



THE LONDONER

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NOVEMBER 1916.

[Price Annas 3.

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Front Row (Reading from left to right)—

Pte. Middleton, W. G., 2nd Lieut. Sanders, H. R., Sgt. White, H. G.,
Pte. Green, C. E.

Back Row—

Pte. Beaman, N. V., L/Cpl. White, G. H. J., L/Cpl. White, F. C. J.

THE LONDONER.

THE JOURNAL OF THE 1/25TH BATTALION THE LONDON REGIMENT.

BY PERMISSION OF

Lieut.-Col. ARTHUR CHURCHILL.

No. 2—Vol. I.]

NOVEMBER 1916.

[PRICE ANNAS 3.]

ROUND AND ABOUT.

MOVING DAY.

Almost as soon as No. 1 went to press sorder were received by the Battalion to move to Moorhouse Barracks. We moved accordingly and now have quite settled down to barrack life again. Barracks are certainly preferable to canvas, in this country anyhow. There is a great satisfaction in a "shower" after a "stroll" over Agram Plain and it is a pleasing change to sleep in a bed which is not sand lined.

B. COMPANY PAPERCHASE.

As the chases which took place at Hebbal proved so successful, another one was organised and run off on the 11th October. Ptes. Barnett and Riddell were the hares, and although the country in the vicinity is not as suitable for the sport as that at Hebbal, the trail was laid over a very good course which included the occasional negotiation of stretches of water, an excellent addition to the sport. At about three quarter distance the hounds were so close that the hares decided to lay a false trail round a village. This proved successful in taking some of the hounds off the scent, but unfortunately Barnett, who was laying the false trail, encountered difficulties in the form of a village maze and numerous pariah dogs. On clearing the village he found himself cut

off from his companions by the hounds, but he ran undetected on the flank of the chase until he was spotted and run to earth by Privates Armstrong and Denison. The remaining hare although hard pressed by Privates Matthews, Howgego, Devison, and Capt. Stafford, managed to reach home by the narrow margin of two or three hundred yards. The chase lasted about one hour and a quarter, and an approximate distance of about 7 miles was covered. There was a field of 31, all of whom thoroughly enjoyed the run, the hares being congratulated on laying such an excellent course. Further runs will be held shortly when it is hoped that still larger fields will turn out.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The two Sunday evening concerts which the orchestra has given have proved so popular that one wonders more of them are not arranged. True, new music is difficult to obtain out here but there could be no objection to programmes being repeated, indeed there are many pieces one never tires hearing. Overheard at the last concert:—

Homesick one: "Put some electric light in; give me some coffee and a "bird," and I'm in the Corner House!"

MR. HINDE.

We had an interesting chat with Mr.

G. Lindley Hinde recently, in the course of which he gave us some details regarding his new appointment as manager of the Electric Photographic Studio, South Parade, Bangalore. Mr. Hinde who, as some of our readers will remember, was going to Wellington finds that his photographic business here is so extensive, that to transfer it would be a matter of extreme difficulty. When, therefore, he discovered that a new studio was being opened behind Messrs. Baccala and Co's. premises he promptly entered into negotiation with the proprietors and secured the managership. We would refer our readers to the advertisement in the back page of "The Londoner," in which they will find full particulars of the new studios and the hours of business. Mr. Hinde's many friends will combine in wishing him the best of luck in his new venture.

A SWIMMING NOTE.

An interesting item of news has arrived from the East Coast. At a Swimming Gala held recently in the Lowestoft Baths, a team race, open to representatives of the various regiments and crews of ships in the district, was won by the team of the 2/25th Londons. The entries included 210th Brigade R.F.A., the 2/2nd Lovat Scouts, 2/5th West Yorks, 2nd Cheshire Regiment, and H. M. S. Havelock. This is a fitting sequel to the same event held last year, when the 1/25th beat teams representing the Denbighs, Cheshires, Shropshires, (Yeomanry), the Queens, the 4th Norfolks (Infantry) and the Lowestoft Naval Base.

THE SERGEANTS' DANCE.

The Sergeants held a dance on Friday last at the B. R. V. theatre. It was well attended and in addition to our Officers and Sergeants and their friends visitors from most of the other Messes in Bangalore were present.

An excellent programme was performed by the Orchestra and the Committee may be congratulated on having organised an event that was very successful and keenly appreciated.

"WHAT'S THE USE OF WORRYING?"

A reader sends us the following which he has received from France "Apropos of the civilians

whom the war bores so, I wonder if you've heard the French poilu's little trench creed. Every French soldier knows it by heart, and every allied civilian ought to. Besides, it's rather amusing. Here it is: When you're a soldier you are one of two things, either at the front or behind the lines. If you're behind the lines you needn't worry. If you're at the front you are one of two things. You are either in a danger zone or in a zone which isn't dangerous. If you are in a zone which isn't dangerous you needn't worry. If you're in a danger zone you are one of two things. Either you are wounded or you are not. If you're not wounded you needn't worry. If you are wounded you are one of two things. Either you are seriously wounded or you are slightly wounded. If you are slightly wounded you needn't worry. If you are seriously wounded one of two things is certain. Either you get well or you die. If you get well you needn't worry. If you die you can't worry. So there is no need to worry at all. Some philosophy, what?"

A "MOCK PARLIAMENT."

On Monday October 16th a "Mock Parliament" was held at the New Army Y. M. C. A., the Independents being the Government Party, with the Moderates in opposition, and the Progressives in the cross-benches. The speaker, Rev. A. E. Nightingale, preceded by the Sergeant-at-arms and the Clerk-in-charge. entered at 7-30 p. m., and the Order of the Day being read, and questions being answered, the Premier, Mr. Whitaker, put forward the Government Bill, "The Soldiers Small Holdings Bill." After an interesting discussion, the House divided, the Government being defeated by 80 votes to 67.

Before closing it was agreed to meet fortnightly.

VISITING ROUNDS.

We don't like to disbelieve a man especially when he is a correspondent who goes out of his way to bring us a piece of information but we have our doubts about the following: A man fell sick the other day with insect bites. "Did a Mosquito bite you" asked the M. O. "No Sir," replied the victim, "The little beggar kicked me as he went by."

THE ALL INDIA SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The meeting at Calcutta was an exceptionally large one and we must necessarily confine ourselves to describing the part we took in the programme.

Immediately on our arrival we played a picked team of Indian players at polo and they easily beat us. This was a bad beginning, but with hard practice we improved wonderfully. Calcutta S. C., which owns a splendid bath of its own, kindly allowed us to practise there. We trained for the team race in this bath every morning and practised for polo in the College Tank in the evenings. The latter is a beautiful piece of water situated about the centre of the City and measures 110 yards each way and looked most inviting.

Our first Match was against the 10th. Middlesex Regiment, which we won by 3—1. Our next Match against the "Friends Polo United" also resulted in a victory for us with a score of 3—0.

The semi-final round for the Cup was played on September 24th when we lost to Ahireetola (an Indian team) by 2—3. We had much the best of the game and ought to have won but lack of practice in shooting prevented our scoring, many of our shots going just over or just wide of the goal. We did not give our opponents many chances but the few they had they made good use of. It was most unfortunate that Sgt. C. White was unable to come up from Poona, and to make matters worse Beaman was taken ill on the day of the match. Green played very creditably as a substitute for Sgt. C. White, but we had no other substitute for Beaman so the latter very pluckily turned out and played. After the match he had to go to the "sick bay" and we lost him for the rest of the championships. This was of the nature of a disaster. The Indians present were delighted at the result of the match as this was the first time an Indian team had won the Cup. The excitement was intense.

Six Clubs entered for the Polo Championship:—

1/25 London Regiment	} Europeans.
10th Middlesex do	
Calcutta S. C.	
Ahireetola (The winners)	} Indians.
Bagbazar	
Friends Polo United.	

The 220 yards. British Army Championship Relay Race took place on September 26th. Three Regiments entered:—

1/25 London Regiment, Bangalore.
10th Middlesex Regiment, Lucknow.
1st Lincolnshire Regiment, Calcutta.

The race was a very close and exciting one. L/Cpl. G. H. White started first for us and finished level with the Middlesex man. Sgt. H. G. White, who went next, finished in front of his man by only a touch. Middleton increased the lead to about two yards which Mr. Sanders, who went last, maintained and thus we won the much coveted Trophy which we hold for one year.

In the 100 yards Army Championship we were without our two fastest swimmers and the Middlesex Regiment were without their fastest man also, as he had suddenly been taken ill and sent to the hospital. Middleton swam for us and put up a good race and was only beaten by the winner—a Middlesex man—by about two seconds.

We would like to mention the kindness shown to us by the officials of the Swimming Association and also the members of the Calcutta Swimming Club who so kindly placed their swimming bath at our disposal.

It is a pity we have not a good tank in Bangalore as we have several good swimmers who only need a little coaching. It would be excellent to have inter-Regimental Polo matches and races in the Brigade. Besides, swimming is a most useful accomplishment in the Army in addition to being one of the most delightful forms of sport.

ON BARRACKS.

A barracks is a place where they put soldiers. Soldiers are not always in barracks. Sometimes they are in camp, sometimes they are in debit, sometimes they are clink. Always they are in trouble.

If you are in barracks you have a real live bed to sleep on and all the comforts of a home and then some. Curiously enough the first thing to do when you get a bedstead is to make a bonfire of it. This is because it is a real live one and you probably do not like the pets the last owner kept. Some people do. They take them to their bosoms and have an allotment stopped out of their pay each week to provide them with sufficient nourishing food. But this always strikes me as going a little too far.

To keep you warm at night the Army provides you with a blanket. It is a brown blanket so that it will not show the dirt, but it smells just the same as a white one. You also have sheets given you. These are washable and you want to send them to the wash as often as possible so as to make the Dhobi Corporal wild. The idea of the sheets is to prevent the blanket touching you so that you can keep clean at night.

At the bottom of your bed you have a box. This is to put your boots in front of. Most boxes have a hole in, just underneath the lid, so that you can put things in, but I do not think this is advisable if you are likely to want them in a hurry. In that case a better plan is to pile them up under your pillow, so that they are nobbly and wake you up. Then you can strike a match and you will know exactly where they are.

Every man has a padlock and key so that he can lock his box. Some of the boxes have not any staple on. This is a pity but they look just as well, and it is nice to know that a list is made of all these deficiencies. Every man has to keep his bolt and magazine locked up in his box. There is a fearful panic if anyone mislays his rifle, or even only his bolt or magazine. That is why I think it is fairer, if you want a man's magazine, to swop it for one you have finished reading.

You get a frightful lot of animals wandering about barracks. I do not mean monkeys and

parrots and fowls of those sorts, that you expect. Sometimes lizards drop off the roof on to your face while you are asleep. They say lizards do not have any compunction in clawing out your eyes one by one if they are enraged. I do not know if this is true. I have not yet met anyone who has been thus maltreated by a lizard. I know I should be awfully sick if one of them brought it off on me.

Frogs also you find hopping around as though the whole jolly old barracks was built for them. Some people abominate them and put them in water to try to drown them, but I think that is cruel. I always tread on them, only they are apt to knock up rather a niff.

There are a few snakes but they do not call much. They are rarely deadly unless they bite you. In the event of anyone being bitten by a snake, you are told to administer whiskey. Of course there are not many places in barracks where you can get whiskey and I expect that is why the snakes stop away a good deal. Because you cannot reasonably expect a snake to go about biting people, some of whom, it may be, it has never seen before, if it knows from the first that you have no whiskey to give it. I mean, you know very well you would not think it good enough yourself, so you can hardly expect even a snake to take it on for the love of the thing.

Scorpions do not show up very much. The scorpion is a kindly soul, but his tail hurts. There was a johnny in Biblical times (Jereboam or Reheboam or somebody) who said "my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." Well, we will not say anything about his old man. They may have deserved chastisement with whips. A burnt child spoils the rod and all that sort of thing. But when it comes to chastising people with scorpions it is beyond a joke. I do not think that merchant was any sort of a gentleman. In any case, it was an awkward sort of idea. Suppose the old cock with the whip got bitten himself by it. I do not mind betting all the prisoners would have laughed and think how rotten that would have been for discipline. Besides, I am nearly sure it would have hurt to be chastised with scorpions, and you will not find chaps putting up with that. Before you

knew where you were, you would have half of them going sick, and then the M. O. would be bound to kick up a stink. I mean, this sort of thing *sounds* alright and all that, but you want to look ahead a little and not spend all your credit balance when you have big bills in the Tailor's Book.

On the whole, you do not have to worry much about big game when you are in barracks. Just put them in their place and keep them there, and in return they will respect you and only bite you when you have your boots off. And then it is your look-out.

Actually, I am rather braced that we have come into barracks again. Of course, mine is the sort of personality that would shine anywhere, but I always fancy my weight in barracks. Not that it makes much odds. So long as one can get one's teacake and "Scissors" and occasionally lash out with a mineral water, one place in India seems to have about as much to recommend it as another. You are at liberty to make what use of this testimonial you please.

B. MCQ.

KIT CARDS.

Certain errors and omissions having been found in the kit cards recently issued, we are asked to make the following corrections and additions :

Under "Boots, ankle, dismounted pairs 2" insert "Boots, foot pairs 1."

For "Fap F. S. Khaki Drill 1" read "Phap, &c."

Under "Frocks, Khaki Drill 3" insert "Frocks, Dinner, Mousseline de soie 2" and "Cloaks, Opera 1."

Under "Greatcoat dismounted 1" insert "(saddle, bridle and spurs to be handed in to stores immediately)."

Under "Frogs 1" insert "Lizards 2" and "Chameleons 1."

BIG WILLIE'S weaknesses are big Fits of Bluff,
While LITTLE WILLIE'S weaknesses are little Bits of
Fluff.

BARRACK DAMAGES.

As we go to press news is to hand to the effect that the total damage done by the Battalion during the stay at Hebbal has been assessed at annas three. We cannot say yet what steps will be taken in the matter but extremely drastic measures will have to be adopted in what is obviously a case of wanton destruction of, and utter disregard for, Government property.

It seems that the value of the tents missing alone amounts to no less than three pies and a vast quantity of sand which has also disappeared (it is conjectured that men have been carrying on an illicit business with bird fanciers in England) is valued nine pies. How the remaining amount is made up is not known yet but it is more than probable the white ants (it will be remembered that large numbers of them were destroyed during the period when ant hunting was such a popular sport) may have erroneously been charged as barrack furniture.

At the time of writing the Q. M. is still unconscious and we await his recovery for fuller details of what must always remain a slur on the Battalion's name.

Already suggestions for raising the money are pouring in to this office. Amongst the more original ones may be mentioned: A Grand Symphony Concert to be given by the Bugle Band for admission to which it is believed lovers of music would pay quite big prices; a tax on men having more than five plates of stew at any one meal and a heavy fine to be levied on Coys., every time they go on Agram Plain. The last one strikes us as being a most sound scheme.

PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Flower Seller: An Indian Romance. By Lieut. Burt. Illustrations by Lieut. Kittoe. Bangalore: Moorhouse Press. (Rs. 6.)

Mice: How to Rear and Train them. By Sergt. Howard ("Uncle Ned" of "Nursery Notes"). London: Feltham Publishing Coy. (Rs. 2.)

Boxing as an aid to Good Temper. By Lieut. Livermore. Introduction by Billy Wells.

The Crawler; or, Sergeants and their Hobbies. Anon. Madras: Channel & Co. (As. 8.)

How to be Smart on Parade; with Hints on Polishing Pastes. By A. Climber. London: Shiner & Co. (1d.)

PERSONAL.

A remarkable letter has been received from Lieut. Briggs, who, it will be remembered was with the Battalion at Lowestoft. The letter gives some vivid impressions of aerial reconnaissance in Flanders. Lieut. Briggs, describes one incident in which he came very near to death. He was travelling at about 90 miles an hour when his engine went wrong. There was no field to land in and he had to take his chance, Heaving his gun overboard he dived under some telegraph wires and landed, upside down, on a railway line. The machine was reduced to ruins but Lieut Briggs although strapped in escaped uninjured.

• • •

Another letter received from England recently states that the name of Lieut. Briggs has appeared in the papers as missing. As no message has been received from him for some time it is feared this report is correct. We hope, sincerely, it may prove to be untrue.

• • •

Members of old "F" Company will be interested to hear that George Onley is with a draft from the 2/25th now in France as infantry. In a letter received last month he was expecting daily to be sent up into the firing line.

• • •

Sergt. C.A. Watts of "B" Coy., left on 13th October on appointment to the position of Ship's Quartermaster Sergeant. We understand that he will be employed on transports carrying troops between Bombay and Mesopotamia. Sergt. Watts served seven years with old "F" Coy., and an indication of his popularity was furnished by the great send-off given to him by his platoon and fellow sergeants of "B" Coy. whose good wishes for his future success go with him as also do those of all the members of the Battalion who came in contact with him.

• • •

Capt. A. H. Trapmann for many years with this Battalion was recently met in Bombay by an N. C. O. on leave. We understand that he has seen considerable service in Mesopotamia with a Battalion of the Devon Regiment and is now on leave recuperating his health. We also hear that he has hopes of a high appointment in a certain Brigade and we wish him luck.

L/Corpl. D. Bell of old "F" Coy. has written from Hamilton, Scotland, where he is in hospital recovering from shrapnel wounds in the leg. He hopes to be fit for service again shortly from which we are glad to gather that his injuries are not serious. "Ding-dong," as he was called, transferred from the Army Cycle Corps to the 1st Cameronians as a private with which battalion he was fighting in France, when he was wounded. He tells us that a few hours after he was taken to the hospital his battalion went "over the top" and that only 127 survived, so he justly thinks his was a lucky wound. He also mentions that he ran across Hefferon and Clarke (both of old "F" Coy.) in France just before the "push."

• • •

It may interest old members of the 25th to hear that Lance-Corporal Frank D. Reid who acted as chauffeur to the C. O. whilst the Battalion was on the East Coast is now superintending the fitting of aeroplane engines at the Government Air Factory, Farnborough. Incidentally he was married last Easter to a lady many of us were acquainted with. "Who's the Lady?"

• • •

Coy. Sergt-Major Brooks has received a long letter from Sgt. Reynell, who was a cyclist in old "D" during the first months of the war. He went to France with a draft and after many vicissitudes has now been appointed a sergeant in the Record office at the Base.

• • •

L/Cpl. Armstrong who was a motor-cyclist in this Battalion in the Lowestoft days is now in Salonika. A letter received from him recently states that he is running an electric plant which supplies the camp and cinema. He wishes to be remembered to all the boys.

• • •

Capt. Gillett left this week for temporary attachment to the 1st Division, Peshwar. We cannot say what this appointment will lead to, but whatever happens the best wishes of the Battalion go with this popular officer.

• • •

To the regret of all ranks Lieut. Robertson left last week for England. He has obtained a "King's Cadetship" and goes to Woolwich. The best wishes of the Battalion go with him.

"WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES."

In the course of the long journey to Ceylon there are many places of considerable interest to be seen on this side of the water, and I think I cannot do better than quote my own itinerary.

Leaving Bangalore at 9-0 p. m., the journey is made without change of carriage to Erode where Chota can be had before proceeding to Trichinopoly junction at 5-40 a. m. The railway at this stage passes through a picturesque and thickly populated district, there being no fewer than 26 stations in the 87 miles. The Cauvery river runs in close proximity to the line for a considerable distance. Trichinopoly (population 123,512) stands second in the Presidency of Madras and from the train window can be seen the fort and the famous Trichinopoly Rock which stands 260 feet above the centre of the town. The town is noted for its educational institutions, the Jesuit College of St. Joseph and the S. P. G. College. Changing trains at Trichinopoly Junction the head quarters of the South Indian Railway, the journey south can be continued at 11-5 a. m. in the comfortable vestibuled Tuticorin express. A few miles south one cannot help noticing two large granite hills, known respectively as the Sugar Loaf Rock and the Fakir's Rock, the latter being the scene of an engagement between the English and French forces at the time when Clive and Lawrence were fighting in this part of India.

An excellent lunch can be had at the railway buffet at Dindigul (1-43 p. m.), the home and birthplace of the well known "Flor de Dindigul" cigars. Messrs. Spencer's representative in Bangalore, Mr. Thomson, had kindly given me an introduction to Mr. Lewis, the manager of the factory, who received us most courteously and showed us over the establishment, pointing out the various processes of manufacture. A feature to be noted is that all the cigars, I forget how many thousand are turned out hourly, are made from start to finish by hand. Unlike a visit to a gold mine, we were generously allowed to sample the precious product.

Leaving again at 5-40 p. m. a halt for the night was made at Madura where excellent

meals and sleeping accommodation at a most moderate charge can be had at the Station Madura, known as 'the Athens of Southern India' has a population of over 134,000. The famous temple is most impressive and contains some of the finest specimens of Hindu architecture. A unique piece of masonry with walls of gigantic solidity is to be seen in Tirumal-naik's palace.

The latter stage of the journey through India can now be made either at 6-0 a. m. or by the Ceylon Boat Mail at 11-45 a. m. Choosing the former train, a stay of an hour or so is possible at Mandapam. Here a health certificate has to be obtained from the Ceylon Government doctor who meets the trains and certifies each passenger as being free from infectious diseases; without this permit no one is allowed to land in Ceylon. Mandapam is a small seaside hamlet on a narrow strip of land resembling the Chesil beach. Excellent bathing, boating and fishing can be enjoyed here. At 3-30 p. m., the Ceylon Boat Mail leaves for Dhanushkodi Pier where it is met by the steamer, which crosses the Palk Strait to Talaimannar, 22 miles, in about two hours. Baggage is examined by the customs officers on the boat. It is advisable also to change your money on the boat as the rupee is the only Indian coin generally current in Ceylon. Dinner, breakfast, and sleeping accommodation are available on the very comfortable train which leaves Talaimannar at 7-20 p. m. arriving at Colombo at 7-10 the next morning. With daylight one quickly realizes that one is no longer in India, the most noticeable difference being the luxuriant green undergrowth to be seen everywhere. The native cottages and buildings also cannot fail to strike one as being cleaner and neater in every way compared with those to which we are now getting accustomed.

A comfortable and inexpensive way to see Colombo is by rickshaw. Leaving the station one passes through the business part of the town to the harbour which can be seen to the best advantage from the breakwater. The Queen Victoria Memorial standing in a magnificently laid out garden is well in the centre of the town. The amateur photographer should

make a special point of a picture here. Near by are the Governor's residence and the Post Office. The lighthouse cannot help but attract attention, being built actually in the town; this also lends itself admirably to the camera. The museum, a gigantic building standing in large open grounds is passed en route to the Victoria Park. Returning to the town through the native quarter a drive should be taken down the marine promenade.

It is difficult if not impossible to compare Colombo with either Bombay or Madras. The one has all the appearance of a clean, up-to-date European (continental) city, whilst neither Bombay nor Madras can with the greatest stretch of imagination be so characterized. Particularly noticeable are the magnificent roads the European shops, and, in the outskirts of the town, the private residences or bungalows, mostly with two floors.

One of the most interesting excursions from Colombo is to Kandy, and the visitor would do well to stop the night there. The journey occupies a little over three hours, and in the latter part of it the line rises nearly 1,700 feet in 13 miles up the Kaduganmawa incline to Peradeniya. The Peradeniya Gardens enjoy the reputation of being the finest botanical gardens in the East.

Many readers will remember the scenery between Bombay and Poona and not a few will have travelled over the famous Nilgiri Mountain railway. Neither of these trips, however, can be compared to the magnificent mountain scenery through which the train passes to Kandy.

The following day another fine trip of about 50 miles can be made by taking the 6-45 a.m. train from Kandy to either Nuwara Eliya or Pattipola, both over 6,000 feet above sea level. Nuwara Eliya is close to Pidurutalagala, the highest mountain in Ceylon (8,200 feet), which can easily be ascended. At Pattipola the jungle and mountain scenery are past description. I must here give a word of advice: be sure to take an overcoat, and a warm one at that, as after sunset the cold is intense at these altitudes. The railway from Kandy to Nuwara Eliya or Pattipola climbs steadily through the hills, traversing innumerable tea and rubber estates. At one point the line makes a complete circle and passengers can see

immediately beneath them the mouth of a tunnel which only a few minutes previously they have passed through. At Hatton the train waits 25 minutes and in close proximity thereto is a tea factory where it is possible, even in the short time available, to see the various process through which the leaf passes before it becomes the familiar article. A pound of the very best was generously given to us. The return journey can be made to Colombo direct or to Polgahawela Junction, at which point the return journey home can be commenced to Talaimannar.

An alternative and interesting excursion to the one to Nuwara Eliya or Pattipola from Kandy or Colombo would be to take the 7-40 a. m. train from Colombo to Anuradhapura which is on the direct line from Colombo to Talaimannar and consequently involves no additional expense in travelling. Anuradhapura (82 miles from Talaimannar) is known as the "Buried City of Ceylon" and is renowned throughout the East for its interesting ruins,—relics of a civilization existing over 2,000 years ago. Few people leave the Island without visiting this place, where hotel accommodation is also provided.

Space has necessarily precluded my giving but the most meagre outline for a suggested short tour to Ceylon and I must now devote the concluding paragraphs to the return journey, cost of fares, etc. The return journey can best be made by the under-mentioned trains.—

	Arr.	Dep.
Colombo		6-25 p. m.
Talaimannar	5-10 a. m.	6-10 a. m.
Dhanushkodi	8-10 a. m.	6-30 a. m.
Trichinopoly Junc.	7-6 p. m.	8-35 p. m.
Erode	4-0 a. m.	4-36 a. m.
Jalarpet	11-0 a. m.	11-35 a. m.
Bangalore	3-48 p. m.	

Change of trains will have to be made at Trichinopoly Junction, Erode and Jalarpet.

As the Ceylon Government Railways do not recognize Indian Army form L. 1180, a soldier cannot get a through return ticket at single fare. He should book in this way from Bangalore to Dhanushkodi, the second class costing rupees 16-13-0. The return fare across the water costs rupees 3 and the ordi-

nary return fare 2nd class from Talaimannar to Colombo costs rupees 16, making the total return fare a soldier would have to pay from Bangalore to Colombo and back (2nd class) rupees 35-13-0.

In conclusion I might mention that I was able within 7 days to see all the places enumerated in the foregoing, making a total journey of 1,625 miles.

R. W. ASTON.

BOOK OF THE MONTH.

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.*

In view of the great topical interest of her theme, we offer no apology for again making Miss Jane Caroline Platt's work the subject of our "Book of the Month"; for her new novel "Gannaway Junior" might very well bear the sub-title "The Experiences of a Territorial in India."

Cuthbert Gannaway, younger brother of the hero of "Gannaway's Career" enlists in a famous London Territorial battalion and proceeds almost immediately on coast-defence duty. Miss Platt's wonderfully sympathetic knowledge of the joys and sorrows, the dangers and delights of coast defence provides a narrative of absorbing interest even to the general reader, how much more so to ourselves who know and appreciate the truth of her presentment. The exhausting nature of the work, the untiring vigilance of the patrols and their almost nightly struggles with the crews of stealthy submarines, is well brought out; the scene where young Gannaway, in full equipment and with his rifle between his teeth, swims out and engages an enemy submarine singlehanded is perhaps the most thrilling of these encounters. A fascinating topic, but the limited space at our disposal compels us reluctantly to hurry on to the battalion's arrival at Bangapet, a large military cantonment in southern India.

The white population's enthusiastic reception of the first London Territorials to arrive in India is well described, and a somewhat

demoralising round of gaiety ensues for the members of the battalion. Motor excursions, garden parties, dances, big game shooting expeditions and invitations to tea with the vicar follow each other in swift succession. But this, the civil side of the Territorial's life, is after all only a side issue. Once more we are filled with admiring astonishment at the precise and unfailing knowledge of military detail possessed by Jane Caroline Platt (we drop the "Miss." One does not say "Mr. William Shakespere" or "Miss Marie Corcelli"). From the moment of reveille, when *chota hazri* is served to the men before rising, to the moment of dismissal at 10 a.m. when each man's native "boy" rushes up to relieve him of his rifle and equipment, no detail escapes her. How daring, and yet how true, is the scene in which young Gannaway reproves the slack subaltern for proposing to dismiss his platoon a quarter of an hour too early. "Remember, Sir" says Gannaway in an original and memorable phrase, "our king and country need us." The contemptible subaltern crawls away abashed, and subsequently takes to drink.

This incident strikes the keynote to the high and serious purpose of the book, namely, an earnest protest against the impairing of the efficiency of the British soldier in India by the pampering of which he is the innocent and often the unwilling victim. Our country is justifiably proud of the fact that the British Army is "the best fed army in the world," but Platt brings a powerful and well argued indictment against the absurd lengths to which this policy is carried in our Indian Empire. We know that self-denial in this matter is a difficult thing, and we have no desire to preach to our readers, but we do very seriously ask them to consider whether Platt is not right in her contention that our luxurious tiffins and eight course dinners tend to render us slack and effeminate. Some of the scenes of luxury in the men's mess described in this book almost rival the orgies of the last days of the Roman Empire, and we leave it to our readers' conscience to say whether they are exaggerated. A neatly satiric touch is the episode of the hungry subaltern who disguises himself in a false moustache and a private's tunic in order to get a good meal for once.

* Gannaway Junior. By J. C. Platt. London: Stodder and Houghton.

For an account of how the battalion is eventually saved from these deteriorating influences we must refer our readers to the author's own fascinating pages. The story ends with a really moving account of the dismay and grief into which the battalion is plunged when, five years after the conclusion of peace, it is ordered to return to England. With muffled drums and colours draped in crape the men entrain at the Cantonment Station, leaving Bangapet disconsolate. The picture is too painful and we hasten to draw a veil.

WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING—

Whether the Battalion is making a grant to the 2/6th Royal Sussex for the repair of their cricket pitch?

Whether there is any truth in the rumour that a certain C. S. M. has been engaged by the Government Board of Surveyors to report on uncharted nullahs?

The name of the N. C. O. who keeps mice and whether they account for the towel and pair of socks he claims to have lost?

If Lieut. Bell has made a hole in the Rs. 100 note he lent the conjuror and how many men would like the chance of doing likewise?

Who was the elderly Sergeant who lost his rifle at Yelahanka and told the officer he was looking for his field glasses?

And was it the same N. C. O. who gave the order "at the double—double!"?

Who is the rather plump private that talks in his sleep in No. 2 bungalow and if it would not be advisable for him to drop the habit before returning to Blighty?

Whether the thirsty fatigue party appreciated the Hants Q. M. Sergeant's kind offer of "tea for twenty"?

And whether the same gentleman's offer of "whisky and soda for one" met with the same curt refusal?

Who was the officer who ordered a signaler to send S. O. S. to Brigade Head-quarters when his company was outflanked on manoeuvres?

If there will ever be another Battalion Concert?

Whether the pump used for pumping smoke into the tea in "C" Coy's kitchen was paid for out of the Company Messing Fund?

What our Editor said when he found he had only one illustration instead of two and whether our readers believed his story about the second one being lost in the post?

Is it true that three prominent members of the Q. M. Stores are sleeping on oil cans?

If it is true that certain members of the Battalion were "broken right up" in Calcutta recently by the sight of a Cyclist Battalion (complete with cycles, hosetops and spats) at the local volunteers rally?

Whether it is true that Lieut. Burt has been invited to transfer to the R.F.C. as a pilot?

Why can't we have stew for tea, too?

And for our haversack ration?

Is it true that the rubber ration-bags about to be issued are intended for this purpose?

Why we don't have a little platoon drill now and then?

Has Cyclist "Binks" applied to Orderly Room for a sentry to be placed over his magazine?

WAR NOTE OF THE MONTH.

THE GREAT PUSH.

Three months or more ago, almost before any of us realised it, the Great Push we had looked forward to began. The terse official communiques from Sir Douglas Haig conveying just the bare outline of what had been won and lost made it all the harder to form any real idea of what was being done and it is only now that the full significance of the Allies' work is being realised. The outstanding feature of the present offensive is not the material gain in ground, great as it is, but the undoubted moral and physical effect it has had upon the Hun, and in reviewing the situation it is well to deal with that first. In the words of an officer just home in India from France "We have put the fear of God into the Bosche". That this is one of the milestones on the long road of the war there can be no doubt and so we might do worse than consider the situation from the Huns' point of view.

How much the German private knows we cannot, of course, tell with any certainty, but he must have some considerable knowledge of the truth. He started the war convinced of a glorious and speedy victory, but after coming within striking distance of Paris, was pressed back by the foe he thought he had beaten and the two great armies dug themselves in on the line they have held so long.

Then came the push for Calais which broke against the indomitable Ypres Salient and the B. E. F. and with that failure went the Huns' chance of an early victory. Russia was next attacked and driven back badly, but not crushed. The Hun barometer must have risen considerably with this success followed soon by the overrunning of Serbia and the withdrawal by us from the Dardenelles. Till that point the enemy must have felt he was winning. Then came the much lauded offensive against Verdun. The Germans must have hoped either to take Verdun and re-open the road to Paris, or to weaken the French so severely that they would not be able to bring off a big push this year. Anyhow, the only result to the Germans undoubtedly was a very serious loss of men who could not be replaced; and the hundreds of thousands knocked out at Verdun would have been invaluable to them at this moment. Almost before the Verdun fight was over, the

great Russian offensive began and the blow fell on the Austrians who soon had more than they could deal with. The Huns had to rush every man they could spare to stop the Russians, and this was where Germany felt the shortage of men. Then came the great Anglo-French push and the Hun already feeling the pinch as regards men, suddenly found himself dominated in the air also and delayed with a shelling he had never dreamt possible. Over-matched in the air, in guns and men, he has been steadily losing ground. He has his back to the wall and for a man of the Hun's temperament, that is a very bad thing. The German General Staff may try and minimise the result, or try and cheer its men on with stories of great victories, but the Hun private has had the truth knocked into him at last by the shell, bomb and bayonet, and it is safe to say he will never be the same fighting man again in this war. We must not shout about what has been done, for we are not out of the wood yet by a long way, but there can be no doubt that a nation that has abused its power when it was winning will take defeat very badly, and that this is true is shown by the absence of serious counter attacks, which in the past have been the Huns' method of meeting an enemy's offensive. What counter attacks there have been have lacked the old sting, and meanwhile the Allies are steadily gaining. The Hun, disillusioned and looking over his shoulder for the great reserves he has been accustomed to but which do not come now, is not a beaten man by any means but he is a far less dangerous foe than the man who forced us to retreat from Mons.

The events of the last few months have placed the German General Staff in a most serious position. The wise course for them at this moment, undoubtedly, from a Military point of view would be to shorten their line in France by retiring, if not to the Rhine at any rate well on the way there, to a second line they must have prepared; but to do so would have a deadly effect, politically, in their own country where the civil population is being buoyed up with the belief in their ultimate victory. The Hun must therefore hold on to his long lines till the last moment, yet the longer he holds on, the worse it will be for him when he has to retreat.

The Allies are undoubtedly taking advantage of this. Their offensives first on one front then on another are making the German reserves rush from one side to the other, which is steadily wearing them out, while at the same time the steady pressure on all points keeps the German troops there always at full steam.

We are slowly but surely gaining ground, and the effect of this is to increase the confidence of our own troops, and to add moral weakness to physical in the case of the Hun. When we were at our weakest, we had to check the full strength of the enemy and we did it; now we are strong, whereas the Germans have exhausted all their force in futile offensives, and have no chance of regaining it.

The end is not in sight yet, but there are not many more tricks to be played, and we certainly hold the master cards.

THE BUGHUNTER.

In continuation of my notes in the last number, before going into details in regard to any particular species, it will be best to give a few hints for those at home, so that when a parcel of specimens arrives they will be able to treat them in a manner least calculated to destroy their original beauty.

Butterflies and moths must be handled as little as possible, as the lightest touch on the wings leaves a finger print that would delight Scotland Yard. This will be readily understood when it is explained that the colour on the wings is the effect of little scales, each reflecting rays of light; individually colourless, the combination of two or more causes the gorgeous hues associated with a butterfly.

Under a microscope these scales are seen to be of varying shapes, but each is somewhat in the form of a feather, with a little stalk by which it is attached to the wing.

This digression is necessary, as well meaning people often bring insects to entomologists firmly grasped in their hands, the specimen

being in such a mangled condition that one cannot even tell to what species it belongs. An insect in this condition is, of course, absolutely useless.

On arrival, a parcel should be opened immediately, when there are three courses open for the preservation of its contents.

Firstly, if you wish them kept until your return home, the little envelopes must not be opened or taken out of the box, but a little crushed naphthaline should be sprinkled over them, and the lid closely fastened down to prevent dust and insects from spoiling the specimens. The box must be kept in the driest place possible, as, in a moist climate like England, insects are very liable to go mouldy. Should this happen, a small ball of cotton wool, about the size of a pea, should be soaked in pure carbolic acid, which is fatal to fungoid growths, and placed in the box, care being taken that it does not come into contact with any specimens.

Grease is another trouble to entomologists but fortunately this is very easily overcome by immersing the insect in benzine for a few hours, afterwards dusting with french chalk, and brushing with a camel hair brush.

The second course that may be followed is for the insects to be set on their arrival. For this purpose the envelopes must be opened, and the contents laid on damp sand for a period of 1 to 3 days, according to the size of the specimens to be relaxed; they will then be in condition for setting. This operation is not difficult but it requires practice to become an expert at what is a very tedious job. In my next notes I propose to describe the process and the apparatus required.

A correction: In my last notes I made use of the term "ecdysis," meaning change of skin in a caterpillar; this was, by a misprint made to read "ecclysis."

T. H. L. GROSVENER.

THE LONDONER.

BANGALORE : NOVEMBER 1916.

NOTICES :

EDITOR Sgt. Gore } A. Coy.
ASSISTANT EDITOR... Cyc. James }

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Sgt. Oakley ... Platoon No. 8 } B. Coy.
Cyc. Andrews ... " " 8 }
Cyc. Cooper ... Platoon No. 9 } C. Coy.
" Freethy ... " " 10 }
Cyc. Aldington ... Platoon No. 14 } D. Coy.
Cyc. Howlett ... " " 15 }

OFFICE:—

R.A.T.A. Bungalow, Moorhouse Barracks.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only. If you do not wish your name to appear sign your contribution with initials or a nom-de-plume but in any case write your name and platoon number at the foot. This is for the Editor's information only, and will be treated as confidential. Address contributions to THE EDITOR, and place in box in Reading Room, R.A.T.A. or hand to Coy. Representative.

The Editor will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS. but he cannot hold himself responsible for loss or damage.

No. 1 was a greater success than we had ever dared hope; indeed in less than two hours after publication every copy had been sold. Quite a number of men were unable to obtain copies and to them we tender our sincere apologies and the following explanation. Being a new journal it was a very difficult matter to estimate with any certainty how many copies would be bought. We worked out what we considered a fairly good basis for

a calculation but we reckoned without some of the large orders which came in. Out here printing is not so advanced as it is in England and type cannot be kept standing for reprints, and to have had the whole journal set up again would have meant a serious loss. Now that we have got going, however, we will see that there is no repetition of this unfortunate occurrence.

There seems to be an idea going the rounds that "The Londoner" is an official publication. We want to explode this idea at once and to assure you that the journal is being published for the members of the Battalion and any profits accruing from it will be expended in enlarging and improving the paper so that subscribers may have the full benefit of them. We want to have no misunderstanding on this point and any readers who care to can inspect the accounts at any time.

Now as to the cover. We have been besieged with criticisms both favourable and adverse. It is of course impossible to please every mind and any cover design we published would meet with objections from some quarter. We print a new one for No. 2, however, and you must let us know what you think of it. It has been selected by a committee and is one of many that were submitted to us.

The entries for the competitions were very few, doubtless because readers made no note of them before sending the paper home. We are continuing them in this issue and shall arrange for a printed copy to appear on all company notice boards so that readers can refer to them.

Contributions are coming in very well but we want more material for the various personal columns, "Round and About" notes and "What the Battalion is Asking."

It is a general desire that the paper should be as personal as possible and we cannot succeed in accomplishing this unless readers send us the necessary material. There are two representatives in each Coy. and matter can be handed to them.

We are prepared to receive any copies of No. 1 readers may have to spare and to pay annas 4 for them if in good condition.

MY ESCAPE FROM GERMANY.

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF ONE OF
THE 25TH.

I had been living at Cleve, a town in Germany near the Dutch frontier, for some eighteen months when war with France began to be talked about. I did not feel any particular anxiety as to how it might affect me personally and I took no precautions beyond writing to the British Consul at Dusseldorf, registering myself as a British subject. I received no answer, but my papers were eventually returned to me by the American Consul, who had taken charge of British affairs. He offered me a very worthless passport to enable me to leave Germany, at the modest figure of £2. Meanwhile martial law had been declared and mobilization begun. Great patriotic demonstrations were held at which violent speeches were made denouncing Russia and France. It was thought that England would remain neutral, and I was treated with great indulgence and invited to many of these meetings. But on August 6th 1914 the bomb-shell burst: England declared war on Germany.

For a while I was apparently forgotten. I was lodging in the house of a rather prominent citizen, quite a good-natured man but terribly peppery and very proficient in the art of "*Anschnautzen*" or bullying at which all Germans are good. He used to discuss the war at the cafes and then come home and treat the household to a few of the chief points under discussion, chiefly it seemed the perfidy and cowardice of the English nation in attacking Germany at a time when she was beset on all sides by her natural enemies. This got a little too thick and one evening having got out the family bible preparatory to reading the evening lesson he made a few pointed remarks about the general character of the English which I strongly resented. The upshot was I retired to my room and he felt he could not read the lesson that night. After this I had my meals served in my own room, and mixed no more with the family.

Towards the end of September I was summoned to the police station and told to consider myself a prisoner of war. It seems that the presence of spies in the frontier towns was suspected owing to the prompt bombing by

British airmen of a new shed at Dusseldorf immediately after a brand new Zepp, had been secretly transferred there. I was not allowed to send for clothing or money but was sent almost immediately in the charge of a plain clothes man to the fortress of Wesel, where I was put in an underground prison cell. There I languished for a week, when, to my great joy, I was transferred to a larger cell, together with about 50 prisoners of mixed nationalities. Among them I found four Englishmen and we naturally became inseparable. In this larger cell the sanitary arrangements were of the worst possible kind and there we ate and slept. Our principal meal, usually consisting of cabbage soup, had to be eaten about 11 a. m., as owing to the scarcity of eating vessels we had to use the bowls of the German military prisoners confined in the cell next to ours. It was said that bacon rinds were put into this soup, but I never had the good fortune to find one. We could eat bread with the soup if we wished but, as the ration of black bread was so limited, most of us preferred to save a crust for breakfast and tea instead. For ten minutes during the afternoon we were taken into the prison yard for an airing. We were driven round and were not allowed to halt or congregate in groups but it was possible to obtain a glimpse through iron bars of our neighbours, the military prisoners, whose accommodation we envied. After a couple of weeks of this we were paraded one morning and marched through the town under a strong guard of Landsturm men to the station where we entrained for Paderborn and Senne Lager. There were about 50 of us to a truck with a guard of twelve men with fixed bayonets. The N. C. O. in charge had also a brace of revolvers and entertained his men, during the journey with tales of their wonderful penetrative powers. Half way through the journey the train stopped at Munster, an important station at which were great crowds to see some prisoners we had on another part of the train—men of a Highland regiment. It was here that a German insulted one of the highlanders before the crowd and received a tremendous blow in the face which doubtless would cause him to hesitate before interfering with a Scotsman again. Here also I began a row with a

man on the platform who treated me to a round of abuse for being a Britisher, but the guard quelled my ardour with fixed bayonets.

About midnight we arrived at our destination and were taken to a large field fenced round with barbed wire and left to fend for ourselves. It was bitterly cold, and in spite of our great fatigue most of us spent the night walking up and down in order to keep some spark of life within us. The day breaking, we found ourselves with a number of British and French captured at Mons. They were terribly hungry having had little or no food during the journey from Flanders and offered us valuable articles in return for a crust of bread. But we were in a like plight. We had no better rations than were issued us at Wesel. On some days it was worse. Soup would be served to parties beginning from 10 a. m. and finishing probably at 6 p. m. By that time the soup in spite of much watering down, had given out, so we were given a drink made from a coffee substitute with neither milk nor sugar added.

The days were bad enough, but the nights were awful. No blanket or covering of any sort was given us for the first week. We simply had to do the best we could on the ground. The British were treated much more harshly than prisoners of other nationalities. We were always the last to get anything. One night I heard the cry of "Blankets." It was dark but I rushed away in the direction of the cry and found a crowd of French civilian prisoners to whom a couple of the guard were issuing blankets. The blankets were for the French only and they were shouting "Franzose! Franzose!" (Frenchman). I also shouted "Franzose!" and had a blanket thrown to me. A Frenchman and I caught it together and there was a tug of war, which I won. My comrade also managed to secure a blanket, so that night, in spite of violent rain, was spent in comparative comfort.

In the meantime shortage of food and exposure was causing great sickness to break out in the camp. Men were lying moaning and unable to move. Little was done for them for there were no doctors. British and French R. A. M. C. Officers did all they could but the German military authorities soon disallowed it. Finally, through the good offices of the Ame-

rican Embassy, it was understood, the authorities gave some of us temporary permission to go back to the places where we had been living, on our showing capability of supporting ourselves. My turn arrived and after a most adventurous journey through a very hostile population I arrived at Cleve.

Here nobody seemed to take much notice of me, and I began to have serious thoughts of escaping. I had reported to the Police, who had ordered me to remain in the town and not to attempt getting away as I should assuredly get shot. Parties of Uhlans were constantly scouring the woods on the frontier, whilst Gendarmes likewise abounded there. However, I made my plans, and on the evening of the 3rd November, I made myself look as much like a German as possible and took the tram to within a few miles of the frontier. There I mingled with the crowd getting out and managed to elude the cordon of German soldiers surrounding the car. Next I cut across country and reached a little lane which led into Holland. A barrier was thrown across, also barbed wire. The sentry on duty here was examining the passes of some Dutch labourers and so I, taking advantage of his being occupied, slithered under the barbed wire and barrier. He noticed it however and, his comrade coming up at the same time, both shouted to me to stop. But I went on, feigning not to hear. Then some one came up behind me and grasped my shoulder. I wished that the ground would open and swallow me. However, it was merely a well-meaning Dutchman who wished to draw my attention to the shouting German sentries. I murmured something about its being a mistake, and, as it was now quite dark and the sentries could not go far from their post, I was soon well beyond their reach and passed the first Dutch sentry, whose dull honest face appeared very friendly to me now that I was on safe ground. I lost no time in making for Rotterdam where the British Consul gave me a pass and I got a berth that night on a Batavier boat going to Tilbury. We landed at Tilbury the following morning and at midday I arrived home, very much to the astonishment of my family, whom I had not dared advise of my home-coming in case anything should go amiss.

C. M.K.

SECOND BATTALION NOTES.

Spencer of the Transport Section and Farquhar of F. Coy. have taken commissions in the Flying Corps and are training for their Pilots certificates,

Goldsworthy who will be remembered for his "ladylike" voice is still with the Second and has blossomed forth into a first class signaller.

The Sutton Cup which, it will be remembered, was offered by the Major originally as an inter-company football trophy, was put up at the battalion sports for the winning tug-o-war team and was won by the Transport Section.

Score, late of "G" Coy. has taken a commission in the 2/5 Staffordshire Regiment. His battalion was in Ireland when the Dublin Riots took place and Lieut. Score lost the sight of one eye in the street fighting. He spent six weeks in hospital and is now at Straffon, Co. Kildare.

We regret to read in "Flight" of September 20th that Bentley, late of the M.G.S., died on September 17th as the result of an accident to his aeroplane in France. He had only been at the front six weeks.

THIRD LINE NOTES.

The third Battalion is now at Hurdcott Camp, about nine miles from the town of Salisbury, where it has been amalgamated with the third battalion of the 10th County of London Regiment, known as the "Hackney and Stepney Rifles." This amalgamation seems to be of a purely provisional character. Colonel Stenning is at present in command of this Unit.

The training at Hurdcott seems to be pretty severe. Physical drill, bayonet fighting of the latest type and trench digging, the latter exercise being carried out amidst gun fire in order to accustom the men to the distracting noise. Divisional training is also taking place. It may be interesting to some to hear that the third twenty-fifth's signalling section has been kept intact and under Sergeant McCarthy is "going strong."

Old Boys of the 3/25th will be interested to hear news of the boys who went across to France with the 2nd London Divisional Cyclists. Grainger is now attached to the R. F. C. and Sid King and several others are now helping the Engineers to tunnel under the German trenches. They, like ourselves, are looking forward to being used as Cy-

clists, again. G. J. Warren and Fred Hilling did not cross over with the draft being away on Bombing and Machine Gun courses.

Cyclist A. G. Cooper has now returned to the Divisional Cyclists after a trying time in the trenches with the 19th Londons. He is quite well and wishes to be remembered to all the old boys.

SUFFOLK NOTES.

It will interest our Suffolk members to know that practically all the old 1/6th Suffolks are now on active service.

It is regrettable to note that Corpl. Bristowe, who it will be remembered joined the 25th at Chiseldon, but returned to his old Regiment has been killed in France. Old F. Company men now with the Londons are sorry to hear that "Puff" Pettit was lost in the same action.

Capt. Lake of the 1/5th Suffolks is now serving with the 4th Suffolks in France. Lieut. Churchman is now attached to the East Yorks. Regiment,

L/Cpl. Rickwood and Pte. Brinkley both of old 'H' Coy. 1/6th Suffolks who were attached to the 7th Suffolks in France have been killed.

L/Cpl. Naylor of old "C" Coy. has been seriously wounded and is now in hospital in England.

Billy Beaton the well known Lowestoft Footballer of the 2/6th Suffolks was killed by a shell on his second visit to the Trenches. He was at the time serving with the 7th Suffolks.

All the men left in the 1/6th Suffolks together with a few Sergeants have been divided into two drafts, 70 of whom have been attached to the 2nd Suffolks and the remainder to the 7th Suffolks. The 2nd Suffolks went into action 5 days after the draft had joined them: the 7th Suffolks remained at the Base for 3 weeks.

The men in the draft which went to the Base were highly commended for their efficiency and succeeded in gaining the first place in bayonet fighting, obtaining 98% of points.

Our Suffolk readers will learn with pleasure of the promotion of Major C. P. Beevor, of the 6th Suffolk Cyclists, to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, with command of the 67th Provisional Battalion Staff. Lieut.-Col. C. P. Beevor is a popular sportsman and a follower of the hounds, and is well known throughout the Eastern Counties.

Amongst the latest casualties appear the names of L/Cpl. Jaques old "C" (killed) Cpl. Lilleston ("wagger") L. Cpl. Fayers and Pte. J. Hartes (wounded.)

Lieut. Gardiner, the 7th Suffolks old Col. Sergt. instructor of "G" Company has also been killed in action.

It has been suggested that a dinner and concert of the men of the 1/6th in this Battalion should take place. All Suffolk men to whom the idea appeals, kindly communicate with Private B.c/o The Londoner and if sufficient support is promised, arrangements will at once be made for carrying out the plan.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The response to our prize competitions has been disappointing. We think this is in part owing to the fact that readers immediately posted their copies home and forgot the particulars. We continue the feature this month but if it again proves unpopular we shall drop it.

The attempts were considered by a Committee composed as follows: Cyc. Congdon (A. Coy.) Cyc. Andrews (B. Coy.), Cyc. Freethy (C. Coy.), and Cyc. Howlett (D. Coy.), and its decisions are given below.

Competition No. 1.—"Spoonerisms." No entries received; an easy five chips missed.

Competition No. 2.—"India: What I expected and what I found." The prize is awarded to Cyclist Ingram, A. Coy.

Competition No. 3.—"New Features." The prize is awarded to Cyc. Heidenrich, B. Coy.

* * *

Competition No. 4.—Rs. 5 will be given for the best spoof advertisement or publisher's announcement similar to those on pages 25 and 37 Those of topical or army interest will receive preference.

Competition No. 5.—Rs. 5 will be awarded to the writer of the best contribution entitled *The End of the War: When and Why?* Attempts must not exceed 500 words and may be in prose or verse, serious or humorous.

Competitors must write their name and Platoon number on their attempts and must mark envelope "competitions," closing date November 25th.

We regret that owing to pressure on our space we are unable to print the winning efforts.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading at the charge of Rs. 15 per word. Payment will, however, be accepted in kind—bananas, beer, bullocks, blacking, buns, Bluebell, or anything beginning with B., which can be delivered at the office of the Londoner daily between 10 a. m. and noon.

HOCKEY sticks and balls for sale cheap, or would take ping-pong sets, marbles, or anything useful in exchange. **APPLY:** Hon. Sec. A. Coy. Hockey Club.

A PLATE OF STEW. Exchange for bread and cheese, kipper or anything eatable. **APPLY:** Practically Anybody.

WANTED, Entomological killing bottle large enough to contain one bedstead. **APPLY:** "Insomnia," c/o office of this journal.

TO LET Commodious Semi-detached Residence, Staff-Sergeants Terrace. Centrally situated in fashionable quarter, suitable for Orderly Officers. Within easy reach of Orderly Room, Cookhouses, Ration-stand and other objects of local interest. Bath h. (if you have any firewood) and c. (if not). Recently redecorated by Messrs. Burt, Broadbent & Co. Ltd. Excellent service of bullock-waggons pass door daily. A late tenant writes. "I have never lived there and hope I never shall." **APPLY:** The Moorhouse Estate Agency Ltd., Bangalore.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN anxious to "do his bit," Harrow, Trin. Coll. Cam., B.A., B.Sc., desires situation as kitchen orderly. Would give wages to P. R. I. or any deserving charity. Write F. U. Box 25.

SERVANT required by platoon Sergeant. Must be efficient in all military duties and able to take platoon on early parades on mornings following dances, dinners &c. **APPLY:** Sergt. D. Odgit, Platoon No. 17.

YOUNG SUB., tired of army life is prepared to organize and train young ladies' Volunteer Corps. Fond of chocolates and ices, dotes on revue. Portrait on application. Write A. M. B., this office.

MUSKETRY 1916.

The following are the results of the Annual Musketry Course 1916:—

Score

Best shot in Battalion	No. 1256 Sgt. Baily J.,	"A" Coy.	146
Best shot of Officers	Captain N. C. Gillett		143
Best shot of Sergeants and L/Sgts.	No. 1256 Sgt. Baily J.	"A" Coy.	146
Best shot of Corporals and Privates	No. 3214 Cyc. Whisstock D.,	"D" Coy.	145

COMPANY RESULTS & AVERAGES.

Company	Marksmen	1st class shots	2nd class shots	3rd class shots	Not exercised	Partly exercised	Aggregated average	Order of Merit	Best shot in Company
"A"	11	111	77	51	10	nil	92.4	1	No. 1256 Sgt. Baily J. 146
"B"	7	87	94	43	2	3	91.4	2	1035 Cpl. Crouch W. A. 135
"C"	2	101	95	61	1	nil	88.3	4	1445 Cyc. Parr R. J. 144
"D"	4	98	88	45	8	nil	88.5	3	3214 Cyc. Whisstock D. G. 145
	24	397	354	200	21	3	90.1	...	

PLATOON RESULTS & AVERAGES.

Platoon	Marksmen	1st class shots	2nd class shots	3rd class shots	Not exercised	Partly exercised	Aggregated average	Order of Merit	Best shot in Platoon
1	3	22	18	9	3	...	96.2	2	No. 1241 Sgt. Beckett C. G. 146
2	3	23	18	10	2	...	92.8	5	1256 " Baily J. 146
3	1	23	20	15	3	...	87.3	15	1790 Cyc. Cole F. G. 130
4	3	23	17	14	1	...	89.0	11	2490 " Congdon A. G. 134
5	3	18	25	11	91.6	9	1737 " Little A. L. 134
6	2	26	24	9	92.9	4	1035 Cpl. Crouch W. A. 135
7	2	17	21	12	2	3	92.0	8	918 Sgt. Bate J. 134
8	...	26	24	11	89.1	10	2137 Cyc. Lowe A. E. 125
9	1	29	21	11	93.4	3	1445 " Parr R. J. 144
10	...	24	15	11	87.7	14	2160 " Smith H. J. 124
11	...	16	27	16	85.3	17	1491 " Gibson J. 125
12	...	17	22	18	83.5	18	2099 " Dennis W. 125
13	...	29	15	11	4	...	88.5	12	1668 " Feldon R. G. 125
14	1	19	30	12	86.9	16	2096 " Harrison A. 131
15	1	27	18	8	1	...	92.0	7	3214 " Whisstock D. 145
16	1	22	24	12	88.0	13	817 " Bartlett W. R. 126
M. G.	1	20	4	3	1	...	100.1	1	1253 " Charlton A. H. 133
Signlrs.	1	15	10	5	1	...	92.6	6	1249 " Billing J. 132
Hd. Qrs.	1	1	1	2	3	...	83.0	19	1258 Sgt. Bug. Oke H. 131
	24	397	354	200	21	3	

ATHLETICS.

Owing to the shift from Hebbal to our present abode, sports have been rather in the background, consequently my notes for this month will be more of a general nature.

On arrival here we were rather badly off for football and hockey grounds, but I understand that at a recent meeting of the sports representatives it was decided to make use of the new Polo ground, by Cambridge road, for Company pitches, the ground being large enough to allow of four games being played at a time. This will be very welcome, as it is impossible to use the Battalion ground for platoon games and friendlies.

Another Hockey ground is also being provided, the site being just in front of the Sgts. Mess, by the Cycle shop. I hope to see these new grounds in working order in a very short space of time now.

The 2/6th Royal Sussex have issued a sports challenge to this Battalion, to wit, that the platoons in the two Battalions shall play a series of games against one another, the nature of the games played and fixtures to be arranged mutually by Companies. For example, "A" Coy. of the Sussex and "A" of the "Londons" play against one another by platoons, No. 1 Platoon of the Sussex playing No. 1 of the "Londons" and so on throughout the Battalions. The idea is excellent, and I shall look forward to chronicling some most interesting contests. Now "Londons" buck your ideas up and just show'em what you can do.

I have been wondering when we are going to hold an athletic meeting, and I dare say a good many more have been thinking likewise. I am in a position to say that at the present moment this matter is receiving the attention of Company sports representatives.

I should like, in common with many more, to see Football and Hockey league fixtures so

arranged that they do not clash. Quite a number of games have been postponed owing to men who play both games being available for only one.

Each company has at least one tennis court I believe. This being the case, there seems no reason why there should not be Company tennis tournaments. These courts should be a great acquisition, and enable those unable to play Hockey, Football or Cricket to take up a form of sport that is most enjoyable.

A full account of the doings of the swimming team sent to Calcutta is ably dealt with by Lieut. Sanders on another page, so I will make no remarks here, except to offer the heartiest congratulations of the Battalion to the team, for the excellent performance put up under such adverse conditions.

I notice the Sergeants are putting in a good deal of tennis nowadays, and are just commencing a doubles tournament. Also I hear whispers of a challenge coming from the Corporals to the Sergeants.

By the way, readers interested in athletics are strongly advised to inspect the show rooms of Messrs. Kuckreja & Co. in Commercial Street, where they will find an excellent variety of goods at reasonable prices. Sports Secretaries please note.

HOCKEY—

As I anticipated, a Company Hockey league for the Kolar Cup has provided some most interesting and exciting games. Unfortunately I have only witnessed two of these games so can make no criticisms, but judging from the crowds that witnessed the contests, descriptions and criticisms would be waste of space, as all interested have no doubt formed their opinions long ago.

The games are played on the same system as the English Football League.

The positions at the time of writing are as follows:—

GOALS.

Coy.	Played.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against	Points.
B	7	6	0	1	32	11	12
H.Q.	6	5	0	1	18	5	10
D	8	4	1	3	22	9	9
C	7	0	3	5	9	20	2
A	6	0	1	5	7	43	1

It looks like a big fight between "B" and H. Q's, as "D" who are out of the running now, were only able to draw with "C" in their game on Saturday the 21st. "B" have to play H. Q's and "D", and H. Q's have to play "B" "C" and "A."

FOOTBALL—

Since leaving Hebbal several league games have been postponed for various reasons, but those that have taken place have attracted quite large crowds, and there has been no lack of enthusiasm on the part of the spectators. The games themselves have been highly interesting and exciting, and even now when the end is very near, the final winner of the league cannot be confidently picked out.

Positions are as follows:—

GOALS.

Coy.	Played.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against	Points.
A	6	3	1	2	9	4	7
C	7	3	0	4	10	10	6
B	6	3	0	3	8	11	6
H. Q.	7	4	0	3	10	13	6
D	6	2	1	3	7	6	5

CRICKET—

The Cricket League has not made much progress up to the present, but now we are

settled down, and a cocoanut matting has been provided things should liven up, (weather permitting.) I understand that the Cricket Secretary is withholding the scores in games played. Why?

At the time of going to press the league results are as follows:—

Coy.	Played.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.	Percentage.
H.Q.	3	3	0	0	6	+100
D.	2	1	1	0	3	+75
B.	2	0	1	1	1	-75
A.	1	0	0	1	0	-100
C.	2	0	0	2	0	-100

It seems as though H.Q's. were out for a grand slam, what with Football and Hockey and now Cricket. Still I fancy someone is going to give them a nasty jar shortly; who will do it is another question.

The Battalion team put up a very fine performance when they played St. Joseph's College. Batting first they compiled 212 for 7 wickets and declared. St. Josephs were dismissed for 84.

For the Battalion L/Cpl. Scarlett scored 81 and L/Cpl. Talbot, 56 (Both H. Qs. men, mark you.) At bowling L/Cpl. Vaughan took 4 for 24, Cyc. Oram 3 for 38 and L/Cpl. Scarlett 2 for 2.

LATER ATHLETIC NEWS.

The cricket match between the Sussex and ourselves on 2-11-16 ended in a draw.

The scores were { Sussex 176.
 { Londons 77 for 7

For the Londons the best scorers were L/Cpl. Vaughan 21, L/Cpl. Holford 15 not out.

L/Cpl. Vaughan took the majority of the wickets, his analysis standing 6 for 50.

L/Cpl. Talbot was obliged to retire hurt after scoring 10.

CHESS.

We are glad to say that all Companies have chess matters well in hand, and it is hoped to be able to select a representative Battalion Team in a few day's time. "B" Company has accepted the challenge issued by "A" Company, and the tourney will be played off on Friday Nov. 3rd; also "C" Coy. will meet "D" Coy., on Saturday November 4th.

All Companies experience a great difficulty in making headway owing to the scarcity of chess sets, but this state of affairs will soon be corrected when the new sets given by the P. R. I. are received. We tender our thanks to the P. R. I. for his helpful gift of Rs. 50.

A Battalion Chess Committee has been formed, with Lieut. and Q.M. Burt as President and 2nd Lieut. Sanders as Chairman. The Committee arranged a preliminary Chess Tourney for Saturday October 21st at 7-30 p. m. Four men were selected to represent each Company and when the ten tables were occupied the Library presented a striking scene. Matches are also being arranged with the Bowring Institute and the Hants Regiment. In order to avoid misunderstanding we ask the chess players in the Battalion to recollect that this was only a preliminary meeting and does not in any way affect the final selections for the Battalion Team. The Coy. Committees are endeavouring to arrange such games as shall discover their most useful men. Again we would say "Help your Company Representative all you can." It has also been arranged that the small room at the N. W. Corner of the Institute Bungalow shall be used as a Chess Room. It is quiet and should prove a helpful meeting spot for inter-platoon and Company matches. The Chess-men and boards will be under the care of Cpl. Mason, and being P. R. I. property must not be taken from the building.

It was quite a business collecting sufficient chess sets to play off the Inter-Company Tourney. We thank the Committee of the Bowring Institute, and the Officers of the R.A. Mess for kindly lending their sets. Although play began at 7-30 sharp, two games were unfinished at 9-30 p. m. Most of the games were well fought and interesting struggles. We cull the following from the notes of some who were watching the play.

No. 1 Table—Lt. Dix "H. Q." v Cyc. F. S. Davis "D." Cyc. Davis allowed himself to be driven into a very cramped position, and was mated in half an hour. In the second game; Lt. Dix (winner) got his opponent in a strong grip before Davis had developed his pieces.

No. 2 Table—Cyc. Adkins "A" v Q. M. Burt. "H.Q." This proved a hotly contested game, with hard blows and give and take all through. The final stages produced some exciting exchanges, and eventually Cyc. Adkins got a pawn home, thus winning the game.

No. 3 Table—Cpl. Paul "A" v Cpl. Squires "B." Two games were played, in which both players developed carefully and openly. Careful play made Cpl. Paul winner of both games.

No. 5 Table—Cyc. Hirschland "A" v Cyc. Howlett "D". Two games were finished within the hour and won by "A" Company.

No. 6 Table—Cyc. King "B" v L/Cpl. Steele "C". The play developed very evenly, and gave promise of an exciting finish, when L/Cpl. Steele made an unfavourable exchange, of which his opponent took good advantage, and after a two hours struggle, "B" Company won.

No. 9 Table—Sgt. Sweet "D" v Cyc. Thompson "C". This was also a well contested and fairly even struggle, "D" Company being winner.

No. 4 Table—Cpl. Rust "A" v Cpl. Loveridge "C". "A" Company won.

No. 7 Table—Cyc. Baseley "D" v Cyc. Guest "B". "B" Company won.

Games were left unfinished at No. 8 Table, Cyc. Stevens "B" v Cyc. Huddleston "H. Q."; and No. 10 Table, Cyc. Pattison "H. Q." v Cyc. Groombridge "C" Coy. They were adjudicated by Capt. Long who awarded a win to "H. Qrs." and a draw in game No. 8.

The final results are: "A". Company won six games, "H.Qrs." $3\frac{1}{2}$ games, "B". Company $2\frac{1}{2}$ games, "D". Company 1 game and "C". Company nil.

The Coy. representatives are.

"A" Coy.	Cpl. S. Rust.	No. 2 Platoon.
"B" "	Cyc. E. A. Knight	5 "
"C" "	" R. S. Maden	10 "
"D" "	" H.C. Baseley	15 "
"H Q."	" J. C. Knibb	Sig. Section.

PROBLEMS.

An error in last month's Problem No. I. is regretted: For Kts on K. Kt2 and Kt7; read Kts on K. Kt2 and K7.

Solution Problem I.

1. K to K sq, P to B 4; 2. Kt to B 4, P moves; 3. B x P mates.

Or P to K 5; 2. Kt to K 3, P moves; 3. B x P mates.

Or P to Q 6; 2. K to Q2, P moves; 3. B x P mates.

Solution Problem II.

R.—Kt8.

Problem III. By W. J. Wood. (London.)

White K. K Kt sq, Q. Q B3, Rooks at Q sq and K B5, B. K R4. Pawns at Q5, K2, KB3, KB6, KKt4, KR3.

Black K. Q R8, Kt's on Q Kt8, and Q Kt7. Pawns at Q R 6 and 7, and K Kt 3 and 4.

White to play and mate in 4 moves.

An example of a double "Indian."

Problem IV. By Lieut. N. M. Gibbins, Little Marlow.

White K at K Kt Sq, Q. Q R 8, B K2, Kt K4. Pawns at Q Kt6, Q B2, KB2, K Kt 3.

Black K. K4, B. Q R7, Pawns K R4, K3, Q B5, Q Kt5. White to play and mate in 4 moves.

There seems to be some haziness regarding the rules of castling. You cannot "castle" if (1) the King has been moved, or (2) any square between King and Rook is "covered" by your opponent's piece. You may castle either on K's side or Q's side. When "castled" on the K's side the K will be at K Kt sq and the R at K. B. sq.; when "Castled" on the Q's side. the K will be at Q B sq and the Rook at Q sq. Notation used: for King's side oo. for Queen's side ooo.

N. B.—Solutions should be sent in to the Company Representatives.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We regret that two personal notes appeared in our last issue recording the deaths of Lieut. Shackell and Cpl. Robertson. These reports have been contradicted and we hear that both are alive and well in France. We apologise for any pain the first reports may have caused. In these times news is often to hand which appears to be authentic but is afterwards contradicted from another source.

Owing to extreme pressure on our space we are obliged to hold over a number of articles and notes.

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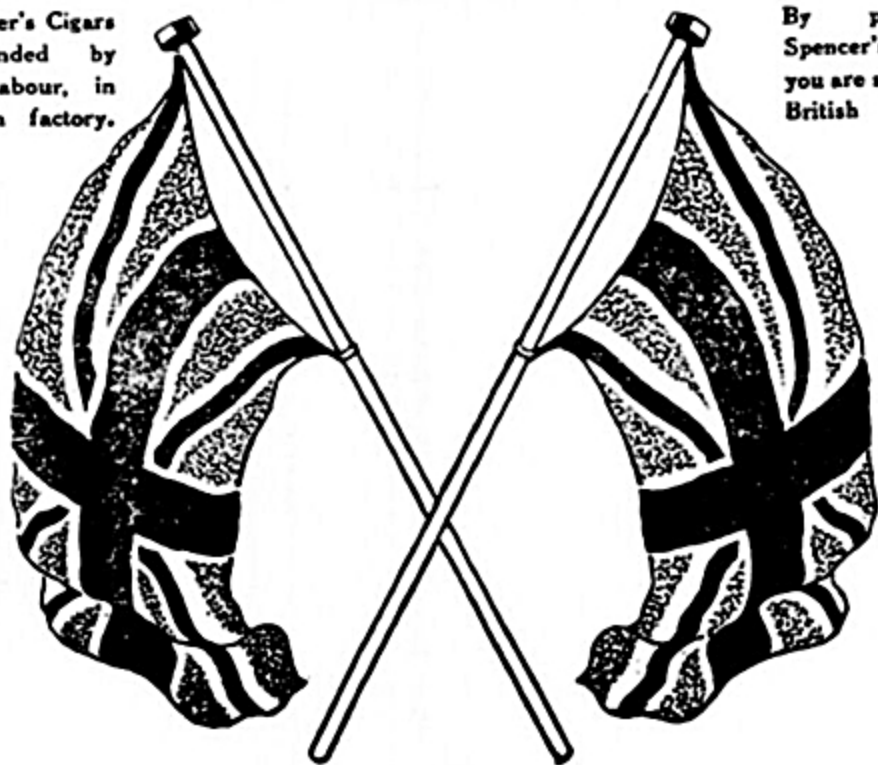
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