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* THE *
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PEOPLE'S PALACE * MILE END E. *

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* THE * PALACE JOURNAL * PEOPLE'S PALACE * * MILE END. E. *

Vol. VI.—No. 163.]

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1890.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, 26th December—Library closed.—In Queen's Hall, Variety Entertainment by Professor H. Clarence, at 3 p.m.; At 8 p.m. Royal Volunteer Minstrels.—Edison's Phonograph in Lecture Hall.
SATURDAY, 27th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and 6 to 10.—In Queen's Hall at 8, Promenade Concert.—In Lecture Hall at 8 and 9, Edison's Phonograph.
SUNDAY, 28th.—Library open from 3 to 10.
MONDAY, 29th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10.—In Queen's Hall at 8, O.I.O. Minstrels.
TUESDAY, 30th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10.—In Queen's Hall, at 8, Promenade Concert.
WEDNESDAY, 31st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10.—In Queen's Hall, at 8, Promenade Concert.
THURSDAY, 1st January.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10.—In Queen's Hall at 8, Promenade Concert.

The Choral Society will meet on Friday, January 2nd, instead of the following Tuesday.

SINCE an East London Branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was established much humane work has been accomplished, and to record and make public this work the annual meeting of the local branch was held at the People's Palace, on Thursday evening. The proceedings were of a most interesting character, and they were graced with the presence of Baroness Burdett Coutts and the Countess of Idlesleigh, both members of the Central Committee, while there were also present the Rev. E. Hoskyns, who presided, Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P., Dr. Alder, Revs. J. H. Scott, B. Waugh, Green, Neville Dundas, E. Schnadhorst, and Father Higley, and Dr. Cursham Corner.—In opening the proceedings, the Chairman said that many of those present knew only too well how the children suffered at the hands of their parents, and he emphasized the fact that the society was not raising a false cry over evils which did not exist. They did not want to interfere with true discipline, but all they wanted was to protect the little ones from cruel and brutal treatment. Miss Mary P. Bolton, the local secretary, before presenting the first annual report of the East London branch, announced that letters regretting inability to attend had been received from Mr. W. Hoare, Mr. S. Montagu, M.P., Mr. Montagu Williams, Mr. Mead, and Mr. Bushby, Miss Mocatta, Mr. Tom Mann, and other friends, who all expressed hearty concurrence in the objects of the Society. She then read an admirably prepared report, which shewed that through the local Society 421 children had been indirectly benefited. Before the branch was established only five East London cases were dealt with, and during the year of its existence a total of 226 cases was recorded, which included 53 convictions, three cases pending, 118 warnings, and 50 cases otherwise. When analysed the cases shewed 13 assaults, 91 starvation and neglect, one desertion, cruel exposure to excite sympathy 44, cruel immoralities 35, and causing unnecessary suffering 42. Terms of imprisonment varying from seven days to two years, and in one case of criminal assault eight years, had been inflicted on offenders. The Society returned thanks for the help of many friends, but pleaded for further assistance, as its funds were altogether inadequate and unsatisfactory. The expenditure had been £162 11s. 7d., and subscriptions and donations only £23 11s. 6d., leaving a deficit of £138 17s. 1d. to be made up from the central society. Mr. Charrington and Father Higley then spoke, and were followed by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, who received a most enthusiastic welcome. In the course of a somewhat lengthened speech, which, delivered quite quietly, was listened to with deep attention, she

warmly championed the society, and claimed to represent those ladies who were in any way supporting the movement. She dwelt on the element of cruelty in human nature; on drink as being the cause of much brutality; on the abuse of the insurance system; and then pleaded warmly for the assistance of each individual present. Having apologised for detaining the audience so long, she resumed her seat, amid loud cheers. Rev. Benjamin Waugh, hon. director of the society, then addressed the meeting, which closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL CLUB.—President, Mr. Low.—First Team: Prisca Coborn. This match was to have come off on Saturday, December 13th, but was scratched owing to none of the opponents putting in an appearance.—Second Team v. Leopold. Played on Palace Ground, Forest Gate, the visitors winning by 4 goals. H. BIRKETT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL FOOTBALL CLUB.—On Saturday a very pleasant match was played with the Old Boys' Club of Upton Cross Grammar School. Before half-time was called, the Palace secured 2 goals, the Upton Cross nil. In the second-half another 2 goals were put in by the Palace. The result left the Palace Boys victorious by 4 goals to nil. Next week we play the Junior Invicta, at Victoria Park. Boys wishing to join, apply to the Sec., A. E. McMILLAN.

Our programme of entertainments for the Christmas holidays is now complete. We shall open the ball on Boxing-day at 3 p.m., with a Variety Entertainment, in the course of which Prof. H. G. Clarence will give a selection of clever and sensational experiments, showing with what apparent ease he can deceive the eyes and puzzle the senses of all beholders. Madame Clarence will follow with her entertainment, entitled: "The Doves at Home," introducing a flight of Performing Doves (not Pigeons). She will be followed by Mr. Mortimer Snow, the refined Negro Comedian, who will appear in some of his most famous characters, and render one or two quaint songs, accompanied upon his silver banjo. After a slight interval, Miss Edith Elmer, the lady tenor vocalist, will give a selection from her repertoire of favourite tenor songs. The Merry Miniature Mimics and Mr. Mortimer Snow, will give more mirth-provoking songs, conundrums, and instrumental music; the whole being wound up by Professor Clarence introducing his Light Anti-Spiritualistic Seance, producing effects that are interesting, wonderful, and exceedingly enjoyable.

In the evening, at 8 o'clock, an entertainment will be given by the Royal Metropolitan Volunteer Minstrels, the first part of which will conclude with the new screaming comic act, entitled "Whist, the Bogie Man," re-arranged for this company by Mr. Fred Towner; and the second part with a comic sketch, entitled, "Who Died First." Messrs. F. Towner, Geo. Clare, H. J. Morton, and C. Ansell. A full programme will be found on page 407.

On Saturday we have a concert by the People's Palace Military Band, the vocalists being Miss Montagu Conyers and Mr. Arthur Taylor. On Monday, December 20th, at 8 p.m., the entertainment will be given by the O.I.O. Minstrel Troupe, concluding with a screaming absurdity entitled, "Rooms to Let."

On Tuesday, December 30th, at 8 o'clock, we shall have a Concert, under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A., assisted by the People's Palace Military Band, Conductor, Mr. A. Robinson, late Prince of Wales' 3rd Dragoon Guards. The vocalists on this occasion are Madame Adelaide Mullen and Mr. Henry Beaumont. A programme will be found on page 410, and on pages 411 and 412 will be found programmes for similar concerts on Wednesday, December 31st and Thursday, January 1st, respectively.

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

WHY do we connect mistletoe with Christmas? It is generally supposed that this connexion is due to the old northern legend of Balder, the sun-god, who was slain by a twist of the mistletoe. Professor Skeat, in his *Dict. (s.v.)*, thinks he can explain why the "mistletoe" in the legend should be, of all created things, the slayer of the sun-god. The myth represents the tragedy of the solar year—the sun overwhelmed by the "gloom" of midwinter. In A.-S. *mist* means "gloom," and *mistl* is used for the plant "mistletoe." So, according to Professor Skeat, the mistletoe appears in the Balder myth as fatal to the solar hero from the similarity of the old Teutonic words for "gloom" and the plant "viscum."

THE keeping of Christmas under Cromwell does not seem to have found much favour. In 1647 the Cromwellian government ordered the common crier to announce that Christmas-day should no longer be observed, it being "a superstitious and hurtful custom," and that markets should be held on the 25th. And in the *Flying Eagle*, a small gazette published December, 1652, we read that "The House before they rose were presented with a terrible remonstrance against Christmas-day, grounded upon Divine Scriptures, in which Christmas is called Anti-Christ's Masse, and those Masse-mongers and Papists who observed it," etc. In consequence of which Parliament spent much time in consultation about the abolition of Christmas-day, and resolved to sit on the following day, commonly called Christmas.

So many chronological tables give B.C. 4 as the date of the first Christmas Day that it may be worth while to point out that if the Nativity really occurred in December (which is very doubtful), the year must have been B.C. 5. Herod the Great died just before the Passover of B.C. 4 of our ordinary chronology (year of Rome 750). The Nativity must have taken place some months before that. Wieseler thinks the exact date was January 10, B.C. 4. But certainly if it was on or near the date accepted as our Christmas Day, the year must have been the preceding year, or B.C. 5. It seems, on several grounds, most probable that it was a few months before that, or some time in the autumn of B.C. 5. I am, of course, aware that Mr. Greswell assigned the month of April, B.C. 4, as the time of the Nativity; but he made an error of a year in the date of Herod's death. It is, indeed, quite possible that the Nativity took place in April; but if so, it must have been the April of B.C. 5. It seems to me, however, more probable that it was later in that year, but not so late as December; and this is also Lardner's view, "some time between the middle of August and the middle of November" (*Works*, vol. i. p. 370). We know, on the authority of St. Chrysostom, that the traditional date, December 25th, was not generally accepted, even in the Western Church, until the fourth century.

I BELIEVE it is generally supposed that the Prince Consort "first brought the custom of Christmas trees in," to the detriment of our national twelfth cake and twelfth night celebrations; but it would seem that Christmas trees were before his time in England. Perhaps the first appearance of them in England was in 1829, when, according to the account given by the late Mr. Charles Greville in his "Memoirs," at Pansanger on Christmas Day in that year, "the Princess Lieven got up a little *feite*, such as is customary all over Germany. Three trees in great pots were put upon a long table covered with pink linen; each tree was illuminated with three circular tiers of coloured wax candles—blue, green, red, and white. Before each tree was displayed a quantity of toys, gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, workboxes, books, and various articles—presents made to the owner of the tree. It was very pretty. Here it was only for the children; in Germany the custom extends to persons of all ages."

IN the very interesting collection of London Antiquities formed by Mr. Charles Roach Smith, and now in the British Museum, are specimens of "Thrift-boxes; small and wide bottles with imitation stoppers, from three to four inches in height, of thin clay, the upper part covered with a green glaze. On the side is a slit for the introduction of money, of which they were intended as the depositories"; and as the small presents were collected at Christmas in these money-pots, they were called "Christmas-boxes," and thus gave name to the present itself. These pots were, doubtless, of early origin for we find analogous objects of the Roman period.

THE wise man, long ago, told us that of all that exists on this planet there is nothing new. Still, though what is new is old in fact, there is a newness in form and manifestation by which human interest is ever rekindled. So with many of the games and the accessories of the games of our younger days. Few, except those specially read in the classics, know that in a game somewhat similar in principle to the modern "prisoners' base"—which was very popular at Athens, and which consisted in alternate pursuit and retreat until the whole of one of the contending parties had

been captured—the choice of innings, as cricketers would say, was decided by tossing up a shell, of which the underside was painted black. The cry was not "head or tails," but "day or night"; and thus the old Oriental antagonism of the powers of light and darkness was symbolized in sports whose meaning even then had been long forgotten.

Other points of similarity in the sports of ancient and modern youth are not wanting, though some games have always been more or less local. Playing at "kings and subjects," at "judges and criminals," was always more popular in Asia than in Europe; and the train of anecdotes illustrative of youthful sagacity and of inbred aptitude for command exhibiting itself in despite of adverse fortune, which extends in an unbroken line from Herodotus to the "Arabian Nights," finds slight parallel among the legends of Italy and Greece. On the other hand, such sports as "king of the castle," and the venerable game of "pitch and toss," might more naturally be looked for in countries where the *palæstra* and the *discus* were recognised institutions; and we need no antiquary to inform us how the boys of Corinth and Puteoli had many a game of leap-frog on their way to school, how nuts were lost and won at "ducks and drakes" in the smooth water of the summer sea, how marsh and shallow rivulet were passed by the help of stilts, and how the youthful acrobats imitated the revolutions of the coach wheel, with all the deftness, and more than all the grace, of our own street Arabs.

A CORRESPONDENT asks me to explain who is the "Reuter" whose name is attached to many of the telegrams in our newspaper press. I give the desired information in this column, as I think it will be of general interest. Baron Paul Julius Reuter was born at Cassel, in Germany, in 1818. He was connected with the telegraph system from the beginning, and shortly after the opening of the line between Aix-la-Chapelle and Berlin, in 1849, he established the first centre for the collection and distribution of telegraphic news in the latter city. He subsequently became a naturalised British subject, and on the laying of the cable between Calais and Dover, transferred his chief office to London. He then resolved to make the telegraph news the foundation of the press. The principal morning papers were in the habit of running expresses at an enormous cost. Reuter offered to supply the required information. After declining this offer twice some papers made a contract with him, others were forced to follow and now he has established a telegraphic network and a staff of agents in every part of the world. He guarantees that his political telegrams shall be given only to the press, cabinet ministers and ambassadors, and never allows them on any account to be communicated beforehand to merchants and bankers for the purpose of speculation. In 1865, Reuter's Agency was changed to a limited liability company.

A RECENT *Leisure Hour* gave an interesting account of the origin of the railway ticket, thus:—"In 1839 an ingenious friend who had failed in business had obtained a situation as booking-clerk on the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. He had to book the names of the passengers just as in the time of the old mail-coaches—that is, to write out their names in full, fill in particulars of the date and station and class, and tear off the ticket from a printed sheet. It was a very natural arrangement, but cumbersome, and one day as he was walking in a certain Northumbrian field, and reached a certain spot in that field—the spot being known to this day—an idea occurred to him of quite another 'spin down the ringing groove of change' to that to which he was accustomed. 'Why all this fumbling and spelling of people's names? Why not treat them anonymously and number them? Why not a strip of stiff paper, or pasteboard, printed with names of stations and class, consecutively numbered for accounting purposes, and dated on the day of issue to prevent fraud? Two machines could do it!' And off went Thomas Edmondson to think it over with his friend Blaylock, the watchmaker; and together they made the first machines. But to get the new system introduced was not easy. The Newcastle and Carlisle directors would have nothing to do with it; they were content to leave well alone; and they left it, with a view of profiting by other people's experience. Edmondson had to look elsewhere, and soon secured two strings to his bow—a short one near home, and a longer one. The short one was a part of the Manchester and Leeds line, on which he was permitted to give his invention a trial; the longer one was in the West. And so to the manager did Edmondson apply, with the result that a ticket-rack was set up at Broomsgrove, and at all the other stations to Cheltenham by the old road which went to the east of Worcester. The terms for the use of the invention were half-a-sovereign per mile of road per year; and at these terms, other companies rushing in where the Manchester and Leeds, and Birmingham and Gloucester had not feared to tread, Thomas Edmondson soon grew rich. But an honest man was Edmondson as well as an ingenious one. As soon as he had the funds he called his old creditors together, and paid his debts in full, and then with a clear conscience he resigned himself to live on his royalties, find other uses for his money, and make many a pilgrimage to the spot of earth on which he had conceived his happy idea."

Can a Mother Forget?

A GHOST STORY, STARTLING IF TRUE.

Blackwood recently published a story, which, if true, will attract deservedly very widespread attention. It is very beautifully told, and in outline is as follows:—

In one of the poorest and most overcrowded parts of poor and overcrowded London one bitter night early in February there sat, in a barely furnished sitting-room, a young priest with an elder priest, who looked weary beyond words. As they sat the door-bell rang, and the door was gently opened by a tall lady, dressed in black. She was exceedingly fair to see, beautiful in feature and carriage beyond most women; but there was an inexpressible charm far beyond even that—a dignity of manner and appearance such as Father Warren had never seen before.

Advancing towards him, she said in a low, clear and most melodious voice, "Forgive me, dear Father, for disturbing you so late, and on such a night; but no other could fulfil so well the mission which I ask you to undertake. Will you come with me to bring comfort and happiness to a departing and erring soul? and will you bring the Holy Sacrament with you, that, having confessed and been absolved, he may go hence in peace?"

"Dear lady," answered Father Warren. "I have not eaten since the morning. My clothes are wet through, and I am very weary. Another priest of God more worthy than I shall go with you."

"Nay," she said, looking wistfully at him, "I pray you, go with me yourself, for to you was I sent, and the time is very short. I beseech you to come with me and make no delay. By the love of the Blessed Mother for her Son, by the love of that Son for all His erring children, I implore you come with me, and come quickly."

She pleaded so earnestly and tenderly, that he hastily put on a cloak and left the house with her.

At last she stopped, and, knocking firmly and decidedly at the door of a house, she turned round to the priest and said, "I have shown you the place and told you of the sore need of one who lives there. I can do no more, and must go now. May the blessing of God the Father, the love of God the Son, and the help of God the Spirit go with you now."

She turned rapidly away and was quickly out of sight. The door was opened by a stout, comfortable, respectable servant, who seemed rather astonished at his appearance.

"I have been summoned to a dying bed," he said; "pray take me at once to the room."

The woman looked perplexed, and answered—"There ain't no dying beds here, nor hasn't been this long time. But you had better come in and explain it to the young master." So saying, she led the priest into a most comfortable room, where was seated alone a young man, evidently waiting for his dinner, preparations for which were on the table before him.

The Father could not withstand the genial greeting, and sitting down, told the young man how he came there.

His host was grieved and concerned at the useless fatigue and exposure he had gone through, and said, "I fear you have, in your ready self-sacrifice, given way too easily to some charitable lady, more zealous than judicious, who, in her desire to do much, has, to-night at least, done too much, and made a mistake in an address which we can neither of us now rectify."

"But I shall not let you go out again till you are thoroughly warm and fed," said the young man. Soon they were together as though they were old friends. They seemed drawn towards each other in some mysterious way, and their hearts were opened, and they spoke as neither had done for years.

"I once belonged to your Church," said the lad, in rather sad, regretful tones; "but I belong to no Church now. Since my dear mother died, nothing seems of real interest, and I feel that if she were indeed living in any state, she would find some way to communicate with me, for heaven itself could bring no joy to her if I were shut outside. I want happiness, I want my mother. I want my old full life back again. It cannot be true that she is living anywhere, in any condition, and has forgotten her only child, her boy, her companion, and her friend. My father died suddenly of heart disease before I was born, and my mother and I were all in all to each other; we had not a thought apart. No! she is dead indeed! gone for ever!"

"Come back, come back," said the priest, "to the faith and the Church which made your mother what she was—what she is."

I know not what further words he used, nor dare I venture to describe the feelings of the youth as he listened; but after awhile his better nature conquered entirely, and kneeling before the priest, he cried, "Receive me back again, I pray you, and bless me, even me also, O my Father!"

To this Father Warren assented, and passed into the adjoining room, leaving the young man alone.

In the library he saw the picture of the lady who had brought him there.

While he was still standing looking, his new friend entered, and said quickly, "You are looking at the portrait of my mother? It is very like her. Is she not beautiful? Can you not feel now how I must miss her sweet company every hour of the day? Is it not

strange that I feel nearer her to-night than I have ever done since she died and left me alone? Indeed, I feel now as if she were not really dead—as if we must meet again. Will you receive my confession now, Father, and give me absolution before I sleep, and then I think I shall feel as if the black wall between us had been broken down for ever."

"Willingly, my son," answered the good priest. Into that solemn interview and subsequent conversation it is not for us to intrude, but it was very late before they parted for the night, and it was arranged that they should meet again at the seven o'clock service in the Mission-room chapel the following morning.

Imagine then the disappointment of Father Warren when the service began and ended, and his young friend did not appear.

He was very sad. He went to the house. The door was quickly opened by the same servant as the evening before. But, oh! how changed in her appearance. In a voice broken by sobs she said, "He is dead. He is gone. Passed away in the night in his sleep; no sound; no cry. The best master that ever lived. He told my husband to call him very early, and when he went to do so, he found him lying calm and quiet, and like a marble image." Father Warren passed by her silently into the room; and there, indeed, he found him lying calm and quiet, and very peaceful, but with such a look of bright happiness on his beautiful young face, as showed plainly that he had felt neither solitude nor fear when the Angel of Death came to fetch him away.

"Who can doubt that it was his mother who came for me last night?" said the priest to himself; "for can a mother ever forget, even in heaven, the child of her love on earth?"

The Old, Sweet Song.

I remember a song whose numbers throng

As sweetly in memory's twilight hour
As the voice of the blessed in the Realm of Rest,
Or the sparkle of dew on a dreaming flower.
'Tis a simple air, but when others depart,
Like an angel whisper, it clings to my heart.

I have wandered far under sun and star,
Heard the rippling music in every clime,
From the carol clear of the gondolier
To the wondrous peal of a sacred chime;
I have drunk in the tones which bright lips let fall
To thirsting spirits in bower and hall.

The anthems bland of the masters grand
Have borne me aloft on their sweetening wings;
And the thunder-roll of the organ's soul
Drowns not the murmur of fairy strings;
Or the shepherd's pipe, whose music thrills
With the breath of morn o'er the sleeping hills;

But none remain like the simple strain
Which my mother sang to my childish ears,
As nightly and oft o'er my pillow soft
She gently hovered to soothe my fears.
I can see her now with her bright head bent
In the light which the taper so feebly lent.

I can see her now with her fair, pure brow,
And the dark locks pushed from her temples clear,
And the liquid rays of her tender gaze
Made eloquent by a trembling tear,
As she watched the sleep that is sweet for all
Like rose leaves over my my spirit fall.

And the notes still throng of that old sweet song,
Though silent the lips that breathed them to me,
Like the chimes so clear which mariners hear
From the sunken cities beneath the sea;
And never, ah! never can they depart
While shines my being and beats my heart.

That song, that song, that old sweet song!
I gather it up like a golden chain,
Link by link, when to slumber I sink,
And link by link when I wake again;
I shall hear it, I know, when the last deep rest
Shall fold me close to the earth's dark breast.

On Thursday evening last, an At Home was given to those who had so kindly given assistance in the Library, on the many Sundays since it has been open. The weather was most unpropitious, but a goodly number turned up, and a pleasant evening was spent.

Some charming quartettes and solos were given by some ladies and gentlemen of the Choral Society, and during the evening, Mr. Osborn conducted some of the party round the Evening Classes.

Light refreshments were provided on the tables, prettily decorated with flowers by Miss Robins, the manageress.

M. S. R. JAMES.

Two Christmas Dinners.

THE FIRST, WHICH WAS NOT EATEN.

It was just as Old Ha'penny sat down to his Christmas dinner that a rap came at his cabin door.

Not a cheery, friendly tat-tat-tat, that seems to say, "Well, here I am and how are you all?" but one sharp, imperative rap, which no human knuckles could make, but which might easily be made by the handle of a loaded riding-whip, or the butt end of a pistol held club-fashion in a stout hand with a stout wrist and arm to back it.

To say it resounded throughout the house is not to say much, for the house consisted of one room only, into which the single outer door opened. In this room old Ha'penny had cooked his Christmas dinner, and was on the point of eating it, with the help of his clasp-knife, a wooden spoon, and a two-pronged steel fork, when that rap suddenly arrested him.

Small wonder that Old Ha'penny started and then sat rigid, alert, and listening, staring at the door with a suspicious look in his eyes like the eyes of a hunted man. Now that he was roused and sat with body straightened and head well up in the air it was easy to see, if any one had been within the little log-cabin to see, that he was not as old as he had appeared to be when he was shuffling about the room or bending over the iron pot that hung above the glowing logs; but backwoodsman have a rough and ready way of christening their neighbours, and when, some years before, he had appeared in this remote part of the new world, and, after some hesitation, had settled down in it, his whitening hair and English speech had gained him the sobriquet of "Old Ha'penny"; and no one in this region knew whether he had ever borne any other name.

Whoever was asking, or rather demanding, entrance into Old Ha'penny's castle was clearly not in a patient mood, and a second knock, more imperative if possible than the first, put an end to the latter's hesitation. He cried out, "Come in!" while with instinctive caution, he grasped a little more firmly the handle of his knife. The summons was answered without more ado. The wooden latch was lifted, the door thrown open, and the impatient visitor, booted, spurred, and splashed, came in, making no ceremony about it, and saying nothing till he had swung the door to behind him.

It appeared to be quite unnecessary for him to introduce himself, for the occupant of the hut sprang to his feet with a sharp gasp of terror, and began to tremble like a frightened animal.

The two made a striking picture as they stood facing each other. Not a word was said, but the mind of each was full of surging memories.

The visitor, who was a younger man than his inhospitable host, held in his right hand a revolver which he was grasping by the barrel. Clearly this had been his rather sinister knocker on Old Ha'penny's castle gate, and now, without taking his eyes from the other man's face, he lightly tossed the weapon through a few inches of air, caught it by the handle, and then said with a quiet firmness, "Put down that knife!"

"And put myself at your mercy? Hardly!"
"You are at my mercy now, John Gale. I could shoot you before you could raise an arm or take a step towards me, and as you seem to have no neighbours within a mile or two, I don't think I should rouse the constabulary. But I am not going to run any risks with you. Put down that knife, I tell you!"

"What do you mean to do?"
"That depends. If you'll play the part of an honest man at last, you've nothing to fear from me. But I'm not to be trifled with, and time is precious. Put down that knife!"

John Gale weighed his chances for a moment in grim silence, and then concluding, with great show of reason, that the odds were, temporarily at least, very much against him, flung his knife on the table.

His unbidden guest picked it up, closed the blade with a snap, and put the knife in his pocket. Then he stepped away, sent a searching gaze around the room, caught sight of a pair of seven-shooters, lying on a rough sort of chest, bundled them into the inside of the chest and locked it, and then appeared to be content with the situation.

"Now," said he, "we can talk more at our ease, and with that mutual confidence which ought to exist between gentlemen in good society. You know you can trust me, because—well, because I am Stephen Dean, and I know I can trust you because I've put it out of your power to do me any harm. Sit down, John Gale, I have some things to say to you."

John Gale sat down, and in the same place where he had been sitting ten minutes earlier, with the purpose of eating his Christmas dinner, for which, however, he seemed now to have lost his appetite, and though he fingered the fork by his plate, it was with the air of a man whose thoughts were engrossed by other matters than dining. He said nothing, and his visitor, who had taken his own advice, and seated himself on a rough bench that stood before the fire, presently began again.

"When I tell you," said he, "that I have been searching for you for two long years, that I have turned my back for all this time on wife, and child, and home, and with the sole and single purpose of making you do one honest act to right the cruel

treachery and wrong you've done to me and mine, you'll realise better, perhaps, that I do not mean to be balked now."

No responsive word fell from the blanching lips of John Gale, who still sat idly toying with that harmless-looking fork, but the visitor did not note the tiny pairs of holes that his listener was stabbing into the uncovered boards of the table with those two sharp prongs of steel.

"If your own conscience," continued Dean, not looking at the man he was addressing, but into the glowing logs before him, "has failed in all these years to rouse an atom of repentance and regret, let us try what the effect will be of hearing your story told to you by another's voice in plain, unvarnished prose. Before we apply the remedy, John Gale, we'll diagnose the case, and then write our prescription to fit the disease to a T. Do you follow me?"

Still no answer, and the loquacious guest, after a brief pause, began his recital.

"Five-and-twenty years ago you and Prescott Staines were firm and loyal friends. You had never harboured a thought of wrong to him or his, and he trusted you as man seldom trusts his fellow man. But the circumstances were peculiar. You two were, perhaps, the only Englishmen living in the town of Santiago, and your nationality and isolation from your fellow-countrymen would have drawn you together had there been no other cause. But there finally arose a most pregnant cause why your friend should repose in you a trust and confidence the most profound. He was the younger son of a wealthy English gentleman, and had voluntarily exiled himself from his home in consequence of a quarrel with his family, into the merits of which it is beyond our purpose to enter now and here. In Santiago he married a Spanish girl, and a daughter was born to them, but at the cost of the mother's life. This daughter was twelve years old when her father, too, passed away, and left his orphaned child to your tender mercies.

"It may be that at that time you were still a man of honour, that you felt the responsibility of the trust so solemnly reposed in you, and meant to do your duty by the living and the dead. But Melita Staines grew rapidly in years and beauty, and you, while still her guardian, became her lover, not her avowed lover, for she was only seventeen when you took her to England. During your voyage to England, the death of an uncle made Melita an heiress. You learned this fact soon after your arrival, and then cupidity and avarice added fuel to your passion. You kept Melita ignorant of her fortune, and so far as you could, you kept her isolated, and you began to make love to her. That was a light in which she had never regarded you; and your devotion, surprising and disquieting at first, became repulsive as your ardour grew. By what chance I was thrown across her path and yours you know, and it did not take me long to discover that in some way you were making her life a torture. I—if you had loved her as a true-hearted man ought—should be the last to upbraid you for your disappointment, when she gave to me what she could not give to you—the priceless treasure of her affection and her trust. But your failure made you a fiend, John Gale, and like a coward, you sought to wreak your vengeance upon her. You swore that she had been born out of wedlock; you stooped so low as to put a brand of shame on the girl you had sought to make your wife. You, and you alone, held the proofs of a valid marriage tie between her mother and her father, and you declared that no such proofs existed. A fouler lie was never uttered. But what did I or what did she care then for your insinuations and your threats? We rated them at just what they were worth. We defied you. But you were too clever for us. Even before the bliss of our honeymoon days had sped you had taken yourself from England and buried yourself out of sound and sight. And when I made inquiries in Santiago, I found that you had destroyed, or bribed others to destroy, all evidence of that marriage, save the duly executed copies which you have kept. Oh, I know you have kept those. I know you as well as, perhaps better than, you know yourself. Do you wonder why, then, I did not start on my search for you before? Because I had not the means for one thing, and, secondly, because neither Melita nor I could endure the thought of the separation it entailed. But we, too, have a daughter growing into young womanhood, and at last I said, that, for the sake of mother and daughter both, the wrong must be righted, and the truth brought to light. I am here, John Gale, and I demand the proofs that I have come to seek."

At points in this recital the face of him who listened grew convulsed with passion, but at its end he seemed strangely, even ominously, cool and collected. He straightened himself, thrust his right hand, still grasping the fork, into his pocket.

"And suppose I refuse," he asked.
"I shall search for them till I find them, and if you stand in my way so much the worse for you. You make your own law in this wild country, I believe. Well, I fall into the fashion of the place—I make mine to suit myself."

Gale rose to his feet, with a faint smile on his lips that seemed to bear as sinister a menace as the veiled gleam in his eyes. He strode over to a corner of the cabin, the other following him watchfully and bearing in his hand, ready-cooked, the revolver he had held since he first entered. Gale removed the end of a loose board, lifted a flat stone that lay beneath, and disclosed a small tin such as is used for holding biscuits. Extracting this from its hiding place and opening it he drew out a small flat packet of papers and silently handed two of them to his visitor. Stephen Dean took them as silently and returned to his seat by the fire.

"Is there anything more?" asked Gale, tossing the canister back into its hole.

"Yes; make your *amende* thoroughgoing while you are about it. Write what I dictate while I look these over."

"Anything to oblige," was the cool response, and John Gale, supplying himself with pen, ink, and paper, reseated himself at the table, adding then, "Begin, I am ready."

"Write this: Driftwood Point, Clare County, Nevada, December 25th, 18—. I, John Gale, formerly of England (late of Santiago, Chili), having this day delivered to Stephen Gale (late of Prescott Staines, gentleman, of England, and Lilia Monzies, of the 10th of July, A.D., 18—, in the City of Santiago, Chili, of which marriage Melita, now the wife of Stephen Dean, of London, was the sole and legitimate issue, do now declare that my former assertions that no such marriage had ever taken place were false and malicious assertions."

"It is written."

"Sign it and give it me." It was signed and handed to him. He looked it over, folded it, and placed it apparently where he had already placed the two brief documents he had been perusing, namely, in an inner pocket of his coat.

John Gale, having delivered his confession, thrust both hands into his trousers' pockets, and stood looking down on his exacting guest with an air so seemingly indifferent, an attitude so un-suggestive of menace, that no looker-on would have suspected the nature of his interest in the transaction. But suddenly his breathing quickened, his right arm shook with a slight tremour as when unusual strain is put upon the muscles to meet a coming demand upon them. He stepped aside as though to pass behind Dean, who was still sitting upon the bench—he wheeled swiftly—plucked his hands from his pockets—struck with his right downwards, as though it held a weapon—once, twice, thrice, ferociously, with set teeth and parted lips, looking like a savage beast—struck successively at the breast, the neck, the head of his victim, who struggled to rise, and then sank in a quivering heap upon the floor!

A little later a figure, booted spurred, and splashed, like the figure of Stephen Dean, who had that day entered the little lonely hut at Driftwood Point, stole away from the door, mounted the waiting horse that stood without, and rode from the spot as though all the avenging furies of conscience were in pursuit. He wore the garb of Stephen Dean, but he bore the features of John Gale. And as he rode, swiftly putting miles between him and the place that would evermore be a place of horror to him, a light smoke, curling lazily about the logs of the hut, grew blacker and denser, and jets of flame played here and there, and gathered volume, and burst into a roar, and feeding upon all there was to give them life, left the likeness of death behind them.

THE SECOND, WHICH WAS EATEN.

A pity it is, indeed, that poverty, and biting cold, and torturing hunger, too, should be the lot of any of God's creatures, but perhaps it is most pitiable when those whose lives have never known privation are forced to bear the cruel pangs of destitution.

Through sixteen years of wedded life every day had been a glory of love and content for Melita Dean. A fond and devoted husband, a daughter who was the pet of both, growing from lovely girlhood into lovely womanhood, a happy home, where, if wealth was lacking, no real comfort need be denied—all these she had, and they satisfied her; she never thought to ask for more.

The first shadow fell upon her when a desire, long and strenuously held by her husband and often meditated upon, became crystallised into resolve, and, finally, into action. He determined to go in search of John Gale, and in some way wring from him an acknowledgment of the truth.

She felt an overwhelming dread of this break in the joyous measure of their lives. For herself alone she was well content; she was not ambitious of great wealth and a high social station. Her heart was satisfied, and what more could either give her. But Stephen Dean appealed to her for their child's sake, and behind the earnestness of his plea she could read, too, a fond yearning for her own sake—a yearning that she knew well would never be appeased and quieted but by the accomplishment of what his heart was set upon.

And still it was a bitter struggle for her to say "Go." She tried to think, and to make him think, that the effort was a hopeless one. "You don't know where to look for him, Stephen; and all the world to hide in."

"But not all the world is a hiding-place, darling. He will be somewhere in a dark corner, and after all there is a limit to dark corners."

"But Lily and I," she would say, coming back always, woman-like, to the cry of the heart, "What shall we do without you?"

"You and Lily, sweetheart, will be brave and wait for the right to make its way and triumph. Don't hold me back. I have always meant to go when I could see my way clear. We are far from rich now, but I can spare the money, and leave you and Lily enough for your wee selves. Don't you see, Melita, that I have a duty demanded of me! It seems to me that I should scorn myself if I should indolently resign myself, because life is so happy now, and do nothing to win for you what is your's and our girl's."

So at last she yielded and let him go, but she was full of terrors and forebodings, and her heart bled, though she put on a brave air

till he was gone, and then mother and daughter wept themselves asleep in each other's arms that first lonely night.

This was two years before Stephen Dean ended his quest at the little hut in Nevada. It would take too long to describe his search. It had led him through many a thrilling experience, into many a peril, and many a strange and forbidding hole, where souls, to whom hope has become as empty a name as honour, hide themselves away. In all this time his visits to wife and child had been few and far between, bright and blissful hours, only too soon ended by another parting. But since his wanderings had lain within the western continents, he had not felt that he could spare the time for the long voyage to England and back again. Wife and daughter were forced to be content with letters, which came to them at irregular intervals written and posted here and there, whenever his way led into or through civilised haunts.

It was during this last long separation that troubles of an unexpected kind came upon the mother and daughter. The bankers, with whom Stephen Dean had arranged to honour his bills of exchange, failed suddenly, having in their possession a considerable sum of his money. Thereupon, the wife, whose idolatry for her husband and inexperience in affairs of business were quite on a par, took nearly every penny that had been left for her use, and poured it into another banker's hands, thus providing to have those bills met and paid when they should come in. Nothing could be more appalling to her than the possibility of his being in need in some far distant land.

One trouble breeds another often. Life sometimes seems to be exactly conditioned for troubles, and they multiply on every hand, as the clouds multiply seemingly out of nothing in the clear sky when atmospheric conditions are right for them. Accounts had to be met; not large accounts, but large enough when there was little or nothing to meet them. After a while, and not a long while either, creditors became insistent, and then mother and daughter, dear, inexperienced souls, had long consultations, ending in nothing practical except two things—husband and father must not on any account be told of their extremity, and not one penny of the money already devoted to his possible needs should be touched, whatever happened. They would write to him as cheerily as ever, and they would—well, do something.

At last there came a time when bailiffs took sullen, defiant possession, and the poor frightened women—for the younger, if little more than a child at heart, was now a woman in years—bolted themselves supperless into their bedroom and set up the whole night in quaking terror of an undefined disaster. Then half the belongings of their beautiful home was stripped away and sold before their eyes, and the sight of the naked rooms made it easier for them to determine to sell the rest to tide over the time that might yet pass before the wandering steps would turn again homeward. And then, for they must have a roof over them, they went into apartments, the plainest they could find that were decent, but still the wolf crept closer and closer.

Suddenly, in the midst of it, in the heart of the winter, all messages from Stephen Dean ceased! The pallor that comes of insufficient food was deepened by the pallor that comes of an aching heart and an unrelieved anguish of suspense. How speedily the world became utterly dark to them, because they could not pierce the awful veil that hid their beloved from them. What had happened to him? What unknown peril hovered over him? Why was he still and silent so long? "Good God—O, God of mercy and love, send him deliverance and help, and save him from harm!"

So their lives were a constant prayer, and the answer to it was coming across the seas; they were to hear it from the lips of John Gale! But in John Gale's own good time he observed. John Gale had not waited thus long to spoil all by a rash and ill-advised blunder—by being too quick.

He reached England. He made his observations quietly and keenly, and found matters better than he had anticipated for his purpose. Then he set himself to a diabolical game—to making misery more miserable, wretchedness, grief, and despair more poignant. When the unhappy mother and daughter tried to find work he undermined their efforts. By innuendoes, by sly nods and winks and covert smiles, he injured them in reputation and subjected them to insults, and made life sometimes almost intolerable to them.

But he did not suffer them to quite despair or starve. He had the unparalleled effrontery to send them money at critical times, to beg their acceptance of it "from one who had known them in happier days, and who owed a debt to Stephen Dean which could never be repaid." He revived dying hopes, and won many a fervent blessing as their unknown benefactor. And at last he disclosed himself.

But he did not disclose himself to the mother. O no! That would be too perilous at present, and the daughter was younger and fairer, was the living image of her mother twenty years ago, when he had worshipped her with all the heart he had. He disclosed himself to the daughter, therefore; it was safer and better suited his purpose.

He quite looked the benevolent gentleman. The faces of some men defy the ravages of a baleful character, and John Gale's was one of them. He bore himself towards the young girl with a courteous deference that was singularly enticing after all those months of buffeting. There was a gentleness in his speech, a certain subdued pathos in what he said and in his manner that won her interest and her sympathy. His apparent age silenced any alarm

that she might otherwise have felt, and altogether the first interview between John Gale and the daughter of Stephen Dean was a success from the former's point of view. It was certainly creditable to his conscienceless state.

One sickness at the thought of telling in detail the numberless devices by which he played upon the heart of Lily Dean, and through her, upon the hapless mother, when after a time he withdrew the ban he had at first pronounced against any mention of him at her home. But when she was at liberty to speak of her new friend—this Mr. John Summers—who had known her father so well in days gone by, she was never tired of sounding his praises. It was strange that he had always refused so persistently and yet with this, too, was made clear.

He told the girl with gasps of grief, and with a show of tender solicitude, that her father was dead, had died in his arms months ago, early in the last winter. He said he had come home to break the news to them, but his heart failed when he saw their destitution. "How could I," he cried, "dash away the last hope that buoyed you up in your troubles, and bid you never know joy again? I may have done wrong in waiting; but I—I haven't a heart of steel. I could not tell you then."

The poor girl through her fast flowing tears asked him if he had brought any last message from her father or anything which had belonged to him that they might cherish.

Yes, he had. He had brought home the clothes Stephen Dean had worn when the bullet of a desperado had struck him down, and "there were—there were—spots—spots of blood—here and there." Yes, he had brought them something, a terrible reminder, perhaps, but—it was something.

"And you will come now," she entreated, "and see my mother and tell her what you have told me. She will wish more than ever to see you now."

He took both her little hands in one of his—in the one which had struck those murderous blows at her father now nearly twelve months before—and laying the other with a tender caress on her shoulder, he answered her "No, Lily, not just yet, not till the sharpness of her grief is past. But, Lily, we must do what lies in our power to brighten her life and lighten the burdens that press upon her. And there is only one way to do it. If you could love me, my girl, with but a fraction of the love you have awakened in me—if you could consent to be the wife of an old man, my darling, I could do what she would not suffer me to do now; I could give her a home and rest from care. But don't answer me now; I have frightened you by saying what has been in my heart so long. Take time to think, but decide for yourself; say nothing to your mother. She would forbid it lest you should be doing it merely from love for her. I will send the clothes to her. Poor soul! The news you take her to-day will almost break her heart."

He sent the clothes as he had promised. He had kept them for this very purpose—to confirm his story. With them was Stephen Dean's coat. Now this coat had been a source of great perplexity to him. He could have sworn that he saw Dean slip that written confession of his into an inner pocket of this very coat, but he had not found it there. The other attested papers, establishing the marriage of Prescott Staines were in the pocket side by side with letters, scraps of memoranda, and the like, but not the confession. So he was compelled to believe that it had slipped to the floor of the hut, and had perished with all the rest in smoke and fire.

He sent the clothes, then, and with them all the papers he had found in them, all their contents, indeed, save only those proofs of the legitimacy of Melita Staines. These he kept. Time enough to produce these when Lily was his wife, and he could make his own terms for his own ends.

And with such diabolical ingenuity did he press his advantages, and work upon the sympathies of the unhappy girl, that at last she gave her consent, broken by the sobs of an almost crushed heart, to do as he wished, and to marry him, this benefactor, who had won her confidence though he could not win her love. She consented to marry him secretly even, because he said that it must be so. But upon one thing she insisted. As soon as the marriage was performed he should take her to her mother. They would go to her from the church door; and to this he assented. He had resolved, to give a fresh zest to his revenge, that the wedding should take place on Christmas morning—the first anniversary of that little episode at Driftwood Point; and Lily, maintaining a brave face at home, persuaded her mother into the extravagance of a sumptuous Christmas dinner. "I shall be gone a little while in the morning, darling mamma," said the girl, "and then I shall come back to you and the dinner, and—I am going to bring a surprise for you."

"Not Mr. Summers?" questioned her mother.

"Yes, Mr. Summers. He is coming at last; our dear, generous benefactor."

So the Christmas Day came finally, and the sumptuous dinner was being prepared, and the second victim to the fiendish cupidity of John Gale was making herself ready for what she could not but feel to be a sacrifice. She tried to make it a willing sacrifice, but it seemed almost more than she could bear. If she could only have thrown herself on her mother's breast and asked counsel of her! but this she was told would be to defeat the very purposes in view. She felt like one carried onward by a resistless torrent, and there

was no ear to hear her cry for help. "O father!" burst from her lips, "if only you could speak to me from your grave and tell me where the right way lies!"

With an impulse she could not control, she flung herself on her knees before a box, wherein had been laid the clothes her dead father had worn when he died, as she had been told, in the arms of the man she was to marry within the hour. She plucked the coat out, the first garment that her hands touched, and buried her face in the folds in a passion of hot tears. A keen point pricked against her cheek so sharply as to command her attention, and turn her thoughts for an instant from her own grief. In another moment she drew from between the outer cloth and the lining of the coat a bit of steel, pointed at the end, and about two inches long!

With an unwonted throbbing at heart she bore the coat to a window, and cut the stitches which enclosed the hiding-place of so strange an instrument. She caught sight of something white within, and she drew it out into the light of day—John Gale's confession unearthed at last!

She only half understood it, but it seemed portentous. She hastened with it to her mother. What could it mean? How came it in father's coat? And see! these two holes in the paper as though this thing of steel had been driven through it by some blow.

Then they sat pondering it, an undefined horror growing slowly into shape in the mother's sorely-stricken heart. So then her husband had accomplished his quest, but where were the other papers of which this confession spoke? Who had abstracted them? Who was this man who had brought these garments to them from the dead? Why had he never come to her? What did it all mean?

The moments sped swiftly while the mother was pouring out into her child's ear these broken cries of questioning and wonder. An hour passed unheeded. Suddenly the room door was flung open, and a man's face, pale with passion, met their gaze.

John Gale had overstepped the limits of prudence in his chagrin and bitter disappointment, and he realised it when he heard his name fall from the lips of the woman he had wronged with such persistent cruelty. But the game was not yet lost, and his true policy at this juncture seemed to be to put a bold face upon it. He stepped into the room and had nearly closed the door when he was arrested by a cry from the mother.

"Stop there!" she commanded. "Is it to you that we have owed our succour and our help? Are you the old friend of Stephen Dean, my murdered husband? Was it in your arms that he died? And was it then, in his dying hour, that you wrote this confession of your crime?"

The blow was so unexpected, so paralysing, so crushing, that he gasped an inarticulate curse in his throat, but no response came from his lips. His face was the face of a malefactor, a confession written in livid lines and as plainly as that upon the paper he held in her hands. For an instant her heart seemed to die within her.

"My God!" she moaned. "Did you kill him?" Suddenly, noiselessly, the door behind his craven back opened once more. With one piercing shriek, a cry of ineffable rapture, Melita flung herself past John Gale and fell into the arms of her husband, her dead brought to life.

The rest is soon told. Stunned, but not killed, by the murderous strokes, Stephen Dean recovered enough of consciousness to drag himself in time out of the burning cabin and to reach a neighbouring hut. Then came, by long exposure to the cold in his half-clothed state, a raging fever that brought him to death's door, a madness of the brain that lay upon him for months, and finally, when it was almost too late, enough of health and sanity with it to enable him to turn his footsteps homeward. He wrote, but his letter went to the old home, and failed to reach them. But he came in time after all, in time to baffle his one enemy, and to send him to the punishment he so well deserved. Nevertheless, only that broken tine of the weapon John Gale had used in his extremity had saved Lily Dean from the cruel fate that had well nigh come upon her.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—A paste which will stick anything is said by Professor Winchell to be made as follows:—Take two ounces of clear gum arabic, one and a-half ounces of fine starch, and half an ounce of white sugar. Dissolve the gum arabic in as much water as the laundress would use for the quantity of starch indicated. Mix the starch and sugar with the mucilage. Then cook the mixture in a vessel suspended in boiling water, until the starch becomes clear. The cement should be as thick as tar, and kept so. It can be kept from spoiling by the addition of camphor, or a little oil of cloves.—Try a bandage of hot salt outside the face for neuralgia; fill the mouth with hot salt in case of toothache; put a little hot salt in a piece of muslin, and then put it in the ear for a second or two when ear-ache is troublesome.—Ripe tomatoes will remove ink stains from white clothes, and also from the hands.—Painting the kitchen walls enables one to wash them off, and in general tends to a neat appearance. The paint should be a good oil paint, applied as for out-door work, first sizing the surface to be coated with a solution of one half-pound of glue to a gallon of water.—Never wash cups, plates, spoons and knives used in the sick-room with those of the family. Scarlet fever and other infectious disease have been spread in this way. Do not eat in a sick person's room, or partake of anything that has stood there.

That New Watch of Mine.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery, or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognised messenger and fore-runner of calamity. But by-and-by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweller's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator must be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and implored him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a small dice box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned, and oiled, and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest: I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week; and by-and-by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch averaged well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would be slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say that it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make out the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the main spring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionally, save that now and then she would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and I looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on, I presently recognised in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said—"She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!" I floored him on the spot. My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it.

A Hired Girl.

THE CLERGYMAN'S RECEPTION ON HIS INITIAL CALL IN HIS NEW PARISH.

WHEN she came to work for the family on Congress Street, the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book-peddlers, hat-rack men, picture sellers, ash-buyers, rag-men, and all that class of people must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after a while that peddlers marked that house, and the door-bell never rung, except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is—Mrs.—ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see—see—"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon; we don't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!" she snapped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the patent flat-iron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with cards, and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't you know that I was a minister?" he asked as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I will have to fling a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

Wise and Otherwise.

SATIRE should not be like a saw, but a sword; it should cut, and not mangle.

NEVER chase a lie. Let it alone, and it will run itself to death.

THE way to fame is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation.

AS the fire-fly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mind—when at rest it darkens.

GOOD order is the foundation of all good things.

SIR WALTER SCOTT once gave an Irishman a shilling when sixpence would have sufficed. "Remember, Pat," said Sir Walter, "you owe me sixpence." "May your honor live till I pay you," was the reply.

TWO street sweepers were overheard discussing the merits of a new hand who had that day joined their gang. "Well, Bill, what do you think of the new man?" "Oh, I don't reckon much of him; he's all very well for a bit of up and down sweeping, but," shaking his head, "let him try a bit of fancy work round a post, and you'll see he'll make a poor hand of it."

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his solicitor. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

A CERTAIN lawyer, who is now a very able judge, was, when he first came to the bar, a very blundering speaker. On one occasion, when he was trying a case of replevin, involving a right of property to a lot of hogs, he said, "Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four hogs in that drove; just twenty-four gentlemen—exactly twice as many as are in that jury box." The effect can be imagined.

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS

Under the Direction of Mr ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and Mr. C. E. OSBORN.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

TO BE GIVEN ON

BOXING DAY, December 26th, 1890, at 3 o'clock.

Part I.

OVERTURE BY

Prof. H. G. CLARENCE

Will give a Selection of Clever and Sensational Experiments, showing with what apparent ease he can deceive the eyes and puzzle the senses of all beholders.

Madame CLARENCE

Will present her Entertainment, entitled

"THE DOVES AT HOME,"

Introducing a Flight of PERFORMING DOVES (not Pigeons).

Mr. MORTIMER SNOW, The Refined Negro Comedian,

Will appear in some of his most famous characters, and render one or two quaint songs, accompanied upon his Silver Banjo.

Part II.

MISS EDITH ELMER,

THE LADY TENOR VOCALIST,

Will Give a Selection from her Repertoire of Favourite Tenor Songs.

THE MERRY MINIATURE MIMICS,

An Enjoyable and Amusing Performance of Novel Description.

Mr. MORTIMER SNOW,

With more Mirth-provoking Songs, Conundrums, and Instrumental Music.

Professor Clarence,

Introducing his LIGHT ANTI-SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCE,

Producing effects that are Interesting, Wonderful, and Exceedingly Enjoyable.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

BY THE

Royal Metropolitan Volunteer Minstrels,

On FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1890, at 8 o'clock.

Proprietors and Managers - - - - MESSRS. F. TOWNER, W. REDMOND & H. HOWARD.

Bones - - - MESSRS. F. TOWNER, C. ANSELL, AND H. CRAWLEY
Tambos - - - MESSRS. J. G. HANKS, H. J. MORTON, AND J. ANSELL
Interlocutor - - - MR. HAL HAMILTON

Part I.

Table listing Part I items: INTRODUCTORY CHORUS VOLUNTEER MINSTRELS, COMIC SONG 'The Girls are Immensibus' MR. H. J. MORTON, BALLAD 'Jenny, darling, name the day' MR. GEO. CLARE, COMIC SONG 'Johnny was a Piper' MR. C. ANSELL, NEW SONG 'The wonders of the deep' MR. W. ARTHUR, COMIC SONG 'Happy little man' MR. FRED TOWNER, BALLAD 'Tell me Mother, where is Minnie' MASTER J. SELBY, COMIC SONG 'The Clonakilty Band' MR. H. CRAWLEY, PATRIOTIC SONG 'America's Emblem' MR. HAL HAMILTON, COMIC SONG 'Johnny get your Gun' MR. J. G. HANKS

TO CONCLUDE WITH THE NEW SCREAMING COMIC ACT,

ENTITLED:

'WHIST, THE BOGIE MAN.'

Re-arranged for this Company by Mr. FRED TOWNER.

Part II.

Table listing Part II items: SELECTION THE BAND, ECCENTRIC DANCE MASTER J. ANSELL, MANDOLINE SOLO MR. H. CRAWLEY, BURLESQUE LECTURE 'Lovely Woman' MR. FRED TOWNER, SONG & DANCE 'Pretty Witty Kitty' MR. J. G. HANKS, BURLESQUE SCENA MR. GEO. CLARE, CLOG DANCE MASTER J. ANSELL, BALLAD 'Only a lock of hair' MASTER J. SELBY, FAMOUS PRIZE BELT AMERICAN JIG MR. J. G. HANKS

THE CELEBRATED PRIMA DONNA FROM THE MOHAWK MINSTRELS.

THE WHOLE TO CONCLUDE WITH THE SCREAMING COMIC SKETCH,

ENTITLED:

'WHO DIED FIRST.'

Messrs. F. TOWNER, GEO. CLARE, H. J. MORTON and C. ANSELL.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 27TH 1890, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Musical Director—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND,

CONDUCTOR, MR. A. ROBINSON, late Prince of Wales' 3rd Dragoon Guards.

VOCALISTS: MISS MONTAGU CONYERS AND MR. ARTHUR TAYLOR.

1. OVERTURE 'Guy Mannering' Sir H. Bishop. PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

2. SONG 'The Mill Wheel' Old German. MR. ARTHUR TAYLOR.

In sheltered vale the mill wheel still sings its busy lay; My darling once did dwell there, she now is far away. A ring in pledge she gave me, while vows of love she spoke; Those vows were soon forgotten, my ring asunder broke. I fain would be a minstrel, and wander far away; In every house be welcome, and sing the live-long day. But when I hear the mill wheel, my grief will never cease; I would the grave would hide me, for there alone is peace.

3. VALSE 'Estudiantina' PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

4. SONG 'When in the Early Morn' Gounod. MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.

When in the early morn or falling night, Before thy Saint thou bow'st thy saintly head, And breathest wishes for all good to all, Let thy heart plead for me, though far away; No name, no word, nor thought need uttered be, Only a softer light within thine eyes, Only a warmer glow upon thy cheek To tell thy Saint thy heart goes with thy prayer. Only a softer light, a warmer glow, To tell thy Saint thy heart goes with thy prayer. If purest faith and truest trust avail To move the watchful heav'n's to man's behest, A wish, a sigh from thee must be a spell. With might to draw all blessing freely down, To thee belong still prayer and gentle wish, And pow'r to raise me to thy soul's high place, While I can only work, and love, and long, And trust my all to thee and Heav'n's high grace.

5. CORNET SOLO 'The Lost Chord' Sir A. Sullivan. MR. ROGERS.

6. SONG 'Three Knights of Old' Boscovitz. MR. ARTHUR TAYLOR.

At morning out of the castle keep, Three knights of old rode forth; The foeman's cry rang loud and deep Away in the warlike north. They clattered down the village street In glitt'ring panoply, A little maiden there they meet, "Why ride ye forth?" quoth she. "My lady's heart is mine," one cried, "I ride her hand to claim;" For king "home," the next replied "For honour and for fame." "Not love nor fame" the third knight said, "Nor home my heart may know; By gain nor glory am I led To fight the northern foe. For Christ, the King, sweet maid I ride, And, tho' the foe be strong, To help the true and aid the tried, And conquer human wrong." Fierce raged the strife till overthrown, The foeman routed yields; Two knights ride homeward on alone Across the northern wealds. One comes his valour's mead to claim, The other seeks a bride, But he who sought not love nor fame— To serve his Monarch—died. Long years have passed, forgotten clay The knights of love and fame; But he who fell in battle fray, Has won a deathless name. The children's lips from age to age, His name are taught to say, Its record on the golden page Of fame shall live alway!

7. FANTASIA 'Reminiscences of England' Godfrey. PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

8. RECIT & CAVATINA 'Ernani, Ernani, Involami' (Ernani) Verdi. MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.

Recit. Sortaè la nollè e Silva non ritarna! Ah! non tornasse ei più, Questo odiato beglio, che quale immindo spectro Ognor m'insegue col favellar, Col favellar, amore, più sempre Ernani mi cenfigge in care! Cavatina. Ernani, Ernani, involami All'abborrito amplesse, Fuggiamo se teco vivere Mi sia, d'amor concesso Per antri e lande inospicé, Li seguirà il mio piè, il mio piè, Un Eden di dilizia, Saran quegli antriame. Lutto sprezzo che d'Ernani, Non favella, ah, questo care, Non v'ha gemma chein, amore, Fassa l'oeilio tramutar, ah! Vola, o tempo, e presto reca, Di mia fiya il lieto istante, Vola, o tempo, al care amante E supplizio l'indugiari.

'Ernani'—English Version. Recit. Day has departed and Silva not returned, Ah! that he ne'er would come; this old man detested, Who like a spectre haunts me, with love pursues me And from its vows my faithful heart would sever. But vainly! Hernani, I am thine for ever.

Cavatina. Hernani, Hernani, oh haste to me Save me from fortune hateful! Let's fly hence and I will prove to thee My life and heart both grateful, O'er rocks and sands and shoreless sea, Whate'er betide I will follow thee, An Eden of delight be sea, And rocks and sands to me. Dear Hernani, my life's treasure, All my heart, all my love thou sharest Not a crown of jewels rarest Might avert this heart from thee, No! Oh what joy, what boundless pleasure Ever my faith, my love, dear, to prove thee, If thou lov'st me as I love thee What content will dwell in me.

9. CLARINET SOLO 'Danse de Satyres' Le Thiere. MR. O'DONNELL.

10. SONG 'The Lighthouse' F. L. Moir. MR. ARTHUR TAYLOR.

The lighthouse stands 'mid the roaring waves Like a king in his majesty, The billows fawn at his feet like slaves, As though he were lord of the sea; And aloft tho' winds may howl and rage, And tempests wild their power vaunt, He still stands firm from age to age, Like one no pow'r on earth can daunt. The sailor out on the wide, wide sea Is beating about in the foam, His heart fast fails as he looks alee For the light that's to guide him home. Yet see! There shines thro' the dark, dark night, Thro' the wind and the driving snow, From the old lighthouse a flash of light, That brings life to his heart I trow! On the lone seashore a cottage stands, 'Tis the home of the sailor's bride; She hears the tempest sweep o'er the sands, And the sound of the rolling tide. She thinks of the lighthouse rocks with dread, And prays for her sailor at sea, She prays that the light may flash ahead, And guide her love where e'er he be. She wanders down by the driving spray, On the sands by the hissing foam, Her heart fast fails, but her lips still pray For the bark that's to bear him home. Ah, see! He comes thro' the dark, dark night, Thro' the wind and the driving snow, He sees in her eyes a flash of light, That brings joy to his heart I trow!

11. GRAND SELECTION 'Maritana' Wallace. PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

12. SONG 'Two to a Bargain' Wilford Morgan. MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.

13. MARCH 'Military Exhibition' Kappy. PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

Programme of Entertainment

TO BE GIVEN BY

THE OIO MINSTREL TROUPE,

ON

MONDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1890,

At EIGHT o'clock.

PART I.

OVERTURE AND CHORUS	THE OIO MINSTRELS.
BALLAD	MR. G. KENDAL.
COMIC SONG	MR. LEWIS CRO.
BALLAD	MR. W. H. JEFFRIES.
COMIC SONG	MR. ERNEST CRO.
SEA SONG	MR. T. ROWLINGS.
COMIC SONG	MR. LESLIE MCKAY.
BALLAD	MASTER FREDERICK.
COMIC SONG	MR. HARRY ELTON.
BALLAD	MR. C. E. SEAMAN.
COMIC SONG	MR. ALBERT ROMER.
CHORUS	BY THE TROUPE.

PART II.

BANJO TRIO	MESSRS. DIXON, HOBGEN, AND ROWLINGS.
THE OIO BRUISERS	MESSRS. R. J. BURNS AND C. SEAMAN.
CORNET SOLO	MR. CHARLIE KING.
BURLESQUE SCENA	MR. HARRY ELTON.
VENTRILQUIAL SKETCH	MR. LESLIE MCKAY.
BANJO DITTY	MR. OWEN HOBGEN.
IRISH SONG AND DANCE	MR. T. ROWLINGS.

To Conclude with the Screaming Absurdity entitled,

“ROOMS TO LET,”

Characters by MESSRS. HARRY ELTON, R. J. BURNS AND E. CRO.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

* By kind permission of Messrs. G. W. MOORE and FREDERICK BURGESS of St. James' Hall, London.

Programme of Concert

TO BE GIVEN

ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER, 30TH, 1890, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Musical Director—MR. ORTON BRADLEY., M.A.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND,

CONDUCTOR,

MR. A. ROBINSON, late Prince of Wales' 3rd Dragoon Guards.

VOCALISTS:

MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN AND MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

1. OVERTURE .. "Zampa" Herold.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

2. VALSE .. "Visions D'Amour" Delbrück.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

3. NEW SONG "Love that Slumbered" Gerald Lane.

MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

I heard a song, long years ago, a quaint old melody,
The singer's voice was sweet and low, and fair, so fair was she,
The moonlight fell upon her face, and kiss'd her golden hair,
And in her eyes my own could trace the love that linger'd there.
Years ago, long years ago, yet can I forget thee? no!
Time brings back the old refrain, love that slumber'd wakes again.

And still in dreams that song I hear from out the years are gone,
It falls upon my listening ear when day is past and done,
The music weaves its spell of yore, and fancy wandered free,
Till at her side I stand once more, my love, my love, Marie.
Years ago, long years, etc.

4. CORNET SOLO "Love's Old Sweet Song" Molloy.

MR. ROGERS.

5. NEW SONG .. "As Years Roll On" Ernest Newton.

MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.

In after years, when other lips are singing
Love-laden lays, such as I sang to thee;
In after years, when other hands are bringing
Love-laden gifts, such as your gifts from me.
Will you forget, or will you remember
The songs I sang, whose music rang with love that lived for thee?
As years roll on, tho' you may ne'er regret me,
Remember me as I remember thee.

In after years, when other friends forsake you,
As you forsook me in the bygone years;
In after years, when the old love shall wake you
From dreams that dawn'd in smiles, to die in tears.
Will you forget, or will you remember
Where'er you be, in search of thee my wand'ring heart doth roam?
As years roll on, tho' you may ne'er regret me,
Remember me, as I remember thee.

6. FANTASIA .. "Reminiscences of Ireland" Godfrey.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

7. DUET .. "What will you do, Love" Lover.

MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN AND MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us for being fond?
The waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding I'll still be true,
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean
In deep devotion—that's what I'll do.

What would you do, love, when home returning,
With hopes high burning, with wealth for you?
If my bark which bounded o'er foreign foam
Should be lost near home—ah, what would you do?
So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow, that left me you,
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow
This heart thy pillow—that's what I'd do!

8. CLARINET SOLO "On Ancient Scotch Songs" Ackermann.

MR. O'DONNELL.

9. NEW SONG .. "My Lady April" De Lara.

MR. HENRY BEAUMONT

There stealeth in 'tween sun and show'rs
A maiden passing fair,
March winds have fled to tell May flow'rs,
As roams she everywhere.
In dainty blue by morning drest,
She comes! with a radiant smile,
Through all the land a gracious guest,
Snow's banner to beguile.

Refrain.

Ah! Lady April! Lady April! welcome once again,
For smiles are hiding 'mid the tears, that would
your azure stain;
While cuckoos in the budding hedge, sing gay and
glad refrain,
Sweet Lady April! Lady April!

Coquette thou art while time shall be,
Thou fairest maid of all,
Yet every heart hears joyously
Thy charming, changeful call!
And Love awakes from dreams of bliss
To wander through the meads,
While if perchance he steals a kiss,
'Tis learnt from thy misdeeds.

Ah! Lady April! etc.

10. GRAND SELECTION .. "Faust" Gounod.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

11. SONG .. "Cherry Ripe" Horn.

MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry;
Full and fair ones, come and buy.
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land of Cherry Isle.
There plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

12. MARCH A. Robinson.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31ST, 1890, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Musical Director—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND,

CONDUCTOR,
MR. A. ROBINSON, late Prince of Wales' 3rd Dragoon Guards.

VOCALISTS:

MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM AND
MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

1. OVERTURE .. "Tancredi" *Rossini.*
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.
2. SONG.. .. "Death of Nelson" *Braham.*
MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

RECIT.
O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppressed,
Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay,
We saw the Frenchman lay,
Each heart was bounding then;
We scorned the foreign yoke,
For our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson marked them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty;
Along the line the signal ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along th' affrighted shore,
Our Nelson led the way;
His ship the Victory named,
Long be that victory famed,
For victory crowned the day!
But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty;
He cried, as midst the fire he ran,
"England shall find that every man
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast received.
"Heaven fights on our side,
The day's our own" he cried,
"Now long enough I've lived!
In honour's cause my life was passed,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty!"
Thus ending life as he began,
England confessed, that every man
That day had done his duty.

3. VALSE "The Colonel" *Bucalossi.*

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

4. SONG.. .. "Home, Dearie, Home" *J. L. Molloy.*

MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM.

So you've settled to go to sea, dear,
And that's what my boy will do,
With your brave little dirk at you side, dear,
And your trim little jacket of blue.
And you're longing to sail away, dear,
You want to be off to fight,
You think that old England would fail, dear,
If she had't her midshipmite,
But it's home, dearie, home,
That's where I would be,
Furl the sails and anchor
In the old country.

They'll make you a captain soon, dear,
Commander of all the fleet,
And you'll shew them the way how to fight, dear,
As soon as the foe you meet;
And whenever a letter comes, dear,
At morning, or noon, or night,
I always shall think it's from you, dear,
From my own little midshipmite,
For it's home, etc.

You're counting the days to sail, dear,
And counting them too am I,
For the tears will come to me somehow,
No matter how hard I try.
Then say to me once my darling,
And tenderly say it too,
You'll think of your mother sometimes,
Who's waiting at home for you,
For it's home, etc.

5. CORNET SOLO "The Better Land" *Cowen.*
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

6. SONG.. .. "Mona" *Adams.*
MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

O swift goes my boat like a bird on the billow,
The boat of my heart, my trim Pen-my-chree;
But swifter than bird leaps my love from her pillow,
The girl of my heart who is waiting for me.
And down drops the anchor, the brown sails are falling,
And out on the shingle we leap in our glee,
But for all the bright eyes and the laughter and calling,
The girl of my heart is all that I see.

Mona, my own love, Mona my true love,
Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be?
By the bright stars above thee
I love thee, I love thee;
Live for thee, die for thee, only for thee;
Oh, Mona, Mona, my own love,
Art thou not mine through the long years to be?

Farewell, all is over, the bitter tears falling;
My life is a wreck on a dark winter sea,
The innocent days all are gone past recalling,
There yawns a dark gulf 'twixt my darling and me;
I pass to my exile alone, unbefriended;
The summer days mock me with gladness and mirth,
For only with death will that exile be ended,
Thou'rt lost to me, darling, for ever on earth.

Mona, my own love, Mona, my lost love,
Pray for me, pray thro' the long years to be;
And the angels above thee, who pity and love thee,
Will plead for me also and bring me to thee;
Oh, Mona, Mona, my lost love,
Pray for me, pray thro' the long years to be.

7. FANTASIA .. Reminiscences of Scotland" *Godfrey.*
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

8. NEW SONG .. "As years roll on" *E. Newton.*
MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM.

In after years, when other lips are singing,
Love laden lays, such as I sang to thee;
In after years, when other hands are bringing
Love laden gifts, such as your gifts from me,
Will you forget, or will you remember
The songs I sang, whose music rang
With love that lived for thee?
As years roll on, tho' you may ne'er regret me,
Remember me as I remember thee.
In after years when other friends forsake you,
As you forsook me in the bygone years;
In after years, when the old love shall wake you,
From dreams that dawn'd in smiles to die in tears,
Will you forget, or will you remember,
Where'er you be in search of thee,
My wand'ring heart doth roam?
As years roll on, tho' you may ne'er regret me,
Remember me as I remember thee.

9. CLARINET SOLO "Breakmorn in the Forest" *Le Thiere.*
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

10. SONG .. "The Sailor's Grave" *Sullivan.*
MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

11. GRAND SELECTION "Reminiscences of Auber"
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

12. SONG .. "The year that's awa'"
MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM.

Here's to the year that's awa'!
We'll drink it in strong and in sma';
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
While swift flew the year that's awa'!
Here's to the soldier who bled—
To the sailor who bravely did fa'!
Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.

Here's to the friends we can trust
When the storms of adversity blow;
May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.

13. MARCH .. "Hech Hapsburgh"
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK,

Musical Director—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND,

CONDUCTOR:
MR. A. ROBINSON, late Prince of Wales' 3rd Dragoon Guards

VOCALISTS:

MISS JULIET GASCOYNE AND MR. PERCY PINKERTON.

1. OVERTURE "Chevalier de Breton"
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

2. SONG .. "Orpheus with his Lute" *Sullivan.*
MR. PERCY PINKERTON.

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves, when he did sing;
To his music, plants and flowers,
Ever sprung, as sun and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
E'en the billows of the sea
Hung their heads, and then lay by;
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

3. VALSE "Viennoise" *Czibulka.*
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

4. SONG .. "When the heart is young" *Buck.*
MISS JULIET GASCOYNE.

Oh! merry goes the time when the heart is young,
There's nought too high to climb when the heart is young;
A spirit of delight scatters roses in her flight,
And there's magic in the night when the heart is young
But weary go the feet when the heart is old,
Time cometh not so sweet when the heart is old:
From all that smiled and shone there is something lost and
gone,

And our friends are few or none when the heart is old:

Oh! sparkling are the skies when the heart is young,
There's bliss in beauty's eyes when the heart is young;
The golden break of day brings gladness in its ray,
And ev'ry month is May when the heart is young:

But the sun is setting fast when the heart is old,
And the sky is overcast when the heart is old;
Life's worn and weary bark lies tossing wild and dark,
And the star hath left hope's ark when the heart is old.

Yet an angel from its sphere, tho' the heart be old,
Whispers comfort in our ear, tho' the heart be old,
Saying: "Age from out the tomb shall immortal youth
assume,

And spring eternal bloom where no heart is old."

5. LANCERS .. "Covent Garden" *Crowe.*
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

6. NEW SONG .. "The Dear Old Days" *G. Sala.*
MR. PERCY PINKERTON.

Do you ever think of the happy times,
Of the dear old days of yore?
Do you ever sit 'neath the scented limes,
And dream the old dreams once more?

Do ever the tears unbidden flow,
Which you vainly would restrain,
And the old, old love of the long ago,
Awake and live again?

Ah! yes, in dreams when the sunset's gleams
Fall over the land and sea,
The hopes and the fears of the bygone years,
Still live for you and me.

Do you ever pace on the lonely sands,
And gaze on the fall of night,
And think of the vows and clinging hands,
And the links that proved so slight?

Does ever the hush of that silent hour,
The old sweet thoughts restore,
And you weep for the bud that might not flow'r,
And the days that come no more?
Ah! yes, in dreams when the sunset's gleams
Fall over the land and the sea,
The hopes and the fears of the bygone years,
Still live for you and me.

7. SELECTION "Bohemian Girl" *Balfe.*
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

8. SONG "Killarney" *Balfe.*
MISS JULIET GASCOYNE.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.

Bounteous Nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Footprints leave on many strands,
But her home is surely there.

Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home—Killarney,
Heaven's reflex—Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints,
Ev'ry rock that you pass by
Verdure broiders or bespruits.

Virgin there the green grass grows,
Ev'ry morn springs natal day,
Bright-hued berries doff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.

Angels, often pausing there;
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home—Killarney,
Heaven's reflex—Killarney.

9. FANTASIA "Reminiscences of Wales" *Godfrey.*
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

10. SONG .. "A Reconciliation" *Gerard Cobb.*
MR. PERCY PINKERTON.

Oh, once more to linger near thee,
Oh, to live for thee alone,
Oh, to see thee; oh, to hear thee,
Oh, to feel thou art mine own!

In thy joy to find my healing,
In thy sorrow find my pain;
Oh, what yearning, what rejoicing,
Oh, what peace is mine again.

Gone is all the sad complaining,
Gone the doubt, and gone the fear,
In my heart one thought is reigning,
One alone, that thou art here!

In this new, delicious dreaming
I forget the bitter past:
I but think how best to love thee,
How to hold thee to the last!

11. GALOP "Post Horns" *Koenig.*
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

12. SONG.. .. "Mine Again" *Moir.*
MISS JULIET GASCOYNE.

I sit beneath the hawthorn tree,
Where we sat side by side,
And know that you will think of me
Whatever may betide,

I see you as on that bright morn
We dream'd the hours away,
And though I wander here forlorn,
My heart is yours to-day.

Ah! yes, mine again,
Mine again to greet you
Love will not be love in vain
When again I meet you.

The sunlight lingers on the hill
And bringeth hope to me,
I wonder if you love me still,
As when you set me free;—

If you could know that now I crave
The love you gave in vain,
As free as on that day you gave,
It would be mine again

Yes, mine again, etc.

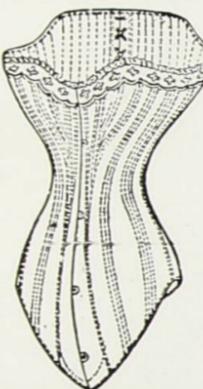
13. MARCH .. "To the Rescue" *Latann.*
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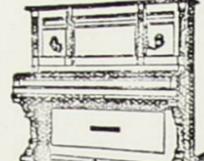
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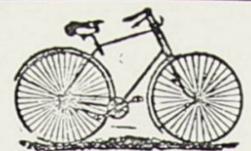
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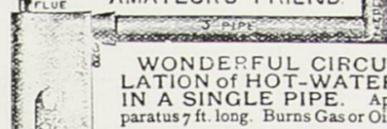
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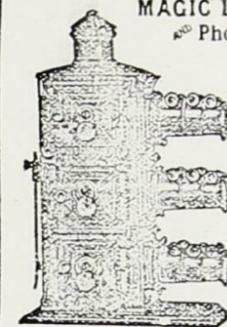
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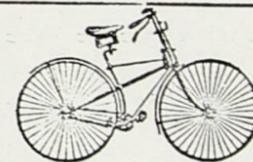
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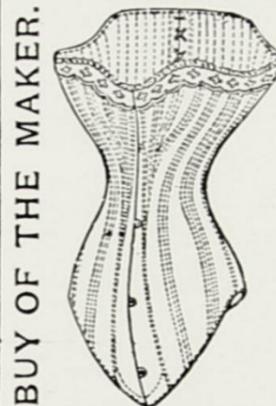
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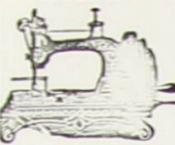
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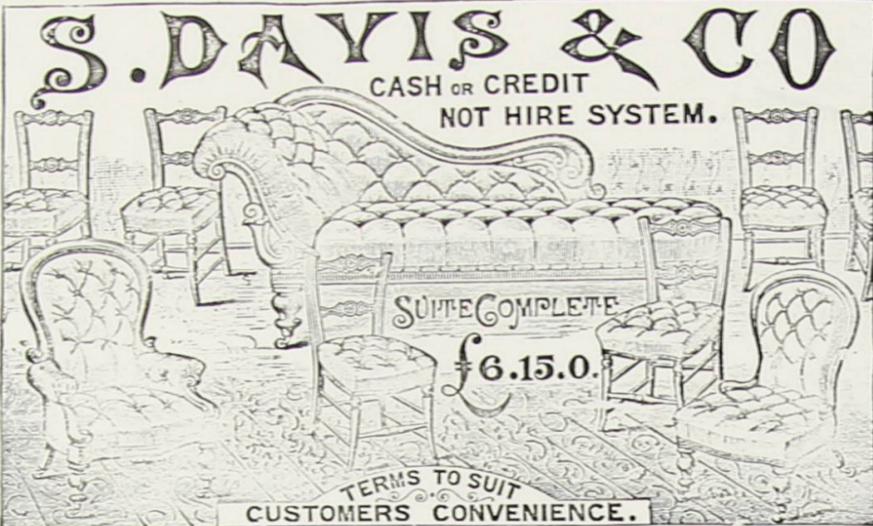
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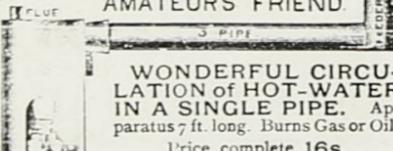
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