The Boul'-de-Ville Times.

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The Bout-de-Ville Times.

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The Editor, greeting! —

A blight has fallen on the Chaplain's Quarters, R.M.C.!

For fourteen weeks its spacious Courts and lofty corridors have lacked the graceful forms of Mrs and Miss Journ-end.

Need we say more? —

Would it not suffice to overturn our Office ink-stand upon this and the other sheets of the Summer Number of our Bout-de-Ville Times, and leave the blackened surfaces to represent our feelings?

Or, if the editorial finances ran to violet fluid, ought we not to publish this issue in this hue of chastened grief, — expressive of desolation, tempered with gratification at the profit and pleasure derived by Mother and Daughter from their trip?

Dealing with actual and bare facts, Mrs and Miss Journend left home on Friday, May 19th, about 10 a.m., and returned, Saturday, August 26th, about 9.30 p.m; thus completing, within half-an-hour, a period of 100 days and 99 nights.

The actual time they spent in Halifax, N.S., was 10 weeks and a half.

These periods compare favourably with the corresponding intervals spent by the Chaplain and four of his sons in the Summer of 1898. They were absent from home and duty 52 days, of which 31½ only could be given to Halifax.

The Chaplain interviewed by one of our Staff

A correspondent of our Paper called on the Reverend Gentleman, and was admitted to his Study, which is situated on the first floor, overlooking the Square and Chapel.

He reports his progress through the Entrance Hall, which was principally decorated in the latest XIXth Century style, with hats, caps of both sexes, coats, umbrellas, walking-sticks, bats & clothes brushes. A lamp of parti-coloured glass, and a pair of snow-shoes adorned the space overhead. Making hurried notes and sketches as he traversed this elegant corridor, he was then conducted into a second Hall, from which a flight of stairs led to the spacious range of apartments above. A carpet of evident antiquity, and doubtless an heir-loom of much cost and former beauty, prevented his taking note of the actual, and probably valuable materials — wooden, so far as he could see, of the steps themselves. Supplied by a gracious Government, like all the other fittings of the Mansion, it goes without the telling, that the effect throughout is unique: —

"A thing of beauty, and a joy for ever," as our Reporter rightly observes.

Yet, he goes on to state, no sign of wearisome state, or needless display. Traces of domestic life, and common use, visible on every side. In this 2nd Hall, more caps and garments hanging on pegs; a small table covered with glasses, cups, plates with remains of a recent collation, a lamp, a bell, and other pleasant evidences of household occupation. Boots of various

sizes, denoting a family, were ranged along a side-wall; a tin case labelled Maori Biscuits filled up the space beneath the table; and a long rubber tube meandered along the mosaic-patterned oilcloth from a side passage out into the garden beyond. When our representative adds that there was also a bicycle leaning against the staircase, besides the attendant maid and himself, we quite understand how it came to pass that he inadvertently tripped, and disturbed the quiet hush which is the prevailing characteristic of the Town-end abode,— particularly now when the Mistress of the establishment, and her eldest Daughter, are absent.

But it was, our talented correspondent avers, a shock to his already overstrung nerves, when a voice, like that of Olympian Jove, came down the staircase:—

"Who, in the name of thunder-turtles is making that row?"

Nor was his consternation altogether removed, when on a hurried communication from the Maid, the Voice resumed in softer accents:—

"Oh, a visitor, is it? Well, show him up!"

Our correspondent is not easily daunted. He went "up",— after the Maid, who went up first.

"Where female beauty leads,
There, shall not man pursue?"

But, after the summons so peremptorily delivered, there was no opportunity for lingering by the way, to admire the costly works of art which adorn the staircase walls. Just a hurried glance of admiration, as he passed by "The Dawn of Day at Waterloo",— "Badajos 1812"— "The Last Grip", and a lovely Symphony in black and white, inscribed "Spring", which form by no means the least interesting and valuable specimens of the far-famed Collection of pictures gathered together by the taste and wealth of the Reverend gentleman, and, we believe, his highly educated spouse, now alas! for the present gracing other lands with her presence.

Our Correspondent had only time to wipe away an irrepressible tear of sympathy as he glanced at "The Last Grip", using for this purpose one of the numerous towels which were thoughtfully provided on the banister,— before a sudden turn to the left, & then to the right, ushered him into the Presence Chamber.

On calm reflection, now that the nervous excitement, produced by the interview, is over, he reports that his first— and indeed, typical impression of the apartment and its occupant, was tobacco-smoke; also of papers. The last, just what might have been expected of such a literary celebrity: the first, agreeable to our Correspondent's feelings, for he, also, is a worshipper of the goddess Nicotiania, and, in addition, a pleasing proof that even the greatest of men have their private frailties, in common with lesser humanity. Our Correspondent, however, confesses that never, in his long experience, had he seen so many papers of so many sorts, gathered together in so small a space. Waves and billows of papers overflowing floor & table, chairs and boxes,— bulging out of pigeon-holes, rising up in heaps and hillocks,— hay, mountains;— newspapers, magazines, letters, official correspondence, memoranda, manuscripts, sermons;— our Correspondent was bewildered with the sight, and was glad to accept a cigarette and chair, which latter he had to share with a book, a cap, and a pussy-cat,— being naturally too modest to draw the Chaplain's attention to these unimportant trifles.

The Reverend Gentleman's costume was slightly decollete,

[Our Correspondent insists on this term,

and the spelling is his own. ~~For~~ our own part, we have to confess that our French is rusty; but hope the phrase is appropriate]

and consisted mainly of a white linen jack-et.

[Editor:- Surely the Reverend Gentleman wore the important — but there! we accept our Correspondent's description in the spirit not the letter]

He was evidently desirous to set his visitor at his ease, and plunged at once into con-versation, apologizing kindly for the crowd-ed condition of his Study. Our Correspondent — we will abbreviate this title, henceforth, into "O.C." — remarked that such a collection of documents denoted a literary career.

Rev: Gent: "I have made a practice, throughout life, of preserving all papers for which I have no possible use."

O.C. - "Surely, Sir, you mean all for which you might possibly find use at some time!"

Rev: Gent:- "No - not at all. Any fool can do that. I collect the needless and useless."

Collapse of O.C., who covered his confusion by relighting the cigarette. N.B. He reports that the brand was doubtless too superior for his palate, used to tobacco less costly. Then, plunging boldly in medias res,

[Editor:- This is Latin. Our correspondents are chosen regardless of expense]

he began:—

"I have ventured, Sir, to interview you, in hopes of obtaining some information for the public, represented by the Bout-de-Ville Times, with reference to the travels of your amiable Consort, and her recently afflicted Daughter:"—

Here O.C. came to a full stop. The Rev: Gent: be-came suddenly perturbed again, and O.C. bethought him of the "thunder-turtles."

"Are there no chords", said the Rev: Gent: "in the human breast, which vibrate painfully, when dragged ~~forth~~ into public gaze? Let my holier emotions be respected, and a topic which means lonely desertion, and domestic desolation, be rigidly avoided!"

O.C. quailed. Words failed him. He had unwit-tingly lifted the veil which hid a breaking heart. This was a glimpse into life's dark depths of misery. He shuddered at his temer-ity, and hastened to change the subject.

"You made use, Sir, just now, of an expression which is strange to me. Please say, what are 'Thunder-turtles', and where are they found?"

Rev: Gent: (impatiently), "Turtles which accom-pany a Thunder-storm in Canada, and prove the truth of that adage, 'It's an ill wind which blows nobody good', for they usually frighten fools!"

O.C. (for even a worm will turn) - "Let us hope that your good Wife and Daughter will not meet with any!"

Then — the Report of O.C. goes on — the interview ended, unsatisfactorily. It was plainly impossi-ble to arrive at any tangible results. The only explanation of the Rev: Gent:'s demeanour is to be found in the state of mind to which his lone-liness has reduced him. O.C. groped his way through the pyramids of papers, — down another staircase (not the one by which he had ascend-ed), nearly killing himself by stepping into a basket of children's wooden bricks, and bringing down a cricket-bat and long broom with him in his fall, which ended in a step-ladder at the bottom, and finally emerged, in a bruised and dazed condition, - hurt and sore both bodi-ly and mentally, — into the College Square, pur-sued by a ferocious white dog, and exposed to the unfeeling jeers of a perfect multitude of the ~~[illegible]~~ Rev: Gent:'s children.

He absolutely refuses to repeat his visit, and says that he would even prefer to attend professionally ~~at~~ the meetings of the Camberley County Council, which is decisive.

Editorial Comment on the above:- Can it be that no authentic information ~~is pro~~-curable for our readers! Shall such a momentous event as the trans-Atlantic visit of two of our principal citizenesses begin and end without the earliest and latest intelligence in our pages! We perspire with indignation (unnecessary in this everlasting heat)! We must and will obtain information somehow!

Later:- We have despatched our Office-boy, with several penny-worth of chocolates to the College Grounds. He has instructions to waylay one or more of the Chaplain's children, and commencing the interview with chocolate offerings, obtain some details of their Father's condition and daily life.

Later still — in fact, far later than we should have thought needful, — the Boy has returned. The chocolate has not. Nor any information either. The Boy declares that he watched the whole College front during the entire three hours; and "never caught sight of no Townend children" as he expresses it. As for the chocolates he declares he left them "for a moment

under the trees where he had been sitting, and they were gone when he went back. We doubt, but we are helpless. He shall try again tomorrow but shall take peppermint lozenges. These we defy him to consume without smelling like a Sunday School class.

Next day:— The Boy has been, and come dirty faced and weeping (the dirt re-sulting from the weeps); also with a bump upon his forehead, and smelling vilely of the peppermint; also threaten-ing to tell his mother of us (of us, forsooth! who never touched him). His report, interrupted by sobs and snuffles (We must really invest part of his wages in a pocket-handkerchief) is, in brief that he met the Rev: Gent's three youngest offspring, addressed them politely, and offered peppermint, and then that they ran away, and he ran after them (This was injudicious, and open to misconception), and they began to cry "like fools" (This is his ex-pression), and then a "big lad" (This, we have since ascertained is the menial hireling who cleans the clerical boots for filthy lucre) met them, and "punched" his head for him, and kicked the bag of peppermints all over the gravel, and he (our Boy) would have given him as good as he got, only a Gate-keeper came along; and then he thought it a pity that the peppermints should be "chucked away" (Boy's expression, again) so he "ate 'em"; and "that's the end of it," and he'll never go again, "no not for all the guineas in the world", and he'll get all the Choir-boys (He belongs to S. Michael's Church Choir) to help him lick "that Toromends' lad", and he'll tell his mother, and she'll come and talk to us; and he gives us a week's notice, and won't come near us again after this afternoon.

And he has gone!

This is ridiculous and not to be borne! We must be our own reporter and storm the Chaplain's Quarters ourself!

Another day has passed, and we pro-ceed, with grief and indignation to chronicle a Failure!!!!!!!!!!!

Words fail. Type is wanting. Imagina-tion cannot depict our feelings!!!!

For long time past we have refrained from editorially denouncing the exe-crable system of espionage and prohib-ition which has lately, interposed itself like some hideous, many headed, and poisonous fanged hydra, between the Royal Military College and the realm of England lying outside its miserable grounds. But we will be silent no longer! We will cry aloud, and with no uncertain voice! Let the governor tremble in his silken sheets! Let the Assistant Commandant hide himself in his pyjamas! The Professors and Instructors let them fall from their bicycles! Their proud dames, let them rend their garments, and tear their hair! The Bout-de-Ville Times thun-ders, and its Lightning-bolt cleaves the Upas-tree of base monopoly and College exclusiveness to its worm-eaten root!

Is it not enough that the Forest Paths through which our innocent children used to roam, have been closed by brutal notices, bearing the hateful words "No Path":— that the College Lake has been forbidden to our young men and maidens, and its shores swept clean of our fondly waist-encircling lovers, no longer sitting side by side, upon its grassy bank;— that the Bathing Lake is barred from access, to our intelligent and en-terprizing shop-keepers, whose heated bodies, grimed with honest toil, have been reduced to the tiny lim-its of their domestic wash-basins;— but has it come to this, that the Editor of the Bout-de-Ville Times, who brooks

no interference, no dictation, no irreverent word, from man or woman —

Voice from the Dining-Room:— "Now then! Are you never coming to your dinner? I'd like to know how long I'm to be kept waiting while you're writing trash, in there?"

It is the summons of "She Who must be Obeyed". We pause and go!

Later:— We have partaken of fried steak and onions, and are calmer. Our Wife is a wonderful woman! She has bravely volunteered to beard the clerical lion in his den. She goes, tomorrow, alone, — this is her express stipulation — alone — to the Chaplain's Quarters, and makes certain of success! So be it! Woman's wit perchance shall do what all the Bout-de-Ville Times' Staff, — yes even its master mind, — could not compass.

It suffices to record that when the Editor approached the College he was confronted by an Official who demanded his business, and upon hearing that he was about to call upon the Chaplain, sternly warned him off, and actually watched his homeward course, lest he should try another road, and succeed by strategy. And insult was not lacking. "The Chaplain doesn't want the like of you. I've got my orders to stop all suspicious characters and tramps. So you be off!"

Were it not, we say it deliberately, that the British Public have a right to know all the details of this interesting event in the Chaplain's family, we would not trouble ourself further in the matter.

But one cast more of the die! Our Wife shall go! We permit, and indeed she probably will go, whether we permitted her or not.

Another day, and Victory! Our Wife (let us again abbreviate, and denote her by O.W.) has returned, triumphant all down the line!

We gave this admirable woman her head from the first. As our Sporting Editor says, she rides best on the snaffle. In fact better than best with no bit or bridle at all.

She was absent a goodish while. We began to feel uneasy. Had she been captured by the Head Gate-Keeper of the College, or run in by the Guard, or handed over to the Camberley Police? Or had her treatment been such that she had fainted on the road? It needed all our philosophy, aided by our knowledge of O.W.'s way of looking after herself, to remain quiet, and concentrate our gigantic intellect on a leader, which should pulverize the Chaplain into dust:— headed,

"The doom of the Established Church,
not by Ritualism but Rectors,
not by Chasubles but Chaplains,
The warning of a Camberley Kensit
who Kens it well,
and writes to gain his rights
and right his wrongs."

And burning words were flowing from our pen, when, suddenly, the well-known voice of O.W. sounded in our startled ear:—

"Well, here I am, you see."

"Maria Sigismonda", we gasped! "Are you back, and have you been, and are you safe?"

"When you've done being a fool", said O.W., unfastening her bonnet, "we'll go to business. Have you had your tea?"

"My love", we said, "we waited for you. You must need it sadly".

O.W. chuckled. "I've had it already, and potted-meat sandwiches, and jam-rolls, and cake, and strawberries and cream, in the garden, with the Chaplain, and he's not half a bad fellow, and I've had a nice time, and heard all I wanted, and as much more as I cared to listen to; and the next time you want to know about anything, get a woman to find it out."

"But how — how, in the name of all wonderful, did you manage it?" we gasped again.

"Look at this bonnet, this blouse, this skirt, these gloves, and this sun-shade of mine!" was the unexpected answer.

We looked. "Very pretty, — very pretty indeed", we feebly ejaculated; "but what have they got to do with it?"

"Are my face and figure positively ugly?" went on O.W. calmly.

"My beloved, they are positively charming — And you mean —"

"I mean", interrupted O.W., "that this face and figure, inside this skirt and blouse and bonnet, not to speak of the gloves and sun-shade, — for all of which you'll please give me the money, before I leave this room, — admitted me to the Chaplain's

house and garden, and got me the tea and sandwiches and rolls and cake, and acquainted me with all you were worrying your life out to know, and — what was of far more consequence, what I wanted to know, besides and no one stopped me, and the Chaplain was 'Sugar and Spice and all things nice', and he gave me these photograms & things, and you shall have them for your stupid old paper, and all my news, too; but I think I'll have the money for my clothes first, if you please, so hand it over, before I tell you anything."

And O.W. set her face in that unpleasantly determined manner, which, we always tell her, spoils her good looks terribly; and there was nothing for it but to pay, and try to smile pleasantly; and thus our clever Maria Sigismonda got a new rig-out from top to bottom — we mean from head to foot, though we had been absolutely refusing to buy her even a cap-string for months past; — and yet they say woman is the "weaker vessel"! — Bosh!

"And now, my love" we said, when this painful transaction had been finished "Do you mean to say that the Rev: Gent: gave you all the details required for the Bout-de-Ville Times,!—

"Bother the Bout-de-Ville Times!" broke in O.W. "I never mentioned it, and he does not know that I ever saw the paper, or married the man that runs it"—

"But" — we gasped, for the third time —

"But men are all fools", continued O.W. "and I was mistaken in thinking that I'd had the good luck not to marry the biggest of them. Do you suppose he would have opened out, and chattered away about his wife, and her gay doings in Nova Scotia, and his daughter, and her recovery, and his own doings while the ladies are away, if he had thought that I had come from you, and was going to tell you everything? Why, he doesn't even know my name. I had taken one of my old cards with me, and I sent that in, and was Mrs Jones, again, all the time."

O.W. was a widow when we married her, and her first husband's name was Jones. Oh, the guile and subtility of woman! "But, my love!"—

"But, my fiddlestick! Just be quiet, if you can, and let me earn that money for my clothes, though I don't thank you for the way I had to get it. I walked up to the door, and saw a notice on the brass plate "Knock and Ring", so I knocked and rang as loud as a Duchess, and a Parlour-maid and two or three children, and a white dog, and a cat, came to the door; and I said "Is the Chaplain at home? Please give him my card, and say that Mrs Jones wants particularly to see him". And I was ushered in at once, to the Drawing Room, which is furnished nicely enough, but does not look as if anyone used it much, which is natural enough, as the Lady of the house is away, and I never knew the man yet who would sit in a Drawing-room if there was anywhere else in the house to sit in; but everything was clean, and looked after, and there were nice curtains and flower-boxes, with fuchsias & things in the windows; and lots of photos, and one, especially well to the front of the Crown Prince of Siam, with his autograph on it, and "To Miss Alice Townend from her friend" — I can't pronounce the name; but it was very grand to see a present from a real prince, and, of course, intended for visitors to take notice."—

"Gracious goodness, Sophia Sigismonda!" we exclaimed, "do get on to the interview itself!"

"Gracious goodness! Do shut up, and let me tell my tale, my own way! Well, I seated myself in the easiest chair, and arranged my skirts, and tried to look as nice as I knew how, and presently in came my gentleman, and we both bowed, and he said "Mrs Jones, I believe" And I said "I thought, perhaps, you would spare me a few moments" and he said "Certainly! With the greatest pleasure!" — and sat down; — and I coughed gently, and "a hem"-ed as if

uncertain how to begin; and I could see that he was taking in the skirt and blouse and bonnet, — and I think the face and the figure also, — and not altogether displeased at the opportunity; for all men are men, you know — and like to look at pretty clothes, and a — what sort of face shall I say, in this instance?"

"An indescribably beautiful one," we promptly responded. "But didn't we say something of the sort before?"

"Something of the sort before!" said O.W. in high disdain. "Don't you know that you can never tell a woman — even your wife, — 'something of the sort' too often? — Well, I was going to say that parsons are no exception to the rule, but rather the opposite; so the Chaplain waited and looked, and I coughed and 'ahem'-ed a little, and then I said that I had attended his Church, which is a fact, as you know, for I like the short Military Service very much better than the tedious Civilian affairs; and that I had greatly enjoyed his sermons, and wanted for some time to have the pleasure of knowing him personally, and that I thought perhaps he would give me a trifle for the Society for relieving aged and distressed female Type-Writers" —

"But, my dear, you mean females who work the Type-writers. A type-writer is a machine. And how can any such female be 'aged', when the machines were only invented comparatively few years ago?"

"There you go again!" said O.W. "Can't a girl have begun to type-write, or to work a machine, or whatever you like to call it, or her, when she was as old as the hills?"

"But they never did, and they never do!" we interrupted again.

"They are generally very young and very pretty!"

"Well, and I dare-say he knew it, and all about them; but it doesn't matter. There is a Society for Typewriters, or type-writer workers, for I saw the prospectus on your table, and put it in my pocket, before I started. And I pulled it out, and showed it to him!"

"It's a blessing for you, that he didn't read it. It is to be hoped that you did not leave it with him; for the Society wants to provide young girls — not 'aged and distressed ones, mind! — with work in type-writing, and all sorts of ways."

"Well, never mind, the bait took, and he gave me five shillings on the spot, and I'm going to send them to the Society; and then I got up and began to move towards the door, but paused to look at a Photo (of course I had noticed it before he came in), and said as innocently as I could 'Is this Mrs Townend? I should like to meet her?' — "Oh," he said "Don't you know my Wife is in Nova Scotia, at Halifax?" — 'At Halifax', I exclaimed, 'Oh how interesting! Why, I've been there, and like it so much!'"

"Why, Maria Sigismonda," we said, "how could you tell such a — such a whopper? You've never been out of England in your life!"

"Yes I have: — in the Isle of Wight. But I meant Halifax, Yorkshire, and no one can say that I haven't been there, for Mr Jones used to take me, often. Well then he got very excited, and began to ask me all about my going there, and I told him it was in the Jubilee year, 1887, which was quite true, — that is, in my Halifax, and I knew he wasn't in his Halifax then, because I had looked his name up in Crockford's Clerical Directory, and he was stationed in Dublin, that year."

"Maria Sigismonda, you are a wonderful woman!"

"I need to be, to keep up the family credit. Well, I didn't want to be questioned, so said how nice it was for Mrs Townend to have so pleasant a trip, and what a pity he could not be with her, for I was sure he needed a rest, though it must be difficult to fill his place in the pulpit. And he tried to look as if he had not heard my compliment and said he was a 'lonely pelican'; and I said 'A lonely bird' of course, but why a 'pelican' particularly; and then he laughed a little, and asked if I didn't remember how King David called himself 'a pelican in the wilderness, and an owl in the desert'; and I said, surely not because he was left alone, for I always understood that he had several dozen wives and could well spare a few of them; and he looked a little shocked (I mean the Chaplain, not David), as if no one might to quote Scripture except himself, which is a way parsons have, and I made haste to add that I quite knew what he meant, and he must feel very pelicany, and it was very miserable for him, no doubt; and he put on a martyred air, and thanked me and then went on to tell me how kind folks were to him, and how good the children were and how he ought to be very thankful that his wife had such a holiday after all her nursing, and that his Daughter was so much better, and able to use her foot again, and to enjoy the voyage and the gaieties of Halifax and he chatted away, while I took a back seat, and listened, — and then a bell rang, and I said 'Now, I must really go', and he begged me to stay for a cup of tea, and — well, I stayed!"

O.W. is really a most remarkable woman but, like all her sex, rather garrulous.

"We don't so much want to print what you did, Maria Sigismonda, but just a history of this American journey, — facts, you know, — facts!" but O.W. waived my interruption away, with an impatient gesture, and turned on the tap once more.

"And this is the way I got the sandwiches and rolls and cake, all spread out on a table, with a nice clean white cloth, in the garden, under a chestnut tree like the 'Village Blacksmith', you know, in the poem; and the children were all there, in delightful undress, — and just think how they must live, if this is the sort of tea they get everyday; and of course I wasn't expected, so it must be the usual sort of thing they have; and if this is to be a pelican, I wish that I was one; and I'm sure I could stand you being away in Halifax if I might sit in a delightful chair — you can't think what a lovely stretched-out thing it was — a 'deck-chair' he called it — drinking tea, under trees, and munching nice things; — and, Oh! there were strawberries and cream; and he had another table, close by, with paper and pen and ink, and I said 'you write your lovely sermons, out here — don't you?' and he said he did, sometimes — and the children took me to see a whole crowd of white pigeons in a huge cage; and there were cocks and hens and chickens, and a swing, and Indian Corn growing ever so high, and I'm sure I could write an awfully pretty article for your stuffy old paper about that garden, and the tea, and the way Pelicans get on without their wives."

"Dash it, Maria Sigismonda, you may be able to write an article, but no one else will. The Bout-de-Ville Times wants facts, Madam, — I again say, facts — You've had your tea, you've eaten your potted meat and jam, you've seen the pigeons and chickens, — now tell what the Rev: Gent: actually said about his wife's adventures, — what she has seen, and what she has done."

"Do you know", said O.W. dreamily, as if she had not heard me, "I think I'll get you to pull up the flag-stones of our back-yard, and lay down grass instead — better grass than the Chaplain's, which is all worn threadbare, — but then, you see, he has so many children running about it; and I'll give the washing out, so that we needn't dry skirts and things there; and you shall buy a tent and garden-table and deck-chairs, and a Badminton Net, — did I tell you there was Badminton, with pretty tassles, on the Chaplain's lawn? — We shouldn't want much room, for we needn't play the game only put up the poles and net, just to look pretty, and we'll have some white pigeons, and bees — the Chaplain has a lot of hives, with real bees in them, and he says they never sting, — and I'll give 5 o'clock teas, and garden parties and School treats. And oh, can't you get some one to give you a horse? The Chaplain drove me home in his waggonette, and he

says that one of the College officers present-ed it — no, I mean the horse to him. He calls it 'the Camel', and says it is about the same age as himself; but that's all fun, you know, for the beast goes very well, and" —

We are sorry we were so rude, but we don't remember any more. O.C. may have got to 'facts', but they came too late. The Office is small, and the after-noon was warm, and O.C.'s voice is sweet but monotonous, and we must have dozed, for, when we remember any-thing more, we were alone. O.C. had gone, and, when we saw her again, she was in an unpleasant temper; and alas! we must set down her new clothes as a perfect waste of money. Let our sympathizing readers look carefully through the foregoing pages, and tell us how much they have learnt from them about the two lady explorers in the Wilds of North America.

Virtue must be its own reward. We have done our best, four several times, O.C., the Boy, our editorial self, and now O.W. Our heart is heavy, and our hand is tired. Reader, drop a tear!

Two days later.

At last, after 48 hours' domestic dis-quiet, the gentle dove of peace has visited our humble home again!

O.W. has deserted the war-path. Once again she appears at meals, and they are cooked properly. It was hard to see lothsome little dishes going up to her room: — sweet-breads, sweet-omelettes, buttered toast, soup, all tastefully pre-pared, while a half-cold leathery steak or almost raw mutton chop in a frill of congealed fat, formed our repast below. Sulks are tantating when pro-longed. Successive offerings of a bound volume of the Bout-de-Ville Times, a box of handkerchiefs, a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, our own likeness (rejected scornfully, as also the volume of B.-de-V. Times), and finally a Dress-Circle ticket for the "Belle of New York", (a

professional gift from a London press-man) have at last softened her.

We have been pardoned. It is well. Such misunderstandings cost money. So far, our search after information, in and around the Chaplain's Quarters, has resulted in nothing except expenditure and loss: — new clothes and other presents for O.W., loss of O.C.'s time, loss of our own dignity, loss of a boy. As some com-pensation, O.W. has presented us with the photograms she received from the Rev: Gent: though she otherwise refuses to return to the subject of her visit. We produce the photos for our readers' benefit.

1st The latest authentic portrait of the in-trepid explorer, — the Chaplain's wife — taken shortly before her perilous voyage to barbarous regions: —

2ndly A still more interesting photogram of the Chaplain and his wife together. This beautiful picture has an especial interest, now that rolling seas divide them.

3rdly An illustration, showing Master Roy Townend standing in front of his manifi-cent crop of Indian Corn, the height of which is brought out into excellent relief by his figure, and the lofty fence in the background. O.W. professes herself immense-ly pleased with this portrait and its sur-roundings, the accuracy of which she veri-fied, during her memorable visit. Let us not omit to note that the young gentleman has twice visited the Country of the setting sun, where the Indian Corn, or maize, amazes the beholder with its grand lux-uriance. N.B. There is a pun buried in this last sentence.

4thly Another work of art, representing Masters Harry and Gerald Town-end. O.W. condescends to report that their father spoke most high-ly of their conduct during these trying weeks of Mother's absence and eldest sister's sojourn in foreign lands. She — i.e. O.W. — says they — we mean Masters Harry and Gerald — are "sweet little ducks." We doubt it not; but this praise would be more emphatic if O.W. was not wont to use the adjective "sweet" of all nice things from a bonnet to a sermon.

5thly O.W. made us the happy possessor of a really beautiful picture, as all our readers will agree, of Mis Susan Townend, with "Dick," the faithful at-tendant of the family. The landscape, the grouping, the easy graceful attitudes of both maiden and dog command our high-est admiration. The Rev: Gent informed O.W. that his little girl is a great comfort and solace to him, in his "pelican" condition. When we gaze on this picture, we can well believe it. Surely, if Mrs Townend could but behold it, she would fly back at once to the loving ones who miss her so sadly.

Several Weeks Later:—

The intrepid explorers have returned!

Rumours of their homeward voyage were circulating through the villages of Yorktown and Camberley.

The Reo: Gent was seen to drive wildly from shop to shop, with an unwonted air of joyous gladness, also a look of expectant hope upon his face.

We have long ago forgiven him for any trouble he cost our Staff and self, in our search after tidings of his travellers. It was not to be expected that he would readily lay bare his bleeding heart to public gaze.

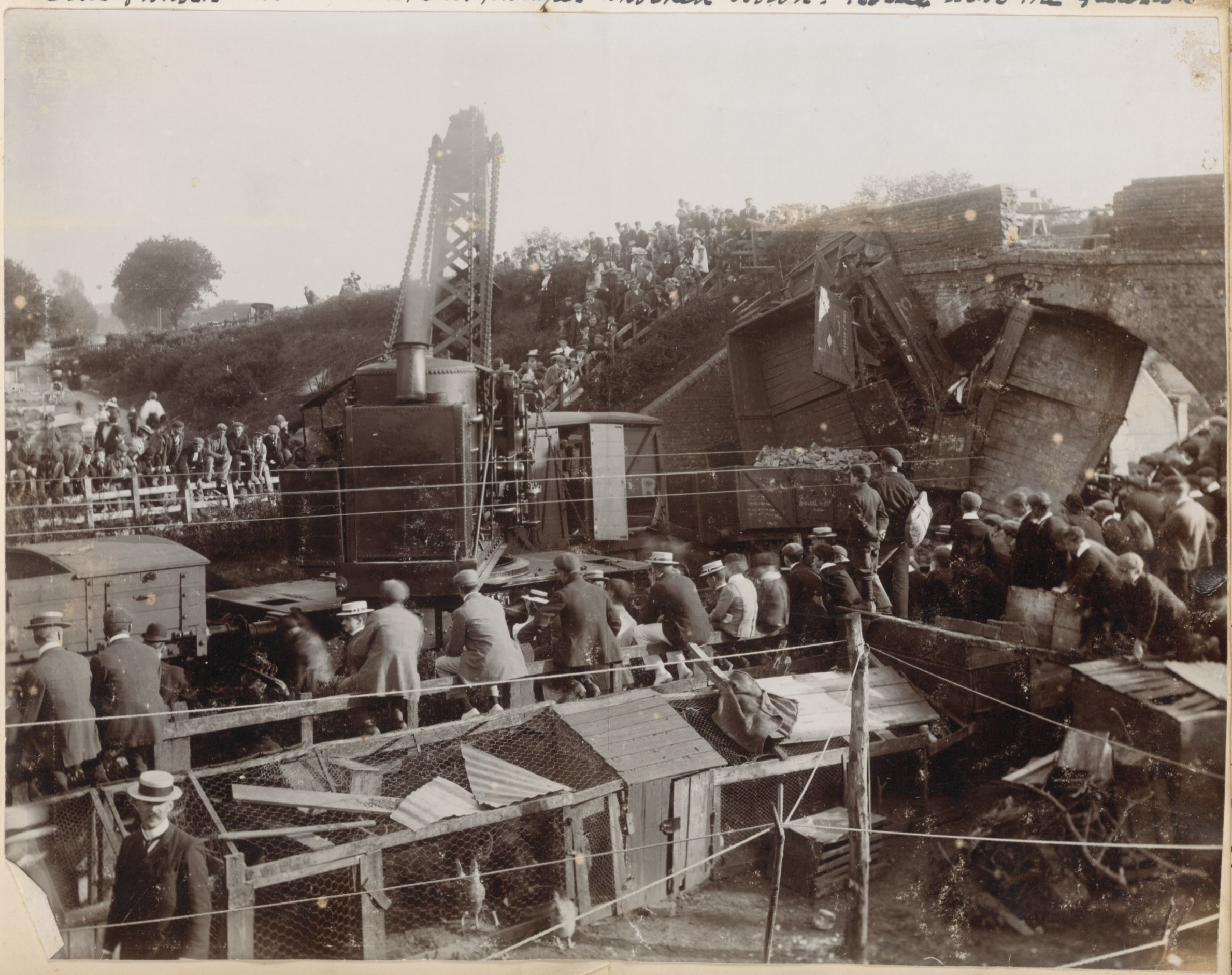
Sunshine revisited his home and hearth on Saturday, August 26th — ever memora-ble date! — and the rolling carriage wheels stopped with their lovely burden at the door of the Townend mansion, about 9.30 p.m.

[N.B. O.W., who has got hold of this article, is pleased to ridicule this last, we thought par-ticularly pleasing and appropriate paragraph. She observes that there has been nothing but sun-shine during the whole 14 weeks of Mrs. Townends absence; also that, to be accurate, the Reo: Gent: and an assortment of his sons, must be included in the loveliness which drove from the Station. We care not. It is enough to testify our satis-faction at the return of two ladies whose recent exploits have thrown a lustre over the names of Sandhurst and Camberley; also at the restoration to health and strength of the fair young lady, who again walks upright on her hind legs —

Wrath and destruction! We have just dis-covered this terrible printers error, too late to erase it. Can it be that the Boy who re-cently deserted us, has obtained access to our Office? We close our congratulations in disgust, to investigate this outrage.

Railway Accident - Bridge on Frimley-Road, - Monday, May 29th, 1899.

The Chaplain drove up to the scene of the disaster, a short time after the train went to pieces. Notice the trucks piled up against, & up to the top of the, bridge, one side of which was cracked, & its parapet knocked down. Notice also the Guard's



Van, about to be lifted from the Rail-road and placed by the Crane along the fence. It was in this Van that the Chaplain saw the blood, scarce dry, of the Guard who was injured, it was thought, unto death. Fortunately he recovered; but the other Guard, in the foremost Van, on the other side of the Bridge was killed outright

Notice, also, the trucks which is standing on end, under the Bridge, and seemingly supporting it. A glimpse is to be seen of the field on the further side of the bridge, on the right of this car.

No words can do justice to the wild chaotic confusion in which the train was scattered along the rails, & the bags of cements, the coal, stones, iron-fools, &c, strewn around. Merciful indeed, that it was not a passenger train! The frightful possibilities of a railway accident will be ever, hereafter, real to the mind of every beholder of this scene of May 29th

This illustration, below, shows the wreckage of the forward part of the train.

& untimely end. Clean, affectionate

Surrey v. Somerset
The Oval. June 30th

The Chaplain R.M.C. was present at this Match, and is ashamed to confess that he was so interested, and, withal, so comfortable, that he stayed on, instead of going to the Chaplains' Conference at Wellington Barracks.

Having made this confession in large letters, the Chaplain now condones his offence by explaining that he went to the Oval, in the morning, with honest intention to leave at lunch time for the Conference or even earlier if Abel should finish his innings in the forenoon. He had made 227, not out, the day before, and the Rev: gentlemen wished to see the finish of this wonderful scoring. As a matter of fact, Abel remained at the wicket till well on in the afternoon, and compiled the amazing total of 357.

Could any spectator tear himself away, even to attend a Conference of Archbishops, much less of Chaplains, while such a score was being made? Especially when, most of the time, Crawford was running-up his century, and more? And when, moreover the Chaplain had been given a seat in the Club Enclosure, by a benevolent stranger who must have fallen in love with him, and who acted godfather to him all day, standing a capital lunch, offering cigars, and supplying information as to the players, the Club, past matches, and his own history?

Who, we repeat, could leave the ground, with its crowds of interested spectators, and under such pleasant personal circumstances, when such totals as the following were successively displayed on the Scoring-Board?—

Crawford	Total	Abel
60	580	260
81	603	262
106	647	290
122	684	301
129	691	301

Caught 1.27 p.m.

Kaye		
5	700	306
45	759	327

Lunch — and so on, and so on until Abel carried his bat out for 357, when Surrey's total innings was 811!!!

SURREY.

Abel, not out	357
Brockwell, c Newton, b Gill	11
Hayes, c Daniell, b Hedley	56
Mr. D. L. A. Jephson, b Hedley	18
Hayward, c Hedley, b Cranfield	158
Mr. H. B. Richardson, c Daniell, b Cranfield	1
Mr. V. F. S. Crawford, c Daniel, b Stanley	129
Mr. K. J. Key, c Cranfield, b Hedley	43
Lees, c and b Gill	20
Marshall, b Gill	2
T. Richardson, b Gill	0
Byes, &c.	16
Total	811

SURREY v. SOMERSETSHIRE.

GREAT INNINGS BY ABEL.

Some further exceptional scoring was witnessed at Kennington-oval yesterday, Surrey, who on the previous day had made 495 for five wickets, raising their total to the remarkable figure of 811. This score is the highest ever obtained at the Oval, the previous best being 698 by Surrey against Sussex in 1888, while it is also the second highest made in a first-class county match, being only surpassed by Yorkshire's 887, against Warwickshire at Birmingham in 1896. The 1893 Australian team scored 843 against the Past and Present of Oxford University at Portsmouth, while the other totals of over 800 in important cricket are 803 by the Non-Smokers against the Smokers on the East Melbourne Ground in 1887, and 801 by Lancashire against Somerset at Taunton in 1895. In addition to Surrey making a record total for the Oval, Robert Abel eclipsed all previous achievements by any Surrey batsman. Going in first on Monday he had made 227, and yesterday, he not only raised his score to 357, but also had the satisfaction of carrying out his bat. His innings of 357 is the second highest individual score ever obtained in a first-class match, being only surpassed by A. C. MacLaren's 424 for Lancashire against Somerset at Taunton in 1895. Abel is only the seventh batsman who has succeeded in scoring 300 runs and upwards in an important match, and the feat had only previously been accomplished nine times. In addition to MacLaren, the other batsmen are W. G. Grace, who has done it three times, J. T. Brown, who has twice reached 300, W. W. Read, W. L. Murdoch, and T. Hayward.

No,—on mature reflection, the Chaplain does not regret having spent his whole day at Kennington Oval; and he met his brethren that evening, at the Chaplains' Annual Dinner with unruffled mien and untroubled conscience.

A Lady's Dress.

"All this for three shillings!" exclaimed a man, close to the Chaplain, in the interval between the parts of a concert in the R.M.C. Gymnasium, given in aid of the College Compassionate Fund, on May 26th.

Yes, the Reverend Gentleman had, himself, paid more than double the amount for a far worse entertainment.

It was admirable throughout. The singing of Mr. Rumford, the performance on the Cello of Mr. Leo Stern, were singly, let alone together, worth the money; while Miss Louise Dale's sweet notes, and the clarion

clear cadences of Miss Clara Butts delighted even such an un-musical Goth as the Chaplain confesses himself to be.

But this notice deals not with the Concert itself, but with a dress,—Miss Clara Butts' dress. Be it noted that the young lady is a daughter of the Anakim, of stature only second to the Giantess in Barnum's & Bailey's Show. Her height is said to be six feet two inches, and, as is always the case with mortals who wear skirts, this altitude seems loftier still. Imagine all these feet,—real and fancied,—of slender willowy frame swathed and outlined by a garment close fitting, all of one piece, and unrelieved by any band, waist-belt, seam or trimming, from her shoulders or, we should say, a trifle below them, to the ground,—of green substance, covered closely with coins—"sequins" we understand they are called,—also green, which gleamed and glistened, and flashed in the lights of the hall,—until it was as if she was clad in some irridescent green armour, or assumed the scales of some gigantic cobra,—fair maid in head and bosom, and one of Moses' fiery serpents thence-downwards. The effect indescribably weird, witch-like, fantastic, strangely attractive, yet as strangely repellant—& withall, suggestive of solid and uncomfortable weight.

We are told by lady experts, that this costume must have cost what—to a male mind—sounds an enormous sum of money. It has also been described for our benefit, in proper fashion-book terms; but we prefer to leave it, as we saw it, vaguely mysterious, profoundly astounding, a wonder which may not be understood, a sensation and a memory!

The Jolonend Pets,

during the absence of Mrs and Miss J.

By this title we do not mean the "Chicks" or, in other words, the three youngest Jolonend olive-branches,—Miss Susie, and Masters Harry and Gerald,—but the pets with four legs or feathers.

Of the former, alas! there are casualties to be recorded.

Betsy Bubastes Jopp is no more! Let her name be recorded, it may be for the last time, in large letters. She has passed away!

As the first and head of her tribe, mother and grandmother of the feline race, which has for several years past, made glad the hearts of Jolonends old and Jolonends young, we mourn her fate.

Her "fate"! Alas Betsy died not as cats should die.

So far as the Chaplain is concerned, he knows not how she died.

He may shrewdly and rightly guess. Always of a predatory habit as regarded birds, Betsy developed a taste for rabbits, originating, we believe from the escape, from time to time, of the domestic rabbits kept by the youthful Jolonends in hutches near the Hen-run, which animals being found by her amidst the vegetables, she promptly annexed, sometimes bringing them into the house, to the grief and consternation of the inmates. The floor beneath Mrs Jolonend's bed was a very favourite place for these ghastly deposits.

From domestic rabbits, and when these were more securely guarded, and finally sent away, Betsy went further afield after wild ones. Time after time, she appeared with specimens of her deadly skill.

Probably, had she been content with the pursuit of four legged game, no harm would have happened to her, and she might have lived to a good old age, unless some snare in the woods, or the game-keeper's gun, had put an end to her life and sport together, as the Chaplain always considers was the

[Concluded on Page]

ALDERSHOT, JUNE 26, 1899.

REVIEW HELD BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

General Rt. Hon. Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.M.G., Commanding.

Aides-de-Camp—Captain H. N. Schofield, R.A.; Captain C. J. Sackville-West, King's Royal Rifle Corps; Lieutenant A. R. Trotter, 2nd Life Guards.

Colonel A. S. Wynne, C.B., D.A.G.
Lieut.-Colonel H. C. O. Plumer, D.A.A.G.
Major Hon. J. H. G. Byng, D.A.A.G.
Major-General G. H. Marshall, C.R.A.

Colonel C. W. H. Douglas, A.D.C., A.A.G.
Colonel J. W. B. Parkin, D.A.A.G.
Lieut.-Colonel E. A. H. Alderson, D.A.A.G.
Major G. F. Ellison, D.A.A.G.
Colonel E. Wood, C.B., C.R.E.

District Staff.	Divisions &c.	Brigades, &c.	Regiments and Corps.	On Parade. Officers.	W.O. and N.C.O. and Men. W.O. and Serjts.	Trump'ters, Drumm'rs, & Buglers.	Rank and File.	Total W.O., N.C.O., and Men.	Horses and Mules. Officers.	Public.	Guns. Field.	Machine.	Vehicles. Wagons.	Carts.
		Her Majesty's Escort.	12th Lancers	2	4	...	28	32	2	32	...	...	...	...
		Brigade Div. R.H.A. Lieut.-Col. F. J. W. Eustace.	E Battery	7	12	2	58	72	7	88	6	...	...	...
			O Battery	5	8	2	61	71	5	89	6	...	...	...
			T Battery	5	7	2	38	47	5	63	4	...	...	...
	Cavalry Div. Major-Genl. J. D. P. French.	1st Cavalry Brig. Colonel Brabazon, C.B., A.D.C.	Household Cavalry Regt.	24	41	7	350	398	24	398	...	...	...	...
			6th Dragoon Guards	19	31	8	353	392	19	392	...	1	...	...
			7th Dragoon Guards	11	20	6	167	193	11	193	...	...	...	...
			1st Dragoons	19	37	7	368	412	17	414	...	...	...	...
			New South Wales Lancers	3	5	1	54	60	3	60	...	...	...	...
		2nd Cavalry Brig. Lieut.-Col. T. C. Porter.	10th Hussars	17	24	6	336	366	17	366	...	...	...	...
			12th Lancers	16	31	8	346	385	16	385	...	1	...	...
			13th Hussars	20	40	7	322	369	20	369	...	1	...	...
		1st Brig. Div. R.F.A. Lieut-Col. H. V. Hunt.	7th Field Battery	7	8	2	80	90	1	83	6	...	6	...
			14th Field Battery	5	8	2	95	105	...	71	6	...	4	...
			66th Field Battery	5	8	2	89	99	...	74	6	...	5	...
		2d Brig. Div. R.F.A. Major G. H. McLaughlin.	18th Field Battery	3	6	1	31	38	...	37	4	...	...	...
			62nd Field Battery	2	5	1	33	39	...	40	4	...	1	...
			*75th Field Battery	2	10	1	71	82	...	59	4	...	...	...
			Royal Engineers	17	21	4	254	279	15	114	...	...	12	6
	1st Infantry Div. Major-Genl. W. O. Barnard.	1st Brigade. Lieut.-Col. G. L. May.	3rd Coldstream Guards	16	24	16	314	354	3	...	...	...	...	...
			2nd Royal Fusiliers	13	29	20	505	554	3	...	...	...	...	...
			1st Lancashire Fusiliers	20	27	12	587	626	3	...	...	...	...	...
			2nd Scottish Rifles	14	27	13	469	509	3	...	...	...	...	...
			7th King's R. Rifle Corps	18	30	8	450	488	4	...	...	...	...	...
		2nd Brigade. Lieut.-Col. A. L. Woodland.	2nd East Surrey Regiment	15	30	16	463	509	3	...	...	...	...	...
			2nd Northamptonshire Rgt	22	31	16	508	555	3	...	...	...	...	...
			1st Durham L.I.	22	26	15	520	561	4	...	...	...	...	...
			2nd Cameron Highlanders	17	31	13	548	592	3	...	...	...	...	...
	2nd Infantry Div. Major-Genl. A. FitzRoy Hart, C.B.	3rd Brigade. Major-Genl. H. J. T. Hildyard, C.B.	2nd R. West Surrey Regt.	20	26	16	530	572	3	...	...	...	...	...
			3rd R. West Surrey Regt.	22	20	17	386	423	4	...	...	...	...	...
			1st Northumberland Fus.	10	15	6	332	353	2	...	...	...	...	...
			2nd Devonshire Regiment	17	28	15	611	654	3	...	...	...	...	...
			2nd West Yorkshire Regt.	16	24	16	427	467	3	...	...	...	...	...
		4th Brigade. Lieut.-Col. R. J. F. Banfield.	2nd Somersetshire L.I.	19	27	16	475	518	3	...	...	...	...	...
			1st Royal Sussex Regt.	22	30	16	561	607	3	...	...	...	...	...
			1st Welsh Regiment	19	33	15	391	439	3	...	...	...	...	...
			2nd Royal Highlanders	18	32	19	553	604	3	...	...	...	...	...
			Army Service Corps	3	6	1	48	55	...	57	...	...	12	...
		Keeping the ground	Cavalry	5	9	...	219	228	...	...	...	...	...	...
			Mounted Infantry	7	5	2	97	104	5	106	...	...	...	...
			Artillery	...	5	...	140	145	...	...	...	...	...	...
			Infantry	1	...	...	639	639	...	...	...	...	...	...
			Military Police	1	8	...	61	69	1	35	...	...	...	...
			Total	526	849	337	12968	14154	224	3525	46	3	40	6

PRINTED AT THE DISTRICT PRINTING OFFICE, HEAD-QUARTERS.

*Includes R.A. Mounted Band.

Notice carefully,— 526 Officers & 14154 N.C. Offrs & Men, or a total of 14680 of all ranks on parade; & there were 6074 Officers & Men not paraded; a curious commentary on the numbers required for guards, servants &c. &c.

The Chaplain and his family — what was left of them, at home — had a lovely time at this Review. "The Troy" was employed to convey them to Laffan's Plains. Wells, having got a special pass, rigged himself up in mufti, and acted groom. The Chaplain had secured a ticket for the Staff Enclosure, after a severe fight, in which he had had to enlist the help of the Governor, Sir Edwin Markham. Getting very early to the ground, a place was secured in the front row, close to the corner round which the Queen was to drive to and from the Saluting point. The Troy was taken out of the shafts, and conducted by Wells, provisioned with sandwiches, cake and a bottle of beer, to a neighbouring enclosure. The family regaled themselves on the provisions, washed down with milk or lemonade as they listed. Then they read comic papers. Their Parent smoked & began a letter to his absent wife. Friends arrived. Carriages multiplied. The crowd thickened. Troops began to march on the plain. Excitement thickened. Masters Frank, Herbert Roy, Harry, Gerald, and Miss Susan Toronend, were arranged somehow on the box and seats of the waggonette. Their Reverend Sire managed to stand with legs outstretched on the cushions. Princes & Dukes (Wales, York, Connaught, Cambridge &c) passed. The Royal Cortege passed close by, and the Chicks had a real good look, this time, of and at the grand old Lady & Monarch. Then followed the usual routine of a show Review — very satisfactory

in a spectacular point of view,— scarcely so in a military. The March past was— well not so good as, say, last year at the Connaught Review. When the Cavalry galloped past, some of the ~~Regiments~~ squadrons got badly crowded, and one nearly rushed into the Royal Carriages. But it was a brilliant spectacle, like its two predecessors in 1896 and 97. The Queen came back round the Townend corner again; and the children had another perfect view of her. Then Wells re-appeared with the horse, the rest of the eatables and drinkables was attacked and pretty well demolished, and the Chaplain drove triumphantly home, achieving a successful flank march past the dense crowd of vehicles which blocked the road towards Alder-shot, by going straight down the Plain to a lane which leads direct to the Queen's Hotel. There was one short block here owing to a brace breaking in a carriage ahead; but this caused but short delay, and the clerical vehicle reached home in good time, though so late as to cause misgivings in Kellyh & Kate's minds. They were waiting at the garden gate, opposite the stable door. Wells got some supper, and appeared to be satisfied after a fashion with his expedition, as, to full extent, were Mr, the Masters, and Miss Susie, Townend.