly he may, as he is not off-side.

Ball in Pad.—The ball having lodged in G. F. Brown's pad after being hit, the wicket-keeper was justified in picking it out, and the batsman was properly given out, although it was hard luck. This query recalls to memory the case of W. G. Grace in a somewhat similar plight. The ball lodged in some part of Grace's clothing, and the wicket-keeper dashed forward to seize it, but Grace dodged him until he succeeded in shaking the ball out.

Cricket Handbook.—The best handbook on cricket matters G. B. Veraguth can possibly get is "Wisden's Cricketer's Almanack," price 1s.



A Cripple Cricketer.

MR. W. F. PENNY, whose photograph we reproduce, is a bowler and batsman of no mean order, in spite of the fact that when five years old he sustained an accident to his leg which rendered that limb almost useless. Mr. Penny is a schoolmaster, and plays for the Weston Park Cricket Club. The end of the 1900 season found him at the top of the bowling averages with a total of 88 wickets for 6 runs apiece, his best performance being 10 wickets for 5 runs. Last year Mr. Penny secured 98 wickets and scored 900 runs, his highest score being 99. In sending us the accompanying snapshot, Mr. C. B. Fry says: "Mr. Penny, the bowler in the



MR. W. F. PENNY.

Photo. E. Mentor.

photograph, is in my opinion one of the most remarkable cricketers I have ever seen. Owing to an accident in boyhood he lost the use of one leg, yet with the aid of a stick he contrives to bowl and field well. He is a good club bowler and takes a great number of wickets in matches round Southampton for the Weston Park Club. In bowling he runs up to the wicket by the aid of his stick and very cleverly balances himself and obtains his leverage at the moment of delivery. He does not use his stick when batting, as he manages to make his bat serve the double purpose of a support and a weapon. He hits hard all round the wicket and scores a lot of runs. The successful way in which he has overcome the difficulties that handicap him is truly remarkable."



MR. PENNY BOWLING.

Photo, taken for THE CAPTAIN by Mr. C. B. Fry.

Cricket Coaching at Public Schools.

THE cricket coaching in public schools is now much better than it was fifteen or twenty years ago. The present writer recalls with a shudder the stereotyped way of the school professional: "Come forward at her; come forward, sir." This was repeated *ad nauseam*, whether the wicket was a fast plumb, whether it was broken, or whether it was more or less a glue pot; in fact, it was the only way of the school bowler of those days, and as in most cases he was purely a practice bowler who kept a good length, and was incapable of getting ten runs in any decent company, the results were often disastrous. I expect many promising bats were spoilt by being taught that to play forward was the beginning and end of batting, instead of that the making of all great bats lies in back play, not forward. If you watch some of our great school bats you will see the fatal result of the "Come forward at her," style of tuition even now. On a plumb wicket they will put up their forties and fifties and even their centuries, but give them a glue-pot wicket and ask them to get fifteen at a pinch, and then their "Come forward" training proves their undoing.

Nowadays, however, boys are better trained at school, owing to the fact that at most big schools there is now at least one master who, if not a "blue," was only just outside his 'Varsity XI., and who not only coaches the boys, but is much more capable of imparting knowledge than the school groundsman. The reason that Harrow has produced so many good bad-wicket batsmen lies in the fact that Harrovians frequently have wet wickets to bat on, and that extraordinary trouble has been taken with the boys by some celebrated old Harrovians. What other school can boast of a series of cricket instructors like the Hon. R. Grimston and I. D. Walker, in the past, or A. J. Webbe and M. C. Kemp in the present? Eton have also been very fortunate in first having the late R. H. Mitchell, and then such an excellent all-round cricketer as C. M. Wells to take his place. Another great advantage the present boy-batsman enjoys is that he is not rigidly made to bat by rote and rule. In the past, if a boy took to pulling, he probably caused the masters who took an interest in cricket to use forcible language, and he was shunted from the school team unless he gave up his evil ways. I speak feelingly. Now, however, if a boy has a good natural stroke and his masters see that he picks out the right ball to operate on, he is

probably encouraged to practise it; or, as a late 'Varsity captain once put it, if he is good at cow-shooting, he is allowed to play cow-shots till further orders.

"PLAYFAIR."

County Cricket Reform.

EVERYTHING that can be said against present-day methods in county cricket centres round the word "draw." Once this baneful term could be eliminated, the game, financially, would be in the ascendant. A League System would, no doubt, facilitate the arrangements of management, but the greater and primary faults lie in the cricket itself.

To begin with, every team, and every individual player, should make it a point of honour never to "play for a draw"—that most unsportsmanlike juggle which must ever deserve a full measure of popular contempt. No leisurable person holds his leisure so cheaply as to cheerfully employ it in watching a side poke and block and tap for hours together for the sake of filling out time! Let your cricket captain realise this—and order his game accordingly.

I am also of opinion that partly played matches should be decided on the first innings. It may be objected that bad weather is invariably the reason for non-completed engagements, and that at such times the condition of the pitch is very uncertain; if the latter wears quickly, the team batting second gets by far the worst of the affray. This objection, in substance, is a fair one—and leads me to my next point.

It is often the case that rain falls heavily on the first day of a county fixture, prevents play—and perhaps continues throughout the night. The second day dawns fine, but the pitch is in such a state that nothing can be done till late in the afternoon. If there is no sun, the probability is that another day will pass without a ball being bowled. Now, is it not abundantly ridiculous that the second day should also be lost merely because the pitch has been left unprotected? Surely with present-day facilities a light, portable structure, in the shape of a covering, could be introduced which the grounds-men might put up in fifteen minutes and take down in ten. Let the idea be considered; it is not so very Utopian.

I do not wish to advocate anything that is purely rash, but I really think that the cricketers themselves, even under present conditions,

could do much to make the cricket brighter and more attractive from the spectators' point of view. They should, above all things, endeavour to "make a game of it."

ALFRED J. JUDD.

Scottish Schools Cricket Championship, 1906.

THIS season there is rather an unsatisfactory result, three schools all being equal with one defeat each. But as Glenalmond have not won a match they can scarcely claim to share the honour, which is divided by Fettes and Watson's College. It is a pity that a fixture cannot be arranged between the two schools.

Fettes began the season badly in losing an exciting match with Merchiston by 6 runs, but they easily beat the Academy by over 100 runs. They also had an exciting match with Loretto, but came off victorious by 2 wickets.

Watson's were defeated by the Academy by 29 runs, but afterwards inflicted heavy defeats on Merchiston, by 86 runs, and on Loretto, by 7 wickets.

Glenalmond were unfortunate in not beating the Academy, with whom they tied. They played even draws with Fettes and Watson's, but were beaten by Merchiston in their first match.

Merchiston beat Fettes and Glenalmond, but succumbed to Watson's and to Loretto by 4 wickets. Against the Academy, to decide who were to be last on the table, they played a very open draw.

Edinburgh Academy started well by beating Watson's, but lost badly to Fettes. In an exciting match with Glenalmond they just avoided being beaten, both sides scoring 148 runs.

Loretto scored a good win over the Academy, making 205 for 5 wickets against their opponents' total of 198. They also beat Merchiston, but their match with Glenalmond, was unfortunately put off and never played.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Tied.	Drawn.	Points.
Fettes	4	2	1	0	1	1
Watson's College	4	2	1	0	1	1
Glenalmond	4	0	1	1	2	1
Loretto	4	2	2	0	0	2
Edin. Academy	5	2	2	1	1	2
Merchiston	5	2	2	0	1	2

One point for each defeat.

"NORTHERN SCOT."

Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet.

THERE are few more interesting figures in the cricket world of to-day than the man whose bowling practically won the Fourth Test Match in Australia (M. C. C. Tour, 1903-4) and the First in England, at Nottingham, during the last tour of the Australians (1905).

Mr. Bernard James Tindal Bosanquet was born on October 13, 1877. He learnt the rudiments of cricket at Enfield, where he then lived, and was at Sunnymede School, Slough, before going to Eton in 1891. He did nothing very special there, in the cricketing line, till his last year (1896), when he gained his place in the eleven and at once made his mark by hitting up a wonderful 120 against Harrow, at Lord's. He went from Eton to Oxford and was in the eleven for three years (1898, 1899, 1900). He was a useful bowler of the medium-fast type, and it was then thought that distinction could only come to him through his batting.

But in 1901, B. J. T. altered his style of bowling and began to bowl the leg-breaks which have since made him so famous. Excepting one piece of work, *v.* Notts, he did nothing with his slows till 1903. His figures even then (63 wickets for 21 runs apiece) were nothing particular; but he again changed his style, combining with his leg-break a break from the off, without, apparently, changing his action. This was something new; and on the strength of it he was asked to go to Australia; the result of which, as everybody knows, was entirely satisfactory. Then he again proved his worth as a slow breaker by his form in the First Test Match of 1905; after which he did nothing extraordinary.

Mr. Bosanquet is one of the mainstays of Middlesex batting and, although he sends down more bad balls than perhaps any other first-class bowler in England, there is no one more likely to get a team out cheaply on a perfect wicket!

B. T. WEATHERILL.

SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS, 1906.

BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—Corban-Lucas, 5 min. 12 sec.
 Half-Mile.—Atkinson, 2 min. 14½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—Atkinson, 55½ sec.
 100 Yards.—Wall, 11½ sec.
 Hurdle.—Vassall, 18½ sec.
 High Jump.—Stewart, 5 ft. ½ in.
 Long Jump.—P. Smith, 16 ft. 6½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—C. B. Atkinson, 98 yd. 7 in.
 Weight.—P. Smith, 29 ft. 8 in.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Mile.—E. H. Woodward, 4 min. 58 sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—J. F. Pollard, 56½ sec.
 100 Yards.—A. Aldworth, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—J. F. Pollard, 22 sec.
 High Jump.—A. Aldworth, 4 ft. 11½ in.
 Long Jump.—J. F. Pollard, 17 ft. 2 in.
 Cricket Ball.—A. R. Simpson, 93 yd. 1 ft. 5 in.
 Weight.—J. F. Pollard, 27 ft. 6 in.

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

Mile.—W. H. Harding, 5 min. 8½ sec.
 Half-Mile.—W. H. Harding, 2 min. 21½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—W. T. Wetenhall, 54 sec.
 100 Yards.—W. T. Wetenhall, 10½ sec.
 Hurdles.—V. C. Woodroffe, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—V. C. Woodroffe, 4 ft. 9 in.
 Long Jump.—V. C. Woodroffe, 18 ft. 9½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—W. H. Hirschbein, 75 yd. 10 in.
 Weight.—W. T. Wetenhall, 23 ft. 10 in.

DEVON COUNTY SCHOOL.

Mile.—C. Saunders, 5 min. 18 sec.
 Half-Mile.—G. F. Orchard, 2 min. 21½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—C. Saunders, 61½ sec.
 100 Yards.—C. Saunders, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—G. F. Orchard, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—A. K. Wood, 4 ft. 4 in.
 Long Jump.—G. F. Orchard, 16 ft. 9 in.
 Cricket Ball, F. M. Kinsey, 72 yd. 1 ft.

DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL.

Mile.—G. D. Ritchie, 5 min. 33 sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—G. D. Ritchie, 54½ sec.
 100 Yards.—J. C. Jackson, 11 sec.
 High Jump.—J. Newton, 4 ft. 8 in.
 Long Jump.—D. L. Seath, 16 ft. 1 in.
 Cricket Ball.—J. C. Jackson, 80 yd.

HURSTPIERPPOINT COLLEGE.

Mile.—C. Patteson, 5 min. 12½ sec.
 Half-Mile.—C. Patteson, 2 min. 15½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—C. Patteson, 56½ sec.
 100 Yards.—G. E. de W. Denning, 11 sec.
 Hurdles.—H. R. Webb, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—H. R. Webb, 5 ft.
 Long Jump.—R. C. Petherbridge, 17 ft. 1½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—J. E. de W. Denning, 84 yd. 2 ft.
 10 in.

KING WILLIAMS'S COLLEGE, ISLE OF MAN.

Mile.—G. H. Charleton, 5 min. 7 sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—T. Hayhurst, 56½ sec.
 100 Yards.—T. Hayhurst, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—J. P. Briggs, 20 sec.
 High Jump.—E. Jefferson, 4 ft. 10½ in.
 Long Jump.—C. M. de A. Christopher, 18 ft. 5½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—T. A. C. Leete, 87 yd.
 Weight.—E. Jefferson, 29 ft. ¾ in.

MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—F. Sutton, 5 min. 14 sec.
 Half-Mile.—A. Kirk, 2 min. 18½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—A. Kirk, 59½ sec.
 100 Yards.—A. Kirk, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—K. W. Chambers, 20 sec.
 High Jump.—S. Clark and C. H. Mutch, 4 ft.
 10 in.
 Long Jump.—A. Kirk, 17 ft. 7 in.
 Cricket Ball.—A. Kirk, 76 yd. 3½ in.

NOTTINGHAM HIGH SCHOOL.

Mile.—P. H. Hart, 6 min. ¼ sec.
 Half-Mile.—H. W. Dunton, 2 min. 15½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—H. W. Dunton, 59½ sec.
 100 Yards.—H. W. Dunton, 10½ sec.
 High Jump.—R. W. D. Preston, 4 ft. 10 in.
 Long Jump.—J. P. K. Groves, 17 ft. 3 in.
 Cricket Ball.—R. B. Wray, 90 yd. 2 ft.

PLYMOUTH COLLEGE.

Mile.—A. H. Macklin, 5 min. 18½ sec.
 Half-Mile.—J. J. Stuttaford, 2 min. 14½ sec.*
 Quarter-Mile.—J. J. Stuttaford, 57½ sec.
 100 Yards.—H. P. Hodge, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—H. P. Hodge, 20 sec.
 High Jump.—A. B. Norman and A. H. Macklin,
 4 ft. 9½ in.
 Long Jump.—L. E. Morgan, 17 ft. 1 in.
 Cricket Ball.—D. Blackwell, 81 yd. 2 ft.
 Weight.—T. Austin, 27 ft. 4 in.

ST. OLAVE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—A. Hughes, 5 min. 1½ sec.*
 Half-Mile.—A. Hughes, 2 min. 19½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—G. W. Thomsett, 59½ sec.
 100 Yards.—J. A. Davis, 11½ sec.
 High Jump.—T. St. Q. Hill, 4 ft. 7½ in.
 Long Jump.—T. St. Q. Hill, 17 ft. 9½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—T. Foster, 73 yd. 2½ ft.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

Mile.—E. S. Hornidge, 5 min. 2½ sec.
 Half-Mile.—H. C. May, 2 min. 11½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—O. Parry Jones, 58 sec.
 100 Yards.—H. T. Bewes, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—C. A. Brown, 18½ sec.
 High Jump.—W. E. Barclay, 5 ft. 3 in.
 Long Jump.—C. A. Brown, 18 ft. 6 in.
 Cricket Ball.—W. J. Dow, 90 yd. 1 ft. 8 in.
 Weight.—C. A. Brown, 29 ft.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

Mile.—C. James, 5 min. 2 sec.
 Half-Mile.—H. Bevir, 2 min. 17 sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—E. G. Paull, 36 sec.
 100 Yards.—Phillip, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—H. Forman, 20 sec.
 High Jump.—E. G. Paull, 4 ft. 10½ in.
 Long Jump.—E. G. Paull, 17 ft. 2½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—V. G. Leake, 84 yd. 1 ft.
 Weight.—Darbishire, 27 ft. 4 in.

WATSON'S COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

Mile.—W. N. Sutherland, 5 min. 23 sec.
 Quarter Mile.—W. A. Allan, 59½ sec.
 100 Yards.—A. W. Angus, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—W. G. Stuart, 19 sec.
 High Jump.—W. Robb, 5 ft. ½ in.
 Long Jump.—J. Cowan, 17 ft. 6 in.
 Cricket Ball.—G. Bennie, 104 yd. 2 ft.
 Weight.—A. W. Angus, 33 ft. 9 in.

JOHANNESBURG COLLEGE.

Mile.—Forbes, 5 min. 45 sec.
 Half-Mile.—Forbes ma., 2 min. 14 sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—Forbes ma., 65 sec.
 100 Yards.—Thompson ma., 11½ sec.
 High Jump.—Scholtz, 4 ft. 8½ in.
 Long Jump.—Thompson ma., 17 ft. 8 in.
 Cricket Ball.—Burmester, 82½ yd.

* School record.

COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Last day for sending in, September 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, November 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

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COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be forwarded in a separately stamped envelope and bear a coupon.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. Only those articles actually offered for competition will be awarded as prizes. Girls may, however, have tennis racquets or hockey-sticks instead of footballs.

Address envelopes as follows: Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by September 18.

The Results will be published in November.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the decision of the Editor is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—“**£5 5s. for a School Story.**”—We will award the sum of £5 5s. for the best school story submitted in this competition. The length should not exceed 3000 words, and should not be less than 2000. The prize-winning story will become the absolute property of THE CAPTAIN. The stories of unsuccessful competitors will be returned if stamped envelopes are enclosed. If any of the unsuccessful stories strike us as being suitable for publication, we shall make the authors an offer for them. The stories submitted must not have appeared in print before. Write only on one side of the paper.

No Age limit.

No. 2.—“**Photographs that Tell a Tale.**”—Send a series of three or more photos. “telling a tale,” like those we publish in the Editorial of the demolition of St. Michael’s Church. Or—to give another example—you may tell the story, photographically, of “An Argument,” showing the party just beginning in No. 1., and growing more excited as the series progresses until they are seen in the last photo, battering each other for all they are worth. Here is scope for some good and original work. Prizes: Three Columbia Graphophone (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—“**Old Houses.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, on some interesting old house. During your holidays you are sure to come across some old places that have a story about them. If possible, send a photo. or sketch of the house, and the interesting part of it. Prizes: Three Swan Fountain Pens. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—“**Handwriting.**”—This is a competition for our youngest readers. Copy in your best handwriting the first seven lines of “The Track at Midnight.” Write only on one side of the paper. Prizes: Two Handsome Postcard Albums. (See Prizes page.)

One age limit Twelve.

No. 5.—“**Best Twelve Short Stories Volume XV.**”—Send a list of what you consider to be the best twelve short stories in the volume which is concluded with this number. A story which is a story which is completed in one number. By way of showing our appreciation of his talent, we shall forward the author of the story which is the list Volume XV. bound and suitably inscribed. Prizes: Three Benetfink Footballs. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No Age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—“**Drawing Competition.**”—Send a sketch of a sign-board, in pen, pencil, or water colours. Prizes: Two Midg. Cameras, by Messrs. W. Butcher and Sons. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **November 18.** By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living **outside** Europe. There will be **no age limit.** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial September Competitions.”

Coupons must not be sent loose.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

"Making the best of it."

MAKING the best of it! Thank heaven, there are some folks who do this by the light of nature. However uncongenial their work, however much beset with difficulties, somehow or another they always manage to put a cheerful face on things. "Mere animal spirits," says the man who has contrived to lose this delight in life; but in spite of his philosophy he knows full well that it is the joy that flows from God to the heart of every living thing. Unfortunately, however, there are people who either from ill health or from some other cause have all but entirely lost their natural fund of good spirits. To them it would be all but useless to say, "Keep up your animal spirits, sleep well, eat well, be out all you can, and things will go well with you." Such counsel would appear to them mere mockery. The only way in this case to make the best of one's work is to acquire a reasoned happiness—the fruit of the "philosophic mind." This is done by understanding how work comes to be what it is, and how essential it is with all its disadvantages for the development of our characters.

The unequal distribution of work, which is responsible for half our grievances, is in reality due to the very civilisation which gives us half our pleasures. Hard work is necessary for the physical well-being of man just as its difficulties and disadvantages are for the strengthening of his moral character.

And, then, as regards especially those small annoyances caused by the disagreeable part of our work, we must not forget the religious aspect of the case. All work is prayer—it is

the great sacrifice that the world offers in thanksgiving for its life and preservation. The smallest part of our task, then, is just as sacred as the greatest—and this idea of prayer in work makes it easier to do all thoroughly.

The right attitude of mind seems to me to be the very greatest help in "making the best of things"—and the conviction that work is not merely the means of earning a livelihood. To those who have already attained so much I would add a few further hints. Be keen on your work, but not so keen as to lose the power of detachment in order to rest the mind thoroughly. Secondly, have a hobby and stick to it. Thirdly, do not be always comparing yourself with others—make the utmost of your own life; and, as a last word, do not be downhearted, for no one can do more than "make the best of it."

DOROTHY FIELD.



VICE-ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

A snapshot taken on board the *Majestic* by C. F. Shaw.



THE SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL IN CANNON HILL PARK,
BIRMINGHAM.

Photo. by H. J. Sanders.

A Memorial to Birmingham Heroes.

THE accompanying photograph represents the Soldiers' Memorial in Cannon Hill Park, Birmingham, which was recently unveiled by General Sir Ian Hamilton. The inscription on the front is as follows :

To
The Glorious Memory
of the
Sons of Birmingham
who fell in South Africa, 1899-1902,
and to perpetuate
The Example of all who
Served in the War,
This Memorial is erected
By Their fellow Citizens.

The names of the men, 521 in number, are inscribed on the sides of the pedestal.

The memorial was sculptured by Mr. Albert Toft, and cast in bronze at Parlanti's foundry. Mr. Toft is a Birmingham man, but his studio is in London. Other notable works by this artist are the Victoria Statue, Nottingham, and the Armstrong Memorial at Newcastle.

H. J. S.

Newspaper Language.

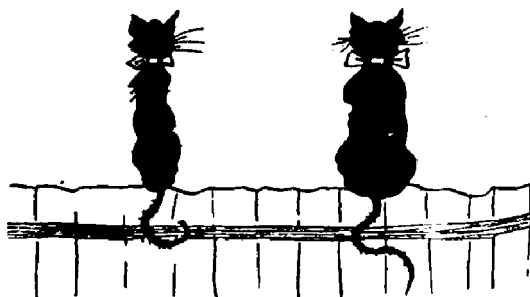
WE are all familiar with the "penny-a-liner" of modern journalism. But some newspaper reporters, not content with making use of lengthy words of doubtful meaning in places where shorter and simpler ones would be more appropriate, employ a curious jargon chiefly consisting of a ludicrous mixture of metaphors. We read in the account of a football match that "Jones popped the inflated one into the fishing tackle"; of a cricket match that "the crafty wielder of the willow successfully guarded his timber-yard from the onslaughts of Smith's donkey-drops." In the political column of a provincial daily we were recently informed that "the bill, obstructed night after night by a phalanx of oppositionists, at length floated through both houses, and steered into the safe harbour of royal approbation." But we have still much to learn from the American reporter. This is how they criticise a prima donna in the New How: "From her clear, bird-like upper notes she canters down to the base racket, and then cushions back to a sort of spiritual treble that makes every one of the audience imagine that every hair on his head is the golden string of a celestial harp over which angelic fingers are straying."

A. W. L.

A Fact.

AN ignorant housemaid who had to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a toothbrush. "Well, is he coming?" asked the lady of the house, when the servant returned. "Yes, madam, directly," was the reply; "he is just sharpening his teeth."

G. C. MANFORD.



THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW.

Drawn by G. F. Crouch.

The Joke.

JONES minor, of the Lower Third,
 Supposed himself a wit ;
 And wished in that capacity
 To wake things up a bit.
 So planned a splendid joke, with which
 He hoped to make a hit.

He balanced on the classroom door
 A tome of pond'rous weight :
 Then with a dreamy sort of smile
 He left the rest to fate.
 And thanked his stars that, as a rule,
 The Master came up late.

The best laid schemes of mice and men
 Go wrong in many a case :
 'Twas somewhat premature, alas,
 That smile upon his face.
 The Master happened to be ill :
 The Head supplied his place !

Jones minor of the Lower Third
 No longer is a wit ;
 For "splendid jokes" just now, I fear,
 He does not care a bit.
 His jest came off all right : the Head
 Unkindly made the hit !

G.

A "Buzzy" Place.

AMONGST other things, the old coaching town of Grantham possesses an inn appropriately named the Beehive, which has



THE LIVING SIGN OF THE BEEHIVE INN- GRANTHAM.

Photo, by C. F. Shaw.

for its sign a hive of living bees perched in the branches of a leafy tree standing right in front of the doorway, as shown in our photograph. On the signboard is inscribed this quaint verse :

Stop, traveller, this wond'rous sign explore,
 And say, when thou hast scanned it o'er and o'er :
 " Grantham ! Two rarities now are thine—
 A lofty steeple and a living sign ! "

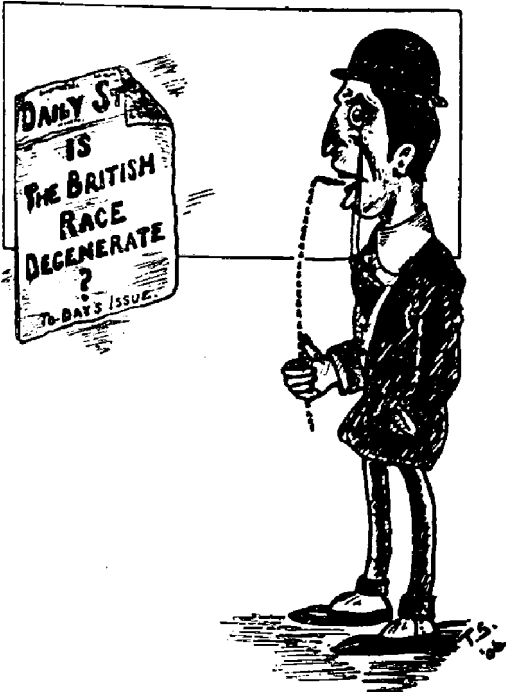
C. F. S.

The Capture of Quebec.

AT the present day, Canada is one of the most valuable of British colonies, and, with its numerous industries and immense natural resources, indeed a valuable asset of the British Empire. But Canada has not always been under the Union Jack, for prior to 1752 the larger portion of her was in the hands of the French.

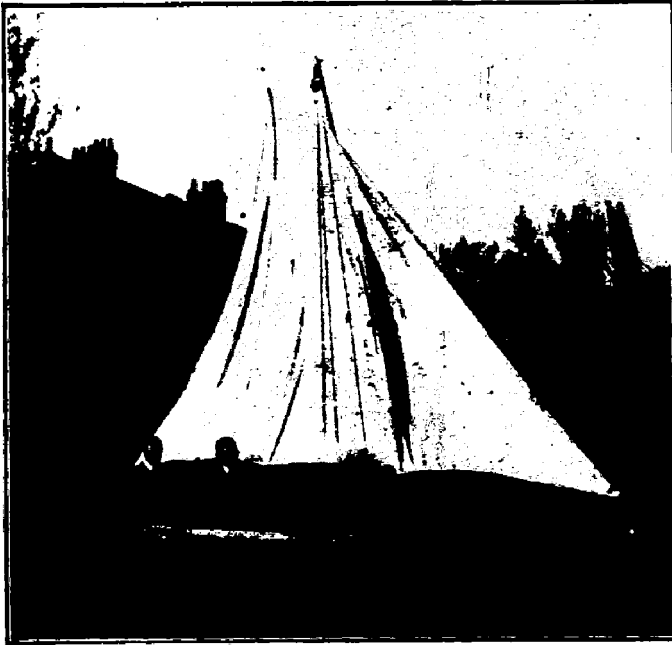
In 1752 a new Governor was appointed to the French portion—Marquis Duquesne—who conceived an ambitious policy, which was intended to result in the acquisition, by France, of practically the whole of Canada, whose promise of becoming a most valuable country had been foreseen by the discerning Governor.

The outcome of this policy was the declara-



CHOLLY : " What rot. "

Drawn by T. S.



A SAILING TROLLEY MADE BY TWO "CAPTAIN" READERS.

It is nine feet long, and is steered by means of the back wheels.
In a stiff breeze it carries three passengers at a good pace.

Sent by Marjorie Passmore.

tion of war, and the seizure of Minorca by France.

The war was going badly for the English when the great William Pitt, who was Secretary of State, despatched to Quebec the man who was destined to rescue Canada from the French, and to lose his life in adding it to the British Empire.

Wolfe was exceedingly young for a General, being only thirty-three, having entered the army at fourteen. He was frail and delicate, but his fighting qualities and military knowledge more than compensated for his physical defects.

To Quebec he was sent at the head of 8000 men, and it was the fall of this strong and almost impregnable fortress, on September 18, 1760, which proved the decisive blow of the war, and which no doubt changed the history of the world.

Situated on a tableland, Quebec was strongly guarded by French troops, one point only being left unguarded, as it was considered to be inaccessible. To this spot Wolfe, who knew not the meaning of the word "impossible," devoted his attention, with the result that one day, after daybreak, the French were horrified to see a small, compact army drawn up on the tableland before them. Under Wolfe's orders the British troops had scaled an almost perpendicular cliff, at the unguarded point, and practically in single file had gained the summit.

The little army was marshalled for battle, Wolfe instructing his soldiers not to fire until they could see the whites of the Frenchmen's eyes.

In the fighting Wolfe was shot first in the wrist, a second bullet struck him in the body, whilst a third mortally wounded him.

Just before Wolfe died an officer informed him that the French were running. "Thank God, I am satisfied," he said. A minute later Wolfe was no more, and another name was added to the scroll of heroes.

Marquis Montcalm, the French General died the next day, the fortress capitulated on September 18, 1760, and within a year the whole of Canada was in our hands.

The fall of Quebec, which Wolfe paid for with his life's blood, practically gave us possession of almost the richest country in the world.

ERNEST JOHN LAVELL.



IN A MEAN STREET.

Drawn by Phil Bell.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Mr. Fred Swainson, all Captainites will be glad to hear, in our next volume breaks the long silence he has preserved, as far as THE CAPTAIN is concerned, with a most powerful story entitled, "The Informer."

The scene of this tale is a great public school of the kind which Mr. Swainson writes of in that convincing way which led *The Spectator* to remark that "Acton's Feud" was the finest school tale that had been published for several years, and I can assure my readers that in this new story of his Mr. Swainson has made a solid advance in his art. The story is a dramatic one, relieved by some exquisite comedy. A good solid instalment of five chapters will be published every month, and Mr. T. M. R. Whitwell, the illustrator of the tale, is sparing no efforts to make his pictures representative of public school life, in which matter he has received many valuable suggestions from the author.

"In Search of Smith" is a tale of adventure in that vast, unexplored region which is represented on the map of Australia by a nameless splash of yellow. Actual experiences in this locality have been

drawn upon to furnish material for this story; the experiences, not only of an explorer, but of a pioneer who staked out claims in that wild area far back in the "eighties," and who, for fear of the hostile blacks, for two years never walked a hundred yards without keeping a loaded Winchester or Colt's revolver very handy.

I am not going to say who "Smith" was, or tell here who went "in search of" Smith. That can keep till October. Intermingled with the adventures here narrated will be found some entirely new and unpublished facts about Bush natural history — facts not known to those who, to quote a line from the story itself, "have peeped into the Bush and then gone and written a book about it."

Our third new feature, "The Exploits of Tantia Bheel," is from the pen of Mr. T. S. Gurr, a New Zealand

writer who was for some years resident in India, where he secured the materials for this exciting series of stories, which deals with the efforts of the Indian police to capture a notorious Dacoit outlaw—a second Robin Hood in his methods—called Tantia Bheel. The elusiveness of this attractive scoundrel is described with great cleverness by Mr. Gurr, who knows how to put each of his yarns together in such a way as to make

New Features in Vol. XVI.

"THE INFORMER,"

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By FRED SWAINSON.

Author of "Acton's Feud."

"IN SEARCH OF SMITH,"

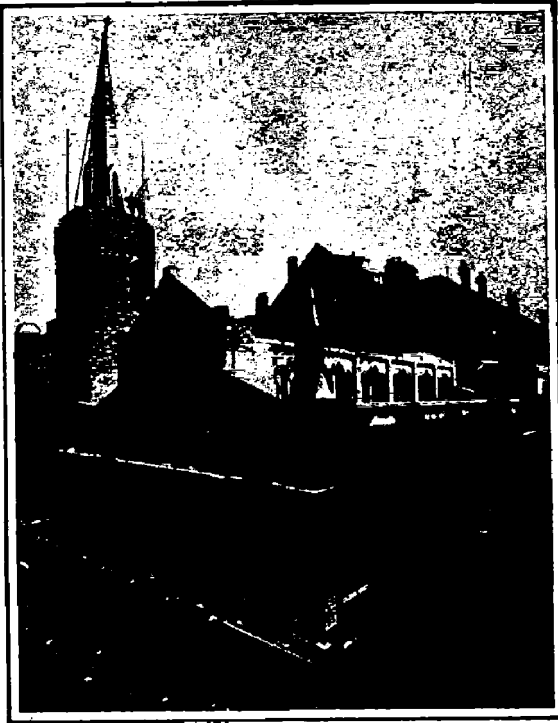
A Romance of Unexplored Australia.

By JOHN MACKIE.

"THE EXPLOITS OF TANTIA BHEEL,"

THE ROBIN HOOD OF INDIA.

By T. S. GURR.



1.—June 11. Roof taken off, spire scaffolding commenced.



2.—June 15. Clerestory gone, outer walls attacked.



3.—June 20. Arches on northern side pulled down.



4.—June 23. North-east corner and southern arches removed, spire almost down.

THE DEMOLITION OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, AS SEEN FROM "THE CAPTAIN" OFFICE.

you want to read the next one as soon as possible.

Are you "Left-eyed"?—In the August issue (writes Mr. Archibald Williams), "A. S. J." gives the following directions for ascertaining which eye is the "master," *i.e.*, the stronger: "Hold out a key at arm's-length, and (with both eyes open) look through the ring at some object a few yards away; then, without moving the arm, close the right eye. If the left eye is "master" the object will be seen as before; but if the right is stronger, the article looked at will (apparently) have jumped away to the left of the key." I have seen the same "recipe" given elsewhere, and more than once have passed it on as fact to my friends, in all good faith. Some time ago, however, while investigating the phenomenon, I discovered that *either* eye can be made the so-called "master" if the position of the ring is altered. Let any of our readers try the following experiment: Hold out the key at arm's-length, shut the left eye and look at some object through the ring. Now open the left and shut the right. The object appears to jump to the left (or, to be more correct, the key seems to jump *to the right*). Next, shut the right eye and fix the object through the ring with the left. On closing the left and opening the right the key jumps this time *to the left*. The gist of the whole matter is this: it depends on which eye happens to be nearest to a line drawn from the object through the centre of the ring at the moment of focussing with both eyes open whether the left or right is the so-called "master." If the key is held up in the right hand, most probably it is somewhat to the right of the body, and so makes the right eye appear "master"; and *vice versa* if the left hand is used. (*I have experimented with the key held in both my right and left hand, and find that my right eye is "master" each time. I am therefore inclined to think that A. S. J. is right.—O.F.*)

The Passing of St. Michael's.—THE CAPTAIN office has lost an old friend, as it were, in the demolition of St. Michael's Church across the road, the progress of which is shown in the photographs, taken from our window, reproduced on the opposite page. St. Michael's was built about sixty years ago, when the neighbourhood in which it stood was more residential. Since that time a considerable number of what were private

houses have become offices, and the congregation of St. Michael's gradually dwindled to so few that it was decided, about two years ago, to close the church and devote its income towards endowing a new church in one of London's fast-growing suburbs. The church remained closed for some eighteen months, and early this year the stained glass window and the seats, &c., were removed. A few months later the site was sold for a very large sum, and one day last June the house-breakers arrived and commenced to pull the church down. The men shown in



3.—July 3. Church almost entirely demolished. !

the second picture, who were apparently aware that they were being snapshotted, were responsible for most of the damage, for at no time did we see more than four men working on the walls. Slowly but surely, now working, now resting, they would pick the bricks from under their feet, with never a thought of the possibility of danger—they seemed, indeed, as no doubt they had by experience become, absolutely indifferent to it. By the time the third photograph was taken, most of the wall and four of the arches on the northern side had disappeared. The walls above the arches were gradually picked away until they were nearly level with the crown of the arches, and a rope was fastened round the top of the pillar. Then the man

with the pick weakened the structure in the right place, retired to a safe distance, and the services of a dozen or so men, who were squaring up and sorting the bricks down below, were called into requisition. Standing in a place of safety under the gallery, at a word from the foreman they brought their weight to bear on the rope. They pulled—but in vain. The man with the pick knocked away a few more bricks. They pulled again—and the rope broke! A fresh rope was procured and a man crawled along and made it doubly secure this time. Then the gang of men took another tug. They pulled once—no good. A second time—the pillar swayed to and fro, but nothing happened. A third time—and then, with a tearing noise as the bricks broke away jaggedly, and with a deafening crash, the solid mass fell forward and tumbled amongst the *débris* beneath, making a dust that took some minutes to settle. Meanwhile, four men had been erecting a scaffolding and a series of platforms round the spire. This was slow work and took about a week; at length, from the seventh platform, they broke off the lightning conductor. Then masses of concrete commenced to hurtle down with astonishing rapidity as they made short work of the spire—*vide* our fourth photograph—and about a week after our fifth picture was taken not a brick of St. Michael's remained.

"School" Again!—Howard V. Powell, the author of the poem which drew so many replies from our readers, has obliged me with another poem, which takes the shape of a reply to his critics. It would appear from the following that Mr. Powell is still incorrigible.

UT VINCANTUR.

Just for a moment, I'd invoke, like Samson long ago,
The power that I most long for—to crush the treacherous foe.
But feeble is my pencil (though it is a Koh-i-noor),
Yet still I've got some arguments I didn't use before.

The knuckle-raps I'm used (to my honour be it said),
And still less would they hurt me if they came upon the head.
And as to meeting girls at home that come from gay "Paree"—
You might as well talk Latin as talk such stuff to me.

Did Cæsar write his books, think you, for us to pull to pieces?
The more I think of it the more my hate of 'em increases;

'Tis not because I'm ignorant, for all these things I've tried,
And till they're stopped and done with, I'll ne'er be satisfied.

I do not know the tender spot that's found in Achilles,
But if you're always swotting you'll be weak about the knees;
O knuckle-rappers, take advice from one who ought to know,
(No matter if he does or not) and let your swotting go!

Now I don't despise the hardening one gets when he's at school—
I *do* expect a slogging if I try to "play the mule"—
'Tis murdering Latin, killing Greek, and all such things I hate—
But, alas! I cannot argue with inevitable fate!
H. V. P.

As I fear that it is quite useless to say anything more to a young gentleman whose mind is built in this way, I will ask readers *not* to shower further admonitions on Master Powell's head. He must go his own way, and, as he appears to be a rather original-minded young gentleman, I should not be surprised if he does rather well in the world, although, judging from the specimen of his genius which I have printed above, I must say that if he tries to live by writing poetry he will have a very sorry time of it.

"Patience" takes me to task for calling the "Hickson" girls "mannish." Well, perhaps that was a somewhat strong term to use, but I do call a girl rather mannish who enters into gymnastic competition with boys. "Patience" truthfully remarks that there were plenty of nice feminine girls at Hickson's—and perhaps I ought to qualify my former statement further by saying that the effect of such an institution as Hickson's would be to make certain girls rather mannish. Another objectionable feature about Hickson's was that the girls had to wear pig-tails and square-toed shoes, and that any little natural feminine adornment was glared at by the senior girls. Now, it is a girl's duty to make herself look as nice as possible, and an educational system which insists on girls un-beautifying themselves, if I may coin a verb, is not one that commends itself to your humble servant. Do we not read in the Bible that a woman's hair is her crowning glory? Why, therefore, should it be done up into a long plait? Mind you, I am not saying anything against the way in which these stories were written. Mr. Morgan carried out his task most creditably, and I am hoping to see his tales produced in volume form

before very long. A further Hickson story from Mr. Morgan's pen will appear in our next number. Hickson's, you will remember, was situated near San Francisco, and this tale has to do with the effect of the earthquake on the school.

"Cricketers' Names."—The following is the ingenious sentence (the work of Clive McManus) which won the Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle offered as a prize in this competition:

"Fry, Poore Young Mann, Fane Wood play, Butt the Sharp Payne Burns Knight and Day,"

I append a selection of the best sentences submitted:

"On Fry Day Knight, a Poore Young Mann, Whiteheaded Butt Young, Wass at the Cross Rhodes Paynefully Breaking up Heaps of Sharp Stones."

"A Poore Butt Blythe Young Mason Wood Fane by Sharp Knox Day and Knight be May King a Denton Stone."

"A Young Brown Hawke Fane Wood Soar to the Moon one Spring Knight, Butt the Noble Bird Wass not Abel."

"The Martyn Wood Foster its Young in the Haigh, Butt the Hawke was its Hunter by Knight and by Day."

"Seeing the Denton the Board, the Noble Mann Wood Fane Cuffe the Poore Carpenter's Whitehead with Sharp Knox."

"The Martyn, a Sharp Hardy Bird, loves the Day, and Fosters its Young in Woods, Barnes, Warrens, and under Boards."

"Brearley Wood Fane Seymour of the Nice, Keene Young Fielder, Butt Hayward Knox the Poore Mann Tremlin and remains King."

"By Field, Wood, Pool and Burn, the Keene Young Hunter rode with Noble Hawke to Hunt the Blythe Brown Bird."

"One May Day, King Harry's Sharp White Hawke found a Heap of Young Spring Oates in East Holland Vine Wood."

"Cook, Fry the Bird; King, Grace the Board; Knight and Page, drain the Vyalls of Mead to the Lees."

"Is it Wright and Noble for Mann to Stone Birds, causing them Payne, when a Gunn Wood kill them out Wright?"

"A Keene sports Mann Wood Fane Seymour Sharp Fielding Fostered to-Day, and Poyntz Wright Lee Too-good wHayes of May King the Young East Hardy."

"Hills Orr Woods Fair Greene,
Pretty Birds, Young and Gaye,
Crisp Eyre with Grace and Healing pent,
Blythe Spring Day."

H. O. W. is likely to be sent to Australia on business for his firm, and wants to know what study he ought to take up during the winter evenings which would prove service-

able to him when he gets out to the Antipodes. He already knows shorthand, so I should advise him to acquaint himself with French and German. An ability to communicate with French or German firms he will always find useful and one that will increase his value. I may remind H. O. W., however, that one's evenings should not be entirely devoted to work. There is reading. A man should endeavour to acquaint himself with the best things that have been written. It is astonishing, when one begins a course of good reading, what mines of pleasure one discovers. A man who suddenly makes up his mind that he will familiarise himself with the works of authors who up to that moment have simply been names to him is surprised to find what delightful fields of literature he has neglected to explore. He who goes through life without troubling to read the great things which other men have written is simply rejecting so much mental wealth. Many a man's life would become quite changed if more mental culture were to become part of it. The home or the lodging which now bores him, and which he finds lonely, would suddenly become peopled with congenial companions, were he to set about reading good books. The man who begins to read late in life is filled with regret that he never took to reading before. "What a lot I have missed," he says. I will add that it is unwise of anybody to persevere with what is wearisome to him. It is no good sitting down sternly to improve oneself with what is called "a good book." To derive benefit from reading you must enjoy what you read.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As we receive a great number of letters, our correspondents are requested to bear in mind that we can only comment on communications that we consider to be of general interest. Readers requiring information quickly should enclose stamped envelopes or post-cards, according to the length of the answer they desire.]

"Arthur" (Ottawa, Canada).—My dear fellow, I quite understand your position. It is natural of you to wish to relieve your people of the burden of keeping you, but at present what you have got to do is to keep quiet and get well and not worry. Of course your people will not expect you to do any kind of work which is at all inclined to injure your health. I believe that if he wraps up well the job of coachman is not at all a bad thing for a consumptive to take up. I have heard of a man who, on developing weakness of the chest, gave up a good post and became a 'bus-driver—and was soon a different fellow. Now, if you can avoid lifting weights and doing work which puts a strain on you,

you might do worse than get a billet in the driving line. Anyhow, I wish you a speedy recovery.

A. H. A. B. sends me his measurements and wishes to know if they are satisfactory. They are as follows:

Age, 16 years 4 months.
Height, 5 ft. 9 in.
Weight, 11 st. 1 lb.
Chest (contracted), 33½ in.
Chest (expanded), 37½ in.
Biceps, 11¼ in.
Triceps, 10¼ in.
Neck, 14¾ in.
Thigh, 22¼ in.
Calf, 13½ in.

He adds that his feet wobble when he walks, and that sometimes he knocks his left toe against his right heel and *vice versa*. I should say that if A. H. A. B. joined the Volunteers he would very soon be drilled out of this habit. His measurements are quite satisfactory.

F. de V. is a straightforward fellow who doesn't often get into mischief, who stands well in his form and who has already won several prizes. At the same time, he is a fellow with plenty of fun in him, and his aspirations are high. Let him keep them so. His friend, N. B., is not so high up in the school, I should say by his handwriting, as F. de V. N. B. is a little inclined, I should say, to be occasionally slack in his work, but F. de V. keeps him up to the mark. I think that each of these boys is very happy to have such a good chum and much to be envied. I have formed my opinions entirely by their handwriting, and not by anything they have said to me in the joint letter they have written.

"Verax" favours me with an interesting letter, but begs me not to quote any of it in THE CAPTAIN. At the same time she wishes me to give her a reply. She seems to be an all-round sort of girl, as she plays hockey and cricket and tennis, has won five prizes at golf, and can swim half a mile. And after this, so that I shall not think her "too gamey," she tells me that she makes all sorts of presents at Christmas-time for relations. She can also dance skirt-dances and sword-dances. She says she doesn't tell me all this because she wants to brag (and I believe her), but to give me to understand that a girl can play games and do girlish things at the same time. "Verax" appears to be a very nice sort of girl, and so I have deliberately quoted some of her letter at the expense of incurring her everlasting displeasure.

"Hibernian."—Your question is a difficult one to answer, and I am rather surprised that you have not consulted a medical man of your acquaintance on the subject, as he would be better up in the facts than I am. Of course, it would be an excellent thing for you to go to Oxford if you could win a scholarship, but, on the other hand, you would save money by going to Dublin. I cannot say whether the Oxford medical qualification is superior to that of Dublin. I believe that the medical school at Cambridge is superior to that at Oxford. It is, however, a matter which you must settle for yourself, as so much depends upon your means. If your means are limited, your best plan would be to take the Dublin degree. Write and let me know if I can help you with any further information.

A Correction.—With reference to our interview with Mr. R. Caton Woodville, published in the July number, Leonard Spiller writes: "As an admirer of Mr. R. Caton Woodville's work, and as a

student of naval and military matters, I feel that it is my duty to point out a mistake in your article on the celebrated artist. With all his care for details, I feel sure that Mr. Woodville could never have supplied the title of the illustration on page 295. The young soldier represented is Trumpeter Shurlock, of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, at the Elandslaagte charge. Bugler John F. Dunne, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, earned his fame at the Tugela River, on quite a different occasion."

"A Spade is a Spade" suggests that as many well-known cricketers now write articles in newspapers, and as they certainly would not be employed were they not well-known cricketers, they come under the heading of "professionals." Do I agree with him? No, I do not. All the same, I think there are far too many cricketers writing articles on cricket, and the same remark applies to football. Many of these articles by athletes are poorly written, and fill up space which would be far more creditably occupied by articles from the pens of professional journalists whose duty it is throughout the year to attend, report, and criticise such pastimes.

R. W. G. R. (King's College School) writes: "We are in great tribulation just now, for our Head, Mr. Bourne, who has done such splendid work for the school, is retiring at the end of this term, having accepted a country living from his college (St. John's, Cambridge). To the sixth, and especially to those who, like myself, are about to enter upon their last year of school life, this is naturally a great trouble. We are greatly cheered, however, by the good things said about our new Head, Mr. Douglas Smith, who has just been appointed, and personally I rejoice that he is a classical man."

F. G. Nicholas.—From your handwriting you seem to be a nice fellow. I fear I cannot tell you anything further about yourself. I am glad you think that my editorials "preserve a correct balance between work and play." You may be interested to hear that in our next volume Mr. Fred Swainson is writing a serial in which he takes a bold line setting forth that school is the place primarily for work. It will be something quite new in the way of serials, as most of our stories hitherto have dealt with adventure or athletics, the importance of the work that should be done at school being left in the background.

A. M. S.—It is impossible for us to organise an entertainment of the kind you mention. We have only a small staff, and that is quite occupied in dealing with the letters, contributions and competitions that we receive in large numbers. I have just received another letter on the same subject, in which my correspondent says that the Albert Hall idea is altogether too big a thing. He suggests, and I quite agree with him, that "Captain" readers might give locally plays adapted from "Captain" tales. This would help THE CAPTAIN a lot and would also assist in bringing "Captain" readers together in a district.

W. Ingle.—You seem to have some idea of drawing, but I do not know why you should think that because you make a man look very ugly and eccentric, you have produced a comic illustration. There are far too many artists about who think that in order to make a man look funny they must make him hideous. The editors of papers would accept your sketches if they were good enough and displayed originality and humour. So long as you

go on sending preposterously ugly men and women in ridiculous attitudes, I don't suppose you will obtain much success.

"**Turk**" writes: "Lots of people think that girls don't have any fun at school, but they are quite wrong—we get up to plenty of larks, and my friends and I always seem to be in hot water. I quite agree with 'Prue' about bullying. We have one or two beautiful bullies. And another thing in girls—there always seem to be one or two who are up to larks on every occasion and who slide out most easily and let the others own up. At least, that is what we find."

"**Locomotive Draughtsman**" chivalrously defends our pictorial contributor who was so severely criticised by a cadet at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, and encloses a drawing from a railway magazine which shows that M. Barnes, the contributor in question, sent a very truthful sketch indeed. So now this matter is levelled up—since M. Barnes has found a champion who is by way of being an expert—and I don't wish to hear any more about it.

M. L. says that the only thing she doesn't like in "The Track of Midnight" is the girl. She doesn't like the hero of a tale to be "spooney." I hardly think there are many readers who don't like a girl in a story, for, as girls crop up in most places in the world, I am sure that very few stories are written that haven't got girls of some kind in them. A girl or two in a story doesn't hurt it a bit. Mr. Swainson's girls, for instance, are "splendid fellows."

A. D. S. is a pretty cool young lady. She tells me that she doesn't take in *THE CAPTAIN* because she doesn't care for reading magazines, and thinks it much more beneficial to spend such spare time as she has in reading a really good book—and then calmly asks me to tell her her character from her handwriting! I am certainly not going to devote space to A. D. S.'s handwriting if she cannot devote the modest sum of sixpence per month to purchasing *THE CAPTAIN*.

Press Work.—Victor Johnson and others have written asking how it is possible to obtain work on newspapers. If they look through their back numbers they will find several answers on this subject. Most journalists start on country papers at a small salary, and such posts can only be obtained through influence with the proprietor or editor. I don't advise readers to enter journalism if they can find anything else to do.

Scribbler.—Some of you fellows are really too ridiculous. You ask me what is the first step to take in order to shine in the literary world. Your own common sense ought to suggest that the first step to take is to endeavour to write a poem, essay, or story which will prove acceptable to the editor of some paper. I think myself that the best way for would-be Shakespeares and Thackerays to start is by going in for competitions.

"**Captain**" Reader.—(1) The "Athletic Corner" will be run on new lines henceforth. It is our intention to make it a sort of Court of Appeal for people who wish to consult us on knotty points. We shall also publish articles by experts in this and that pastime (2) "The Long 'Un," under the title of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," and "J. O. Jones" can be obtained from *THE CAPTAIN* Office, price 3s. 6d. each.

Hugh H. Tonkin.—I am afraid I cannot extend the time-limit for Colonial competitions. Very

few competitions from Australia fail to reach us in time for adjudication. If your competitions get here four days late, we will make an exception in your case, as you don't seem to enjoy the postal facilities of other Australian readers. Take heart then, and go in, knowing that your comps. will be in time.

"**105.**"—You cannot do boys much good by writing them good little poems. That is what they call "pi" stuff, and they turn away restlessly from such efforts to make them better. One must be very tactful indeed in giving moral instruction to boys; and, after all, an ounce of example is worth a ton of precept. Send in a shorter selection of poems for criticism.

"**Jimmy.**"—I must say that the joke underneath your sketch is most unsavoury. Your drawing is not bad; keep it up. Glad to hear you liked "Cox's Cough-Drops." This tale will shortly be published by Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, at 3s. 6d. "The Duffer," by the same author, will be published by Messrs. Nelson, of Edinburgh, in October, price 5s.

"**Ciamaont.**"—It is against our rule to put readers into communication with one another except for the purpose of forming local Captain Clubs. Your photographs are not of sufficient general interest. Pay more attention to composition, and endeavour to get the principal object well in the foreground.

C. H. Morgan.—We cannot print pencil sketches, and, in any case, we have had rather too many naval drawings of late. Scenes of country life—hunting, shooting, &c., in view of the approaching winter—have the best chance of escaping the voracious maw of Basketville.

N. N.—I cannot undertake to tell your character from your handwriting. Anything I have done of this sort in the magazine has been pure guesswork, and I do not wish readers to suppose that I will criticise handwriting as a matter of course.

"**Canuck.**"—You are wrong to think that the Mother-country did not thoroughly appreciate what Canada did for the Empire during the Boer War. The Canadians who visited London received the warmest of receptions.

H. Lloyd-Jones.—Many thanks, but we don't want Euclid problems. This is a magazine for young Britons' leisure hours, be so good as to remember.

"**Dora.**"—Your verses are neatly written and display a fair amount of ability, but they are quite unsuited to this magazine.

Dumpty.—We make this exception: if we have already awarded a reader a cricket bat he can choose some other article.

A. L.—I appreciate your remarks very much. **O. T.**—I have digested your observations, for which I thank you. **B. O.**—See reply to "'Captain' Reader." **O. K. W., A. T., "B. G. S.,"** and **J. K. Turpin** are thanked for the results of their respective school sports. **E. R. G.**—"Ships that pass in the night" comes from Longfellow. **Rex Fairbairn.**—Sketch not up to much; promising. **A. H. Cope.**—Very pleased to hear from you. I am glad that you have obtained so much benefit from *THE CAPTAIN*.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: G. G. Proctor, Durnovarian, A. L. Attwater, L. D. Hodgkinson, Ambitious Reader, J. Blakey, Jr., G. T. Lawrence.

Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—"Cricketers' Names."

One age limit: Twenty-one.
WINNER OF NO. 26 STANDARD RUDGE-WHITWORTH BICYCLE: Clive McManus, 37 Upper Rock Gardens, Brighton, Sussex.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Howard F. Lane, "Holmburst," Ordnance Road, Southampton; T. Haslam, 11 Southdean Gardens, Wimbledon Park, S.W.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Granville Shilson, R. E. B. Woods, F. W. Marshall, George Charlton, G. E. Wyllie, R. C. Meaton, F. G. Lawson, J. E. Scrivener, Dorothy Mercer, W. McNeil, Ellen Bennett, W. C. Payne, W. J. Juleff.

No. II.—"Making the Best of It."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF W. BUTCHER AND SONS' NO. 0 "MIDG" CAMERA: W. E. Raistrick, 114 Garfield Road, Nottingham.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. D. Ereaud, Belleville St. Saviour's, Jersey.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Rollo Isbister, A. A. Kerridge, W. H. Senneck, F. M. Parsons, J. J. Nevin, James Bland, N. Kennedy.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PIGGOTT BROS.' CROQUET OUTFIT: Dorothy Field, 65 Talbot Road, Highgate, N.
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HONOURABLE MENTION: John Bourke, F. J. Atkinson, Marguerite Schindhelm, T. E. Mitchell, William Foggatt, A. J. A. Wilson, Maund Hunt, Percy J. Mead, Leonard A. Pavey, A. W. Fox, Herbert Whitaker, Amy B. Mullan, David K. Cherry.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
PRIZE DIVIDED BETWEEN: W. E. White, Fairmont, Swanmore Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight; and Charles Heber Dymond, 1 Windsor Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
HONOURABLE MENTION: D. G. Richardson, W. Burr, M. St. Alphonse, Leonard Nodes, Ellen Hollis, Edward C. Newell, S. E. Machin, F. M. Binns.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
PRIZE DIVIDED BETWEEN: George H. Bottomley, 44 Ashleigh Street, Keighley; and Herbert Hearn, 301 Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Maurice Edward Nolan, Norman Lea, Vernon Garland, W. F. Graham, H. P. D. Benson, Hubert Morton.

No. IV.—"Drawing Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF BENEFIT TENNIS RACQUET: Frances E. Price, "Feruleigh," Wellington, Somerset.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Clara E. Givern, 195 Banbury Road, Oxford.
HONOURABLE MENTION: James Buchanan, Marion B. Saunders, George A. Bell, Horace A. Rainbow, E. S. Whiteman, I. N. Hibbett, Gregor McGregor, M. K. Napier, Marguerite Foale, Frances A. Barton, James Clayton, A. T. Grieve.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF BENEFIT TENNIS RACQUET: Pearlle Bentley, The Convent, Cadogan Street, Chelsea, S.W.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Stanley W. Lefaux, 98 Sebert Road, Forest Gate, E.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Bertha J. Dudeny, Gerald Bidwell, Albert H. Sawyer, Muriel Woollard, A. G. Richardson, Phyllis Connor, Clive Sands, Horace Edward Quick, Kathleen Batty Smith, F. B. Lamb, A. C. Gardiner, E. H. Holder, Leslie J. W. Soanes,

Frances E. Belfield, Dorothy Cave Thomas, Julian Lawrence, R. W. A. Yeats, E. C. Grinham, H. Dorothy Morris, E. A. Goddard, Sidney Percy, Jack W. Mounsey, Edith Moncrieff.

No. V.—"Handwriting."

One age limit: Twelve.
WINNER OF HAMLEY MODEL YACHT: A. Bisiker, 52 Trinder Road, Crouch Hill, London, N.
WINNER OF PICTURE POST-CARD ALBUM: Watson Kilgour, Balbegno, Crieff.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Stanley Ellis, F. Gugenheim, Nellie Dean, George Buchanan, John Murray, Colin Millis, Daisy Quick, F. Maclaren, Lionel G. Bickers, D. M. Bretsford, Charles Bates, B. Maclaren, Stella Rigin.

No. VI.—"July Celebrities."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT-BOX: Nellie Kennedy, 62 Carysfort Avenue, Blackrock, co. Dublin.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Reed, Amy Smith, A. A. Kerridge, Margaret Edwards, S. J. Giles, Emma Moffett, David George.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT-BOX: A. J. S. James, Cheap Street, Sherborne, Dorset.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: P. Eustace Petter, "Elmcote," Ilfracombe.
HONOURABLE MENTION: T. W. Spikin, J. H. Norritt, F. J. Atkinson, A. G. Thornton, D. G. Ramsay, G. B. Hindmarsh, J. H. Powell, Eva K. White, William Ewen, Charles R. Grieve, James Buchanan, Beatrice Latham.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT-BOX: Dorothy F. A. Yarde, Pendennis, Kerby Park, Newton Abbott.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. D. Driberg, Uckfield Lodge, Crowborough, Sussex.
HONOURABLE MENTION: T. J. Watkins, Ione Vince, Herbert C. Joyce, E. S. Taverner, F. A. F. Baines, Harold S. Harlock, Anne McWilliam, A. M. Letcher, Elsa H. M. Georgeson, B. J. Davis, S. H. Clarke, G. Gregory.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(May.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: Willmot J. Cooke, The Rectory, Cottlesloe, Western Australia.
HONOURABLE MENTION: E. F. Leplastrier (New South Wales), L. H. Burket (Canada), Sybil E. Hastings (India), David H. Christ (Argentine), H. A. Lindo (Jamaica), Nellie Cooke (Cape Town).
No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: Ernest L. Ettlting, 132 Du Toit's Paas Road, Kimberley, South Africa.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Cecil Guthrie (Trinidad), Noel Taitt (Trinidad), W. H. Hill (Melbourne), M. W. Rosenthal (Transvaal), George G. Proctor (Trinidad).
No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Gordon H. Jahans, Bishop Cotton School, Simla, India.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Nellie Cooke, Eric Stanley Chaplin (South Australia), B. A. Spence (St. Vincent), G. N. Ebdon (Cape Colony), Leslie H. Burket.
No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Edgar F. Lord, "Roche Bank," Edward Street, Hobart, Tasmania.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Norman Vivian Tonkin (Transvaal), F. Brome (Cape Town), G. Geerg (Chill), E. S. Chaplin, C. Guthrie, Kathleen Kemp (Jamaica), William Scatterly (Transvaal), Arnett Spence (St. Vincent), Eliot Gunter (Melbourne), Allan Hannan (Transvaal).

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No. I.—A very large number of clever and amusing sentences were sent in. The winner of the bicycle has our hearty congratulations. May it afford him much pleasure by "Knight and Day!"

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No. III.—Although railway trains were the most popular subjects chosen, several snapshots showing originality were submitted.

No. IV.—Many excellent drawings were sent in both classes,

the winning picture in Class II. being the commendable work of a ten-year-old competitor.

No. V.—We were glad to receive so many entries from our younger competitors, and we are glad to see the high standard of handwriting attained in proportion to their ages.

No. VI.—The essays in this competition were particularly interesting and well-expressed, and the task of adjudication was even more difficult than usual. The favourite characters were Julius Caesar, Cranmer, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Barnardo, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Balfour, and Hackenschmidt.

[N.B.—Coupons should be attached to competitions, and not put loosely in the envelopes. Competitors disregarding this rule will in future be disqualified.]

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

SERIALS by G. FIRTH SCOTT and WARREN BELL.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

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XV. No. 85.

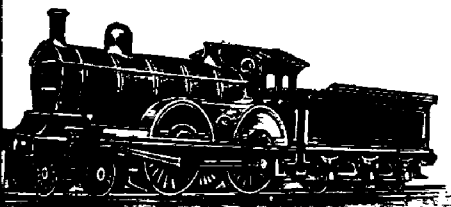
APRIL, 1906

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RAILWAYS



A CHINESE MANDARIN

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No. II.—"Making the Best of It."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF W. BUTCHER AND SONS' No. 6 "MIDG" CAMERA: W. E. Raistrick, 114 Garfield Road, Nottingham.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. D. Ereat, Belleville St. Saviour's, Jersey.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Rollo Isbister, A. A. Kerridge, W. H. Senneck, F. M. Parsons, J. J. Nevin, James Bland, N. Kennedy.
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No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
PRIZE DIVIDED BETWEEN: W. E. White, Fairmont, Swanmore Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight; and Charles Heber Dymond, 1 Windsor Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
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CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
PRIZE DIVIDED BETWEEN: George H. Bottomley, 44 Ashleigh Street, Kelghley; and Herbert Hearn, 301 Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Maurice Edward Nolan, Norman Lea, Vernon Garland, W. F. Graham, H. P. D. Benson, Hubert Morton.

No. IV.—"Drawing Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF BENEFIT PINK TENNIS RACQUET: Frances E. Price, "Fernleigh," Wellington, Somerset.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Clara E. Giveen, 195 Banbury Road, Oxford.
HONOURABLE MENTION: James Buchanan, Marion B. Saunders, George A. Bell, Horace A. Rainbow, E. S. Whiteman, I. N. Hibbett, Gregor McGregor, M. K. Napier, Marguerite Foale, Frances A. Barton, James Clayton, A. T. Grieve.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF BENEFIT PINK TENNIS RACQUET: Pearl Bentley, The Convent, Cadogan Street, Chelsea, S. W.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Stanley W. Lefeaux, 98 Sebert Road, Forest Gate, E.
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CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT-BOX: A. J. S. James, Cheap Street, Sherborne, Dorset.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: P. Eustace Pether, "Elmcoote," Ilfracombe.
HONOURABLE MENTION: T. W. Spikln, J. H. Norritt, F. J. Atkinson, A. G. Thornton, D. G. Ramsay, G. B. Hindmarsh, J. H. Powell, Eva K. White, William Ewen, Charles R. Grieve, James Buchanan, Beatrice Latham.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
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HONOURABLE MENTION: T. J. Watkins, Ione Vince, Herbert C. Joyce, E. S. Taverner, F. A. F. Baines, Harold S. Harlock, Anne McWilliam, A. M. Letcher, Elsa H. M. Georgeson, B. J. Davis, S. H. Clarke, G. Gregory.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(May.)

No. I.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Willmot J. Cooke, The Rectory, Cottesloe, Western Australia.
HONOURABLE MENTION: E. F. Lepastrier (New South Wales), L. H. Burket (Canada), Sybil E. Hastings (India), David H. Gilchrist (Argentina), H. A. Lindo (Jamaica), Nellie Cooke (Cape Town).
No. II.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Ernest L. Ettlmg, 132 Du Toit's Pan Road, Kimberley, South Africa.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Cecil Guthrie (Trinidad), Noel Taitt (Trinidad), W. H. Hill (Melbourne), M. W. Rosenthal (Transvaal), George G. Proctor (Trinidad).
No. V.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Gordon H. Jahans, Bishop Cotton School, Simla, India.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Nellie Cooke, Eric Stanley Chapin (South Australia), B. A. Spence (St. Vincent), G. N. Ebdon (Cape Colony), Leslie H. Burket.
No. VI.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Edgar F. Lord, "Roche Bank," Edward Street, Hobart, Tasmania.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Norman Vivian Toukin (Transvaal), F. Brome (Cape Town), G. Geerg (Chill), E. S. Chapin, C. Guthrie, Kathleen Kemp (Jamaica), William Scatterly (Transvaal), Arnold Spence (St. Vincent), Eliot Gunter (Melbourne), Allan Hannan (Transvaal).

the winning picture in Class II. being the commendable work of a ten-year-old competitor.

No. V.—We were glad to receive so many entries from our younger competitors, and we are glad to see the high standard of handwriting attained in proportion to their ages.

No. VI.—The essays in this competition were particularly interesting and well-expressed, and the task of adjudication was even more difficult than usual. The favourite characters were Julius Caesar, Cranmer, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Barnardo, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Balfour, and Hackenschmidt.

[N.B.—Coupons should be attached to competitions, and not put loosely in the envelopes. Competitors disregarding this rule will in future be disqualified.]

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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XV. No. 85.

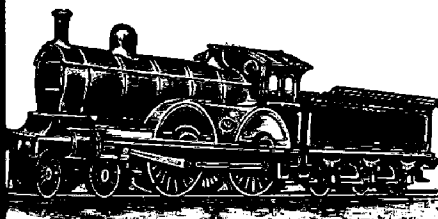
APRIL, 1906

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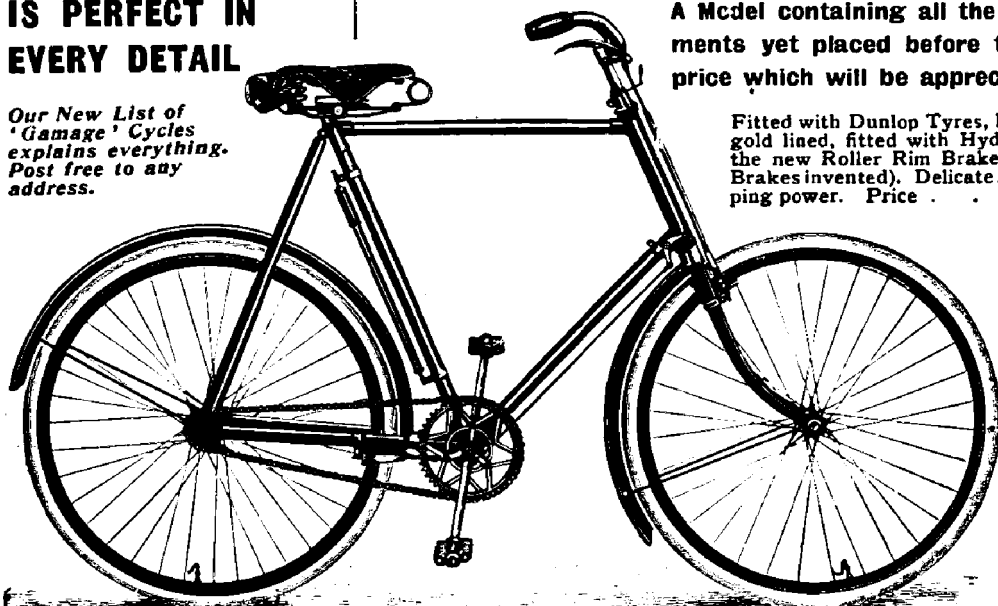
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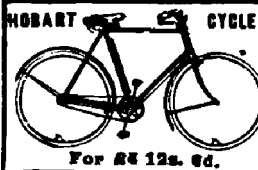
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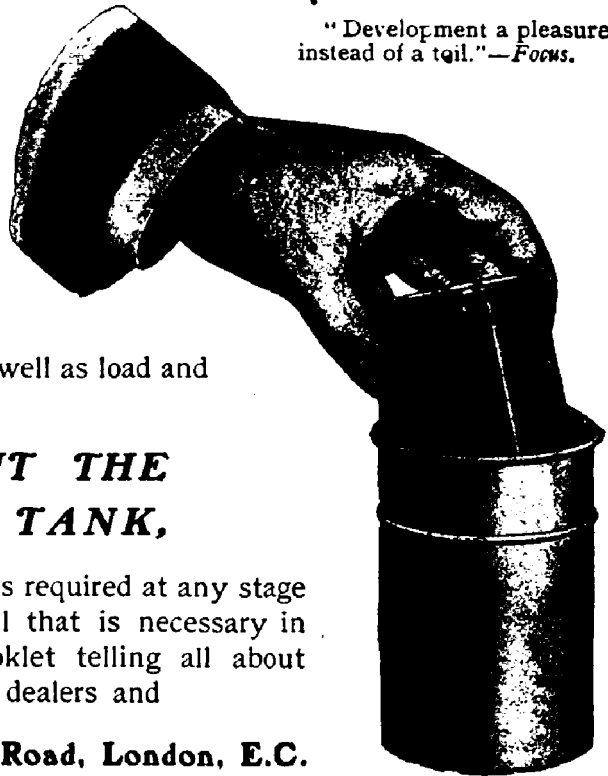
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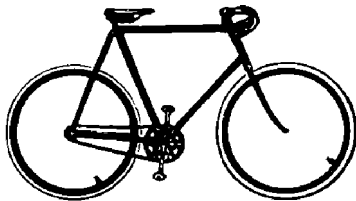
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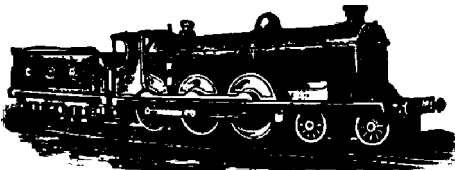
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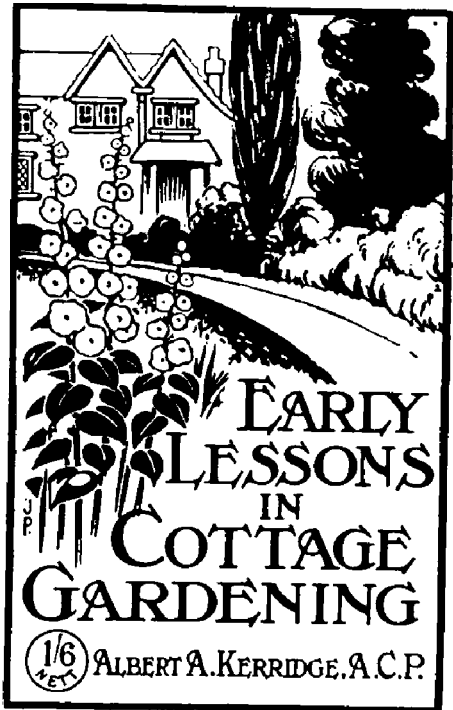
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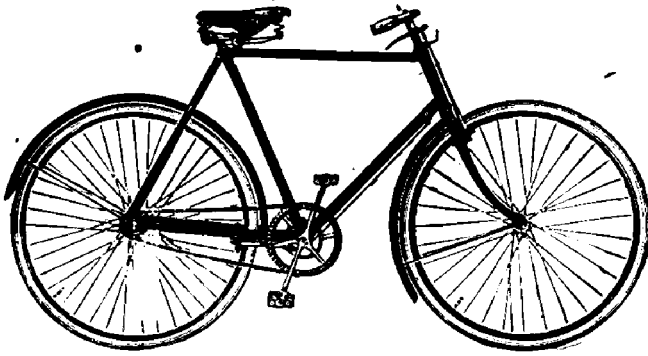
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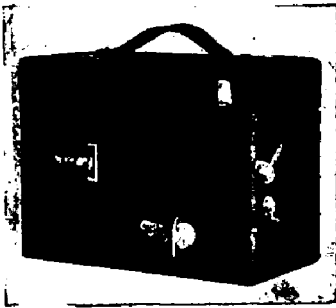
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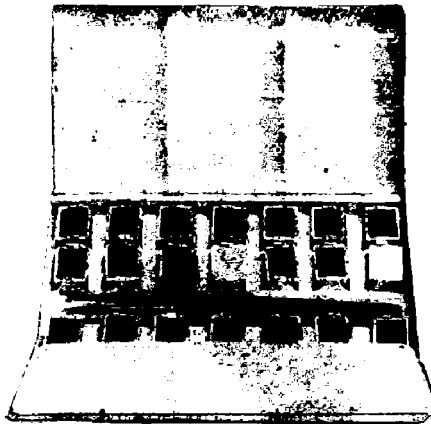
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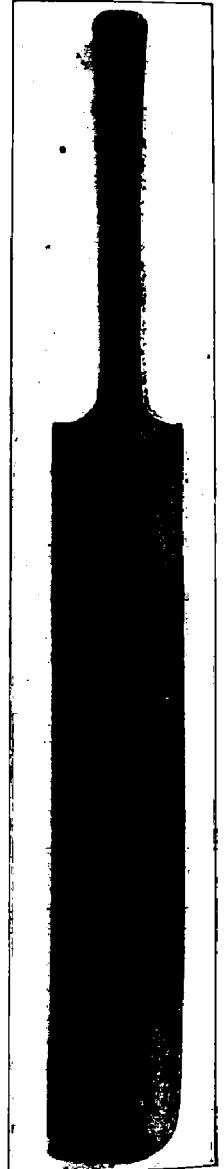


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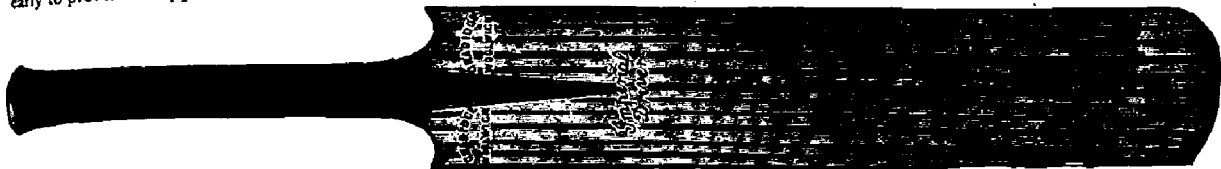
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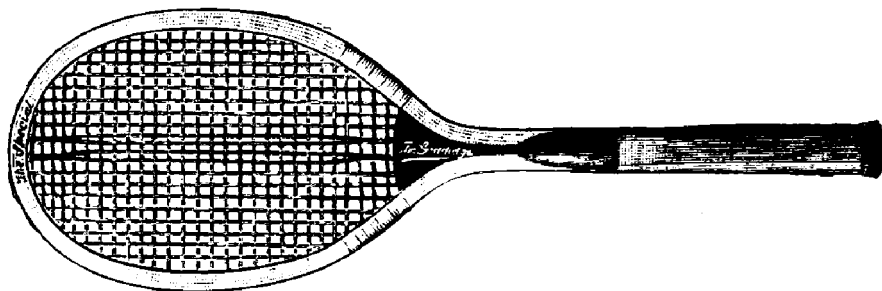
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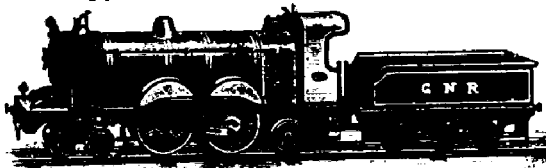
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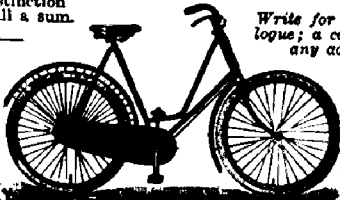
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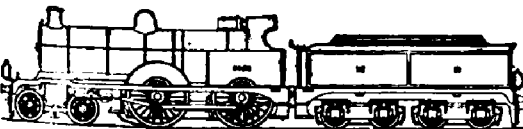
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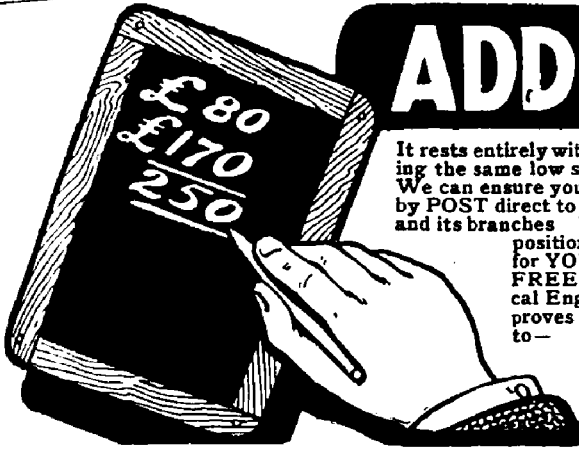
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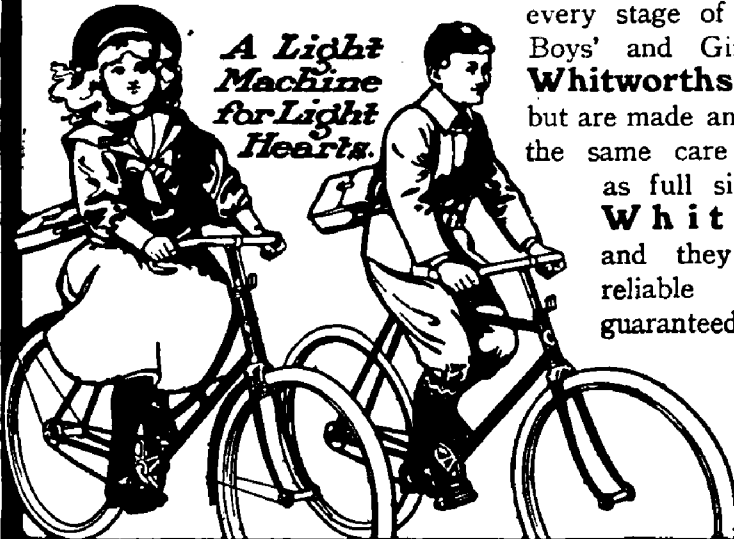
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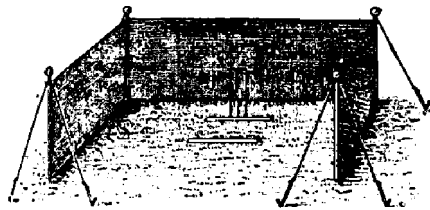
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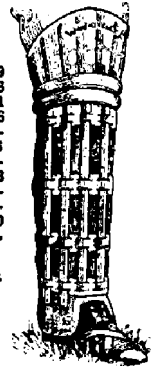


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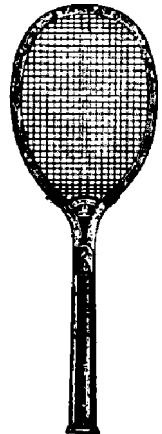
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Editor,
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Contents for April 1906.

		PAGE
THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT. (Chaps. I.—VI.)	G. FIRTH SCOTT	3
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.		
THE CYCLING CORNER. (SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON FIRST AID TO CYCLES.)		
With Illustrations.		
HOW THE CRIMINALS WERE BROUGHT TO BOOK	ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS	21
Illustrated by FREDERIC WHITING.		
APRIL EVENTS	READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN"	31
With Illustrations.		
ANGLO V. SAXON	H. BURTON GATES	37
Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.		
CHILDREN OF THE ARENA	"EQUES"	44
Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.		

(Further Contents on next page.)

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Contents—continued.

	PAGE
THE FATE OF THE <i>SUSANNA</i> MAJOR G. H. LANE	48
Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.	
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME.) P. F. WARNER	54
A SAND-STORM IN THE DESERT DAVID KER	59
Illustrated by EDGAR HOLLOWAY.	
SHREWSBURY SLANG O. S.	62
"THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. (ART v. BUTTON-PRESSING.) A. WILLIAMS	63
With Illustrations.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (THE MAKING OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.) E. J. NANKIVELL	67
COX'S COUGH-DROPS. (Chaps. XIII.—XIV.) R. S. WARREN BELL	70
Illustrated by J. R. SKELTON.	
A CLOSE CALL JOHN PATRICK	78
Illustrated by GEO. SOPER.	
NATURALISTS' CORNER EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	82
COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL	84
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	85
EDITORIAL THE OLD FAG	89
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	94
RESULTS OF FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS	96

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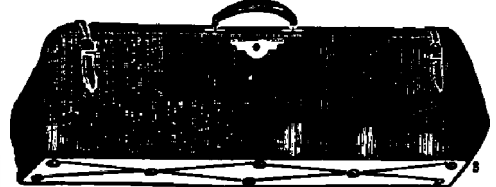


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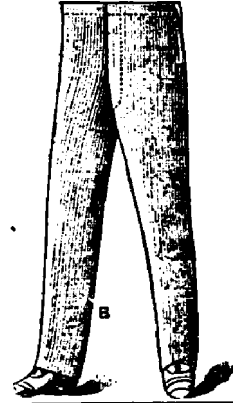
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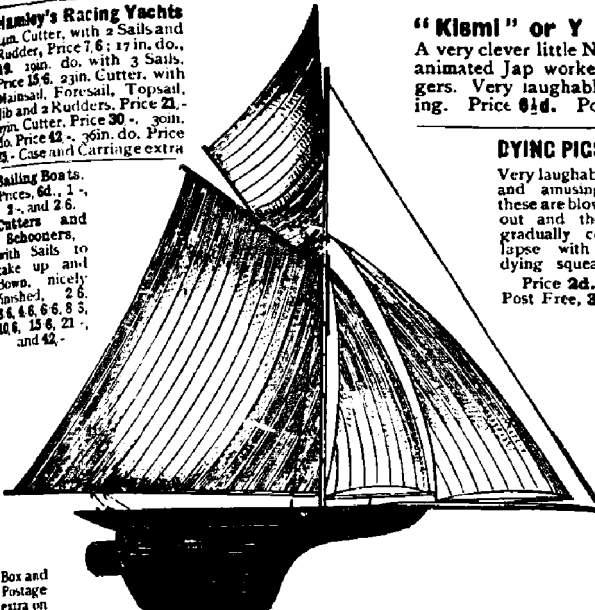
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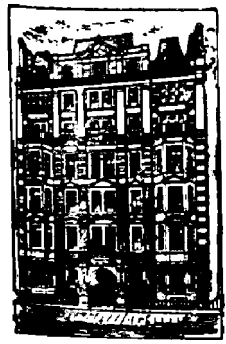
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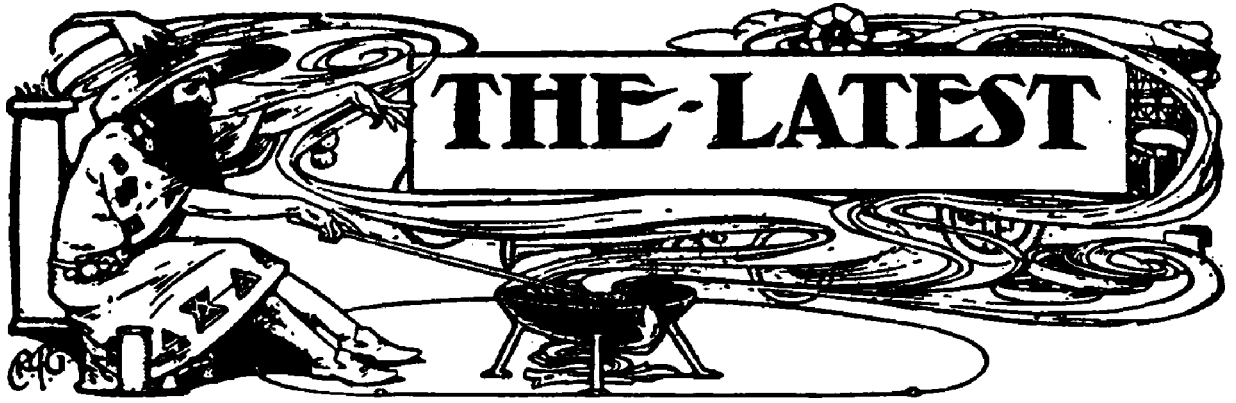
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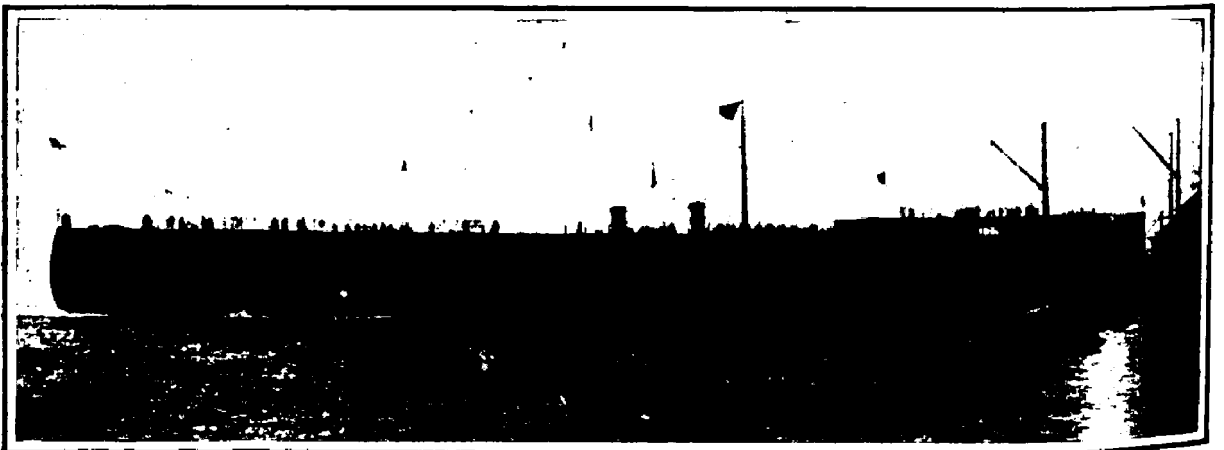
will give her an ahead fire from six, a broad-side fire from eight, and a stern fire from two guns—all twelve inch. The *Dreadnought* will be well worthy of her name, and will afford a striking tribute to the master mind of Admiral Sir John Fisher, whose conception she was, and to her designer, Sir Phillip Watts.

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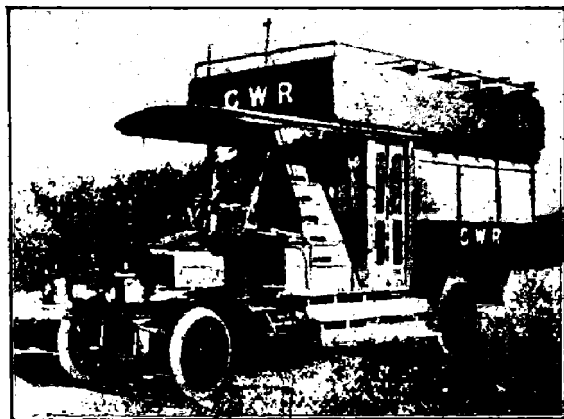
Year from date of applied o any make at a comparatively new machine at no old-fashioned free-hub, and rim brakes.

A "One Man" Motor-'Bus.

SUCH is the name applied to the new motor-'bus constructed for the Great Western Railway Company by Messrs. Straker and Squire, as passengers enter and leave the vehicle by means of the steps on the left of the driver and make it possible to dispense with a conductor. Amongst other advantages may be mentioned a greater carrying capacity, both as regards passengers and luggage, and an avoidance of confusion owing to the separate entrances for inside and outside passengers, as shown in the lower photograph.

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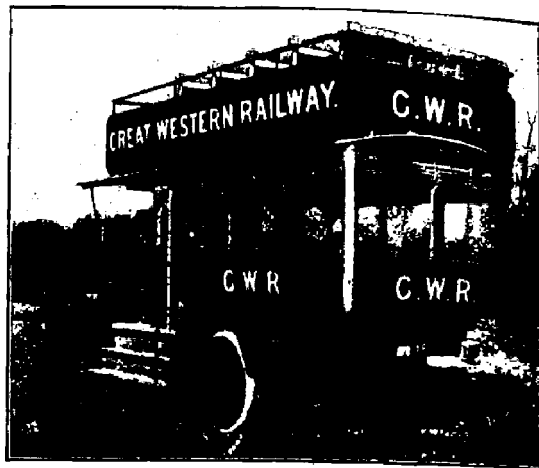


SIDE VIEW, SHOWING SEPARATE ENTRANCES FOR INSIDE AND OUTSIDE PASSENGERS.

lined with white enamelled bricks bearing a distinctively coloured pattern for each station, so that on arriving in a station one needs only to observe the colour of the walls to ascertain if one has reached one's destination. Another innovation is the telephonic apparatus with which the driver is provided. This can be connected to a telephone wire running the whole length of the tunnels and communicating with the signalmen, and will prove invaluable in the event of a breakdown.

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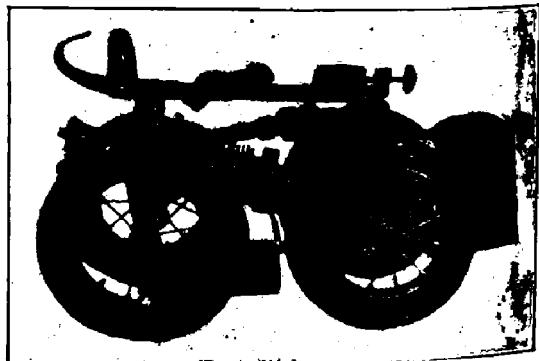


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Primarily intended for the use of schools and colleges, the book appeals in an equal degree to the general public. It contains ninety-one illustrations, and may well claim to be "published by authority," as it emanates from the Japanese School of Ju-Jitsu, 305 Oxford Street, London, W., where it may be obtained, price 5s. net.

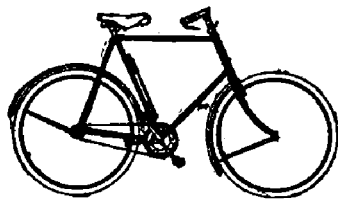
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THIS is the invention of M. Constantini, of Paris, and consists of a foot-plate mounted on four rubber-tyred wheels, the motor occupying the middle space. Our illustration, taken from the *Scientific American*, gives a side view of the skate, and shows the foot-plate mounted above the motor, the box at the back containing the battery and spark-coil. The front axle is so pivoted that steering may be accomplished by a motion of the foot. A flexible cable connects the ignition mechanism of the skate to a belt worn by the operator, and a speed of from 15 to 20 miles an hour has been attained with the skate.



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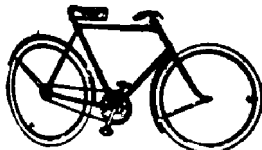
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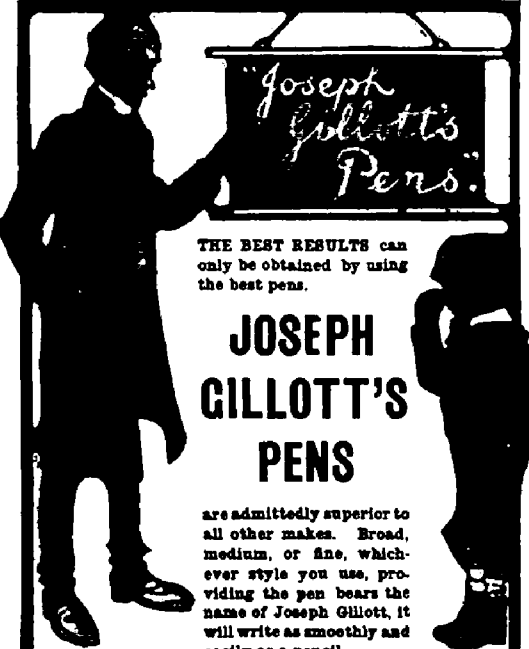
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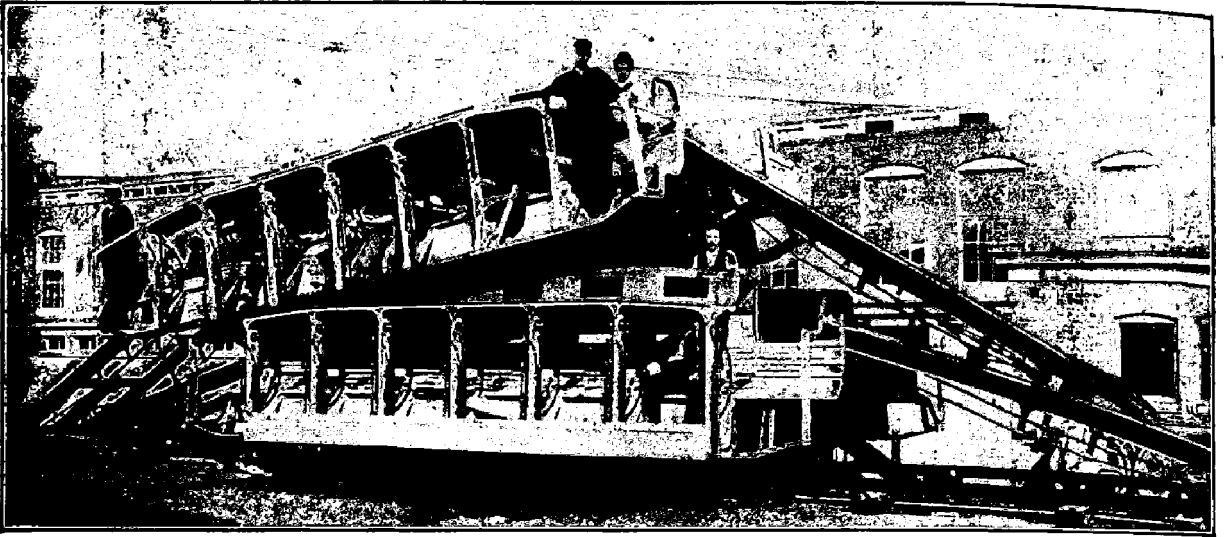
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The Latest Game.

VIGORO, which was recently brought into prominence at Olympia, is a combination of cricket and lawn-tennis, and the inventor, Mr. J. G. Grant, claims that it amalgamates the best features of both. Bowler, batsmen, wicket-keeper, and fielders are all provided with racquets, and one is allowed to use his hands. The bowler delivers the balls as in serving at tennis, and the wicket-keeper stumps a batsman by knocking the ball on to the wicket with his racquet, while the fielders stop or catch the ball with their racquets. The wickets are small nets, very similar in appearance to a fire-guard, and offer a target of 2 ft. 6 in. square to the attack of the bowler. The game is a very active one, and is recommended by Mr. Eustace Miles on

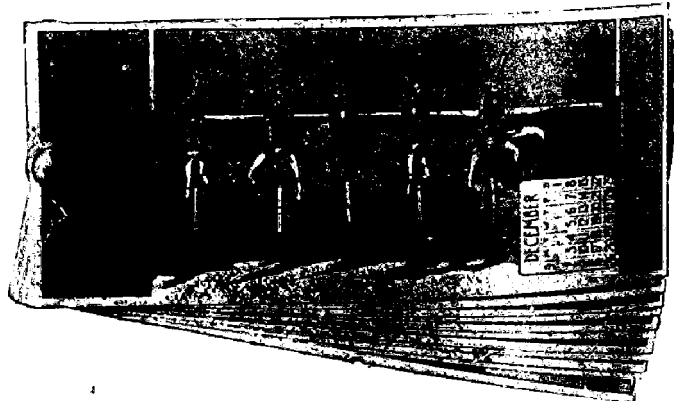
account of the physical benefits accruing to its devotees.

The Latest Mystery.

MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND DEVANT, of St. George's Hall, London, have invented a new trick which is performed with a man, an iron frame, and a wooden box. Securely pinioned in the frame so that he cannot move a limb, the man is placed in the box, which is then closed for a short time. When it is opened—well, that is where you rub your eyes and blink!

A Quaint Calendar-Blotter.

THE accompanying illustration is taken from the "Daddy Longlegs Calendar Blotter," which records that amiable gentleman's adventures with his New Departure Coaster Hub. Messrs. Brown Bros., of Great Eastern Street, London, E.C., will be pleased to send particulars as to how CAPTAIN readers may become possessed of one of these novelties.



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A man receives poor pay because he works with his hands instead of his head; because he has to stand in line with a hundred other men asking for employment, instead of making himself valuable and in demand for what he knows about some certain branch of modern industry. In short, a man is poorly paid because he lacks special training—which training is too often monopolised by those who were favoured with exceptional education.

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President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

LEAGUE NOTES FOR APRIL 1906.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

JACK RIGBY (SOUTHPORT) AND OTHERS.—I have a great many letters this month inquiring what book has been selected by the Committee for reading during 1906. These are very gratifying, in so much as they refer to the pleasure and instruction the writers have derived from reading “New Zealand,” the book set last year. No book has yet been officially selected, but should any members require a fuller acquaintance, as I gather they do, with the southern hemisphere, I cannot do better than recommend to them “The Australian Commonwealth.” This book was specially prepared for the League some two or three years ago, and besides giving a lucid history of the great island continent, it contains a list of B.E.L. Members, and a lot of other information with regard to the League. It is published at 1s. 6d., but, by arrangement with the publishers, I am able to send a copy post free for 1s. 2d.

DARTFORD.—Mr. H. J. Wallis, of 114 Prince of Wales Terrace, Great Queen Street, is taking a great interest in the progress of the League. He has worked hard for the success of his branch, and asks for further support from the youths in his district. I hope my Dartford readers will endeavour to assist him.

PARIS.—I have a letter from a member, the son of an English Chaplain, who wishes to form a branch in Paris. Should any of my readers residing in the French Capital be desirous of

meeting my correspondent, I shall be happy to furnish his address upon application.

HASLYN.—Many thanks to L. Hellzar for his letter and good wishes.

CANADA.—I have had a great many letters lately from this part of the Empire, particularly from Toronto. Many of them are asking if there is a branch in that city. I am pleased to say that Mr. Hugh L. Humphrey, of 32 Turner Avenue, Toronto, has undertaken to form a branch, and will give all information to intending members.

BRIGHTON.—A new member writes asking me when his Subscription is due. The rule says on January 1. This gives me an opportunity of reminding those who have *not* already forwarded their subscriptions that they are now four months late. To those who have sent them I offer my grateful acknowledgments. The amount is only 6d., but when they are all in they amount to nearly £200 a year.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—Arthur John Knight, of 20 Campden Hill, and John R. Rogers are to be congratulated on forming a new branch in this district. I hope they will get plenty more members, and be thus enabled to make up a good cricket team this season.

TOTTENHAM.—Will readers desirous of forming a branch, kindly communicate with H. A. Storr, 6 Riversdale Terrace, White Hart Lane, who will give them every information.

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.—Correspondents are wanted in North-West Borneo, New South Wales, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Zanzibar, Egypt, and Ceylon.

B.E.L. GAZETTE.—The April number is now ready, and contains many notes of interest to B.E.L. members, and other matters which cannot be dealt with in these columns on account of space.

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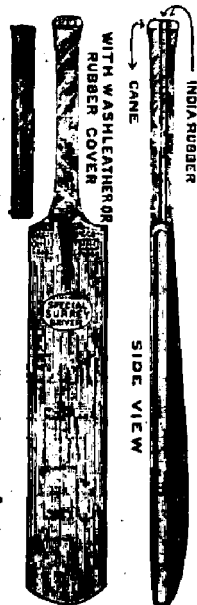
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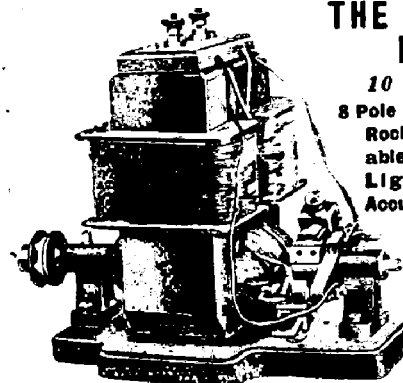
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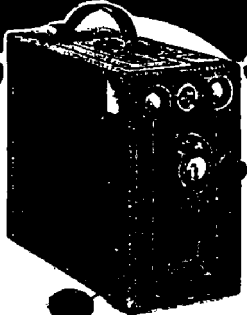
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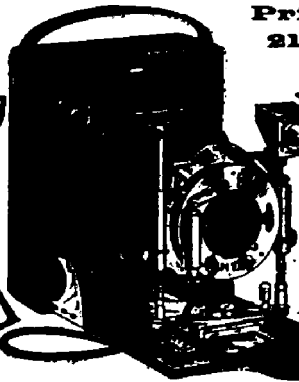
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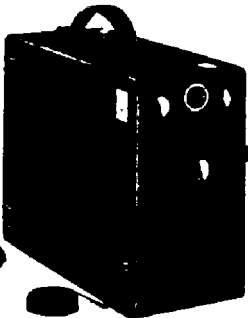
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13 Guatemala	6	30 Roumania	6	27 India	6
30 Holland	8	15 Finland	5	10 Newfoundland	8
20 Honduras	8	20 Serbia	6	10 Labuan	1
19 Ecuador	8	50 Siam	6	14 Mauritius	1
70 Austria	1 4	10 Siam	1	10 Mauritius	2
24 Chili	1 2	10 Siam	1	10 Orange Colony	1
10 China	1 0	18 Philippine	1	9 Seychelles	1
30 Ecuador	1 2	20 Uruguay	7	20 Straits	1
24 Egypt	1 0	12 Jamaica	8	10 Transvaal	1
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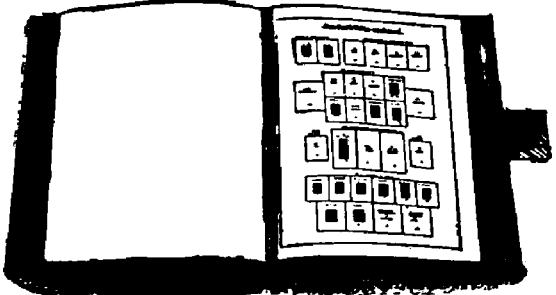
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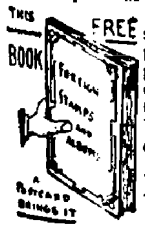
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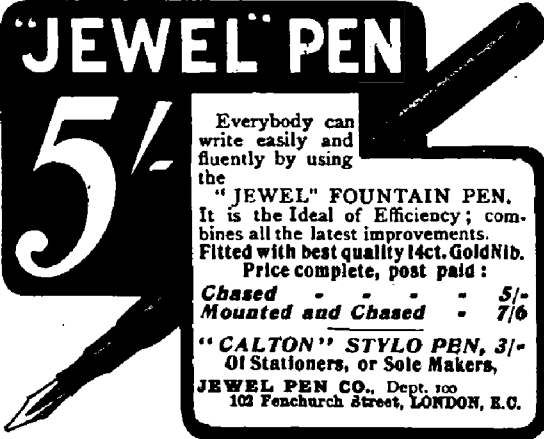
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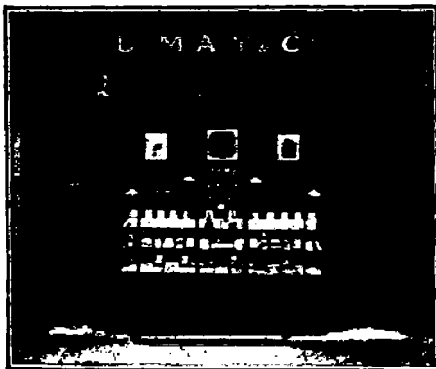
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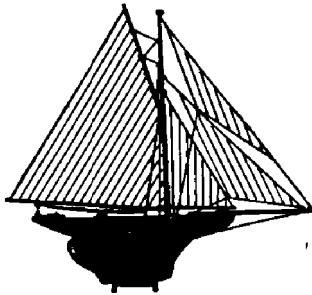
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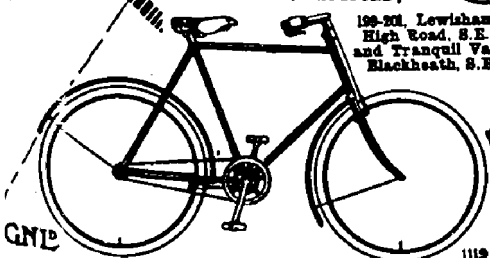
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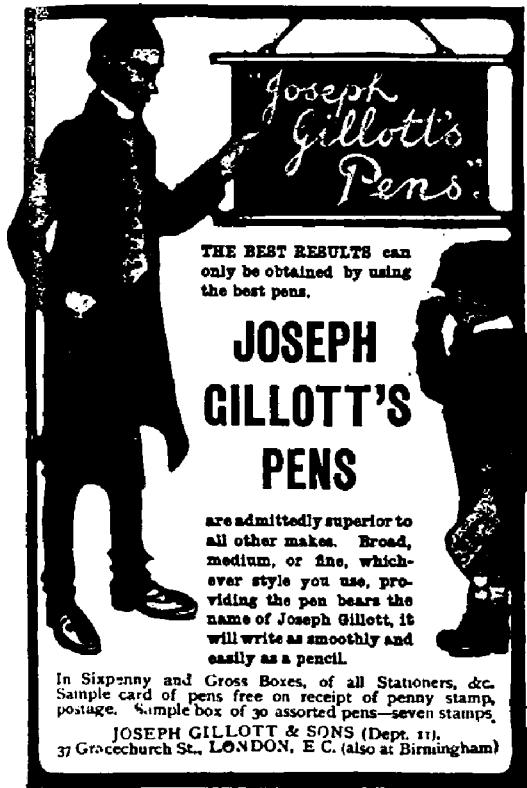
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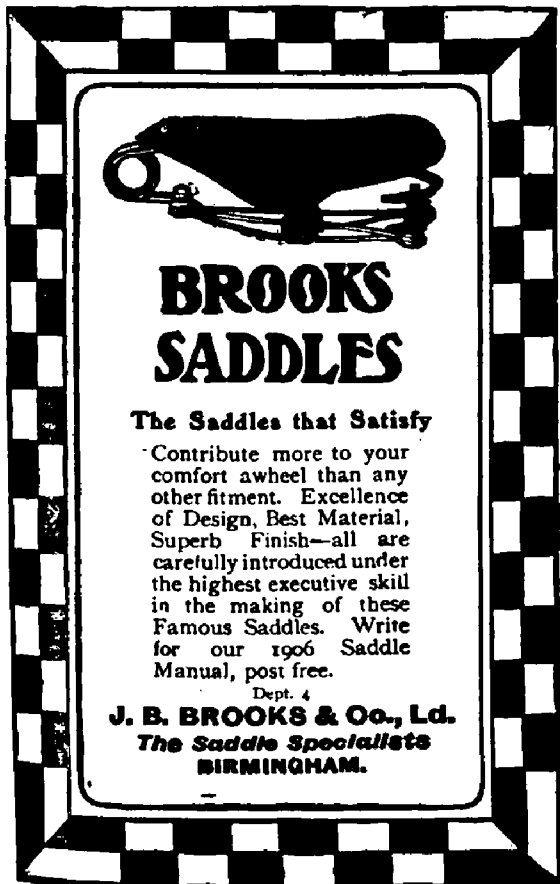
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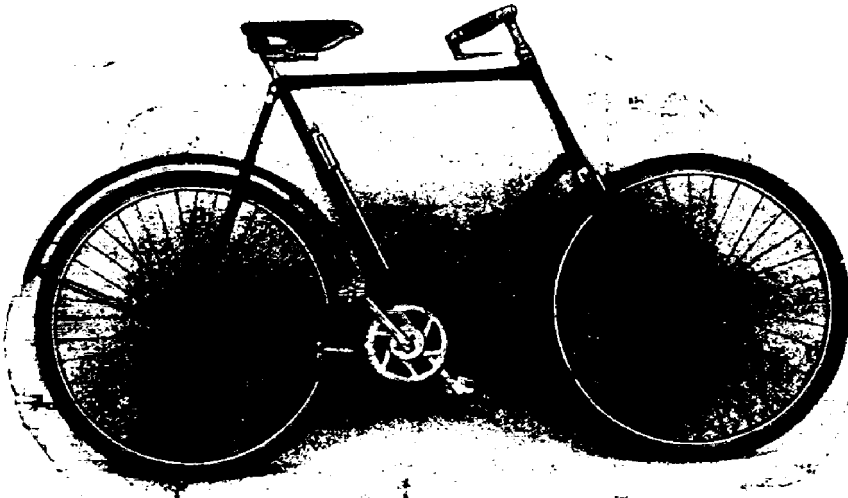
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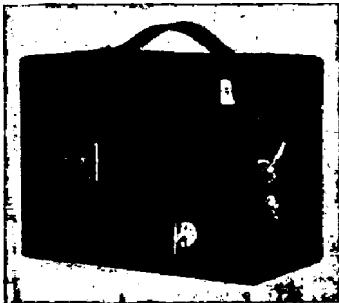
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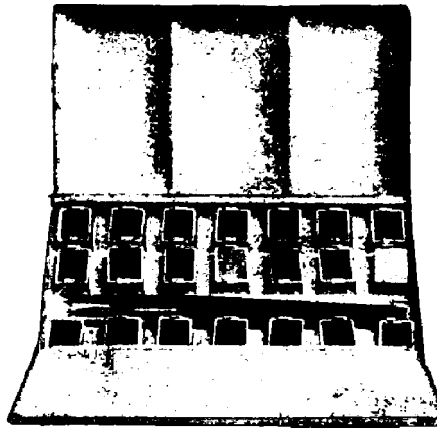
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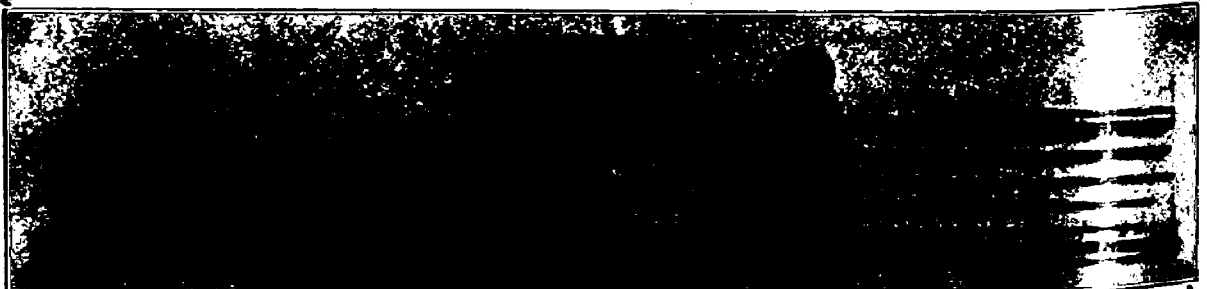


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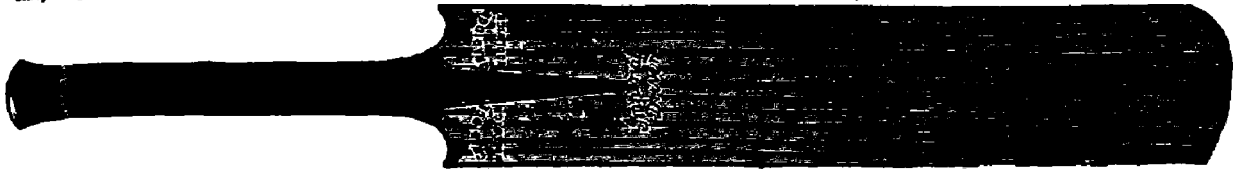
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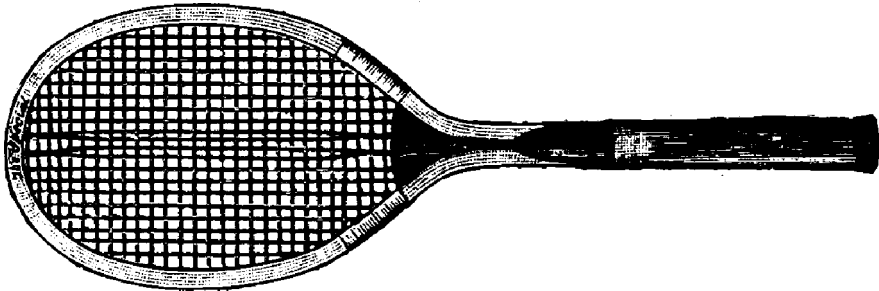
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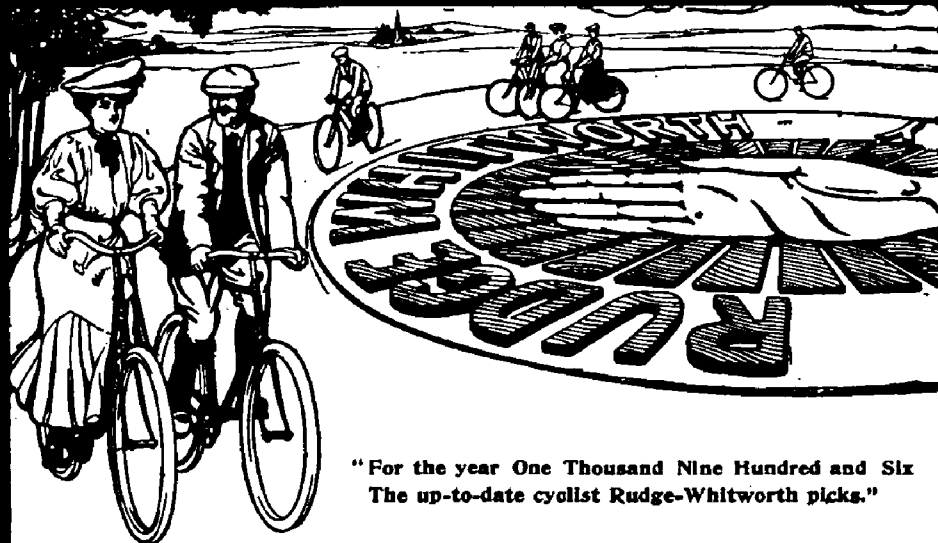
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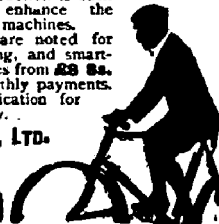
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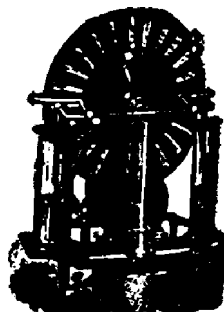
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Contents for May 1906.

	PAGE
THE "SMART SET" SHAKE	Back of Frontispiece 97
THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT. (Chaps. VII.—XI.)	G. FIRTH SCOTT 99
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
MAY EVENTS	READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN" 112
With Illustrations.	
HOW SPARKES NEGOTIATED A LOAN	H. HERVEY 118
Illustrated by EDGAR A. HOLLOWAY.	
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (EXCITING MATCHES I HAVE TAKEN PART IN.)	P. F. WARNER 125
Illustrated by FRED. BUCHANAN.	
INDIAN ACROBATS.	129
THE MAKING OF A MAN	CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW 130
Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.	

(Further Contents on next page.)

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Contents—continued.

	PAGE
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (THE GREAT STAMP EXHIBITION) E. J. NANKIVELL	138
With Illustrations.	
THE CYCLING CORNER. (THE LARGE FIRM v. THE LOCAL MAKER.) A. WILLIAMS	143
With Illustrations.	
BOYLE AND DOYLE C. L. ENGLAND	146
Illustrated by REX OSBORNE.	
"THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. (SOME USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.) A. WILLIAMS	153
With Illustrations.	
THE WOLF MOTHER E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS	157
Illustrated by the Author.	
NATURALISTS' CORNER EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	161
COX'S COUGH-DROPS. (Chaps. XV.—XVI.) R. S. WARREN BELL	164
Illustrated by J. R. SKELTON.	
A MASTERPIECE HERBERT J. BRANDON	171
THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL AIR-RIFLE ASSOCIATION A. G. GRENFELL, M.A.	172
With Illustrations.	
"ACTION" PHOTOGRAPHS	174
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	177
COMPETITIONS FOR MAY	181
EDITORIAL THE OLD FAG	182
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	187
RESULTS OF MARCH COMPETITIONS	191

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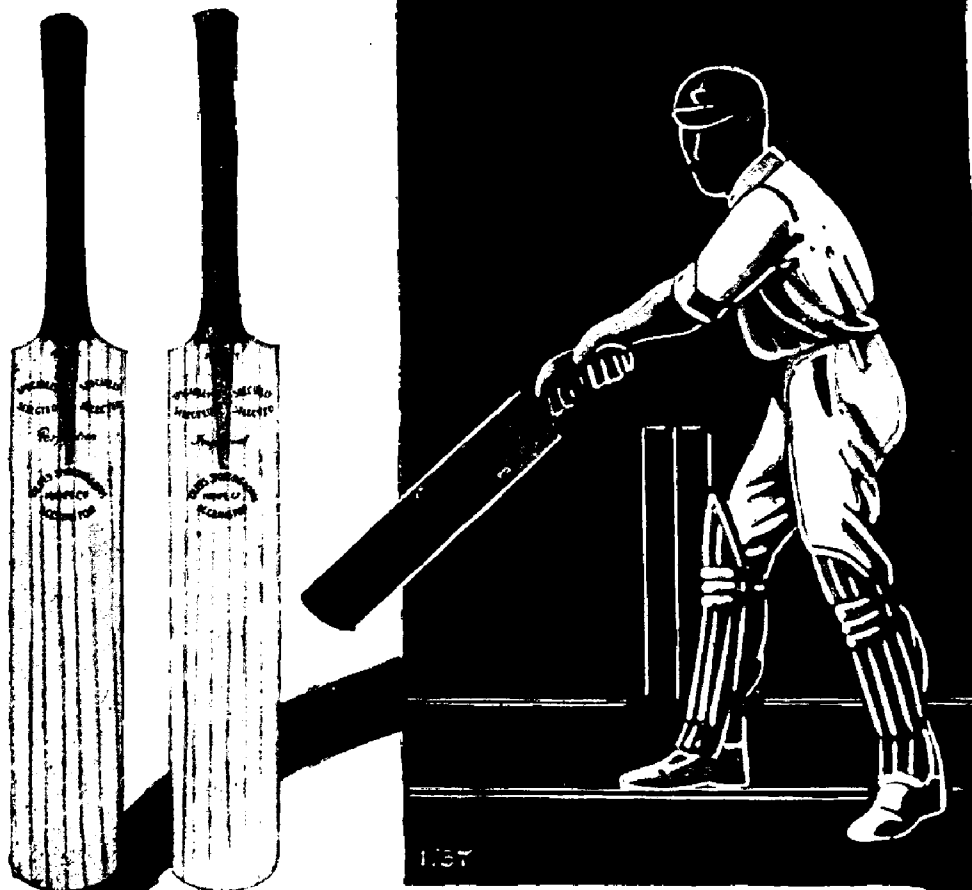
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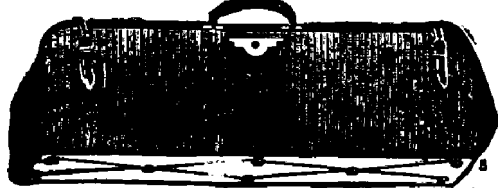
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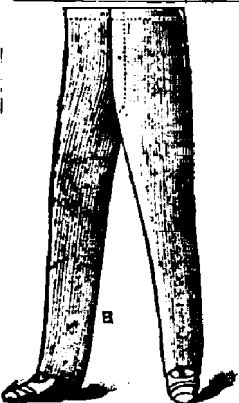
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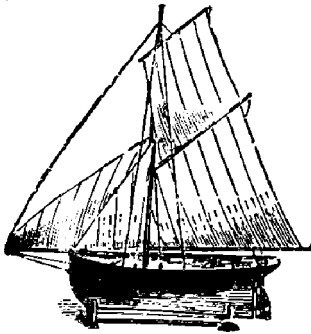
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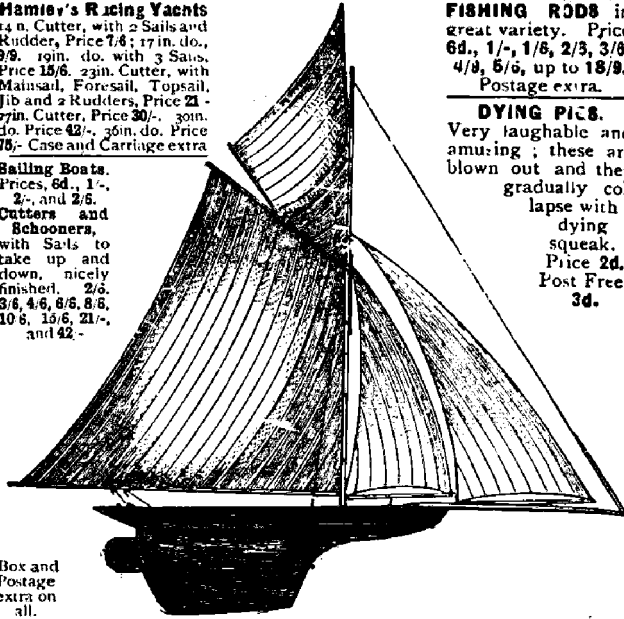


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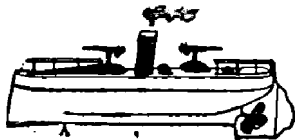
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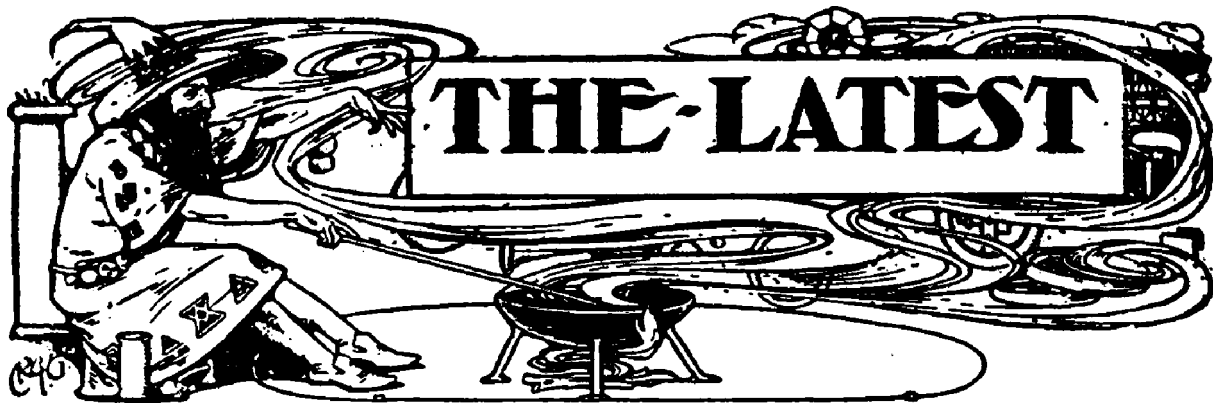
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The Latest Colliery Disaster.

THE disaster that occurred on March 10 at the Courrières coal mine, near Lens, Northern France, is the most appalling known to history, in that it involved the loss of more than 1100 lives. The actual cause of the disaster is not known, but it has been attributed to one of two causes, viz., the presence of fire-damp in the mine, or a mixture of explosive gases coming into contact with a miner's open light.

The recovery of the bodies led to many acts of courage on the part of the rescuers, several of whom succumbed to the foul gases still in the mine; and particularly commendable was the prompt and sympathetic suggestion of the Kaiser which resulted in the despatch of a body of trained men, equipped with special breathing apparatus, similar to that described in these pages last December, from the Westphalian mines, to render assistance in the work of rescue.



LORD ROBERTS AT A RIFLE RANGE.

Photo. Park.

The Latest Rifle Range.

WE publish herewith a picture of Lord Roberts, whose utterances on the subject of national defence have led to the establishment of rifle clubs all over the country, trying his hand at the new range of the Cricklewood and Hendon Rifle Club, which was opened on March 19 by his elder daughter, Lady Aileen Roberts, who fired the first shot and scored a bull. It will be observed that Lord Roberts is firing with his left hand, his contention being that the left eye possesses the stronger sight.

The Latest Booking-Clerk.

AN Italian gentleman has recently invented a machine called the Tesserograph, which prints tickets and at the same time records the receipt of the fare. The machine is very similar in appearance to a well-known type of cash register, and has been installed at all the railway stations in Rome.

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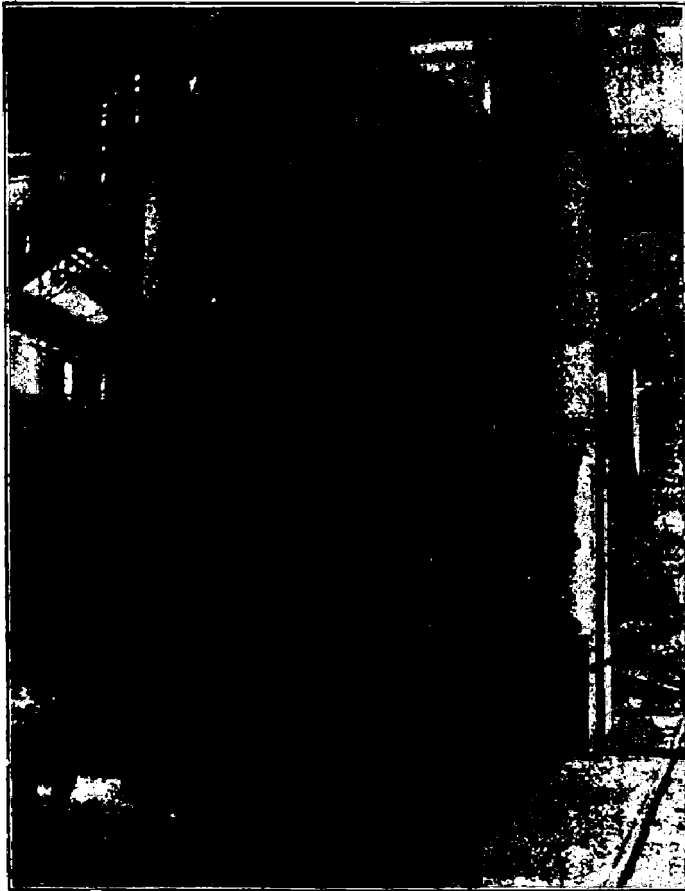
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A HYDRAULIC PRESS USED FOR FORGING ARMOUR PLATES FOR BATTLESHIPS.

A Gigantic Forging Press.

THE accompanying illustration depicts one of the large Hydraulic Forging Presses in use at Messrs. Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co.'s Works, Openshaw, Manchester. It is one of the largest and most powerful in existence, and was specially built for the purpose of forging the thickest armour plates now required for cruisers and battleships, tubes and hoops for the large guns now in use, and also for shafting and drums of turbine rotors.

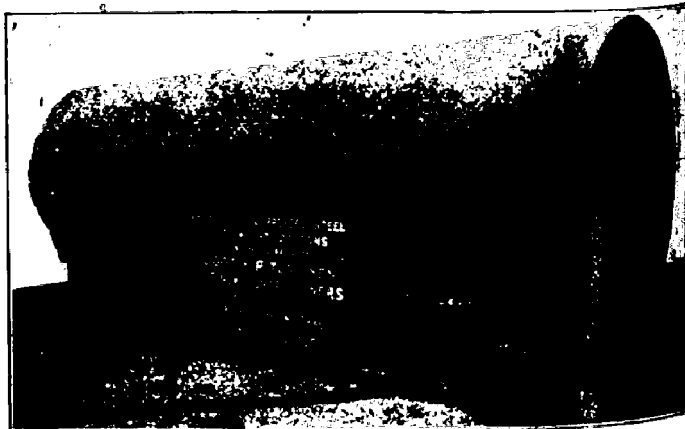
The press is capable of exerting a total pressure, of 12,000 tons, and armour plate ingots can be forged under it of a size up to 12 ft. wide by 4 ft. thick. The turbine drums for the new Cunard express steamer, *Muriatania*, now being built on the Tyne by the Wallsend Slipway and Engineering Co., Ltd., are being forged by this press, some of them reaching the enormous size of 12 ft. in diameter and over 6 ft. in length.

The press consists of four massive

steel pillars, each 2 ft. 6 in. in diameter and 45 ft. long, which are screwed into a "Bottom Head" or foundation base of cast-iron weighing upwards of 350 tons. The upper ends of the pillars pass through the "Top Head," and are screwed into very large nuts. Into this "Top Head," which, for convenience of handling, was made in two pieces and weighs about 160 tons, is fitted the huge hydraulic cylinder and ram which exert the pressure on the forging and take the place of the cylinder and piston in the old steam hammer.

The Latest Fluid Pressed Steel Ingot.

WE are also reproducing a photograph of a very large steel ingot which Messrs. Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. have just recently cast. It is the largest fluid-pressed steel ingot ever made. It is 6 ft. in diameter and nearly 20 ft. long, and weighs upwards of 120 tons. It was cast on the well-known Whitworth system of fluid pressure, viz., the 120 tons of molten steel were poured out from the melting furnaces into a huge steel ingot mould-box, this box itself weighing no less than 180 tons. On the mould-box being filled with molten steel the whole was then pushed under a monster hydraulic casting-press having a ram of 6 ft. diameter and a working pressure of 3 tons per square inch, and subjected to the enormous pressure of 12,000 tons, the action of this process being to make the ingot homogeneous, sound, and free from risks of cracks and fissures, which are so detrimental to steel ingots containing such blemishes. We are enabled to reproduce these photographs through the courtesy of Messrs. Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd.



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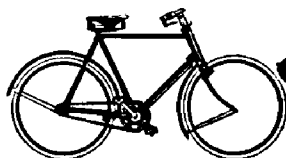
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THE CRANE FOR TABLE BAY HARBOUR, TEMPORARILY IN USE AT TYNEMOUTH.

A "Titan" Crane.

THIS has been built by Messrs. Cowans, Sheldon and Co., of Carlisle (by whose courtesy we are enabled to reproduce the accompanying photograph), for use in the construction of Table Bay Harbour, where it will be employed for lifting massive blocks of concrete, varying in weight from twenty to forty tons, and whither it will shortly be shipped. Meanwhile, it has been temporarily erected at the New Pier Works, Tynemouth, where our illustration was taken. The crane has a working radius of 115 ft., and is capable of lifting a weight of 50 tons at the rate of 16 ft. per minute. The total length of the cantilever is 175 ft., i.e., 50 ft. from the centre to the tail, where the engines and boiler are situated, and 125 ft. from the centre to the nose. The load is lifted by means of a "crab," or monkey, which is drawn from the centre to the nose of the cantilever by steel ropes; over this "monkey" the lifting rope, which is 1341 ft. long and 4 ft. in circumference, passes to the hoisting-block, special provision being made for working a grab or dredger. In order to lessen the resistance to the tempestuous winds to which it will be exposed, the girders of the superstructure are lattice-built, and all the gearing of the crane is thoroughly protected from the weather. The total weight of the crane is 425 tons.

The Latest Invasion.

SLOWLY but surely the inroads of the sea are making themselves manifest on the south-east and east coast. A few weeks ago the little island of Greenborough, in the Medway, com-

prising an area of 500 acres, became submerged, the sea-wall which had been built proving useless to withstand the weight of the water, which broke through and laid waste a well-stocked farm.

The Latest Comet.

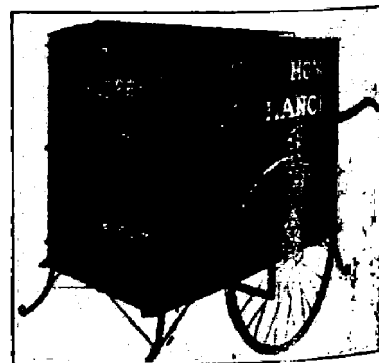
THIS was discovered on March 18, at Melbourne, by Mr. David Ross, the hon. sec. of the Victoria Branch of the British Astronomical Association. As it was the third to be observed since the beginning of the year, it received the title "1906 Comet C," in accordance with the custom in vogue for naming such phenomena.

Koh-I-Noor Pencils.

THESE pencils cost 4d. each, or 3s. 6d. per dozen, at any stationer's, and not 3d. each, as erroneously stated last month.

The Latest Ambulance.

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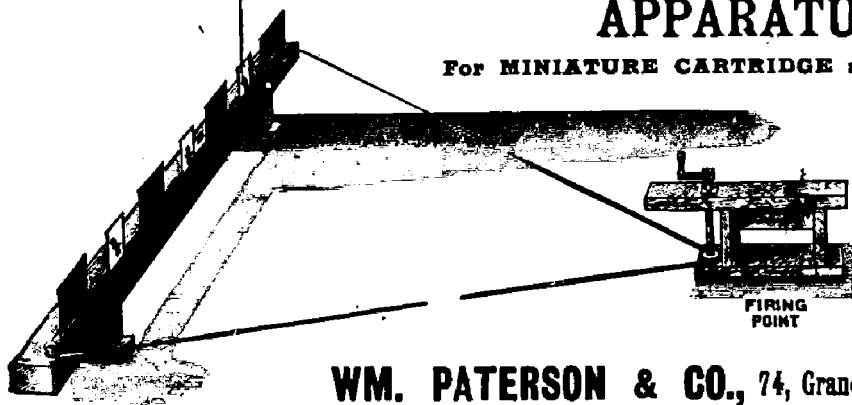
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LEAGUE NOTES FOR MAY.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters as above. Readers of THE CAPTAIN, on becoming members of the B.E.L., can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

KIDDERMINSTER.—I continue to have most encouraging reports from this Club. From the beginning, its members have worked hard to form and maintain a branch worthy of the aims and ideals of the League. The Club is now in an efficient state, and fully equipped to meet all the reasonable requirements, both mental and physical, of its energetic members. I sincerely trust those old comrades who assisted in the branch's formation will not stand idly by, but give the younger members the advice and help which will be of the utmost value in maintaining it. Too great praise cannot be bestowed on Mr. Fred Ashcroft, the Hon. Sec. and his colleagues who have manfully striven for the success they have achieved.

BIRMINGHAM.—There seems to be quite a "revival" in League matters in Birmingham. For this I am indebted to Mr. C. C. Goldsmid, of Melbourne House, Edward Road, who has

throughout evinced a warm interest in the League. Last month a meeting was held and a full programme mapped out for the summer. Birmingham readers, please note.

SOUTHPORT.—F. W. Holder of 57 Lithbrish Road, is anxious to meet boys in his district with a view of forming a new Branch.

HULL.—This branch continues to make good progress, and has very good prospects for a successful summer season. The Hon. Sec. reports: "We have got nearly everything we want in the form of athletic things and propose to have a concert on Empire Day (May 24) for which we are very busy practising." We are quite sure that if the concert is conducted on the same lines as the Club it is bound to be a success.

Correspondents in the following places: are wanted by Home Members: viz., Backwoods of Canada, a sailor in the Royal Navy abroad, or a Member in a Cavalry or Artillery Regiment abroad, North and South Nigeria, Calgary (Alberta), Seychelles, Fiji, Zululand, The Cape, Malta, and Sierra Leone.

Home Correspondents are wanted by members in Vancouver, B.C.; Toronto; Demerara; Humansdorp; King's Co., N.B., Canada; Oamaru, N.Z.; Mataura, Southland, N.Z.; Maberley, Ont.; Lindsay, Ont.; Freetown, Sierra Leone; Elmina, W.C.A.; Oyo, via Lagos, W. Africa; Iroquois, Ont.; Rangoon, Burmah; Montreal; Cape Coast; Port Elizabeth (with a Canadian Member); Winnipeg; Newcastle, N.S.W.; Dunedin, N.Z.; Jamaica; E. Malvern, Melbourne; Violet Town, Victoria; Wanganui, N.Z.; Geraldine, N.Z. and Invercargill, N.Z. Any of my readers wishing to correspond with members of the B.E.L. in any of the above places should send a stamped addressed envelope to headquarters, naming the town or country which they require a correspondent.

THE ORGANISING SECRETARY.

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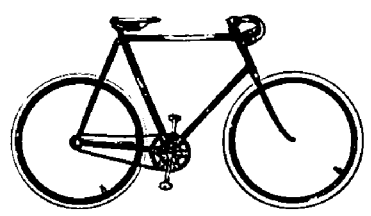
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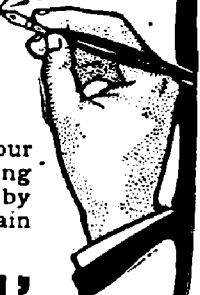
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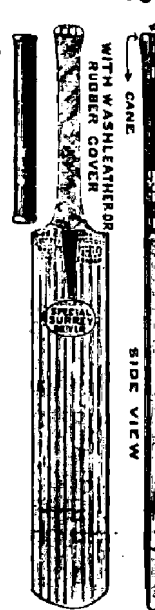
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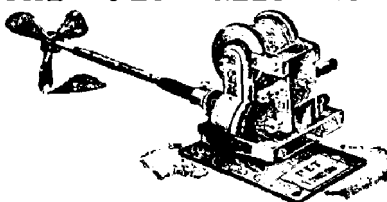
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XV. No. 87.

JUNE, 1906

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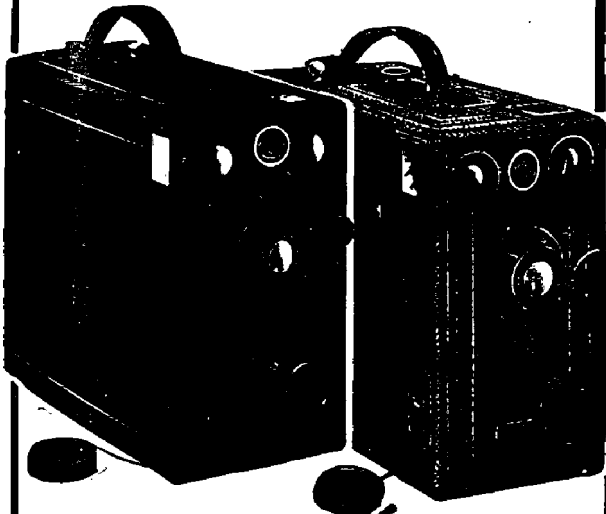
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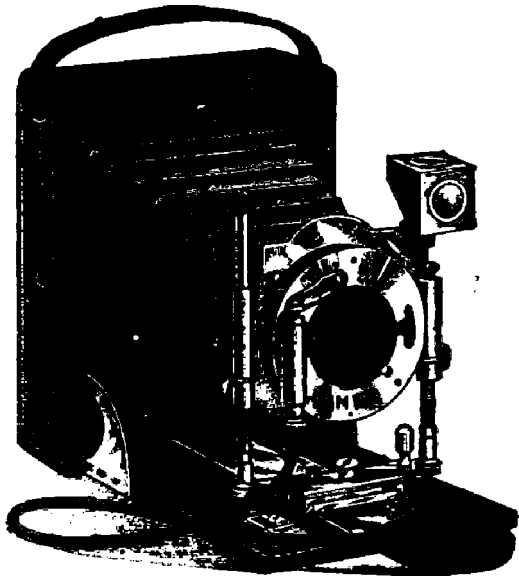
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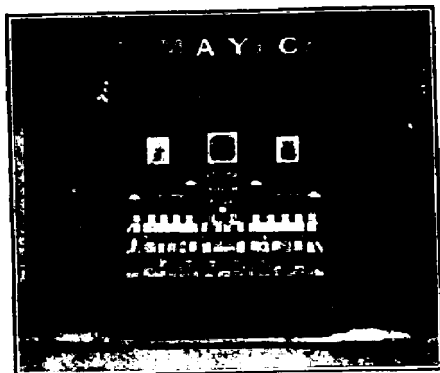
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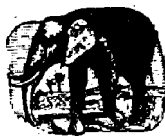
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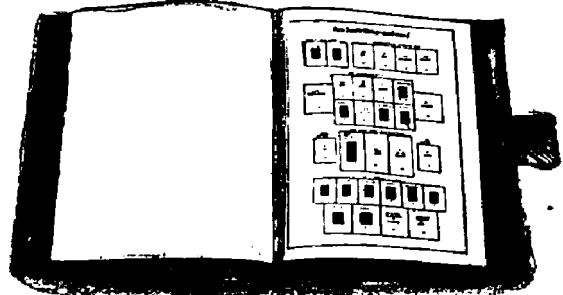
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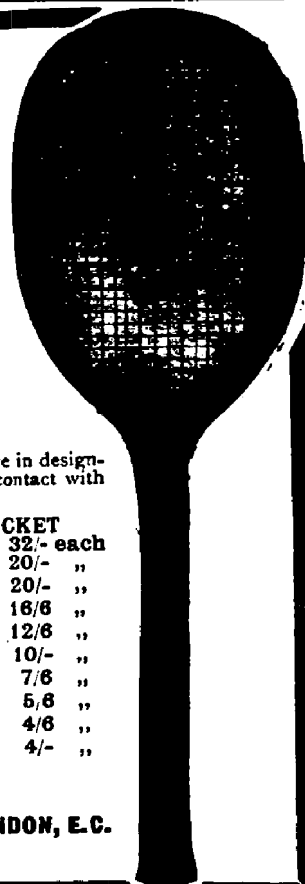
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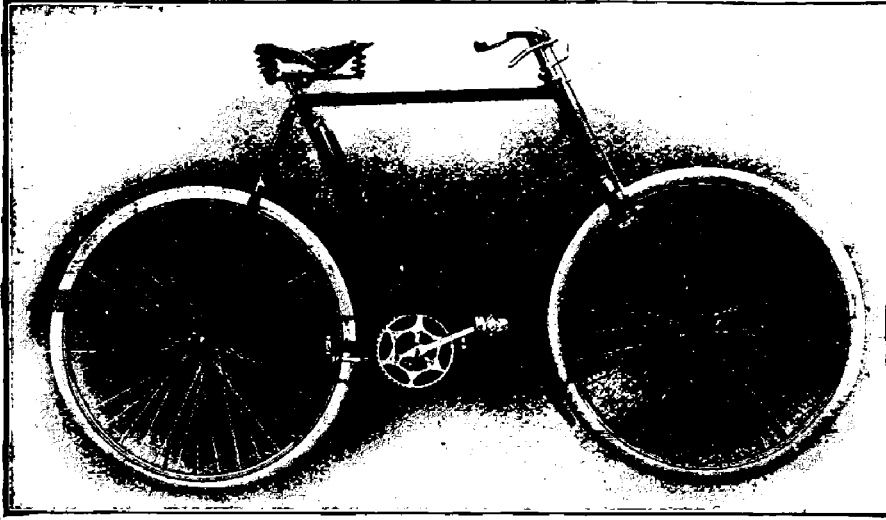
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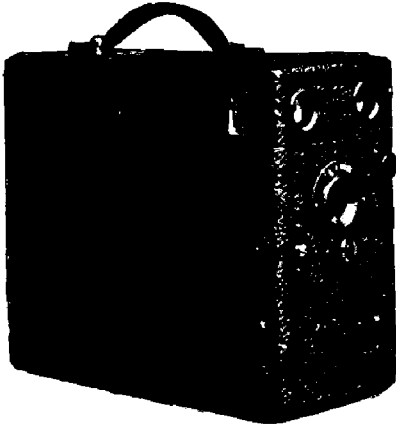
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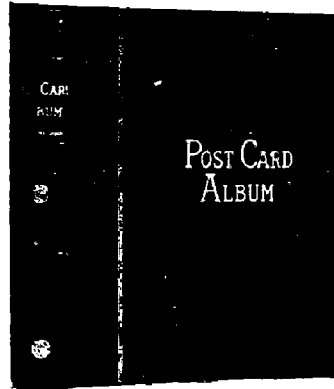
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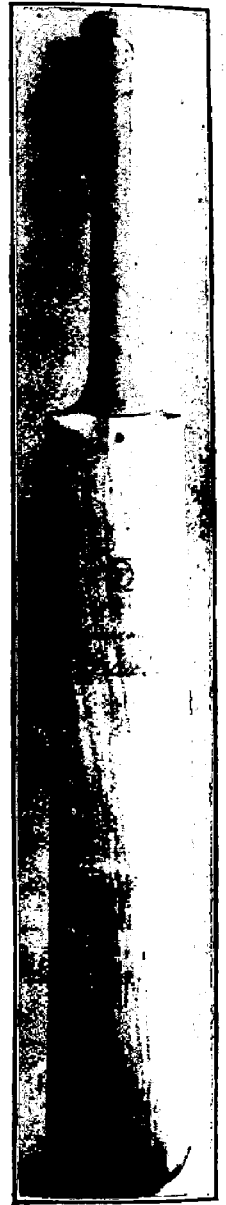
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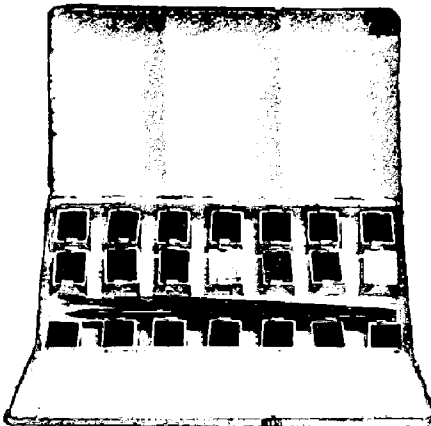
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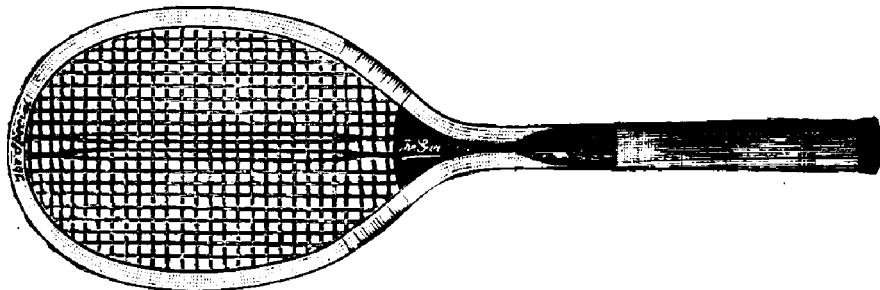
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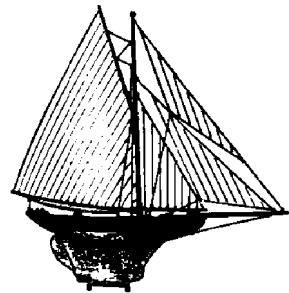
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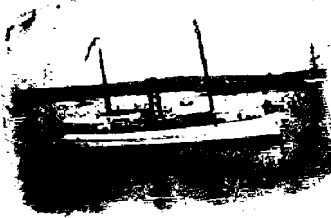
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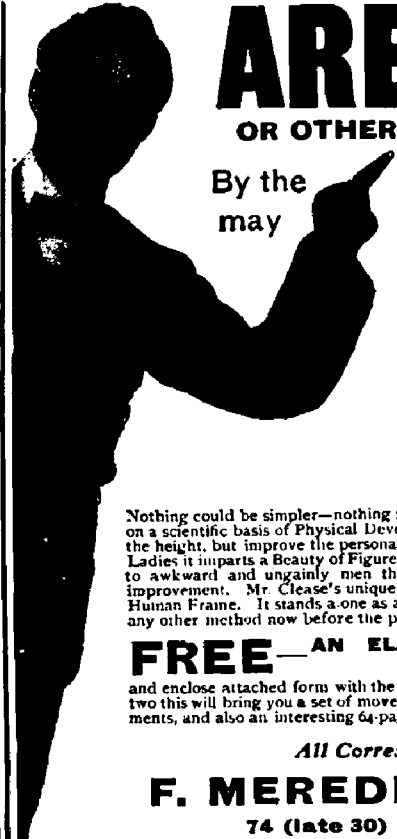
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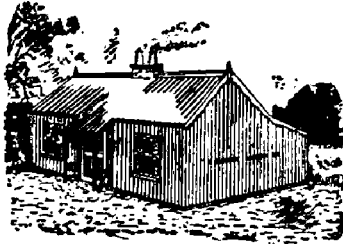
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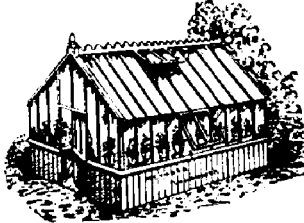
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Contents for June 1906.

	PAGE
HE SAW MIDNIGHT WATCHING THE BURNING MASS	Frontispiece 194
THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT. (Chaps. XI.—XVII.)	G. FIRTH SCOTT 195
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
JUNE EVENTS	READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN" 213
With Illustrations.	
"THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. (SAVING TIME.)	A. WILLIAMS 220
With Illustrations.	
HALF AN HOUR FROM THE LIFE OF A LATIN PROSE	P. ESDAILE 223
THE MYSTERIOUS JANWAR	E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS 224
Illustrated by the Author.	
"THE DAILY ROUND"	READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN" 230
THE "INVASION" OF DINAN	JOHN L. C. BOOTH 234
Illustrated by the Author.	

(Further Contents on next page.)

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Contents—continued.

	PAGE
A FRENCH FISHING-BOAT COMING THROUGH THE BREAKERS	C. NAPIER HEMY 236
THE CYCLING CORNER. (THE CHEAP MACHINE.)	A. WILLIAMS 238
With Illustrations.	
SOME GERMAN BATTLESHIPS	A. B. CULL 243
DASH AND DOT	CHARLES WHITLOCK 244
Illustrated by EDGAR A. HOLLOWAY.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (THE EMPIRE OF INDIA.)	E. J. NANKIVELL 250
With Illustrations.	
NATURALISTS' CORNER	EDWARD STEP, F.L.S. 254
With Illustrations.	
THE PIG-STICKERS	CAPTAIN THEODORE THARP 257
COX'S COUGH-DROPS. (Chaps. XVII.—XVIII.)	R. S. WARREN BELL 258
Illustrated by J. R. SKELTON.	
THE OLD HULK	C. G. 266
COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE	267
PORTLAND PIRATES	GEORGE HAWLEY 268
Illustrated by the Author.	
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	276
EDITORIAL	THE OLD FAG 280
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	287
RESULTS OF APRIL COMPETITIONS	288

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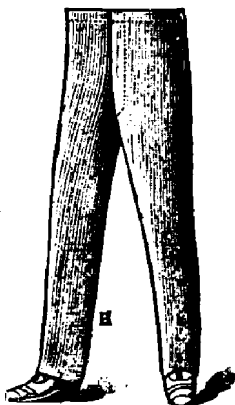
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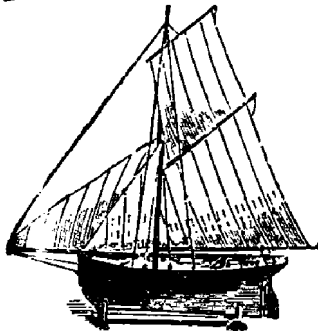
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The Latest Motor-Car Wheel.

OUR heading illustration this month depicts a motor-car fitted with the De Hora Spring Wheel. The inventor, Mr. de Hora, is a mining engineer, and the wheel is the outcome of his experiences of many methods of transport—from

the primitive ox-waggon to the most recent traction-engine—while engaged in his profession in various parts of the world. The obstacle met with in all cases was the difficulty of getting any kind of vehicle across a gully or donga, for as soon as the front wheels touched the bottom of one side they were brought with a thud against the foot or rising of the other, with the result that the vehicle generally had either to be dug out or else the ring-bolt attaching the fore-carriage to the body of the vehicle was broken. This set Mr. de Hora wondering whether it would not be possible to make a wheel sufficiently resilient in itself to enable it to overcome the impact against the opposite of a gully or donga, and many experiments were tried with that object in view, but all were more or less failures.

One day, as the inventor was superintending the unloading of some heavy mining machinery at a railway goods station, a decapod goods engine crossed the points just in front of where he was standing. The action of the springs on which the engine was hung attracted the engineer's attention, and suggested to him the idea which he has carried out in his invention. The lower illustration shows Mr. de Hora's idea in detail. The wheel is fitted, in place of spokes, with springs which give it very great resilient powers combined with strength and toughness. The experimental set of wheels on the car shown in our photograph have already covered nearly a thousand miles without mishap, and have been put to severe tests over particularly rough roads.



MR. DE HORA AND HIS SPRING WHEEL.

Photo. Newnes.

NEXT MONTH'S CAPTAIN will contain a profusely illustrated article on the work of R. Caton Woodville, the famous war artist.

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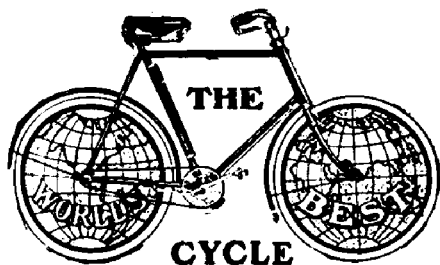
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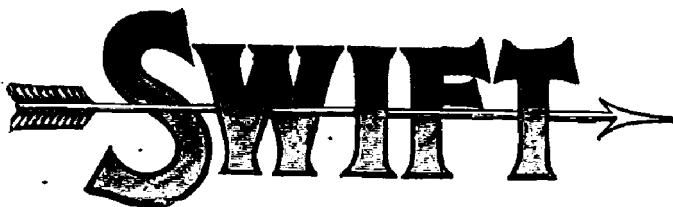
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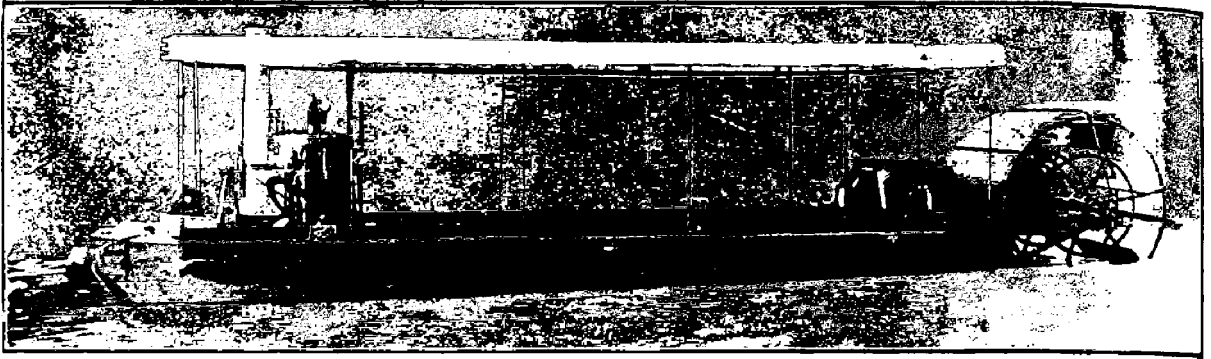


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A BOAT SPECIALLY BUILT FOR USE IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

A Stern Paddle-wheel Boat.

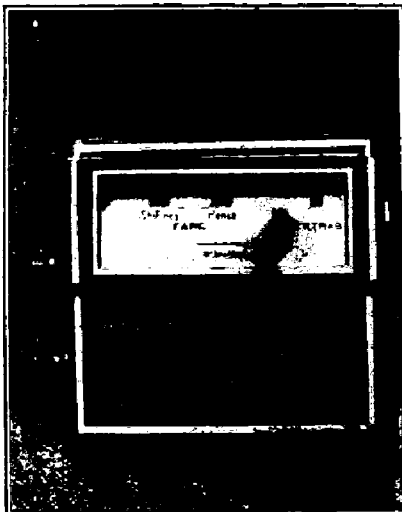
It is said that the island of Tierra del Fuego, South America, is rich in precious metals, particularly gold. The latter is found principally in the beds of the shallow rivers and waterways of this remote island and it is

to navigate these passages that the curious craft shown in the above illustration has been built.

The "Metropolitan" Taximeter.

THIS wonderful invention, which has proved so successful in Paris, has recently been introduced into London, and we give an illustration of the first cab to which it has been attached. The position of the flag-lever shown in the larger illustration indicates, firstly, whether the cab is engaged or not, and, secondly, whether it is within or without the radius. When his cab is hired the driver pushes the lever to the "engaged" position, and this sets in motion the mechanism connected with one of the wheels of the cab, which records the distance traversed, and at the same time registers the amount of fare due. The instrument also has an attachment for recording the length of time the vehicle remains stationary, should

a fare desire his cab to wait, and the amount due for this appears in the opening marked "Extras."



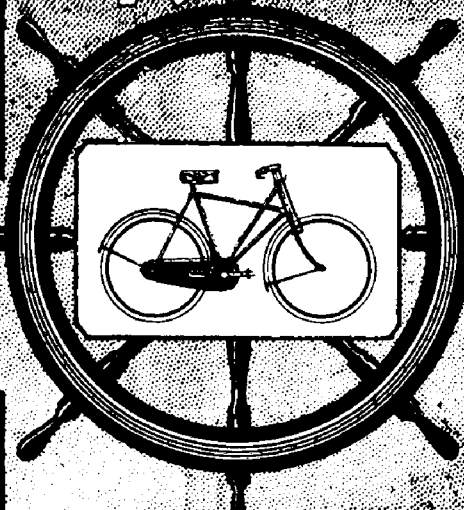
Printing as a Hobby.

"EVERY One his Own Printer," is the title of a useful little book, price 2d., published by the Excelsior Printers' Supply Company, Ltd., 36 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Readers wishing to print anything from cards to an amateur magazine should send for a copy.

THE FIRST LONDON CAB TO CARRY A "TAXIMETER." THE SMALLER ILLUSTRATION SHOWS THE DEVICE AS SEEN BY THE PASSENGER.

Photo. Nops.

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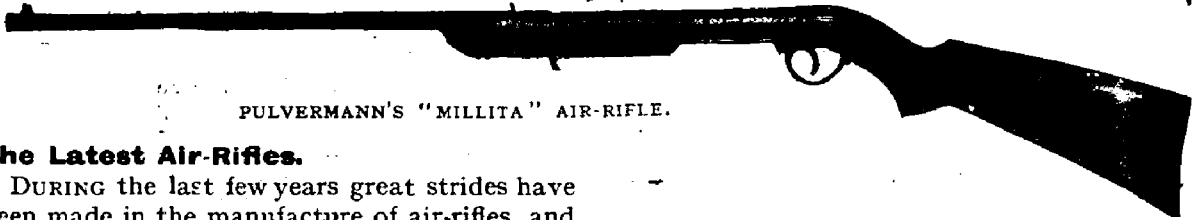
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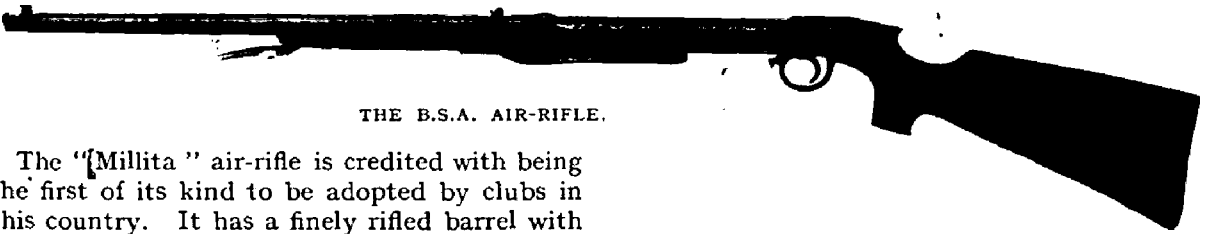
The Latest Air-Rifles.

DURING the last few years great strides have been made in the manufacture of air-rifles, and although differing very greatly from the real weapon in the matters of trigger-pull and weight, they may be used with great advantage in training hand and eye. In the absence of facilities for practice at a recognised rifle-range, the air-rifle affords a substitute which is by no means to be despised.

The trigger mechanism is very simple and safe. Its weight is 6 lb., and it may be obtained from all gunmakers and dealers, price 35s.

Schoolboys and National Defence.

WHILE most of our public schools have their cadet corps, it has been left to the London

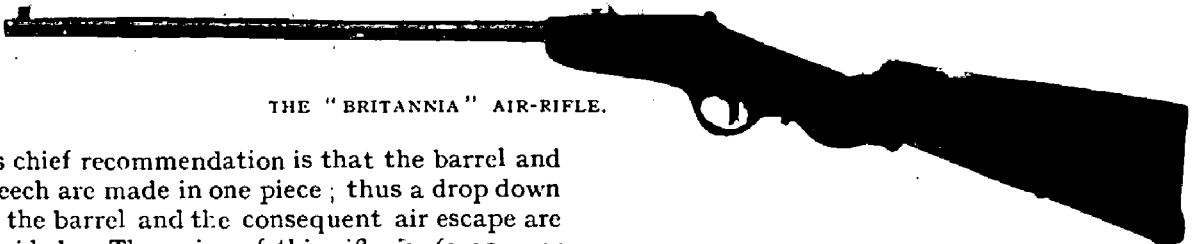


THE B.S.A. AIR-RIFLE.

The "Millita" air-rifle is credited with being the first of its kind to be adopted by clubs in this country. It has a finely rifled barrel with a special pistol grip, and the sights are absolutely accurate. It costs 32s. 6d., or, in a heavier pattern, 42s., and may be obtained from the agents, Messrs. Martin Pulvermann and Co., 26 Minories, London, E.

Another first-class air-rifle is that manufactured by the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Ltd., Small Arms Factory, Birmingham.

Chamber of Commerce to take the initial steps towards providing similar opportunities for military drill, &c. in elementary and secondary schools, and after consultation with schoolmasters it has been decided to approach the Board of Education with a view to having this item included in the curricula of these



THE "BRITANNIA" AIR-RIFLE.

Its chief recommendation is that the barrel and breech are made in one piece; thus a drop down of the barrel and the consequent air escape are avoided. The price of this rifle is £2 10s., or with a straight stock, five shillings less.

Amongst the advantages of the "Britannia" air-rifle may be mentioned the provision of an extra long and powerful mainspring which lies at rest when the rifle is not cocked. The "Britannia" is manufactured by Mr. C. G. Bonehill, of Birmingham, and costs £2.

Lane's "Musketeer" is another reliable gun.

establishments. As a further means of promoting the attainment of Lord Roberts' ideal of a nation of marksmen, the London Chamber of Commerce is combining with the manufacturers of small arms in an endeavour to urge the Government to considerably modify the conditions controlling the issue of gun licences and the carrying of arms.

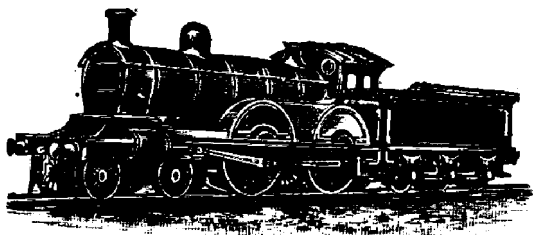


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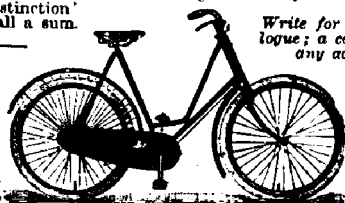
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LEAGUE NOTES FOR JUNE.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

GREENOCK.—This old branch still maintains its character as being one of the most alive in the North of England.

The branch is fortunate in having the Rev J. C. Richardson to take an interest in its affairs. He has very kindly offered the free use of a large Hall adjoining his church. This offer has been accepted, and a most enjoyable conversation was lately held there.

More recently a most interesting event took place in the presentation of a handsome dressing-case to Mr. Edmund Thompson, who has now left Greenock for Capetown. Afterwards he was "seen off" at the station by all the members.

His address will be, c/o The Gouroch Rope-work Export Co., 27 Pree St., Capetown, should any of my readers out there care to make his acquaintance, as he wishes to keep up his connection with the League.

BENDIGO (Victoria).—I have a long letter and splendid report from this branch. The Secretary writes, "We are in a most flourishing condition, and our membership is increasing. Nearly all of our members are St. Andrew's College boys." Speaking of the college doings he adds, "It was a noticeable fact on the speech day that all the chief prize-takers were B.E.L. Boys. With one exception we gained all the first prizes in the Matriculation or Sixth Form, and we gained all the Mathematical prizes in the Sub-Matric, Matric, and Post Matric forms.

We also gained the four highest averages for the Dux of the School, and second and third in the Essay Prize. Besides this, all of us who passed the Melbourne University Matric for 1905 are B.E.L. members." Could anything speak more eloquently for the League than this? Altogether, the Branch held thirty-two meetings during the year, each member presiding in turn, and various matters were debated and discussed "in an orderly and businesslike manner," says the report. Not only are our comrades in Bendigo excelling in study, but apparently they are fitting themselves to take part in the various questions of Empire. I am sorry I have not space to set out the various topics debated, but they could not fail to have given our young friends splendid opportunities of expressing their views. The report goes on: "At the beginning of the year few members were able to speak well. Now all are able to make really good speeches." Picnics, rambles, concerts, quoits, and other entertainments seem to afford the members amusement when they are not more seriously engaged. We wish some of our English branches would emulate our Colonial friends' enthusiasm. The Hon. Sec. would be glad to hear from any English branches.

TORONTO (Canada).—We are pleased to state that Mr. Hugh L. Humphrey, of 32 Turner Avenue, Toronto, has prospects of starting a strong club for Toronto. We trust all our readers in this part of the Dominion desirous of joining will communicate with him at once.

DEMERARA.—Henry James, 6 Lombard St., Georgetown, would like to correspond with English boys, and exchange stamps, and would also assist in forming a branch in British Guiana.

THE ORGANISING SECRETARY.

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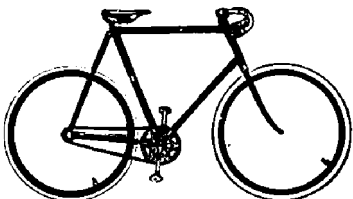
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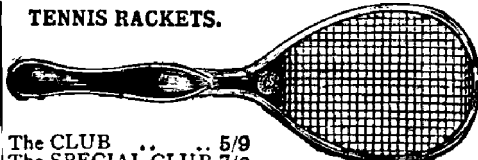
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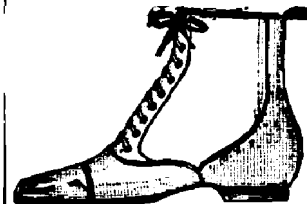
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XV. No. 88.

JULY, 1906

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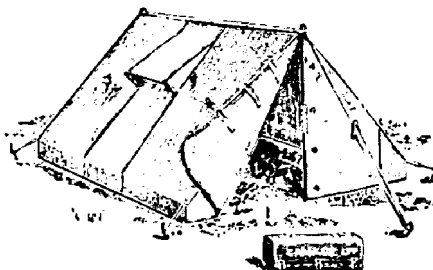


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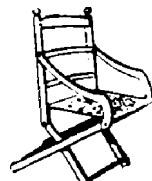


AMERICAN HAMMOCKS

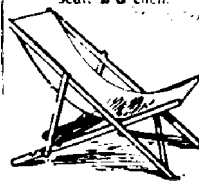
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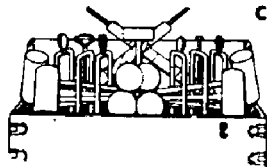
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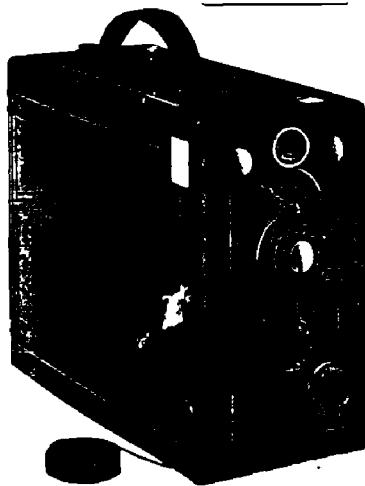
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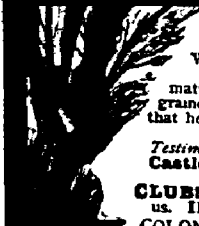
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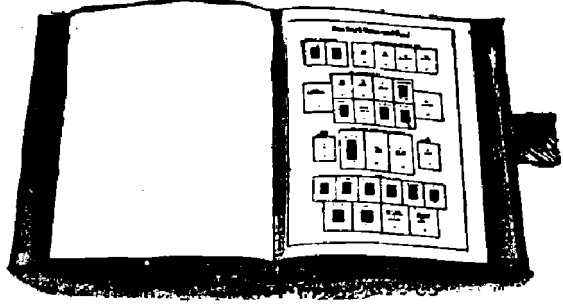
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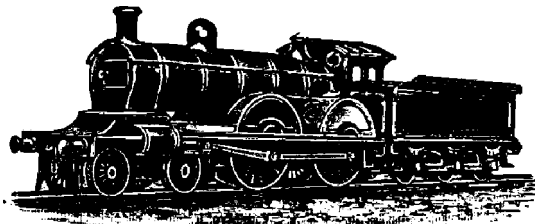
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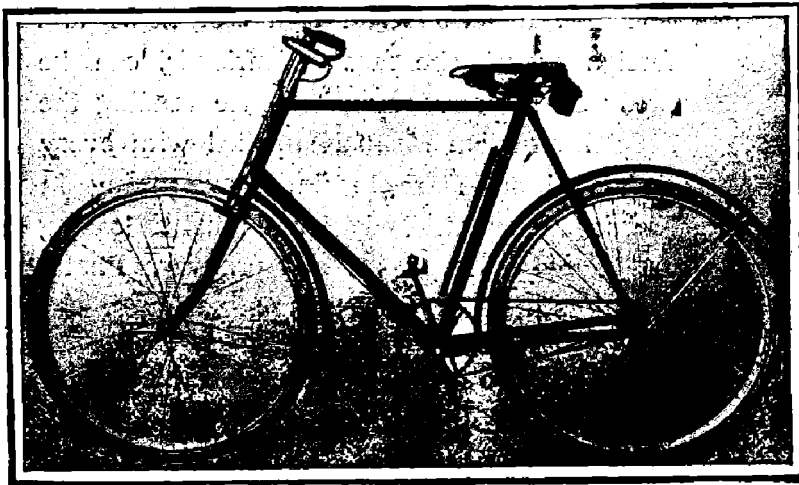
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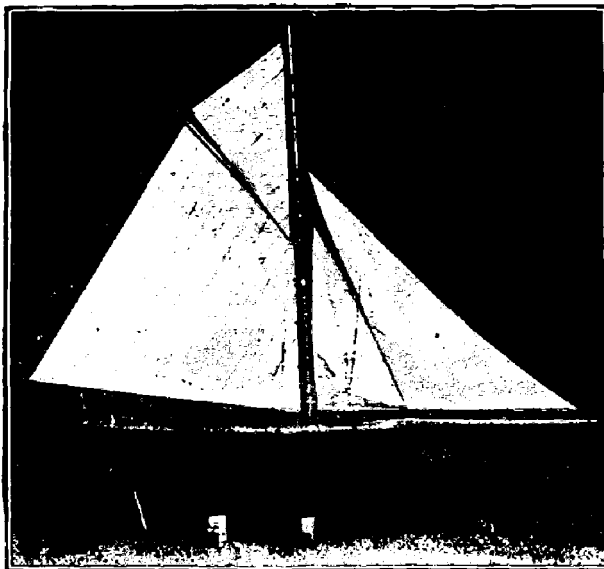
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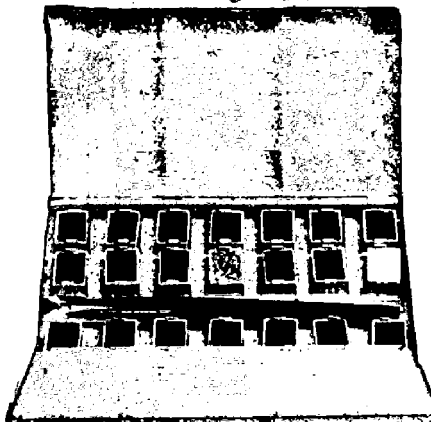


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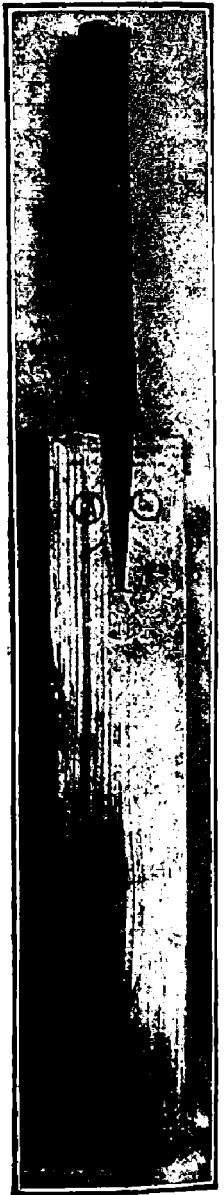
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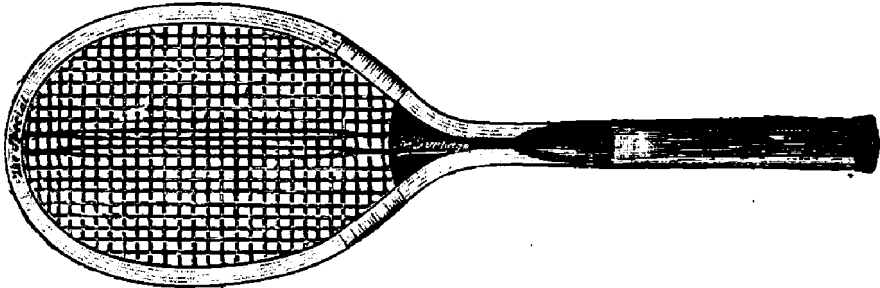
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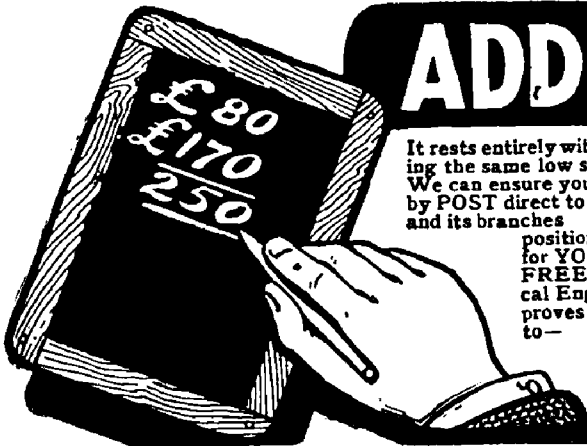
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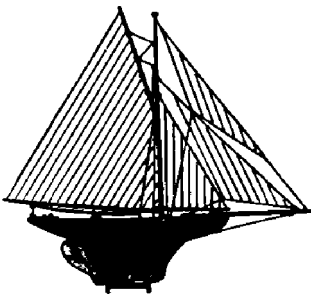
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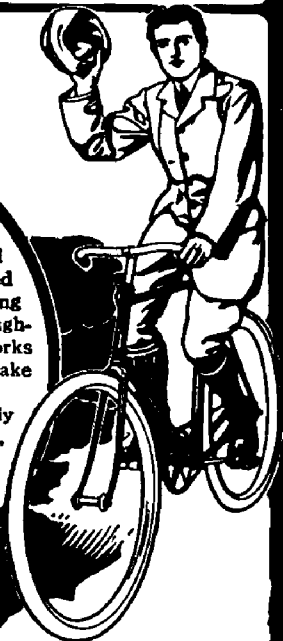
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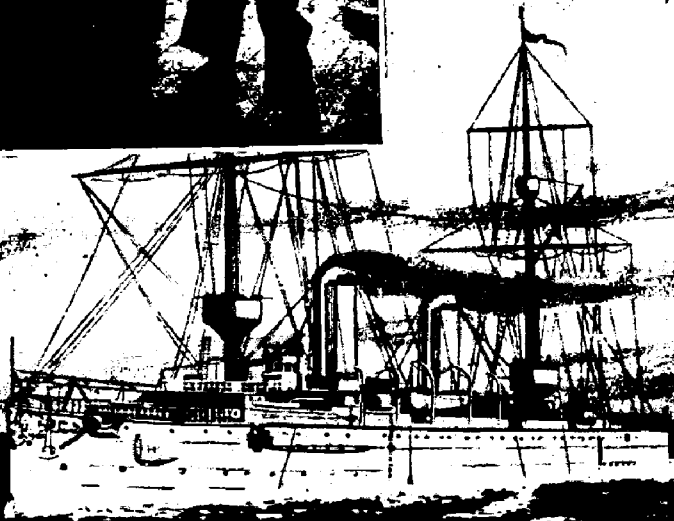


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Contents for July 1906.

	PAGE
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!	Back of Frontispiece 289
"JUST LIKE BOBS"	Frontispiece 290
R. CATON WOODVILLE, ARTIST AND WAR CORRESPONDENT	ARTHUR WARREN 291
Illustrated from Paintings and Sketches by the Artist.	
THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT. (Chaps. XVII.—XXII.)	G. FIRTH SCOTT 301
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
IN A TROPICAL CITY	REV. L. CROOKALL 315
THE CYCLING CORNER. (THE LIGHT CYCLE.)	A. WILLIAMS 316
With Illustrations.	
RAM CHUNDUR, HAVILDAR	E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS 319
With Illustrations by the Author.	
IN THE BAD OLD DAYS	THE "MALVERNIAN" 325
JULY EVENTS	READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN" 326
With Illustrations.	

(Further Contents on next page.)

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Contents—continued.

	PAGE
"THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. (STOPS AND SELF-TONING PAPERS.) With Illustrations.	A. WILLIAMS 331
STOUT HEARTS AND RED DECKS. (Chaps. I.—II.) Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.	NORMAN DUNCAN 335
THE VICTORIA PARK MODEL STEAM YACHT CLUB	345
SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS	348
THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE Illustrated by LAWSON WOOD.	MAJOR G. H. LANE 350
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (THE GREAT EXHIBITION.) With Illustrations.	E. J. NANKIVELL 357
ENGLISH <i>VERSUS</i> AMERICAN ROWING	RALPH D. PAINE 359
NATURALISTS' CORNER With Illustrations.	EDWARD STEP, F.L.S. 360
COX'S COUGH-DROPS. (Chaps. XIX.—XX.) Illustrated by J. R. SKELTON.	R. S. WARREN BELL 363
THE DEMAND FOR RAILWAY ENGINEERS ABROAD	372
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	373
COMPETITIONS FOR JULY	376
EDITORIAL	THE OLD FAG 377
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	382
RESULTS OF MAY COMPETITIONS	384

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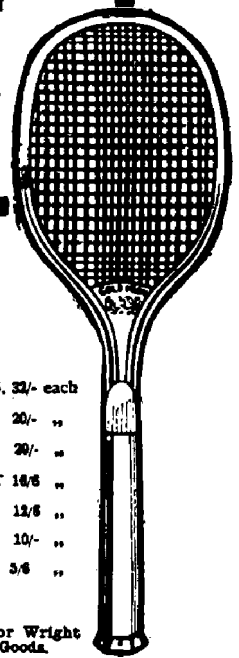
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STEVENS' CRACK SHOT RIFLE (Take down), .22 calibre, round blued barrel, 20 in. long, case-hardened frame, walnut stock and forearm, detachable automatic ejector, weight 3½ lbs. . . 16/6
WINCHESTER MODEL 1902 SINGLE SHOT RIFLE (Take down), will fire .22 short or 22 long rim fire cartridges, round barrel, 18 in. long, weight about 2½ lbs. . . 18/9
WINCHESTER PATTERN RIFLE, similar to above . . . 8/6

CARRIAGE PAID on all above.

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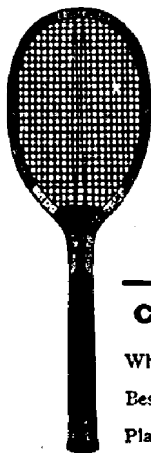
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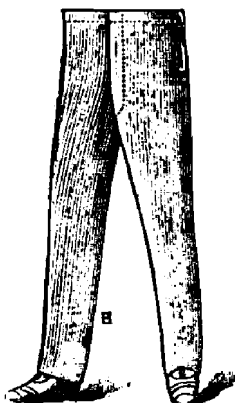


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14in. Cutter, with 2 Sails and Rudder, Price 7/6; 17in. do., 9/6. 20in. do. with 3 Sails, Price 15/6. 23in. Cutter, with Mainsail, Foresail, Topsail, Jib and 2 Rudders, Price 21/-.
27in. Cutter, Price 30/-. 30in. do. Price 42/-. 36in. do. Price 75/- Case and Carriage extra

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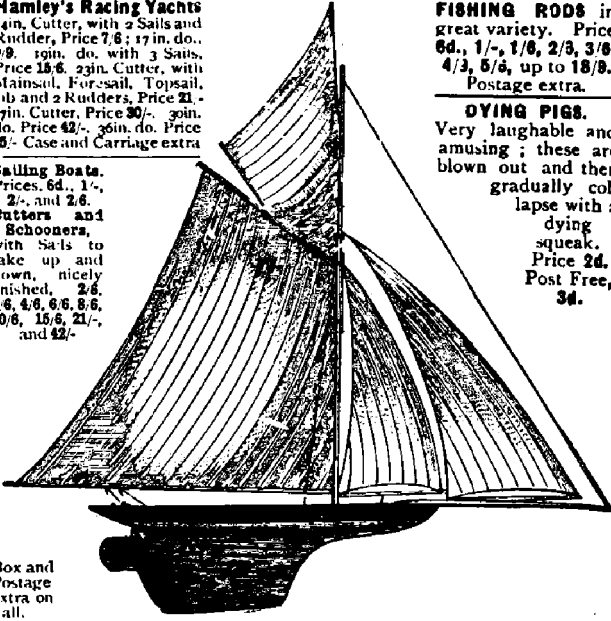
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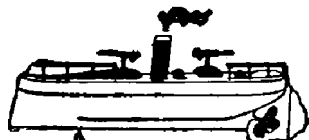
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THE LATEST



PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES OUT SHOPPING WITH HIS TUTOR.
Photo. Park.

Our Future King.

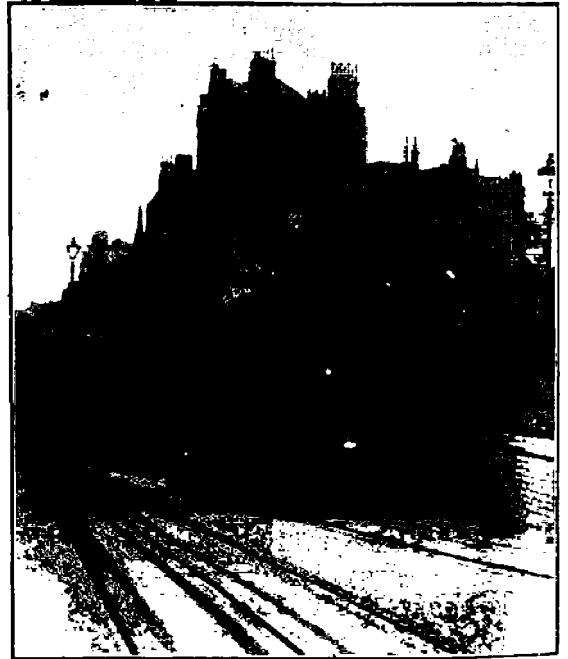
OUR heading illustration is an interesting snapshot of Prince Edward of Wales, our future king, out shopping in company with his tutor, Mr. Hua, the librarian at Marlborough House, and was taken in Pall Mall the day before he and his brothers, with their little sister, Princess Mary, went down to Portsmouth to greet their parents on the latter's return from their Indian tour a few weeks ago.

The First Shallow Tramway.

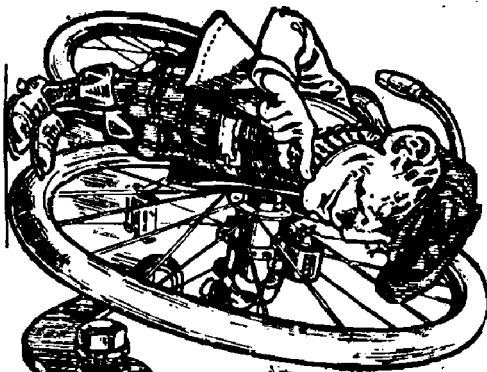
THE accompanying photograph depicts a car ascending the slope of London's shallow tramway—the first of its kind in the United Kingdom—which was opened some months ago. The tramway was constructed by the London County Council at a cost of £279,000, and extends from the Strand to Islington, a distance of a mile and three-quarters. From Aldwych Station the line runs in a subway, thirty-three feet below the surface of the fine thoroughfare known as Kingsway, which was opened by the King last October, to Holborn Station, where it ascends to the road level by means of the steep gradient shown in our illustration. The cars, too, are also the first of their kind to be built in this country, being constructed principally of steel, with oak flooring and seats, rendered non-inflammable, while the interior roof and mouldings are of aluminium.

A Wonderful Storage Battery.

Two years have passed since the extravagant claims for a new storage battery were heralded by the daily press. Edison now announces that he has perfected the battery and that the problem of vehicle traction is surely solved. He claims that his battery will store sufficient power to run a pleasure vehicle for five hundred miles over good roads at high speeds.



A CAR ON LONDON'S SHALLOW TRAMWAY ASCENDING THE GRADIENT FROM THE SUBWAY.
Photo. Paul.



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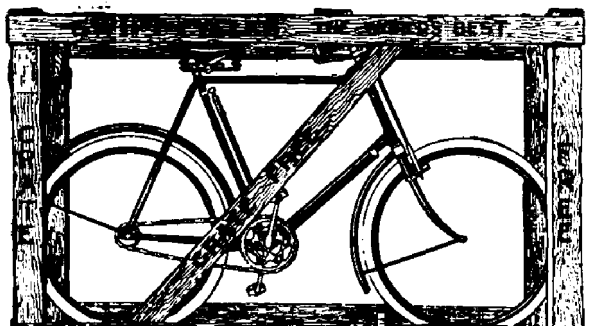
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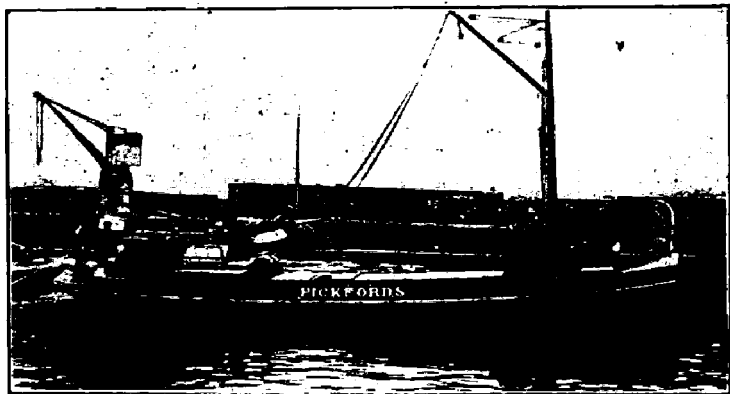
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A Motor Barge.

BEFORE the days of railways, merchandise was, to a large extent, carried about the country on canals, that method of transit proving cheaper than carriage by road. With the



THE MOTOR BARGE 'WASP,' TO BE USED IN THE SOLENT.
From a photo.

advent of the iron road, however, this was all changed, as the railway companies, seeing in these waterways a serious rival to themselves, bought up many of the canals and allowed them to fall into desuetude. At present a Royal Commission is inquiring into the possibility of restoring them to use for the purposes of trade, and as a result of the Commission it is not unlikely that they will be opened up again. The next step will be the introduction of the motor barge, which for some time past has been a feature of the Dutch canals. By the courtesy of Messrs. Pickford we are enabled to reproduce a photograph of a motor barge specially built for use in this country. The vessel, which has been christened the *Wasp*, was built in Holland at a cost of £850, and will be engaged in service in the Solent between the Isle of Wight and the mainland. She is 55 ft. 6 in. long, with a 12 ft. 4 in. beam and 3 ft. 6 in. draught, and carries a 24-h.p. Kromhout motor which enables her to attain a speed of $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots per hour approximately.

Milk on the Railway.

A NEW type of milk van used on the Great Northern Railway is fitted with an adjustable

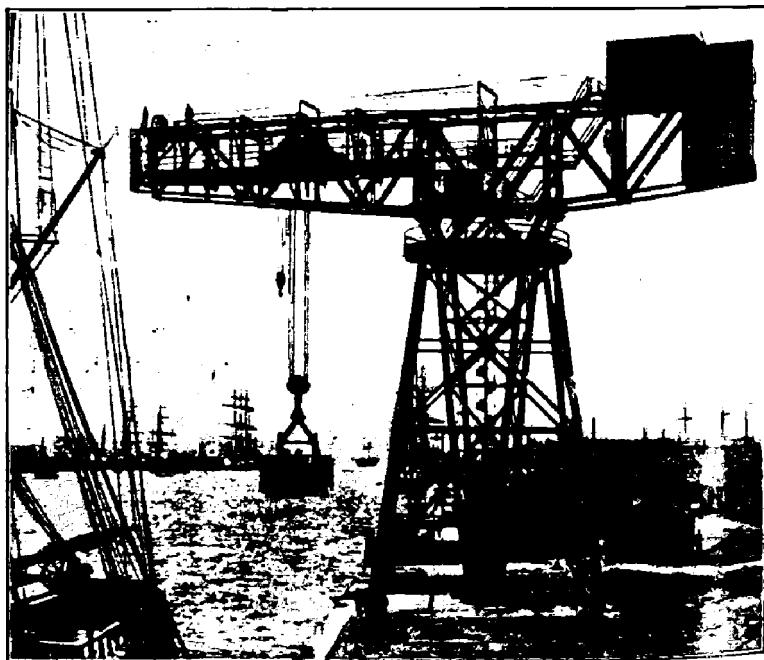
steadying apparatus. The milk is no longer nearly churned into butter by the oscillation. Even on sharp curves at rapid speed the oscillation is scarcely noticeable. The milk vans are 45 ft. long.

100-Ton Electric Crane at Dublin.

THERE has recently been erected at Dublin for the Port and Docks Board a 100-ton electric revolving crane. It was built and erected by the Vereinigte Maschinenfabrik Augsburg und Maschinenbaugesellschaft, whose works are at Nuremberg, Bavaria. The electrical equipment was supplied by Messrs. Siemens Bros.

Though built for the normal load of 100 tons, this crane was recently tested with a 150-ton load. The chief dimensions of the crane are

as follows: greatest height of the load hook above quay wall, 70 ft.; greatest hoisting height, 100 ft.; greatest radius for 20 tons, 80 ft.; greatest radius for 150 tons, 75 ft. The working speed is, when hoisting 100 tons, 5 ft. per minute; 50 tons, 20 ft. per minute. The crane is used for loading large and heavy articles such as boilers, machine guns, &c.



THE NEW 100-TON ELECTRIC CRANE AT DUBLIN.
From a photo.

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A BARN OWL "CAUGHT" BY A LOCOMOTIVE.

Photo. W. Rose Duthie.

The Latest French Locomotive.

THE curious-looking locomotive shown in the photograph reproduced below has been built for hauling heavy goods trains on the Northern Railway of France, and in point of construction is absolutely unique, being quite different to any other existing locomotive. The body of the engine rests on a chassis which is supported by two four-coupled bogies, which are the chief peculiarity of this locomotive, as each works quite independently of the other. This innovation is rendered necessary on account of the great length of the engine, which

would otherwise be unable to negotiate many of the sharper curves on the railway for which it has been designed.

Bird-Catching Extraordinary.

As the first morning train from Glasgow to Aberdeen and the Highlands was passing Alloa Junction a few weeks ago, at a speed of sixty miles an hour, the locomotive intercepted a bird which was flying across the track. The engine-driver observed the incident, and on drawing up at Stirling, some six miles further on, he went to the front of his locomotive, and, to his astonishment, found a magnificent specimen of the barn owl clinging to the hand-rail in front of the smoke-box. The poor bird was quite dead, but, strange to say, not a single feather was ruffled. It has been stuffed, and is regarded by admiring local railwaymen as a unique "catch."

The Boys' Bisley.

THIS has been arranged by the National Rifle Association to encourage rifle-shooting amongst boys, and is confined to the pupils of public secondary schools that have no uniformed cadet corps. The Camp will be held from Monday, July 30, to Saturday, August 4, both days inclusive, and the boys who attend will be under military discipline. They will be exercised in drill, and field-days will be arranged for them; they will also be given every facility for carrying out miniature rifle-shooting, and those boys who prove themselves efficient marksmen at the miniature ranges will be allowed to indulge in practice at the long ranges with Service rifles and ammunition.

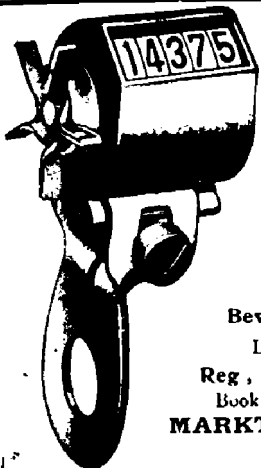
"Silver Queen Cycles."

THE Silver Queen Cycle Company, Ltd., 56 Edgware Road, London, W., will be pleased to send a catalogue, containing particulars of their easy payment system, to any CAPTAIN reader on application.



THE LATEST TYPE OF FRENCH FREIGHT LOCOMOTIVE.

Photo. Dumonsque.

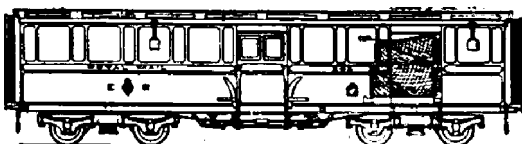


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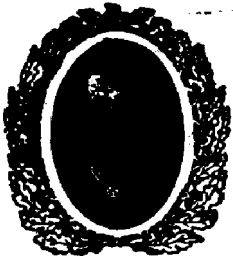
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LEAGUE NOTES FOR JULY.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters as above. Readers of the CAPTAIN, on becoming members of the B.E.L., can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

KIDDERMINSTER.—A very interesting event took place recently in connection with this branch in the presentation of the "Barnard Draughts Cup" to the winner, Mr. P. R. Moule. Mr. P. Adam, who presided, regretted the absence of the donor of the cup, he being engaged at Westminster in his parliamentary duties. The second prize, a medal given by a member, was taken by Mr. A. R. Wilson, of Bewdley. The annual meeting has just been held, committee and officers have been re-elected, and everything, I am glad to say, is progressing most satisfactorily.

BIRMINGHAM.—The members of this branch recently paid a visit to our Kidderminster branch, and were cordially entertained by the latter. We should be glad if this courtesy became more general amongst our various clubs.

HULL.—A most successful entertainment was held on Empire day, full particulars of which will appear in the B.E.L. Gazette.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—We are pleased to announce the formation of a new branch in this district. Messrs. A. J. Knight and John R. Rogers, 20 Edge Street, Campden Hill, W., are the Hon. Secs.

New Branches Proposed: F. W. Holder, 57 Lethbridge Road, Southport, is anxious to meet boys in his district with a view to forming a B.E.L. branch. A. W. Branson, 2a Sparkenhoe Street, Leicester, and N. Pughe, 11 Dickenson Road, Crouch End (cycling for preference), have also similar requests.

HOME MEMBERS want correspondents in the backwoods of Canada, in a British naval station, in a cavalry or artillery regiment stationed abroad, in North and South Nigeria, Calgary (Alberta), Seychelles, Fiji, Zululand, The Cape, Malta, and Sierra Leone.

HOME CORRESPONDENTS are wanted by members in Vancouver, B.C.; Toronto; Demerara; Humansdorp; King's Co., N.B., Canada; Oamaru, N.Z.; Matura, Southland, N.Z.; Maberley, Ont.; Lindsay, Ont.; Freetown, Sierra Leone; Elmina, W.C.A.; Oyo, via Lagos, W. Africa; Iroquoise, Ont.; Rangoon, Burmah; Montreal; Cape Coast; Port Elizabeth (with a Canadian Member); Winnipeg; Newcastle, N.S.W.; Dunedin, N.Z.; Jamaica; E. Malvern, Melbourne; Violet Town, Victoria; Wanganui, N.Z.; Geraldine, N.Z. and Invercargill, N.Z. Any one wishing to correspond with members of the B.E.L. in any of the above places should send a stamped addressed envelope to headquarters, naming the town or country in which he requires a correspondent.

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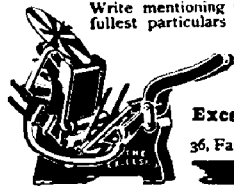


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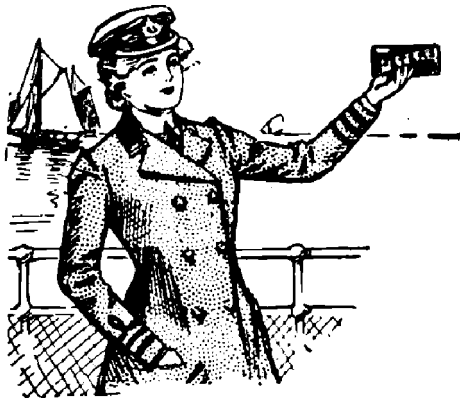
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XV. No. 89.

AUGUST, 1906

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for

Sportsmen and Athletes

is

BARLEY WATER

Made from

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"IN POWDER FORM"

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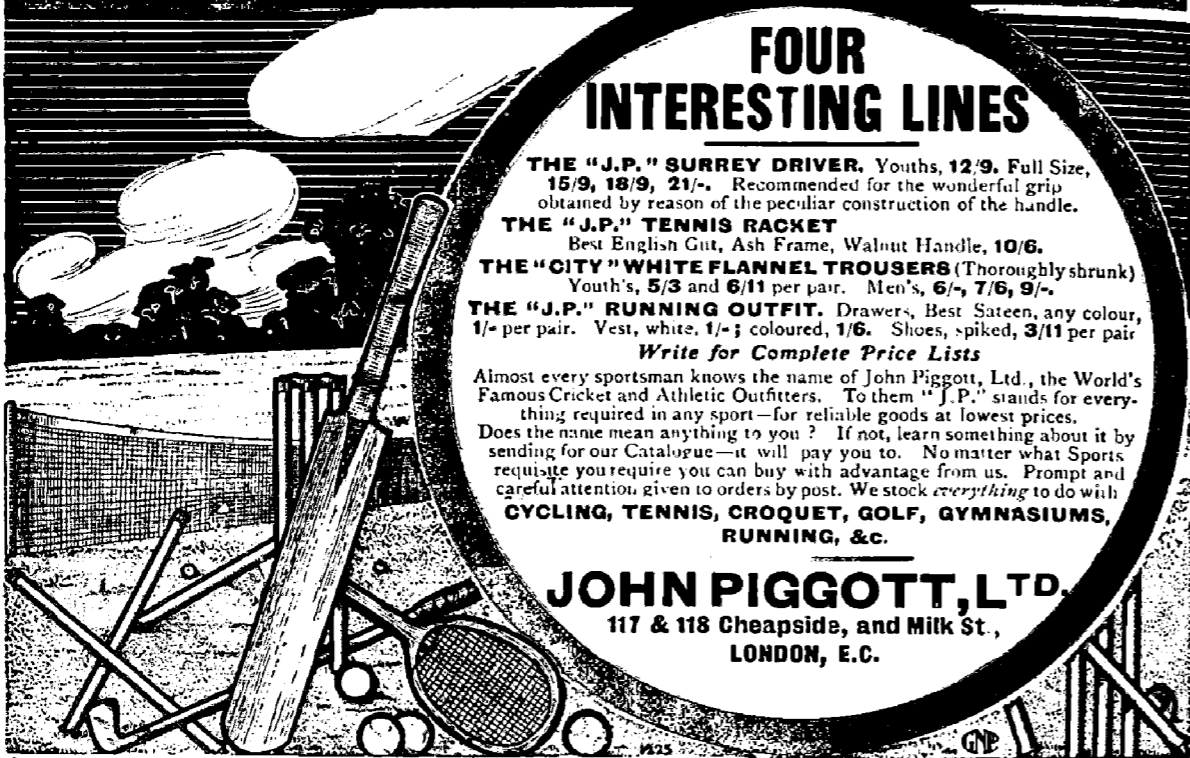
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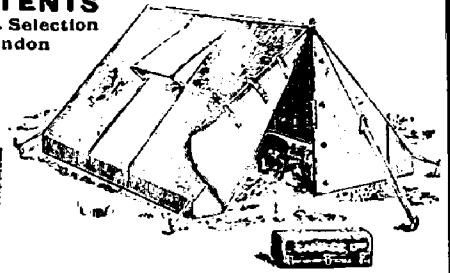
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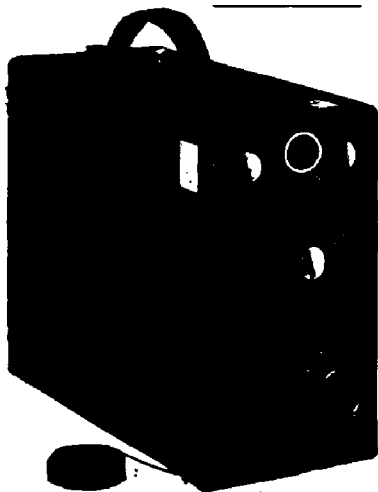
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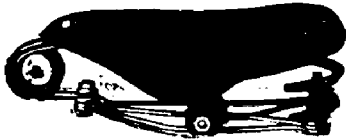
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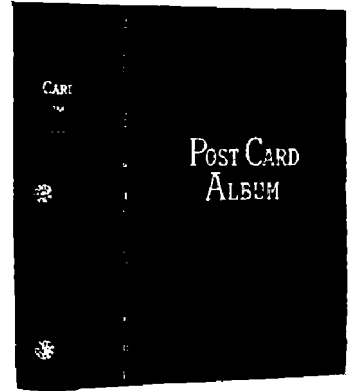
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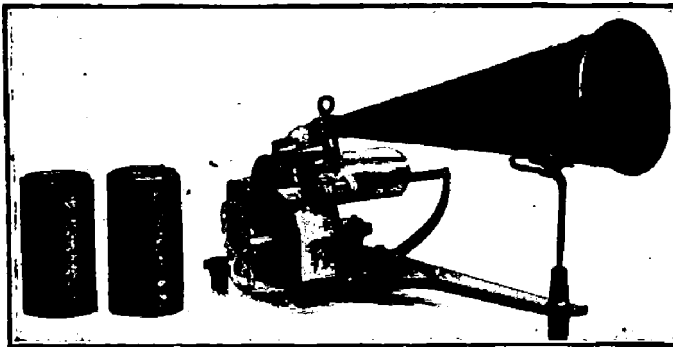


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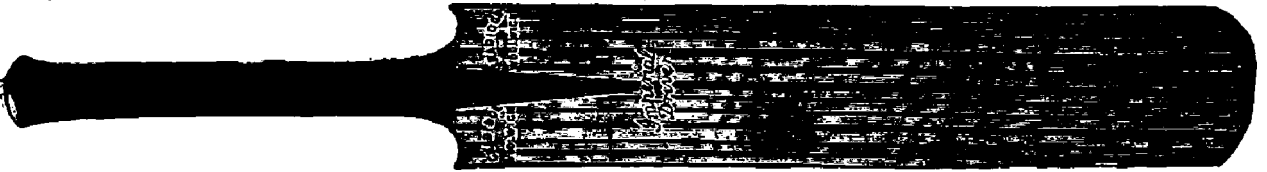
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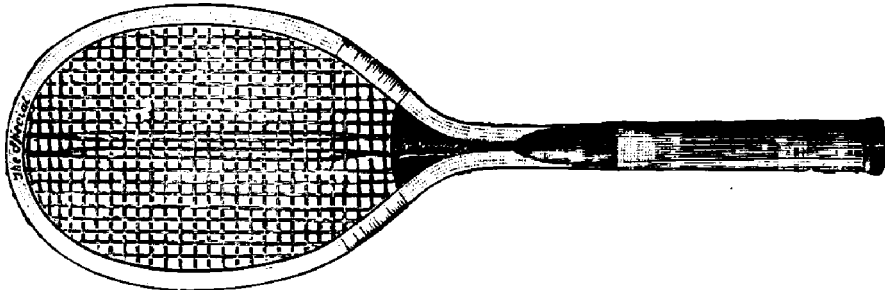
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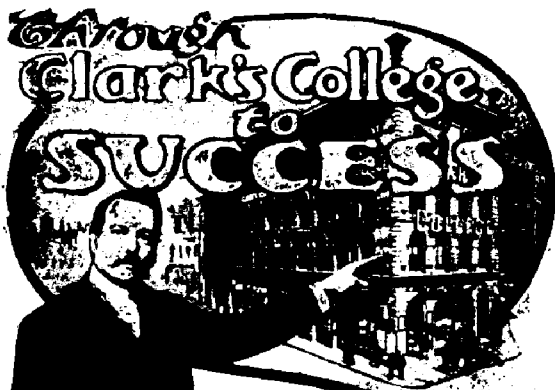


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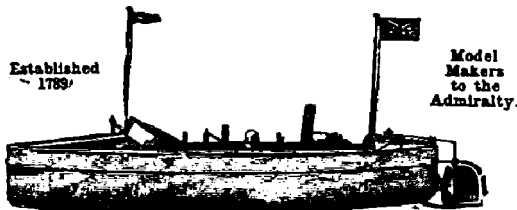
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Contents for August 1906.

		PAGE
HEARD AT HENLEY	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>	385
BILL CAUGHT UP ARCHIE IN HIS ARMS AND RAN	<i>Frontispiece</i>	386
STOUT HEARTS AND RED DECKS. (Conclusion.)	NORMAN DUNCAN	387
Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.		
A MIGHTY HUNTER	A. E. JOHNSON	396
With Illustrations from Photographs.		
"AT ALL COSTS"	ADRIAN LEIGH	407
Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.		
THE CYCLING CORNER. (CYCLE-CAMPING: CYCLING IN FRANCE.)	A. WILLIAMS	414
With Illustrations.		

(Further Contents on next page.)

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Contents—continued.

	PAGE
THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT. (Chaps. XXII.—XXVII.) G. FIRTH SCOTT	418
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
VERSATILE CRICKETERS A. WALLIS MYERS	434
Illustrated by FRED. BUCHANAN.	
NATURALISTS' CORNER EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	438
With Illustrations.	
THE PROFESSOR'S BEES "MARTIA"	440
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
AUGUST EVENTS READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN"	448
With Illustrations.	
COX'S COUGH-DROPS. (Conclusion.) R. S. WARREN BELL	453
With Illustrations.	
LIFE-SAVING DRILL C. W. BROUGHTON	465
THE FIRST TEST MATCH IN SOUTH AFRICA	466
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	467
A NIGHT ATTACK G. H. DAVIS	471
COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST	472
EDITORIAL THE OLD FAG	473
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	477
RESULTS OF JUNE COMPETITIONS	480

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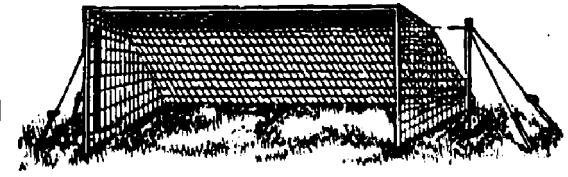
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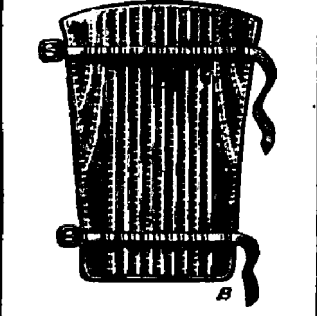
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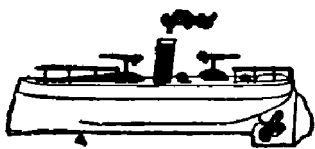
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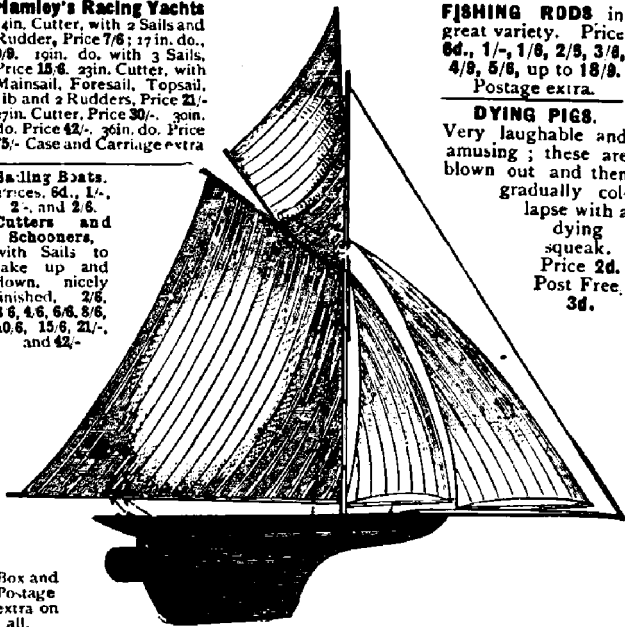
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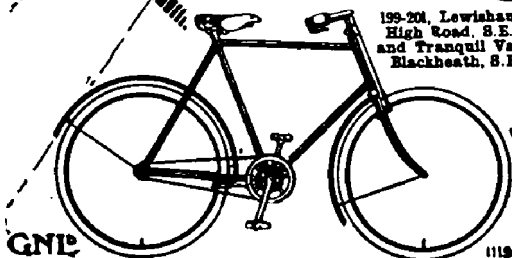
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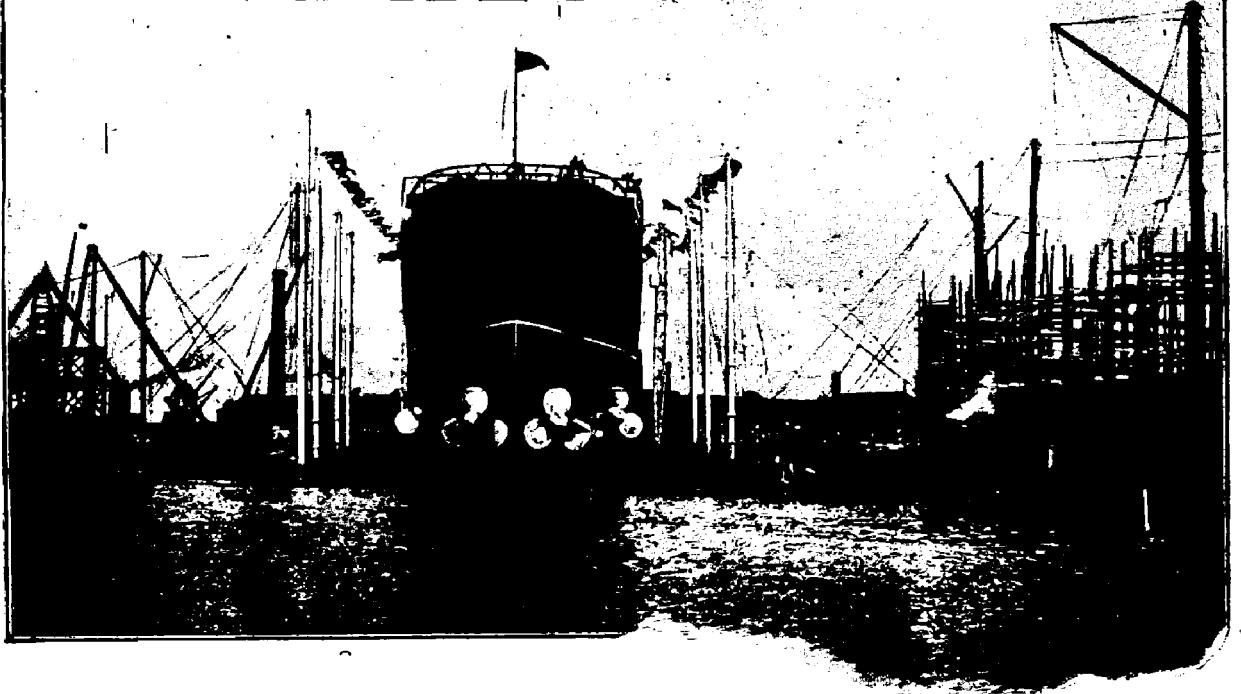
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THE "LUSITANIA" JUST BEFORE LAUNCHING.

Photo. Robertson.

The Biggest Liner Afloat.

THE above illustration gives an excellent idea of the size of the four Parson's turbine-driven propellers which will supply the motive power of the *Lusitania*, the giant Cunarder successfully launched at Clydebank on June 7 last. The outer pair of shafts will be driven by high-pressure turbines, and the inner pair by low-pressure, in addition to which the latter will carry two reversing turbines for use in stopping and manoeuvring only. The *Lusitania* will bring back to Britain the possession of the Atlantic record at present held by the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, as she will be capable of attaining a speed of twenty-five knots an hour, an increase of one and a half knots over the speed of the North German Lloyd Company's vessel. This advantage has only been brought about by an increase of indicated horse-power of about 60 per cent. above that possessed by the *Kaiser Wilhelm*. This again demands a proportionate increase in the new ocean greyhound's dimensions. The *Lusitania* will be 790 ft. in length—more than twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral—88 ft. broad, and 60 ft. 6 in.

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CHEAP HOLIDAYS

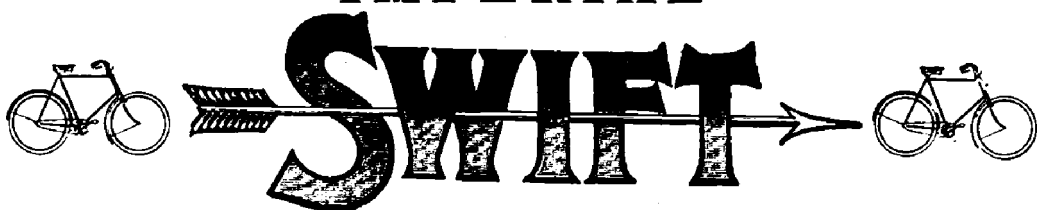
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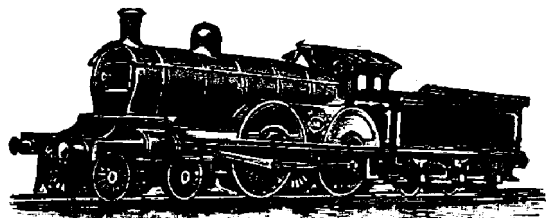
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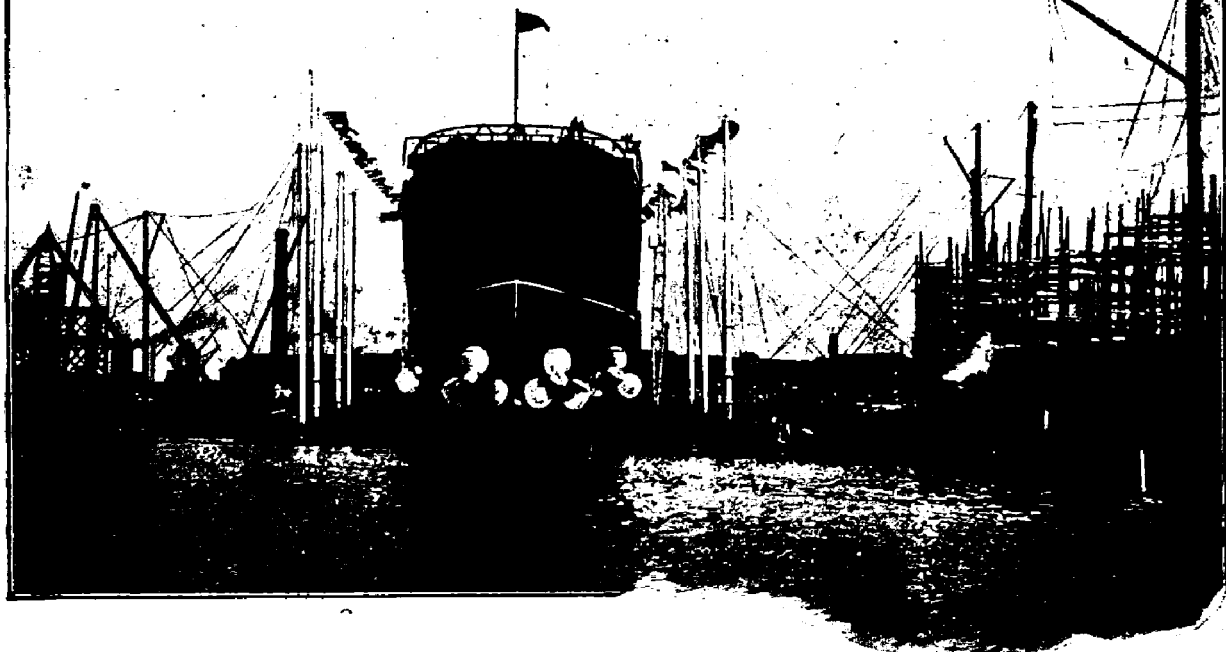


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Last day of Bargain Sale, August 18.

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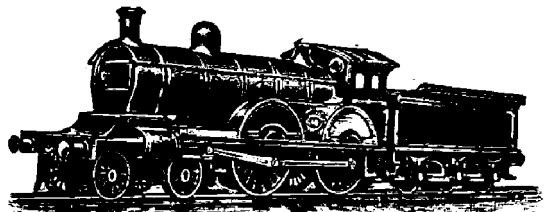
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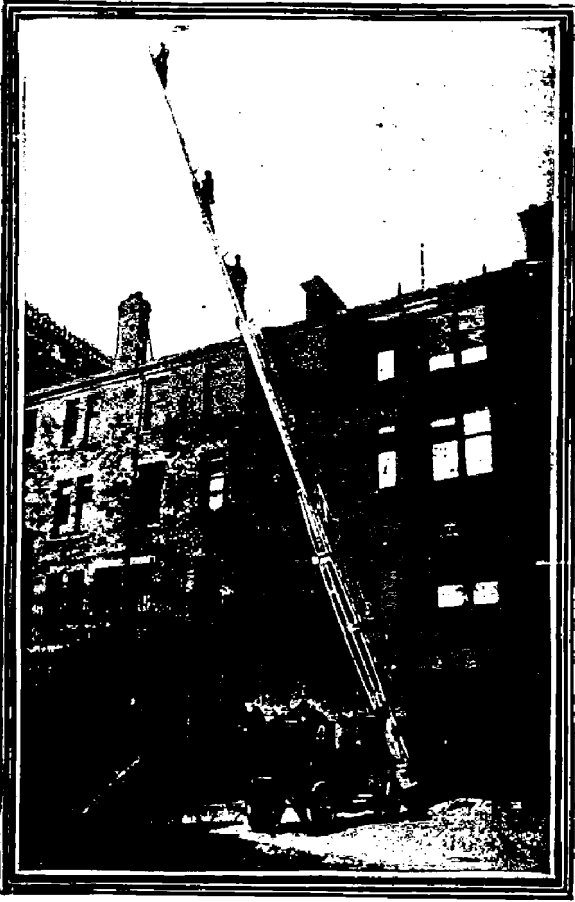
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GLASGOW'S MOTOR FIRE-ESCAPE.

From a photo.

The Latest Motor Fire-Escape.

THE Glasgow Fire Brigade is putting into service the first motor turn-table fire escape to be used in the British Empire. The escape, which is one of the largest in the world, was supplied by Messrs. Henry Simonis & Co., of Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, Strand, by whose courtesy we are enabled to reproduce the accompanying photograph, and differs from all other motor vehicles in that the driving-power is on the front wheels. The power is created through a 30-h.p. four-cylinder petrol engine which drives a dynamo, and the electricity created acts direct on the front wheels by means of two motors. The steering-wheels have full lock, which enables the vehicle, although it is 27 ft. long, to turn in a narrow space. The escape itself, too, is a remarkable construction, the ladder being

extended to a height of 85 ft. by means of a small carbonic gas machine, while the turn-table on which it is pivoted enables it to be brought, without moving the carriage, to any window on either side of the street. Nor is it necessary for the escape to lean against anything, as without any support but its own base it will carry half a dozen firemen extended over its full length, as shown in our illustration. This enables it to be used as a "water tower," from which jets of water may be played at a safe distance upon a burning building.

Electrical Novelties

MODEL motor-boat builders will find much of interest to them in the catalogue of Messrs. F. Darton and Co., 142 St. John Street, London, E.C., issued under this title, particularly the "Pet" model boat motor. The size suitable for boats up to 2 ft. 6 in. long is excellent value at 9s.

The Latest Motor Railway Carriage.

THE illustration printed below depicts the new gasolene motor recently put on the rails by the Union Pacific Railway of America. In appearance it is quite the strangest-looking railway carriage in the world, being designed on the same lines as the hull of a yacht. As it flies across the prairies it resembles an overturned boat driving before a gale with its keel high in the air. Its marine character is extended to the windows, which are similar to the port-holes of a ship.



A CURIOUSLY SHAPED RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Photo. Gillan.

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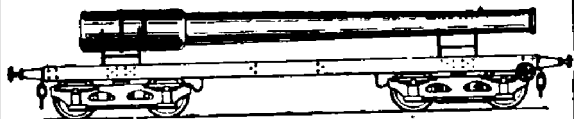
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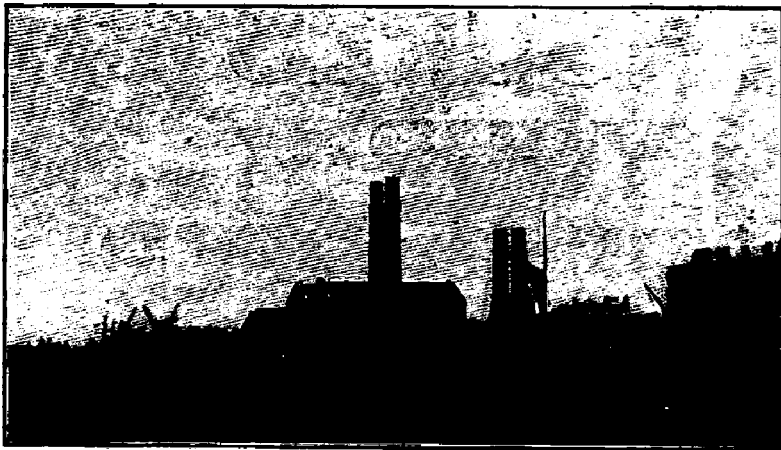
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THE L.C.C. ELECTRICITY GENERATING STATION AT GREENWICH
Photo. Paul.

Observatory or Power Station?

THE London County Council's electricity generating-station at Greenwich, which, owing to its close proximity to the Observatory, will, it is feared, considerably interfere with the astronomical observations carried out there, and the delicate instruments by means of which they are recorded, was commenced in 1902, and the estimated total cost is about £900,000. The Observatory, which was founded in 1675, the first Astronomer Royal being one John Flamsteed, a cripple clergyman, many of whose instruments were home-made, stands on a hill 150 ft. in height. The two completed chimneys of the generating-station are 250 ft. high, and are said to prevent a full observation of the constellar groups near the northern horizon. The heated air emitted from the station, and vibrations caused by the generating machinery, are claimed to be further sources of anxiety to the Observatory authorities, whose calculations may be rendered erroneous by the tremors of their instruments attributed to these causes. The generating-station is one of the largest in the kingdom, and when completed should be capable of supplying sufficient energy for the whole of the L.C.C. tramways, at present covering about thirty-six street miles. The current, which will be generated at a high pressure, will be transmitted by underground cables to various sub-stations, where it will be reduced to a working pressure. Apart from the

threatened danger to the Observatory, the station is well situated, as the riverside pier makes it possible for the furnaces to be fed with coal, at the rate of 1000 tons per diem, direct from barges, the ashes being disposed of in a similar manner. Condensing water, too, is drawn from the Thames by means of powerful pumping machinery. It is proposed to appoint a Committee to inquire fully into the amount of disturbance likely to be caused to the Observatory by the completed station, and the decision of this Committee will be

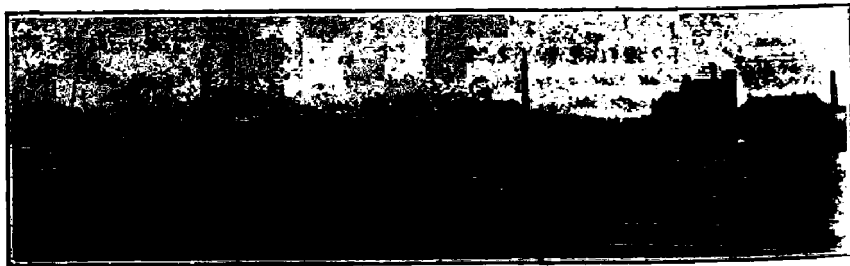
awaited with no little interest.

London's New Bridge.

THE new Vauxhall Bridge, which was opened for traffic at the end of last May by Mr. Evan Spicer, Chairman of the L.C.C., replaced a former bridge which had done duty for ninety years. The new bridge is 759 ft. 4 in. in length, and 80 ft. wide between the parapets. The central span is 149 ft. 7 in. wide, with a headway of 20 ft. above high water; the two intermediate ones are 144 ft. 4½ in. wide, with headways of 19 ft., and the shore spans are 130 ft. 5½ in., with headways of 14 ft. 11 in. The bridge took just over seven years to build, the estimated cost being £484,000, which included the demolition of the old bridge and the provision of the temporary one opened in 1898. The new Vauxhall Bridge is the first bridge over the Thames in London to accommodate a tramway.

The Latest School Serial.

MR. FRED SWAINSON, the author of "Acton's Feud," has completed a very powerful story of public school life which will begin in the October CAPTAIN.



THE NEW VAUXHALL BRIDGE.
Photo. Paul.



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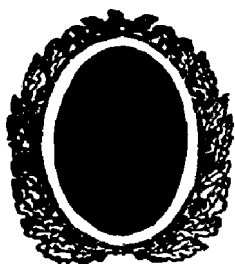
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LEAGUE NOTES FOR AUGUST.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters as above. Readers of the CAPTAIN, on becoming members of the B.E.L., can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

BIRMINGHAM.—Although of comparatively recent formation, this branch has made great progress and bids fair, ere the winter session begins, to become one of the most successful in the League. A great deal depends on the Officials and their management, and in this respect Birmingham has every reason to be complimented.

TOTTENHAM.—This is another New Club to be congratulated on its progress and success. Social Evenings occur regularly once a week and are well attended and enjoyed. Recently a picnic was held in Hadley Woods which was great fun. On another occasion a Bicycle run was made to St. Albans.

It is hoped to put a decent "footer" eleven in the field next season. Will neighbouring clubs please note? The Secretary is Mr. H. A.

Storr, 6 Riversdale Terrace, White Hart Lane, Tottenham.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.—I have a most interesting letter from C. S. Nichols, of Carrington Avenue, Hurstville, Sydney, N.S.W., setting forth the advantages of Colonial life generally and the beauties and natural resources of N.S.W. in particular. Should any of my readers care to communicate with him, I can assure them of a most interesting and informative correspondent.

New Branches Proposed: F. W. Holder, 57 Lethbridge Road, Southport, is anxious to meet boys in his district with a view to forming a B.E.L. branch. A. W. Branson, 2A Sparkenhoe Street, Leicester, and N. Pughe, 11 Dickenson Road, Crouch End (cycling for preference), have also similar requests.

HOME MEMBERS want correspondents in the backwoods of Canada, in a British naval station, in a cavalry or artillery regiment stationed abroad, in North and South Nigeria, Calgary (Alberta), Seychelles, Fiji, Zululand, The Cape, Malta, and Sierra Leone.

HOME CORRESPONDENTS are wanted by members in Vancouver, B.C.; Toronto; Demerara; Humansdorp; King's Co., N.B., Canada; Oamaru, N.Z.; Matura, Southland, N.Z.; Maberley, Ont.; Lindsay, Ont.; Freetown, Sierra Leone; Elmina, W.C.A.; Oyo, via Lagos, W. Africa; Iroquoise, Ont.; Rangoon, Burmah; Montreal; Cape Coast; Port Elizabeth (with a Canadian Member); Winnipeg; Newcastle, N.S.W.; Dunedin, N.Z.; Jamaica; E. Malvern, Melbourne; Violet Town, Victoria; Wanganui, N.Z.; Geraldine, N.Z. and Invercargill, N.Z. Any one wishing to correspond with members of the B.E.L. in any of the above places should send a stamped addressed envelope to headquarters.

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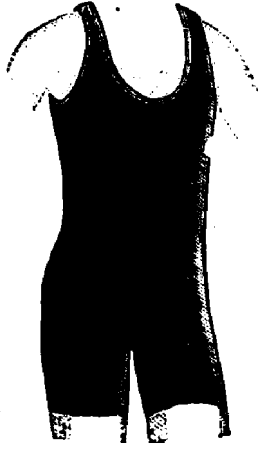
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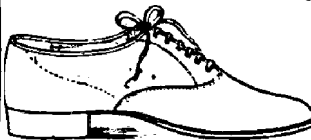
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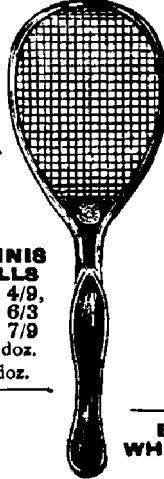
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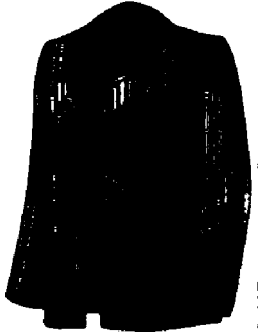
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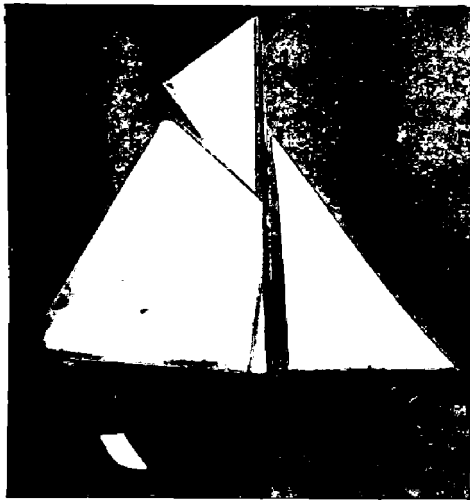


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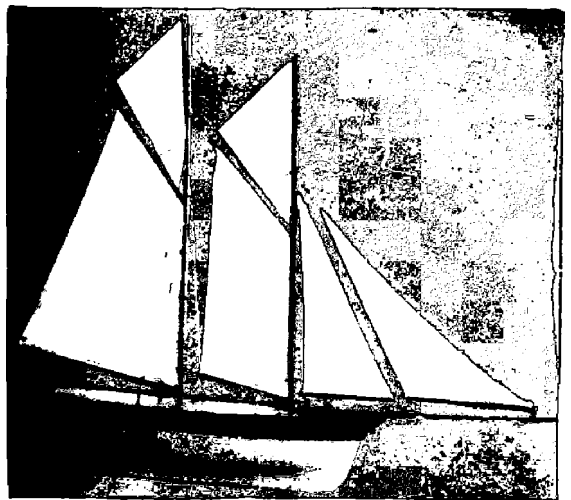
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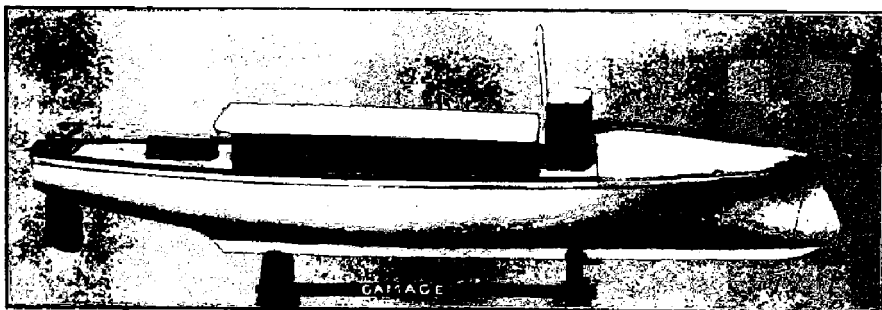
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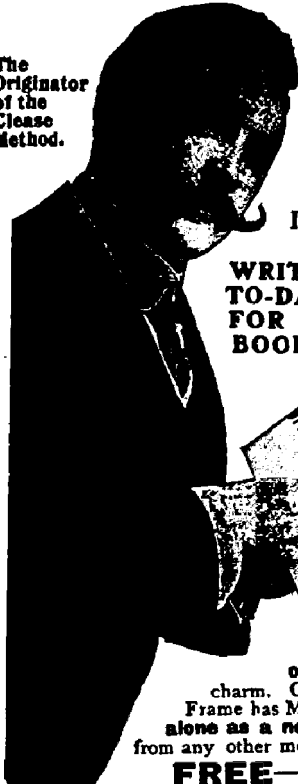
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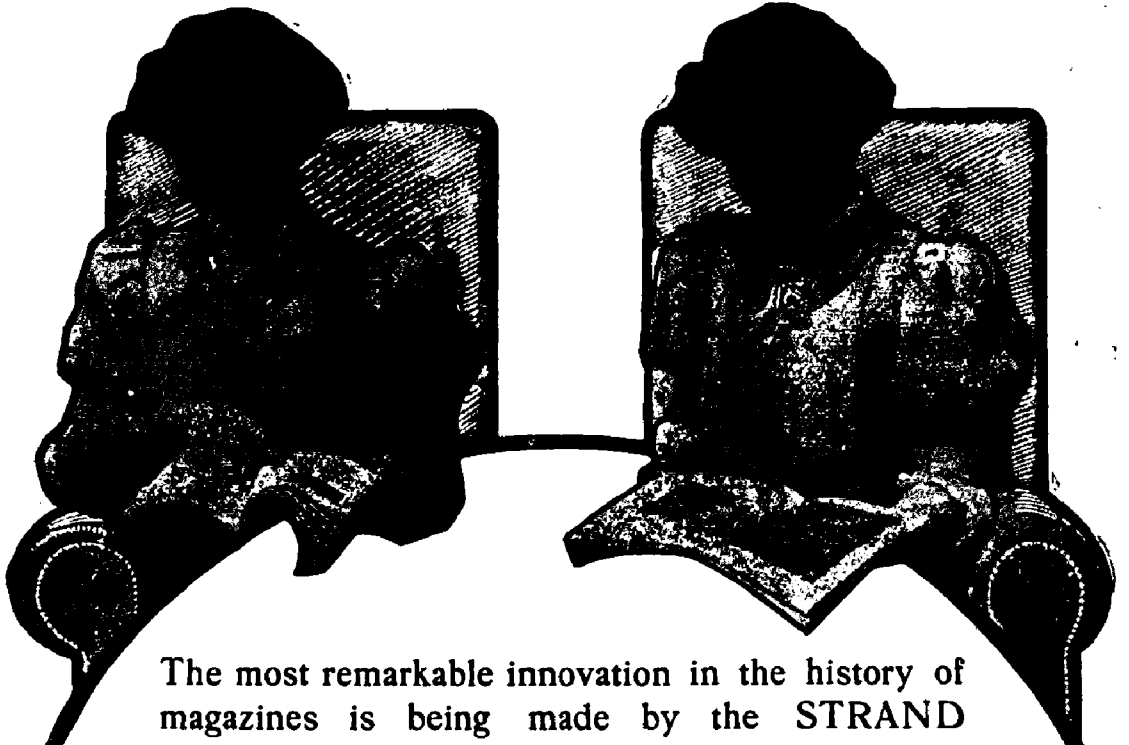
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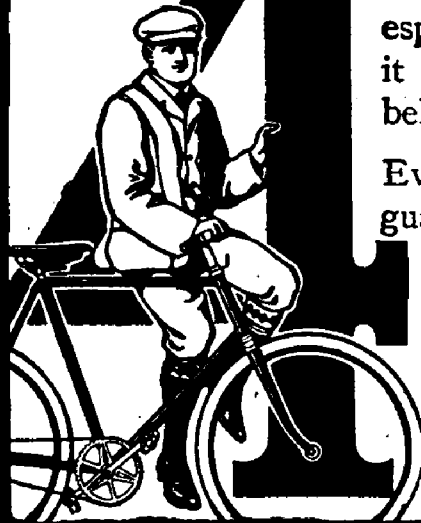
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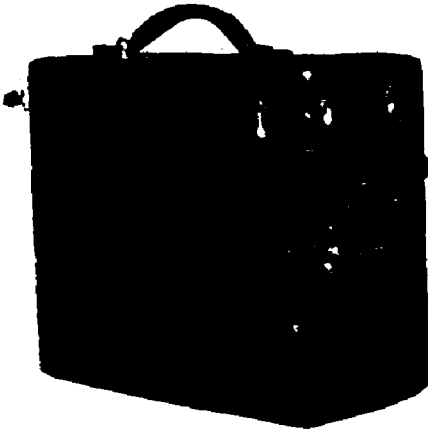
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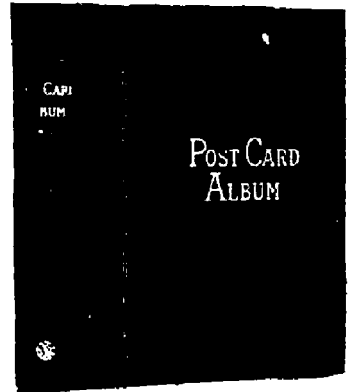
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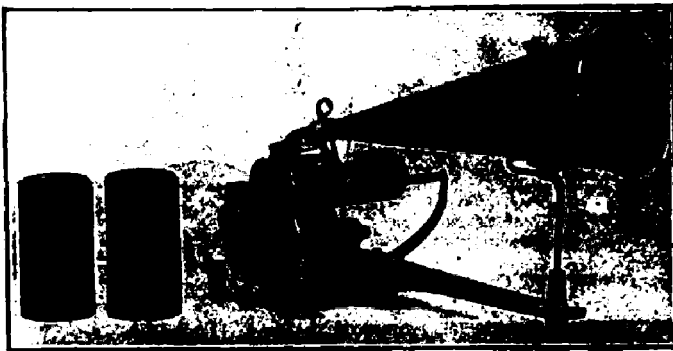


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Contents for September 1906.

	PAGE
A SATISFACTORY WEAPON	481
"ONLY MIDNIGHT AND TWO OTHERS GOT AWAY WITH THEIR LIVES"	482
THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT. (CONCLUSION.)	483
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
"THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. (CORRECT-SHADE PHOTOGRAPHY.)	497
With Illustrations.	
A DIVISION OF SPOIL	502
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (CHINESE STAMP DESIGNS.)	507
With Illustrations.	
THE MOUTH OF THE CAVERN	510
Illustrated by EDGAR A. HOLLOWAY.	

(Further Contents on next page.)



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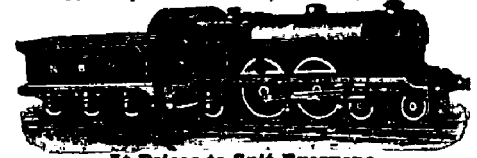
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Contents—continued.

	PAGE
THE CYCLING CORNER. (THE HEIGHT OF THE HANDLE-BARS, &c.) A. WILLIAMS	517
With Illustrations.	
NATURALISTS' CORNER EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	521
With Illustrations.	
THE MYSTERY OF THE "EMILY GRIMES" CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE	524
Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.	
SWEDEN AND ITS PEOPLE THE "PORTMUTHIAN"	532
SEPTEMBER CELEBRITIES READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN"	534
With Illustrations.	
AN ACT OF GRACE HARRY TREVOR	540
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
LONDON BRIDGE TO THE SEA FRANK L. CROSSE	547
With Illustrations from Photographs.	
THE BARTON CUP STUART WISHING	552
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (SOME ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.)	559
COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER	564
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	565
EDITORIAL THE OLD FAG	569
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	573
RESULTS OF JULY COMPETITIONS	576

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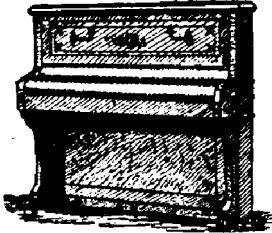
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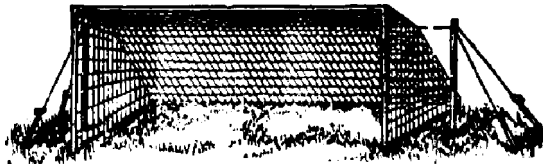
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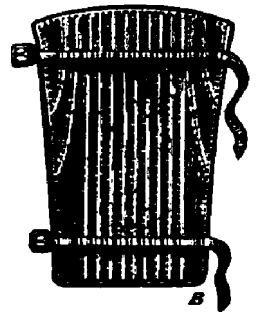
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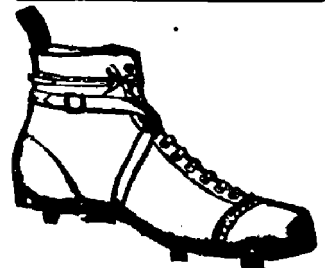
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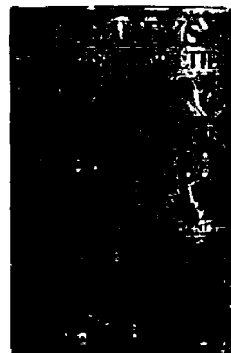
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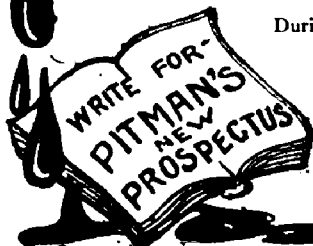
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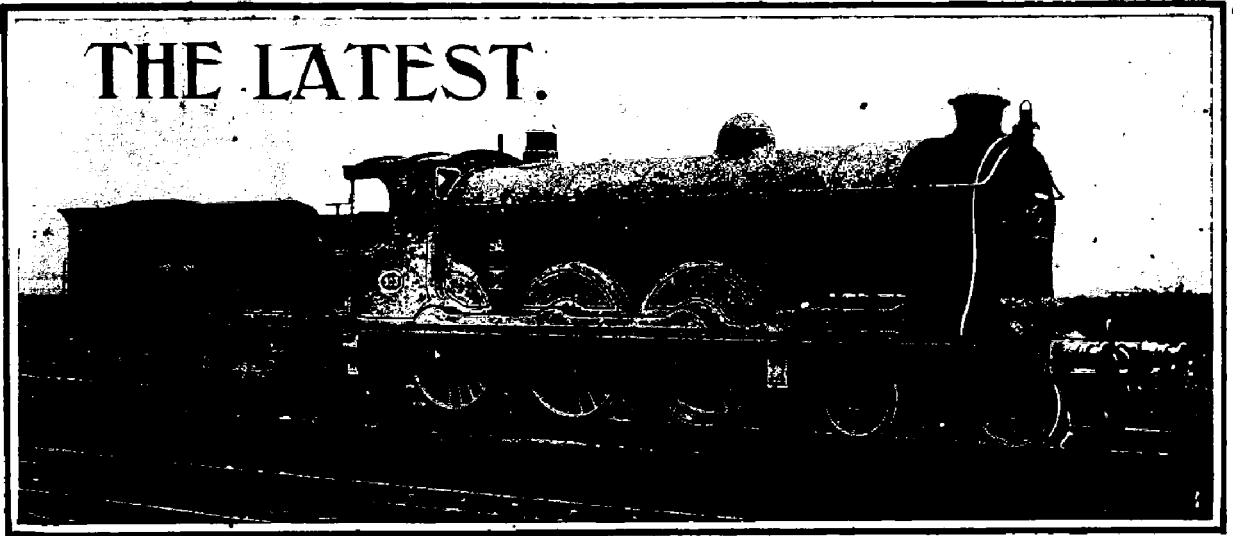
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THE LATEST.



THE LOCOMOTIVE BUILT BY THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY TO TAKE STEEP GRADIENTS AT HIGH SPEED.

The Latest Railway Locomotive.

THE locomotive depicted in our heading, recently built by the Caledonian Railway Company, is at present the most powerful railway engine in the British Isles. It differs from former locomotives of this class—the six-coupled, inside cylinders type—in that a better distribution of weight has been obtained by certain technical deviations, and this, with increased power, will enable it to negotiate the steepest gradients at an average speed of sixty-one miles an hour. The total length of engine and tender (which has a capacity of 5000 gallons) is 65 ft. 6 in.; the weight is 130 tons, and the working pressure 200 lb. per square inch.

The Latest Binding Machine.

The Strand Magazine recently inaugurated a revolution in magazine binding. It has long been a subject of complaint that the usual method of wire-stitching rendered a magazine impossible to open flat. This drawback has been completely overcome by the ingenious machine, an American invention, shown in our illustration, which does away with stitching altogether. The machine consists of a huge oval drum, 18 ft. long, round which a series of jaws or clamps travel continuously. These jaws open automatically when they reach the operator who feeds the machine, which feeding is done by dropping edgewise a complete set of folded pages for one number—without the

cover—into the jaws. The pages are gripped by the jaws and carried along the drum to a knife which shaves off the edge of the folds, leaving a set of single leaves. The latter, still held by the clamps, then pass over a series of saws, the result being a roughening of the back edge of the pages, which, coming into contact with a couple of rollers revolving in glue-tanks, are thus enabled to pick up the requisite quantity of adhesive. Up to now the machine, after being fed with the pages, has done all the work. Beyond the glue tanks, however, another operation is required to place strips of gauze, the exact width of the edge of the combined pages, on a small platform, in order that each



THE NEW MACHINE USED FOR BINDING "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."
[Continued on page xx.]

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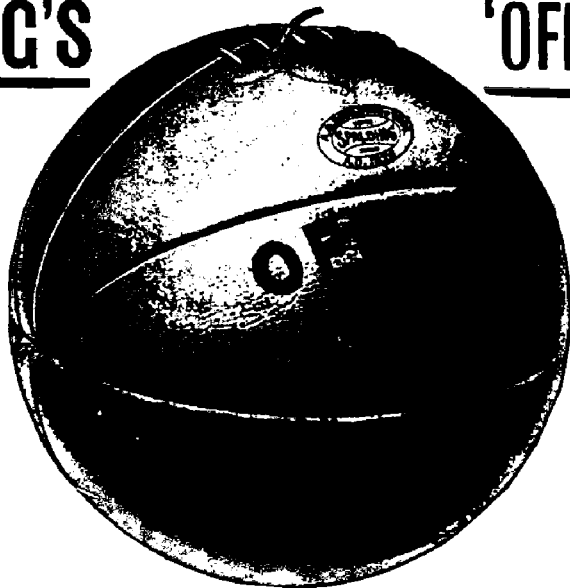
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HENDON.—"I beg to acknowledge receipt of cycle, with which I am very delighted."

EMSORTH.—"Received cycle safe, and very pleased with same."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—"I received the Imperial Swift Cycle to-day, and must express my entire satisfaction with the bargain."

LEWES.—"I have had other makes, but have never ridden one which pleases me so much as the Imperial, and shall, when opportunity presents itself, recommend your cycles to my friends, if they think of having one."

ROMFORD.—"Many thanks for the Imperial Swift, safely to hand on Saturday last. I have thoroughly tried it, and cannot speak too highly of it; it runs like quicksilver. Thanking you for your prompt attention."

HARROW.—"I beg to acknowledge receipt of cycle, which arrived safely Saturday evening, and am pleased to say is quite satisfactory."

SWIFT



SWIFT

COVENTRY.—"I might say I am more than pleased with the machine."

PONTLOTTYN.—"It looks very nice, and I have little doubt but it will give every satisfaction. I shall most certainly bring it to the notice of most of my friends, as well as others."

KILBURN, N.W.—"The cycle runs splendidly, and I am extremely pleased with it."

H. FORD.—"I must say I am more than pleased with machine."

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ROCHESTER.—"The machine is very satisfactory, and it is the easiest machine I have ridden."

CROYDON.—"Have received the machine safe and in good order; very well satisfied with same. Some friends of mine came, and they examined the machine, and said what a good, reliable machine it was for the price."

BEXLEY HEATH.—"Received lady's Imperial Swift on the 16th inst., and am very pleased with it."

NORWICH.—"The cycle received on Saturday; am very pleased with it."

SANDY.—"Mrs. Schilling is very pleased with the appearance of the machine, and I must say, in my opinion, it is exceptionally well finished."

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set of pages may pick up one strip in passing. This gauze secures a more solid backing for the magazine, the cover being picked up immediately afterwards, sufficient of the adhesive penetrating the gauze to cause the cover to stick. In order to ensure that the cover shall become firmly attached the back is punched and pinched three times by the machine before the bound magazine is finally discharged automatically at the rate of about two thousand copies per hour. It is at present the only machine of its kind in England, the sole rights having been acquired for a considerable term for magazines by the proprietors of *The Strand Magazine*.

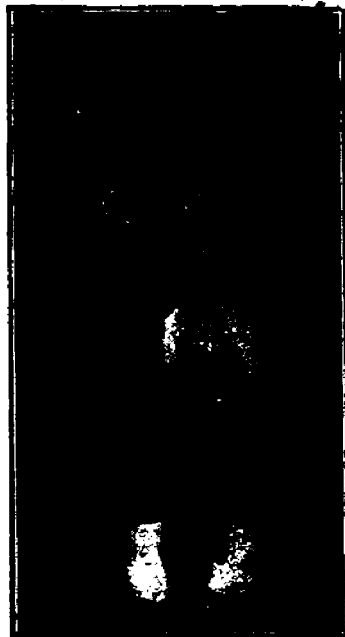
The Latest Dredger.

THE vessel in the photograph reproduced above is the unique suction pump canal embanking dredger, *Foyers*, built for the Indian Government by Messrs. W. Simons and Co., Ltd., of Renfrew, and will be used for dredging the shallow rivers in the Bengal Presidency. The dredger possesses three separate bows, and through the wells thus formed in the fore part of the vessel are led two suction pumps, with a dredging capacity of 4000 tons of sand per hour, to which are attached rotary cutters for disintegrating clayey soil, and water-jets for displacing compact sand, prior to suction. Each suction pump is driven by a set of vertical triple expansion engines of 900 i.h.p., which renders the *Foyers* capable of cutting a channel about 20 ft. wide and at a similar depth in one operation. The vessel is also fitted with three propellers and is able to attain a speed of eight knots per hour.

The Latest Toy.

A VERY entertaining little personage is "Xit," the mannikin whose portrait we publish on this page. Here he appears, rigged out for drawing-room purposes, a smartly

dressed, rather dandified Scot. Packed for travelling his boots are removed and his legs vanish altogether. This startling state of affairs is due to the fact that his two lower limbs are really the first and second right-hand fingers of his proprietor. It need not be explained that, with a pair of legs which are not merely lively, but actually living, there are few things in the way of dance steps which he cannot accomplish. One of the best points about his construction is the ingenious contrivance by which he is fixed to the hands of the showman. "Xit" can be obtained from Messrs. Hamley Bros., Ltd., 512 Oxford Street, London, W.



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PART 168

SIXPENCE

CHUMS

OCTOBER 1906

CONTENTS

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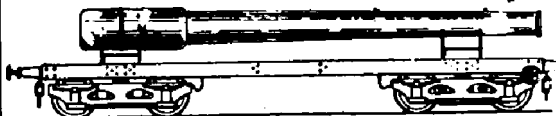
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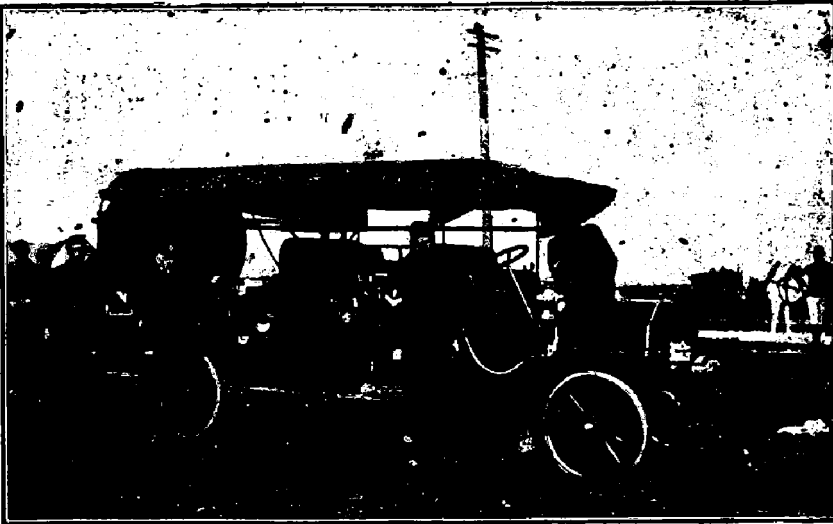
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So, pear and yet So



THE MOTOR SEARCHLIGHT OF THE NEWCASTLE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER VOLUNTEERS.

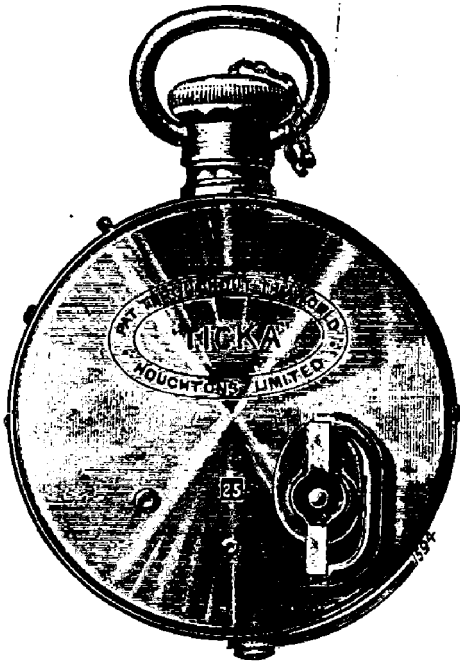
Photo. Wm' Smith.

A Motor Searchlight.

THE above is a photograph illustrating the latest use to which the motor-car has been put in conjunction with military manœuvres, and shows a powerful searchlight mounted on a specially designed motor-car carriage. This useful innovation belongs to the Electrical Engineer Volunteers, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Latest Pocket Camera.

THIS is the "Ticka" camera, price 8s. 6d., manufactured by Messrs. Houghtons, Ltd., 88



THE "TICKA" CAMERA, ACTUAL SIZE.

and 89 High Holborn, W.C. Although not much larger than a watch, this instrument carries a spool of film giving twenty-five exposures, and turns out remarkably clear little pictures about the size of a postage stamp. The "Ticka" is loaded and unloaded in daylight, and the shutter controls time and instantaneous exposures. This little novelty is not a toy, and yields sharp negatives, enlarged prints of which may be obtained by means of a special printing-box. As an instance of the rapidity with which the "Ticka" caught on, the makers inform us that they sold ten thousand during the first six

weeks after its introduction.

A Railway's Diamond Jubilee.

IN July the London and North Western Railway Company celebrated its diamond jubilee, having been founded sixty years ago—on July 16, 1846. "Puffing Billy" made its first journey on the Stockton and Darlington Railway on September 27 of the same year. When the London and North Western Railway Company was inaugurated, it employed 161 hands in its works at Crewe, which then occupied about two and a half acres; to-day its employees number 8000 and the works cover nearly 200 acres.

The Latest Use for Electricity.

M. CAMILLE HERRGOTT, a well-known French engineer, is said to have invented a peculiar method of charging cloth with electricity in order to furnish heat to the wearer in cold weather. The idea is carried out by means of fine electric wires woven into the cloth, to charge which a very fine battery is needed. He calls his invention "The Electric Thermophile," and claims for it that it can be used in connection with all kinds of fabrics, and does not alter their ordinary appearance on their usual flexibility.

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LEAGUE NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters as above. Readers of the CAPTAIN, on becoming members of the B.E.L., can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

By the time this number is in the hands of CAPTAIN readers, members of B.E.L. branches will be thinking of formulating their programmes for the winter. I have before me a pile of letters from Hon. Secretaries of existing branches, and also from others who would like to form new Clubs in their respective districts. I append their names and addresses in the hope that CAPTAIN readers who wish to join will write to them direct:

BELFAST.—James W. McNinch, 1 Woodbrook Villas, Ballgomartin Road.

BIRMINGHAM.—Cecil C. Goldsmid, Melbourne House, Edward Road.

BIRTLEY and CHESTER LE STREET.—M. W. Birkett, N.E.R. Station, Birtley, R.S.O.

CHISWICK, W.—J. R. Smith, 4 Hatfield Road, Bedford Park.

DARTFORD.—H. J. Wallis, 114 Prince of Wales Terrace, Great Queen Street.

DERBY.—J. T. Bankes, the Firs, Etwall.
DUBLIN.—W. I. Hartley, 36 Waterloo Road.

E. FINCHLEY, N.—W. Smith, 5 Cavendish Terrace, High Road.

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GREENOCK.—N. Macphail, 75 Holmscroft Street.

HARRINGAY, N.—A. D. Pulford, 35 Duchett Road.

HOLLOWAY, N.—Arthur Jno. Strouts, 65 Grove Road.

HULL.—H. Nightscales, 64 Londesborough Street.

LEEDS.—Clifford Dytch, 7 Woodsley Road.

LEICESTER.—Archie Wm. Branson, 1A Sparkenhoe Street.

MAIDSTONE.—H. J. Verrall, 47 Thornhill Place.

NEWBURY, BERKS.—J. Wickens, 3 Gordon Villas, St. Mary's Road.

PLYMOUTH.—F. Mc J. Walker, Zion House, The Hoe.

REDHILL, SURREY.—Graham G. Reynolds, Blymhill, St. John's Road.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—A. J. Knight and J. R. Rogers, 20 Campden Hill.

SHREWSBURY.—J. Smith, 2 Mardo Street.

SOUTHPORT.—F. W. Holder, 57 Lethbridge Road.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—Percy A. Maydwell, 36 Park Street.

TOTTENHAM, N.—H. A. Storr, 6 Riversdale Terrace, White Hart Lane.

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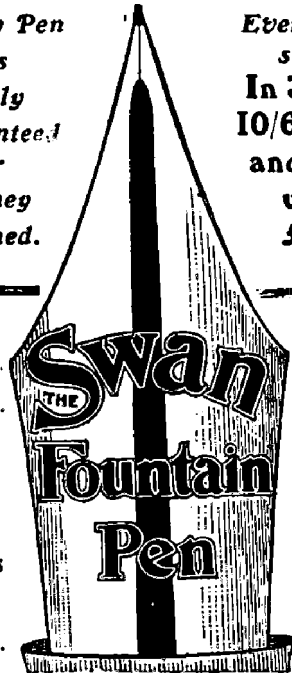
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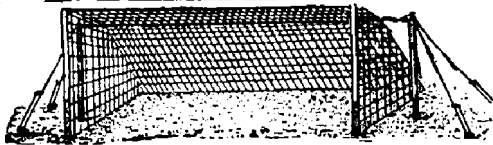
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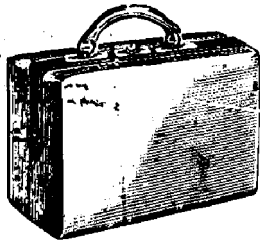
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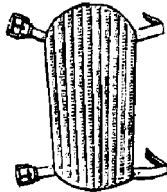
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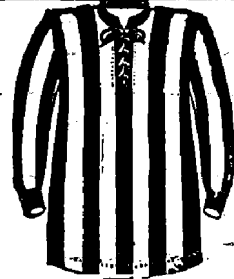


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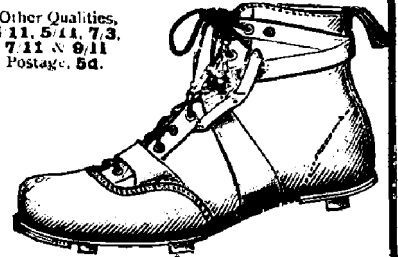


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