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"A LITTLE CHILD IS DEAD."

[See next page.]

PICTURES OF SLUM LIFE AND WORK.

BY "NORTHUMBRIA."

NO. I.—A SLUM FUNERAL.

A LITTLE side street in the slummiest part of Old Newcastle; a rough place enough, with crazy buildings and tumbling-down walls, that tell very sadly of the wretched poverty of many of the folk who live there. Strangely hushed, however, this afternoon, is Meeting House Lane; quiet in the Sabbath calm, which seems to blend with the sunlight and hallow the place; quiet, too, in the deeper hush of death. A little child is dead; it lies in its coffin in that room up there, and round its little unconscious form all this subdued feeling of awe has gathered.

Yes, their little dead child will preach a more powerful sermon this afternoon than the Salvation Army—officers and soldiers of which are now forming a ring for their open-air meeting close at hand. For the mother of the child has requested the Slum officers to bury it (they play many parts, these Slum sisters); and as the family haven't many friends, "perhaps some of the brothers would carry the coffin to the cemetery"; all of which is, of course, readily conceded, for we

EXIST TO HELP THE POOR

and to heal the broken-hearted.

Before the little funeral procession starts, however, a meeting is to be held round the remains in the street. Listen! they are singing; and now someone prays, prays that the death of the child may lead to the salvation of souls, and that the parents may have the comfort of God in their sore affliction. Now rises the refrain:—

"We shall walk through the valley and the shadow of death,
We shall walk through the valley in peace,
For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader,
When we walk through the valley in peace."

Sweetly and pathetically, the hymn rises to the open windows, falling on eager ears and sinful hearts, penetrates the chamber of death, where the father sits brooding over the fire, and the mother is being consoled by a few neighbours, for the hand of Death opens human hearts and draws forth human sympathies, and nowhere is this more marked than amongst the very poor. Exquisitely refined and lovely is the little waxen face in the still open coffin; but the child hears not the singing, she has gone through that dim valley, borne in her Saviour's arms.

Before the coffin-lid is screwed down, the mother has one request to make. "Let me have," she says, "just a little snip of her hair!"—the fair hair that lies so gently on the white forehead. Someone tries to dissuade her. "Yes, yes," she says, "I must have a bit of her hair." So

THE SCISSORS ARE BROUGHT,

and a tiny golden lock cut off. The mother takes it, she will treasure it carefully, often look at it, often think of this day, and of her little one that lies in the grave. Poor mother! Blessed child! The coffin with its precious freight is carefully carried downstairs, and placed on two chairs. Two or three little wreaths send forth a sweet odour. The people crowd round, respectful, curious. Someone speaks to them. He does not lament for the child. It is with God. Well says he that "It knows more than all the philosophers; it is out of the reach of sin and sorrow. But the lessons of death are for the living." He urges the duties of parents to their children, and our duty towards that God Whom we must some day meet.

Then the grand old hymn, "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine," is sung; prayer offered, and the humble procession starts. The little coffin is borne by four Slum soldiers, officers and others accompanying, with the mother of the child. The folk crowd to the doors as we ascend the street, and many are the kindly and sympathetic comments that reach our ears. The children swarm after us, some of them going all the way. We are inclined to vote this a nuisance. The Captain, however, looks at it in another light. "They will get a breath of fresh air," she says; "it will be a change for them."

We proceed on our way through aristocratic Jesmond, wondering what the people think as they see our humble procession. They, too, must come as low as this child some day; be carried through the same streets, lie in the same cemetery. For

"Sceptre and crown must tumble down,
And in the grave be equal made with the poor crooked scythe and spade."

We enter the cemetery, and, preceded by an official, walk slowly to the allotted place, singing softly as we go. Many people follow to witness the burial. Around the grave a striking scene is presented. The dark, new-opened grave, with its mounds of damp earth; the mother of the child, with bowed form and haggard face, standing near the edge, closer than any to the little coffin, which holds the dust that is still so precious to her; the bright uniforms of the Salvationists; the people thronging round to see and hear. All this one notes. Then, as a setting to it all—grassy mounds and headstones, and flowers, trees dressed in the living green of spring, and showing in utter loveliness against the grey and blue of the sky; the warm sun illuminating all. A beautiful picture indeed, in

which life and death are marvellously blended—the joy and glory of the one, the silent pathos of the other.

The Captain reads the burial service amid silence and silent prayer, and as the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust" are pronounced, the sprinkled earth falls harshly on the coffin-lid. But it is not merely "dust to dust"; she reads on, "In the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Thank God! Thank God!

After the service is read and commented on, someone else speaks a few words, emphasising the levelling power of death, and urging that anyone there whose heart was enslaved by desire, "the lust of the flesh, the pride of life," should come and look into the little grave before them, and, learning the vanity of idols, turn to the living God. And truly an open grave breeds humble thoughts; it is a good place in which to cast our idols; it helps lead the soul to that consecrated place, that

"Land of no desire,
Where there is neither gloom nor midnight fire;"

where the heart turns wearily away from merely earthly things, and earthly hopes, to rest in God. Another chorus rises sweetly in the air, then the Captain prays and pronounces the benediction. The grave is speedily filled up, the wreaths laid on the top, and the little company disperses.

THE ARMY CAME TO CHICAGO.

Brigadier Fielding's report of the Army's work in Chicago for the year 1893 is a neat little book of twenty-four pages, nicely illustrated. From it we take the following figures representing this work of two Slum officers for a recent month:

Families visited and prayed with	227
Hours spent visiting	91
Persons given food	336
Persons nursed	27
Pieces of clothing given away	229
Hours spent working for poor	151
Loaves of bread given away	1,250
Meetings held	51
Souls saved	23
Hours spent visiting saloons with "War Crys"	53
Saloons visited	550
Saloons prayed in	43
People dealt with personally in saloons	753

For the year 1893, the statistics of all the Slum Work in the city read:

Souls saved	114
Families visited	3,250
Saloon, &c., visits made	5,461
Tenements prayed in	2,123
Persons dealt with on streets and in saloons	8,685
Meals given	10,318
Garments given	3,647
Sick cases nursed	219
Hours spent in visiting	1,932
Hours spent in street work and for poor and sick	2,390

In connection with a free bread effort made by the Chicago "Mail," our officers distributed over 60,000 loaves among the starving poor of the city.

In Chicago alone during the year our officers sold on the streets and in saloons 61,548 copies of the "War Cry," while the total number of "War Crys" sold was 199,050; 3,424 open-air meetings were held, by which the bystanders were brought to see, through song and personal testimony, the folly of sin and the way of salvation; 6,274 public indoor meetings were conducted, at which 1,733 souls professed conversion. The total number of meetings held was 9,698, and the total indoor attendance alone 720,685 persons. In addition to this public work, 32 officers spent 13,525 hours in visitation from house-to-house, visiting 12,921 homes and praying in 9,456 of these.

JESUS-WORK.

BY F. ADELAIDE CHAPIN (AUXILIARY NO. 3154),
NEW YORK.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."—*Luke iv. 18.*

They preach the Gospel to the poor

In every land and city;

They go to them with outstretched hands,
And hearts of love and pity.

They heal the broken-hearted ones,

And call them sister, brother;

They gently lead sin's erring sons,
Just like a tender mother.

To many captives bound in chains

They tell the love of Heaven;

The blind receive their sight because

They know they are forgiven.

Those that are bruised through sin and woe

Find liberty and healing;

Jesus has died to set them free—

Their pardon He is sealing.

The lowly Jesus did this work,

With Heavenly completeness;

Oh! can such glorious things be done

By men in earthly weakness?

His people, the Salvationists,

In humble walks abiding,

Do every day this "Jesus-work,"

In Him alone confiding.

God's blessing to His Army, then!

Reward He is bestowing

On every soldier from whose life

The "Jesus-work" is growing.

—The Conqueror."

THE LONDON MUSIC- HALL SCANDAL.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

THE EDITOR OF THE "LIVERPOOL PORCUPINE."

"The Porcupine," 50, Lord Street, Liverpool,

Dear Sir,—By a curious anticipation of your article of the 26th, I published on the 19th an attack upon Piccadilly and music-hall entertainments, which attack you, no doubt, have seen. It was, of course, a little out of the way of a provincial journal to attack a Metropolitan scandal; but, like you, I felt the evil to be a most crying one. I have had occasion to study the legal aspect of the question very carefully and, though I am not quite acquainted with the possibly differing details of London administration, I think that, roughly speaking, the same methods would apply in the Metropolis as we have found answer here. Now for my reply:—

A music-hall is almost invariably a licensed premises; therefore it is subject to the laws affecting licensed premises as well as those affecting places of public entertainment. It is under the former that the attack should be made. Both my own experience and your article justify the assertion that these halls, to which your statements point, are made "the habitual resort of prostitutes." Therefore they can be prosecuted under the Licensing Acts by any person, or by the authorities. Or their licenses can be opposed at the annual licensing sessions; again by any person or by the authorities.

The prosecution, or opposition, would be greatly strengthened if solicitation could be proved. In the Act the actual words, I believe, are "knowingly permits his licensed premises to be the habitual resort of prostitutes." Therefore some sort of knowledge on the part of the licensee should, if possible, be shown. In the case of one of these big halls the license will probably be granted to a manager, the halls being generally owned by a company. In such a case, the owners would, no doubt, dismiss the manager and apply for a transfer to a new man. If the Bench of Magistrates were at all apathetic this "dodge" would succeed. To prevent this, public opinion should be brought to bear upon them; deputations or memorials to the Bench are often useful. A good counsel should be employed and gentlemen of position and influence, if possible, called as witnesses for the prosecution or opposition.

This question cannot be touched without touching also the burning question of Piccadilly. Here, I believe, a great national and religious coup could be effected. With its magnificent organisation, its unequalled bands of workers, its loyal hosts of adherents, the Army might make the whole question one of national policy and fling its weight into the political scale on the side of the party which would promise to face and settle the matter. Nothing but compulsion will make the House of Commons touch the question. It has too many and too unpleasantly personal ramifications.

These are my answers to your questions: Prosecutions under the Licensing Law, opposition to licenses, pressure upon the House of Commons. And, if I may be permitted to advise, I should say: In your articles give names and stand the racket of a libel action. You see we occupy in Liverpool a peculiar position upon such matters. We had a political revolution five years ago upon these very questions.—Believe me to be, yours very sincerely, Geo. Knight.

A SALVATIONIST.

27, Dunlace Road, Lower Clapton,

Dear Sir,—Permit me to say that I have read with great interest your articles on London music-halls, and although only a Captain in the Salvation Army, I must add that I am greatly encouraged and heartened by knowing that some action—definite, deep and decisive—is now being taken for the abolition of so awful a state of life. May you never rest, dear sir, till you have raised such a world-wide tide of shame and indignation and disgust that these atrocious doings become for ever things of the past. For this result, no cost can possibly be too great. My opinion is that open vice and drunkenness should immediately become (through public action) criminal offences. Cannot this be? God bless you!—Yours in the War, J. N. Dixon.

P.S.—Our example: John ii. 14-17.

At the Children's Home, San Francisco, Mrs. McFee refused thirty-seven children in ten days and nine in one day. Reason: The Home is full.

Magnificent premises have been secured for the Sydney Prison-Gate Home in St. Peters. The house is a splendid two-story mansion, with large lofty rooms and an extensive verandah running round three sides, from the top one of which there is a view of Botany Bay. The out-buildings are numerous, and will be just the thing for our industries. There are a large stable, fowl-houses, a splendid garden, with many fruit trees, and every possible convenience.

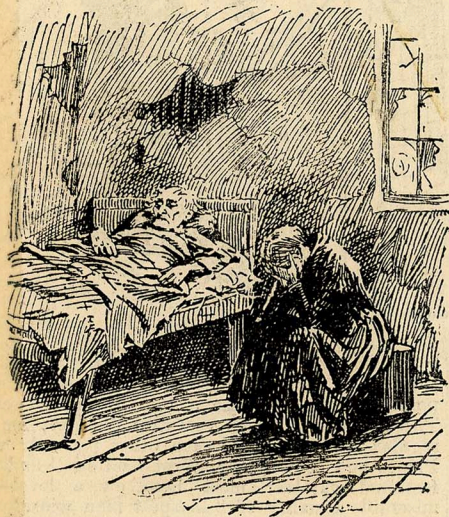
HOW THE POOR LIVE.

AMONGST THE MATCH-BOX MAKERS.

STARVATION AGONIES OF POOR FAMILIES.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE single man can best make shift for himself in the battle for bread. The single woman finds some difficulty in grappling with poverty. But on the poor married couples, with young children, the pinch of hunger gets the strongest grip. Of their condition it is impossible to write in too strong terms. Of the misery they endure day by day, of the extremities of hunger and cold that play the leading part in their daily lives, few who are unfamiliar with the homes and histories of the poor can form an idea. With children starving,



DYING BY INCHES.

and in many instances suffering from distressing complaints, with scarcely a bit of furniture in the dark and frowsy den that is styled a "model home for a working-man," these poor families are to be found by the hundred shivering and dying in the slums.

"ARE THERE NO WORKHOUSES?"

is the stereotyped cry of the high and dry, comfortably-situated critic, and of many well-meaning people who know nothing practically of either the poor or the poorhouse. Yes, there are workhouses; some decently, some indecently managed. But is it to be said that the best provision a great nation can make for its poor is a demoralising system of pauperisation administered in a sort of prison, where every official act comes in a "Ugh! What-business-have-you-here?" spirit. A rose by any other name would smell sweet. A prison by any other name is equally undesirable. Liberty, after all, is sweet, and the well-to-do cynic, who grows from his luxurious villa at the perverseness of the poor in failing to appreciate workhouse joys would probably be the first to object to any curtailment of his personal liberty.

Work, not imprisonment, is what the poor man wants—a chance to show both willingness and ability to earn his living and satisfy the hunger of his children. If he goes in the workhouse, he can't stop there *all* his days! When he comes out his position will be exactly the same as when he went in, namely, wanting work. A sensible and common-sense law would provide work, and that is exactly what it does not do. If we could, at a stroke, by an increase of income, multiply the agencies of the Darkest England Scheme four-fold, then there would be just four times the opportunity for poor families to be permanently helped, for it supplies just what is needed—honest, straightforward work. We have done, and are doing, our best. As many poor as possible are given work, and they seize the opportunity and rise from

THE DISMAL DEPTHS OF MISERY.

But, *what about the rest?* How are they living?

* * *

The room was clean, spotlessly clean. Not that there was much of it; but what can you expect for three-and-nine—in a "model dwelling" block, too? In one corner was a wooden box, in another was an ancient, dilapidated bedstead, on which a few rags were spread. Then there was a chair—I had almost forgotten the chair, but it was so poor an affair that one could only style it a chair by "courtesy." On the bedstead rags there lay an old man, who, with his wife, lived in this palatial apartment. The entire sum of eatables or drinkables consisted of

ONE BOTTLE OF COUGH MIXTURE,

which, however desirable a possession, was not specially satisfying. The woman sat on the one chair with her face buried in her apron, crying

bitterly. She had come to the end of herself, and just swayed to and fro crooning, it seemed, a scrap of some old song—perhaps a memory of long ago. We listened intently and caught the words, "Tenpence—oh, God!—tenpence behind—What shall we do—tenpence—where shall we go?—pitched in the street—tenpence."

A strange song, but it meant a lot. Three-and-nine was the weekly rent; but they were tenpence behind, and would have to take to the street. Great Heaven, tenpence! To be flung out like so much vermin, to tramp, aged, weary and starving, the London streets, to drag the weary, consumptive limbs from doorway to stable and stable to doorway, to hide from the wind and rain, to starve to death and be flung into a pauper's grave for the want of—hear it, ye Blessed King—tenpence!

The old man was asthmatic, very. An old broken basin stood by the bedside for a spittoon. Every cough shook the feeble frame, as though it were the spirit battling fiercely to escape from such dreadful surroundings. The old fellow was trembling like an aspen leaf for very cold.

"Ugh—ugh—kind—gennelmin—ugh—ugh—What do—ugh—I—ugh—want? F-f-fire, kind gennelmin,—ugh—ugh—ugh; so—so—c-c-cold, so—ugh—ugh—cold!"

The old man's face was pale as death. It was afternoon, and they had eaten nothing all day. We stood aghast, and stared first at the old man, then at the cleanly-scrubbed floor and tiny, polished grate, while the woman went on with her monody of woe, "Tenpence. Oh, God! tenpence." The mention of bread roused her—nothing else would. Yes, they were hungry, no doubt; but they only wanted work. Perhaps they might have some to-morrow. They did match-box making when they could get it. They were going—this with an effort at cheerfulness—to try hard to-morrow to get some; yes, they were. The pay? Oh, for putting 144 match boxes together, pasting on the labels neatly, fetching and delivering same, neatly tied up with string, they would (finding their own paste and string) receive from the great big-dividend-paying firm she mentioned the sum of—Guess, gentle reader? Two shillings? One-and-nine?—

NAY, TWOPENCE FARTHING!

Yet the poor old woman tried to look cheerful, and her husband, at the whisper of a hundred-weight of coal, plucked up courage.

"Faith—ugh—ugh—in—ugh—God?" he coughed. "Ah-h (meaningly) yes, yes, we have,—ugh—that, *haven't* we, m-my dear? Ugh—ugh—Show—show the—ugh—kind gennelmin, my dear,—show him if we have faith in—ugh—ugh—God."

"Ah!" cried the old lady, (muttering "ten-



THE OLD COBBLER.

pence" under her breath). "Yes, I'll show him. Here, gen'l'm'n, look! (Goes to box afore-mentioned, opens it with infinite tenderness, as though contents are priceless. It reveals a choice assortment of oddments, on top of which is laid a little boy's blue cotton cricket cap). "Our little lad's wot died," she sobs; "poor little chap, poor little chap." Then she fishes up an old Church of England Communion Service, given her years ago by some minister whom she had known, and with an air of triumph, as the old man rolls and chuckles, as much as to say, "I told you so," she holds it up, saying, "There, kind gen'l'm'n, 'faith in God,' did you say? There it is, *ain't* we got it, now, *ain't* we?" And the old man coughed and echoed with infinite depth of meaning, "*Ain't* we?"

We did not stay to enquire deeply into their theology, which seemed a trifle vague, but got a

little food and coal. We may call on them again. Perhaps somebody would like to send an old coat or two, to help keep the old man warm?

* * *

Model dwelling apartments have a family resemblance, both as regards smell—from the drains—and semi-darkness. They are somewhat akin to the prison-cell, but colder and darker. It was in another couple of rooms of this description that a certain family lived. The second room is a species of cupboard that opens off the principal one. There was a bed, a table, and three chairs, a kettle, and that was about all. The husband was out seeking work; the mother, suffering with a paralyzed leg, had dragged herself from the bed. For one thing, there was not sufficient clothing to keep her warm; for another, she might perhaps help with the work if she got up, and so she sat, weak with illness and want of food, doing a little work and looking after the youngest child.

Two young women, her daughters, sat one each side of the table. One was a cripple, unable to get about except by crutches. However, she had just got married; but, her husband having a little work, she had come in to help her mother and father. There was no need to ask their trade. On the table were the long strips of paper and of thin wood that are made up into match-boxes, a pot of paste and small brush of the ordinary black-lead-brush type, stood in front of each. One made the boxes, and the other the outer cases, with incredible rapidity, born of long practice—for the match-box maker begins in early childhood, and has to work some

SIXTEEN HOURS A DAY

to earn the merest crust. They pasted the paper strips, laid on the wood, whipped it into shape, fastened it, and threw it backwards on to the growing heap. On the bed lay a great pile of them, and they had yet to be dried, put together, packed into the cases, tied up and delivered.

"I come in to 'elp them," said the newly-married daughter, "bein' as they was out o' work, and mother bein' reely not fit to do anythink with 'er bad leg, pore thing. We ain't doin' so bad. Bin at it since early this mornin', as 'ard as we could pelt, and shall finish *some* time to-night."

They didn't know when exactly. It was getting towards dusk, and a great stack of wood and paper was as yet untouched. Evidently they would have to work late into the night; but that is nothing new to the match-maker! The old couple above-mentioned frequently labour on through cold and weariness, till two a.m., if they can but get the work to do!

"And what will you get for all this lot?"

"Oh," replied the crippled daughter, "there's ten gross, bless you! We shall, if there ain't none imperfect—for they're uncommon partickler at 'So-and-so's,' bullies yer till further orders and stops somethink of yer pay,—if they're all right we'll get one-and-tenpence-ha'penny!"

This among two workers for a day's pay, with a father out of work, and a crippled mother, besides other little ones! How much, kind friend, as you "stir the fire and close the shutters fast" and sit down to that comfortable tea-table, how much, think you, there would be left, after paying rent, to support that family and provide food for a sick woman, or a few bed-clothes to keep the poor creature warm?

These, mind you, are not journalistic fables, or highly-spiced sensations, "got up with a view to effect." These are sober realities. No wonder there was nothing to eat in the house! Would you, dear friend, be able to send along an old blanket or two for these poor people? Do try; it does not matter about being worn, you know!

* * *

Not a match-box maker this time! The old man is hoarse, with a severe cold, as he explains his vocation, which is picking up old boots that have been thrown aside as useless, roughly patching them up, and selling them for a few coppers to the very poor. He lived in a little room in a queer, back street, whose houses seemed to have lost themselves in a wilderness of railway arches. Whether on that account or not, melancholy had marked them for her own; small, stunted, dirty and miserable—they were a choice morsel for a slum exploiting rent-grabber. The old man's wife, who had evidently known the proverbial "better days,"

BOWED AND SMILED POLITELY.

Not that she was afflicted with that species of gratitude which has been sympathetically described by some pleasant humorist as a "lively sense of favours to come." No, no! She was quite content; for there, as she proudly pointed to the table, was bread enough to last for some time; she had it as a gift from a restaurant. It was indeed a piece about the size of an eighth part of a quarter loaf, and looked absolutely promising. We took it up and—dropped it, as a strange feeling came over us, for it was as hard as stone, and certainly not less than a fortnight old. But the old couple, delighted at receiving visitors, smiled amiably, and the poor old woman, toothless and bent, racking with age and weakness, but content, treasured the hard bread lovingly in her yellow, wrinkled hands, and curtsied with infinite grace.

(To be continued.)

THE EPSOM SATURNALIA.

A QUARTER OF A MILLION GAMBLERS. HIGH REVELS OF RASCALDOM.

If any proof were needed of the fact that our modern civilisation is simply an intense heathenism, veneered over with an exterior of respectability, the annual scene of degradation which is allowed to disgrace the pretty Downs of Epsom should supply ample testimony. It is, to our thinking, high time that this revelry of all that is filthy, selfish and iniquitous should be openly branded as its demerits deserve. This is, we are aware, an unpopular side to take. So deeply has the principle entered into the British mind that race-course gambling is a sort of national characteristic to be encouraged and gloried in, that we are actually told, and by Ministerial journals, that: "Let the Puritan cavil as he may, sport claims twinship with the sea in the formation of the British character. The one, equally with the other, has been grafted upon our emotions till it is ineradicable. From the days of the long-bow, sport has held its sway, and, after all, who shall say that this love of competition has not, when combined with our mastery of the waters, made Englishmen the industrious nation they are—eager to outdo their rivals, strenuous in their determination to be first, fixed in their resolve never to be beaten."

Now, we want to say plainly that this kind of writing is simply high falutin humbug. The term "sport" is, so far as horse-racing is concerned, simply a synonymous term for gambling. "The turf," as

A FORMER PREMIER OF THIS COUNTRY

observed, "is a huge engine of national demoralisation." It is a vast, incredibly vast, system by which the British nation, so far from being helped to form high ideals of character, is being gradually changed into a race of mean, sordid, selfish, grasping, betting machines, and of this

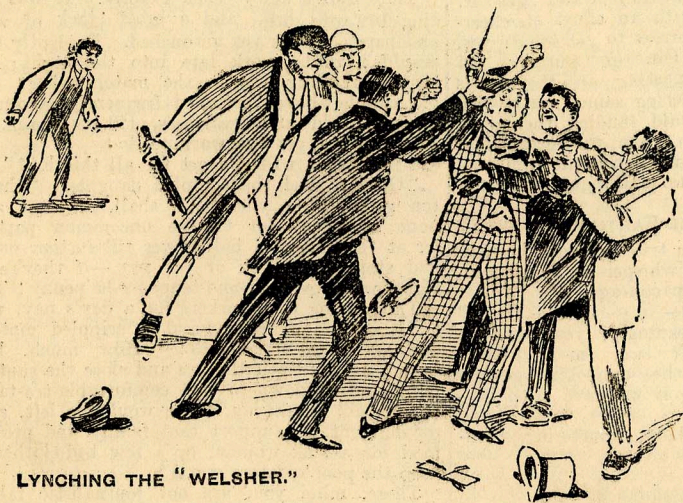
the rails by the green sward, a great black mass of people, swaying, shouting, cursing and betting. A magnificent hill, which spreads far away from the rails, and commands a lovely perspective of the surrounding country, is covered with people, who swarm in the distance like a plague of flies round the hundreds of booths that have been rapidly run up for the day. It is a kind of canvas city, resembling nothing so much as the old wood-cuts with which our forefathers were wont to illustrate Bunyan's vivid word-picture of Vanity Fair. Swarthy, red-bonnetted gipsy girls, intent on fortune-telling, add a weird dash of colour to the scene, and tinselled acrobats, in tights, wearily disport themselves. There are temporary public-houses—a dozen or twenty together in a row—full of wild bacchanals, all intent on squeezing information out of their boon companions to utilise in the betting-ring. The air resounds with the yells of drunken ruffians. It is a very Saturnalia of the riff-raff of England. Hundreds of ragged, half-starved-looking wretches swarm everywhere retailing "correct cards of the races," or the sporting tips of big London dailies, whilst peripatetic vendors of "Cold fried fish and bread, a penny," and "Ard-billed egg and bread-n-butter, three-ha'pence," are hard pushed in their caterings for the hungry crowd by dealers in cold stewed eels—"All jelly, all jelly!"

WHERE SATAN'S SEAT IS:
AMONGST THE BOOKMAKERS.



THE GRAND STAND.

The great system of stands exists, of course, for the benefit of the moneyed and aristocratic classes, and in front of the buildings the proprietor has, with kind consideration, placed



LYNCHING THE "WELSHER."

assertion let the Derby Day stand as ungainsayable proof.

Take the race-course itself, with its enormous masses of humanity, its thousands upon thousands of men and women intent upon—what? Upon British character? The improvement of our breed of horses? Nonsense! They were—at least the great majority were—intently eager on one great achievement above all others, namely, getting somebody else's money without a reasonable return of any sort.

That a certain small percentage go for a "day out," we do not question; but we speak of the vast majority, whose aims are simply to get something for nothing. The fact is that a view of the Epsom Race-course when the height of "Derby fever" is reached is almost enough to drive one to despair. Not only is there the most absolute want of anything approaching to the glowing fervour and lofty hopefulness of pure Christianity; but men seem, for the time, to have lost all control over themselves. No trick is too mean, no deception too contemptible, for the average frequenter of the race-course. From the lying tipster, who, with voluble impudence, pours forth unlimited assertions of incredible prophetic successes in the past, to the cold-blooded welsher, who bolts for his life with other people's money, the principle of the turf is illustrated all day long. It is theft and robbery under another name, and that man, or body of men, who will rise up and denounce the disgusting vice of gambling—with all its attendant evils—as it transparently deserves, will be true, not only to the most elementary principles of righteousness, but to the true interests of the people.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

What an awful sight! On the right is the enormous grand stand, one dense concourse of people. Along the course to the left and right, as far as the eye can see, there extends, lining

sundry red-nosed and dirty henchmen, has rigged up a sort of sail arrangement, which in flaring letters assures a trusting public that this is the old firm, Harry Huggins of the "Green Pigeon," Houndsditch, pays up directly the winner has passed the post. Harry is there standing on a piece of egg-box or a mineral water case. He is modestly attired in a purple velvet coat, a tall white hat, and blue trousers, whilst from his manly form depend large tin medals and trinkets. He has gold chains in plenty, and enormous rings with dazzling rubies and sapphires flash from his fat fingers as they clutch the harvest of silver that hundreds of men and women are pouring into his granary. Next him stands another individual who hails from Sheffield; then comes Tom Scurfy, the noted payer-up of Liverpool. And so they extend in serried ranks, each with his gay announcements and mast-flags fluttering in the wind, until the whole of the vast hill-side is one brilliant scene of colour and life, from whence, as one betting man works hard to outdo his neighbour in voluble and brazen "patter," a babel of sounds floats through the still summer air. It is simply heart-breaking, the view of that great slope, with its mongrel multitude of money-seekers at this carnival of wickedness. Here and there an apologetic mission man tenderly offers some out-of-date tract which the average race-course rascal flings aside with a grin.

MAIN BUSINESS IS GAMBLING.

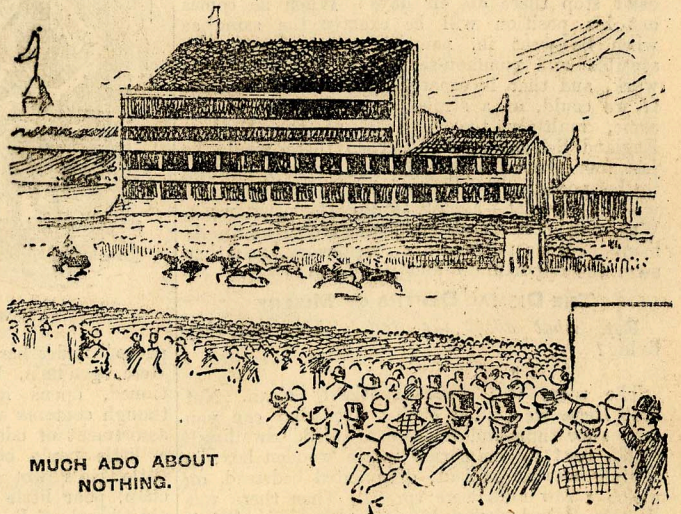
The professional gambler is everywhere. He has come on the course early, and, assisted by sundry red-nosed and dirty henchmen, has rigged up a sort of sail arrangement, which in flaring letters assures a trusting public that this is the old firm, Harry Huggins of the "Green Pigeon," Houndsditch, pays up directly the winner has passed the post. Harry is there standing on a piece of egg-box or a mineral water case. He is modestly attired in a purple velvet coat, a tall white hat, and blue trousers, whilst from his manly form depend large tin medals and trinkets. He has gold chains in plenty, and enormous rings with dazzling rubies and sapphires flash from his fat fingers as they clutch the harvest of silver that hundreds of men and women are pouring into his granary. Next him stands another individual who hails from Sheffield; then comes Tom Scurfy, the noted payer-up of Liverpool. And so they extend in serried ranks, each with his gay announcements and mast-flags fluttering in the wind, until the whole of the vast hill-side is one brilliant scene of colour and life, from whence, as one betting man works hard to outdo his neighbour in voluble and brazen "patter," a babel of sounds floats through the still summer air. It is simply heart-breaking, the view of that great slope, with its mongrel multitude of money-seekers at this carnival of wickedness. Here and there an apologetic mission man tenderly offers some out-of-date tract which the average race-course rascal flings aside with a grin.

various enclosures, admission to which varies, but the use of which is for the same universal purpose—gambling. These are of a superior class. There is not so much eccentric costume, for the regular habitués know each other perfectly well. Prince and book-maker, West End swell and professional gambler meet here on a level—the miserable equality of "sharpest man wins."

The hackneyed apologist for this great system of fraud and corruption will tell of the superb excellence of the British race-horse. But just look at old Dives, who, with blotched, purple face and strident voice, is swearing in the ring and backing the favourite. Think you Dives cares a brass farthing about British horses, except as a means of getting somebody else's money without working for it? Not he, nor any of the other backers. It is simply the passion for gambling that has hold of them—a passion, honest reader, as goddess, brutish and insensate in its fierceness as the passion for drink or immorality. One glance at the hard features, the coarse, selfish leer of these race-course vultures is enough to show how their wretched career lacerates and suppresses every instinct towards goodness. They are among the most unhealthy signs of British life—parasites spawned by greed and feeding on the growing vices of the people.

ON THE COURSE.

Between the races the crowd breaks out on to the long stretch of green whereon the races are run. Then is the chance for another set of harpies, the tipsters. Each has an attendant who marches about with a big placard, which shows forth how "Irish Bill" is the champion tipster of the universe, thousands of fortunes have been made by following him, and, as he sets forth directly he has succeeded in getting an audience



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

together, the great British public gratefully owe him as their own special reliable tipster. Strangely enough, whilst giving to others advice by which they have made enormous sums of money,

TIPSTER BILL.

does not seem to have personally profited, inasmuch as his gorgeous yellow silk head-gear and second-hand Forester's regalia cover a most

ragged attire, and the soles of his boots are nearly dropping off. He gulls the public by cheap assertions of having "spotted all winners yesterday, when, gentlemen, not one of these 'ere perfeshul men knew anything of it! What do Captain Coe an' these crack writers know about it, gentlemen?" pursued Bill in an agony of sincerity. "Nothink at all; but if you buys my little card, and follers it, it's a fortun', gentlemen, and the price I harsks is but one paltry bob, gentlemen."

For a mile or more along the course, these gentry abound, whilst in quieter corners, the three-card trick professional pursues his calling until the police (the very men who were gambling at cards all the way from London to Epsom, utilising a cape for a table, and a helmet for stakeholder) speedily seize him. That particular form of swindling is not allowed. Almost any other is welcome, but woe to the man who denies the public gods; he suffers for it.

THE RACING.

The excitement of a Derby crowd when the bell rings to clear the course for the race is one

The public, who now throng the course, take up the cheer as Lord Rosebery smilingly disappears into the weighing-in room. Carrier pigeons, with the winner's name pinned to their wing, circle through the air. There is a rush of Press men to the telegraph office, and the bell sounds for the next race.

AFTERWARDS.

We stood once again in front of that marvellous hill. The sight had an irresistible, but dreadful magnetism. Those gaudy booths, flaring flags and advertisements, public-houses and gambling dens, might have been, in their cloud of mist, the palace of Satan itself. Immediately the horses passed the post, there was a rush back to the "sportsmen," whose fierce oaths and harsh yells of "Seven to one bar one! I'll take two to one! I'll take twenty to ten!" had scarcely ceased for an instant. Some paid up, and the winners at once invested for the next race.

Suddenly there is a roar of oaths from where, in the hollow this side of the hill, the crush of humanity is thickest. Then there is another roar and another, with a shout of "Welsher!"

But the "welsher," or defaulting betting man who has secured the cash bets and then made off, has the best of the bargain, he is far away by now; but the swindled public will not be debarred their revenge. "Diamond cut diamond," is all very well, but this treatment is a trifle too much diamond. So, as the welsher has by way of blind to cover his escape, left a large black and yellow wagonette behind, the crowd seizes it, and hundreds of hands tear away at the boarding. The air is thick with unheard-of blasphemies. The direful faces of the



PIRATES: THE THREE-CARD TRICK.

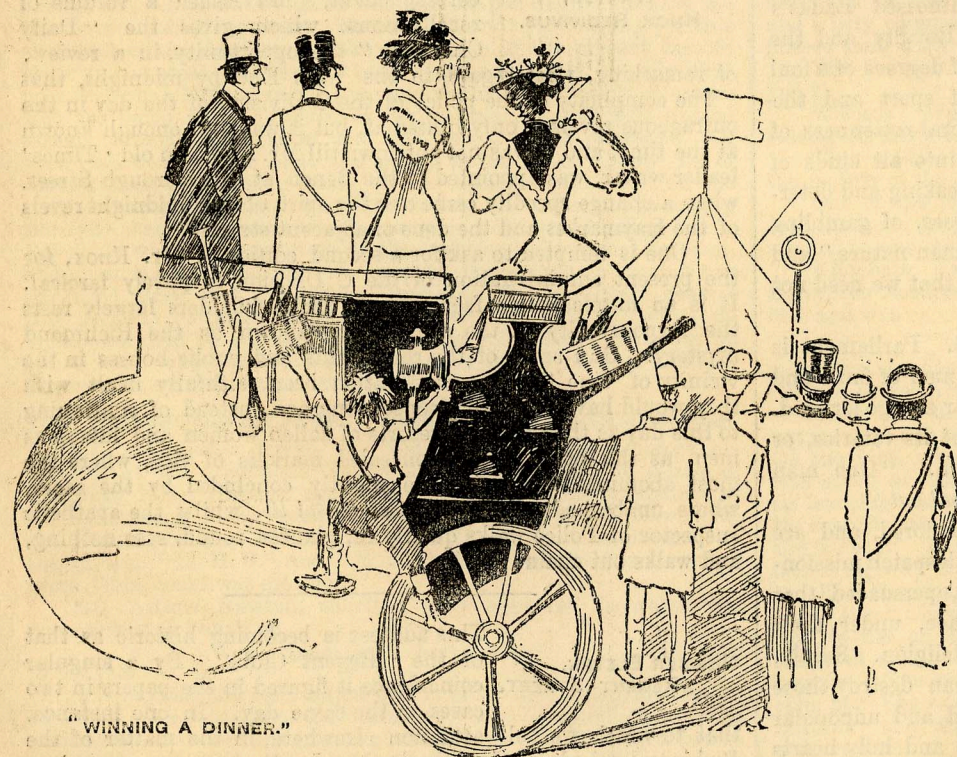
of the most extraordinary things in the world. Men literally shiver, and stand in a cold sweat muttering about the odds. There is a tall swell in a long dust-coat, with the conventional race glass slung across. How his hand trembles, as he pencils one more bet and glances at the long vista of human beings that lines the course! A sort of electric thrill passes over the whole vast assembly as that bell clangs. "The Derby!" shrieks the eel-jelly man, as he stands on his table regardless of plates and bottles. Two enterprising roughs rig up a temporary stand, it is instantly filled at a shilling a head. The police confiscate the stand, and the people want their money back, but can't get it. They are not greatly put about, but simply dive into the

victims might be demons from the pit, so extreme is their passion. One swarthy ruffian at length

SMASHES THE SHAFTS

off, and using them as hammers brings them down on the vehicle with a crash that sounds far and near. The crowd, thickening from all parts, runs the wagonette to and fro, dashes it on its sides, parts the wheels from the seating, and ultimately runs them into a tent, the gipsy proprietor of which alternately swears sulphurously and screams for consideration.

But what is one incident of the sort amongst such an ocean of rascality? The aim, the gist of the whole concern is gambling, besting, swindling—gambling, besting, swindling. The question for



"WINNING A DINNER."

crowd. It's the "Derby" they want, and must see somehow. The tremor of excitement swells into a murmur as the horses softly canter round and then start. There is a shrill scream "They're off!" Directly after, the horses are to be discerned flashing along the hill. They whirl into the straight for the run to the winning-post, thunder past and—that is the "Derby."

The jockeys dismount, and as the Prime Minister of Great Britain leads his winning horse back to the enclosure, the mighty throng on the stand, representative of Royalty, of position, fame and honour in the land, rises, and a great resounding cheer swells from thousands of throats.

the country is, Shall the "Derby" and the vile system which it represents continue to exist, at once a disgrace to the land, and a standing menace to the most elementary conceptions of righteousness?

"Oh, good blank, blank!" cried a "sportsman" in the crowd; "there goes a blank parson!" So there did. Stalwart and stately, with a faultless black attire and suave demeanour, he gracefully passed along, race-glass dangling from shoulder, to the grand stand. The popular feeling was quite sound. What did he want there? Or, in other words, What business had even a nominal representative of Jesus Christ to dabble

with the "Turf"? Even the foul-mouthed race-course ruffian instinctively felt and admitted the iniquity of this gigantic system of wrong! And, indeed, it is ridiculous to suppose that its supporters are blind to the fact that it is a National Gambling Institution. No doubt they endeavour to throw dust in the eyes of the public by asserting that "in spite of the Anti-Gambling League" they "see

NOTHING WRONG IN OWNING A GOOD HORSE."

Such hollow excuses as these are, however calculated to catch votes, unworthy of men of sense.

The Turf is a great engine for the destruction of national morality, and its supporters cannot evade their responsibility under cover of an intense affection for good horses, or a shallow and insincere charge of Puritanism. What is to be done? The evil is so vast and far-spread that an effort to combat it will mean one of the most prodigious fights of modern times. But at all costs it must go. Such great questions as these transcend mere matters of party politics, and we appeal to honest men of all parties and creeds to unite and fight strenuously for making gambling a penal offence.

BLACKFRIARS SHELTER.

SAVED FROM THE THAMES.

Some months ago, a man was bitten by a dog and taken to the hospital, where he remained some time. He was a postman, and had a good home, but during his stay in hospital the wife gave way to wrong-doing and got rid of the home. The man, finding himself homeless, became despondent and had made up his mind to commit suicide. He wrote out a statement to an inspector of police saying why, but whilst in the meeting on Sunday night, which was the first time he was in the Shelter, God spoke to him. He could not rest, and on Monday morning he made his way to Blackfriars Bridge with the above end in view, but the Spirit of God still strove with him, showing him

THE FEARFUL CONSEQUENCES

of such an end. The voice that spoke to his heart seemed to say, "Don't—don't be foolish!" He was overcome, and returned to the Shelter to thank me for the few words spoken the previous night, which ultimately were instrumental in his salvation, and before we parted, God reigned in his heart. A better way was soon opened up by an old employer telling him to come to a situation, and this is what he afterwards wrote me:

"It is with great pleasure I write these few words of heartfelt thankfulness to you for the address you delivered last night. Thank God and you for His mercy; it has saved me

FROM A TERRIBLE END.

I am pleased to tell you I have got a home to go to. I go in on Saturday. I had been servant there for eight years previous to my last calling. I will never forget you in my prayers. It was a hard time for me, but, thank God, He has saved me. May God bless you and all your family!—One Rescued from Death."

This past week eight men have professed conversion, and seventy-three have been sent to our Elevators.

"Good morning, sir; can you do anything for me? I am an engineer," said a respectable-looking young man one morning this week. Then he went on to say, "I left my home just over a week ago to come to London, but cannot get anything to do. I went to Regent Hall on Sunday night, where God spoke to me and I returned to Him." I gave him a note to Major Lamb, and he left cheered and hopeful.

Another poor fellow came to us a few days ago saying that whilst enquiring his way to Portsmouth of a policeman outside the Shelter, the officer, on learning he was hungry, recommended him to call at the Shelter. On removing his cap, he showed a hole in the top of his head from which a bullet had lately been extracted at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and from which institution he had been discharged two days previously. His parents, he said, live in the Isle of Wight, but being destitute, he was compelled to walk to Portsmouth and get home the best way he could. After receiving some food and a little help and counsel from the Shelter officers he went on his way. F. Symons, Ensign.

A LETTER OF THANKS FROM BLACKFRIARS SHELTER.

TO THE EDITOR "D.E. GAZETTE."

June 6th, 1894.

Dear Sir,—In response to our appeal for old papers for our Sunday afternoon reading-room, we beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of 1 Parcel of Papers from Highbury, 1 Parcel of Papers from Norwood, 1 Parcel of Papers from "A Poor Sinner," 1 Parcel of Papers and Clothing from E. A. G. Smith, Esq., 1 Parcel of Papers from W. Clark, Esq., 1 Parcel of Clothing (sender unknown), 1 Parcel of Papers from "A Lover of the Army," and several parcels of papers received through the post from unknown friends, and we pray that the Lord "Who seeth in secret" may reward those dear friends openly who have—perhaps more than they think—helped to alleviate human misery by making the dreary lives of some men happier and brighter.—Faithfully yours, F. Symons, Ensign.

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The Darkest England Gazette.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1894.

THE NATIONAL FETISH.

NATIONS, like individuals, have their idols, and special days on which they pay them homage and render them sacrifice. The Mohammedan has his Mohorram; the Hindoo his Devali; the African his shamblers in human flesh; and the Englishman his Derby. It matters little whether fanaticism, superstition, cannibalism, or gambling and rascality lie at their root; or whether devotion to a god of stone or horseflesh is put forth as the excuse for the evils fostered by these demonstrations. They are all of a piece, excepting that for skilful lying, fraud, cant and hypocrisy, the great English horse-race and gambling carnival is unsurpassed, either in civilised or uncivilised communities.

These remarks are called forth by the unusual prominence which has this year attached to the national fetish, as well as the question which is rapidly forcing itself into the arena of public discussion, "Can gambling be cured?"

We describe at length, in another part of the "Gazette," how this has impressed one of our staff. As to the question raised, our views will be readily surmised. We are the sworn and natural enemies of the drinking bar, the betting ring and the race-course, and consider all who, directly or indirectly, for one reason or another, have anything to do in patronising, supporting, or extending their influence, the worst foes of the nation's purity. We know too well what constitute the chief causes of England's degradation to come to any other conclusion.

In his right place the horse is a noble and useful animal, but whether princes, prime ministers or costermongers are the chief stewards of the course, the right place is not on Epsom Downs under such demoralising auspices as witnessed Ladas's performances the other day. The union of Royalty and the Proletariat for the time being is simply a union of degrees of a foul passion. All the cant about the grandeur of sport and the patronage of the million cannot disguise the moral rotteness of the turf; and, in view of the spread of its spirit into all kinds of recreation, the time has fully arrived for plain speaking and determined action. To talk, as one contemporary does, of gambling as a "primordial and ineradicable passion of human nature," and that "great social evils cure themselves" shows that we need not expect plain speaking from that quarter.

The Press are the sponsors of the great god. Parliament is sick. The clergy despair. The few remaining men of faith and courage must, therefore, come together, declare war and go forward. Neither the magnitude of the evil, the prestige of its votaries, or the myriads of its upholders must deter them. "One man and God" is a majority. *Gambling can be stamped out!*

We have abolished slavery. We have explored, and are rapidly civilising, the dark regions of Africa. We despatch missionaries and load and reload their money-chests, persuaded that superstition and heathenism will yet give place, under their power, to the benign influences of the Christian Religion. Surely, surely, while slaying the enemies without we can destroy those within our gates. The fight will be a prolonged and unpopular one, but victory is certain, if, with clean hands and holy hearts and faith in God, we go up against the enemy.

With these sentiments in our hearts we say God speed to the enterprise headed by the National Anti-Gambling League, and at the same time we bid the Salvation Army advance faster than ever to the rescue of the gamblers, for we know of a cure not only for gambling, but for the gambler's vice—a new nature created and fashioned by the Holy Ghost, which will transform the "primordial and ineradicable passion of human nature" into one of boundless energy to win the blue riband of a blameless, noble, self-sacrificing life.

THE WEEK.

HEADQUARTERS' NOTES.

The local Salvage Depots have been working so satisfactorily of late that it is contemplated to extend the system shortly to other districts in the Metropolis.

Commissioner Cadman has just returned from a visit to the provinces, where his movements included inspections of Leeds and Bradford Social institutions, which are doing well, and the holding of "Reconciliation" meetings at Coventry.

Among other new specialities which the Social Wing will introduce at the Crystal Palace will be a "Band of Love" lecture, entitled, "From Pine Forest to Match Box." It will consist of a case for exhibition of the various stages of match-making, and will be accompanied by subject-matter of a lecture showing the evolution of "Lights in Darkest England." The price of the whole will be one shilling, and only a limited number will be sold.

The Trade Department are bringing out a new match, which will retail at a halfpenny a box, and will be of medium size between the present large and small boxes. A memento brush will also be sold, on the back of which will appear a splendid photo of The General lithoed at International Trade Headquarters.

The "Wharf" Elevator will have seven departments at work at the C.P. Their principal features will be the iron bedsteads and wire mattresses. There is being built at the same Elevator the Prison, Food and Shelter Depot as well as other erections which will be shown in connection with the other exhibitions of Darkest England and the Way Out at the C.P.

The Labour Bureau are open to receive orders for the distribution of circulars, advertising, &c., on the grounds at the Anniversary. The charge will be three shillings per man. The Bureau has just received two large contracts for envelope and circular addressing, and appeal for more of this work, which it guarantees will be done promptly and satisfactorily. This work often enables the Bureau officers to get in touch with men who are really capable of filling good positions. Two such have just been told off to permanent situations.

Amid the rush of work which the preparations for the C. P. involves, the Social Wing is not neglecting either the physical or spiritual interests of the men working in its institutions.

"THE SOCIAL GAZETTE."

Next week our title changes. For some time the desirability has been felt, especially in view of the enormous advances of our Social operations in other countries, of a more cosmopolitan name. The General has, therefore, decided that "Darkest England Gazette" should give place to "The Social Gazette," by which name this journal will for the future be known. We need scarcely say there will be no change in policy. Our aim will continue to be the highest benefit of mankind.

WANTED, KNOX REDIVIVUS.

Mr. G. A. Sala, the veteran "special correspondent," has issued a volume of recollections, which gives the "Daily Chronicle" the opportunity, in a review, of remarking, with regard to the West End by midnight, that "The complicity of the police of the C Division of the day in the outrageous revels is only hinted at, but it was well enough known at the time, and it was not put down till Mr. Knox, an old 'Times' leader-writer, was appointed to the Bench at Marlborough Street, when a change speedily came o'er the spirit of the midnight revels of the Haymarket and the dens of adjacent streets."

One is tempted to ask for a second edition of Mr. Knox, for the present administration of the C Division is purely farcical. It is an unmistakable fact that on their shoulders largely rests the responsibility of the sad tragedy known as the Richmond mystery. Had some of the restaurants and public-houses in the vicinity of Vine Street police-station been faithfully dealt with they would have lost their licenses long ago instead of continuing to this day as the continual resorts of fallen women and infamous men, as the open and unconcealed markets of vice, where the most abominable bargains are nightly concluded by the score, where unabashed solicitation goes on *ad lib.* whilst the apathetic Inspector of Police walks quietly in, glances round, sees nothing, and walks out again.

NUMBER ELEVEN, REGENT STREET.

This address is becoming historic as that of the "Regent Club." By a singular coincidence it figured in the papers in two cases on the same day. In one instance, that to which we call attention elsewhere, in the matter of the Richmond suicide, its Manager, a Mr. Joe Graham, comes out into the fierce light that beats upon a Coroner's inquiry, and it appears pretty clearly from the evidence, that the Regent Club is, in plain English, a disgrace to London. But beyond that, we have, in the second case to which we have alluded, still another striking illustration of the uses of the "club." It appears, to quote from the published reports, that a "Miss Lilian Grey

Lives in a furnished flat at 59, Beauchamp Place, Brompton. Mrs. Alice Lamb, a fashionably-dressed woman, according to the servant girl's evidence, drove up in a cab to the house, and inquired if Miss Grey was at home. Receiving a negative reply, she forced her way upstairs to the drawing-room. She looked round and said, "Are these Miss Grey's things?" Witness said, "Yes." Mrs.

Lamb then took off her gloves, cleared the mantelpiece of the ornaments, swept the chiffonier, and began throwing every breakable thing she could lay hands on to the ground. She smashed up a liqueur stand, a photo frame, and broke the keyboard of the piano. Witness begged her to desist, but she would not do so, saying repeatedly, "My husband was here last night."

Miss Lilian Grey, a young woman elegantly dressed in black moiré silk and velvet, gave evidence as to the damage done in her rooms. In addition to the various ornaments before spoken of, the defendant had smashed a valuable clock, and cut her carpet with the pieces of glass.

Cross-examined: She had no profession. Mr. Lamb the defendant's husband, had visited her. She understood that Mr. and Mrs. Lamb were separated.

Defendant (emphatically): Never.

Re-examined: She had known the defendant as pursuing the same sort of life as she did. She had known Lamb nearly three years, and defendant had been married to him for five. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb had separated several times, but it was not through her. The night before her property was smashed she met Mr. Lamb at the Regent Club, 11, Regent Street, W.

May we ask whether it is not time the operations of this "club" came to an end?

THE PATHETIC HISTORY OF SUSANNAH MAUD HOLMES.

We have already called attention to the dreadful death of the unfortunate young woman, Susannah Maud Holmes. Betrayed by a Cambridge student, brought to London and cast off, she plunged into the awful abyss of West-end vice that is summed up in the direful word "Piccadilly." Drowning her conscience and steeling her modesty with repeated doses of strong spirits, she haunted, as, alas! many other women with equally sad histories do to-day, those restaurants and resorts of Piccadilly which it has been so often proved are the convenient centres of assignation and solicitation. One day, however, the poor girl was missing. Her body was soon after discovered in the Thames, at Richmond, and was identified through a waiter, who knew her through pursuing his calling at those two interesting places, the St. James's Restaurant—familiar name to law courts—and the Regent Club. Coroner Hicks is, in spite of the many difficulties by which the people mixed up in the case are endeavouring to block him, pushing for a satisfactory solution of the case. He wants to know, and so does the jury, how the unfortunate girl got in the water. No doubt many "Piccadilly men" think his curiosity is unwarrantable. A girl exists for their pleasure, how she died or what becomes of her after death is a matter of no importance. But the coroner is firm and we congratulate him.

It is peculiarly his business to unravel the details of the mystery. Let justice be done to the memory of the poor dead girl, and let the cold-blooded villains who have helped her to ruin have the benefit of a public exposure. We both feel and speak strongly in this shameful affair, desiring to take advantage of the present case to insist on the great and terrible truth that underlies it, namely, that poor Susannah Holmes is but a sample victim of hundreds of others who are being continually led astray by plausible and well-dressed rascals, brought to London, and then left to a life of shame. Of their sad and terrible ends the public never hears. They die of consumption, of a broken heart, of the diseases consequent on the continual drugging with alcohol, which they find necessary to supply the false brazen exterior which too often covers a bleeding heart. We shall watch the progress of the enquiry with special interest, and quote the "Daily Chronicle" report of the case, so far as it has advanced, first, that our readers may note how absolutely needful it is that our Piccadilly Rescue Home, with its house full of happy inmates, should be strongly supported; second, that from it may be seen how the absolute truth of all we have said regarding Piccadilly is borne out by this chapter of real life.

THE RICHMOND MYSTERY.—REMARKABLE PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. A. Braxton Hicks, the Mid-Surrey Coroner, resumed his inquiry, at the Richmond Vestry Hall, concerning the death of Susannah Maud Holmes, aged twenty-four years, lately residing at 10, Beauchamp Place, Brompton Road, who was found drowned in the Thames, on May 16th, identification having been established by the letters "H. H. B." and "M. H." which were tattooed on the arms. The court was crowded.

Mr. Arthur Newton, solicitor, now appeared to watch the proceedings on behalf of

A GENTLEMAN INTERESTED

in the case.

The inquest had been adjourned in order that a summons might be served on a reporter of the "Morning," who had published certain statements as to the movements of the deceased on the night before her death, and who had refused to give evidence. The coroner's officer now stated that he had served the summons, but the journalist in question did not answer to his name, whereupon the coroner said he would lay the papers in the case before the Queen's Coroner, with a view to the matter being brought before the Lord Chief Justice.

Mrs. Fanny Holmes, mother of the deceased, said her daughter left her home at Cambridge eight years ago. She was a draper's assistant and went to situations at Huntingdon, Hackney, Norwood and Sloane Square. While she was at the last place witness heard of her having a child, but had not seen much of her since 1893.

Mr. Joe Graham,

MANAGER OF THE REGENT CLUB,

11, Regent Street, W., said that down to last Thursday, he lived at 1, Piccadilly Place. He had known the deceased about eighteen

months or two years. Latterly witness had been responsible for her rent at 10, Beauchamp Place, and visited her there. She certainly was visited by other gentlemen. Witness was well acquainted with a man whose initials were "H. H. B." She was accustomed to dine with him (witness) at the

ST. JAMES'S RESTAURANT,

and he had seen "H. H. B." there with her three times. He was aware that she corresponded with someone named "Charlie." He saw him in the

ST. JAMES'S RESTAURANT

on the night of May 12th, and the deceased left her table to go and speak to him.

The Coroner wrote a name on a piece of paper, and the witness said it was the name of a person that deceased spoke to, but it was not "Charlie."

Continuing, the witness said that on the same night the deceased went to Waterloo Station with the person mentioned on the piece of paper, and afterwards returned to witness's club, remaining there until four a.m. Of late the deceased had been drinking very heavily, but he knew of no reason for it. On Monday, May 14th, witness arranged to meet her in the evening "up West," but he saw her in the afternoon at half-past four, talking to a young gentleman in the

ST. JAMES'S RESTAURANT.

She said she had known him at Cambridge. He appeared to be about twenty-two.

The Coroner: Then he would not be the problematical student who seduced her.

Witness went on to say that he dined with deceased at the

ST. JAMES'S RESTAURANT,

on the evening of the 15th, when "Charlie" came and stood in the doorway, but deceased did not go to him. There would be no difficulty in finding "Charlie." Witness went home to dress for the club, and deceased accompanied him. He might have put the photograph (produced) in the fireplace in her presence, but she said nothing about it, or of being jealous—the portrait was that of the club charwoman. That night Miss Holmes had received a message from the Café Monico, but when she left him at a quarter past eleven p.m., she said she was going home. The club book would prove that she had been there during the night, but it was not till Thursday that he heard she had not been home. On the Friday morning the waiter Williams, of the

ST. JAMES'S RESTAURANT

drew his attention to the newspaper accounts of the recovery of the body. He could suggest nothing to cause her to drown herself, except that she might have become tired of the life she was leading. When she was "in a temper" see had said she would drown herself. When she left him she had £4 17s. 6d. in her purse.

Sergeant Routledge informed the Coroner that Richmond was not far from where the deceased's child was born, and lived for some time.

Mr. Graham added that the deceased, in referring to the tattoo marks on her shoulders, had remarked, "When I drown myself I shall be so easily identified." He could not suggest who she might have driven down to Richmond with, but she certainly did not like to be alone. She was of a very quarrelsome disposition, especially with other girls.

Samuel Shenfield, head porter at the Talbot Hotel, Richmond, said he remembered last Tuesday fortnight. At half-past twelve midnight he was waiting up for a gentleman, when two gentlemen and a lady came and asked if they could have rooms, as they had missed their train.

The Coroner: Could you recognise the gentleman who spoke to you?

Witness: Well, I cannot swear to him, but he very much resembled this gentleman (indicating Mr. Graham).

This incident created a great sensation in court, Mrs. Holmes, the mother of the deceased, swooning away.

One of the jury, the landlord of a neighbouring public-house, said the same people called upon him, and he thought the gentleman alluded to was older than Mr. Graham.

Elizabeth Farquhar, landlady, of 10, Beauchamp Place, Brompton Road, said the deceased had lodged with her since April 6th, and was

VISITED BY MR. GRAHAM,

who was responsible for her rent. No one else came to see her. On one occasion when she disappointed Mr. Graham in the matter of dining with him, she said that if she had thought that he would not speak to her again she would go straight away and drown herself. On the 15th, when witness saw her for the last time, she said she was going to dine with Mr. Graham. Mr. Graham was much upset on learning that the deceased had not been home since the Tuesday. He sobbed bitterly, and, falling against a wardrobe, said, "Oh, then, she is dead." It was by his directions that witness destroyed some letters signed "H. H. B." They had been very carefully tied up.

Kate Seymour, of 10, Beauchamp Place, also recalled, said she knew the "Charlie" referred to, the deceased having introduced him to her on Monday, May 14th. His name was White. The deceased said he was the gentleman to whom she was to have been married. The same evening she seemed upset, and witness tried to calm her. She said nothing about drowning herself. On the previous Saturday she was very drunk. "H. H. B." was abroad at the present time.

At this juncture the deceased's baby was brought into court by an elderly woman, who said she had had the care of it since it was a month old. The mother last visited it in January. It was now two years old.

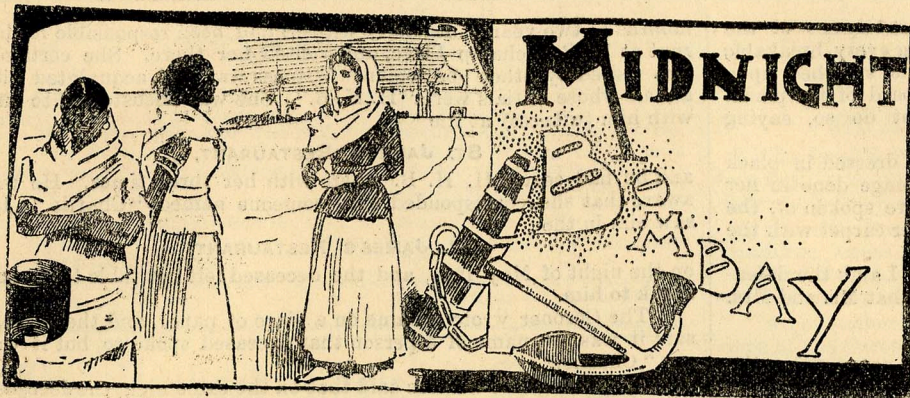
Winifred Stewart, of Beauchamp Place, said she last saw the deceased, whom she knew by sight, at midnight, on May 15th, at the corner of Air Street, Piccadilly.

Ada Richardson, of 10, Bishop's Road, Fulham, who knew the deceased intimately, said she also saw her on the same night at the

buffet.

ST. JAMES'S RESTAURANT

At this stage of the proceedings the Coroner said he intended having his summons obeyed, and with that object he again adjourned the inquiry.



(Continued.)

THIS street, with its superior bungalows and high-caste women, finished the secluded and semi-respectable portion of Bombay brotheldom.

A walk of a mile or more, and we came to a very different part of the city, to a street which attained to awful notoriety in the Bombay riots last August. There the girls were much different to the last—their surroundings much more degrading, the rooms very small and on the ground-floor, the girls' appearance betokening poverty, and their coarse faces and dare-devil manner telling of the depths to which they had fallen.

A TALK WITH A FALLEN WOMAN.

The girls of one house, recognising the Army uniform, called us, and we went to them in the hope of being able to say something to them. There were five girls in two dirty rooms with a door leading from one to the other. The two girls in one room were Mohammedans, and the three in the other, Marathi Hindus. One of the Mohammedan girls had a coarse, repulsive face, a flippant manner and a careless tongue. The other was quiet, and had an innocent-looking face, which seemed to show that she was new. The other three girls had rather refined features and seemed to have known fair circumstances before entering upon their present life.

One of these latter, whose regularly-outlined and kindly-expressed face seemed to be an index of former goodness and purity, seemed very pleased and interested when we told her of the new Rescue Home. But she said she would not be likely to go there herself as she had to get a living, which, she said, she was pretty sure of doing in her present work. She said she was in charge of her four companions; but they were quite independent and had no owners. The two living with her were her sisters. She came from Satara to this life, six or seven years ago, to escape from a wife-beating husband. Her two sisters had preceded her to Bombay, and were already living in sin when she joined them. At first she said she was happy in her mode of living, in reply to my question to that effect. "But are you *really* happy—deep in your heart?" I asked again. In reply she sadly confessed that she was not. I asked her to remember when in trouble or difficulty, or when tired of her sin, that she could always find friends in the Mukti-fauj. While talking to this woman on the pavement, a Mohammedan was bargaining with her two sisters, and she, catching their conversation, once or twice put in a word to the effect that he could not be admitted for less than eight annas. Poor creatures! My heart was getting heavier and heavier!

In this same street I saw sights impossible to mention here. "Oh, God! when shall these things end in purity and righteousness and Thy kingdom come?" my heart cried out in bitter anguish.

HIGH-CASTE WOMEN.

In one house we found three Gujarati Vania women, one of whom was particularly handsome, just like dozens of the same women that may be seen in the Gujarati villages—tall, well-formed, noble-featured and strikingly beautiful. How ever these high-caste women came to that wretched place and to that vile life, from well-to-do homes of comfort and respectability, such as the Gujarati Vanias enjoy, is a deep question, the answer to which would perhaps be a dark revelation. Where were their husbands and families? How long had they been here? What were the circumstances of their coming? Could they be restored to home and purity? were the queries which quickly ran through my brain. I pray that the new Rescue Home may be able to practically answer, at least, the last question, in the case of these women and scores of others.

THE HELL OF BOMBAY.

Then we came into the seething harlotry hell of Bombay. I still shudder at the remembrance of all I saw and the fearful magnitude of this terrible evil.

For about a quarter of a mile the road is almost entirely given up to this vice. Each house, on either side of the road, with only a few exceptions, is the abode of these girls—all Hindus and Mohammedans. There are blocks, three stories

high, in which every set of rooms contains at least three girls, some seven or eight.

THE GIRLS DESCRIBED.

At every upstairs window, dressed in "the attire of an harlot," with gaudy *saris*, jewelled ears, nose, arms and feet, their hair oiled, plaited, and interwoven with jessamine, their lips red with chewing the betel-nut, many of them with powdered faces and perfumed clothes, these poor girls openly sit, and with a sign of the hand or a motion of the head, beckon to every passer-by who happens to look up at them.

Downstairs, on the ground floor, the girls seem to be of lower caste and much poorer. Their clothing is not so rich—it is quite plain, in fact, as a rule. More particularly to the downstairs girl does it apply that, "Now she is without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner." Sitting cross-legged on the floor, or on a chair, standing at the doorway, sitting on the projection in front of the house, or walking on the pavement, she has a keen eye for every probable customer (for her next day's food depends upon her keenness), and when she sees him looking she comes forward, smiles, and tries to engage the "young man void of understanding," and too often she succeeds, and "he goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for life."

The upstairs girls, when they have caught the attention of the passer-by, usually stand up, and, leaning out of the casement, call in a low voice, "Come up!"

The rooms below are very small, poorly furnished, and badly lighted. The rooms above are larger, and the better ones brilliantly lighted with three or four chandeliers and wall-lamps with bright reflectors, so that the girls sit or stand in a blaze of light, which harmonises only too successfully with their attire and is an extra attraction to the simple.

Some of the girls are particularly handsome; others have coarse and revolting features. Some look almost innocent; others have hardened, brazened faces. Some are getting old; others are mere children of ten or twelve years and less. Some are timid and remorseful; others are bold and careless. Some belong to the city; others were decoyed from simple village homes, far, far away.

All of them are there! All of them are there because men are viler than they. All of them are living in open sin. All of them have immortal souls. For every one there is salvation. For every one Christ died. Shall they be rescued? What do you say, reader?

ASLEEP AT HER POST.

At one of the upstairs windows a young child-harlot had fallen asleep at her post. Her head was fallen back against the window frame, and she lay all unconscious of her whereabouts, and was perhaps dreaming of her home and loved ones. But perhaps she was dreaming of the deeper depths she had to go. She suddenly awoke, as I stood looking at her thinking of her youth and circumstances, and with a scared expression upon her fair child-face, gazed blankly around the room and down into the street, as if trying to call to mind where she was. Poor little thing! She seemed to be too tired to keep awake, and presently her head fell slowly back again, and she dreamed once more—to be most likely rudely awakened by a more vigilant and older comrade.

SIN'S AWFUL PENALTIES.

Going farther along the street the scene got worse. It was then just after midnight. The road and pavements were crowded with men and boys. The moon was shining very brightly directly overhead, and with the strong dazzling lights streaming from all the houses, made midnight like day. Such a scene! The half cannot be told! The pen would refuse to write! Mercy, like that of God in not visiting with terrible and swift judgment the perpetrators of these tragedies, must cover up most of the sight. But does judgment not come, slowly, yet deadly sure, if not swiftly? Look at the faces of some of these men who stand dallying with the bold and open solicitation of the women! Weakness, villainess, doom; nay, the very reflection of hell is on some of their faces!

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL BREVITIES.

BY INVESTIGATOR.

"At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door. And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew Him."

What a beautiful Christ, full of love and tender pity for the sick poor! Every day of His blessed life He was busy in the work of doing good. He chose poverty, and in this choice exalted poverty above riches. What an important lesson for us! And He selected His followers and apostles from the poor, and lived and died in the midst of the poor.

Commissioner Cadman is organising a band for the C.P. We wish him great blessing and success in this new enterprise, and pray that it may redound to the honour and glory of God and the salvation of precious souls. All officers of the Social Wing playing musical instruments are requested to communicate at once with Social Headquarters, 272, Whitechapel Road.

Ensign Symons has several Message-Sheets filled up by the men at Blackfriars. Many men have subscribed, chiefly in small coin, and some six or seven shillings has already rolled into the treasury. Help the Jubilee!

Deptford, in South London, is in a deplorable state of poverty. Public funds are being started for the relief of the destitute. Will some kind friend send along the necessary indispensable in order to fix up a Shelter and Food Depot.

Sir John Gorst says, "Sweating will never be stopped as long as the public insist upon always buying at the very cheapest possible price, irrespective of the condition of the workers."

In consequence of the six-fold increase in the population in certain parts of the East End of London during the last thirty years, many thousands are living in a state of utter spiritual destitution.

On Monday evening, at the Church-room, Holy Trinity, Gough Square, in the City, Dr. Hart gave a lecture on "Darkest England and the Way Out."

The Church-room was crowded, and the Vicar, the Rev. W. C. Heaton, pronounced it the best meeting held there for the last two or three years.

The Earliest Hospital on Record.—In ancient times, when disease overspread a nation, the churches did what they could for its alleviation and arrest. It was in obedience to the Sibyl's commands that those physicians of Epidauras arrived to assist the inhabitants of plague-stricken Rome and to found, on the Island of the Tiber, the first general hospital of which there is any authentic record. All that now remains is the ruin of the building.—The "Lancet."

The Jewish population in London has more than doubled during the last twenty years, and is now estimated at about 120,000. About 20,000 Jewish children attend the London schools.

The spiritual work at the "Ark" is progressing steadily, the noon prayer meeting being a time of refreshing. At last Sunday's evening meeting a poor backslider was restored.

At the Wednesday officers' meeting, Commissioner Cadman gives us a weekly budget of Social news. We are glad to report that he said that the Social Wing was the most spiritual part of the Salvation Army, and that the statement was greeted by a spontaneous and continuous burst of applause from the officers. So we are, because we are doing the work nearest and dearest to the heart of our Social Christ.

Here are some of the Commissioner's remarks:

"Every difficulty teaches us how to formulate plans for overcoming them."

"Some men's guns are loaded with boiled peas."

"The Government is instituting an enquiry into the prison system."

"Who knows more about thieves than we?"

"The Guardians are handing over fifty more men to the Social Wing."

"When the law cannot help the men, grace will."

"Have faith in God, don't trouble about your present or future; never mind the workhouse, go on, and we shall have a workhouse of our own."

"Millionaires have committed suicide because they were afraid their money wouldn't last."

"What does it matter if you are only a Sergeant, a Lieutenant, or a Captain? All cannot be Commissioners."

A drunkard once said to him, "I'm all right, I've made my pile, I've got enough to live on if I die to-morrow. He had 2s. in his pocket, and that was enough for him."

"The man who loves you most, will tell you most of your faults. Kiss the hand that chastises you. The little lights are as important as the big."

"Let us have less of self and home glorification, and more crucifixion and dying daily. Our business is saving our people, God is moving in saving souls. Be definite and get men out to the penitent-form."

A SALVATION TIMBER LIMIT;

OR,

A WORKMAN'S HOTEL IN THE WOODS.

A NOVEL BUT PROMISING UNDERTAKING.—COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH'S LATEST SCHEME.

Among the natural resources of Canada none are more extravagant in wealth or immensity than those which offer to the world an almost limitless supply of lumber. The boundless forests of the land in which we live have for scores of years been pouring forth their treasure to the centres of the race. Material for everything shapeable by the tool of the mechanic, both of things that stand, or things that float, or things that accommodate, or things that adorn, has been, and is being supplied from the gloomy depths of our glorious forests. Thus do the great trees of Canada contribute to the varied utilities and necessities of the world. The ship's mast of unrivalled height which, resisting the ocean breeze, propels the huge monsters of the sea, once adorned the silent avenues of untrodden Columbia. The ponderous beams that uplift many a palatial mansion, or castle of commerce, were hewn from the bowels of our giants of the wood. The stoutest timbers, that best resist the siege of flood, or fire, or tempest, have first asserted their durability against the edge of our axeman's tool;

but by all possible pledge, and bond, on the rock-bottom principle of cash payment has, like all else we have undertaken, received the blessing of Almighty God. From its first inception, it has steadily grown, till to-day we are quite satisfied of the possibility of running on strictly cash lines, a paying business. The thing is, of course, in its infancy, but we've got it through its swaddling clothes and weaned it from the ghastly habit of credit-giving and debt-making to which so many commercial concerns in the country succumb. Now we are sure of the foundation, we have decided to develop our business sharp. We can do it. There is no earthly reason why our wood-yards in Toronto and elsewhere should not, on the one hand, supply all those willing to labour with a job, and on the other produce a magnificent revenue to the funds of the Social Work.

SUPPLY OUR OWN DEMAND.

There is in this Salvation Army of ours everything needed to make us, in point of cash, independent of the whole world. The difficulty is to get that understood and acted upon.

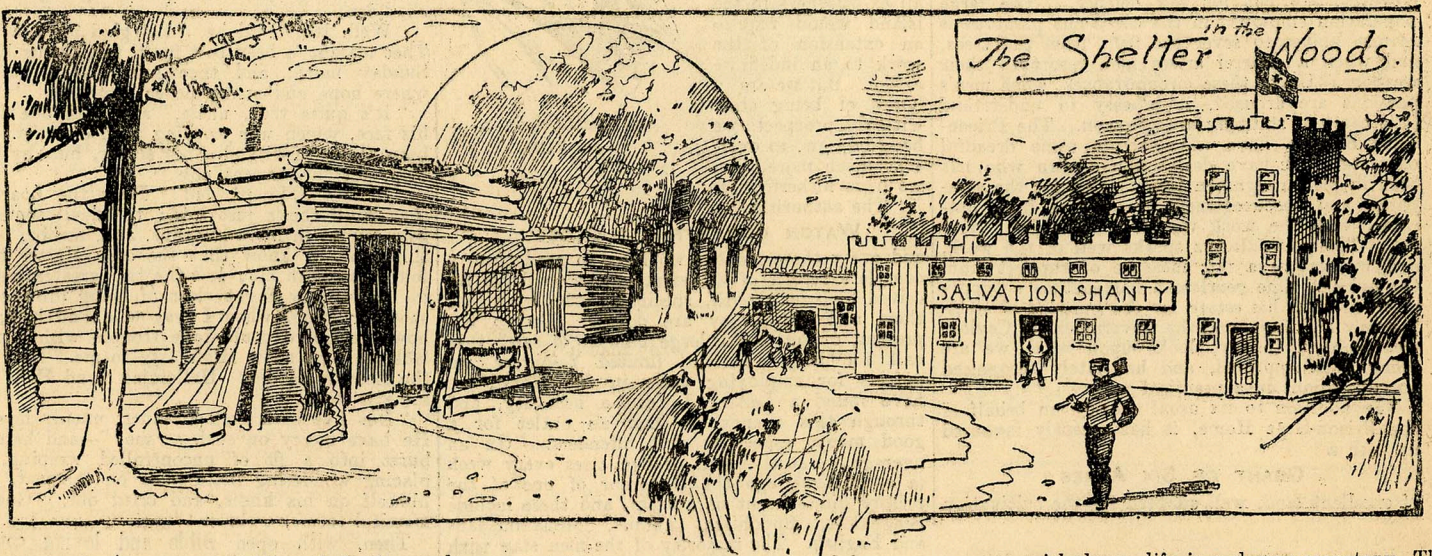
See it here in our wood business. At present

him that hath shall be given" is a truism written deeply on men and things of this world, as well as those of the next.

THE SHELTER IN THE WOODS.

But there are other considerations than those of increasing our business and our opportunity for labour, which have led us to decide upon establishing a "Poor Man's Castle" in the forest. Everybody knows that large numbers of men flock to the lumber regions in winter time. The conditions under which many of these men live are anything but edifying. Herded together, often like cattle, in the rude huts called "shanties," they spend the long, dark winter evenings in all sorts of low amusement. Many a youth has gone into those camps comparatively innocent, but has come out the very repository of everything bad. Lumbermen have told me that life in the forest, sometimes twenty, thirty, forty and fifty miles from a town or settlement, is worse than life among a hoard of savages. Cursing, gambling, drinking, fighting, card-playing and other things, unmentionable and vile, are practised in many of these places, which, banished from public view, and all but from God, have a law to themselves.

Now why, I have thought, when listening to such stories, should the sons of Canada, desiring to find employment in the kindly fields of wealth—prepared by the beneficent hand of Jehovah—why should they be compelled to resort to such places, and associate with such company? Even in the best camps, where there may not be such



while whole cities now shielding their thousands from the severity of the elements, are built with timbers, which, in their original state, spread out their arms to the sunlight of Canada's free land, and trembled in the winter breeze that stirs ten million leafy plumes.

Yet notwithstanding the ravages of the locomotive, and deluges of fire, the supply seems undiminished. We have still left enough timber to rebuild the edifices of the globe.

HOW IT AFFECTS US.

But what has all this to do with the Salvation Army? A good deal. We opened a wood-yard. Like all great men and great things, we began in a small way. We wanted to find an honest job for the friendless prisoner, who, finding himself outside Her Majesty's jail, with Her Majesty's brand upon his brow, knows not whitherwards to go for a "leg up" in life. Having by some fault or misfortune got himself into the lock-up, or penitentiary, it would appear that his discharge too often deposits him in a kind of a blind alley, every door of which is closed against him. For who proposes to hobnob with a discharged thief?

We endeavoured by establishing a place where such a man could come and chop wood, to give him, at any rate, the chance of a well-earned night's repose, and an opportunity to look around and take his bearings for the future. This led to the building up of a small wood and coal business and the purchase and sale of lumber. Hence our interest in the timber limits of Canada.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE "DARKEST CANADA LUMBER BUSINESS."

Our business, which was started in fear and trembling, without capital, without a customer,

we pay high rates for our lumber in Toronto. We buy our timber after it is hewn from the forest, cut and split. In other words, we buy our wood hewn, cut and split, in order to find work and profit for the unfortunate and down-trodden by setting them to saw and chop it. But supposing we could not only saw and chop, but could hew, cut and split into the bargain? Here we should have a wider opening for the poor man, and there would be a great saving in our present expenses. Our wood-yard in Toronto creates the want. Our new wood-yard in London, already spoken of in this programme, increases it. Our new timber limit will supply these demands, and the benefits will be for the Kingdom of Christ.

BURN OUR OWN FUEL.

But one other word about our own demand before proceeding to describing exactly what it is we propose doing in the woods. We require timber for more than our wood-yards. How many thousands of cords representing how many hundreds of dollars of cash go up in smoke from our barracks every winter? How many more dollars go up in coal?

Now, why shouldn't the money raised within our camp go back into our own till, and thus help to extend and consolidate our machinery for doing good?

It is intended to make careful calculations as to the cost of heating our barracks, anywhere within payable distance of our limit, with a view to seeing, if by supplying these buildings, we cannot, on the one hand, give cheaper fuel, and on the other, produce a larger market and profit for our Social Wood Industry. For, the larger market, of course, the greater the success. "To

open wickedness, life is a dreary monotony. The only method of breaking that monotony, is, alas! too often by the whisky barrel, or the card-table. But why?

GETTING A LIVING WITHOUT GOING TO THE DEVIL.

Why should religion, and the joys of God's happy service be removed from a man who seeks by this most natural and worthy industry to earn his living by the sweat of his brow? Oh, why is it the devil has so monopolised the hard, practical thoroughfares of life, leaving the mere sidings for God? Now, the idea of our Shelter in the woods is simply to provide one place, at any rate, however small, where an honest man can spend his winter, working at Canada's great industry, without running the gauntlet of every vile temptation out of hell. We shall, as usual, begin in a small way; but unless I greatly mistake, we are starting out on a big thing. We shall equip and furnish a house, just as if it were a city Shelter. There will be comfortable, clean beds and bunks, well-lighted, well-aired dormitories; a pleasant reading-room, with all kinds of good books, newspapers, etc.; a lavatory, where baths can be indulged in; and, most important of all, a little building in which bright, musical, attractive Salvation meetings are conducted every night and all day on Sunday. We shan't, of course, be able at first to make the place all one's wit would dictate. We are poor, and we must go an inch at a time. But here is the pattern. We shall then throw the doors of this fortress of salvation open to any man who prefers to earn his living, subject, of course, to the usual cash terms, on our limit in the midst of these happy surroundings, rather than to sell his soul for the price of his wages on the other plan.

PROSPERITY AT THE SOCIAL NET.

Captain Colclough reports two very encouraging week-ends with three conversions and increased interest and attention on the part of the men in the meetings. The Food Depot is in a prosperous state, the tea sales alone having lately gone up 7s. "The people do like our tea; tea is the staple drink at Burne Street Shelter," said Captain Colclough, as he communicated to us this information. "Just the right kind of people come to drink it, and frequently we are able to send them away refreshed not only in body but in spirit. Lately we had two splendid cases; one

was a man who had been in business in Birmingham as fishmonger and poulterer, but when his wife fell ill and died he lost heart. He tried to forget his misfortunes by drinking, but his business was soon ruined and he became destitute. On walking into the Shelter he said, 'I have come to the end of my tether.' Seeing he was desirous of doing well, we took an interest in him, and put him to scrubbing, which he did so satisfactorily that we gave him some better work in the kitchen, which he did conscientiously and equally well. He is now saved and was lately heard thanking God for his salvation and the prospect of meeting his wife in Heaven. The second man was a mechanical draughtsman, and,

though formerly accustomed to receive good wages, in his changed condition he says he prefers his present life to any wage he could earn at his trade. Both these are men of intelligence and talent, but they have now realised how much better it is to do God's will than live to gratify merely human desires.

Recent changes in the Social Wing include the following appointments:—Cadet Capt. Oldenburg to be Captain at Hanbury Street; Cadet Capt. Henderson to be Captain at Paradise Works; Cadet Lieut. Barnard to be Lieutenant at Limehouse; Capt. Pruden to Westminster.

LANKA'S PRISON-GATE WORK.

INTERVIEW WITH ITS LATE SUPERINTENDENT.

The late Superintendent of the Colombo Prison-Gate Work in Colombo, Adjutant Dirayam (Jackson), and his wife, Veerasundrum, who have just returned from Ceylon, called at the "Gazette" office to give its readers an opportunity of learning something regarding this branch of the Darkest England Scheme there.

"Prison-Gate Work is very much needed in Ceylon," began the Adjutant. "It is a dreadful place for crime. Murders are frequent, acts of personal violence involving imprisonment are of daily occurrence and

BURGLARIES ABOUND."

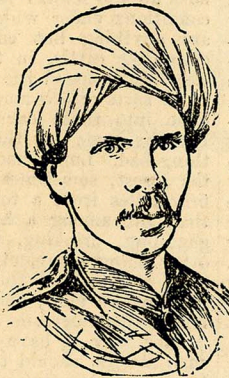
"That is a serious indictment. How do you account for the prevalence of this state of things?" we asked.

"Largely because men carry knives. These, however, are not for self defence. The large population employed in the cocoa-nut plantations require knives to sever the fruit from the trees, and when a quarrel arises men resort to their weapons. Under these circumstances, when men's passions are aroused, it is easy to understand that cases of stabbing are common. The Prison-Gate Brigade have come across some dreadful characters. I have dealt with a man who has been in prison eighteen times. But for the sympathy and encouragement we receive from outside friends the work would be most disheartening. The press always speaks well of the work, and we receive a fair measure of support from the public. One gentleman has sent us a supply of wood from his estate for the purpose of erecting new buildings, and the Government of Ceylon, we are glad to say, looks upon what we are doing with approval, and has lately recognised our operations in a practical way.

"In addition to its usual subsidy on behalf of the Prison-Gate Home, it has recently favoured us with a

GRANT OF SIX ACRES

of excellent land, well adapted for the cultivation



ADJUTANT DIRAYAM.

The Adjutant then went on to explain that the Brigade had taken possession of the land and were commencing to put up the necessary buildings, which would include dwelling accommodation for twenty-five or thirty men, officers' quarters, workshop for all kinds of furniture-making, caning and carpentering, and

A PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING INDUSTRY, as it is a great advantage in securing situations if the men are acquainted with some trade.

"In carrying out the extensions," said Adjutant Dirayam, "we shall employ our own carpenters, and also the men in the Home to assist in the erection of the necessary buildings.

"The land remaining will be utilised in grass-growing, vegetable cultivation, etc.

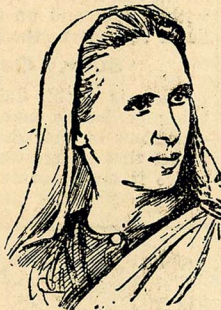
"For carrying the above plans into practical effect, we require 2,000 rupees, and it will be two months before everything is in working order.

"At the present time our work embraces the visitation of two jails in Colombo and two or three outside. To deal effectually with all ex-prisoners in the island would require an extension of the work to an indefinite extent. But we are in hopes of being able, with the prospects we have in view, to overtake much more than we have hitherto been able to do.

"The authorities

WATCH OUR EFFORTS CLOSELY,

and every three months we have to send them a complete return of all ex-prisoners we have received and dealt with, specifying where we sent them and what they are doing. Up to the present, owing to the large number of cases that call for help and the limited resources we possess for employing them in the Home, we have found a Labour Bureau a necessity, and through this agency we find an outlet for a good many, especially first offenders. On an average we receive four or five cases every week (a short time ago the Governor of one of the prisons himself sent us a man), and these include Singalese, Buddhists, Tamils, Mohammedans and English. The majority of the men stay with us periods ranging from a few days to three months. But whether a man remains a longer or shorter time, we never lose sight of the two-fold purpose for which the Brigade exists, namely, to get him saved and set to work. A prayer meeting is held every morning, and two special meetings every week. On the other days the inmates of the Home go to the nearest corps. We are glad to say that God has blessed these efforts in the conversion of souls.



ADJUTANT VEERA-SUNDNUM.



THE PRISON-GATE BUILDINGS, COLOMBO.

of cinnamon, situate in Bullers' Road, Borella, for the purpose of facilitating our operations in this branch of our work, and enabling us to deal more extensively and effectually with the many men who are discharged from our prisons.

"This grant of land is a timely gift, as the lease of the ground we are now occupying in Hospital Road expires in the course of a few months."

"We recognise, with sincere gratitude, the valuable assistance our subscribers and friends have already rendered, and fully appreciate their earnest sympathy, the past expression of which enables us to appeal now for special donations towards the necessary 2,000 rupees for starting our small colony on behalf of ex-prisoners. We feel sure their practical aid and interest can still be depended upon."

JOE ANGUS.

A GAMBLING STORY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER IV. (Concluded).

The Angus family was overwhelmed with all this kindness, and Joe, as he sat in a corner of the kitchen, pale and weak, with his face hidden in his hands, began to experience softer and solemn feelings than he had ever done before. His folly, his nearness to eternity, the thought of what would have become of his poor wife and family had he that morning been lying drowned in the slimy bed of the river; all these things made him feel very queer and humble, and he wasn't sorry when Uncle Jack dropped in to have a bit of a talk with him—for, if there was anybody he respected it was uncle, and he made up his mind, as soon as his wife told him that he was coming up the road, to pour out his heart to him, and get some guidance in the matter of his soul's salvation.

"Oh, uncle," said Mrs. Angus, as he appeared on the threshold; "we're so glad to see you; there's Joe." Joe hid his face in three-year-old Lucy's hair, who had timidly crept to his knee, and blurted out something in the shape of greeting. Uncle Jack drew a chair close to Joe's, and sitting down, placed his hand gently on his shoulder.

"Well, lad," said he, "I'm glad it's nea wuss. Thee maight 'a been bait for t' fishes, this blessed Sunday morn, and thee soul maight 'a been where hope and massy never comes."

"It's quite true, uncle," answered Joe lifting his face, which was working with emotion. "I've been a great fool and a big sinner, but, by God's help, I'll do different now."

"Bless the Loard, lad! Bless the Loard for that word thee's just said; the devil sometimes gets caught in his own traps, and, mebbe, he has this time. I know that the dear Master had a tough job with me; and the two greatest massies to me is, how I got clear of being drowned, or shot, or hung, when I was wild and bad; and how the Loard could take trouble with a worm laik me, and show His massy to me. But, bless the Loard, He did! Hallelujah! and He'll do t' same to thee."

"But I've been such a sinner, uncle; how can He have mercy on such a me?"—and here Joe burst into a fit of uncontrolled weeping, and placing wondering little Lucy on the mat, flung himself on his knees, and cried out, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Then, with open Bible and loving counsel, Uncle Jack pointed the poor repentant sinner to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world"; and very soon weeping was turned into praise, as the blessed light of salvation filled Joe's heart, and he arose "a new creature in Christ Jesus," wondering at the change, and why it was that he hadn't come long before, and feeling so happy that he must needs kiss his wife and family all round, and give Uncle Jack a grasp of the hand, that, under ordinary circumstances, would have caused that worthy to give vent to sundry "Oh, oh's!" But pain was forgotten in the mutual joy, and as soon as he could get his hand loose, he executed a step-dance round the kitchen, and history relateth that this step-dancing was intermittent with him all the road home.

It is unnecessary almost to say that from that eventful Sunday things began to wear a very much brighter aspect in the home of the Angus's. Joe soon began to find that godliness hath a promise for this life as well as that which is to come. His wife, too, got saved, and they both joined the corps where Uncle Jack was an honoured member. And now a happier home than theirs is not to be found in all the village of Weston.

John Hollins.

THE END.

"D. E. GAZETTE" WEEKLY STATEMENT.

INCREASES.

Corps.	Officer.	No.
Penge	Standing	26
Greenock	Ford	26
Peckham I.	Atkins	13
Cardiff VI.	Beasley	13
Leek	Sherlock	13
Chesterfield	Rickard	13
Hucknall	Horne	13
Selkirk	Goscoigne	13
Caerphilly	Crouther	6
Mansfield	Roberts	6
Dublin (Slum)		6
Pontymister and Risca	Fouldall	6
Newport Pagnall	Wills	6

DECREASES.

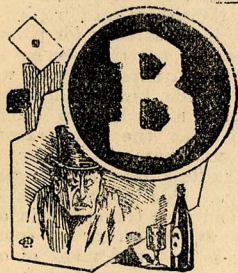
Corps.	Officer.	No.
Kendal	Busby	6
Gloucester II.	Fisher	6
Saltcoats	Parkin	6

FROM MILLOM.

Just a few lines about the Grace-before-meat boxes. For the quarter just ended we have raised £3 15s., which I think is very good for ninety-two boxes. We are going in for a hundred boxes before next quarter. E. T. L. A.

SOCIAL VIGNETTES.

A "COUNTER" CADET,
THE BARMAN OF BURNE STREET FOOD DEPOT.



BEFORE I came into the Army, I led a rough life," was the everyday testimony with which the stalwart barman at the Burne Street Food and Shelter Depot began to relate bits of his career to a "Gazette" man. "My roughness and height I took from my father, who did his best to ruin himself by drunkenness and me by neglect. The poverty which attends this vice drove me into the world to earn my living at nine. You can guess the extent of my education. But my mind recoils from my antecedents, so I pass on to the

FIRST POINT OF INTEREST

in my life, namely, my conversion at Whitechapel Slum Corps in 1888. I had some splendid times there. They made me Colour-Sergeant, and gave me, as the Yankees say, as much work as I could stand up to. A lodging-house mission was one of the things I agreed to undertake; and, with some half-a-dozen kindred spirits from the corps, I visited four or five of the worst houses in Whitechapel. At first, we were sometimes ridiculed and sometimes opposed, but when these people came to understand us, this gave place to welcome. However, it was some time before we learned from experience the best way of carrying on this kind of work, and we had to bear many discouragements. You see, the lives of these people are about as miserable as they can be, and when they are brought face to face with a band of happy Salvationists and talked to at close quarters about the love of God, the wretchedness of their sinful lives and the memories of the past,

THEY CAN'T STAND IT,

and they feel that they must either break down or keep out of earshot of the truth which is hard to bear when a man thus gets hedged in. Our worst discouragements came from the influences with which penitents were surrounded after we left the places. Frequently one would break down as we poured out our simple testimonies, but unless we could persuade him to leave his sinful life there and then he would almost invariably be drawn away by some abandoned companion and dip deeper into sin than before. Especially is this the case with unfortunate women. Companionships in these places are as awful in their strength as in their unholy purposes. I learned in the lodging-houses that provoking one another to good works has its counterpart in the devil's domains.

"The fear of man that brings a snare is terribly real in these lodging-houses, and many a man and woman,

BESOTTED IN DRINK

and sin, when talked to in a simple way about their early days and the only way to return to regain purity of life, would gladly forsake the lives they are leading but for the compacts to do evil that they have formed, and which they could not carry out single-handed but for the inspiration they get from one another. But against all this I am thankful to God that some of our most hopeful penitent-form cases at the corps were drawn from these lodging-houses.

"I make mention of this lodging-house visitation because I regard that as the beginning of my life as a Social worker. But a change came in my own life. For three years I had realised God's keeping power, when the desire arose in my heart to better my circumstances, and I emigrated to Canada. For a time all went well, but the change of life was so great in the backwoods, where I went, and being surrounded by sceptical,

GAMBLING, DRINKING AND PROFANE WORK-MATES,

I fell. But from the time I became a backslider I had not a single day's happiness until I returned, and I don't believe anyone who has been truly converted can have. When restored I went to Toronto and was in the Social Work there for six months, after which I returned to England. Here I began at the bottom of the ladder last October, in the Hanbury Street Elevator. But I did not remain long on the first rung. I got my first rise ten days after entering. Then in six weeks I had another, and so on until I was made second night-watchman and then first watchman at Blackfriars Shelter. Here I worked for five months and was then transferred to my present appointment here with Captain Colclough.

"I have found the Social Work at Blackfriars and here after my own heart. I have had some troubles with the men occasionally, especially at holiday times, when they try to get admission while in drink, or with those evil-intentioned fellows, of whom there is always a number among those who come for food and shelter, who create disturbances wherever they go. However, I am glad to say I have found out the secret of dealing with these, and begin with them as I intend to go on, namely, by enforcing discipline, and they soon

begin to learn that with us freedom and good behaviour are much the same thing. I am mated



CADET JOLLEY

(Of Burne Street Depot.)

to the Social Work, and whether it means scrubbing a floor or leading a dosser's meeting I am equally happy in my choice."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

OUR NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE THE JUBILEE NUMBER, DOUBLE SIZE, NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

It will contain: Specially-drawn frontispiece representing the Army's Work at the Prison Gate, Time, early morning; "The Genesis of the Slum Work," by our Lady Commissioner; "How the Rescue Work Started: Interview with Mrs. Bramwell Booth," by Colonel Nicol; "Salvation Army Remedies for Pauperisation," by Commissioner Cadman; "Fifty Jubilee Voices," by Adjutant Smith; The General's Speech at Queen's Hall, with portraits of his leading supporters; "Slum Child-Life," by Mrs. Ballington Booth; "The Ravages of Drink," by Staff-Captain Douglas; "Beginnings Abroad" (Australia, Holland, Africa, etc.); "What we can Do for the Money"; "The Story of the Light Brigade," by Major Alice Lewis; Poems, Stories, Superb Illustrations. Price, One Penny.



HOW THE WORLD WAGS-No. V.

Landlady (fiercely): "Go on, throw the rascal out, Bill!" Bill (sotto voce): "Sh! sh! he's got tuppence left." Landlady (affably): "Oh! ah! Well—er—ask the gentleman what he'll take."

"The Christs of the Nineteenth Century Compared with the Christ of God!"

The above is one of a Series of Lectures delivered in Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, by the LATE MRS. BOOTH, entitled,

POPULAR CHRISTIANITY.

A few more of the Contents are subjoined:—"A Mock Salvation and a Real Deliverance from Sin."—"A Sham Compassion and the Dying Love of Christ."—"The Sham Judgment in Contrast with the Great White Throne."—"The Salvation Army following Christ."

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The Character of the Contents may be seen from the following Titles of Chapters:—

"Justification."—"Evidences of Perfect Love."—"Nature of Christian Perfection."—"Witnesses of Perfect Love."—"Directions of Attainment of Holiness."—"How the State of Sanctification may be Retained."

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IMPORTANT! NOW SELLING!!

LAW'S SERIOUS CALL

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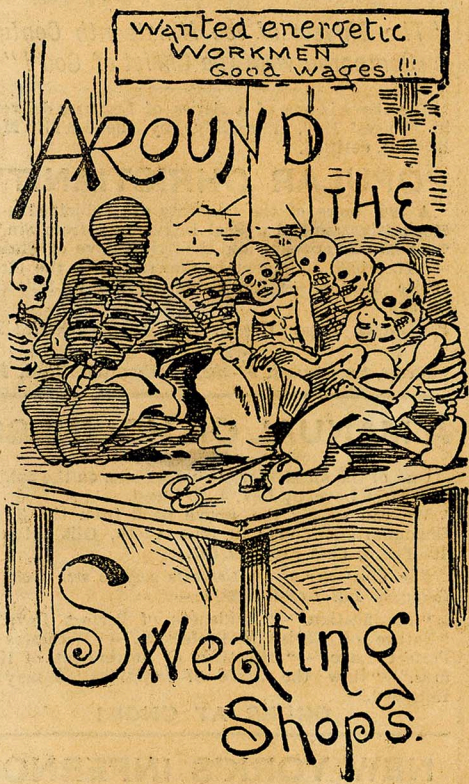
DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE!

STIFF BOARDS. POST FREE, ONE SHILLING.

OUR CRIMINAL SYSTEM.

Our third article on this subject is unavoidably held over until next week.

Adjutant McLauchlan has lately issued some very striking circulars; one of these embodying an article from the "Daily Chronicle," makes the following statement, "Darkest England Matches, recommended by the Duchess of Sunderland, and used in her grace's own household, can be had from the following tradesmen in the undermentioned towns," and gives a list of agents in the Potteries District.



(Concluded from No. 49.)

BY OUR LADY COMMISSIONER.

THE men in temporary power at the different factories have caught the spirit of their employers, and show it when the poor creatures take in their work. The men kept to "pass" the work will, to use a worker's expressive term, "mess about" and keep them waiting for two or three hours, thus wasting their precious time; then when they condescend to attend to them, will take their work and pull at the placket-holes and other possibly weak places and pull with both hands in the hope, it would seem, of finding some flaw. Not the least flaw is allowed. Then on giving out fresh work, some part is often, very often, omitted, thus necessitating another journey before the articles can be finished. What do you think is the effect of this life, if life it can be called, which is a daily, hourly struggle for existence? Not only are the bodies of the workers and those dependent upon them ill-fed and poorly-clothed, their minds, their spirits are marred.

Country people are generally reckoned free and open-hearted; but you will not find a more suspicious and taciturn set in many places than live in the district mentioned. It is most difficult to get information, for they will not speak.

"I DARE NOT,

for poor as is the pay, it is my living," is the cry over and over again. They are down-trodden, and some must help them up and release them from bondage. All can help by refusing to deal with those who employ sweated labour; and also by enquiring into the prices paid for making cheap articles, and absolutely putting from them any advantages unduly obtained for them. When you would make a "bargain," let the picture of what should be a peaceful village home rise before you. The desecrated home, the one living-room of which is turned into a work-driving shed; the mother and her girls, just leaving childhood, bending over the machine and needle, with the heavy work in their hands, working against time; the comfortlessness for the children, the rough snatched meal, the cowed subdued spirits of those young creatures that should be full of brightness and hope; and this view being before your eyes, put the faces and figures of your own loved ones in it, and then say if it is just or right that such a state of things should continue.

The inherent selfishness of men must not be allowed to flourish at the expense of weak, helpless creatures, who, unable to help themselves, must be assisted by others, even as the black brethren of other countries were by our predecessors. But the tailoring is not the only ill-paid work even in this one district. There are at least two stay factories where the pay for some branches of the work is so bad that girls coming in to work, and finding themselves unable to make ends meet with the result of their labour, have said, "We can

EARN MORE THAN THIS ON THE TOWN,"

and have gone to swell the number of the poor creatures who live from day to day on the proceeds of immorality. Weak, and with a tendency in the downward direction, you may say; still, with a fair chance they might, probably would, have kept off the down-grade, and to those who had any hand in refusing the fair chance belongs the responsibility of their fall.

The hours of the factory indoor hands are from eight a.m. to six p.m., with an hour off for dinner. The boneing or steeling is reckoned the worst paying, as well as the hardest, work; for, driving incessantly at it through the day, taking

home some in the evening and working as hard as through the day right up to midnight, 9s. is the most that has ever been taken by one who has been thus employed for years. Another, a machinist, by working the same number of hours

UP TILL MIDNIGHT,

has only once taken 7s.; 6s. is the average, out of which she has to pay for her cotton and 6d. weekly for the steam which works the machines at the factory. Sometimes, when it is seen that no orders are coming in, the girls are sent home; but generally they have to be in their places even if they have no work, and it is an ordinary thing to sit out a whole morning without work. If they are late on arrival, they are sent home for the half-day and fined 3d. for absence; if they take a half-day they are sometimes sent home for a week, and not allowed any work during the time.

Where a large number of hands are employed, some rules, and strict ones, too, are necessary; but it can never be requisite to forget their humanity and treat them as machines, out of which must be got a certain amount of work at the least possible cost to the employer. Such treatment must be terrible in its consequences to the employed, and in its rebound to the employers. If the latter desires to prosper, so do the former, and one has as much right to rise as another since we come from a common stock; and indeed, in the endeavour to rise at the expense of fair play to others, the employer shows his want of right to rise, since he will not be just to his fellows. Let our nation remember that it is not the few who are rich in money and kind that make it great; but the mass of her people who are healthy, strong and of an independent spirit!

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

OUR GENERAL'S JUBILEE.

TUNE—"The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow."
("B.J." No. 19.)

Throughout the world, where flies unfurled

Our banner, "Blood and Fire,"

Great plans are laid, and efforts made,

With one sincere desire,

Justice to do the man, who this Army first

began,

We're keeping up our General's Jubilee.

CHORUS.

We're keeping up our General's Jubilee, praise the Lord!

We're keeping up our General's Jubilee, praise the Lord!

That's what we are about, well may we sing and shout,

We're keeping up our General's Jubilee.

From all around there comes the sound,

Of extra life and stir,

Years that are gone shall be outshone,

Great wonders will occur;

No stone we'll leave unturned, till all the world

has learned,

We're keeping up our General's Jubilee.

To bring to light the issue bright,

Will want some willing hands,

Much must be done by everyone

In this and other lands;

With shoulder to the wheel, make everybody

feel,

We're keeping up our General's Jubilee.

Let all rejoice, with heart and voice,

Give thanks unto our God,

For fifty years one of God's tried seers,

He's trod the Narrow Road,

Yet still he's toiling on, and not to be outdone,

We're keeping up our General's Jubilee.

George Sayer, Honiton.

BREWERY WORKMEN, NOTE!

The following letter will be read with interest:—

"Elswick Leather Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 12th, 1894. To Bass, Ratcliffe, and Gretton, Ltd., Burton. Gentlemen,—In reply to your inquiry for leather butts suitable for pumps, we feel it a duty to inform you that we have a conscientious objection to participate in any way which we can avoid in the brewing business, and on several occasions have had to decline business in connection with the liquor trade. Experience convinces us that the better or stronger beer is, so far as its alcohol is concerned, the more harm it does. Our business (chiefly concerned in the boot and shoe trade) has in our time always been the worse for, or in consequence of, licensed beer-selling, and many of our workmen have been, and are, great sufferers from the same cause. Of late years we have supported all honourable ways of bringing about the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and it would be wrong for us in any way to participate in it. You will, therefore, see that this refusal to quote implies no personal disrespect.—Yours sincerely, "Edw. and Jas. Richardson."

HE BELIEVES IN THE ARMY.

Major Whatmore, of Sheffield Province, has received a letter from an ex-prisoner, who expresses his thanks for the interest the Major and his officers have taken in him. He says: "I am pleased to tell you that five of the Mansfield soldiers met me coming out of prison; they cared for me; the publican with whom I have spent many pounds did not. I am pleased to tell you that God has turned a hell-deserving sinner's heart into a healthy one. When all hell seems let loose on me I am able, by God's grace, to triumph. When the chaplain of the prison tried to run the Salvation Army down, saying that there was no spiritual food there, I answered that I had lived twenty-six years and never had any spiritual food until that memorable night, the 2nd December last, when, in one of your Captain's houses, Jesus saved me. Nearly everybody scorns me. I have had to work among about forty thieves, but the Lord helped me. I ask you to pray for me, and in turn you have the prayer of a regenerated heart that God will bless you and your family."

Captain Colclough, of the Burne Street Food and Shelter Depot, disclaims all honour of having obtained the new texts for that institution; the credit is due to Captain Ayres, his predecessor.

Staff-Captain Goldsmith of the new Rescue Home, in Ashley Road, Bristol, informs us that it has already fully justified its existence. There are at present fifteen girls in the Home, and among them a number of very encouraging cases. The work, both at the Cardiff and Bristol Homes, the Staff-Captain adds, is prospering; these institutions being full and several hopeful cases waiting admission.

ENGINE DRIVERS.—WANTED, one or two men capable of DRIVING ENGINE, either stationary or portable, or working Cranes. State salary required, age, experience, and if married (Salvationist preferred), to "Stubbits," care of Editor of this paper.

FARM LABOURERS.—WANTED, one or two ALL-ROUND HANDS, able to plough and take team of horses.—Apply, stating wages, if married, and full particulars, to "Warwick," care of Editor of this paper.

WHERE TO GET A GRACE-BEFORE-MEAT BOX.

LIGHT BRIGADE DISTRICT AGENTS' TOURS, FROM JUNE 16TH TO JUNE 23RD.

ADJUTANT and MRS. JONES (7, Lynscoot Road, Clapton).—Shepherd's Bush, Hammersmith, Staines, Mon., June 18th; Westminster, Chelsea, Deptford, Romford (D. E. Meeting), Tues., 19th; Clapham, Battersea, Balham and Brixton (D. E. Meeting), Wed., 20th; Haggerston, Walthamstow, Stoke Newington, Edmonton (D. E. meeting), Thurs., 21st; Kilburn, Marylebone, Regent Hall, Fri., 22nd.

CAPTAIN S. FOSTER (Moxley House, Milton Avenue, East Ham).—Brentford, Twickenham, Richmond, Mon., June 18th; Stratford, Manor Park, Romford, Tues., 19th; Dorking, Leatherhead, Bookham, Wed., 20th; Limehouse, Poplar, Camberwell, Thurs., 21st; Clapton, Forest Hill, Penge, Bromley, Fri., 22nd.

CAPT. TRENHAIL (34, Abbey Road, Oxford).—Leighton Buzzard, Sat. and Sun., June 16th and 17th; Fenny Stratford, Amptill, Potton, Mon., 18th; Sheffield, Biggleswade, Tues., 19th; Arlesey, Stotford, Stevenage, Wed., 20th; Hitchin, Radwell, Thurs., 21st; Dunstable, Fri., 22nd; Luton, Sat., 23rd.

ADJUTANT and MRS. HODGSON (23, Brading Road, Elm Grove, Brighton).—Whitchurch, Andover, Mon., June 18th; Romsey, Tues., 19th; Pokesdown, Boscombe, Wed., 20th; Winton, Christchurch, Thurs., 21st; Lyminster, Fri., 22nd; Southampton I. and II., Sat., 23rd.

STAFF-CAPT. BODY (596, Shoreham Street, Sheffield).—Sheffield, Sat. to Tues., June 16th to 19th; Rotherham, Wed., 20th; Ashton-under-Lyne, Thurs., 21st; Shaw, Fri., 22nd.

CAPT. SHAW.—Exmouth, Sat. and Sun., June 16th and 17th; Dawlish, Mon., 18th; Paignton, Tues., 19th; Brixham, Wed., 20th; Dartmouth, Thurs., 21st; Torquay, Fri., 22nd; Newton Abbot, Sat. and Sun., 23rd and 24th.

STAFF-CAPT. GAPE (152, Berners Street, Highfields, Leicester).—Wollaston, Rushden, Mon., June 18th; Daventry, Fosse, Tues., 19th; Harpole, Northampton I., Brixworth, Wed., 20th; Lutterworth, Rothwell, Thurs., 21st; Burton-on-Trent, Sat. and Sun., 23rd and 24th.

CAPT. OSBORNE (72, Royal Park Road, Leeds).—Hunslet, Sat., June 16th; New Leeds, Mon., 18th; Driffield, Tues., 19th; Hesse, Wed., 20th; Selby, Thurs., 21st; Stanningley, Fri., 22nd; Leeds I., Sat., 23rd.

CAPT. COTTRILL (80, Garthland Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow).—Kirkcaldy I., Mon., June 18th; Kirkcaldy II., Tues., 19th; Dalkeith, Wed., 20th; Musselborough, Thurs., 21st; Edinburgh, Fri., 22nd; Portobello, Sat. and Sun., 23rd and 24th.

CAPT. WOODWARD (62, Garthland Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow).—Blairgowrie, Mon., June 18th; Crieff, Tues., 19th; Leslie, Wed., 20th; Cowdenbeath, Thurs., 21st; Glasgow, Fri. and Sat., 22nd and 23rd.

ENSIGN PLAYLE (125, Bolingbroke Street, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Sunderland, Sun., June 17th; Easington Lane, Mon., 18th; Haswell, Tues., 19th; Murton, Wed., 20th; Seaham Harbour, Thurs., 21st; Bectick, Fri., 22nd.