



Stranger "Please sir, can you tell me why the station is so quiet and no trains going, and everybody reading P.R. guard. Well sir, he said that the Bout-de-Ville has not to day that he explain it."



more during shipwreck. Hurrah! I've found a Bon bout de Villes. We're saved, for as the numbers are so large we can make a raft and sail to Land

The Bout-de-Ville Times New Years Number.

No. 654323/
Otherwise, No. 3.

16th January, 1895.

Births

Thirty-one embryo fowls, in the shape of eggs, the results so far, of the nine hens belonging to the Townend family. Estimated by cost, these productions are clear indeed to their happy owners.

Marriages (?)

It is so seldom that we have any connubial item for our columns that we gladly chronicle the fact that an alliance is on the tapis between Colomba Hodgins & the Draycott Dove (the property of Master Bernard Townend). The attentions of the former have been, of late, too constant & conspicuous for any mistake

as to their purport. The course of true love never did run smooth, & at present there is a decided (laire) barrier to the union of these two faithful hearts & doves, & though one of them wears a ring, it cannot as yet be considered as a sign of wedlock.

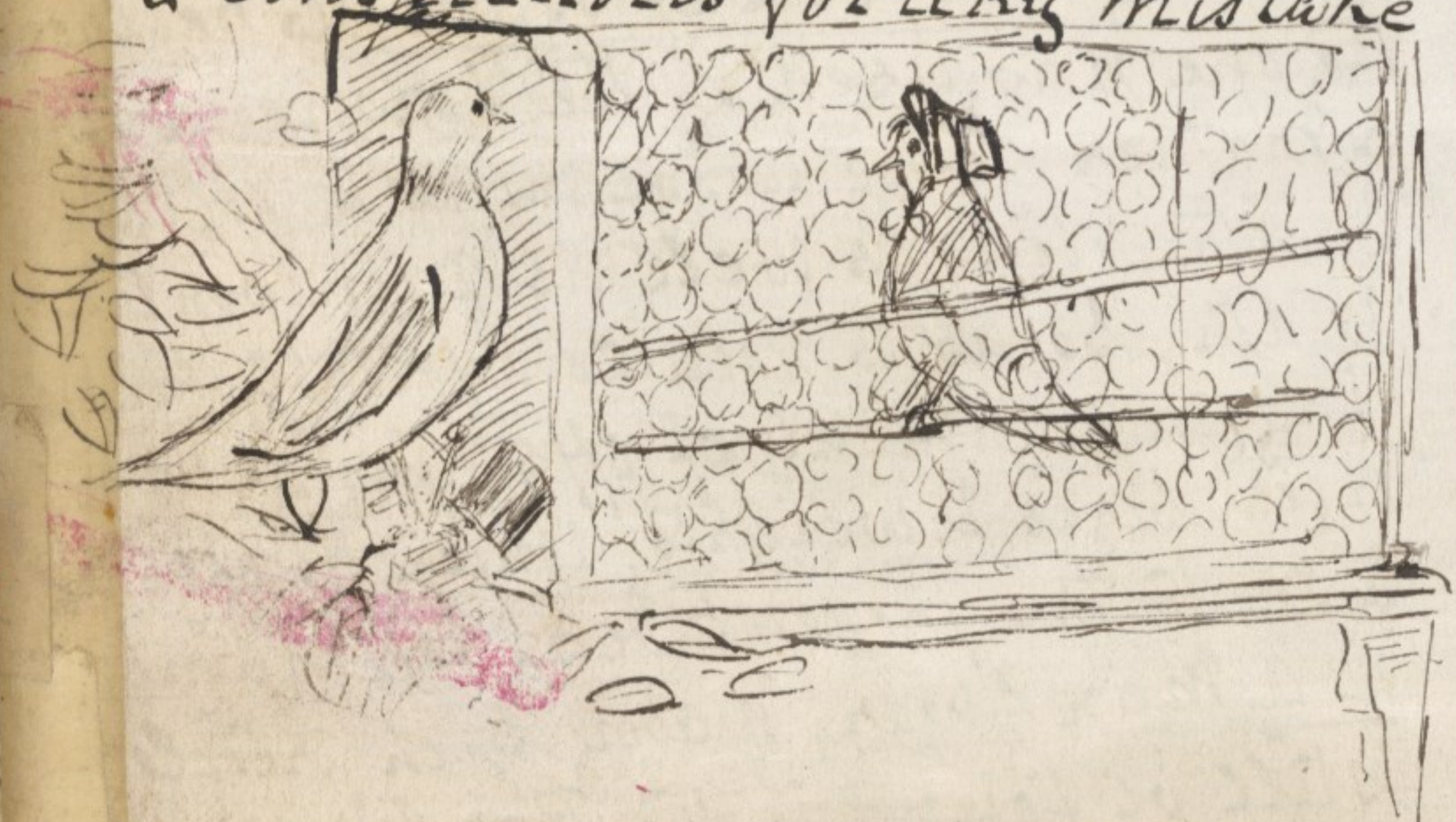
Deaths

On Wednesday, December 12th, deeply regretted by all the inmates of the Chaplain's Quarters, except the Parrot & Canaries, Esmeralda, a kitten of much personal beauty & engaging habits, who, though still in early youth, had already distinguished herself in the pursuit & capture of mice.

Her death is not without its moral. Departing from the path of rectitude, which terminated at the yard gate, she



Her last dream



wandered forth into the gay world, & disappeared. Many were the enquiries & widespread was the search instituted by her anxious friends. At length, after more than a week, she was brought back from the College Hospital, whither she would seem to have gone, not to restore her health but to destroy it. Whatever it was that she imbibed, de-voured or inhaled, she re-appeared in the Townend mansion, emaciated, depressed, & changed. Food was abhorrent to her, & after a short period of suffering, even chicken broth administered with a teaspoon proved unavailing, & on the following morning she was found in her basket dead, — as completely so, as the chicken whose broth had been her last nourishment.

To show the estimation in which she was held by her Owner, we quote his touching petition addressed to Lt Colonel Jopp & Company A of the Gentlemen Cadets, in whose rooms she was supposed to be desporting herself, while absent, as a fore narrated.

Whereas, — November twenty-eight, —
A Kitten strayed from my yard-gate, —
Which, since, has disappeared from sight; —
A Kitten, Tabby, marked with white;

And as this loss is much deplored, —
A Kitten loved, in fact adored! —
By all the Townends, young and old, —
A Kitten worth her weight in gold! —

And as, from due enquiry made, —
A Kitten stolen, lost, or strayed! —
This animal has twice been seen —
A Kitten of a playful mien! —
Within the rooms of Company "A"; —
A Kitten roguish, sweet and gay! —

And as 'tis plainly to be guessed —
A Kitten with perception blest —
"A" Company of all the best —
A Kitten would esteem the best: —
Not only "A" but sure "A1": —
A Kitten skilled to choose or shun!

Therefore Petition humbly writ —
A Kitten — how I mourn for it! —
To Company "A" and Colonel Jopp —
A Kitten — Can I ever stop! —

That search be made, and Puss restored; —
A Kitten, fled from home and board! —
Petition to each "A" Cadet —
A Kitten — wicked little pet! —
To give it up, without delay
And your Petitioner will ever pray,
Etcetera —
Yours A. J. T.
Chaplain to Forces, R.M.C.

Advertisements

Wanted: — patent indestructible clothing, especially trousers, for the Townend boys.

Also boots possessing the same qualities. Tenders will also be received for a few gross of wooden babots.

Lost, on various occasions, by various young gentlemen, — and, ahem! a young lady also, — five letters of the English Alphabet, forming the word "Please". Finder & restorer will be thanked by the Townend Parents.

Situation offered to any active young person, — sex immaterial, — to brew about a gallon of tea, in the early morning, in the maternal bedroom, with the help of stoves, oil-stoves, & a tea-tray ready laid.

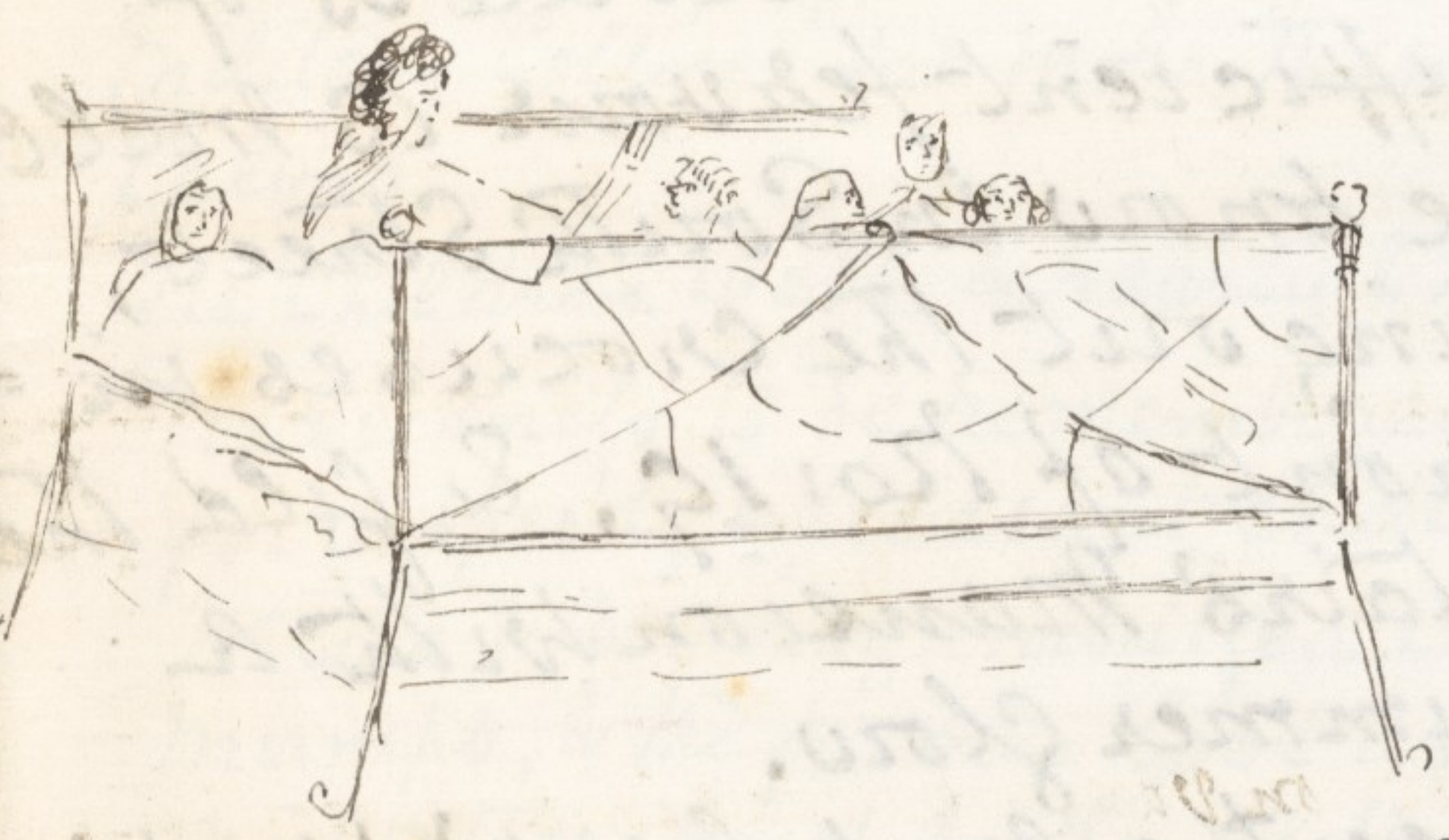
Applicants must undertake to boil the kettles, concoct the tea, fill the cups, extract biscuits from tin, & have all ready for demand, without disturbing Mr Townend's slumbers.

N.B. Success of applicant will depend greatly on willingness to wash the cups & saucers, afterwards, as they will be required again for breakfast, — the supply of the family crockery being limited.

Wanted, an exact imitation, as to size of the Great Bed of Ware, to replace the one now used by the Townend Father & Mother. The above must be solidly constructed, as well as of unworn timber, width, so as to hold comfortably the incoming consignment of offspring of various ages, sizes, & weights, which rushes in & on to the present bed. The mainspring of a man of war, if any such article is still to be found in the Royal Navy, would

be useful as a blanket. Naval Store-keepers & Marine Dealers please Apply.

In connection with above, we present our readers with a beautiful representation of the Toronend bed at 7.30 a.m. any morning.



So great is the modesty of our Artist, that we observe he has omitted the male Parent of the family.

The following choice lot of words & expressions to be disposed of, cheap, & with immediate possession:— in fact, speedy removal of goods in absolute condition of sale:—

- "Can't"
- "Won't"
- "Don't want"
- "Shut up!"
- "Good gracious!"

With a large & varied assortment of Arguments for not obeying Orders.

Apply to the young people in the Chaplain's Quarters, Royal Military College.

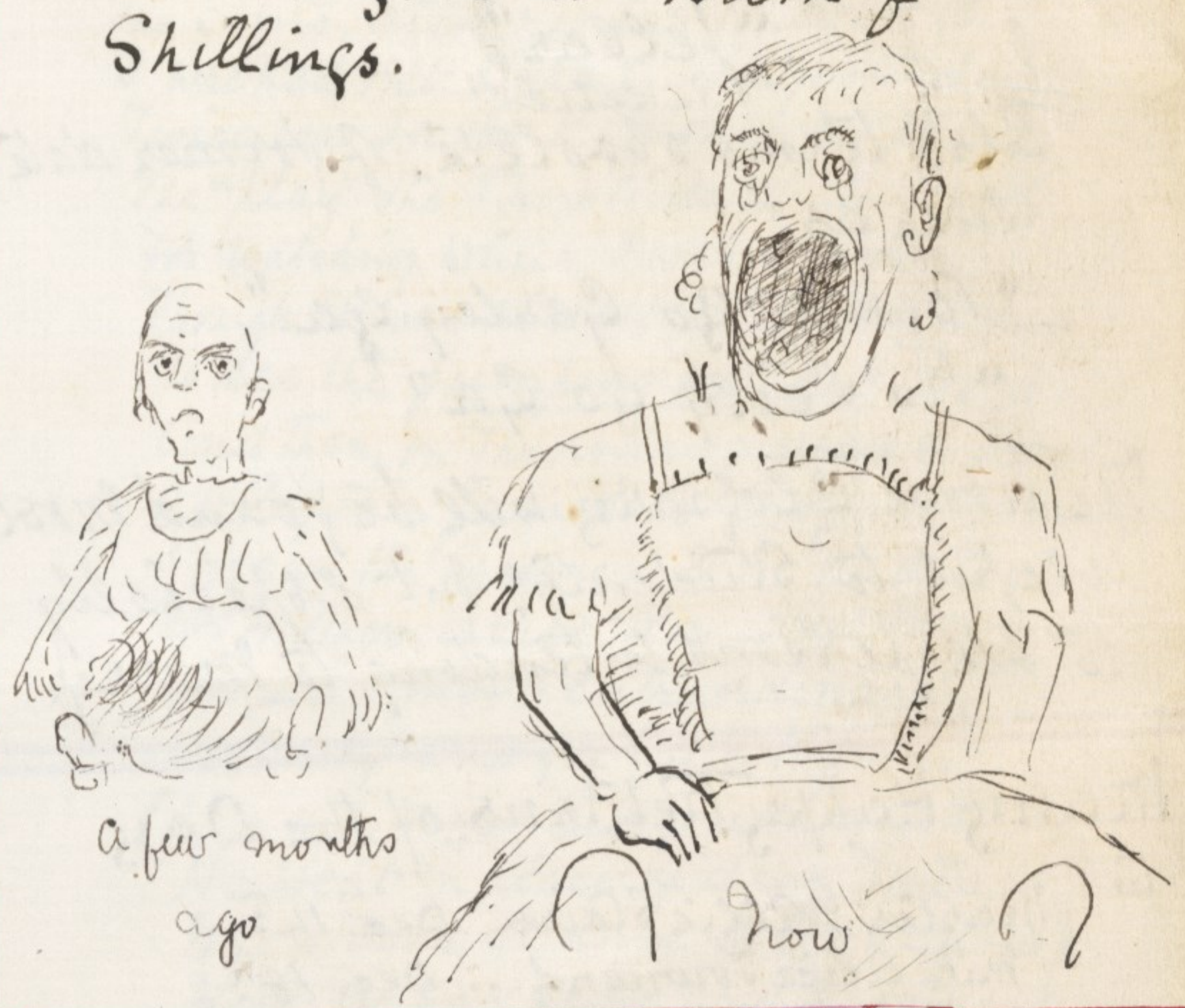
A Reward of a Box of Chocolates & a written Testimonial of Merit, is hereby offered to any young Toronend who can produce all his or her Christmas presents — books, dolls, games, toys, &c — perfect & complete, without damage, loss, breakage or delapidation.

N.B. The gifts have not been in use much more than a fortnight

On View, at The Chaplain's Quarters, a Prize Baby, 15 months old, of prodigious weight & mental capacity — likewise lung power, to be seen along with his mother & nurse, who will receive the entire proceeds of the Exhibition, as well as any voluntary offerings of Visitors, as a reward for their success in rearing this wonderful, & it is to be hoped, last & final specimen of the Toronend brood. (hear! hear!)

Visitors will be shown a certificate of his weight 3 weeks after birth, viz 5 lbs: 13 oz; & will be able to judge for themselves of his present number of lbs: over duois, — a special prize, one of his first frocks, being offered to the person of the male species, who will hold him for five consecutive minutes without a murmur.

His relative size, at 3 weeks old & fifteen months may be estimated by the following fac-simile portraits, a photograph will be presented to each visitor on payment of the ridiculously small sum of Five Shillings.



How to make Home happy:

Send to No: 5, The Square, Royal Military College for Masters Roy, Harry, Gerald, & Miss Susan, Toronend, who are guaranteed to supply conversa-

-tion of a cheerful & harmonious na-
-ture, also to consume any - even
unreasonable amount of biscuits,
chocolates, oranges, apples, nuts, &
all manner of sweets; - also to ar-
-range & re-distribute all books,
furniture & papers, so that the same
room will not be recognizable after
they have been left in it for one short
half-hour; - also to effect a rapid
& complete change in their personal
appearance, dress & cleanliness, at
the shortest & most unexpected notice.
Water, Ink, paste, scissors, pens &
pencils, should be provided to make
the effect complete & satisfactory.

The attention of Invalids & Old
Maids is specially invited to this
Advertisement.

To be published shortly: - A com-
-plete Glossary of the English
Language as spoken at the Chap-
-lain's Quarters.

Examples

"I wrotter"

"Ailly Dobby"

"You are suspected, Mamma, at
the Bazaar, & they quite reel
on Papa"

"fellar"

"Seketies"

Also terms obsolete, of former date,
such as,

"Barley Go Garley Go"

"ho Leily Go Go"

The above Glossary will be found most
useful to Students, but especially
to all persons intending to marry.

Many Happy Returns of the Day

to
Master Willie Stairs. Dec. 14th
Miss Alice Townend... Dec. 18th
Dr Ligerwood... Dec. 21st
Master Jim Stairs... "
Mrs Bor (née Katie Morow)... Dec. 26th
Master Harry Townend... Dec. 29th
Leily Cameron... Jan: 3rd
The Hon^{ble} John Stairs... Jan: 19th
Master Roy Townend... Jan: 31st

Editorial

A Thousand greetings to all
our readers, here & elsewhere.
"Elsewhere" stretches to the
other side of the Atlantic.
The warmth of our New Year
wishes & prayers for our dear
ones in Nova Scotia is of
sufficient fervour to melt
the snow in South Street,
bring out the crocuses in
front of No: 19, & fill the
Stairs' Mansion with a
Summer glow.

May the good Lord who has
watched over & preserved &
blessed us all, on both sides
of the mighty Ocean, be with
us still & onwards through
1895! May He send
much & bright sunshine,
little & not too darksome
cloud, - strength in proportion
to our day, & every day
a steady progress towards the
perfect, nightless, endless
Day which is Heaven!

Our secular motto, - Mr Stairs
favourite, -

"Whatever is, is best"

Our sacred ditto, -

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect
peace whose mind is stayed
on Thee, because he trusts
in Thee"

And our verse, -

"Choose Thou my path: -
I do not ask to see
The distant scene
One step enough for me"

A Retrospect of 1894.

Mercies many; troubles few & slight.
The Father of the Townend family
transferred to Sandhurst; — a
change, regarded in a clerical
point of view, most advantageous.

The Mother greatly increased in
health, & enjoying the Church, so-
ciability & life, generally, of the Royal
Military College, far more than at
Ealing.

The Children well, & heartily, & happy.
No sickness to be remembered, ~~but~~
for a speedy & pleasant ending.

Willie & Barney indulged in
mumps, & the former lost a fort-
-night thereby, of his Easter Holidays
but perhaps he enjoyed all the more
the remaining weeks: Alice certain-
-ly obtained an enjoyable holiday
-time at Appuldurcombe, through
her previous delicacy; & Harry
conferred a benefit on himself,
Alice, Roy, & Susie, by losing flesh
& appetite for a while in the summer
so that his mother took the four
to the sea-side at Alverstoke.

There only remains to be mention-
-ed the breaking out afresh of the
old wound in the Chaplain's foot,
bringing him back to the long
illness & suffering of 1885 — the
strykeman-boogyming episode.
The compensating blessing con-
-nected with this 2 months' bed,
sofa, bath-chair & stick renewal
of the mischief of 10 years ago,
has yet to be known; but some
part of it has already appeared,
in the kindness manifested to-
wards him, during his sickness
by one & all the College staff, &
the outside world at Camberley
& Yorktown. Visits, books, flowers,
fame poured in. From General
to Sergeant; everyone came, &

5

sat & cheered, — the last by conversa-
-tion, not hurrahs — "Sandhurst is
a capital place to be sick in," was
the Reverend gentleman's remark, when
he emerged from his Quarters, — a remark
most true, though ungrammatical.

In fact, if there was only a good day school,
& a trifle more room, for the Chaplain
& his household, Sandhurst would almost
be Halifax — Could praise be greater?

As for school-wants, the Chaplain had
to send his little cheery London comrade,
Frankie, to Appuldurcombe, in the Spring
of 1894, for which necessity he (the said
Chaplain) owed Sandhurst a grudge
for some time. No one child had or has
hitherto been thrown more with him,
than was this curly-headed youngster
with the Senior Cleric of the Home District
for 18 months' Sunday duty & week-days
"schools" in London.

Our Poetical Corner.

which comes here, as the first effusion, addressed to
Master Frank Townend comes in appropriately after the
foregoing paragraph.

Royal Military College
Camberley
Surrey

Dec. 8th 1894

Dear Little Comrade,

This to-day

We're all quite well this Saturday,
Excepting that my foot's still ~~weak~~
The cause, alas! not far to seek: —
I walked out three times yesterday;
Twice was for work, & once for play.
The "play" the Prize Ride in the School,
For watching which I was a fool;
Though it was almost worth my pains
To see the jumping without reins.
And then, on Thursday, ~~was a treat~~
At Captain James' — across the street; —
I mean the Square. — & he had Tea
For Mother, Alice, Roy, and me, —
Yes, and most extraordinarily, —
For "Ouby" and for little Harry.
(It's only right that you should know
He went in place of dear Jo-to
Who stayed at home to let him go),
Well, we had cake and chocolate,
And sweets, and — joyful to relate, —
Besides the quantity they ate,
The chicks were told to carry home
All that was left: — Luck comes to some!
Next week is time of jubilation,
The close of Term, the Great occasion
When H. R. H. comes to inspect,
Review, harangue, praise or correct

The Corps of Gentlemen Cadets;—
The best-behaved and best one gets
A sword of honour;—good to be
The first of all the R.M.C.!
But best of all, my little Son,
To know that you, your best have done,
No matter where you chance to be, —
At Appuldurcombe or R.M.C.

Oh, I have got a bit of news —
Which, I'ra, my Offspring may amuse.
The sorrow which our house had smitten
Is now removed. — Behold, the Kitten —
The Kitten, who was lost to view,
Has now returned, as good as new,
Once more in Townsend Halls is joy
To Father, Mother, Girl and Boy!

† If only on my wounded foot,
By Christmas time I can put boot,
I trust we'll have no end of fun,
When Holidays have once begun,
Of "Seketies" there'll be a store,
And Christmas Parties two or more —
One for the Sunday School, with Tree,
And our own home festivity —
Alice eleven — Harry, three —
And both at Christmas time, you see.
So Willie must brush up his dancing —
I'll set him in the ball-room prancing,
Curvetting, twisting, polking, lancing.
Besides, there'll be on Christmas-Day
Of "Seketies" a grand display.
Tell Barney that the hens & rabbits
Are flourishing in best of habits,
And eke of morals — Reilly's care,
And Toto's too, as he's aware

And now, my Comrade dear, Adieu!
My love to Willie, Bee, and you.
Hurrah for Holidays and glee!
Your Loving Father, A. J. T.

Notes:—

* Alas for vain confidence. See Obituary notice on Pages 1 & 2.

† "Seketies" — Townsend family slang for "Secrets", i.e. gifts kept secret until Birthday, Christmas-Day or time of giving.

‡ See Page

|| "Bee" — Title in time gone by, for Barney.

Lines addressed to Brigade-Surgeon
Lt. Colonel & Mrs. Clarke on their
Silver Wedding Day.

"A thousand years are in Thy sight
as yesterday"

For Time is timeless in the Light, —
Far, far away, —
Of Day which never has a night
With God; — and they
"Who walk by faith and not by sight,"
May feel and say
Our God will make our pathway bright,
Come just what may, —
Come change, grief, loss, or weary fight,
Or life's decay;
For Time is His, — His ways are right;
Be His our way!
Be ours the weakness, His the might!
Ours just to pray, —
Just to press onwards to the Light, —
Just to obey!
Asking for no Gold radiance bright,
But Silver ray
Of calm, and peace, and gentle light,
And quiet day,
Till God our lives in Heaven unite,
After Earth's Silver Wedding-Day.

A. J. T.
Dec. 9th 1894

Christmas-tide, 1894.

Christmas Day fell, this time, on Dec. 25th.
It also fell on a Tuesday, which was bad for
decorations, All the more credit to the
decorators — or decorators — that they made
the Church so beautiful.
It deserves to be chronicled that not only
were there 100 Communicants, although
§ All the Cadets & the greater number of the
Officers were away for the vacation, but
also that the Offertories at 8.30 & 11 a.m.
amounted to eight guineas which formed
a most creditable Christmas gift for the
Gordon Boys' Home.

Christmas-Day in the Chaplain's Quarters
meant a drawing-room full of toys, — liter-
-ally & actually full, — the Brother Arcades
in miniature, — the sides of the room choke-
-full of chairs, each chair literally overflowing
with toys, games, books, pictures — the middle
of the room crowded with a huge rocking-horse,
an equestrian tricycle, & a mail-cart, —
for every one, from every one, & this last
"every-one" including Grandpapa, Grand-
-ma & Uncles in far off Nova Scotia — far
off in actual distance, very close in loving
Thought & Thoughtful Love.

Dinner would have been even a greater
& more triumphant success than it really
was, but for two drawbacks — (1) The College
mess had sent a 7 lb. turkey instead of
the 13 lb. which the Mother of the Family

§ Note: — "All" save one — a sick Cadet in Hospital
who received the Holy Communion at 10 a.m.

had ordered, & (2) the young people, especially the younger of the young, were fiercely impatient for admission into the enchanted fairy-land of the Drawing-room; but there were roast fowls & a big boiled ham to eke out the Liliputian fobbler, & the Falstaffian plum-pudding appeared blazing high with flames, followed by an attendant train of luscious mince-pies; & no sooner were the young animals filled & satisfied, than the portals of fairyland were opened, & the joyous crowd surged in!

When it is said, editorially & decisively, that every child's most ardent hopes were as fully satisfied as its appetite had previously been. — Surely no further words are needed. From Father & Mother to the youngest Olive-blossom, & including the Servants, one & all had so to speak the Biblical "Mule's burden" of Sake-ties.

The gifts from Toto's Royal-Hospital-Chelsea-Godmother deserve a separate paragraph to themselves. "Mumver don't put the gas out. I want to look at my picture" were the last words of Master Toto, as his Mother tucked him up on Christmas night. "My picture" was a view amidst the Scotch Highlands painted by Mr Ligerwood herself, beautifully framed, & a souvenir which should adorn his room for many & many a Christmas-tide.

A marvellous automatic image of Grace, the Great Cricket Champion, which batted to the life, & made hits as skilfully & vigorously as its living similitude, proved so irresistibly attractive that its motive spring gave way & it temporarily ceased to exist at an early period. While a pearl-brooch, the gift of the Misses Edith & Julia Ligerwood delighted the heart of Miss Alice Townend, & caused her to publish her desire for a jewel-case!

Following on the festivities of Christmas-Day, came Miss Townend's Birth-day Ball.

The young lady's natal day is actually on Dec. 18th, but as this date is prior to the Holidays, the Ball was postponed to Thursday 27th, so as to allow her 3 Appuldurcombe brothers to be present.

This postponed was scarcely regarded by her eldest brother with the gratitude

which might have been expected.

We are in a position to set before our Readers the original Manuscript drawings wherein Master William Townend recorded his anticipations, forebodings & determinations, in connection with the coming festivity.

No 1 is the more antique, being penned & limned four weeks before the holidays commenced.

There is a mystery about the illustration of a Turneresque description, but we believe that the horizontal lines represent a curtain behind which the party-abjuring William has seated himself, apart from the giddy throng who are invisible on the other side, — until the time shall come for supper.

I hope there is a lot of ^{stap} _{ing} and No parties. I'll get ill on purpose if there is



I'll sit in a corner all the Eve till supper then I'll join them.

The illustrations which follow, are of slightly later date, & form an admirable series of fancy sketches prophetic of the 27th Dec^r, drawn with Hogarthian freedom, & pre-Raphaelite fidelity to nature.

Speaking philatelically the two first cartoons are reprints, the last three, veritable originals.



Preparations



Arrival

In following. *Supper*



Dance

4



5

Me while

this is going on

It would actually seem from Scene marked "5" that the talented Artist had abandoned his previous intention of secreting himself behind the Curtain until supper-time.

As things turned out he used neither bed nor curtain, but appeared amongst the guests, danced "Sir Roger", was pleased to partake of both tea & supper, & with Master Harry Wynyard gave a manly tone to the youthful gathering.

The above is parenthetical. Now for our Reporter's account of the Festivity itself:—

On Thursday, Dec. 27th, a distinguished gathering took place in the Townend mansion. The roll of Carriage wheels was incessant, the square re-echoed with the tread of fairy feet, until some twenty guests or more, were assembled.

Extraordinary preparations had been made to receive them. The Drawing-room, where the lovely & accomplished hostess received her guests, was a conglomeration of brilliancy from three moderator lamps.

The Dining-room had been stripped of most of its furniture for dancing, & presented a bare & fascinating appearance for the votaries of Terpsichore.

But the triumph of arrangement & decor-

-ation art was reached in the Supper-room. Mrs Townend had skilfully arranged her cornucopia apartment, so that bed, washstand, stand, toilet-table, &c, were concealed behind a pair of screens. Tables were laid with tea, cake, buns & crackers, cups & plates of various patterns, & chairs of different sizes. Here the guests were regaled with a sumptuous banquet, shortly after their arrival.

Here, also, after a couple of hours devoted to dancing & games, a second collation was displayed & partaken of:—A feast wherein sandwiches, trifle, jellies, blanch-manges, candies & a second liberal supply of crackers, made the hearts, not to say stomachs, of the fortunate revellers bound wildly with delight.

The music was astonishing. The pianist, Corporal in the Royal Military College Band, appeared with a violin, & was not a pianist at all.

The gentlemen were a trifle bashful & preferred to caper round with one another or not at all. This erroneous taste will, doubtless, disappear after an interval of years.

It was a peculiar feature of the evening's entertainment that Sir Roger de Coverley was danced twice. This was found advisable as all the young gentlemen & many of the young ladies seemed incapable of overcoming the difficulties ofancers Polkas & Waltzes. Sir Roger, therefore, was a substitute for the usual ball-room programme, & a most successful one, though the musician must have seriously damaged the strings of his fiddle.

We tender our congratulations to the Townend family on a charming & delightful evening.

The closing item of the Christmas-tide festivities, which has to be chronicled in these pages, was a very interesting one, — a tea-party given to the Choir Boys & Sunday School children belonging to the Royal Military College, on Monday, December 31st.

Seventy-six children sat down to what may best be described by the French term *un complet* — complete, indeed, from cake to fruit, while the Teachers, many of the Officers' wives, & their children, were catered for at tables ranged along the sides of the room — the walls of which, as well as the long console table were adorned with the silver trophies.

challenge-cups & shields belonging to the various Companies of the gentlemen Cadets.

Meantime, a magnificent Christmas Tree which had been erected & covered with gifts in the opposite Mess Room, was being lighted up, ready for the crowd of well-filled guests, & after cheers for Genl. & Mrs. East, the Ladies, Teachers & all the generous givers of the Feast, the assemblage trooped into this second scene of pleasure, & marched round & round the brightly illuminated branches, which were richly laden with dolls, games, toys, nocks, crackers & all things pretty & attractive. The Governor's Lady distributed the gifts, - each child & Teacher, carrying away some souvenir of New Year's Eve 1894; & then the Band struck up, & there were dances, & romps, in which we were glad to see that the Chaplain was not too old, - or stiff - to join.

Report says that no entertainment so successful has been given to the R.M.C. School children, in the memory of its present inhabitants. As comparisons are odious we will only say that the Tea & Tree were brilliantly successful, & worthy to be placed beside their predecessors, & any similar entertainments which shall succeed them in Christmas-tides to come.

New Year's Items

A dilatory & tantalizing frost which seemed unable to make up its mind whether to stay or go, has at last resulted in almost a week's skating.

The Appulchorcombe boys, & Master Harry Wynyard, were after much anxious waiting & longing, able at length to display their talents on the ice. Zeal, perhaps, rather than elegance, was the prevailing characteristic of their efforts.

Our Artist - William Townend Esq. - will convey, by the accompanying sketch, a better idea of our meaning, than any number of words could succeed in doing.



Master Herbert Townend's peculiar & successful method of skating is pictured below, & will be best appreciated by those who were privileged to be present when he made home unhappy until a pair of skates - in fact two pairs - were brought for his equipment. The result of this trouble & expenditure may be best summed-up by a variation of the old adage.

"He who [skates] & runs away
May live to [skate] another day"



Unfortunately for the sympathetic mind - and less - the frost vanished more quickly than it came. With Sunday light, January 13th, the ground & ice were seen covered with clump snow; & a steady thaw, with rain & wind, turned winter into a miserable imitation of April mud.

The Rev. G. J. & Mrs. Townend were privileged to figure together as godfather & godmother to the infant daughter of their friends Mr. & Mrs. Darnell, at Acton Green, - we beg pardon, Chiswick Park, near London. Acton not being as aristocratic a locality as Chiswick, we naturally should use the latter title.

Miss Doris Darnell is a sort of female Isaac, having made her appearance considerably after she might reasonably have been expected; her next-eldest-sister being nineteen, & this being the number of years which have been unmarked by any birth in the Darnell family.

On Monday, January 14th, the Chaplain, R.M.C., conducted his three Appulchorcombe boys to Olympia, to see the 3rd big show which has appeared there since their return from Gibraltar in 1892.

Much as has been written in effusive praise of "The Orient" as surpassing in scenic effect & splendour the two previous

10 displays "Venice" & "Constantinople,"
we cannot at all agree that it is any-
thing beyond an equal beauty, which
is really saying a good deal. There is
the same magnificent spectacle of
exquisitely blended colours, whole
battalions of dancers drilled & drilled
beyond the wildest visions of the
Arabian Nights, gorgeous pageants,
magnificent spectacles, a bewilderment
of exquisite beauty; & if the Rev.^d
gentleman & his offspring had not been
blasted with the two former shows, they
would have been wildly enthusiastic
in their admiration.

The R.M.C. Church Care-taker who
visited Olympia on the previous week,
& who had not been there before, was
simply overpowered. "I had no idea,
Sir, that there were so many young women
in the world," was his comment. And
again, aspects of the Eastern Harem—
as they were, lying about everywhere
& turning their limbs about in every di-
rection."

Distinguished Invalids.

The Rev.^d Mr. Townend, who had been suf-
fering from an abscess on his foot—
the foot which caused him so much
suffering & confinement to bed in
1885—has, we are thankful to say,
been able to move about with tolerable
comfort during Christmas & New
Year, & even to skate, after a fashion,
on January 11th & 12th, on the College
Lake, just before the ice disappear-
ed.

His Bath chair is no longer a fea-
ture in the landscape, & even his
stick is now carried more for orna-
ment than use.

Master William Townend has been
complaining of a cold. How far
this complaint is heightened by

a desire to escape from sundry & var-
ious parties, involving falling to the
fair sex, is a question we will not pre-
sume to answer.

Local Items.

Service is now held in E. & F. Mess
Room, the Church being handed over
to the Royal Engineers for the putting in
of new heating apparatus.

Curiously enough, this Mess Room is
a consecrated place of worship, diverged
from its original purpose, & decorated
with trophies of arms, old armour,
models of guns, & curiosities—in-
cluding even a stuffed pike, caught
in the College Lake, but still retaining
the stained glass window erected to
the memory of a gentleman Cadet,
which was over the altar when the
mess-room was a church.

This window is a curiosity in its way.
The figure of the Cadet, in uniform,
& apparently a likeness, for the same
face is reproduced on each occasion
is to be seen in four of the lights—
disproportionately small compared
to the scanty figures by its side.

We have been unable to identify the
four scenes, but in one the Cadet is
evidently dedicating himself to folk
service, his cap being laid on an altar
by an allegorical figure representing
Valour, perhaps, or one of the Virtues,
while in the fourth light, he is repre-
sented as dying in his bed, & R. B. not
in uniform on this occasion, as our
last paragraph would seem to imply.
The Chaplain has laid his hand on
the boy's head, in benediction, &
the sister who erected the window
is kneeling by the bed.

Whatever may be thought of the de-
sign or merit of this window, it
seems a pity & profanation that
instead of giving light & watching
over God's altar & the space within

the Communion Rails, it should now look down the dishes & glasses of a butler's pantry, — the Chancel of the old Church being used for this purpose, & separated from the Mess Room, by a partition, which permits the upper part of the desecrated windows to be seen by the Cadets, while they are at dinner!!

The Chaplain has had facility lately for studying his Memorial, as the Chancel-pantry is used temporarily as his Vestry.

households. Do not, therefore, grumble at having to remove your books, drawings ink, pencils, &c. Think what life would be — come if there were no meals, & no parlour-maids!

A.B.S.T. — To your numerous queries, we reply:—

1. The term "weathercock" does not imply that you can tell what sort of weather is coming by the tone of your Rooster's voice
2. Neither does the usual position of a weather



Answers to Correspondents.

A.J.T. — You complain that your wife, — perfect in other respects, — declines to get up in the early morning, to boil the kettle, make the bedroom-tea, call the servants, feed the dove & canaries, & make herself generally useful. We advise you to study the lives of various great men who have had to endure similar hardships, — as Socrates, "The judicious Hooker" &c. Possibly it might be conducive to domestic felicity if you were to set your spouse an example of early rising & working. Say for a year or two, ~~so as to~~ shame her into a sense of her duty.

M.W.T. — No, — your Dining-room table is not as solid & substantial as King Arthur's round one. At least we cannot believe that brotherly love would have long continued amongst that knightly set, if they had sat rightly around any table like the rickety specimen which shakes beneath the elbows of your family.

W.T. — The Parlour-maid in any family is obliged occasionally — once a week at the very least — to clear the table before laying the cloth for meals. It is a habit even encouraged in some

— cock warrant your idea that Cocks should have a steeple built for them to roost on.

3. We have never yet tried to bite off the tip of a puppy's tail. Neither do we wish to begin. Our teeth are not numerous or strong enough. Take your pup elsewhere.

4. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" has no reference to the clucking of a hen over her last-laid egg. Sir Walter Scott was not such an enthusiast over egg-laying as you seem to be.

5. A guinea-pig cannot wag its tail. At least we have never seen one succeed in doing so.

A.M.T. — "Baagjaar" does not seem correct spelling. We have no dictionary handy, but we fancy there are in this word too many repetitions of the same letters.

2. No, if you want coolness & ventilation, go without your frock altogether; — don't keep it unbuttoned.

E.W.T. — You offer to exchange a whole Cigarette-box full of old Railway tickets for a good set of old stamps — Humph! We pass this offer on to our Readers.

H.P.V.T. — "Patricia" is doubtless, a very aristocratic name. We cannot agree with you that it is "a sweet title".

2. Yes. Cold water is, as you say, far the best for an early bath.

R.D.M.T. — "Daddy 'peak a holer" is a sentence we give up as an unknown dialect. Consult the Librarian at The British Museum.

2. China-breaking is an accomplishment which no doubt will endear you to your family. It is also good for Trade. Remember in this, as in all other duties "whatever you do, do thoroughly."

M.S.C.T. — It is not necessary, in our opinion, to eat continually, & throughout the entire day. Your idea of an india-rubber and elastic st. m. ch is not entirely original, but we cannot fly in the face of Providence. It is true there is talk of a "New Woman." Perhaps she may develop a new st. m. ch, such as you recommend. Meantime, don't try to cram too much into the Vacuum Nature has already given you.

H.D.T. — Ink is not generally considered good for handkerchiefs, neither is tea a desirable addition to the sugar-basin.

2. We are not acquainted with the personal appearance of David.

3. To mistake your father's gout-shoe for a black bear is not complimentary to the size of your respected Parent's foot.

G.A.T. — We are deeply touched by your marks. You are evidently one of those who have suffered long & much. Accept our profoundest sympathy. The picture you draw of your feelings while waiting on the top of the dark staircase for permission to descend & join the heartless revellers below, is simply harrowing. Be calm & hope! Remember "all things come to him who waits" yes, even at the head of the stairs. Continue patiently to cry "Up" and we doubt not you will ultimately succeed.

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100th Edition

Another inmate added to the Town-end Household.

A juvenile specimen of the Canine species; otherwise

A Pup!

Full particulars in our next.

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