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VOL. VI.

MONTHLY.  
BRITANNIA.  
ONE SHILLING.

Dublin Exhibition, 1865.—This celebrated Old Irish Whisky  
gained the DUBLIN PRIZE MEDAL. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and  
very wholesome. Sold in bottles 8s. 8d. each, at the Retail Houses in L.  
by the Agents in the principal towns in England, or wholesale at 3 Great Wind  
mill Street, London.—OBSERVE the RED SEAL, PINK LABEL, and CORK  
BRANDED "KINAHAN'S LL. WHISKY."

## KINAHAN'S LL. WHISKY

FIRE AND MARINE, NON-TARIFF.  
ROYAL EXCHANGE AVENUE, LONDON; and EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL.  
GREENBOAM, COURT TAILOR, CORNER OF GRACECHURCH ST. AND LOMBARD ST.



**SAMUEL BROTHERS**  
MERCHANT TAILORS  
50 LUDGATE HILL LONDON

# THE TOMAHAWK.

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 145.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### ON THE ROCKS.

WHAT crueller sight can there be than the view of a noble ship going to pieces?

There is something very painful in the prospect of a wreck. Years of labour are as nought, the work of many hands is as nothing. The planks so carefully lashed together separate, and are tossed about at the mercy of the angry waves—the sails so laboriously woven are torn into ribbands, and flutter in the gale at the will of the noisy winds. Helpless as a child, the great work is dashed upon the rock, groans, trembles, and disappears. Disappears to be seen no more!

A noble ship has gone to pieces—her timbers are to be found on the treacherous rocks of Ireland.

The ship was built to supersede an ungainly barque that had breasted the waves for many a long year in spite of rotten planks and threadbare canvas. The first ship carried a flag inscribed "Tyranny," and was worthy of her name. She was manned with bigots and misers—she carried intolerance for ballast, injustice for merchandize. She had been built at a time when it was great to be cruel, diplomatic to be unjust. Old fashioned, and yet she served her time, and would have lasted to this day had not her owners condemned her as bad and unworthy of the age we live in—condemned her that they might replace her with something better.

The new ship was sound from masthead to keel. Her timbers were strong, her sails trustworthy, and yet in spite of sails and timbers she lies stranded on the rocks of Erin a wreck—a ruin!

To drop allegory for fact, the new measures to cure Fenianism and annihilate Irish discontent have signally failed. Spite the Church Disestablishment, spite the project for giving the soil to the people who till it, agrarian outrage has steadily increased. Daily, nay, almost hourly, the cloud grows darker and darker. Doctors are forbidden, under pain of death, to extend their merciful aid to the sick. Counsel are deterred by threats of violence from the exercise of their mission to defend the weak or to bring the guilty to justice. Landlords are shot for living on their land, or denounced as traitors worthy of the murderer's knife if they become absentees. There is no law, no mercy, no religion. The "island of saints" is, indeed, in a pitiful condition.

Granted that our fellow subjects have had much to complain of, granted that they have for centuries been regarded as traitors—treated as slaves. Granted that the emerald has given place to the ruby—the green fields have been deluged with red blood—the blood of the poor, the starving—yet still mercy

should not be received with murder, justice hailed with shouts of vengeance and cries for the lives of those who now have extended the hand of friendship and charity to the bondsmen of yesterday, the tyrants of to-day. Has it come to this that the iron has so entered into the soul of poor suffering Erin that she at last has learned only how to hate, has forgotten, quite forgotten, how to love? At one time an Irishman was the type of true nobility—now he finds his peers on the scaffold, his appropriate resting place in a prison grave, beside the bodies of murderers and thieves!

Teach a slave that he is an animal—burden him with chains, and keep him in bondage for years, and you will find a servant fiercer than a tiger, less to be relied upon than a bloodhound that has received but half his training. He will work for you sullenly with the fear of the whip for ever before his eyes. Keep that whip before his eyes, and he may serve you to the end. But once relieve him from his bondage, and proclaim yourself weak, and your safety is gone for ever. Is it so with the Irish? Have our ancestors so persecuted them that they cannot forgive us, our ancestors' descendants? Is it that they have the brutality of the ex-slave?—have lost all the kindness that once was their characteristic and their boast? We fear so. They have met moderation with scorn—welcomed justice with murder!

With the coming session the next hundred years of Ireland's civil history will be decided. This week Parliament reassembles, and Erin will be called before the bar of public opinion. What will she answer to the many charges that will be made against her? Will she justify the assassin?—succour the traitor? Will she find a grim jest in "bundling" a landowner?—an act of patriotism in threatening a barrister? Will she support the murderer and defend the rowdy? These are serious questions, and she must answer them. Her future depends upon her reply. Which shall she be—a happy land of freedom? or a nest of crime and ignorance? Would that St. Patrick was once more standing upon her shores. He would find plenty of reptiles to expel—reptiles more nauseous than toads—more deadly than vipers.

The end never justifies the means; we must not be unjust. Ireland must retain her freedom, in spite of the return she has made for the gift. Still, we must teach these poor prisoners, so unaccustomed to the bright glare of liberty, that everything is to be gained by argument—nothing by force. Our second act must be to redress the wrongs of Ireland—our *first*, to stamp out murder. Until rifles are given up, and the knife is hidden for ever, we can do nothing. Liberty is not for assassins—freedom is not for cowards.

At present our policy has been a false one. In our charity the Irish have found only weakness; in mercy they have detected nought but fear. What we have given them from a sense of justice they have regarded as a reward for treason—the splendid prize of outrage and assassination. They must be undeceived.

The old ship has gone to pieces;—how shall we build the new? We must have iron instead of wood—guns in lieu of bunting. Justice for Ireland, by all means; but justice everywhere—for rich and poor—honest and criminal. The landlord's life must be sacred—the assassin hunted down. Fenianism—enemy of all rule, and deadly foe to Christianity, both Protestant and Popish—must be hurled back to the home of rowdies—the land of its birth. “Tumbling” must be regarded as an unpardonable crime among men—a deadly sin before Heaven. Threats must never be heard—laws must never be broken. Justice for Ireland, by all means; for the patriot a free country and England's aid; for the traitor and the assassin a high gibbet and a hempen rope! This, and only this, would be true justice to Ireland!

### MOTTOES FOR THE MILLION.

#### NEWSPAPERS.

*Saturday Review*.—“I came, I swore, I conquered!”

*Times*.—“B-Lowe it!”

*Pall Mall Gazette* (in spite of its increased size).—“Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.”

*Morning Post*.—“As deaf as a post!”

*Telegraph*.—“I will roar that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar you as gently as a sucking dove.”

*Standard* (since the *Herald's* death).—“The *Standard* barer!”

*Globe* (after the *Pall Mall's* morning suicide).—“It is the cause, it is the cause,—oh, I'm sold.”

#### THEATRES.

*Adelphi*.—“See how the busy little ‘B.’ (Webster) improves each shining hour.”

*Lyceum*.—“Hervé Sauce.”

*Princesses*.—“Bad form, oh Sir!”

*Drury Lane*.—“Dreary, I'm very weary.”

*Her Majesty's*.—“Though lost to sight, to memory dear.”

*St. James's*.—“She Wood!”

*Olympic*.—“Hence, silly Babbler.”

*Haymarket*.—“Sothorn, we haven't missed you.”

### CABBY'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

ALTHOUGH, no doubt, in time the new cab regulations will get into proper working order, the first results of the new system are anything but satisfactory. The two great points which have first of all been arrived at are apparently the following:—

1. That, except under exceptional circumstances, the cabman is not bound to carry a fare.
2. That, except under exceptional circumstances, the fare is not bound to pay the cabman.

Owing to the proviso that a cabman never need drive more than six miles, or hire himself for more than a single hour, to all intents and purposes the person who engages him is at his mercy. While, on the other hand, if the cab happens to be a “crawler” (and it is announced semi-officially that crawlers are to be tolerated, or even encouraged by the police), or has been taken off the rank at a railway station—which, it seems, legally is not a rank at all—the hirer can, at his discretion, refuse to pay the cabman anything. This clumsiness of the Act of Parliament has already proved inconvenient, for police cases have, during the past few days, been tried, in which these nice points have cropped up. We believe that, on the whole, neither the cabman nor the public are fools, and, in time, will come to an understanding on the give-and-take principle which will be mutually satisfactory; but it seems absurd that after all the fuss and chatter of legislation on the cab question, the question should be practically left to the contending parties to settle amongst themselves.

### EMPHATICALLY, RUBBISH!

FANCY balls are *de rigueur* at the Court of the Viceroy of India. At home here we consider such mummeries only occasionally justifiable, and, on an average, we have had a State Fancy Dress Ball only about four times a century,—which is quite often enough; but in India, where the Government lives for appearance, scarcely a year passes without a *Bal Costumé*. What must the native Princes have thought of their Governors when they beheld them decked out in the manner the following quotation from a Calcutta paper describes:—

“The Viceroy was dressed in snuff-coloured satin trimmed with gold, as a nobleman of the Court of Louis XVI.; his staff were dressed in the uniform of British officers of the close of the eighteenth century; Lord Napier as a French marquis of the time of Louis XV.; Sir Seymour Fitzgerald as the first Portuguese Governor of Bombay, and Sir William Mansfield as Lord Clive.”

True, that the ball was got up for the amusement and edification of the Duke of Edinburgh; but the appearance of the Lords of the country in other people's clothes is scarcely the sort of thing calculated to impress the natives of India with any sense either of the dignity or the intelligence of the Viceroy and his lieutenants.

### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

MISS ALICE GRANTHAM, the young lady who, when in a bad temper some few weeks back, gave information to the police which led to the apprehension of her lover on the charge of robbing his employers, Messrs. Leaf and Co., of a large quantity of silk, has been very properly convicted of receiving the money which the silk produced, and has been sent to penal servitude for five years. The young man, whose devotion to his unworthy mistress led him into the crime, has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. So ends a story which has something of the romantic in it. The young man, in pleading guilty to the charge, set forth how his love had got the better of his honesty, and how, to supply the young woman with the necessaries of life, he had staked and lost his character. The picture of the silk salesman nursing his mistress through a long illness at a house in the Brompton road has a touch, too, of nature about it, and we cannot help pitying the misguided youth. But the sentence was proper and just. Davies has paid the penalty of having loved less wisely than well; and, as for Miss Alice Grantham, as the Common Sergeant remarked, she seemed to have lost her heart as well as her character, and in her case, at least, the public have endorsed the sentence with the additional verdict of “serve her right.” Who says woman is the weaker mortal?

### THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

#### BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE SUEZ NOTES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

STILL ON BOARD THE POOJAH, Jan. 30, 1870.

YES, still on board the *Poojah*, but I fear not very likely to remain there long, for I believe this wretched vessel has sprung a leak! In my last I told you how we commenced the theatricals. Had I added a few more lines I could have told you *how they closed*. You may remember the captain was in a state of advanced intoxication in the stalls, and that we had got a little way into *Hamlet*, though, owing to the tremendous roll of the vessel, under considerable disadvantages. Well, things went on tolerably till the famous line “I'll follow thee,” when the captain sprang out of his place and shouted “Will you, my mate? Then I'll come with you.” A furious scuffle ensued, the King, who was soon coming on, being determined not to be done out of his entrance. The curtain had to be lowered, when, after an interval of some twenty minutes, the prompter stepped forward and announced that, in consequence of the determination of the captain to act himself, *Hamlet* would not be further proceeded with that evening, but that it would be replaced by *Black-Eyed Susan*, in which the captain, who had selected the part for himself, would appear as the Admiral in the last act. The other



characters had been kindly undertaken by the cast of *Hamlet*, but not having time to change their dresses, they asked the indulgence of the audience, as they would have to go through the modern English drama in mediæval Danish costume. I sub-join the programme of the *dramatis personæ*, who seem to have selected their respective parts with much judgment :—

## PROGRAMME OF CHARACTERS

IN

## BLACK-EYED SUSAN,

*As filled (by desire) by the characters in HAMLET.*

CAPTAIN CROSSTREE ... ..	<i>Hamlet</i> (Prince of Denmark).
WILLIAM (with a hornpipe) ...	<i>The Ghost of Hamlet's Father.</i>
HATCHETT (a Smuggler) ...	<i>Polonius.</i>
DOGGRESS (Susan's Uncle) ...	<i>The King.</i>
GNATBRAIN ... ..	<i>Fortinbras</i> (Prince of Norway).
	<i>Laertes.</i>
	<i>Voltemand.</i>
CAPTAINS AND SAILORS ...	<i>Cornelius.</i>
	<i>Rosencrantz.</i>
	<i>Guildestern.</i>
	<i>Osric.</i>
	<i>A Gentleman.</i>
	<i>A Priest.</i>
MARINES ... ..	<i>Marcellus.</i>
	<i>Bernardo.</i>
	<i>Francisco.</i>
	<i>Reynaldo.</i>
MEMBERS OF THE COURT {	<i>Players.</i>
MARTIAL ... ..	<i>Two Clowns</i> (grave diggers).
	<i>A Captain.</i>
POPULACE, &C. ... ..	<i>English Ambassadors.</i>
LORD HIGH ADMIRAL (with {	<i>The Captain of H.I.K.M.S.</i>
a couple of hornpipes) ...	<i>Poojah.</i>
SUSAN ... ..	<i>Ophelia.</i>
DAME HARTLY ... ..	<i>A Lady of the Danish Court.</i>
DOLLY MAYFLOWER ... ..	<i>Gertrude</i> (Queen of Denmark,
	and mother to Hamlet).

However, they did not get far into the piece, for just as the ghost (as William) had got to his line "Well, my lads, what matters! Belay these"—the leak was announced. I send you my notes as jotted down in the confusion.

10 p.m.

Somebody, I think the third mate, has reported a leak. We have appealed to the captain, but all he says is "then put a cork in." I am afraid he is less sober than at nine. The contractor has turned up, and proposes a "committee of safety." He says if we all go to the bottom it will cost him £274 9s. 4d., and this seems to make him very anxious.

We have met in committee, and they have put me in the chair. I have moved that we go and examine the "leak." Somebody, whose office on the ship I couldn't exactly catch, but who seems a good deal employed in the hold, says it is a "nasty one, and no mistake," and that if there is a parson on board we had better throw him over. I have put this to the vote, and it has been carried by a majority of six. I think, however, the chaplain was left behind.

11.20 p.m.

In the hold. The vague official was wrong. I have never seen a real leak before, and so I do not know what *it ought* to look like; but I do not think much of this. I expected to see a sort of cataract, and hear a terrible roar; but this is a mere hole, about as big as the top of one's hat, and the water, naturally enough, is pouring in briskly, but nothing more. There seems, too, plenty of room for it. I have suggested to the committee that perhaps we had better "let well alone." This has been greeted with a shout of derisive laughter, and a sob from Hamlet, who, after a convulsive allusion to his mother at Wapping, has been carried on to the deck in a fit.

11.30 p.m.

The contractor wants to know what I mean to do, as I am in the chair. I have suggested a towel. Somebody in a tarpaulin hat, and boots up to his breast, says, "Lor bless you land-lubbers, you thinks a swab is as good any day as a keel-hauling, but be darned to you for a set of a spliced top gallants in a fog." Somebody has seconded this, and it has been put and carried by a majority of fifteen. This has annoyed me, and I have asked what on earth *they*, meaning the majority, want me to do. I have invited suggestions. A great many people have stepped

forward with them at once; but I must take them one at a time. The first is from a pale, scientific gentleman, in blue spectacles, who says that all we want is a "disoxygenising anti-bromide exhaustive refrigerator," which, if properly applied, will separate the water coming in into its chemical divisions. He says by this means we shall immediately get rid of the oxygen, which certainly does seem an advantage, and is better than nothing. As to the remaining properties of the water, he has promised to read up the subject, and let us know the result. This motion was lost by a large majority, the only vote in its favour being given by a "scientific" instrument maker from Oxford street, who said he could let us have an "exhaustive refrigerator" cheap.

Midnight.

Suggestions are pouring in as fast as the water. It seems to me the best thing would be, cork up the hole with a hat-box; but the scientific passenger has just gone through an elaborate sum to prove that, as the surface of the ocean is to the depth of the hole, so is the pressure to—I forget exactly what—but, I suppose, to the hat-box. He says the weight on it would amount in half a minute to five hundred and seventy-two thousand tons; and as the general opinion appears to be that this pressure would bring the bottom out, we have abandoned it, and are going to try blotting-paper.

Dead failure. I am sure the thing is *getting* very serious. Notwithstanding the ugly look of matters, there is a funny man who keeps interrupting the practical efforts to save the ship by unseemly jokes. He has just asked us why the *Poojah* is like a hardened swindler; and upon our all giving it up moodily, has forced upon us the answer that it is because it "let in the passengers at starting and now it is *letting in* the water." I have told him, as chairman of the Safety Committee, I am virtually in command of the vessel, and shall have him put into irons if he attempts to demoralize the crew at such a moment. The mate tells me I had "better let him be," as he is very popular "at the fore," having got a great reputation for geneality by asking everyone he meets "how the enemy goes," meaning the time, and by going through a rather violent comic scene of his own invention which he calls "the grasshopper at lunch." As it happens, there are no irons to put him into, the Captain having given them, by way of a practical joke, wrapt in sausage meat, to a shark. The mate, nevertheless, says, *if I wish it* he thinks he can arrange something with a couple of flat irons and the tongs. I have threatened the funny man with this, who, however, has met it by an inquiry why "I don't throw in the shovel?" And I think there is something in the suggestion. Why shouldn't I?

2 a.m.

We are evidently going down, and nobody seems equal to a remedy.

Here's the Captain. He has got on two life buoys, and has a dozen of marmalade and a bottle of rum fastened round his waist. He evidently is prepared for the worst. All I have got, in case of a sudden foundering, is a handkerchief full of champagne corks, an umbrella, and a firework for a signal of distress. The firework, however, is very large, and, I believe, when lighted, represents Napoleon and his army crossing the Alps, ten times the size of life. I do hope some passing ship may see it if I have to light it all at once. They surely *must* see that *something* is wrong. Of course it would be far better for me if I could let off an Alp at a time, and use Napoleon in limbs.

You will probably get this letter in 1890, picked up in a stout bottle.

## MASKING A WIFE.

A MAN was fined 10s. the other day for putting an iron mask on his wife's head to prevent her drinking. In every other respect he appears to have treated her well, and yet he was fined 10s. for trying to save her from the consequences of her own vile nature. This is one of the beauties of English justice—a woman may ruin her husband and children by inebriation, and her conjugal partner may not even make use of the mild preventive of an iron mask. Yet our French neighbours believe that in England a married woman cannot even call her soul her own. Can a man who has a drunken wife? The idea was an excellent one, and we are sorry it is illegal.

Now ready, price 7s. 6d.,

VOL. II. OF

B R I T A N N I A,

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Illustrated in Colours by MATT MORGAN.

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T H E T O M A H A W K,

EDITED BY ARTHUR A'BECKETT;

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT MORGAN.

Office : 199 Strand.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

### THE WEEK.

WE sincerely trust that the Railway Company, upon whose line the accident near Hitchin occurred, will be brought up to the scratch!

THE Suez Canal seems to be a success. We English have had something to do with the scheme. If the French threw cold water into the canal, surely we threw enough cold water over the project!

MR. ROGER EKYN intends introducing a bill in the coming Session for the appointment of a public prosecutor. We are surprised! If the thieves are *rogues* surely the member for Windsor is *Roger*!

WE are given to understand that in future all guns are to be made of wood, and all swords of brass. By these means Mr. Cardwell will save a considerable sum in the estimates. The wood and brass will be furnished by the Heads of Departments.

THE Government are still reducing their expenses. We understand that Mr. Childers will only take the Fleet for a cruise to Ramsgate this year. It is not yet decided (we believe) whether the right honourable gentleman will be attended by "the children."

IT is proposed that Mr. Lowe's celebrated measure shall be known in future as the In come "brass" tax, as a delicate compliment to its founder. There are others who say that since it has been payable in advance, it should be called the out go "tin" tax.

AUSTRALIAN meat is not at all bad. A *pâté*, about half the size of a five-shilling piece, will be found very palatable if taken after oysters, turtle soup, and turbot, and *before* mutton cutlets, a bird, and a cheese omelette. The wines must be good to obtain the desired effect.

PROTECTION is not a great success in America. Boots are now being sold and produced at ruinous prices in the States. A miserable French Canadian punster has suggested to us, that if our Transatlantic cousins can't get their "poor feet" boots, they must go in "*pour autres shoes!*"

A VERY pretty sight was witnessed last week at a meeting of the Electors of Southwark at the Lambeth Baths. Boots were used freely on the occasion. Strange to say, Wellington had the victory of Waterlow (Belgium) in 1815, while Bluchers carried the day in the defeat of Waterlow (Sir Sidney) in 1870!

THE Archbishop of Syra did *not* pronounce the benediction at York Minster a fortnight since. So says the Archbishop of York, who, we understand, playfully restrained the foreign ecclesiastic from his desire to bless the congregation by shouting in an American twang, "No Syree—I mean Syra."

PRINCE ARTHUR is very popular in New York. Wherever H.R.H. goes he is treated with "God save the Queen," and the Royal Standard. One of the "Newspaper Men" wished to act as the Prince's porter! His offer was refused, because he was too stout, and it was considered that, under these circumstances, the work might bring him to his *bier*!

UNDER the heading "Religious Liberty in Turkey," a paragraph has appeared in the papers stating that last week three young Christians, a Bulgarian and two Greeks, embraced the Mohammedan faith, and that Vali Pasha (whose connection with the transaction is not defined) strictly observed the laws which ensure liberty of conscience in such cases. On one of the perverts, however, wanting to return to the Christian faith, a difficulty arose. We suppose in Turkey, as in England, it is only the ladies who are permitted to change their minds twice.

THE announcement recently published by the War Office that the examinations for admission to the Military Academy at Woolwich would be suspended until further notice very naturally caused a great deal of heart-burning. The youths who had been in tutors' hands with a view to going up in June were taken home; the course of reading was broken up, and books were closed. Now, however, it seems that the announcement was a mistake, and that the examinations will not be suspended. Evidently, the official mind takes no cognizance of personal inconvenience.

### DUPING DUPIN!

A REVOLUTION in France would hardly be a matter of surprise at any moment, but at the present time it is especially imminent. The other day a petition was presented to the French Senate, demanding that the fathers of the greatest number of children should be invested with some new decoration; and that the entire fraternity of bachelors should be subjected to a special tax, rising in amount according to their age. A member of the grave and august body, M. Dupin, accepted the petition quite seriously (of course—Why not?), but opposed its prayer on the ground that there was no necessity for bestowing the suggested recompense. If this refusal does not provoke a revolution, what will? Surely, at this time, when France is in so calm, so peaceful, and so happy a condition, that the Senate has nothing to do, such an important petition should receive far more consideration. M. Dupin is duping himself if he thinks the worthy fathers of *La Belle France* will "rest and be thankful."

THE PRINCE OF CLUBS.—Albert Edward of Wales.







ON THE ROCKS!

[SEE LEADER.]







### "GOOD, MY LORD."

POOR Lord Townshend has to pay heavily for his erratic philanthropy. Although the case against him for an alleged assault on the Superintendent of the Servants' Christian Home has been withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the magistrate at Marlborough Street Police Court, it is stated that action will be taken against the Marquis in a Civil Court. How the matter will end we cannot say, but judging from Lord Townshend's past experiences in law courts, it seems likely that, while admittedly possessed of the very best intentions, he will be found to have succeeded in putting himself in the wrong. We do not suppose, however, that the fact of being mulcted in money damages will have any deterrent effect on his Lordship's eccentric benevolence, but if it should happen that the much-wronged plaintiff in the threatened action should obtain such substantial redress as would disgust Lord Townshend with the praiseworthy task it would seem that he has set himself, we shall regret it. It is the fashion to make merry at his Lordship's expense, and to refer to his charitable acts with waggish toleration, but the fashion is unjust. Lord Townshend, notwithstanding the amount of hot water into which he continually gets himself, is a nobleman in the best sense of the word, and deserves a respect which the ribald public do not accord him. Perhaps, amongst his other eccentricities, he does good for its own sake—not a bad motive after all.

### TO WHAT BASE USES?

THE Fenian Fund is almost going begging. Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, by direction of her husband, it is stated, has withdrawn her claim to it; and the only persons now left in the field are the Dublin lawyer, who defended the Fenians at their trial, and the representatives of the brotherhood in America. Who these last may be is a little obscure, but it is very evident that those interested will have to settle the matter between themselves, as no court of law would take cognizance of the question. The Fund, however, seems to have dwindled considerably, for it is now only some twenty thousand dollars—in fact, scarcely worth the asking for; but we suppose that the expenses of management have been heavy, and that that accounts for the falling off. The whole affair seems vague and aimless—qualifications which have become distinctive of Fenianism, and which occasionally, as now, put a ridiculous side to the *monstre* of the nineteenth century.

### EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

It would seem that the proximity of the new St. Thomas's Hospital to the Thames Embankment has been fatal to the good intentions of the former erection to get itself completed in a reasonable space of time. It was promised some time back that the new hospital should be finished and ready for occupation in March next, but as things now appear, it is extremely unlikely that the works will be completed this year. The detached pavilions are yet roofless, and the recent wet weather will make the drying process of the buildings, when they are provided with some more substantial canopy than a muggy London sky, not a little tiresome and tedious; in the meantime, the thousand odd patients of the hospital are stored in the Surrey Music Hall, which has been fitted up for their reception. How the pro-hospital is arranged, whether they put the fever patients in the stalls, and the small-pox patients in the private boxes, we cannot pretend to know, but certain it is that the new building is urgently needed, and that the bare-faced delay in completing it is a serious matter. Happily for the authorities of the hospital, the care of the sick is one of those points which is "nobody's business," but still we have a right to our opinion, and we express it: our opinion then is, that those entrusted with the erection of the new St. Thomas's Hospital are wantonly and wickedly at fault in sanctioning any delay in the completion of an institution which is so urgently needed, and that they incur no light moral responsibility when even for a day they unnecessarily close the doors of the Hospital. That the Thames Embankment will take seven or eight years to complete is no justification for the Hospital works being neglected.

### MORE CRY THAN WOOL.

LONDON must indeed be a rich city. For the two foreign loans which have recently been brought out, the Russian and Chilian, it is stated that no less a sum than forty-eight millions was subscribed, when a sixth of the sum was all that was required. From this we must assume that money is plentiful just now, unless it is that the spirit of gambling has taken a new hold on our commercial men, and that they have been playing a game of chance without the wherewithal to lose. Although no doubt many of the subscriptions to the new loans have been tendered by *bona fide* investors who have every intention of paying up and permanently holding the stock, yet there is a large class of stock jobbers who have scraped together the necessary five per cent., payable on application, without either the intention or the means of paying another penny. It is these latter persons that make the City what it is. In the days of our grandfathers it would have been considered dishonest to contract a bargain without the means of carrying it through. But all this is now altered. Of course, as a matter of fact, it cannot be that there are in London forty-eight millions of money available to transmit to Russia and Chili, and this point once admitted, it follows that a greater portion of the subscribers have put down their names simply on the chance of being able to get rid of their liability with a profit to themselves. However bigly we may talk about our power of being able to provide immense sums of money at short notice, such a state of things as this is unwholesome, and can lead to no good result.

### PRACTICAL DIPLOMACY.

WHAT must be the feelings of the Foreign Office clerks, when they find themselves employed in writing letters to the Stock Exchange authorities? Certainly of late years the F. O., perhaps for the want of a nobler occupation, has had plenty of City business on its hands, and the following letter, notwithstanding that it is explicit and satisfactory, cannot be said to be out of the usual course:—

"Foreign Office, Jan. 25th, 1870.

"SIR,—With reference to your letter of the 31st December last, and to previous correspondence, I am directed by the Earl of Clarendon to acquaint you, for the information of the Ecuatorian Commission of Agency, that his lordship has instructed her Majesty's chargé d'affaires at Quito to protest strongly against the decree of the National Convention of Ecuador, of the 17th of August, 1869, under the authority of which the payment of the interest on the bonds is proposed to be stopped, and to express the hope of her Majesty's Government that the President of the Republic will take the necessary steps to have the decree in question re-considered.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"S. HAMMOND.

"John Field, Esq., Founders' court, Lothbury."

Not very long ago the Foreign Office would have disdained to acknowledge or interfere in any commercial transaction, but times are sadly changed. The department, however, seems to remain faithful to at least one of its traditions—it takes a month to answer a letter.

### PAYING THE PIPER.

ANOTHER military grievance! It has just occurred to the officers of several of the line regiments that it is a hardship they should be called upon to support the band. As they justly observe, it by no means follows that they should care for music for its own sake, and if it is, as the regulations hold it to be, that a band is essential to the creditable appearance of the corps, the regulations should pay for its maintenance. It no doubt bears hardly upon officers that they should be obliged to subscribe to the band fund, and we shall be glad to hear that Mr. Cardwell has taken the matter up with a view to removing the grievance, but we fear that the right honourable gentleman will plead that, owing to the existence of more important business, he has not time at present to entertain the question. And yet we live in an



age of "military reform." When will it dawn upon the authorities that the first points to consider in any scheme for putting the service in good working order, are those which have to do with the keeping alive of a good understanding between themselves and its members? Large questions which no one cares about, unfortunately take precedence, and preclude any consideration of "grievances," so nothing is ever settled, and no one is ever satisfied. We shall be glad if some impetuous young blood in the House of Commons, with military reforming tendencies, can be induced to take the Band Fund question up, but we can hope for no such happy result. The people aggrieved are too powerless and poor to be thought worth fighting for.

### M. JULES CANARD ON FRENCH AFFAIRS.

#### LETTER I.

*His love for England.—He meets a brother.—The bond of union a bas le "soap."—The Sons of Liberty.—How to regenerate France.—The force of habit.—"Hunted down."—Rocheport's illness.—His bravery.*

Au 5me Rue de Vin Ordinaire, 10.,  
Paris, 4th February, 1870.

MON CHER REDACTEUR,—It is some time since you have heard from me. When I left England it was with pleasure, because I longed to get back to the home of my birth. But is it not said by your great Shak-es-piere, "Absence by any other name would smell much stronger?" So it is. Now, my heart burns for your land of beautiful fogs and silvery rain. I thirst once more to read your Bradshaw, to eat your "hardbak," to drink your "real Turkis-sherbet-onepenny-aglass." Believe me, I do. But now perhaps you wish to hear what I have done—what I am doing?

My faith, I am a great man over here—a very great man. I am an "Irreconcilable." I am the friend of the great Rocheport.

When I arrived in Paris I was met by a man whom I took at once for a comrade, for a brother,—he was grand, majestic, unwashed! He seized me by the hand, and said,—

"Long live liberty."

I echoed his cry. He pressed my palm and whispered, "Be cautious. See, over yonder there is a serjeant de ville; let us avoid him." And we moved to a more remote spot. When he spoke to me we were in the Champs Elysee; now we stood close to the Seine, behind the Palais de l'Industrie.

"Will you be one of us?" he asked in a whisper, and he peered about among the trees as if in search of some one. "Answer in a low tone, for fear lest anyone should overhear us."

"Who are you?" I replied in his ear.

"We are the enemies to monarchy, the sons of liberty, the soldiers of the republic. We intend to shake the power of the Empire to its base. We shall overthrow the throne, the aristocracy, the priesthood, the army, the law, and, lastly, the police."

"Bravo!" I cried enthusiastically.

"Hush!" he exclaimed anxiously. "Hush, we shall be overheard, and perhaps taken up."

"Who are the members of your society?"

"Well, first, there's me—I am the president."

"Yes—a most admirable choice—and who else?"

"Well, there are only two other gentlemen at present; but we are expecting a third. He would have joined us long ago had not the government interfered and sent him to the galleys."

"And you three men are to regenerate France!"

"We are, Sir," he exclaimed proudly; "alone we will do it. We will sack the Tuilleries, invade England, seize upon the bank of London, and demolish the office of the TOMAHAWK. The treasuries of France shall flow into our pockets, the Imperial cellars yield strong potations of ruby wine. Yes, my friend, France shall indeed be regenerated, and we three—me and the other gentlemen—shall do it."

I was overcome with emotion, the tears streamed from my eyes, and I put my hand to my pocket for my handkerchief (since my visit to London, I regularly have a clean handkerchief put in my pocket once a month). To my surprise, the handkerchief was gone!

"Ah, my friend," said the son of Liberty, noticing my loss, "here is your handkerchief. Bah! you are luxurious."

"Why did you take it?" I asked with interest.

"From force of habit, my friend, from force of habit!"

I looked with surprise at this wonderful man, this man who in the very heart of a revolution could yet find time for attending to his own affairs? He was a marvel.

"When do you propose to regenerate France?" I said at last.

"When?" he answered, "why?"

And then he stopped short, turned very pale, and ran away. A few minutes later a serjeant de ville strolled by! You hear—hunted down, hunted down!

From the above account you will notice that the state of affairs in Paris is critical in the extreme. All the shopkeepers are in favour of the new *régime*, except, perhaps, those who sell soap. And the dislike is mutual—the people have never patronized the perfumers!

Before concluding, I must tell you that poor M. Rocheport is very poorly. He has a peculiar illness, of which the following are symptoms:—

1. He turns pale at the sight of a shadow.

2. He faints when any one shouts.

3. He swoons at the mention of a bare sword.

Upon the strength of these symptoms there are some who doubt his courage! Rocheport a coward! Why, he is the bravest man in France—on paper! More next week.

Receive my distinguished considerations,

JULES CANARD.

### AT 'EM AGAIN.

WE have not yet heard the last of the Abyssinian War. We believe that Mr. Candlish, M.P., who was Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee last year, will move at once for the reappointment of a committee on Abyssinian matters. It seems that in the recess Mr. Candlish has been to Bombay, where he has collected such startling evidence regarding the transport service of the expedition, the cost of coals, and other points connected with the expenditure of the odd millions which had not been estimated for, that he feels it incumbent on himself at once to re-open the question. That the inquiry will lead to any useful result we cannot hope. We do not suppose that in our day at any rate we shall have a second Abyssinian Expedition, and as to getting any of the money back which has been muddled away in the last, it is simply out of the question. We can, therefore, only console ourselves with the reflection that a fresh inquiry into the ways and means of the authorities is to be instituted, and that, as a Parliamentary Committee costs nothing, this additional stage of the Abyssinian difficulty can only result in the exposure and discomfiture of those officials who so shamefully squandered the public money.

### A BLOW FOR B(LOWE).

IT is stated, upon good authority, that the Government, not contented with exercising a parental watchfulness over the supplies for various departments, such as Woolwich Arsenal, Chatham, &c., by which, before the smallest item can be obtained for use, an almost interminable number of questions have to be answered, and any amount of red-tapeism gone through, is also about to extend its benevolent care to the private wants of the officials, in order that there may be no waste even in the smallest details. For instance, in future, if any *employé* wish to have a little extra salt with his luncheon, or want to smoke an additional cigar on his way home, he will have to telegraph to the War Office for permission, and to state all his reasons for such wishes. Should he have a particular desire to catch cold he must follow out the same routine, and, having got a cold, he will not be allowed to try to cure it without express permission; while, should he desire to sneeze, he must send a special messenger for a written permit. In a word, no persons in the employ of the Government will possess half as much freedom, publicly or privately, as an ordinary shopboy. This is as it should be, and fully carries out the policy of the Liberal Government, the public motto of which is freedom and economy, while its practical maxim is tyranny and ruin, *vide* starvation in the neighbourhoods of our dockyards, and the Income-tax paid in advance. The present administration is at least equal to the lowness of the exchequer.



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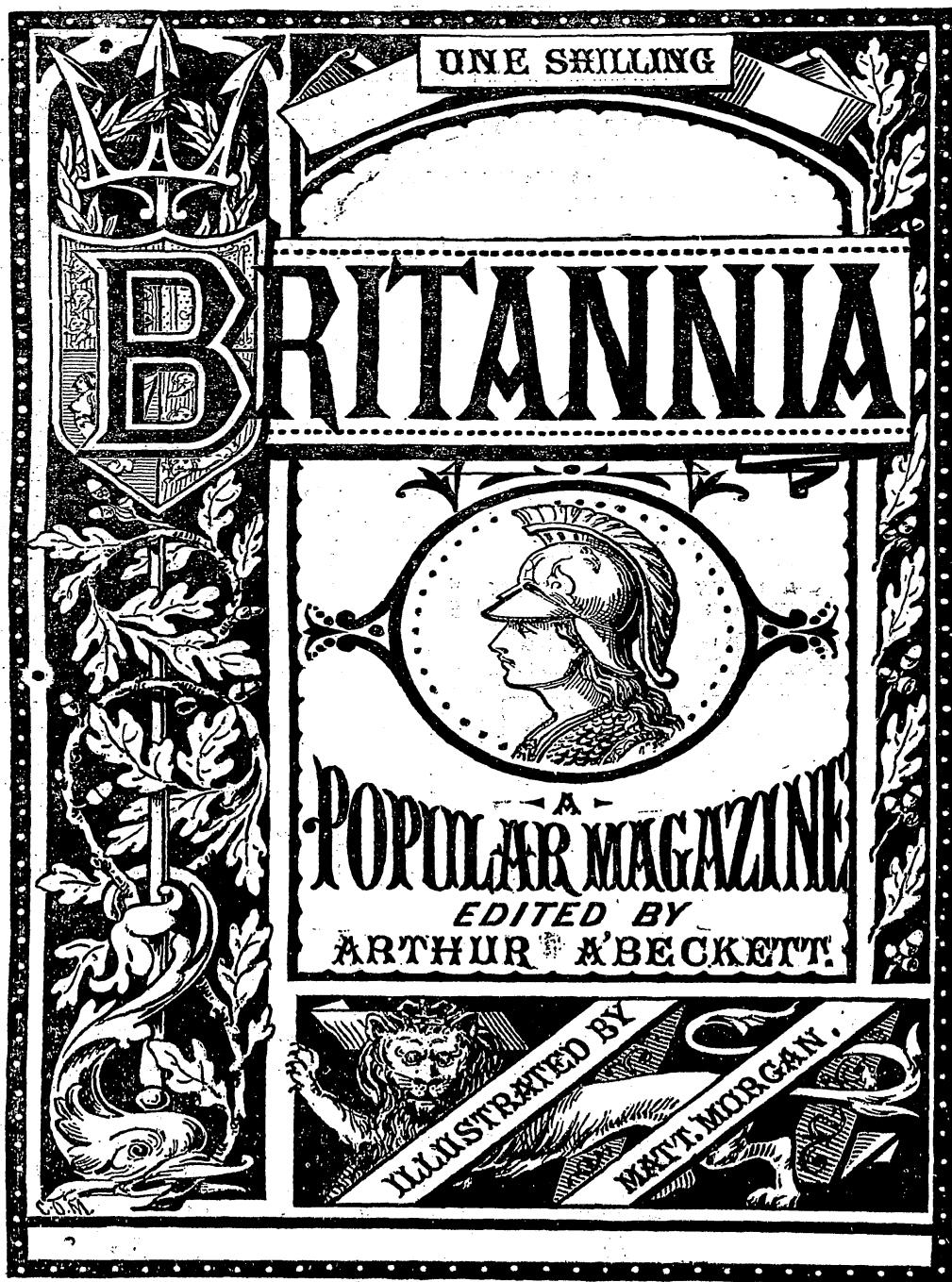
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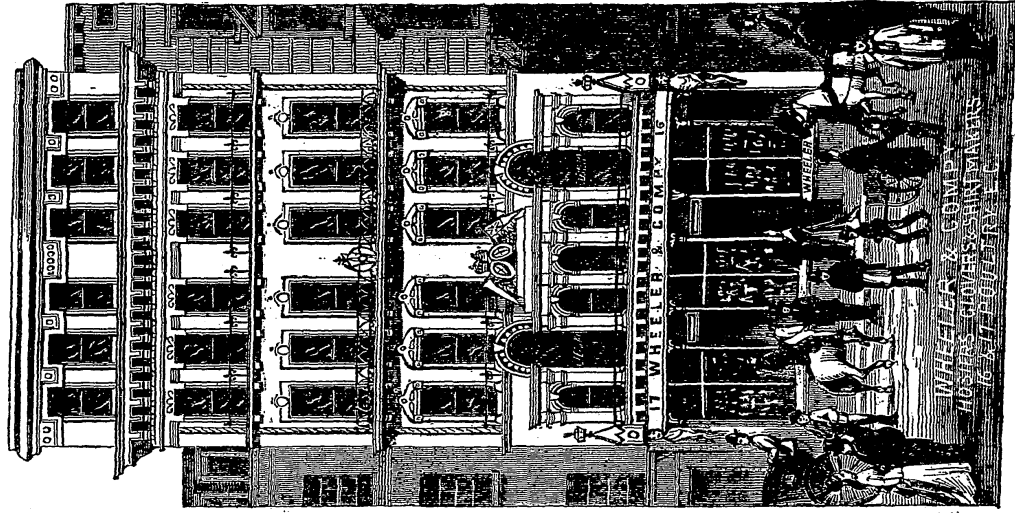
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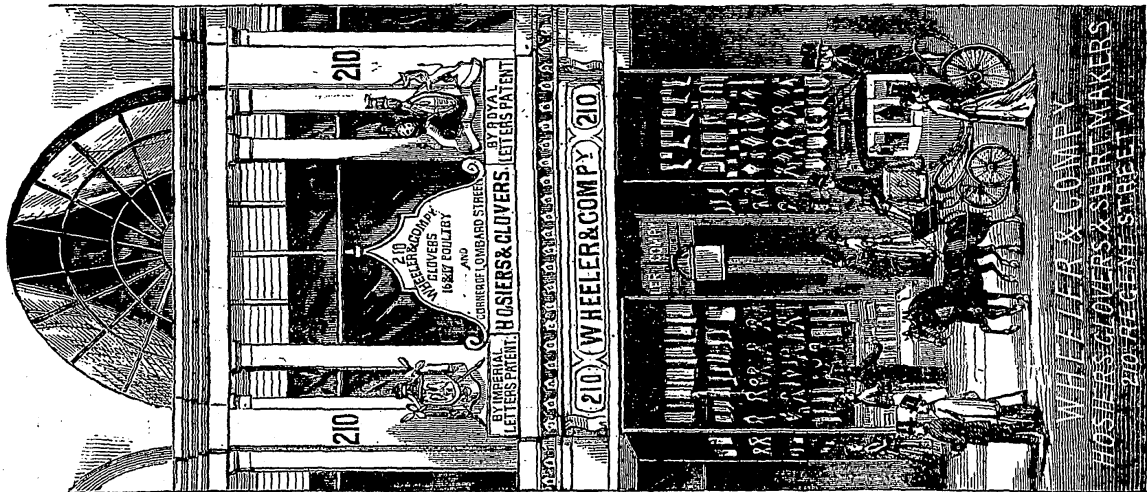
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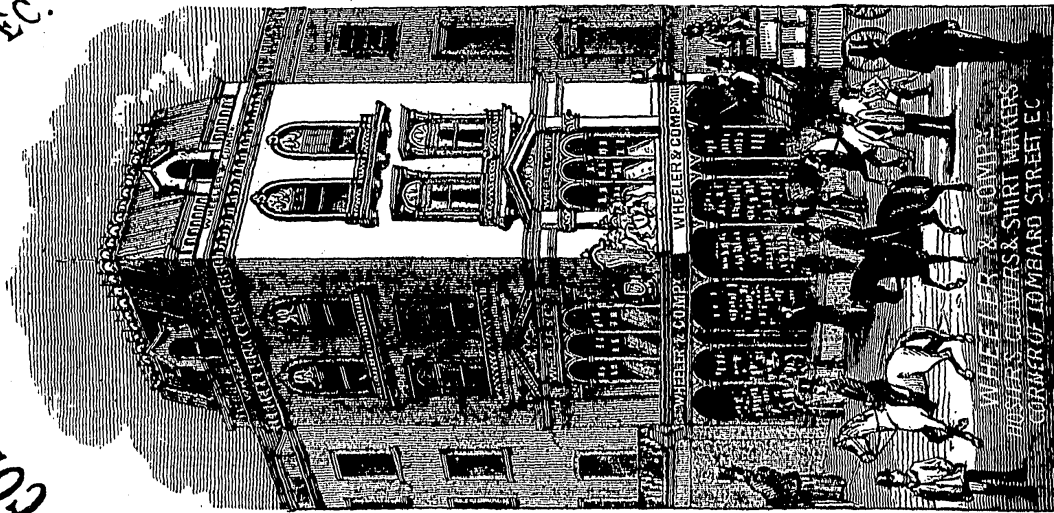
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