

The Gavercake Lad

SPRING NUMBER.

Regimental Paper

OF THE

1st Battalion

Duke of

Wellington's Regt.



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

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Mr. R. M. ...
Mr. ...
Mr. ...
Mr. ...

The Havercake Lad.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

No. 5.]

MALTA, 15th MARCH, 1898.

[Price 3d.

EDITORIAL.

Again the duty of writing this article devolves on strange hands, our Editor being down with fever. We had hoped, it must be confessed, that by now we should be beyond the reach of Malta fever at any rate; but unfortunately the dancing Dervish has not got fairly started on his war dance yet, and although several regiments (including the Seaforth Highlanders from this station) have reinforced the Egyptian Garrison, our turn so far has not arrived. However, we live in hope, and that is the next best thing to do.

The s.s. *Avoca* sailed for home on January 26th, taking Lieut. Fanshawe and several valuable N.C.O's. and men, whose seven years' service with the colours were completed.

But to turn to pleasanter subjects :—

We have had a new Honorary Colonel gazetted to us—General Hugh Rowlands V.C., C.B.—a very distinguished officer, as the magic letters "V.C." testify and to whom we offer our best wishes for a long spell of office.

Christmas festivities were as usual very merry and every one seemed happy. Owing to the lack of any thing green in the island, of course it was impossible to decorate the barrack rooms, but Christmas was Christmas all the same. We received a Xmas present from home, (it arrived a few days late), of a draft of 130 men, thus bringing the Battalion's strength up to about 1150 men; but of these we have very shortly to send 120 men to India.

The same interest as usual, if not more, is shown in all games; polo is in full swing, and as the tournament is fast approaching we hope both riders and ponies will keep fit.

Both kinds of football are being played, and we are glad to see that Association has been started, though of course it must not be allowed to ride over the West Riding game. It is a somewhat curious fact that both our 2nd Battalion and ourselves should have started "Socket" about the same time. Hockey seems to have increased in popularity since last season, and is really one of the best games to play in such a place as this.

At the time of writing the list of reliefs for the 1898—1899 trooping season has arrived. According to it we are for Colchester; so, unless in the meantime Parliament effects radical changes in our much abused military system, or unless we are despatched to fight our friend "Fuzzy Wuzzy," we shall be stationed in the "white man's country" before next Xmas.

Now having introduced our spring number to our readers, we will leave them to read the more interesting part of the paper by themselves.

Malta, Feb. 15th, 1898.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENT.

PART II.

You will remember that we left off last time with a list of the regiments that were raised in 1702, among them being the 33rd. The first colonel of the regiment was George, Earl of Huntingdon. The *Army List* of the time shows Stanhope as colonel, dated 12th February, 1702, and gives Huntingdon's date as 12th February, 1703. But Stanhope was appointed colonel of the (afterwards) 11th regiment; and as the public annals of 1702 mention the 33rd invariably as "Huntingdon's," it is safe to assume that the latter was the first colonel of the 33rd. The *Army Lists* of those days do not appear to have been over-accurate.

The regiment seems to have been recruited chiefly from the Midland and North Western counties, Sowerby, near Halifax, being the head recruiting place. It is not every regiment that can boast of having always been closely connected with the district whose name it bears!

In July, 1702, the whole or a portion of the regiment was quartered at Hereford. Advertisements of deserters in the *London Gazette* have supplied us with the names of three of the original captains, viz:—Henry Blount, Multon Lambarde, and Philip Honeywood; but we have been unable to identify the other officers.

The name of the regiment's next colonel was Leigh, though the dates of his appointment and retirement are not known. But it is certain that when the regiment landed in the Peninsula in 1704, it was commanded by Colonel Duncanson, and was invariably alluded to as "Duncanson's Foot." It was a very common thing in those days for regiments to be called after their colonels.

The war of the Spanish Succession—the causes of which we dealt with in the last number—had now begun, and the regiment was ordered to form part of the allied forces under the Duke of Schomberg. You will recollect that the French king wished to place his relative, Philip, on the Spanish throne. The nominee of the allies was the Archduke Charles of Austria, whom England recognised as Charles III.

Duncanson's regiment sailed at the latter end of January, 1704; but owing to the severity of the weather, the fleet was obliged to turn back. They had better luck at their next attempt, and landed in Lisbon, in Portugal, on 18th February. On 25th February they began their march towards the scene of operations. The allied army now amounted to 7,000 horse and 20,300 foot, but of these only 6,500 were English.

In July the weather became so hot that all active operations had to be suspended. The Duke of Berwick, who commanded the French and Spanish forces, had meanwhile fought a short campaign against the Dutch and Portuguese; but none of the English regiments, except Stanhope's and Stewart's, had been actively engaged. Duncanson's regiment remained inactive at Estremos.

Schomberg, meanwhile, was recalled at his own request. He was a bad and incapable commander, and had succeeded in quarelling with everybody except the enemy. So his departure was not a great loss to the army. He was succeeded by the Earl of Galway, who arrived at Lisbon on August 10th. The troops then began to assemble at Almeida preparatory to starting an autumn campaign. During this month news arrived of the surprise and capture of the rock of Gibraltar by an English and Dutch force under Sir George Rooke. It was a splendid achievement, and Gibraltar—the importance of which can scarcely be over-estimated—has ever since belonged to England.

It was then decided to cross the Portuguese frontier, and enter Spain and capture Ciudad Rodrigo. Until Galway's arrival, the troops were commanded by the Portuguese General Das Minas. Galway immediately on arrival, ordered an

inspection of the forces under his command. He found the arrangements for the victualling and transport of the army in a deplorable condition; so bad were they, in fact, that he tried hard to prevent the allied commanders from entering Spain at once; but his appeals were unsuccessful, for Das Minas and his Portuguese soldiers thought only of plunder, and were clamouring to get into Spain. So the English general had to give way. On the 26th the army advanced towards the river Agueda, and on October 2nd encamped near its left bank. But so bad was the Portuguese commissariat, that the allies were detained in camp for no less than five days for want of bread! The Portuguese then made up their minds that the passage of the river was too dangerous, and on the 8th the allies retired into Portugal. The army went into winter quarters at Estremos and Abrantes.

—:O:—

XMAS FESTIVITIES.

It seems somewhat late in the day to talk about Xmas, but a quarterly magazine must, by its very nature, contain a good deal of "stale news." We will not attempt to give an account of the dinners, etc., partaken of by the different companies on the day itself, but will chronicle a few of the subsequent goings on.

On Dec. 28th our corporals gave a "smoker" to the other corporals in garrison. Over 150—representatives of every corps—sat down to an excellent cold collation. The cloth having been cleared, Sergt.-Major Kerns took the chair. Among the toasts proposed were "The Queen," "Our Officers," "Our Guests," "The Sergt.-Major." After the speechifying was over, pipes were lit, and a long programme of songs and recitations kept the company going strong. It was close on one o'clock before the merry evening came to an end. Great credit is due to Corpl. Hill, the caterer of the corporals' room, for the excellent all-round arrangements.

As customary on New Year's eve, our sergeants gave their annual ball. This year it was held in the Valletta gymnasium, which was very prettily decorated with flags, plants, etc. The dance was a great success in every way. Tents and rooms fitted up for cards, etc., added greatly to the comfort of those who did not wish to take the floor. The numbers present were estimated at over 200, including Lieut.-Colonel Lloyd and nearly all our officers. The arrival of the New Year was welcomed by the entire company joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne." The fun was kept up until close on 4 a.m. The committee of the sergeants' mess are to be heartily congratulated on the energy and ability they showed in providing such a successful evening.

Some three weeks later came the treat to the married families. It took place in one of the large barrack rooms. The entertainment began, as usual, with tea; then came the Xmas tree, which was a splendid one kindly lent by Lady Congleton. It was beautifully decorated, a large number of coloured balls being kindly lent by Colonel Daniell, R.A. Toys of all kinds had been got out from England; and so excellent and varied was the selection that we venture to assert that even the fastidious taste of each child in such matters was satisfied. Mrs. Booth kindly undertook the giving away of the toys, and then followed games of every description. These seemed to please the infantile fancy much more than the usual little charade, and the ringing cheers given for "Ladies," "Officers," and all concerned clearly showed how much all had enjoyed the evening when the time came to say "good night." Needless to add the success of the Christmas tree, 1897, was entirely due to the untiring energies of the ladies of the regiment, to whom the thanks of all are due.

Three concerts have been held from time to time since Christmas. They have been capitally attended, and the programmes given below clearly show that there is no lack of musical talent in the "Dukes" either amongst the officers or men.

The thanks of the regiment are due to Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. Seaman for getting them up, and may we have many more is the wish of all who have attended those which have past.

CONCERT HELD IN BARRACKS, 28TH DECEMBER, 1897.

PROGRAMME:—

1.	Selection	Band.
2.	Recitation	Corpl. Hall.
3.	Song—"Big Ben"	Lance-Corpl. Winter.
4.	Song—"The Dear Home Land"	Corpl. Ellis.
5.	Song—"Kathleen Mavourneen"	Pte. Eycott.
6.	Recitation—"The Engineer's Story"	Mr. Hussey.
7.	Song—"Cawnpore"	Pte. Slater.
8.	Song—"The Anchor's Weighed"	J. Seaman, Esq.
9.	Song—"Sweetheart Mine"	Lance-Corpl. Parker.
10.	Selection—"The Jolly Bachelor"	Band.
11.	Song—"Shipmates"	Corpl. Ellis.
12.	Song—"Golden Stairs"	L. R. Acworth, Esq.
13.	Song—"Stranger in London"	Pte. Slater.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

CONCERT HELD IN BARRACKS, 13TH JANUARY, 1898.

PROGRAMME:—

1.	Selection—"Boulevardia"	Band.
2.	Song—"Queen of the Earth"	Corpl. Ellis.
3.	Song—"Star of Bethlehem"	Pte. Cole.
4.	Recitation—"The Fireman's Wedding"	Corpl. Hall.
5.	Song—"Made in Germany"	Corpl. Rudd, R.A.
6.	Song—"Big Ben"	Lance-Corpl. Winter.
7.	Recitation	Mr. Hussey.
8.	Song (with Flute Obligato)	Mrs. Booth, Miss Seaman, Boy Seaman.
9.	Clarinet Solo	Band-Sergt. Thomas.
10.	Song—"Tommy Atkins"	Capt. Wallis.
11.	Trio—"A little Farm well Tilled"	{ J. Seaman, Esq., E. N. Townsend, Esq., Bandmaster Neill.
12.	Duet (Flute and Piano)	Miss Seaman and Boy Seaman.
13.	Glee—"The Gypsies' Chorus"	Band.
14.	Song—"The Little Nipper"	C. A. Fedden, Esq.
15.	Song—"Off to Philadelphia"	E. N. Townsend, Esq.
16.	Quartette—"Good Night"	{ Mrs. Booth, Miss Seaman, J. Seaman, Esq., E. N. Townsend, Esq.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

CONCERT HELD IN BARRACKS, 26TH JANUARY, 1898.

PROGRAMME:—

1.	Selection—"Dervish Chorus"	Band.
2.	Song—"Thinking of Home"	Corpl. Ellis.
3.	Song—"Gallery and Boxes"	Lce.-Corpl. Lodge.
4.	Recitation	Mr. Hussey.
5.	Song—"Red and Blue"	J. Seaman, Esq.
6.	Serenade—"The Warblers"	Band.
7.	Song—"The Old Brigade"	H. K. Umfreville, Esq.
8.	Song—"Ours is a Happy Home"	C. A. Fedden, Esq.
9.	Duet—"The Moon hath raised"	J. Seaman, Esq., Corpl. Dyson.
10.	Song—"Mona"	Pte. Eycott.
11.	Recitation—"Betsy and I"	Mrs. Galbraith.
12.	Song—"The Dandy Coloured Coon"	W. E. M. Tyndall, Esq.
13.	Song—"The Baby on the Shore"	E. N. Townsend, Esq.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

THE DUKE'S CHARACTER—HIS PATIENCE.

Extracts from "Duty," by Samuel Smiles, LL.D.

PART II.

The Duke's patience was extraordinary. When hemmed in by the army of Masséna at Torres Vedras, in 1810, his own officers almost revolted against him. They were constantly claiming leave of absence, for the purpose of returning to England.

"At this moment," he said, "we have seven general officers gone or going home, and excepting myself and General Campbell, there is not one in the country who came out with the army. The consequence of the absence of some of them has been that—in the late operations—I have been obliged to be general of cavalry and of the advanced guard, and the leader of two or three columns: sometimes in the same day."

At home the press took up the case against the Duke, and denounced him. "He did not venture to risk a battle!" Those wonderful men, the Lord Mayor and Common Council of the city of London, addressed the King, calling for an enquiry into the Duke's conduct. The House of Commons murmured. The Ministry wavered. Nevertheless, Wellington held on to his lines at Torres Vedras. He had only his English troops to support him, for the Portuguese did little or nothing.

With regard to the charges made in the English press, he said, "I hope that the opinions of the people in Great Britain are not influenced by paragraphs in newspapers, and that those paragraphs do not convey the public opinion or sentiment on that subject. Therefore I (who have more reason than any other man to complain of libels of this description), never take the smallest notice of them, and have never authorized any contradiction to be given or any statement to be made in answer to the innumerable falsehoods and the heaps of false reasoning which have been published respecting me, and the orders which I have directed." As to the threat of the Worshipful Lord Mayor and Common Council, he merely said, "They may do what they please; I shall not give up the game here so long as it can be played."

The French had been baffled by the British troops behind the lines of Torres Vedras, and at length they began to retreat. The Duke followed them. They destroyed a great portion of their guns and ammunition, in order that their retreat might be less hindered. They plundered and murdered the peasantry at pleasure. Many of the country folks were found hanging by the sides of the road, for no other reason than that they had not been friendly to the French invaders. The French line of retreat was marked by the smoke rising from the villages to which they had set fire. The Duke overtook Masséna's army at Fuentes d'Onoro, and inflicted upon them a sharp defeat. He next took Almeida, stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, stormed Badajoz, defeated Marmont at Salamanca, and immediately after entered Madrid.

Strange to say, while the Spanish Brigadier (Miranda) had no fewer than 43 aides-de-camp, Wellington, on his triumphal entry into Madrid, was accompanied by one officer only—Lord Fitzroy Somerset!

(To be continued).

—:O:—

The Transport s.s. "Avoca" sailed from Malta for England on January 26th, 1898, with 1 officer, 5 N.C.O.'s, 1 drummer, and 13 privates on board.

There was once a raw recruit, five foot long, and not a beauty;
And he didn't seem the same as all the rest;
But he's now full six foot high, has a wicked roving eye,
And he measures forty inches round the chest.

For we dressed and fed him up, till he grew a fine bull-pup,
 And we thought it time to loose the lazy lout.
 He was very grateful too, for he painted most things blue,
 Whenever he could find blue paint about.

His defaulter sheet's a treasure, 'twould approximately measure
 Two inches (scale—one mile, eight inch, about).
 It is full up to the brim with his wickedness and sin,
 Perpetrated 'tween "Reveille" and "Lights Out."**
 His propensity for beer made him feel a trifle queer,
 On nights when he was out upon the shout,
 For he'd flatten friends and foes with his fist upon their nose,
 Shouting, "Are there any more like you about?"

He would fight the dancing Dervish—fighting man at even weight,
 Or would give a stone could he but get the chance;
 There are many kinds of Dervish, it's as well perhaps to state,
 Including those who howl and those who dance.
 But he's served his time—his seven years—and now he's gone away,
 And he's old compared to those who've just come out,
 So when he said good-bye, well, we answered with a sigh,
 "It's a pity there ain't more like you about!"

* And after.—Editor.

—:O:—

FROM OUR SECOND BATTALION.

Maritzburg, Natal, November 13th, 1897.

I fear my apologies are due to your readers for my long silence, which was more or less unavoidable owing to absence from Head Quarters. But I am glad to see from the last number of *The Havercake Lad* that my place has been taken by some one else, who has sent you some brief items of regimental news.

Meanwhile I must go back a bit to September, when our detachment at Eshowe was relieved by one of similar strength from the 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers; and thus almost for the first time since leaving England, in the autumn of 1886, we are, much to the satisfaction of all ranks, once more quartered together in the same lines; since which time active preparations for our move to India have been in progress.

I say "active" advisedly, for the number of things to give in, take out, inspect and count, has been really quite remarkable; one result, however, is noticeable; viz:—that we have changed our 1882 equipment for the 1888 pattern, and now we only await the arrival of the *Avoca* to get under weigh for India on the the 11th prox., being due at Bombay on the 28th, and calling at Mauritius en route. So our Christmas will be spent on the high seas, and our New Year's Eve festivities will take place at that well-known spot "Doodle Alley," the first—and generally the last—station with which a soldier becomes acquainted out there.

It is late to talk of the Jubilee, but a most pleasing feature in connection with that celebration took place recently, viz:—Some sports given by the townspeople of Maritzburg to the Garrison; as a recognition for their services on that occasion. The "Dukes" quite held their own, as will be seen from the results of the following events.

- (1)—100 YARDS.—1, Pte. Harrington; 2, Pte. Adey; 3, Cpl. Sheard.
- (2)—440 YARDS.—1, Pte. Adey; 2, Pte. Monaghan; 3, Pte. Harrington.
- (3)—LEAP FROG RACE.—1, Pte. Blakey's team; 2, Pte. Holgate's team.
- (4)—SACK RACE.—2, Pte. Holgate.
- (5)—WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK (for mounted Infantry).—1, West Riding Regiment.
- (6)—COSTUME RACE.—1, Pte. Adey; 2, Pte. Blakey; Best costume—Lce.-Corpl. Vancini.

(7)—BAYONET EXERCISE.—I, and 2, West Riding Regiment.

(8)—FOOTBALL PASSING RACE.—I, Sergt. Finnigan's team.

The Football Season of 1897 has been a complete success, as will be seen from the result given below. There are two Cups competed for by the Rugby Football Clubs of Natal, the Murray Cup and the York and Lancaster Cup, the former on the "knock-out" system, and the latter on the "league" system. The regiment won both cups again this year for the third year in succession.

The following is the team:—

Pte. Roberts (back); Lieut. P. A. Turner (Capt.), Pte. Ceaton, Pte. Perkins, Pte. Atkinson, (three-quarter backs); Pte. Brennan, Pte. White, (half-backs); Lieut. T. S. Smith, Lieut. B. J. Barton, Pte. Nourse, Pte. Blakey, Pte. Watson, Pte. Powell, Pte. Wilman, Pte. Cobb, (forwards).

RESULTS OF MATCHES, 1897.

York and Lancaster Cup.	2nd Duke of Wellington's Regiment	v.	All Comers.	Won
"	"	"	R.A.	"
"	"	"	Y.M.C.A.	"
Murray Cup	"	"	Wanderers	"
York and Lancaster Cup	"	"	Y.M.C.A.	"
Murray Cup	"	"	Railway F.C.	"
"	"	"	R.A.	"
"	"	"	Wanderers	"

Played 8. Won 8. Lost 0. Drawn 0.

F Company won the Rugby Company Shield. The regiment also had a team entered for the Association Cup. Sec.-Lieut. Horsfall worked hard with his team and they have made great progress, though, as a game, it is not so popular in the regiment as Rugby. In the Cup ties they won 2 and lost 2.

TEAM.—Pte. Hinchcliffe (goal); Sergt. Hunt, Pte. Schofield (backs); Sec.-Lieut. Horsfall, (capt.) Pte. Jones, Pte. Parry (half-backs); Cpl. Collins, Ptes. Newton, J. Jones, Conafrey and Johnson (forwards).

Cricket is now in full swing and below are the results of two matches played lately.

2ND D.W. REGT. v. 7TH HUSSARS.—7th Hussars, 278, (Capt. Beresford 88); 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regt. 126, (Sergt. Whale, 30, Dmr. Nourse, 26); lost by 152 runs.

2ND D.W. REGT. v. ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.—Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 61. 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regt, 174, (Dmr. Nourse, 82,) won by 113 runs.

Drummer Nourse has been scoring most consistently throughout the season with both bat and ball, and has developed into a really useful cricketer. Our polo for the present has nearly come to a stand-still as, on the 27th, the ponies, some 30 in number, are advertised for sale, and a fresh lot will have to be got together when we reach India.

It seems to be my ill-fortune to have to record the loss of one of our number in each letter, and this time it is Lieut. Drielsma, who has been taken from among us, and whose death on the 18th ult. we are now mourning. A cheery companion and thorough sportsman, he identified himself with all that was going on in the regiment and was a great favourite with all who knew him. At the time of his death he was serving with the Mounted Infantry, a branch of the service for which he was peculiarly well-fitted. On the 19th he was laid to rest in the military cemetery by the side of Captain Swanson, amid universal signs of grief. He was 24 years of age and joined the regiment in March, 1894. With all good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

From your own correspondent.

—:O:—

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

There has been little "Rugger" played since our last issue; but now that the Shield Competition is to begin, all the companies are getting "fit," and we can only prophesy that each company will make a bold bid for victory. The ties are to be played on the same lines as hitherto, i.e., the "knock-

out" system. It has been, however, proposed and carried unanimously at a meeting of representatives, that in future years, if possible, the competition shall be on the American or League system, i.e., each company plays every other company. As this will necessitate twenty-eight matches, the interest will be sustained throughout the season; and the effect will be to keep up our regimental game even though we cannot find opponents in any particular station.

The draw for the competition this year is as follows:—

1ST ROUND—1, A v. E; 2, C v. F; 3, D v. G; 4, B v. H.

2ND ROUND—5, winner of 1 v. winner of 2; 6, winner of 3 v. winner of 4.

FINAL—Winner of 5 v. winner of 6.

Below will be found a summary of matches played since November 16th:—November 19th, C beat F by 5 points to 3; November 26th, C beat A by 21 points to 3; December 13th, C beat A by 18 points to nil; December 18th, C beat G by 5 points to 3. This looks as if C means business!

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

"Colonel de C. Daniell, R.A., in presenting the "Soldiers' Cup" to the H.L.I., paid a compliment to the West Riding Regiment, by saying that he thought, considering this was their first year in playing under the Association Rules, that they had acquitted themselves in first class style."—*Daily Malta Chronicle*, 3-2-98.

Surely it should be a great encouragement to our "Socker" players to see that they have not passed unnoticed in their first attempt at "cup ties." A 6-0 defeat certainly does not look very pretty on paper, but when we consider how much superior the H.L.I. team are to any other in the garrison, and that they won the final by 7-0, we should keep up our "peckers," go on trying to improve, and bearing in mind that "Rome was not built in a day."

A company competition is to be played for on the same lines as the Rugby one. At present there is no shield (that, no doubt, will come soon), but either a cap or a small medal will this year be given to members of the winning team.

The draws for the tournament this year are as follows:—

1ST ROUND—1, A v. C; 2, B v. H; 3, G v. E; 4, F v. D.

2ND ROUND—5, winner of 1 v. winner of 2; 6, winner of 3 v. winner of 4.

FINAL—Winner of 5 v. winner of 6.

Below are the results of the matches played so far this season:—D.W. Regiment v. R.E., drawn, 1-1; D.W. Regiment v. Border Regiment, won, 3-2; D.W. Regiment v. R.E., won, 1-0; D.W. Regiment v. R.M.A., won, 1-0; D.W. Regiment v. Border Regiment, lost, 5-2; D.W. Regiment v. R.M.A., drawn, 1-1; D.W. Regiment v. H.L.I. (cup tie), lost, 6-0.

HOCKEY.

There is only one word to express adequately the result of the hockey season, and that word is "disappointing." What with musketry, company football competitions, polo, races, etc., coming on so shortly, hockey may be said to have practically ceased. Let us hasten to explain why we have dubbed the season disappointing. We refer to our officers' team; on paper they are undoubtedly or some other more fascinating counter-attraction keeping them away, and poor hockey has had to and changed about. It is the same in any contest. How could a 'varsity crew expect to win the boat race unless the same rowers had been constantly practised together? It makes combination impossible. But enough of grousing!

Our sergeants have improved wonderfully since last season, and have had many a stubborn contest with the officers, the results being two wins for the latter and one drawn game.

Results of matches played by the officers' XI:—v. Castile, lost, 4-1; v. Suffolk Regiment, won, 3-1; v. Dorset Regiment, drawn, 3-3; v. a Naval XI., won, 7-2; v. Castile, drawn, 4-4; v. H.M.S. *Barfleur*, drawn, 2-2; v. H.M.S. *Barfleur*, lost, 3-0.

The want of competent referees in these matches has been severely felt.

POLO.

Owing to the extraordinarily wet winter we have had in Malta, there has been very little polo. In fact only five matches have been played, and those on the "cutting in" system. The regimental team has not yet been chosen, and consequently have not played together. We trust it soon will be.

chosen, for the tournament is not so very far off. Captain Anderson, who is due from England on February 14th, is one of the members of the team that won the Infantry Cup in India three years running ('87, '88, '89), and his presence will greatly strengthen the team. It will be remembered that last year we were in the final; and as our victors, the Worcester Regiment, are now safely ensconced in Bermuda, we hope for great things this year, and trust that riders and ponies will all be fit and well when the time comes.

Results:—December 8th, *v.* Suffolk Regiment, won, 5—1; December 11th, *v.* R.A., won, 3—2; December 17th, *v.* Dorset Regiment, won, 2—0; December 28th, *v.* R.E., lost, 4—3; December 31st, *v.* H.L.I., won, 6—4.

—:O:—

TYPES OF MALTESE.

No. I.—ORANGEMEN.

This article has nothing whatever to do with the Orangemen of Ulster; it is entirely non-political. Nor does it deal with specimens of humanity whose skin resembles the orange in hue—specimens one might expect to meet among Barnum's freaks. Not but what one of my orangemen would prove a novel and attractive addition to that show. So much by way of preface, which I am afraid leaves the worthy reader just as unenlightened as at starting.

Orangemen are a type of Maltese gentry who hawk oranges and lemonade to troops on the line of march. It is doubtful whether all, or even any, of them possess hawkers' licences, a fact which may account for their never appearing with their wares in a town. But the way they put in an appearance in the country is truly marvellous. Whilst the troops are actually marching not a trace of an orange-man is to be seen, but no sooner does the C.O. hold up his arm, and the captains of companies give the cheery word "halt" than they swarm round the thirsty sons of Mars like flies. They must drop from the skies! Perhaps, like the genii in the Arabian nights, they are endowed with the gift of making themselves invisible at will. That they have tramped all the way is highly improbable, as they invariably appear to be overweighted with their wares, and yet never look hot.

They are of all ages and sizes. The better class carry their merchandise in wicker baskets, and besides oranges and lemonade deal in objects that look like cigars, cigarettes of all sorts, dried figs skewered by a long thin stick, and suchlike delicacies. The lower grades can only run to sacks made of the very coarsest material. Some of the youngsters learning the profession use only the lining of their shirts, and their hands. But the war-cry of all is the same—"gut oranger, four penner; gutter limonade, penner bottler!" The latter half does not sound particularly tempting, even to a thirsty mortal, and seeing that the bottle is not included, the price seems extortionate.

But the most curious feature connected with this weird tribe is their dress. It is rather a difficult job to describe it. In trousers many of them affect sky blue, patched here and there with blue of a darker shade. A very large number, however, disport themselves in tartan trews. I have not yet seen one in tartan of nearly every Scotch regiment bedecking the limbs of orangemen. I have not yet seen one in a kilt, but very possibly that fashion may creep in before long. The ordinary blue serge togs, with the narrow red stripe running down the outside of the leg do not appeal to them in the least, for they have a marvellous eye for colour and effect. They wear no coats, sometimes waistcoats, but always shirts of wondrous hue. This hue may possibly be accounted for by the shirts being so much patched that it is almost impossible to determine the original material. They all disdain covering for the feet, and a large proportion of them wear nothing on their heads. Some of the youthful and more fashionable ones don glengarries; another headgear sometimes worn is a sort of mixture between a glengarry and a Tam O'Shanter. These types of headgear are not much use for keeping off the sun, but then their hair is very long, and thick, and matted, and forms an efficient shield.

Not infrequently the "oranger wallah" is a source of great amusement to the soldiers. Unknowingly, for I have never seen one who even tried to pose as a clown. I will quote just one instance. It was a hot day and the roads were deep in dust. An orangeman took Pte. Smith's proffered "brown," and in return gave four "stiffuns." Smith, being naturally dissatisfied with the bargain, seized the ruffian's wrist, demanding at the same time that the oranges be taken back and his money restored. The native did not see the force of this argument, but if he did not see he was soon made to feel its force. "Very well then," exclaimed Smith, "keep the bloomin' penny," emphasising his generosity by giving the fellow a push that sent him, basket, oranges, lemonade, and all sprawling in the dust.

I believe it lays down somewhere in the Drill Book—I won't air my knowledge by quoting chapter and verse—that traces of the enemy may be gleaned from such insignificant articles as stray buttons, horse-shoes, etc. But I am convinced that orange-peel would give a better clue than anything else, and I have often wondered why some enterprising native does not follow in rear of the column and pick up orange-peel. He would probably make his pile in marmalade!

OUR NEW HONORARY COLONEL.

General Hugh Rowlands, V.C., C.B., was born on May 5th, 1829. Was appointed Ensign in the 41st Foot, Sept. 25th, 1849; Lieutenant, April 21st, 1851; Captain, August 25th, 1854; Brevet Major, Nov. 2nd, 1855; Major in the 100th Foot, Dec. 28th, 1860; Major, 41st Foot, Feb. 5th, 1861; Brevet Lieut.-Colonel, Nov. 28th, 1865; Lieut.-Colonel, 41st Foot, March 23rd, 1866; Lieut.-Colonel, 34th Foot, May 12th, 1875; Brevet-Colonel, March 23rd, 1871; Major-General, July 1st, 1881; Lieut.-General, Jan. 1st, 1890; General, Oct. 18th, 1894.

WAR SERVICE.

General Rowlands served in the Eastern Campaign of 1854-55 with the 41st Foot, including the battles of Alma and Inkerman (severely wounded), siege and fall of Sebastopol, sortie of Oct. 26th, attack of the Quarries on June 7th and twice on the Rifle Pits, attacks of the Redan on June 18th and Sept. 8th (wounded; medal with three clasps, Victoria Cross, Brevet of Major, Knight of the Legion of Honour, 5th class of the Medjidie, and Turkish medal). He received the V.C. "For rescuing Colonel Haby, of the 47th Regt., from Russian soldiers, Colonel Haby having been wounded and surrounded by them; and for gallant exertions in holding the ground occupied by his advanced picquet against the enemy, at the commencement of the battle of Inkerman, Nov. 5th, 1854." He served in the Kaffir war in 1877-79, on special service at Luneberg, and commanded the troops in the engagement at Tolako mountain (mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp).

STAFF SERVICE.

Town Major, Sebastopol	11th Sept., '55 to 23rd Sept., '55.
Brigade Major, Crimea	24th Sept., '55 .. 15th June, '56.
" " Aldershot	1st July, '58 .. 31st July, '58.
Special Service, S. Africa	6th Mar., '78 .. 8th Oct., '79.
A.A. and Q.M.G. N. Brit. Dist.	1st July, '80 .. 14th Dec., '80.
Brigade General, Bengal	4th Feb., '81 .. 10th Feb., '82.
" " Aldershot	19th Aug., '82 .. 31st Mar., '83.
Major-General, Madras	21st April, '84 .. 20th April, '89.
Lieut. of Tower of London	21st June, '93 .. 4th Jan., '94.
Lieut.-Gen. Scottish District	5th Jan., '94 .. 6th May, '96.

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LEISURE MOMENTS ON GUARD.

"'T WAS BUT A DREAM."

Who says the inhabitants of this charming isle are not imbued with true martial instincts? Quite recently four worthy, well-intentioned natives volunteered to raise 1,000 men to fight for England's glory. The famous cry of the Gordons—"The Gordons will take it"—must take not the position but a back seat, and will have to stand on that to see anything! It should be handed down to posterity "The Maltese have it!"

I was flattened the other day and nearly got pegged for not answering a bugle call, so dazed was I at reading in a local journal that a celebrated man in the island had suggested that 10,000 native volunteers should do duty here whilst all the troops—with the exception of one British regiment—should be pushed to the front.

The next day I was on the Comino gate guard, and having composed myself for slumber as comfortably as was possible on a rickety form, I dreamt that the above events actually occurred, and that I was left behind to duty with the "Royal Fallbacks." It is the most vivid dream I have ever had since I first discovered that red tack was good for brass but not for buff; and so clearly do I remember the incidents that floated through my brain that I will straightway set them down in writing. So here goes.

Our C.O. was determined to show them a thing or two, for he mounted the whole of his battalion on goats; the supernumerary rank, in order to appear smarter, were mounted on those weird-looking sheep-goats; the sergeant-major bestrode a billy (with ring, snaffle and martingale complete). It was a brilliant idea: for all the goats were running wild, the herdsmen all being employed at

military training or musketry practice. Besides, it saved the grocery books a small fortune in the shape of milk. Only think—we had rice and sago puddings three times a day!

The day we trooped the colour on the Palace Square was a scene of hospitality not likely to be soon forgotten. As each visitor arrived he was presented with a large slice of real Gozo cheese manufactured from the surplus obtained from our mounts. I was troop-sergeant-major, and came deuced near to spoiling the whole show! For just as a most distinguished visitor landed on the square, mounted on a magnificent white Angola (no doubt as a compliment to us) Billy gave a sort of preliminary buck—evidently with the intention of gathering himself together prior to clearing the two ranks. I kept my hands down and sat tight; he backed a few yards and was just starting his rush when a voice (it was that of the O.C. main guard) shouted "Háuw!" In an instant Billy had taken up his dressing again, and everything proceeded smoothly.

We were surprised to read in general orders one day that in future all W.O's and N.C.O's above the rank of lance-corporal (unpaid) would undertake the duties of field officer of the day. Here was a go! I was top of the roll, and soon received orders to visit one certain guard between the hours of — a.m. and — p.m. (I must not divulge state secrets). I was in a fever of excitement, and saw personally to Billy's feeding and grooming, and even went as far as putting Jacko the monkey to search his coat. I started off—or rather tried to. Billy refused to budge an inch, and I was just going to make preparations for a fire to be lit under him when an intelligent native—who evidently understood *goatology*—politely remarked: "You haven't put his bell on, sir." That omission having been rectified I started on my "rounds." I arrived at the guard after very nearly coming down on the slippery square; and as soon as the sentry turned the guard out I turned it in again, for I saw a flock coming down the street in my direction. I did not wish to wait, not knowing what Billy might do if once he got amongst his pals, so I hastily retraced my steps. Great was the excitement as I neared barracks; the orderly pipes turned out to play me in to the tune of "See the conquering hero;" and I flatter myself that mine was a fairly imposing home-coming. It was somewhat marred, perhaps, by one incident; as I passed the sentry on Quarter Guard he was simply convulsed with laughter, which was caused probably by my sandals. For, by a new order in the dress regulations, field officers wore pipe-clayed sandals and plaid puttees. On reaching the reading-room I dismounted, and giving Billy to my orderly to hold, went inside. I took up the regimental paper of the 1st local regt., the Imtarfa Hussars (the Loafers). That nickname was given them because they won the "nights in bed competition" by 87. In this paper I found the names of the newly-raised volunteer regiments in the island. I give a few.

The Marsamuscetto Lancers (the Bottlers). This valiant corps earned the soubriquet of "Bottlers" because, having marched down to the Marsa one day, they behaved in a most unsoldierlike manner, and as if they were at a festa. It was discovered, when too late, that each trooper had filled his waterbottle with native liquor. They literally fought their way home, the band playing "Gibla Mungi."

The Hamrun Guards (the Cabbies). "It is difficult to find out," says the *I.H. Gazette*, "the meaning of this nickname, unless it be that the N.C.O's are all carrozza drivers—with the exception of the armourer-sergeant, who drives a 'bus; and his son, a corporal, who runs alongside to hold the horse up, and shouts 'arrah!'"

The Attard Borderers (the Pips). There is a tradition that one field day when water bottles were not carried, the C.O., who owned a large melon plantation, dished out a melon to each man. It was very popular; but after gorging the luscious fruit they began pelting each other with the pips, thereby causing great disorder.

The Comino Rangers (Condy's own). So called on account of the corps having been raised on the quarantine resort for troops.

The Gargur Highlanders (the Mashers). This epithet is supposed to have originated from the large number of the fair (?) sex that follow the regiment, and from its swagger uniform. This consists of grey backs with black facings, sack-cloth kilts and leather sandals.

The Filfla Rifles (the Lampuccis). A lampucci is a well-known local fish. Filfla being an island, the inhabitants, when they want anything from the mainland, have to swim for it. This is the explanation given by an aged fisherman found enjoying himself in the depth of a scirocco, fishing without any hook on his line.

I had just laid the *I.H. Gazette* down, and was going to do something desperate when "Guard turn out!" was shouted, and my dream was rudely dispelled as my name, number, and regiment all went down in the field officer's memorandum book.

GAUCHO.

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AN ALLIGATOR HUNT.

About five years ago, when I was stationed at Port Royal, in Jamaica, one of our chief amusements in the way of sport was to go away down the coast of the mainland and look for alligators up the creeks and lagoons.

One Sunday morning I started off with Low—of the gunners—in the whale-boat. It was a hot, still morning, with scarcely a breath of air to ruffle the polished surface of the sea.

Port Royal, with the white Dockyard buildings and the red roofs of the garrison huts, partly sheltered and screened from view by feathery cocoa-nut palms, looks very picturesque from a distance, and, as we cleared the Garrison Point, the *R.M.S. Atrato* coming in on her homeward journey gave the little touch of life that was previously lacking in the picture. Far ahead, the smooth surface of the water was only broken by the downward dive of a pelican; and just a slight surf away to our left ocean side of Port Royal.

Our armoury consisted of a Martini-Henry carbine for the alligators and a shot-gun or "bundoek," as Low called it, for any chance feathered fowl we might come across in our wanderings. Now and again some stray wild duck would fly over the swampy ground by the mouth of the Rio Cobre, and the Lazaretto in Green Bay, under the point where a new battery called Fort Clarence was then in process of being armed, and pulled up on the sand at the entrance to Salt Ponds.

Here we had to part company with the whaler, which draws too much water for use in the lagoons. So after giving instructions to our crew to await our return, we embarked in a small skiff, which up to now we had been towing behind, and journeyed forth in search of alligators. Salt Ponds is a series of shallow salt-water lagoons, surrounded on three sides by mangrove swamps and low-lying shores covered with bush. The swamps are full of alligators, and they are frequently to be found swimming about in the lagoons. As the only parts visible on these occasions are the eyes and the extremity of the snout, it is by no means easy to kill, the eye being the only vital part. Even when hit, the alligator at once sinks and can rarely be recovered.

Our plan briefly, therefore, was this:—

On the far side of the lagoon two large rocks jutted out, and inside the point thus formed was a small strip of sand where alligators would sun themselves in the heat of the day. By landing lower we could strike a small track which led through the swamp and, reaching the rocks, get a shot

We paddled on then without disturbing ourselves about a small chap we saw swimming across in the direction of the battery; but on looking through our glasses we could see what looked like a big black log lying just outside the shadow made by the rocks. Only having one carbine we tossed for first shot and I lost. The track through the mangrove swamp was not the pleasantest or easiest of walking, but the knowledge that a big 'un was peacefully slumbering at the other end made us impatient to get there. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip," however, and we were not fated to disturb his slumbers in the way we wished. For, before we had quite reached our destination, I, being in front, was considerably startled by a harsh grating noise, and then, not eight feet off me, slowly opened such a huge pair of jaws that I thought I could have walked into them without troubling to stoop! Back I jumped and Low, getting his carbine up, plugged in two shots one after the other. Then (humiliating confession!) we turned and bolted for our lives. Low tumbled full length in the

slippery mud and I nearly went head over heels on top of him. A wounded alligator is a nasty beast and can travel much faster than a man over the slimy mud of a mangrove swamp.

Well, we got back to the skiff, and the situation struck me as so intensely funny that all I could do was to roar with laughter. Low, however—his face and mouth plastered with mud—did not see matters in quite the same light. When I had sufficiently recovered, we paddled up the shore in the direction of the rocks and there, about ten or fifteen yards from the water, lay our friend. We threw sticks and stones at him and found him to be as dead as mutton. Both shots had penetrated the soft skin under the shoulder, and probably the second was unnecessary.

The next question was how to transport him across the lagoon, and a tedious job it proved. We had to tow him across, scraping on the bottom the whole way. Arrived at the other side we hoisted him into the skiff, and with head sticking out of one end and tail out of the other and barely two inches of freeboard, he was towed triumphantly back to Port Royal. A good breeze had sprung up and we went back on a "soldier's wind."

Our friend measured twelve feet four inches from snout to end of tail and was the biggest alligator ever brought into Port Royal in our time. His skin now adorns Low's quarters, but the stampede through the swamp is still rather a sore subject with that officer.

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LECTURES TO YOUNG SOLDIERS:

BY THE LATE SERGEANT-MAJOR A. W. MARSHALL, 1ST D.W. REGT.

Lecture 1st—PART II.

Now for a few words about the distinguished regiment you have been so fortunate as to join. From the time the 33rd Regiment was raised—now nearly 200 years ago—it has always been considered as distinguished as any corps in the service. It had little or no rest from active employment during the first 165 years of its existence, and, probably, most of you know how severely it has suffered from time to time, and with what gallantry it has behaved in the most dangerous enterprises, and under the most trying circumstances.

Our late Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, commenced his military career in the old 33rd, while it has been commanded by some of the most distinguished officers the service has ever known. Two of the names will doubtless be familiar to most of you. They are the Marquis Cornwallis and the Duke of Wellington. We have been privileged to call ourselves the Duke of Wellington's Regiment since the 2nd June, 1853, and the present Duke is at this moment Colonel of our 3rd Battalion. It is a regiment that has assisted in the maintenance of British honour in every quarter of the globe, and has nobly borne its part in England's greatest battles. The records of the regiment show you that wherever it has been stationed, whether in peace or war, its behaviour has called forth the warmest praise from the general officers under whom it has served. Not less conspicuous than its good behaviour, has been its reputation for cleanliness and smartness at all times.

Now, I hope that every one of you will, by your conduct and bearing, whether on or off duty, maintain this high character and good name of the battalion.

A great number of you are Yorkshire lads, and you are in a regiment that was raised in your own county, and which is essentially a Yorkshire regiment. The name of one of your county-men—Ensign Greenwood—occurs to me at this moment, as having shewn conspicuous gallantry at the battle of the Alma, where he was severely wounded while carrying the colours. A fearful day that was for those whose duty it was to escort the colours, for there were no less than 19 reliefs killed or wounded under them!

Now, let each one here keep before him this glorious record of the past, and spare no pains for its maintenance in the future. It may interest you to know a few of the names, in addition to the 33rd, by which the regiment has been known.

The earliest on record is that of "Wade's Regiment" (1707). In 1758 it was "Hayes' Regiment." The term "Havercake Lads" has been associated with the 33rd almost from its raising in 1702. In latter years it has been called the "Halifax Regiment," the "1st Yorkshire West Riding Regiment," the "Duke of Wellington's Regiment," the "West Riding Regiment," etc.

Now for a few words on your behaviour in the barrack-room. Firstly, avoid the use of bad language, which is always a strong bar to promotion. Secondly, stick to the truth at all times. If you commit an offence do not attempt to screen yourself with a lie; for how do you suppose that your C.O., with 20 or 30 years' experience, is going to be imposed upon by a lot of novices of 20 or 30 months' service? Thirdly, it should be the ambition of every soldier to have his room spoken of as the cleanest in his company. Remember that "many hands make light work." The "orderly man," with whom you are all acquainted, has plenty to do, and I should like to impress upon you that his task will be made much easier if each of you make a point of keeping your own berth clean and tidy.

(To be continued).

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THE REGIMENTAL MONKEY.

There is an old saying anent anything especially amusing "that it is as funny as a box of monkeys," and, judging by the specimen of the simian race who (for we must "who" and not "which" one so nearly allied to our own species), resides at the "cook-house door, boys," one can well understand the origin of this expression. "She" is a weird, wrinkled-faced, dried up little creature, with a countenance like a last year's russet apple picked out with a pair of bright restless eyes, which reflect an active brain continually hatching fresh plots against the peace of mind of the barrack dogs and "law and order" generally. "Orderly room" hour delights her ladyship so greatly as the knowledge that she is being watched—from a distance—by an admiring circle. Her favourite trick is to swing from the boughs of the stunted trees, which drag out a miserable existence hard by the cook-house, and endeavour to attract the attention of the dogs; then she will swoop down from this commanding position, cuff their heads, and be back again safe among the branches long before the bewildered canines have a chance of retaliating. The Quarter-Master's office forms another happy hunting ground, his papers evidently affording her the highest amusement; and the convenient proximity of a safe retreat no doubt enhances the delights experienced by her, when the orderly piles of blue, yellow, and white have been reduced to the semblance of the contents of a waste-paper basket. At present the satisfying of an inordinate appetite for food and mischief appears to be her chief business in life, but, doubtless in the near future some useful office (such as removing the prisoners' caps before entering the Orderly room, a feat in which she is especially skilled), may be allotted to her and—*an efficient.*

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MY NATIVE TWANG.

FROM HARTLEY'S "YORKSHIRE DITTIES."

They tell me aw'm a vulgar chap,
 And owt to goa to th' schooil
 To leearn to talk like other fowk,
 An' net be sich a fool;
 But aw've a noashun, do you see,
 Although it may be wrang,
 The sweetest music is to me,
 Mi own, mi native twang.

An' when away throo all mi friends,
 I' other taans aw rooam,
 Aw find ther's nowt con mak amends
 For what aw've left at hooam ;
 But as aw hurry throo ther streets
 Noa matter tho aw'm thrang,
 Ha welcome if mi ear but greets
 Mi own, mi native twang.

Why some despise it, aw can't tell,
 It's plain to understand ;
 An' sure aw am it saands as weel,
 Tho' happen net soa grand.
 Tell fowk they're courtin', they're enraged,
 They call that vulgar slang ;
 But if aw tell 'em they're engaged,
 That's net mi native twang.

Mi father, tho' he may be poor,
 Aw'm net ashamed o' him ;
 Aw love mi mother tho' shoo's decaf,
 An' tho' her een are dim ;
 Aw love th' owd taan ; aw love to walk
 Its crucken'd streets amang ;
 For thear it is aw hear fooak tawk
 Mi own, mi native twang.

Aw like to hear hard-workin' fowk
 Say boldly what they meean ;
 For tho' ther hands are smeared wi' muck,
 Maybe ther hearts are cleean.
 An' them 'at country fowk despise,
 Aw say, " Why, let 'em hang ; "
 They'll niver rob mi sympathies
 Throo thee, mi native twang.

Aw like to see grand ladies,
 When they're donn'd i' silks soa fine ;
 Aw like to see ther dazmlin' e'en
 Throo th' carriage winders shine :
 Mi mother wor a woman,
 An' tho' it may be wrang,
 Aw love 'em all, but mooastly them
 'At tawk mi native twang.

Aw wish gooid luck to ivery one ;
 Gooid luck to them 'ats brass ;
 Gooid luck an' better times to come
 To them 'ats poor—alas !
 An' may health, wealth, an' sweet content
 For iver dwell amang
 True, honest-hearted, Yorkshire fowk,
 'At tawk mi native twang.

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GIFT TO THE CORPORALS' MESS.

The President of the Corporals' Mess has just received a capital photograph of our brother Corporals in the 2nd Battalion, taken with the two Colours at Maritzburg. Amongst them are many faces well known to us, and their kind thought is much appreciated. Enclosed was the following letter :—

"Bangalore, India, 12th January, 1898.

Dear Sir,

I have been requested by the members of our Mess to forward you a copy of the photo we had taken just before leaving Maritzburg. I am sorry that there are a few absentees who were on duty and in hospital. We have not sent it mounted as we were afraid of it getting broken. Hoping you will accept the same and find a corner in your Corporals' room, and wishing you all every success wherever you may go.

I remain (on behalf of the Corporals of the 2nd Duke's),
 Yours sincerely,
 C. BUCKLEY, Lce.-Sergeant."

OFFICERS' BALL.

(FEB. 10TH, 1898).

The following is an extract from *The Daily Malta Chronicle* of Feb. 15th:—

"On Thursday evening the Duke of Wellington's Regiment gave a truly regal entertainment. The dance had originally been intended to take place at the Union Club, but the idea was changed and the guests—at least—had no reason to grumble at the change. The mess-house at Floriana was entirely transmogrified. The court-yard had been entirely covered in and boarded over with a beautiful floor, another room (I must be excused from saying which, for it was impossible under the changed aspect of affairs to keep account of one's geography), also with a wooden floor, was devoted to dancing. Refreshments were served in the billiard-room, and the sitting out rooms were bewildering in their numbers, refreshingly cool and romantically mysterious. The supper-rooms also, when the time came, seemed to be equally numerous, and filled, though not crowded, with small tables at which an excellent ball supper was served; I counted, I think, seven rooms thus pleasingly dedicated, but before I left I found there were at least fourteen. A guard of honour, with band, was posted on the granaries to receive His Excellency the Governor, who had arrived with great punctuality. It was generally regretted that Lady Fremantle was not able to be present. Between four and five hundred guests were present, yet never, after the dancing had fairly begun, was any part of the mess establishment unduly crowded.

I had almost forgotten to say that the whole place was most brilliantly illuminated with the electric light, the wires being ingeniously transformed into most picturesque botanical creepers.

It was long after four o'clock in the morning before the last of the guests had left, and all pronounced it to be quite the most lovely ball that had been given in Malta for years. No thanks can be too great for the gallant warriors who took so much trouble for our entertainment. When I say that the whole of the officers turned out for several days, not only out of the mess, but also out of their own private quarters, I have said enough.

Not for many years will the beautiful ball of the 33rd Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment be forgotten in Malta."

THE KENT HOPPER.

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A TRIP TO CAIRO.

Our pulses quickened and the blood ran faster through our veins as we stood on the deck of the *China* and watched the quickly receding cliffs of Malta. For had we not got three weeks' leave, and were we not bound for the most romantic country in the world, the land of the Pharaohs, of the plagues, of the pyramids and the Sphinx, the land of Egypt? Were we not about to visit scenes familiar in imagination from childhood, though not as yet seen in the substance? Moreover, we were going at a time of greatest interest, when the eyes of every Englishman were turned on that country, to which our soldiers were being sent in feverish haste lest the Dervishes should make a dash and break the line of communications so carefully prepared during the last few months.

In twenty-four hours our good ship brought us to Brindisi, where we were to be joined by the travellers who had come overland by train. We had been led to expect by the telegrams that amongst these passengers we should see the General and his staff, and some of the "special service" officers who had been so hastily gathered together and despatched to Egypt. We did not see the General, but we saw many

old friends and among them some officers of the Seaforth Highlanders, who had so recently been quartered with us. They were hurrying from leave to rejoin their battalion at Cairo, and were in hopes of seeing service at the front.

On the morning of the third day after leaving Brindisi we arrived at Port Said. The town seemed much improved since we saw it nine years ago. Here we had to wait till the afternoon to catch a train to Cairo. The little railway, which is little more than a tram line, carried us along the Suez Canal to Ismailia, where we had to change. On the way we passed the *China*, steaming slowly through the Canal: much excitement and waving of handkerchiefs. We did not reach Ismailia before dark. When the train moved in, it was as though all the black men in creation had suddenly made an onslaught on us: every article we possessed was seized and borne heaven knows whither! We endeavoured to find out, a feat impossible in the darkness, so we put our trust in Providence and seated ourselves at the table in the refreshment room in the hopes of getting our evening meal. Discussion of that repast made us doubtful of the claims of Egypt to be a "land of corn and wine." In the darkness we collected such of our luggage as we could, and amidst cries of "backsheesh," "backsheesh," the train glided off, bound at last for Cairo without a change. We had often wondered why tourists should carry about reading-lamps, but we soon discovered the reason, for we had not been many minutes on the way before the light in our carriage went out, and we were left, like Moses, in the dark, until we reached Cairo in three hours' time. Here again we were attacked by the countless hordes of black men, who again carried off our belongings into the unknown. The interpreter of our hotel assured us that this was merely a national custom, and that we need not trouble, for on arrival at the hotel we should find our things awaiting us. So we were driven through the gaily lighted streets till we stopped at the door of Shepherd's Hotel. We were much interested to see this famous hostelry, for it was here in the days before the Suez Canal that the outward and homeward bound passengers for India used to meet, the former young and full of hope for a prosperous career in the gorgeous east, the latter returning at last to end their days at home in the enjoyment of such pleasures as a disorganised liver and a wrecked constitution would allow. We imagined there must have been great improvements made in the hotel since those days, for its appointments and general appearance would have led us to believe we were in one of the capitals of Europe instead of an oriental city.

We refreshed ourselves at a gorgeous American bar, after which to bed and sleep, amidst visions of sultans and caliphs and pashas, harems and yashmaks, mingled with shouts of "Baksheesh!" "Baksheesh!" which appeared to be the national watchword.

Two days after arrival we were awakened by the familiar drone of the bagpipes and the tramp, tramp, tramp, which betokens the approach of soldiers. On throwing open the windows we saw the well-known form of Col. Murray, followed by his magnificent battalion of Seaforth Highlanders marching through the street, being "played in" by the Cameron Highlanders. It seemed strange to see the Seaforths again so soon, for only a few days back we had watched them marching out from Malta.

The same evening we went to the Railway Station to view the departure of the Camerons for the front. We had previously seen them marching through the streets, and a fine appearance they presented. If we were Dervishes we do not think we should care to meet them, except as friends. On arrival at the station we found them all seated in the train that was to take them right through to the first cataract at Assouan, a hitherto unaccomplished feat, as the railway had not yet been opened so far up the Nile. From this point they were to be taken in steamers to the second cataract at Wady Halfa, and thence by the Sirdar's new railway to the rail-head beyond Abu Hamed. Watching the departure of comrades for the seat of war is an impressive and moving sight. In this case it was no ordinary spectacle. A great many of the rank, beauty, and fashion who visit Cairo at this season of the

year were there to wish their friends god-speed, and we may be sure they did not omit to don their best frocks.

Shall we describe our visits to the mosques and tombs, the pyramids and all the other sights? We think not. We will spare the feelings of our friends from such an outrage, merely expressing a hope that when they in their turn shall go to see these marvellous sights they may be less bored than we were. We would have liked to give an account of our visit to the bazaars of Cairo. We endeavoured to make this visit, but after going a hundred yards along the Mousky, or main street, the smell that greeted us was so overpowering and terrible that we beat a hasty and undignified retreat. We remembered that we had sufficient odours of all kinds at Malta, and decided that we had not come to Egypt for a further sample.

For our first week in Cairo we were buoyed up by the constant hope that our battalion would receive orders to move from Malta to Egypt, and that we should be on the spot to welcome them on arrival, but it gradually dawned on us that such was not to be the case, for the Dervishes, doubtless hearing of the despatch of British troops to the front, were drawing in their horns. Another cruel disappointment was in store for us. For a little thoroughbred mare of Capt. Houghton's that had been brought out all the way from England to Egypt, and on the victory of which we had hoped to pay the expenses of our trip, failed to win on either of the two days' racing at Cairo. She had Capt. Godfrey, our regimental jockey, to ride her, but she had suffered from the bad weather on the voyage out, and went lame.

After the races, our leave, which had been extended a week, was practically at an end. We took train to Alexandria, and set forth on the Moss Line, S.S. *Rameses*, back for Malta, with heavy heart and lightened purse.

—:o:—

PIPE PUFFS.

Facetious sergeant (to Tommy, who wanted to take his rifle with him when he went to get his refreshment from the canteen cart on a field day): "Never mind your gun, you can get your *pop* without that!"

* * *

The new pier about to be constructed at Dover, promises to be a very extensive work. The scheme is no new one, having been originally propounded in 1844. Much public money has been expended from time to time by the War Office on the defences of Dover—works designed for the protection of the harbour. But the making of the harbour itself was altogether forgotten! It was in vain that the Duke of Wellington laconically remarked: "The fortifications of Dover would be, no doubt, very useful if the enemy came in that way; but I don't think he would. They might also be very useful if he went out that way; but I don't think he would!"

* * *

C.O. (to witness): "Was the prisoner drunk?" Witness: "Well, sir, he had had some beer, but—" C.O. (testily): "Was he *drunk* or *sober*?" Witness (after due deliberation): "He was *regimentally* drunk, sir."

* * *

A conundrum which has often puzzled me was solved the other night by my friend the sentry. Seeing a huge boulder of rock in his sentry-box, I asked him what it was there for. After cogitating a moment or two, he replied: Well, sir, I can't exactly say. It don't look as if it would be of much use for keeping the thing up; looks as if it was meant *for me to sit down on.*" Possibly his solution is shared by other sentries.

A certain officer once did a winter sketch and sent it in under heading (3), viz., "Rough, useful sketch." To his infinite disgust it was shortly afterwards returned to him from the Brigade Office with the following remark on the outside: "Rough, yes; useful, no!"

* * *

It was a bitterly cold day on the rifle ranges, and a party of recruits were being "put through" their course. Pte. Jones, loq. "I wish the bloomin' chap what 'listed me was at the butts; guess I'd make a centre."

* * *

On being asked by the C.O. what he had to say in answer to a charge of "making an improper reply to a N.C.O.," the malefactor replied: "Well, sir, I'm sure as I never meant anything disrespect'ful. We often calls the sergeants fools—just for a bit of fun like."

* * *

Company lecture on "Theoretical Principles of Musketry." Sergt.-Instr. loq: "Now I want you to get this thoroughly into your heads. The "first catch" is where the bullet strikes a mounted man on foot—you understand?"

* * *

The Mountain Battery, R.A., who have recently been in Crete, are a gigantic lot of men. Their boast (mind, I don't vouch for the truth of it) is that there are two of them who can shake hands with comparative ease over the top of the sentry-box!

* * *

After a big night: at breakfast the next morning. Mr. Brown: "Waiter, has Mr. Smith had his breakfast yet?" "No, sir, but he sent down for an orange."

* * *

Soon after our sergeants' dance at the Valletta gymnasium on New Year's eve, an advertisement appeared in one of the local papers to the effect that a gold ring, bearing on it the signs of the Zodiac, had been lost. But *was* it lost? I wonder! Is it not more than probable that some stalwart warrior, flushed with the excitement, the heat, the gay scene, and good cheer, bestowed it on his blushing partner in the dance, with many loving protestations? The mystery remains unsolved.

* * *

Officer in charge of company before dismissing his men after a long morning's outing: "Shoulder hips. Now you marched very well this morning, men; in fact you did *the last hour in sixty-four minutes.*" N.B.—What he intended to say was "the last *four miles* in sixty-four minutes."

* * *

When his eggs and bacon were brought round to the Main Valletta Guardroom, the commander thereof was performing his ablutions. These finished, he went into the adjoining room to attack his breakfast; but found to his dismay that it had nearly got cold. So he shouted for the bugler and told that youth to take his breakfast down to the guardroom and heat it. The bugler complied with that cheerful alacrity which it is so refreshing to see in soldiers obeying their orders. In about ten minutes' time the peckish sub shouted out to know if his breakfast was ready. Nor did it improve his frame of mind when the bugler arrived, panting and with yellow streaks round his mouth, and informed him that there was no breakfast! "How's that?" exclaimed the sub, "I sent you down to warm it for me." "Beg pardon, sir, you told me to *heat* it, and I *'ave.*" Then the fifes and drums struck up the Regimental March.

During the recent manœuvres here, Q Company's share in the day's work seemed to consist in being marched up one road and down another. The captain of Q Company, who was a keen, practical soldier, expressed his opinion that the whole show was "Tommy Rot." Seeing an Intelligence officer coming along on a bike, he thought he would test that worthy's topographical knowledge. So he stopped him and asked if he knew in which direction the village of Tomasso Rottini lay. I.O. (promptly), "Yes, first to the right after passing through Tarscien." He (the I.O.) was afterwards discovered behind a wall looking for the place on the map! His friends now call him "General Tomasso."

*

*

*

Geographical question asked in a recent examination for 1st class certificate of education:—Q.: "Where is Malta situated?" A.: "In the tropic of Capricorn (the goat)."

—:O:—

REGIMENTAL NEWS, ETC.

Extracts from the *London Gazette*:—

November 23rd, 1897.—The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment—General Hugh Rowlands, V.C., C.B., to be Colonel, *vice* Lieut.-General and Hon. General G. Erskine deceased. Dated 8th October, 1897.

November 30th, 1897.—The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment—Lieut. R. F. Gatehouse, from 5th Rifle Brigade (The Prince Consort's Own), to be 2nd Lieutenant, *vice* R. N. Bray promoted.

Embarkations.—On December 1st, 1897, the following N.C.O.'s and men embarked for England in the hired transport s.s. *Dilwara*—2482 Col.-Sergt. A. Thompson, C Coy.; 3397 Sergt. W. Liddemore, H Coy.; 3985 Sergt. W. Knowles, C Coy.; 4428 Pte. F. Welch, B Coy.; 3644 Pte. J. Hedger, B Coy.; 5157 Pte. T. Reilly, E Coy.; 3032 Drummer J. Wilson, G Coy. On January 26th, 1898, the following officer, N.C.O.'s, and men embarked for England in the hired transport s.s. *Avoca*—Lieut. R. W. Fanshawe. *For Transfer to the Army Reserve*—2604 Sergt. C. Jones, C Coy.; 2857 Sergt. H. Evans, B Coy.; 2858 Pte. F. Shackleton, D Coy.; 2696 Pte. J. Naylor, D Coy.; 2726 Pte. F. Mardon, D Coy.; 2722 Pte. A. Holt, D Coy.; 2759 Pte. E. Dove, D Coy.; 2387 Pte. S. Burgess, E Coy.; 2790 Pte. G. Clarke, E Coy.; 2692 Pte. C. Hayller, E Coy.; 2633 Pte. J. Naylor, E Coy.; 2807 Pte. T. Brennan, G Coy.; 2746 Pte. A. Ersser, G Coy.; 2806 Pte. W. Thorpe, H Coy.; 2850 Pte. J. Longley, H Coy. *For Transfer to the Regimental Depot*—4444 Corpl. J. Morris, D Coy.; 4539 Corpl. F. Webster, G Coy.; 4579 Corpl. F. Lord, F Coy. *For Transfer to Provisional Battalion*—2855 Corpl. F. Waller, D Coy.; 3032 Drummer J. Wilson, G Coy. On February 14th, 1898, a draft of 4 corporals and 162 men left us for the 2nd Battalion in India, on board the hired transport s.s. *Nubia*. We were all sorry to lose them, but wish them good luck and a safe return to their native land, and in some cases, we hope, to the 33rd. May they all do their best to uphold the traditions of the old regiment, and remember that although "76" is substituted for "33," they are still the "Duke's!"

Field Firing.—Field Firing was carried out, by double companies, on the Pembroke Ranges, on November 18th, 1897.

Manœuvres.—The manœuvres took place from December 13th–18th, 1897. Malta is not a good place for manœuvring purposes. To begin with it was impossible, owing to the crops, to hire a camping ground. So every regiment had to march out of, and back to barracks daily. The attacking force, which co-operated with the fleet—represented by a battleship and two gunboats—consisted of the Rifle Brigade, Seaforth Highlanders, and Suffolk Regiment; the defending force being composed of the H.L.L., the Border Regiment, Dorset Regiment, and ourselves. The R.A. and R.E. were distributed between the two forces. It would be impossible to make manœuvres here interesting, as troops are confined to the roads the whole time. There are no rolling downs whereon to display tactical abilities; but there is very often a bit of excitement caused by one body of troops—R.A., with guns, for choice—endeavouring to pass a regiment that has halted on a narrow road, or in a village. It is really an excellent example of street fighting, and gives one a splendid thirst for coffee-shop.

Certificates of Education.—1960 Col.-Sergt. R. Waller, B Coy., and 3985 Sergt. W. Knowles, A Coy., obtained first-class certificates of education at the examination held on October 26th last. The

following passed in Group I.—3965 Sergt. W. Johnson, C Coy.; 4625 Pte. A. Tippet, B Coy.; 5334 Pte. S. Leighton, D Coy.

Musketry.—It is notified for information that letter "H" Company is the best shooting company in the battalion. The sergeants of this company will therefore wear the prescribed badge. The above appeared in Battalion Orders on the 30th December, 1897, and we have much pleasure in congratulating the company in question. We should like to remind them, however, that all the other companies have determined to try to win this year, and H will have to work hard if they wish to retain the "prescribed badge."

Signalling Prizes.—The following are awarded signalling prizes of 15/- each:—Lce.-Corpl. S. Martin, H Coy.; Pte. T. Brennan, G Coy.; Pte. W. Clough, G Coy.; Pte. J. Eycott, H Coy.; Pte. F. Sweetser, D Coy.; Pte. F. Ward, E Coy.

Trooping the Colour.—The Battalion performed the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on the Palace Square, under Major L. E. B. Booth, on January 6th, before a large and distinguished audience.

Invalids.—The following have been invalided home:—4143 Pte. B. Magee, C Coy.; 2797 Pte. J. Cunningham, E Coy.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following Promotions and Appointments in the Battalion:—

To be Colour-Sergeants—

3154 Sergt. J. Lloyd, D Coy. 2873 Sergt. G. Lister, E Coy. 2441 Sergt. M. Cassidy, H Coy.

To be Sergeants—

3958 Lce.-Sergt. (Pd.) H. Turner, E Coy. 3580 Lce.-Sergt. (Pd.) J. Moore, C Coy.
3879 Lce.-Sergt. (Unpd.) W. Allen, H Coy.

To be Lance-Sergeants (Paid)—

4148 Lce.-Sergt. (Unpd.) C. Dimpleby, H Coy. 4216 Lce.-Sergt. (Unpd.) R. Sly, F Coy.

To be Lance-Sergeants (Unpaid)—

2712 Corpl. A. Davidson, E Coy. 4133 Corpl. J. Taylor, C Coy. 4035 Corpl. J. Heaney, B Coy.

To be Corporals—

4721 Lce.-Corpl. T. Waldock, F Coy. 5026 Lce.-Corpl. J. Dale, E Coy.
4417 " W. Drewery, C Coy. 4661 " B. Hill, G Coy.
4665 " E. Stephenson, B Coy. 4549 " S. Martin, H Coy.
4669 " J. Styles, F Coy. 3203 " F. McGovern, C Coy.

To be Lance-Corporals (Paid)—

4626 Lce.-Corpl. (Unpd.) B Grayling, B Coy. 5012 Lce.-Corpl. (Unpd.) A. Partridge, C Coy.
4385 " P. Boyle, F Coy. 5327 " T. Glover, A Coy.
4395 " H. Winter, G Coy. 4640 " H. Rodgers, D Coy.
4280 " J. McGowan, C Coy. 5109 " J. Parker, D Coy.
3292 " J. Medley, H Coy. 5234 " R. Johnson, A Coy.

To be Lce.-Corporals (unpaid)—

4525 Pte. A. Brown, F Coy. 4754 Pte. H. Heap, G Coy. 4451 Pte. D. Yules, H Coy.
4354 " C. Ireland, G Coy. 4309 " W. Goulden, C Coy. 4505 " G. Johnson, E Coy.
4819 " W. Austin, F Coy. 3220 " B. Booker, H Coy. 4508 " G. Graham, E Coy.

Good Conduct Pay:—

At 2d.

3176 Pte. W. Roberts, H Coy. 3180 Pte. F. Matthews, A Coy. 3178 Pte. F. Barton, H Coy.
3230 " A. Wright, H Coy. 3072 " J. Oman, D Coy.

At id.

5066 Pte. A. Hicks,	A Coy.	5104 Pte. C. Andrews,	C Coy.	5116 Pte. W. Collins,	E Coy.
5077 " E. White,	"	4824 " G. Cleaver,	"	5112 " J. Nevard,	"
5139 Boy E. English,	"	4834 " G. Randall,	"	5113 " W. Standing,	"
5075 Pte. J. Jackson,	"	4829 " C. Turner,	"	5119 " G. Cripps,	"
5084 " W. Andrews,	"	4830 " T. Weedon,	"	4487 " J. Summersgill,	"
5078 " B. Baker,	"	4828 " J. Stevens,	"	5120 " W. Standfield,	"
4835 " R. Threakall,	"	4825 " A. Fletcher,	"	5074 " J. McLelland,	F Coy.
4405 " J. Hannon,	B Coy.	4831 " G. Dodge,	"	5128 " W. Pentlow,	"
5092 " F. Smith,	"	5071 " A. Reeves,	D Coy.	5124 " W. Fletcher,	"
5093 " E. Skitteral,	"	4450 " W. Phillips,	"	5132 " A. Smallwood,	"
5094 " W. Green,	"	4838 " E. Joslin,	"	5130 " G. Smith,	"
5095 " A. Simpson,	"	5738 Boy E. Abrams,	"	4412 " J. Bottomley,	"
5097 " T. Emmitt,	"	4839 Pte. A. Longhurst,	"	5136 " G. Bailey,	G Coy.
5101 " H. Brown,	"	4840 " J. Matson,	"	5157 " C. Reynolds,	"
5102 " J. Meehan,	"	5106 " R. Palmer,	"	5150 " E. Cole,	"
3788 " H. Padgett (rstd.),	"	5109 " J. Parker,	"	5140 " J. Boyles,	"
5068 " F. Tanner,	C Coy.	4831 " G. Grief,	"	5144 " M. Gaff,	"
4592 " G. Gutteridge,	"	4343 " R. Mullinger,	"	5142 " J. Wilkinson,	"
4315 " E. Jeakins,	"	5005 " G. Muir,	E Coy.	5146 Lc.-Cpl. H. Crawford,	"
5087 " C. Drew,	"	4917 " J. McAvan,	"	4965 Pte. A. Laurence,	H Coy.
5103 " T. Sutcliffe,	"	5115 " M. Sabine,	"	4833 " G. Cant,	"

Stretcher Bearers.—The following have undergone a course of instruction at the Station Hospital as Stretcher-bearers:—

3520 Sgt. J. Cadman	A Coy.	4838 Pte. E. Joslin	D Coy.	5130 Pte. G. Smith	F Coy.
4820 Pte. R. Beard	"	4835 " A. Threakall	"	4530 " J. Vott	G Coy.
4552 " C. Parker	"	4711 " J. Pryor	E Coy.	4716 " J. Woodey	"
4096 " H. Brown	B Coy.	5027 " H. Bird	"	3916 " H. Duell	H Coy.
4630 " L. Daniels	C Coy.	4603 " W. Kelly	F Coy.	4540 " R. Fishburn	"
4829 " C. Turner	"				

* * *

A.T.A.—The members of the Army Temperance Association had a tea in Florian Barracks on Christmas evening, at which 240 were present; after which a concert took place, followed by the presentation by the Vice-President, Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. Seaman, of the following medals:—Three 3 years; one 2 years; twelve one year; and three 6 months. At the close of the proceedings ten pledges were taken.

At a meeting held on January 20th, 1898, Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. Seaman, in bidding farewell to those going to India, impressed upon them the necessity of retaining the pledge of total abstinence, and he especially warned them against "country liquor.

—:O:—

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor,
Havercake Lad.

Sir,
The Royal Lancaster Regiment (and I believe many others) who have lately left us, had an exceedingly nice hearty custom; one that would, I think, bear emulation. On the anniversary of any engagement the Regiment took part in, their colors were placed outside the Quarter-Guard and the date of the engagement in the centre. A holiday was always granted and men came up smiling and saluted the colors as they should. One result at any rate I can speak of, viz:—Every man knew what battles were inscribed on the colors. I should like to wager that not one in fifty *should* knew them better than the manual exercise.

Yours obediently

DEPARTED COMRADES.

NOTICES.

We beg to remind those of our readers who are at a distance, and those who were original subscribers, that their annual subscription is now due.

The *Havercake Lad* is published quarterly, price 3d. Annual subscription (including postage) 1/4. The dates on which the paper is published are approximately these:—March 15th, June 15th, September 15th, and December 15th. As the paper is printed in England, much time is necessarily taken up in the voyage both ways. All copy is sent to the printer on the 10th of the month previous to that in which the paper comes out; all correspondence, therefore, for that particular edition should reach the Editor at least three days before the above date.

Copies may be had from, and all communications should be addressed to:—

The Editor of the *Havercake Lad*,
Floriana Pavilion, Malta.

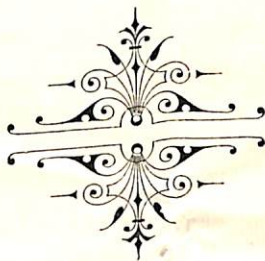
A certain number of copies are always to be had from the Regimental Canteen (Mr. J. Dowd, Steward).

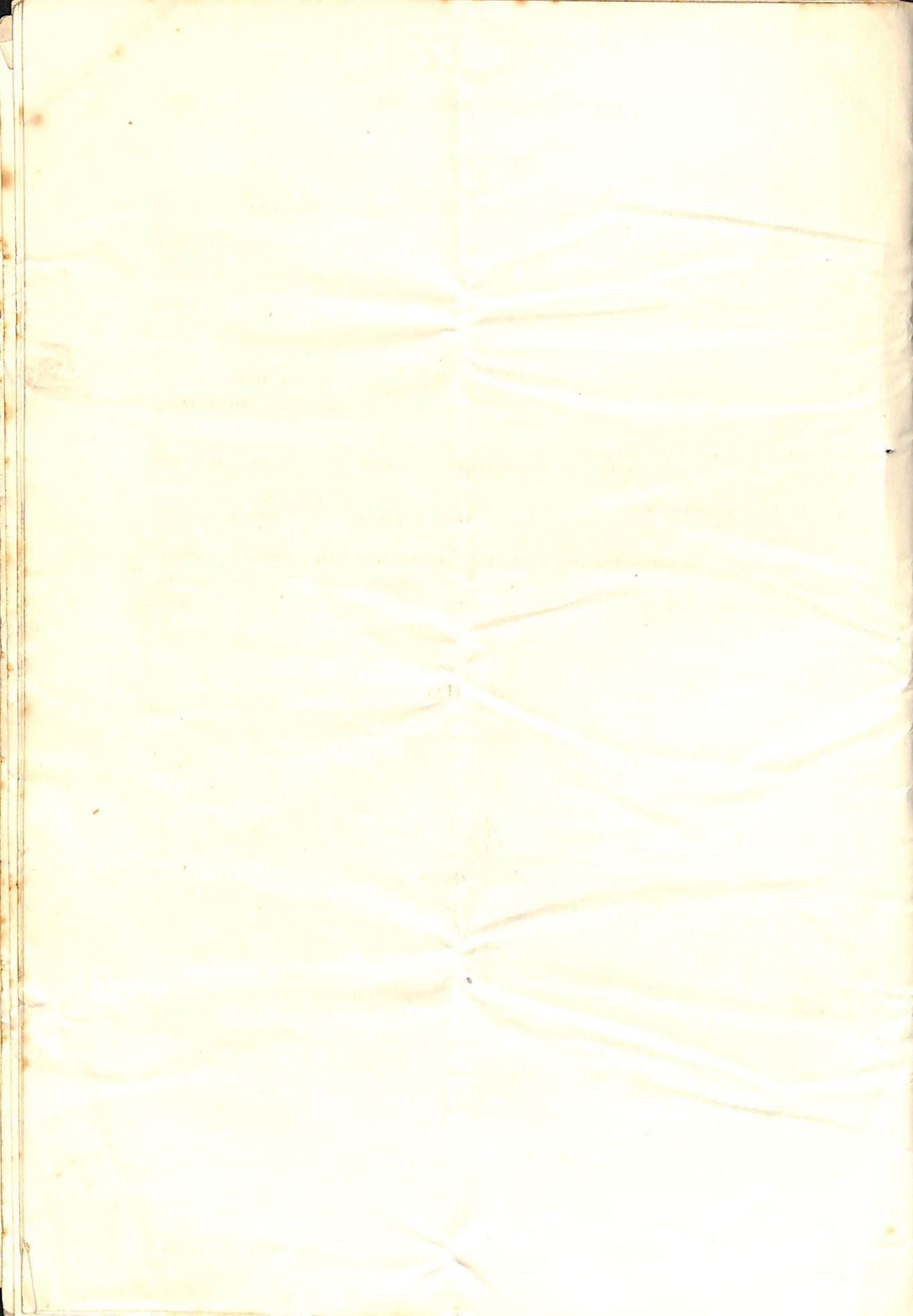
All correspondence intended for publication should be legibly written in ink and on one side of the paper only. It is preferable to use foolscap and to leave a margin. Names of places and proper names should be written in block type.

We beg to remind our regimental readers that the box outside the orderly room on which (box) is painted "correspondence for the regimental paper" is not a pillar box; for a good many letters dropped in by mistake have been found therein.

Correspondents and subscribers are requested to inform the Editor of any change in their address.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—*Man of the World* (weekly), *A.S.C. Journal* (monthly), *Sprig of Shillelagh*.





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