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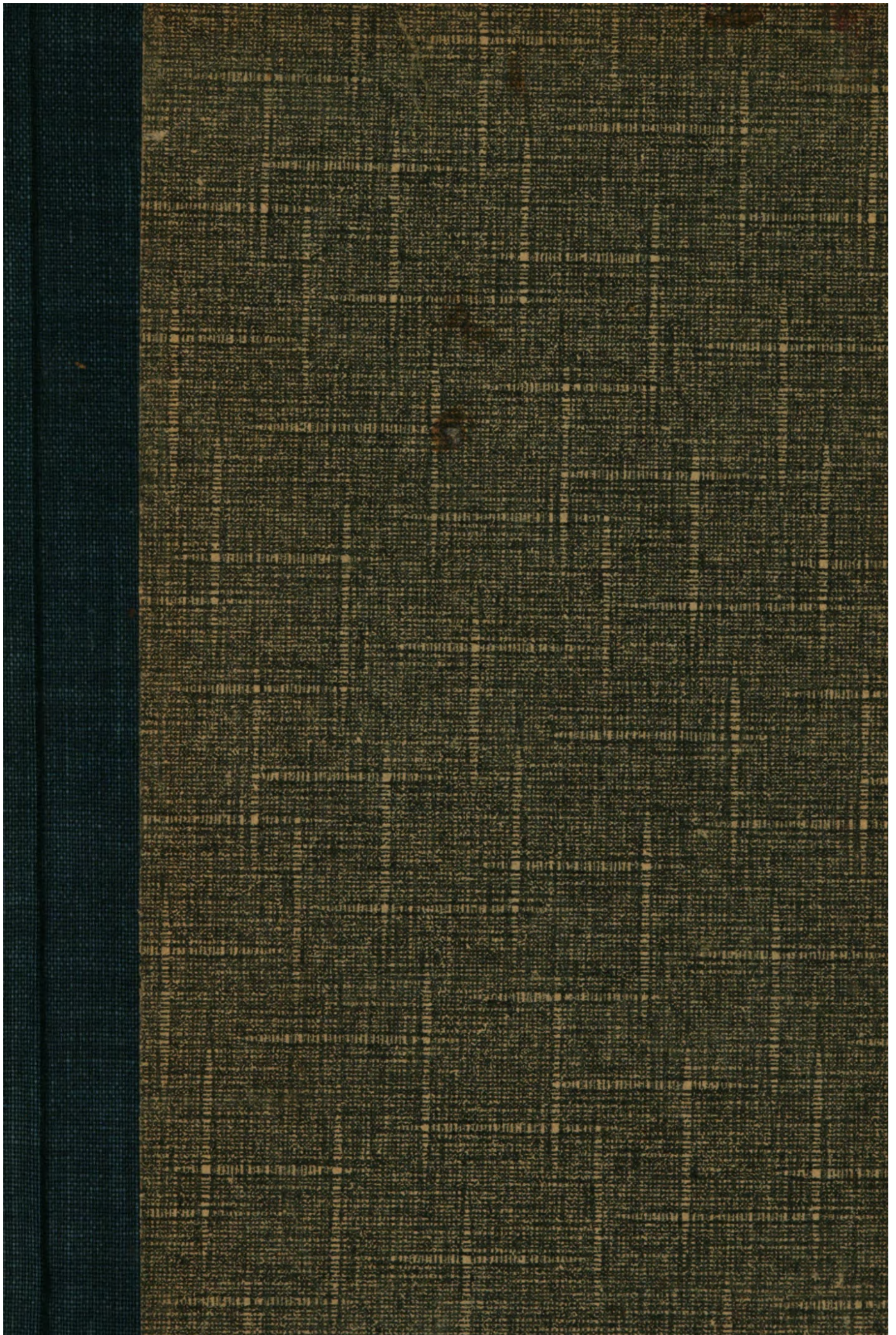
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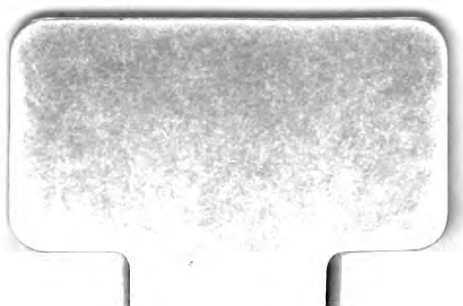


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PRICE SIXPENCE.

ALLY  
SLOOPER  
TACKLES  
THE

EASTERN



QUESTION.

"JUDY" OFFICE, 73 FLEET STREET, E.C.



# **CAUTION!**

---

BEWARE of Imitations, same shape as ours, which  
are sold by unprincipled tradesmen as  
"SPRATT'S BISCUITS."

EVERY GENUINE CAKE IS STAMPED  
"SPRATT'S PATENT."

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20 Gold, Silver, and Bronze Medals,

INCLUDING

Special Medal from Kennel Club,

AWARDED TO

## **SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES**

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The *Field* says, in answer to correspondents, "We should advise SPRATT'S BISCUITS instead of greaves and common ones."

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ADDRESS:

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# DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

IS THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

**ADVICE TO INVALIDS.**—If you wish to obtain quiet refreshing sleep, free from headache, relief from pain and anguish, to calm and assuage the weary aching of protracted disease, invigorate the nervous media, and regulate the circulating systems of the body, you will provide yourself with that marvellous remedy discovered by Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE, Member of the College of Physicians, London, to which he gave the name of

## CHLORODYNE,

And which is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.

CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA, and is the only specific in CHOLERA and DYSENTERY.

CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for COUGHS, CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, NEURALGIA.

CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of EPILEPSY, HYSTERIA, PALPITATION, and SPASMS.

J. C. BAKER, Esq., M.D., Bideford.—“It is, without doubt, the most valuable and certain Anodyne we have.”

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**CAUTION.**—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the defendant FREEMAN was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

*Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each.*

None is genuine without the words “Dr. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE” on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each Bottle.

**CAUTION.**—Beware of Piracy and Imitations.

Sole Manufacturer—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

Extra Strong  
Steel Pens,  
Carbonized,  
Bronzed, and  
Golden Coated,

# John Heath's

WITH  
OBLIQUE  
TURNED-UP  
AND  
ROUNDED  
POINTS.

SUIT all Hands, all styles, all ages, and all kinds of Work.



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No. 1876. TURNED-UP NIB VERY SOFT AND EASY IN ACTION, LIKE A QUILL.



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# COCOA

PURE  
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One teaspoonful makes a breakfast cup of stronger and better Cocoa than two teaspoonfuls of any Homœopathic or “prepared” Cocoas, which thicken in the Cup.

# ESSENCE



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 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,  
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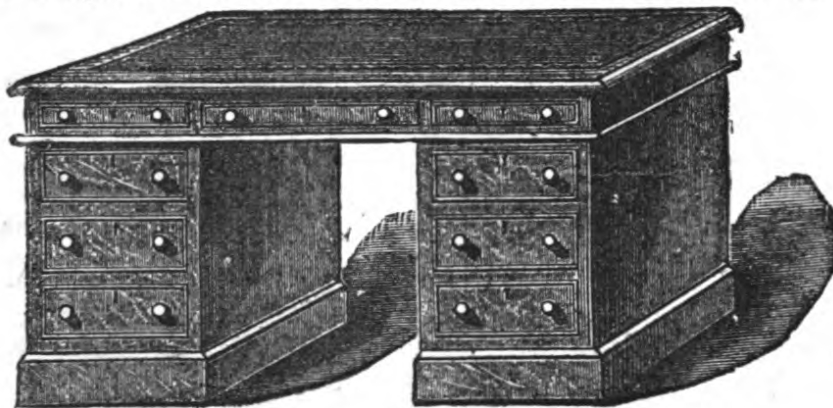
**The Eugenie Easy Chair.**

Spring Seat, good Castors ... .. 25/  
 Superior ditto, stuffed all Hair ... 31/6  
 The Vienna Gent's Easy Chair,  
 largest size to match ... .. 35/  
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**Walnut Cabinet.**

Inlaid Marqueterie, & Ormolu mounted,  
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 2-ft. 6-in. wide ... .. 42/  
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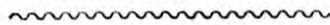
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Payable in Advance.





**SLOPER SOLVES THE PROBLEM.**

Please to observe A. SLOPER in the background, thinking out the Suez Canal difficulty to slow music. Nothing like slow music when there's a difficulty.

# THE EASTERN QUESTION

## TACKLED

AND SATISFACTORILY DISPOSED OF

BY ALLY SLOPER

(*The Literary Torpedo*).



WITH 70 ILLUSTRATIONS (THE GREATER PART NOW FIRST PUBLISHED)

BY MARIE DUVAL;

THREE MAPS OF THE SEAT OF WAR BY A. SLOPER HIMSELF;

AND

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF CERTAIN SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES

BY CHARLES H. ROSS.

"Let me like a soldier fall."—*Popular Song*.  
"Oh, where, and oh, where?"—*Popular Poem*.

"JUDY" OFFICE, 73 FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

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18, WIGMORE ST, LONDON, W.*

*GILBERT L. PAUER'S NEW BENT-REED ENGLISH HARMONIUMS.*

**THE HIGHEST MEDAL & GRAND  
DIPLOMA OF HONOUR PARIS 1874  
LA DIPLÔME DE LA MENTION EXTRAORDINAIRE  
AMSTERDAM 1870  
PRIZE MEDAL HONNEUR PARIS 1869  
GILBERT L. PAUER'S NEW BENT-REED ENGLISH HARMONIUMS.**

**PATENTED 1862, 1868, AND 1871 IN  
ENGLAND, FRANCE, BRUSSIA, AUSTRIA,  
BELGIUM, ITALY, AND AMERICA.**



“ More atrocities ! ”

REMARKS, PREFATORY AND OTHERWISE,  
BEARING MORE OR LESS UPON THE TACKLEMENT  
IN QUESTION.

---

“ In the discussion of this great and sad subject, the attitude and the proceedings of the British Government cannot possibly be left out of view. The consequences of these acts have been, in my view, very deplorable.”—W. E. GLADSTONE, *in his pamphlet on Bulgarian horrors*.

“ I can scarcely express the contempt I feel for the paltry majority who voted I was rather less than nowhere.”—A. SLOPER, *in his pamphlet on Unpopular Fallacies* (not yet published).

“ Indignation is fioth, except as it leads to action.”—Mr. GLADSTONE'S *pamphlet*.

“ If you young fellers in the back seats don't leave off cracking nuts whilst I 'm talking, I shall drop it.”—A. SLOPER *addressing sympathizers for Bulgarians who had to read Mr. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet*.

JULY 12th, 1877.



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## A CASE IN POINT.

FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF COMING HISTORIANS.



WHEN the idea of a visit to the East was first suggested to A. SLOPER, he very naturally supposed they meant Whitechapel.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the subject was next mooted.

“Turkish Delight, a ha’penny a lump!” A. SLOPER murmured ecstatically, with half-closed eyes.

Future historians, writing of the sweetstuff business, may perchance speak of this expedition as the “Ally campaign.”

# DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

All who wish to preserve health and thus prolong life, should read Dr. ROOKE'S "ANTI-LANCET," or "HANDY GUIDE TO DOMESTIC MEDICINE," which can be had GRATIS from any Chemist, or POST FREE from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough. Concerning this book, which contains 172 pages, the late eminent author, Sheridan Knowles, observed: "*It will be an incalculable boon to every person who can read and think.*"

## CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.

OPIATES, NARCOTICS, and SQUILLS are too often invoked to give relief in COUGHS, COLDS, and all PULMONARY DISEASES. Instead of such fallacious remedies, which yield momentary relief at the expense of enfeebling the digestive organs, thus increasing that debility which lies at the root of the malady, modern science points to CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR as the true remedy.

### DR. ROOKE'S TESTIMONIAL.

DR. ROOKE, Scarborough, Author of the "Anti-Lancet," says:

"I have repeatedly observed how very rapidly and invariably it subdued Cough, Pain, and Irritation of the Chest in cases of Pulmonary Consumption; and I can, with the greatest confidence, recommend it as a most valuable adjunct to an otherwise strengthening treatment for this disease."

This medicine, which is free from opium and squills, not only allays the local irritation, but improves digestion and strengthens the constitution. Hence it is used with the most signal success in

**ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS,  
CONSUMPTION,**

**COUGHS,  
INFLUENZA,  
QUINSY,**

**CONSUMPTIVE NIGHT SWEATS,**

**And all AFFECTIONS of the THROAT and CHEST.**

*Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all respectable Chemists, and Wholesale by JAMES M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough.*

\*\* Invalids should read Crosby's Prize Treatise on "DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND AIR-VESSELS," a copy of which can be had GRATIS of all Chemists.

# THE TACKLEMENT.



A. SLOPER, hearing that the right thing to do when a new Sultan occurs is to send round the Hatt, sent his hat round at once—on his own account.

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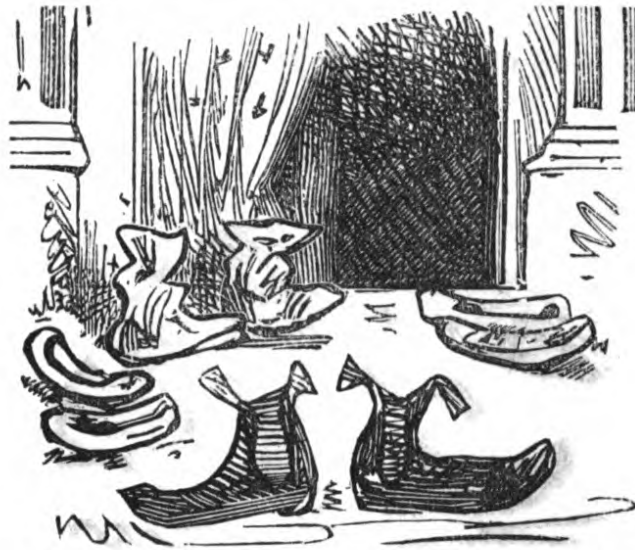
## A. SLOPER THE CHOSEN ONE.

EVER so long before there was any particular increase of mortality among the Sultans, whilst yet Turkish Bonds were bought eagerly, and the Sultan's Hatts covered the heads of his financial executive with a glory which was rather effulgent than otherwise, A. SLOPER's *hat* was a national landmark.

A. SLOPER is not of a wasteful disposition; one *t* is good enough for A. SLOPER when he has to spell it, and in casual conversation the *h* itself is, if anything, rather a matter of superfluity.

There is a moral which may be drawn even from this. On one hand you have the Eastern potentate using and abusing his consonants; on the other A. SLOPER, who





When attending a place of worship in the East, you are respectfully requested to leave your boots and shoes outside. SLOPER suffered agonies about the fate of his whilst he was away. Observe them in front. A lady's at the back. Two gentlemen's right and left.

wouldn't even waste an aspirate if he could help it. A. SLOPER is of opinion that a man who would must be a hass!

Under these circumstances, attention was naturally attracted to A. SLOPER, and persons said to others, "A. SLOPER should go out."

It was generally admitted by the most disinterested third persons that even if SLOPER did no good out there, he anyhow would *be out there*, and sanitary improvements might be effected during his absence in the back shop and elsewhere ordinarily adorned by SLOPER's presence.

Besides, A. SLOPER had, or said he had, already been at Constantinople, and it has been found, on the whole, to save time and expense if you take SLOPER's word upon trifling matters of this kind.

Upon the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal, A. SLOPER, it may be remembered, started for the East in company with Mr. I. MOSES, with whom he was then on reasonably friendly terms. According to A. SLOPER, he is as much at home in the city of the Sultan as he is in Fleet Street. His only regret is that he did not start sooner, that he might have shown Mr. SALA about.

The "shakes-up" they might have gone to with Aïcha, Djemila, Gulnare, Gulbeyaz, Fatima, and Dudù! A. SLOPER knows them all, and the Grand Turks are only too pleased



What SLOPER says about Sultanas is this : They do not ordinarily apply their pocket-handkerchiefs to the uses most common in this country. N.B.—No more do the Sultans.

if A. SLOPER will mingle in the innocent merry-makings of these young persons.

In childhood's hour it was one of A. SLOPER's sweetest privileges to flutter bee-like amongst such fair flowers, and wolf up hardbake, Victoria rock, and similar simple sweets, pressed upon him, warm and sticky, by those who loved him most.

Ah ! why cannot we all be children once again, and be supported by our parents, instead of having to earn our living on our own account ?

Yes, A. SLOPER of all others was evidently the man for the East. If hatts had to be sent round, why not his ? He had experience in that kind of thing. He had made a study of it, and brought it to perfection. Probably few hats have gone farther.

At the mention of this fact the eminent *littérateur* summons back from the misty past the recollection of the first time he tried it on.

'T was merry Christmas-time, at the close of an evening more than usually harmonious, when good fellowship had prevailed, and the welkin had rung.



The Bazaars are very nice. You may find there everything anybody would ever think of selling, and nothing anybody would ever dream of buying.

A. SLOPER for a while past had sat apart, a shade of sadness on his brow, and his head among plates with cold gravy in them. He had bandied the merry jest, and had more than once raised his tuneful voice for the general delectation.

It is true his stock of songs is limited, but he had sung the one he knows all through several times over, and had offered to do so again, when, met by ribaldry, he had sat apart as described, and was then weeping and wishing he was dead.

'T was at this juncture I. MOSES, finding that he had been unconsciously resting his feet for some time past on A. SLOPER'S hat lying under the table, suggested that it should be sent round for A. SLOPER'S benefit, in token of past enjoyment of his society, and general appreciation of his upper *g*. Did those who had participated respond? Nobly was not the word. Did the money ever reach A. SLOPER? Not a penny of it.

On the contrary, I. MOSES not only stuck to it, as per usual, but had the baseness to go home in SLOPER'S hat afterwards, carrying his own in the special "Standard," because of the rain; subsequent to which events A. SLOPER wended his way homewards with his head wrapped up in the special "Globe."

Few men can carry a thing of that kind off like A. SLOPER; but the genial host, recognizing his property as A. SLOPER glided forth, used language.



As a matter of course, A. SLOPER got the sack whilst at Constanti-  
nople. He, however, had not read his "Monte Cristo" for nothing.  
Ha! ha!

### WARLIKE PREPARATIONS IN THE E.C. DISTRICT.

WHEN the idea first occurred to somebody at the JUDY office that somebody else ought to be sent out to the seat of war as JUDY'S Special Correspondent, there was a kind of panic among the staff.

The Head Cashier pleaded exemption on account of advanced age and fast-increasing infirmities. An hour previously he had been backing himself to run, box, or wrestle any member of the staff his own weight for an even shilling,—but that is neither here nor there; and it may also be remarked it is a pretty safe thing to offer to lay a wager you don't want to be taken with any member of the staff on a Friday afternoon if it be a *sine qua non* that the money shall be staked.

Q., it is true, left his corner at the first bugle-sound (so to speak), and volunteered with enthusiasm. He had only just got to call at the Marlborough, he said, run up St. Paul's,





“Going out as JUDY’s Special Old Man!” shrieked the ONLY JONES: “we’ll see you into the train!” “Th-a-a—nk you,” murmured A. SLOPER.



Testimonials to A. SLOPER from admiring friends. “Glad it ain’t warm weather,” said the Office Boy.

drop in at Fulwood’s Rents, and leave his card at Lambeth, and he would be ready to start in half an hour. This was the last that was seen of him from that time to the present.

The ONLY JONES put his case in an honest, straightforward



ALLEGORICAL DESIGN.—ALLY SLOPER giving the British Lion a back.

manner there was no gainsaying. He said he was, to the best of his belief, the only living man of the name of Jones whom battle-fields wouldn't suit. He said it wasn't the danger, but the smell of powder somehow always made him feel sick. He could account in no other way for having been observed trying to get under the seat when the first gun went off in the "Battle of Waterloo" at Astley's.



At the "Cheese" A. SLOPER shed tears. Other eminent *littérateurs* contributed a trifle in the way of chop-bones and cold melted butter to help him on the way.



View of A. SLOPER's outer door when the Taxes called.

The UNDECIDED GENTLEMAN was if anything rather more undecided than usual, and getting near to the shop-door, fell—or rather dropped—out, and drifted round the corner up Crown Court.

The PASSING OBSERVER must have had some kind of instinc-



tive inkling of what was going on inside the palatial premises. He passed by. The Editor happened to be away at the time—a way he has more or less generally—the Artists were all ill, and the Office Boy spoke vaguely of domestic afflictions.

There seemed to be nothing for it but to fall back on A. SLOPER. A. SLOPER is not a reliable man to fall back upon. He has a habit of going flop! when you try it. A. SLOPER was at one time connected with the supernumerariest branches of the theatrical profession. A leading tragedian had reason to observe this peculiarity upon the part of A. SLOPER, whose duty it was to catch him when he died; a metal plate neatly let into the back part of that leading tragedian's head commemorates the circumstance.

It was estimated at the time that a back fall, without A. SLOPER's intervention, was, if anything, less calculated to stave in a skull-bone.

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## TESTIMONIALS

OF A HIGHLY GRATIFYING NATURE (AND OTHERWISE) PRESENTED TO A. SLOPER (THE LITERARY TORPEDO) UPON THE EVE OF HIS STARTING FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

FROM the very first it was said, "If SLOPER goes out, he must have *souvenirs* to remind him of those nearest and dearest to him whom he has left behind."

"He shall not go away and say he owes us nothing," some murmured; and others said, "SLOPER will never say that, though he may possibly remain beyond the Statute of Limitations."



From an early hour on the day preceding that fixed for A. SLOPER's departure, the Office Boy had all he could do receiving half-bricks intended for A. SLOPER, and chucking them back again so as not to hit uninterested third persons

on the tops of passing omnibuses, or break windows of irate tradespeople opposite.

Later on things came in parcels. There were thirty combs,

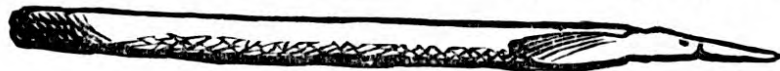


Combs.



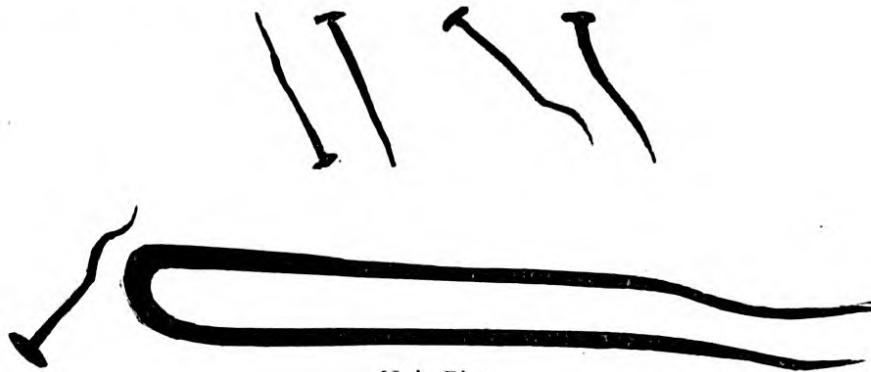
Chignon Comb.

of which those here depicted are average samples, forwarded



Toothpick.

by persons who "knew SLOPER would have a lot of trouble with his back hair if he travelled unprovided."



Hair Pins.

These evidently were tendered in a scoffing spirit, as was



Pills.

also the offer of a portion of lady's chignon comb intended to keep SLOPER's hair on when in the thick of the fight.



*MD*

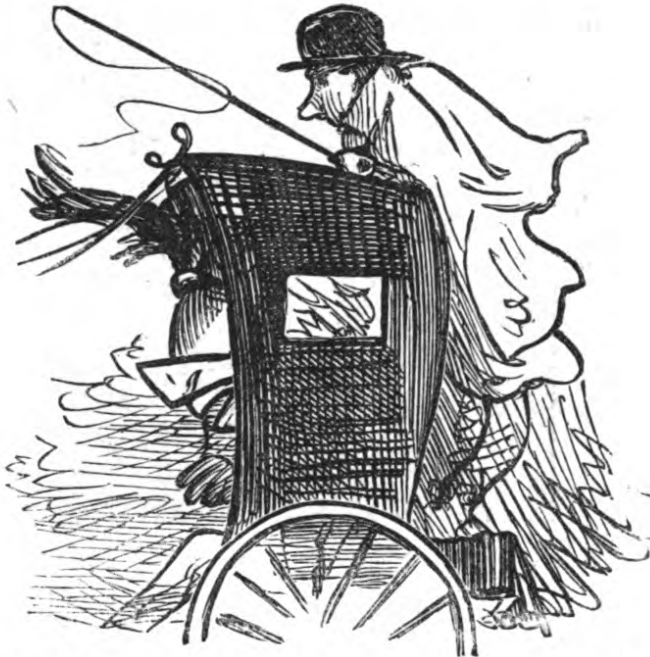
The report having reached A. SLOPER that there are a lot of torpedoes about, he borrows a suit of armour from a friend connected with the Lord Mayor's procession, previous to starting on his campaign.

A toothpick for which the owner had no further use was enclosed in many wraps, and the donor said he only regretted he could not afford to send a dinner with it.

Some pins were the gift of a subscriber from the first, who



For reasons he prefers to go on foot to the boat, but those nasty rude common little boys won't let him alone.

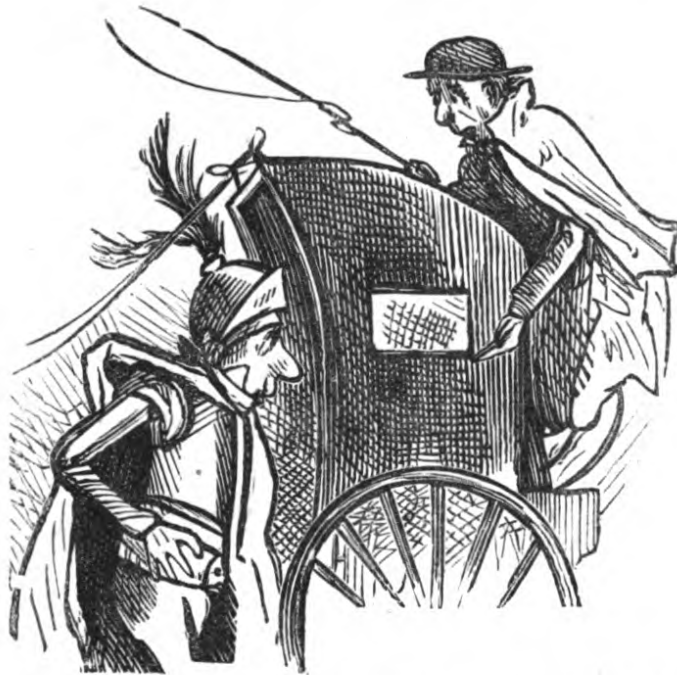


He therefore takes a hansom. Rather an awkward thing for a man in armour to ride in. Probably not much used in the days when armour was worn.

---

hadn't time to straighten them before sending; and a well-wisher in ill health forwarded two pills that he had found loose in a washandstand-drawer at sea-side lodgings, and





SLOPER did not wish to dispute the fare, but, hang it all, how the deuce was he to get at the other sixpence?



Discovery of remains of SLOPER on the tented field of Battersea (short cut from Fleet Street to London Bridge).

thought ought not to be wasted if SLOPER could decide what complaint they were good for. There was also a quantity of good advice and much sympathy expressed by persons who



A. SLOPER reporting incidents in the thick of the fight. Would that all other war correspondents were as true to their post. N.B.—The above is not from a sketch taken on the spot. A. SLOPER would scorn to deceive an unborn babe.

possibly might have added to the obligation had they pre-paid their letters.

As the shades of evening began to gather around the palatial premises, the state of the Office Boy's mind bordered on frenzy, and a pair of new boots sent him as a birthday present by his Aunt Hannah arriving inopportunistly, he gave the messenger a black eye with them, under the impression that they were more brickbats intended for the eminent *littérateur*.

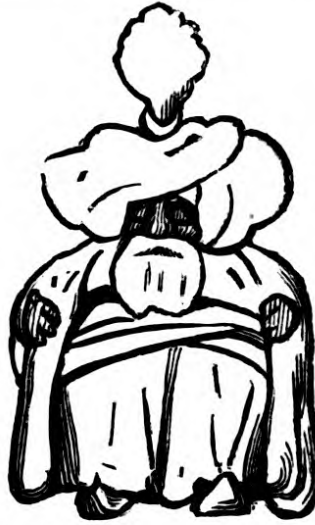
Both boots and brickbats gone wrong now!



If SLOPER could only have got as far as Egypt, what he might have brought back with him—if they had let him.



Sensation caused by A. SLOPER in "the City of the Sultan." Had he his lunch in his pocket? Was it something on a skewer? 'T was skewerious if it were so!



"Pah! psha! Just try it on, that's all!"

### THE DREAM OF SLOPER'S LIFE.

"THERE are moments," Mrs. Hemans says, "in which we live years;" and A. SLOPER has known other moments that centuries were a fool to. As he utters the words, the memory of one particular moment comes back to him as though it were but yesterday, when a powerful person of the male sex, in newly-soled boots put on for the occasion, held A. SLOPER at arm's length by the scruff, and asked if A. SLOPER had any choice as to which foot he would take first.



Some people can sit and talk calmly of an incident of this kind—when years have rolled away.

When first the idea of Eastern travel was suggested to A. SLOPER, he too felt that he was the right man.

Finance, he naturally thought, would best have suited him, if he could have been entrusted with a bag of money to set things straight, and had not been seen off by the railway. However, as the Special Correspondent of even a twopenny comic, there might be chances, and A. SLOPER is eminently a man to lay hold of anything—if only half a chance.

"The eyes have it."—*Parliamentary phrase.* See BIGGAR.



It is true he might not have been acquainted with the East in its entirety, but in a general way he felt equal to any difficulty.

In childhood's hour he had studied the histories of Blue Beard and Ali Baba, and only a high moral training in early infancy had hindered him from wishing he had been one of the Forty.

A. SLOPER seems to feel that his lot ought to have been cast in the land of the Arabian Nights—that he should have had his *konak* in Stamboul and his *yali* at Scutari, with a *gynæceum* at both—that sweet music should lull him to slumber, and slaves of rare beauty bring him his long pipe and cup of coffee (with a drop of brandy in it)—that he should be able to impale persons for insults offered—as, at the JUDY office, when they mention if he calls on a Saturday that he has already drawn his salary twice already—once when the Cashier had stepped out before entering the payment in the cash-book. A. SLOPER seems instinctively to feel all this. That attar of roses was invented especially for him, and that his ought to be the Delights in the biggest lumps that can be done at the money.

To wander, then, beneath the Star and Crescent, and penetrate the arid Desert beyond—to reach the Pyramids, perhaps ascend to the top of the tallest, and triumphantly affix thereon an adhesive label advertising “ALLY SLOPER'S COMIC KALENDAR FOR 1878”—a splendid work, price only one penny, now in the press—this were a great achievement—a fitting end to a well-spent life.



And perhaps there wouldn't be quite so much unpleasantness about a harmless act which might have been thought rather an adornment to Temple Bar than otherwise!

But what can you expect of a policeman?

What?

Ah! what?

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

INTENDED FOR THE FUTURE GUIDANCE OF  
OTHER WAR CORRESPONDENTS.



THE seat of war is bounded on the south by Fleet Street, now in the occupation of the enemy.

The chief stronghold of the besieged correspondent is the first house on the right up Wine Office Court coming from the enemy's lines; and here, in the interior recesses, behind earthworks to be thrown up in case of need (with the kind permission of Mr. Moore, the spirited proprietor), it is the intention of Ally Pasha to die fighting—trusting at the same

time this arrangement won't seriously affect the ordinary routine of business.

On the north the seat of war may be approached and departed from with some degree of safety by King's Head Court—whence, in case of pursuit, you have a choice of falling back on Gough Square, or making yourself scarce Shoe Lane way.

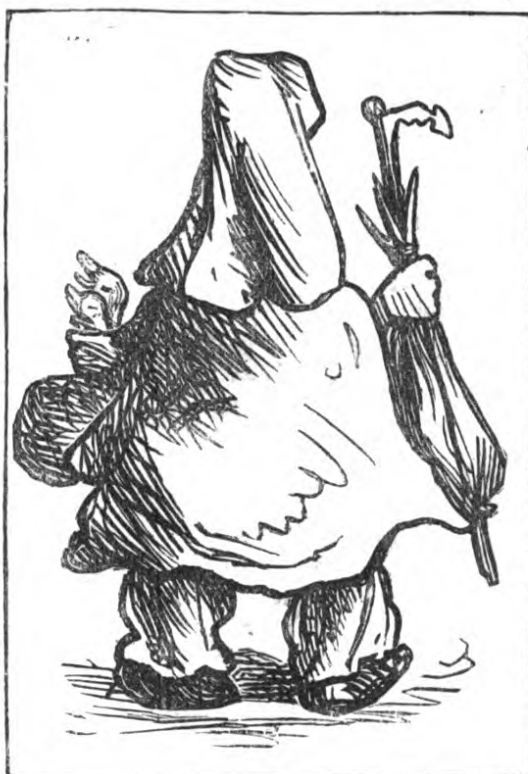
Should other besieged correspondents, however, feel inclined to take the advice of Ally Pasha, he would recommend a strategic movement in the direction of Bolt Court—the very name of which possesses some analogy with that of the eminent *littérateur*.

From Bolt Court, with your coat-collar turned up, Whitefriars' Street may be gained by a sudden plunge under cover of passing conveyances. Hanging Sword Alley then offers remarkable facilities to the Sloperianly-disposed; for, should retreat be cut off in the direction of Tudor Street, by an artful turn the opening from Crown Court may be utilized; or in case of your seeing a back you know planted in the entrance, the "Crown" itself will afford temporary shelter.

All, however, depends upon the exact position in Fleet



Byronical Sketch of a Sultana.

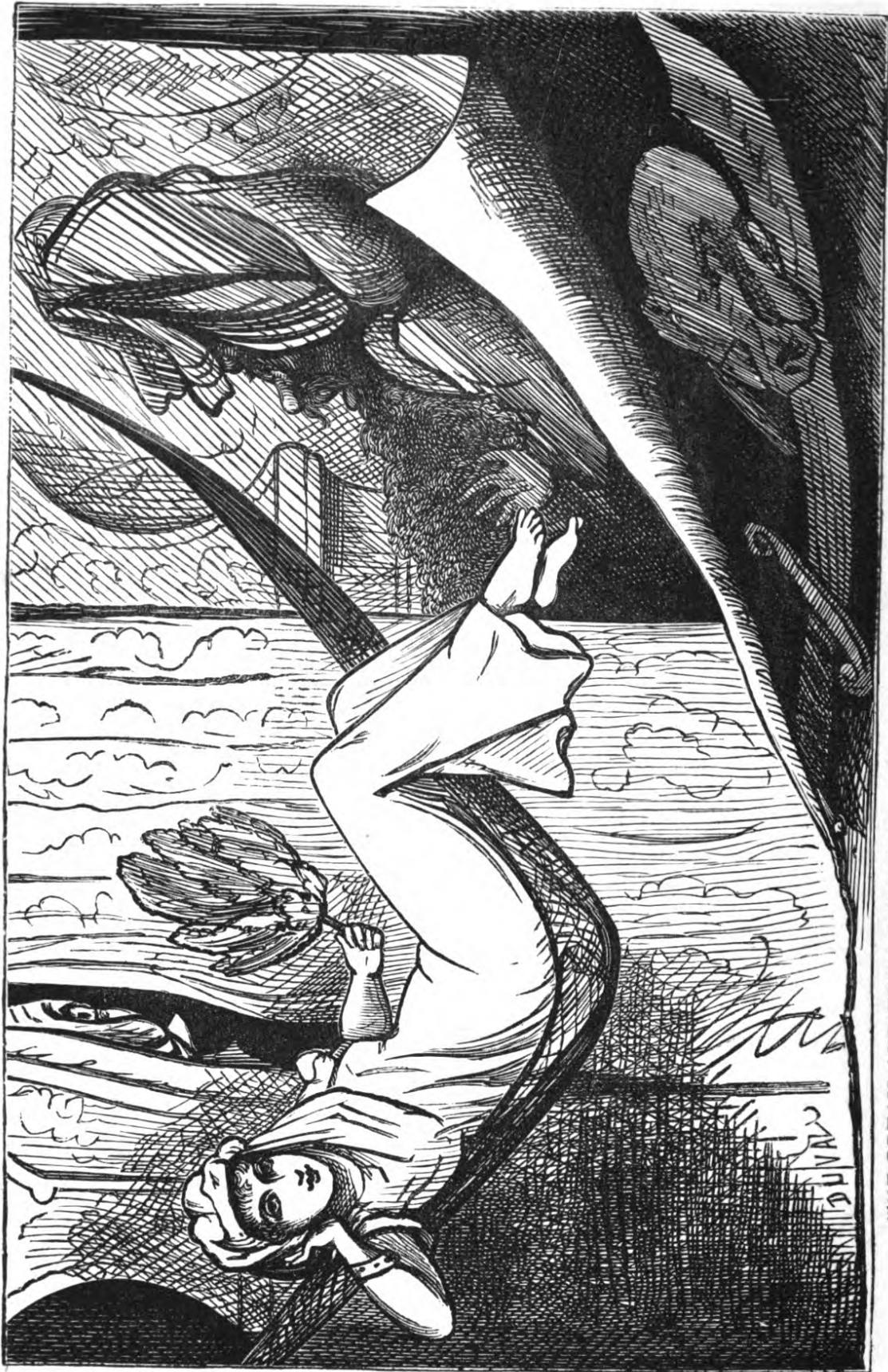
Ironical sketch of same, à la  
GEORGE AUGUSTUS.

Street occupied by the enemy, and it may almost savour of impertinence on the part of A. SLOPER to suggest lines of retreat to other eminent *littérateurs* whom long experience has qualified for the task of instructing even A. SLOPER.

To the uninitiated—the outer world—the misguided many—it may appear somewhat of a waste of energy and boot-leather for the wearied reveller leaving—say, the *buffet* of the Gaiety—the last thing at night, to approach the western extremity of, say, Stamford Street, Waterloo Road, by way of Westminster; but there may be reasons for it, and even the under-ordinary-circumstances mean, paltry, and contemptible sum of one halfpenny may have something to do with it.

To still remain in comparative safety in London, to draw a little more on account, and yet to discharge honourably the duties the performance of which he has accepted, is the problem at present harassing the mind of at least one eminent *littérateur* who shall be nameless.

And at present there seems no likelihood of any amelioration. Meanwhile the waiters are not quite as respectful as they might be.



**THE DREAM AND THE AWAKENING.** Mrs. SLOPER is respectfully assured that this is purely allegorical.





SLOPER, THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

## EARLY WAR INTELLIGENCE.

HEAD-QUARTERS,  
"CHESHIRE CHEESE."

THE camp is at present pitched as above. All is excitement. Messages from the enemy are received every minute, and called up the stairs in a mystic tongue previously agreed upon. Nobody therefore knows what he is going to get, and there is no disappointment.

Inquiries for Ally Pasha are numerous. Since it has been generally known that he has been ordered to the front, he has been an object of universal attention and solicitude. William says he hopes he will pay up before he goes, and in the meanwhile wishes he wouldn't occupy the dining-tables, during the most crowded

part of the day, with his war correspondence.

A deputation has just arrived from Madame Tussaud's. They want the effigy of JUDY'S Special, and have promised to place it next to the lamented Greenacre.

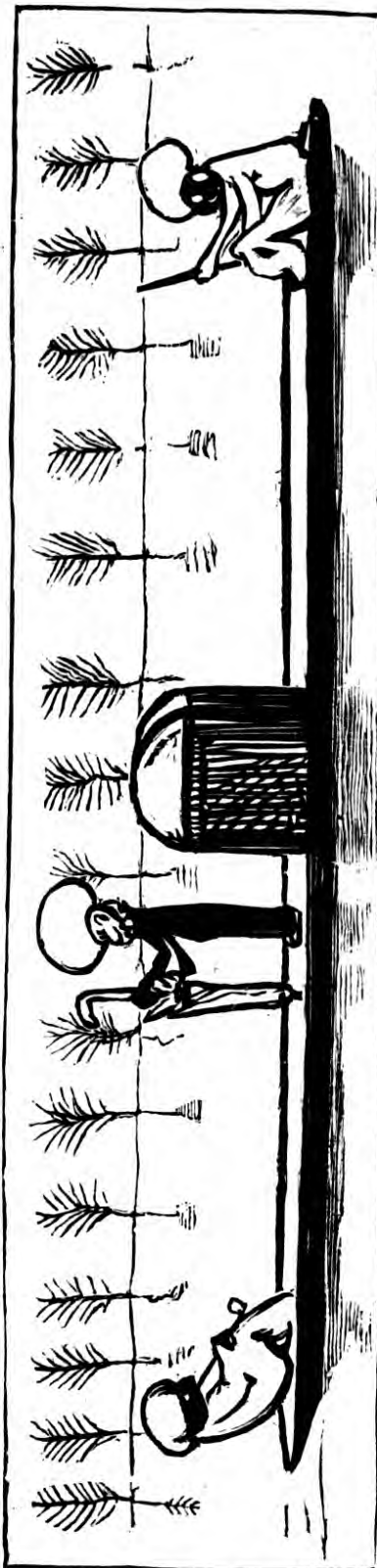
A. SLOPER has offered them his clothes also. They say the effigy will be sufficient speculation at present. They don't seem to care to touch the clothes.

Many other War Correspondents from opposition journals are here, among whom are several who were supposed long ago to be smelling powder.

One is covered all over with scars.

He says he spent last Sunday gathering gooseberries.

\* \* \* \* \*



SLOPER taking the Harem for an outing on the Danube That's S. with the umbrella.

## THE WAR.

### AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENTS. AN-  
OTHER LOAN. A PANIC IMMI-  
NENT. MORE ENTHUSIASM  
RELATIVE TO A. SLOPER.

You will be surprised to learn that your valued contributor is as above.\*

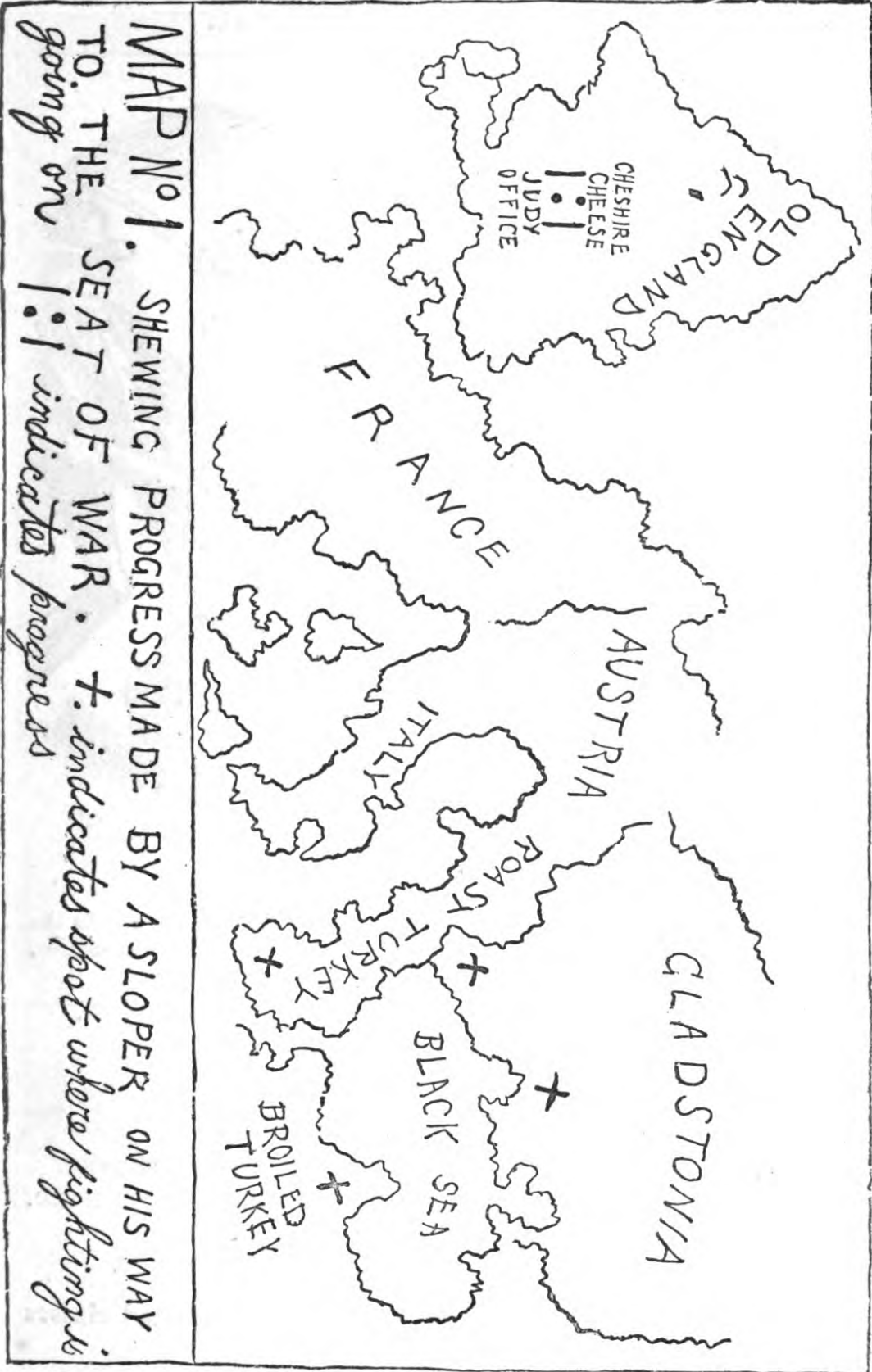
This is a great city, and full of interest, as A. SLOPER knows, having just borrowed of a friendly Christian a pound at seven hundred per cent. to meet pressing claims.

Nothing can be more genial than the way he is treated. He has been to all the bazaars, and directed what he has chosen to be sent to his hotel; the bills to be forwarded to you. The latter arrangement he has ventured to adopt, as, when you see them, you may really believe that A. SLOPER is here, and *not where has been stated*.

The person who will call is an agent for the baazar people, and as he is coming to A. SLOPER direct on leaving you, he may be trusted with a remittance on account. The enthusiasm is, if anything, on the increase.

Fireworks are spoken of.

\* We were. We immediately sent out members of the staff to watch both ends of Wine Office Court.—*Ed. JUDY.*





Triumphal procession of ALLY SLOPER, Esquire, on his way to the Boulogne Boat *en route* for the seat of war. In the general enthusiasm, it was not observed that the bottom of the chair had come out.

### THE WAR.

### OUTSIDE MONTENEGRO.\*

FALSE REPORTS. FRIENDLY RELATIONS OF A. SLOPER.  
 SLOPER LISTENED TO AT LAST. TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER.  
 COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF A. SLOPER.  
 CONTINUED ENTHUSIASM. EVIL FOREBODINGS.

THE ignorance prevailing amongst the uneducated classes at home relative to Montenegro is very great.

\* We can understand he is outside. Probably at some distance.—  
*Ed. JUDY.*





A friend of MOSES'S, hearing SLOPER talk about purchasing a suit of mail, as a protection against cannon-balls, tries to get him on to buy a shell jacket.

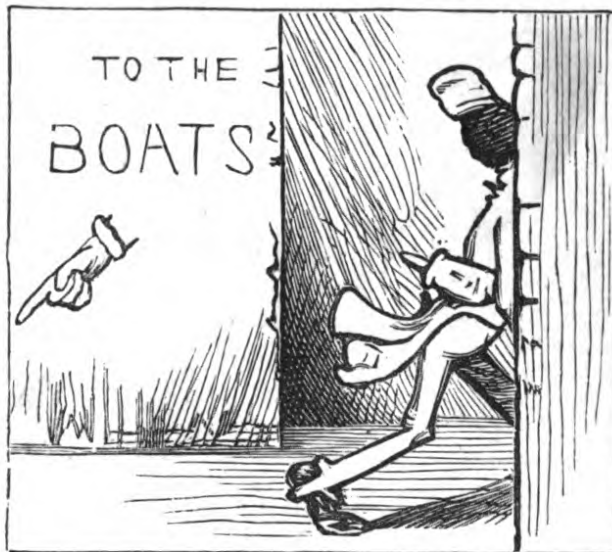


Captain B. wouldn't take a hundred for advertising some pills. A. SLOPER offers to take anything with respect to some other pills but the pills themselves.

Before A. SLOPER got out here, he thought it was inhabited by blacks. A Montenegrress, however, with whom A. SLOPER has recently got on speaking terms, tells him this is an error. She, however, appreciates A. SLOPER'S vocal efforts—and they are also thought much of by other persons. Arrangements are pending (with the permission of Messrs. Moore and Burgess) for A. SLOPER never again to perform out of Montenegro.



SLOPER's Patent Smuggler's Overall, with COPEIOUS accommodation for exporting genuine home-made Tobacco.



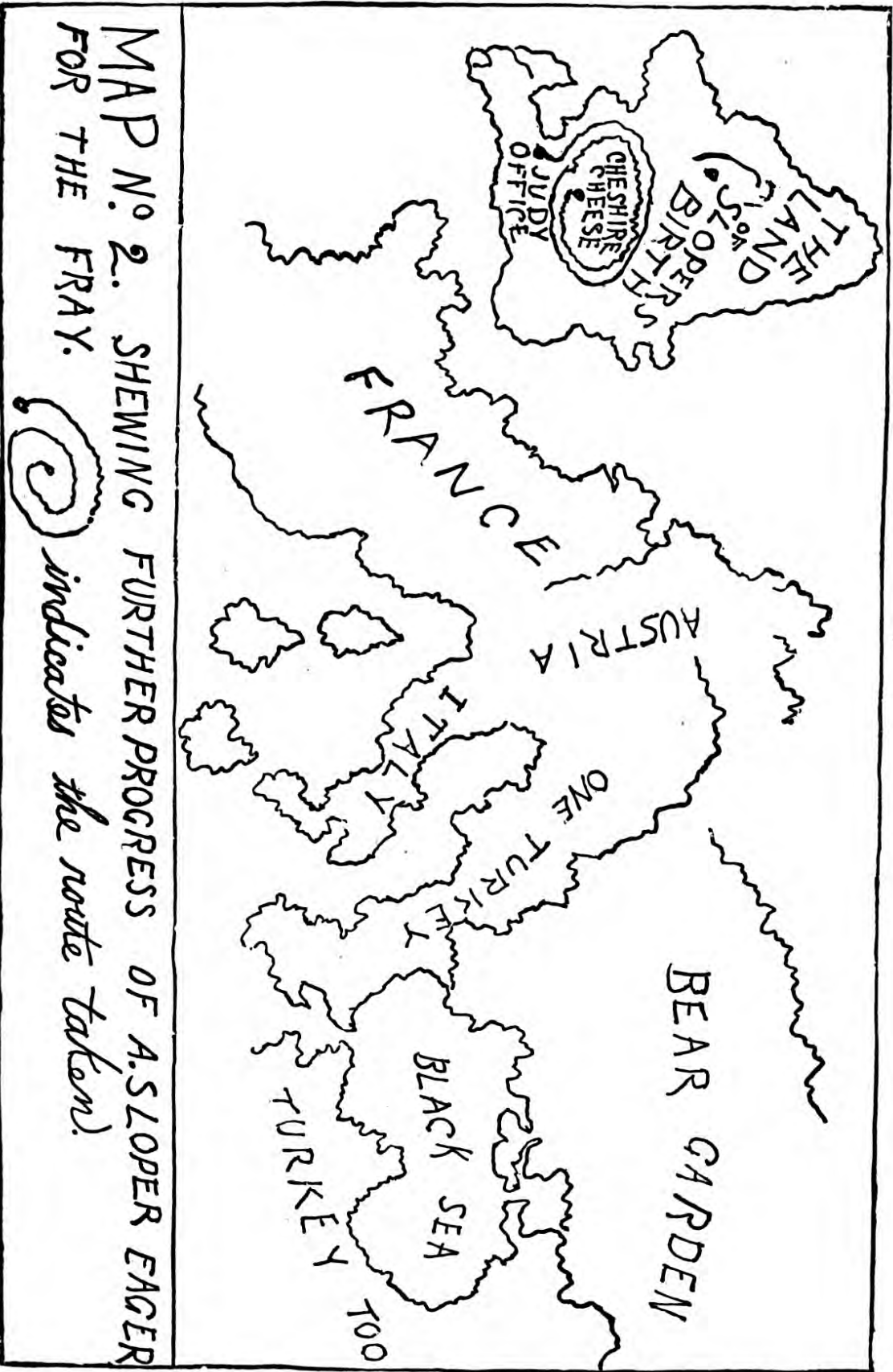
The question of the day : *Was SLOPER seen off, or wasn't he?*

Meanwhile the bombardment continues unabated, and terrible slaughter is reported from distant places.

A. SLOPER has had to be held back, or there is no knowing where he would have been by now.

Everywhere he is received with acclamation, but it is a pity (owing to unaccountable silence on your part relative to overdue remittances) that he can make no return.

It looks mean, and gives the paper a bad name.



MAP NO. 2. SHEWING FURTHER PROGRESS OF A.S. SLOPER EAGER FOR THE FRAY.

 indicates the route taken.



Chorus of conspirators outside A. SLOPER's bed-chamber: "All together, below your breath: Rum-tiddy-um-tiddy-um-tiddy-um!"

---

THE WAR,

AT CAIRO.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF A. SLOPER.

THOUSANDS GATHERED TOGETHER.

NOCTURNAL SERENADING OF A. SLOPER.

IMPORTANT DECISION ARRIVED AT. PROBABLE RESULTS.

CAIRO.

You will be surprised to hear that your valued contributor, A. SLOPER, is here.\*

\* We are! we are!—*Ed. JUDY.*





“Here are the hat and umbrella—but where’s SLOPER?”

“If he’s sneaking behind the door, I’ll flatten him!”

Your valued contributor’s reception has been immense! You never saw anything like the way the dogs rallied round. They followed him everywhere! Even now, when A. SLOPER has sought his couch—(it is on the fourth floor, and takes a goodish bit of searching at times)—the dogs are barking without.

A. SLOPER has just addressed the dogs from his chamber-window, and the other people who have bed-rooms on that side of the house are using language and throwing things.

The genial host asked a fellow-townsmen of A. SLOPER’s whether A. SLOPER was a Mussulman.

“More likely a Pieman,” replied A. SLOPER’s compatriot, “or perhaps it’s sausages.”

What effect this conversation may have upon the troubled Eastern Question, there is, at present, no telling.

P.S.—*Private*.—Things are very dear here, and of course I have to keep up the character of the journal. I only mention this casually.

P.S. No. 2.—I am sorry you did not honour the cheque I gave to the bazaar man.

He seemed vexed.





“He wouldn’t be so unmanly as to hide under the bed at such a moment as this !”



“SLOPER must have left these behind when he started in a hurry.”  
“Suppose we book ’em for the seat of war, thick of the fight, to await his arrival !  
“That ’ll have him !”



MAP N.º 3 SHEWING ONE OF THE REASONS WHY SLOPER DID NOT PERISH IN THE GUN BOAT SAFI. A indicates locality A. SLOPER at the time. B. is the boat.

N. B.—Some people are Safer elsewhere!—A. SLOPER.

## THE ADVANCED GUARD; A TALE OF HEROISM.

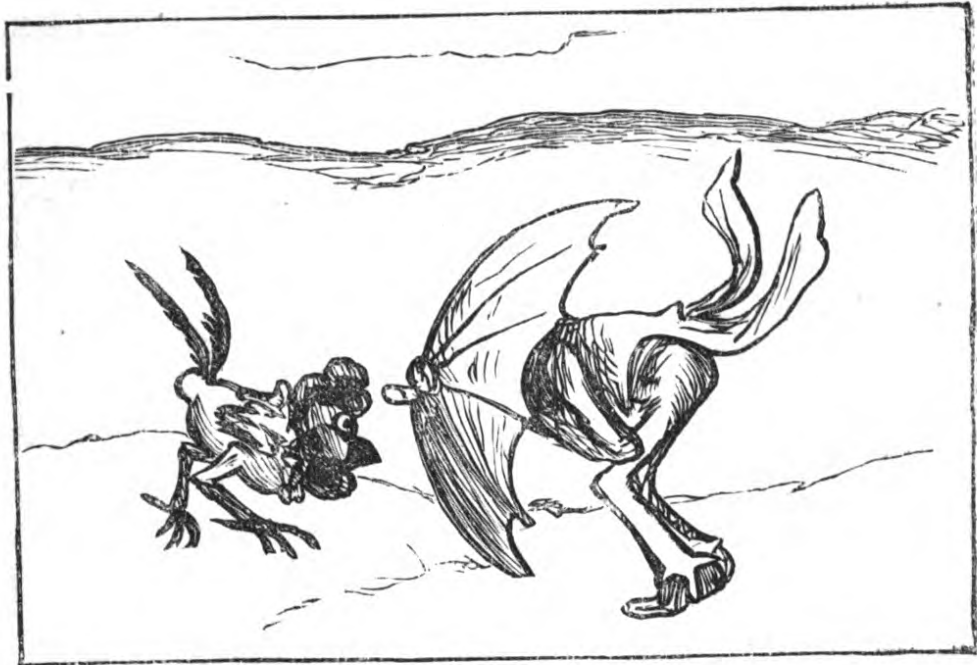


A. SLOPER encounters the enemy.



A. SLOPER is equal to the occasion.





Come on !

\* \* \* \* \*

Whew !!!

\* \* \* \* \*



As the shades of night gathered around, they were still at it.

REPORTED VULGARIAN ATROCITIES.

By ALI SLOPER, the Original Bashful Bazouk.



ALI making awfully ugly faces at Bulgarian babe.



ALI putting out elderly Servian Gentleman's pipe.



ALI treating an ancient Servian maiden lady in an uncourteous fashion.



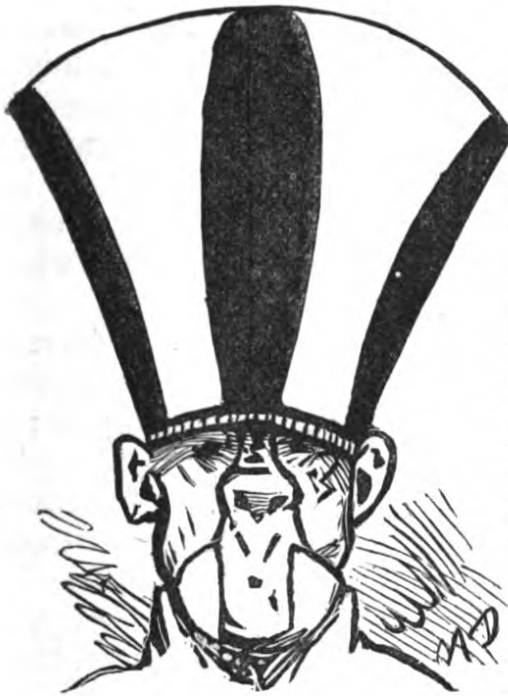
ALI meeting with a celebrated Atrocity Collector.

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## IN THE MIDST OF THE BULGARIAN HORRORS.

TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS OF A. SLOPER. SPLENDID RESULTS.  
POST-CARD FROM MR. GLADSTONE.  
DISCOVERY OF A BASHI-BAZOUK. MORE IMPALEMENTS.  
SPORTS AND PASTIMES. INTERVIEW WITH A WILD BULL.

*Monday.*



You cannot be surprised to hear that your long-suffering Special has at length become reckless, and does not care what becomes of him.

Ingratitude and neglect in forwarding remittances have brought this about, and a man who daren't even do "odd man pays" in conjunction with a tried and trusted friend, for fear of betrayal or other untoward events, can hardly hope to keep up appearances for the journal's sake.

People are positively beginning to notice A. SLOPER's want of funds.

However, who cares? A. SLOPER is now upon the point of visiting Bulgaria, the scene of the Gladstonian horrors, and should he himself be made a horror of, who is to blame?

Frightful accounts of atrocities practised had reached A. SLOPER long before quitting his native shore; and if the circumstances don't happen to be known out here, it only shows how secretly it is all done.

Should not A. SLOPER live to tell the tale, he here begs respectfully to wish you farewell. It is a pity he had not completed his Kalendar for 1878; but no matter. It cannot now be helped.

*Tuesday.*

As yet A. SLOPER has come on no horrors, but he hears they took place more in the interior.

He is now off to the interior. Farewell!

*Wednesday.*

They don't know anything about horrors in the part A. SLOPER has reached. They, however, say no doubt some one will tell him all about them farther on.

Now it is getting hotter. Once more, farewell!

*Thursday.*

They tell A. SLOPER at the part he has just reached that every information will, no doubt, be afforded him when he gets to the right place, but that perhaps a little time might be saved if he dropped a post-card to the Right Honourable gentleman who wrote the pamphlet for particulars regarding locality.

This gives A. SLOPER breathing time. Therefore, until to-morrow—(Mr. Gladstone always answers by return when not out of post-cards)—farewell!

*Friday.*

The post-card has arrived. There are three courses open to A. SLOPER. One is to dry up; another to drop it; a third, to find out for himself without bothering other people. Once more A. SLOPER is on the track! Certainty of success, if anything, enhances the intensity of excitement. Farewell—perhaps for ever!

*Saturday.*

To-day A. SLOPER, after a long and tedious march, fell in with a Bashi-Bazouk. More properly speaking, he had recently left off Bazouking, and had turned farmer, but was ready for anything.

He says he has been expecting A. SLOPER, and is glad he has come, as he wants to add him to the others.

With this he leads A. SLOPER forth, and shows him a row of recent impalements, on which the



sun is setting in all its golden glory.



He says, "What will you walk home in afterwards? What made you come in them?"

Subsequent conversation leads A. SLOPER to the conclusion that the retired Bazouker had mistaken the application of A. SLOPER's wardrobe, and thought it had been sent out on A. SLOPER to frighten away small birds.

*Sunday.*

A. SLOPER is about to leave the Bashi-Bazouk, with whom he is not on as friendly terms as he was yesterday evening. A. SLOPER taught him yesterday evening a few of the old English sports and pastimes for which the home of SLOPER's birth is justly renowned. He now accuses the game of thimbles-and-pea of being one-sided. Some men are never content.

N.B.—The currency here is in a backward state. The Bashi-Bazouk has proposed paying SLOPER in kind: SLOPER is to take a bull in liquidation.

The bull is in a field he has pointed out, making holes in the turf with its horns. He says A. SLOPER is at liberty to lead the bull away with him. Farewell.

## OPERATIONS ON THE DANUBE.

THE HORRORS OF WAR. LAND LUBBERS.

BRAVERY OF A. SLOPER THE THEME OF UNIVERSAL EULOGY.

WHEREABOUTS OF A. SLOPER.

ATTEMPTS TO BRIBE SCORNFULLY REPULSED.



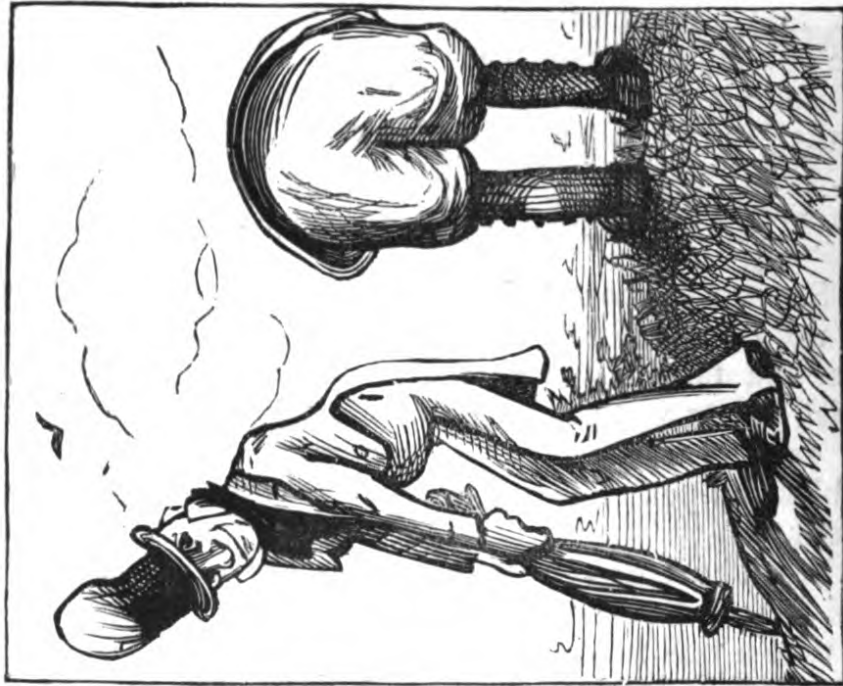
FEW people who are not actually out there can form any notion what it is to be at the seat of war.\*

Shots whizz past unheeded. The slain are trampled over without any notice being taken of the circumstance.

Special Correspondents wade knee-deep in blood without a hope of

\* We can understand this.—  
*Ed. JUDY.*

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN; ANOTHER TALE.



Now—now or never!

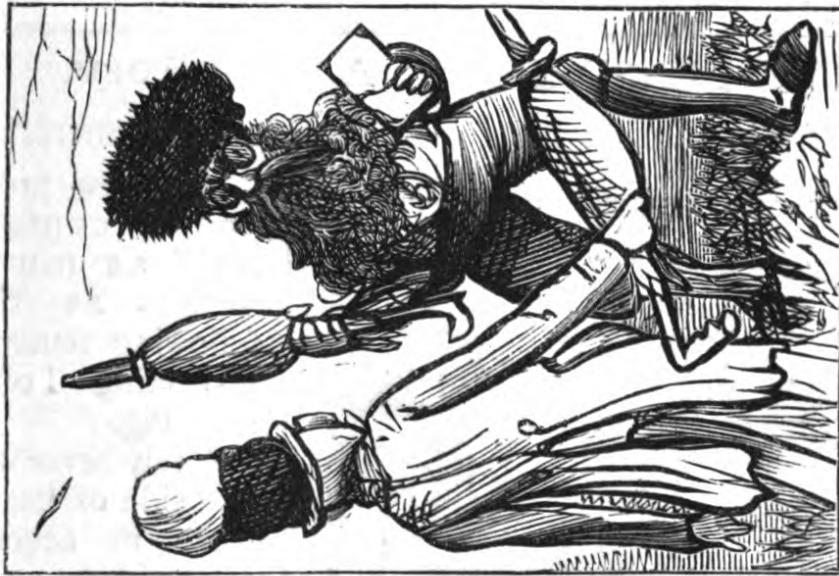
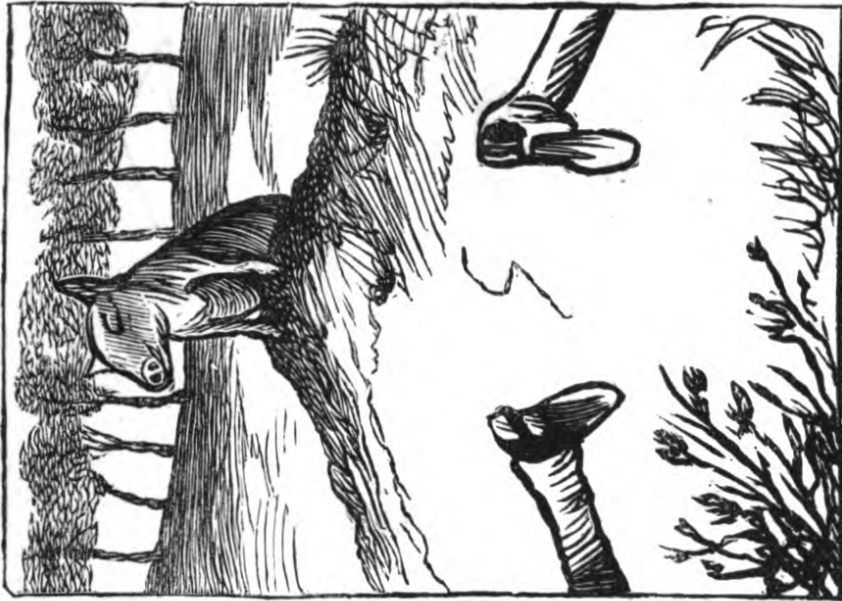


Aha! what see I?

remittances. It is, indeed, a nobly self-sacrificing profession. But let the land lubbers lie down below, and if you are really so short at present, never mind till Saturday.

The fighting on the Danube is of necessity principally carried on in boats, owing to it being water. In the foremost of these A. SLOPER may be looked for—by those who have some spare time on their hands.

He is now spoken of as the Woundless Wonder of the



What, another War Correspondent?

West! No one has ever passed through so much scathless —yet there is nothing stuck up about him. When he and the commander of the flotilla meet, they shake hands. Most of the survivors, if any, will subscribe to your journal in future, out of personal admiration for the eminent *littérateur*.

The Russians have offered him something considerable to go over to their side, but he has resolved to wait and see what Saturday brings forth.



The Turkish style of execution: perfectly painless. Altogether the easiest to COPE with (as Tobacconists say), and no inconvenience, except that a little of the cigar smoke may go the wrong way sometimes.

### THE PENSIVE PIG. A PROSE POEM.

FROM THE HEIGHTS.\*



Shall I annex?

BUT few prose poems contain half as much pathos as the following remarks respecting Polinski's Pig.

Surely never was one side of bacon more in accordance with the other side. Truly a creature exquisitely symmetrical throughout, delicately rounded, with a gentle promise of seasonable plumpness, and a tail which was not curly alone, but partook of a twistiness which was, as it were, the mark

\* Rather vague this as regards locality.—Ed. JUDY.



of an artist who has successfully carried out a noble inspiration, and signed his name to it with a deuce and all of a flourish.

It seemed almost a sacrifice to sum up so young and lovely a creature monosyllabically as PIG, so humanly formed as are said to be its interior arrangements, yet, as a cannibal friend has assured us, of so superior a flavour, reached only, and then but imperfectly, by the tenderest babes.

'Twas the Pig of Polinski. Only a pure-minded Pole could have been her owner. She stood upon the brow of a gentle eminence, and contemplated the distant landscape with a pensive melancholy which was truly touching.

Poor pig! Her proprietor had gone goodness knows where! All her friends had come to grief. She herself had been absent on a ramble, when the ruthless Cossacks slaughtered kith and kin. The thought might for a moment have consoled her, the reflection coming with it, that at feeding-time henceforth there would be less shoving, and squodging, and unseemliness generally at feeding-time. But then—the very trough was upset, and lay bottom upwards.

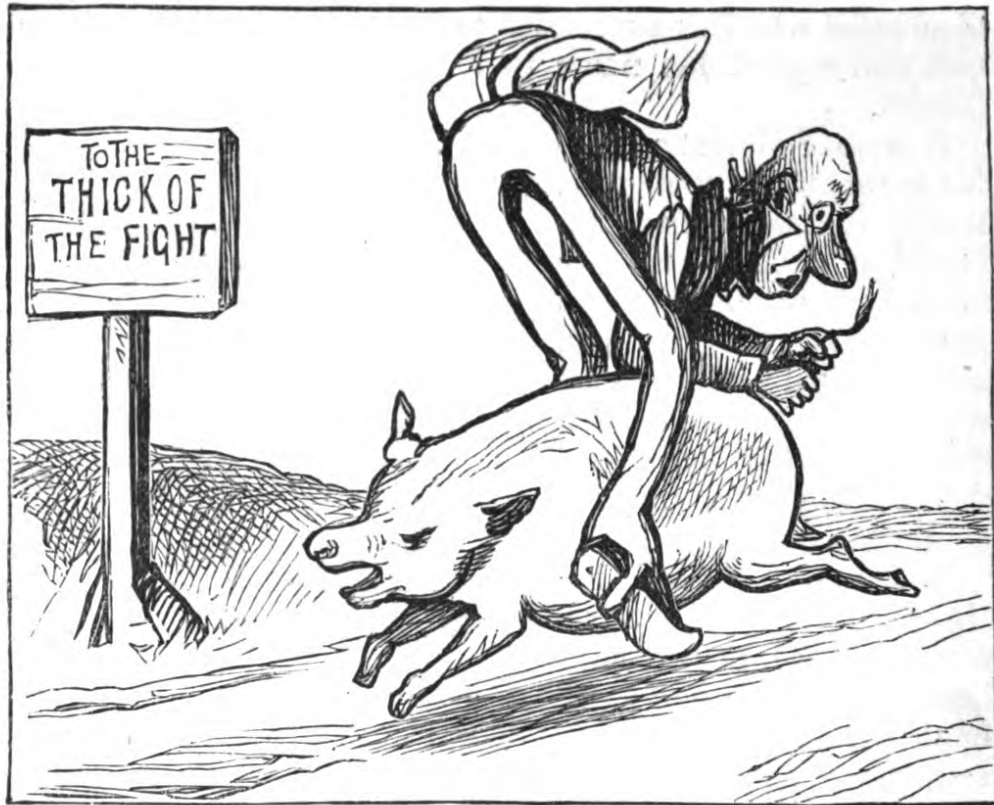
Clearly the end of all things had come about, for is not a trough to a pig like an establishment to any well-born well-brought-up lady? What was there left for this poor bereft one to care about? There might be other porkers perchance as passing fair as *the one* untimely snatched from her; but it was not probable. Who shall equal those who leave us—except the others?—But this is opening up an argument we have not space for.

What to this loveless piglette now was life? A blank! And at this moment A. SLOPER gently approached from the rear, and endeavoured to make good his hold on the flourish.



“Now then! who are you a-shovin’ on?”

\* \* \* \* \*



And yet they say if SLOPER went there at all, he went there against his will !

Moments full of varied incident of a violent nature, calculated to take the breath out of any respectable elderly person, ensued ; and then it became a question whether A. SLOPER should allow himself to drop from the pig's back to the ground the best way he could, and not mind the bumps, or ride triumphant into the midst of the enemy's camp.

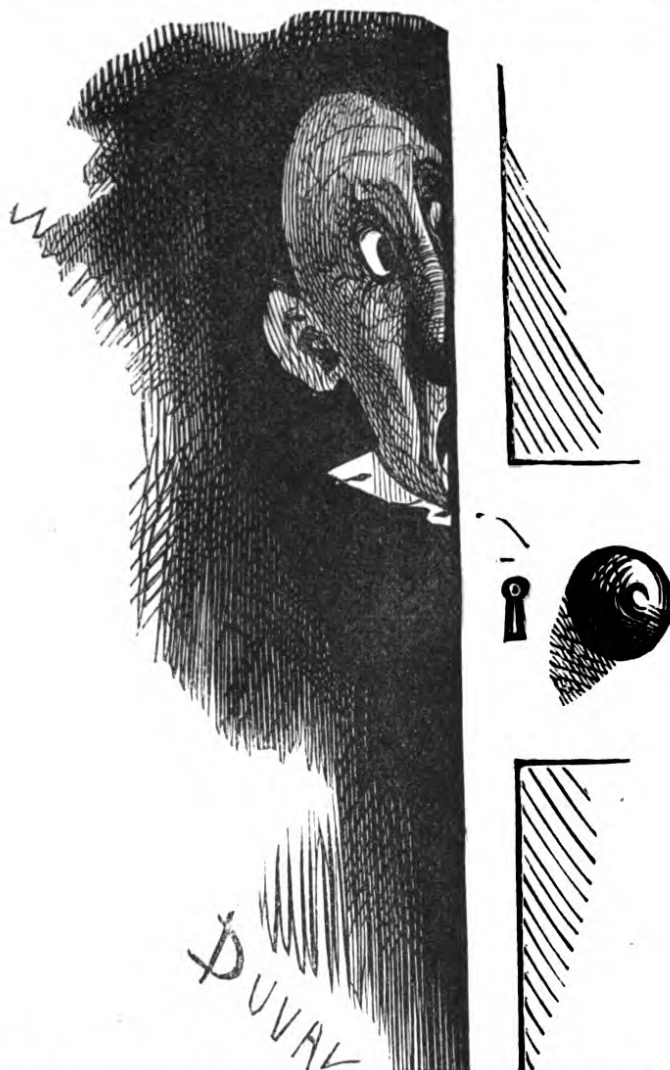
\* \* \* \* \*

It has occurred. It is now no longer a question of overdue remittances. The bearer of this will state the amount of ransom demanded (in English money, five pounds). If not immediately forthcoming, bearer will telegraph result at once. Tortures too hideous to mention then await A. SLOPER, but he is calm and resigned.

If you care to know that undue procrastination will result in red-hot pincers, and still do not feel inclined to make an effort—never mind !

The pig has been cooked.





Could it have been the eminent *littérateur* who had been observed several times during the week peeping in round the shop door? Impossible! Was not he at the seat of war? Of course he was!

### CATASTROPHE AT KARS.

CAPTURE OF A. SLOPER. TORTURES COMMENCED!!

It is very questionable whether anything in the world would surprise *you*, but possibly some slight interest may still be felt by the public at large in one who has fought and bled for them. This allusion bears reference to A. SLOPER, the martyred moralist, who is now a prisoner in the hands of the Russians, awaiting torture and perhaps death; though death would be gladly welcomed by one who already has had such bitter experience of the ingratitude of publishers whose fortune he has made.



Yet the Office Boy swore to him, and went in pursuit. "Tally-ho!" was the remark that Office Boy made.

A. SLOPER has endeavoured to persuade his captors to at once take his life, as any hope of touching the heart of friends at home were vain; they, however, say they prefer to wait and see; meanwhile scraps will be detached from A. SLOPER daily, and forwarded per sample post to 73 Fleet Street.

Owing to an accident, the portion of left ear which should accompany this has been mislaid, but the drop of blood upon the envelope will testify to the fact that operations have commenced.

## FINAL DESPATCH FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

*To the Editor of JUDY,—*

SIR,—To avoid the unpleasantness which must now ensue, I beg to request that you will inform me per return what you intend to do in this matter? I think I have a right to demand an answer of some kind in lieu of contemptuous silence. *If I am supposed never to have been at the war at all, I should like to know.* Many persons, had they not been slain, as I might have been whilst waiting for remittances,





Also "Yoicks!" Several respectable witnesses swear to it.

could have testified to having seen me there where the carnage was most terrible.

Yours respectfully,

A. SLOPER.

I am at the moment absolutely in pawn for two and sixpence, or would call myself. Send something, old man, and let bygones be bygones.

---

## GROSS FRAUD.

### UNBLUSHING EFFRONTERY OF THE LITERARY TORPEDO.

Half an hour after the receipt of the last despatch from Mr. SLOPER, that gentleman's resolution appears to have broken down. He walked straight over from the "Cheese" into the front shop, and entered into conversation upon meteorological topics with the Head Cashier.

To say that the Head Cashier was shaken from the centre of gravity, and fell over among the back stock, would be saying nothing. Anybody might have done this even without being a head cashier.

The assembly of the Staff from adjacent heights and depths was but the work of a moment, and strongly resembled, in



But though the Office Boy searched high—

some respects, the gathering of the clans in Sir Walter Scott's poem. The whole scene was indeed highly impressive, and solemn silence prevailed, whilst A. SLOPER asked with strange calmness what was "up"?

It then appeared that A. SLOPER had been the victim of a wicked hoax by some one who had used his name to obtain money from the JUDY office under false pretences.

The money advanced to A. SLOPER was returned by A. SLOPER, who gave it wrapped up in a parcel to a strange boy he met in the street to deliver, and he himself, since stretched upon a sick-bed, has scorned to solicit aid when unable to perform his duties.

#### COMPLICITY OF OFFICE BOY.

A. SLOPER's explanation has naturally been received without a murmur, and on being asked if he would take anything, he has mentioned his last week's salary.

The only thing that there is any doubt about now is why JUDY's Office Boy should have written the following note, which was picked up on the floor of the "Cheshire Cheese":

"DEAR ALLY,—It's no good trying it on any longer. Come back and face it out."



—and low, his search was fruitless. “You’re having a nice old game all by yourself, leaving me to mind the shop,” said the Ever Young and Lovely.

It is true that no one could have been more energetic than that Office Boy, between whom and A. SLOPER a tussle ensued immediately he caught sight of the



Eminent, through which, above the bumping sound caused by A. SLOPER’S head coming in contact with the floor, ALLY was heard murmuring at the top of his voice,—

“Here he is, mum!”

“Don't be a fool! I've made it all right with 'em!”

All right?

Is JUDY to be trifled with in this way?



Can the thing end thus?

Impossible! and yet it seems more than likely it will!

What, SLOPER? And whilst the fighting was going on. Impossible!

#### NOTE.

As the whole affair may possibly be referred to a legal tribunal, it has been thought best to collect the various documents in this shape, and to publish them without comment. Whether or not the Eastern Question will be satisfactorily settled by the adoption of this course remains to be seen. I have my own opinion on the subject.

C. H. R.





# SWANBILL CORSETS.

(REGISTERED.)

Exigez la Marque de  
Fabrique.



Request the Trade  
Mark.

THE following KEY respecting the various makes of SWANBILL CORSETS will, it is hoped, be found useful, so that ladies living at a distance may be enabled to make a selection suitable to their requirements.

**SWANBILL CORSET (Registered).**

14 bis, B.—A full deep Corset, especially for ladies inclined to *embonpoint*. The Swanbill is most effective in reducing the figure and keeping the form flat, so as to enable ladies to wear the fashionable *vêtements* of the day. Busk, 13½ inches long. Price 14s. 6d.; Finest quality, 21s.; Scarlet, 15s. 6d.

**SWANBILL CORSET (Registered).**

20 bis, L.—This Corset is equally as effective in reducing the figure and keeping the form flat in accordance with the present fashion as 14 bis, B. It is a most graceful shape, intended for ladies requiring a *medium* depth of Corset. Busk, 12½ inches deep. 17s. 6d.

**SWANBILL CEINTURE CORSET.—**

An admirable combination of Ceinture and Corset of novel and ingenious manufacture, combining the advantages of both Stay and Joan of Arc Belt. While imparting a graceful symmetry and elegance to the figure, it affords a degree of comfort to the wearer not to be derived from an ordinary Corset. It is pre-eminently suitable after accouchement. 16 inches deep. Price 42s.

**SWANBILL CORSET COUSUS. (50**

bis).—Intended for ladies who prefer a hand-made Corset, with elastic gores let in on the hips to tightly clasp the figure without the pressure unavoidable in a less elastic texture. Busk, 13 inches long. Price 35s.; 14½ inches long, 42s.

**SWANBILL CORSET (Registered).**

51 bis.—Hand-made. Perfect in shape, and producing—even in indifferent figures—that graceful *contour* which is the distinguishing feature of the present style of dress. Busk, 13 inches long. Price 31s. 6d.

**MAINTENON CORSET (Registered).**

18 bis, M.—Unbreakable busks; fine texture, embroidered, firmly boned, and well suited for ladies of ordinary figure. Length of busk, 11 inches. Price 14s. 6d.

**MAINTENON CORSET (Registered).**

60 bis, M.—Unbreakable busks; admirably modelled, deeper than the preceding one; finest texture manufactured; richly embroidered, firmly boned; perfectly adapted to develop and preserve a graceful figure. Length of busk, 12½ inches. Price 18s. 6d.; with Swanbill busk, 21s.

Send size of waist with P. O. Order to prevent delay and inconvenience.

*P. O. Orders to be made payable at Piccadilly Circus. Cheques crossed London and Westminster Bank, St. James's Square.*

**SOUS LA DIRECTION D'UNE CORSETIÈRE PARISIENNE.**

**MRS. ADDLEY BOURNE,**

*LADIES' OUTFITTER, &c.,*

**37 PICCADILLY (OPPOSITE ST. JAMES'S CHURCH), LONDON;  
AND 76 RUE ST. LAZARE, PARIS**

# UN X L'D

## THE GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS USES NO OTHER.

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THIS POWDER is unrivalled in destroying every species of offensive Insects, and is perfectly harmless to even the smallest animal or bird.

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