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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, 2nd January.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, the I.D.K. Minstrels, at 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, 3rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In Queen's Hall, Ballad Concert at 8.—Lecture on Edison's Phonograph, in Lecture Hall, at 7, 8, and 9 o'clock.

SUNDAY, 4th.—Library open from 3 to 10.—Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8.

MONDAY, 5th.—Library open from 10 to 5. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Day School re-opens.—Students' Conversazione, 7.30 to 11 p.m., in Queen's Hall.

TUESDAY, 6th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Evening Classes re-open.

WEDNESDAY, 7th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8, the Welsh Choir (Cardiff).

THURSDAY, 8th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

OUR readers have noticed, no doubt, a new departure as regards the style and matter of the *Palace Journal*, a change which the Trustees hope will be acceptable in every respect. We do not care to make too big promises, but prefer rather that the Journal should speak for itself in the future as it has done during the past few weeks. Broadly speaking, however, the idea is to make the *Palace Journal* an exponent of what is going on in the technical world at large, the while giving as much attention to our local affairs as heretofore. The detail of the new series will be somewhat as follows. About four columns will be devoted to local gossip as now; this will be followed by two columns of notes, consisting of items of general interest presented in a chatty and interesting form. Two more columns will be devoted to news of other centres of social and technical education. We look upon this as a most important feature, because it will bring us into touch with others who are working for the same ends as ourselves. In this connection we may state that we intend to include short sketches of other Technical Institutes. A column will occasionally be devoted to "notices of books and periodicals," and then will follow two pages to be occupied either by a serial or complete story, with a little poetry and interesting odds and ends to "make even." Readers can, therefore, in future, get a better pennyworth than ever. If this doesn't "fetch" them we don't know what will, for though loyalty *sometimes* needs a spur, in the shape of "valuable consideration," yet we cannot bring ourselves to think that anyone connected with the People's Palace, when once fully alive to their duty, will fail to support, in a legitimate way, their own record of Palace life. By this we mean that instead of begging, borrowing—we had almost added stealing—their Journal each week, they will come up to the scratch, and pay their pennies in greater numbers than ever, with true British pluck and scorn for oppression of all kinds, especially that form of it which defrauds an editor of his hard-earned fruits of toil! By-the-bye, while on this point, we may as well point out that rs. 6d. sent to the Secretary's office will ensure the receipt of the paper, post free, weekly, for three months. There is only the sending of the money in the first instance, and the subscriber is saved all further trouble, besides having his copy despatched before the general body of members are supplied.

A SECOND Course of Lectures on Machine Design, by Mr. D. A. Low, Wh. Sc., M.I.M.E., will commence on Friday, January 16th, from 9 to 10. Tickets for Course of five Lectures, 1s. 6d.

PAST students of the Electrical Engineering Class will regret to hear that Mr. Osborn has received the sad news of the death of Samuel B. Jennings. His friend, Mr. Carley, in acknowledging the receipt of the certificate, gained by Jennings at the last examination, says: "Please convey my thanks to the teachers of his class, and assure them that my friend often spoke of the pleasure and benefit he derived from attending their instructions."

THE Electrical Laboratory on Monday next will be furnished with electric light machinery and apparatus, fitted by our own students; exhibitions of electrical apparatus and experiments will be made during the evening.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION.—Presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Hasluck.—On Thursday evening, the 18th, Mr. Steward, on behalf of the members, warmly expressed the appreciation of the class students, and presented to Mr. and Mrs. Hasluck a handsomely bound copy of "Many Thoughts of Many Minds," with an elegantly illuminated inscription, and also a crystoleum picture, framed in crimson plush, illustrating "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."—(Browning's "Pied Piper" has formed part of the class reading work of the past quarter.) Mr. Hasluck, while protesting against "this annual mutiny" of the Elocution Classes, commented upon the appropriate suggestiveness of the gifts, as souvenirs of the many thoughts of the many members, and of the past quarter's work; and, in conclusion, he hoped to retain for many years to come the sympathy and good feeling which the students had shown in the past. It may be mentioned that last Christmas the students presented Mr. Hasluck with a gold pen and pencil-case, which he has, as he remarks, always at his finger's ends to remind him of the Palace students.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—An Ordinary Meeting of the Club was held on December 5th, Mr. Kendall being in the chair. On this occasion good use was made of the lantern, and numerous excellent slides, the work of Messrs. Bolton, Hawkins, Walker, Beckett, senr., Beckett, junr., Barrett, Paton, and Tanner, were thrown upon the screen.—As the attendance at the meeting of the 19th December was very small (owing to the weather), the paper on "Instantaneous Work," which was to have been read by Mr. Beckett, junr., was postponed until Friday, January 2nd.—The meetings of the Club are held on the first and third Fridays of each month, in the Studio, at 8 o'clock.
WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.
ALEXANDER ALBU, Curator.

CLASS NOTES.—The night of the Session will be Monday next, 5th January. Very few members of the Institute Classes have as yet replied stating that they cannot accept the invitation, so we are anticipating a very large company. A programme, as on page 426, has been arranged, but this is subject to slight alterations.—Will any member not having received a ticket for the Conversazione, apply at once to Mr. Osborn?

WE commence active work in the Classes on Tuesday next, the 6th, and intending students should take their tickets early.—Already we have booked over 3,000 since October.—The office will be open this and next week each night till 10, and on Saturday, till 9 p.m.

(Continued on page 11.)

Cleanings—Grave and Gay.

In England considerable difference of opinion exists as to what constitutes a *city*. Ecclesiastical usage, which agrees mainly with the commonly accepted dictum, at least from the time of Henry VIII, decrees that a *city* becomes such when a Bishop's see is attached to it. This, however, is not the legal view, for Manchester was denied the right to the rank when its claims were based on this ground alone, and a Royal Proclamation was necessary to invest it with the dignity and privileges of a *city*. In America a much lower standard seems to hold good, as village schools have been supplied by academies; so the term *city* has been grandiloquently applied in many parts of the Union to the smallest collection of rude cabins, tents, and shanties, which in England would hardly be dignified with the name of hamlet. Webster defines a *city* as a town or collective body of inhabitants, incorporated and governed by a mayor and alderman, and the smallest are theoretically assumed to contain upwards of 10,000 inhabitants. This, however, is by no means the case, most many so-called *cities* contain less than a twentieth part of that number. The settlers and miners in the Western States are, no doubt, the greatest sinners in this respect, as all their mining camps are called *cities*; but New England is far from being free from such an abuse of terms.

We have heard a good deal of the so-called "Bad Lands" in connection with the "Indian trouble" in America. These "Bad Lands" are the *Mauvaises Terres* of the early French settlers in the districts west of the Missouri, and the term was applied by them generally to the jagged, sterile, and almost impassable hills and part of the country. The phrase is now applicable to any stretch of specially rough land. The French name still answers in the corruption "Movey Star" of some localities. These tracts of country are most common in Wyoming, Nebraska, and Montana, and their concentrated hideousness, shames, and diffused and diluted horrors of Sahara. Mark Twain, describing a journey across one of these chemical dust heaps, says:—"For sixty-eight miles there was but one break in it. The alkali dust cut through our lips, it persecuted our eyes, it eat through the delicate membranes, and made our noses bleed, and kept them bleeding." Since that time the Union Pacific Railroad has crossed these arid plains, and although the dust is still a source of annoyance and inconvenience to the traveller, yet the face of the country is gradually being changed from a howling wilderness into a fertile and blooming garden. The alkali consists of gypsum and the carbonate of potassium and soda, and combines in the highest degree fertilising, when not in too great excess in the soil. Wherever irrigation is practicable, the vegetable productions of this region attain a size and perfection utterly unknown in the Eastern States. The organic elements, moreover, are not capable of being exhausted, as they ascend by evaporation from the underlying deposits. It is more than probable that artesian wells may yet convert a large part of these arid wastes into fertile fields.

WHILE on this subject I may as well answer a question put to me concerning the so-called Indian Reservations, especially as, to my mind, it touches the *verna* of the "Indian troubles." Gradually the aboriginal races of America have, by the advance of the white man's civilisation, been pushed farther and farther afield. This in reality has been the main cause of the many Indian wars with which the United States Government have had to deal from time to time. To obviate the conflict of races as far as possible, Congress set apart certain tracts of country throughout the Union for the special benefit and use of red men, and these are called *Indian Reservations*. With the extinction of the buffalo, however, the Indian's chief means of subsistence has disappeared, and to prevent absolute starvation, the Government have been compelled, in many cases, to issue rations of food and other supplies. In consequence, there is now some talk of abolishing the Reservations, opening them up to white enterprise, and, in return, planting such of the aborigines as still survive, and are capable, on small homesteads, starting them in a manner warranted by circumstances. Even a protective measure of this kind, however, will, it is feared by those who know only, prove a stop-gap on the road to an extinction which is inevitable.

FEW grasp, however, how near is this extinction. Within the memory of many living persons Indian tribes roamed over the greater part of the North American continent, virtually its masters. They hunted the buffalo, countless herds of which swarmed on the prairies of the West, practically with impunity. Step by step, however, they and their main means of subsistence have been driven "from pillar to post," until now the buffalo is almost as extinct as the dodo; and the Red Man also seems doomed to as certain an extinction. Reduced in numbers well nigh to vanishing-point, deprived of the chase (their chief support), unable in the new order of things, the remnants of the aboriginal tribes are, by contracting the white man's vices, fast hastening the day when they will only be remembered as a tradition of the past. Still, traces of their having once possessed the land will remain. Many of the most notable aboriginal names still hold, and will doubtless retain

a place in the popular speech. Among these geographical expressions stand first not a few of the names of the states, rivers, and mountains bearing their ancient Indian appellations. The designations of plants, animals, and preparations of food come next; but in all probability the influence of the Red Man on the vernacular will longest survive in the colloquialisms of every-day life. Some of these—as, for example, "burying the hatchet," "going on the war-path," "smoking the pipe of peace," and similar expressive imagery—have established themselves wherever English is spoken.

WHAT an enormous mental appetite we modern folk have to be sure! Certainly one of the wonders of the world of latter days is the surprising and continuous progress of the penny daily. From the unpretending *Notizie Scritte* of Venice, it has developed into an omnivorous monster whose capacious jaws are open in every part of the civilised world for anything offered. To see the heterogeneous confusion of subjects which form its food is not only a source of delight, but a necessity to millions of the human race, whether they be the occupants of a royal palace or of the squatter's station in the far off Australian wilds.

THE appetite for this necessity, of London alone, is so great that it requires to be satisfied with more than 1,500,000 sheets of news every day, or sufficient informing matter to cover a park measuring eighteen miles round; and for this daily meal they cheerfully pay in pennies and half-pennies £7,000 per week. The 1,500,000 sheets are insufficient to cater for London's insatiable craving for news, no less than 404 weeklies, or more than all the papers in Ireland and Scotland together, are called into requisition besides, some of which have even a larger circulation in one issue than the dailies; *Lloyd's* for instance finds more than 600,000 recipients among the working classes on Sunday morning.

A CENTURY ago there were only 50 newspapers published in England, 8 in Scotland, and 13 in Ireland; total of the United Kingdom 61. There are now 2,153, of which 432 belong to London, 1,224 to provinces, 220 to Scotland, 81 to Wales, 175 to Ireland, and 21 to the Isles, in addition to 1,291 magazines. These numbers are amazing as they are, and ever increasing week by week, almost lose their significance in comparison with the 11,840 contemporaries published in America, where the daily press may be said to be the rule and the semi-weekly and weekly the exception, and where the white population is only about double that of the United Kingdom, although, from the foregoing, the number of its journals is one-and-a-half times greater than the number in the United Kingdom.

THE annual aggregate circulation of the 30,900 newspapers of the world is calculated to be ten-and-a-half thousand million copies. The enormous expanse of information contained by this yearly total of individual papers is perhaps beyond the possibility of accurate conception, but we may grasp a truer appreciation of its magnitude by subjecting it to an analysis, when we shall find it to be sufficient to cover a surface measuring ten thousand four hundred and fifty square miles, that it is printed on seven hundred and eighty-one thousand two hundred and fifty tons of paper, and further, that if the number ten and a-half thousand millions, represented instead of papers, seconds of time, it would take over three hundred and thirty-three years for them to elapse, remembering in all these years we have three hundred and sixty-five days and in every day eighty thousand four hundred seconds. In lieu of this arrangement we might press and pile them vertically upwards to gradually reach our highest monuments, and passing these and the highest Alps our pile would still grow far above the highest mountains in the world, shooting on mile after mile beyond the highest clouds and beyond the range of our atmosphere—a distance of forty-five miles—after piling on thousands upon thousands of leaves; and another forty-five miles we shall not have reared our mighty column one quarter of its distance, for it will still require an additional altitude of three hundred and ninety-eight miles to complete the four hundred and ninety-eight miles required.

NOTWITHSTANDING this stupendous column of intelligence the supply continues to have, unlike anything else in the world, an inexhaustible and appetising freshness, not merely illimitable, but overwhelming. It is a common fallacy among the general public, that it must be a difficult matter to find news to fill up each daily paper. So far from this being the case, the ingenuity of editors is continually on the stretch to find space for even a selection of the most important news at their disposal. In the office of a leading paper there is often more matter thrown into the waste paper basket, or struck out of manuscripts than would suffice to fill the paper; while interesting telegrams for which not only the Post Office but the correspondents who have sent them will have to be paid, are consigned to the same receptacle almost every night simply because it is impossible to find a corner for them. What a strange contrast this later condition of journalism presents to the time when, through dearth of intelligence, proprietors of newspapers have been known to transfer one or more chapters from the Bible to fill up a vacant space. Only fancy even the humbleness of the world's papers stooping to such a practice now!

The Technical World.

THE Prince of Wales, as we all know, takes great interest in the general movement of technical education in this country. This interest is avowed and exemplified in various ways, and one of the latest functions assumed is that of Chairman of the Joint North and South London Polytechnics' Committee. In private life, too—at least such private life as falls to the lot of kings and princes—he and the Princess of Wales take practical part in the good work.

Few, says *The Queen*, except those within the circle welcomed at Sandringham by Her Apartment and his popular consort during the winter season, have had the privilege of visiting the Alexandra Technical Schools, established and personally superintended by the Princess of Wales, for the benefit of the tenantry in the pretty Norfolk village in which their Royal Highnesses spend some of the happiest months of the year. The good work has been some of the most unobtrusive, but the record of its existence in the reports issued by the Home Arts and Industries Association, no account of the success achieved under the wise guidance of the Princess of Wales and the skilful and indefatigable manager, Fraulein Nödel, has hitherto been sanctioned.

THE Alexandra Technical Schools nestle under the shadow of the church, surrounded by fine trees, and there we found Fraulein Nödel (the mistress) enclosed in a charming sitting-room, filled with photographs and tokens of the Royal regard earned by nine years' devoted service to Her Royal mistress and the young Princesses; and to this clever energetic lady has now been confided the guardianship of the Industrial Schools, in which both the Prince and Princess of Wales take so keen an interest. The surroundings of the gabled building are most picturesque. One wing is devoted to the school-rooms, in which the sewing and dress-cutting and cookery lectures are held. Adjoining is a kitchen, with an admirably fitted range, where the practical demonstration lessons are given by Fraulein Nödel twice a week. The pupils cook an entire dinner, and some of the dishes are often practically tested by the Princess. The repast is afterwards enjoyed by the girls at a nominal charge per head, for the Princess has wisely decreed that the scheme shall be made, in the interests of those most concerned, self-supporting, and not a mere philanthropic effort. Accordingly, the small sum of 4d. is paid for the excellent dinner provided, which includes soup, meat, vegetables, and pudding, and the covers the expenses incurred. On alternate days in the same room the sewing classes are held, Her Royal Highness having furnished a sewing machine, which the girls learn to use in turn. The pupils are taught to make all kinds of underlinen, and the school has become quite celebrated for "Sandringham overalls," which are made in various sizes, and are equally useful as pattern's blouses and children's pinafores; they are made of cream linen, trimmed with blue or turkey red, or of ingrained dyed liness. The dressmaking department is especially noted for its tailor-made dresses, and the shooting skirts made in thick woollen material are in demand by many of the aristocratic patrons who are interested in the success of the school.

THE Princess of Wales is particularly anxious that all the work taught should be of a purely practical nature, and has firmly set a veto on spurious art of all kinds. For the forged and bent iron work and woodcarving, excellent instruction and designs are provided, and all the articles sold are stamped with the crown and initials of Her Royal Highness. The admirable work displayed, certainly reflects the greatest credit on the teaching given, and the general management of the Alexandra Technical Schools, considering that such excellent results have been achieved by children without previous technical training. The Princess of Wales is herself a very clever wood carver and leather worker, and is consequently able to direct the efforts made in these artistic directions. The Prince shares the pleasure Her Royal Highness takes in each detail of the school, and continually visits it, bringing with him the guests staying at Sandringham.

It would seem that the efforts made to engraft domestic and manual education on the Board School system have been attended with remarkable success. About three years and a half ago the School Board, having no funds available for the purpose, applied to the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute for assistance to establish classes for the teaching of carpentry. The Guilds granted £1,000, and manual classes were held at six centres (Board Schools), three on each side of the Thames, the classes being open to boys from non-Board as well as from Board Schools. The Guilds found the money, and the Board the premises; and an equal number of representatives of Board and Guilds constituted a joint committee for administration. By arranging for the attendance of pupils at different times, 580 boys were taught during each of the last three years. The plan worked so well simply because the Drapers' Company also subscribed £1,000, and now the School Board have power, under the New Code of the Education Department, to support similar classes out of the rates. They will, accordingly, extend the system to twenty additional centres, and the whole will continue to be administered by the joint committee. The laundry classes for girls have likewise proved very successful. Ratepayers may, perhaps, object to the introduction of the piano in

Board Schools, but no one, surely, can deny the utility of such "subjects" as carpentry and laundry work.

AMONG other points raised at the recent meeting in London in connection with the Technical Instruction Act, was one as to whether the grants, placed by the Government at the disposal of County Councils and other corporate bodies, would be continued or not, and whether funds would remain applicable to technical education. The Marquis of Harrington put a question to Mr. Goschen in this effect. The answer he got was that the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not consider himself in a position to give any formal or official assurance on the point, but said there was no suggestion before him for applying the grant for any other purpose. He (Mr. Goschen) considered that if the County Councils set themselves to utilise the grant for improved educational purposes, it would probably be difficult for any minister to persuade Parliament to divert the grants, even if the minister himself thought it desirable to do so. That answer was considered satisfactory in the highest degree at the meeting in London, which consisted of most of the chairmen of the County Councils of England and other persons who were taking an interest in the matter. Mr. Mundella also put the matter very clearly when he told them that the grant represented a rate of a penny in the pound for the whole of England, and Mr. Mundella's view was that if the County Councils showed themselves disposed to spend the whole of the money on technical education, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be bold in the extreme who reduced that grant, but if the County Councils spend only half that grant, it would show that the wants of England only needed a halfpenny instead of a penny rate.

THE committee of the Shropshire County Council, appointed to consider the wants of the county in regard to technical education, and to draw up a scheme for the fair apportionment of the grant of £6,542 which falls to Shropshire, held a lengthy and important meeting at the Shire hall, recently, receiving deputations from the various localities urging their claims for assistance in the matter of technical education. The whole of the members of the committee were present, and the chairman, Mr. A. Salway, commencing with pleasure on the number of influential landowners present at the meeting, said he was glad the county was taking up the matter thoroughly in earnest, because in doing so it was only working in unison with the other counties in England. Technical instruction was, to many of them, a new word, but it had been very happily described by the expression, "teaching people how to do things." They had for many years been teaching people how to know things, and in this respect had carried their education to an elevated point, but they had not kept pace with other nations in the world with regard to "teaching people how to do things." Reports were received from various existing centres, and an elaborate scheme, presented by Mr. C. C. Walker, was referred for consideration. The whole proceedings afforded ample testimony to the vigilant care exercised throughout the county that the benefits of the Technical Education Grant shall not be lost or in any degree impaired for want of attention.

AT the Seventh Annual Meeting in connection with the Belfast Technical School, the most important department of which is that devoted to spinning and weaving, it was pointed out that some of the members travel more than thirty miles to attend on class nights. Unfortunately, the unexampled stiff examination papers of last year, caused forty-eight per cent. of candidates to fail, and this failure naturally effected the entries for this year. This time the results have been much more satisfactory, and happily the results go far to retrieve the position that had been lost for a time. Sixty-seven per cent. of the candidates in weaving and eighty per cent. in spinning passed the examination successfully, gaining twenty-one first-class and fourteen second-class certificates and nine prizes. One very serious drawback to the class in spinning is the want of more power to drive the spinning machinery at present in the workshop. A start has also been made with a new and pattern designing classes, and the dyeing class started last session has been assured for three years by the action of the Worshipful Company of Drapers (who have already done so much in the East End of London), in promising a special grant for that period; but the appliances at the disposal of the teacher are still the humblest description, and must shortly be added too considerably. Nineteen students were enrolled for the session, and fifty per cent. of those who entered for examination were successful in passing.

THE question of money seems to be the key to the situation in this as indeed in all mundane matters, and the authorities of the Institute plead earnestly for a penny rate to make the Belfast Technical School of Art effective for its object. Two thousand pounds, which may thus be obtained, will be amply sufficient. The City Council will never regret this penny in the pound; nor will the ratepayers grudge it. It is not for a small and comparatively limited object. All the working men of Belfast who may avail themselves of the Belfast Technical School will gradually but surely feel the benefit, not only for themselves, but for their families and for those who come after them. It is not saying too much to affirm that the future of Belfast as a great manufacturing and commercial centre depends in a great measure on the progress the people may make in technical education. Certainly it would seem that the money thus raised would be most wisely spent,

sense of horrible agony; of being caught by something with a frightful shock and whirled away somewhere; of hearing his own shriek; of a flash of consciousness that this is the night express that rushes on into the station safe on the down line; of the wild question, "What was that other?" and then oblivion.

In that same express sat pretty May, poor Will Carlton's "lass." And May travelled in *grande dame*, because she was in charge of little Hilda Brooklyn, who was with her parents in a saloon car. She looked very pretty and very happy, as she sat with little Hilda on her lap; for was she not going to see her Will, and be married to him to-morrow? And the thought made her colour all over her bonny face, and bend it low over Hilda's golden curls, as the child slept with her head on May's bosom.

But May looked up with a quick flush again, as the express was drawing near her Will's signal box. She knew the place well enough; and had not Will told her to look out for him? He'd stand near the window, so she could see him and say "God bless you" in her heart.

"Now, May," said Lady Brooklyn's kind voice, "we're getting near the signal-box! There! give me the child; you go and stand at the window and look out for your sweetheart."

"Oh, thank you, my lady," said May, and she gave "my lady" the child, and ran to the window. But there was no figure against the light in the signal-box, and May came back with a scared face.

"He wasn't there, my lady," said she, looking very white, "and oh, my lady, I—think—I think, something has happened!"

"Something has happened? Oh, nonsense, child; what do you mean?" asked my lady.

"Please, my lady, there was the light on the line, quite clear, and I'm almost sure there was someone there, and then—"

May shuddered and caught her breath, but Lady Brooklyn smiled and said kindly, "Why, child, it was young Carlton standing there, to be sure that you saw him. Come, come, you mustn't cry; and you're to be married to-morrow!"

So May dried her tears, but could not get rid of the idea that "something had happened."

And when they got to Folkham Junction, and they all got out, there was the driver talking very earnestly to the platform inspector, and there seemed a sort of stir—something.

"What's the matter?" Lord Brooklyn asked of the guard.

"Express ran over someone, my lord, down by the signal-box," returned the man, touching his cap. And there was a little cry from May, who was near.

"I said it, I knew it," she cried, and in her excitement clutched my lord's arm frantically. "Oh, my lord, do—do see. It was him."

"There, there, my poor girl," said he kindly. "Why, you're quite nervous, May! I'll see about it. Alberta, my dear," to his wife, "they're saying someone is run over below there. Remain here a moment, I want to see about it."

He went quickly away, but soon returned with a rather grave face.

"You go home, dear," he said, "and Symonds (to the footman), put the child in the carriage." The man took Hilda from May's arms—poor May, who was trembling so—and bore her away.

"They're sending an engine and truck down, and I'm going with it, too."

"My lord, please let me come too," said May suddenly. She looked very white, but very collected, and spoke somehow quite respectfully, but with a certain determination.

"Oh, quite impossible. My poor girl! it would be no sight for you," said my lord, very kindly. "You could be of no use."

"I must, please, my lord. I shan't be stupid. I must see Will," said poor May. Her lips quivered, but she did not cry; and Lady Brooklyn said, "You'll better take her, Arthur. She's a sensible girl!" And May gave a grateful look, and so Lord Brooklyn allowed her to come with the relief party.

Arrived at the signal-box they found upon the line, not Will Carlton, but the body—much mangled—of Jim Norton, whom the men recognised. He was lying, for he groaned terribly as he was lifted on to the truck.

"Will would have gone home, my lord," said the men. "His time was off at 12.15, after the express passes. What was Jim doing on the line?"

But just then a wild cry made them all start and turn, and run to the signal-box. May had slipped away up the steps, and when Lord Brooklyn sprang up and entered he found her kneeling by poor Will's prostrate form, and crying out for help, and with her little hands trying to tear the rope that bound him.

"Good heavens!" said my lord, deeply horrified, "what is this—murder?"

One of the men knelt down. "No, my lord, he lives. There's a wound here, and here's a clasp knife. Good heavens, what—"

He stopped himself and glanced at May; and May, who was quite calm now and capable, actually took the knife and cut the cords, and then, as well as she could, staunches the blood that was flowing still, but slowly, from Will's wound. Poor little bride! There will be no wedding for them to-morrow.

Then both men were taken back to Folkham, and to the hospital there, and Lord Brooklyn sent a message up to the hall

to say he must remain—he was a magistrate—and May was to stay with her betrothed, who was not yet conscious.

It was a very sorrowful Christmas morning! The bells ringing out as the day slowly broke made May almost mad, as she sat still by Will's bed in the hospital. His wound had been dressed, and the doctor said it was serious but not dangerous; it was loss of blood and some shock that kept him insensible. But presently he moved, and after a little while opened his eyes and stared up with a wild look.

"He's done it! he's done it!" he said, trying to start up. Then sinking back with a groan, "Oh, my lassie! my dear little lassie! I heard it—all—all—gone!"

"No, no, dear Will," a soft voice said, "I am here—with you!"

But Will looked so startled and so wild that the doctor seemed anxious.

"Who was that?" Will said in a whisper; then clasped his hands. "Doctor, is she—was she found—told me!"

"He wanders," said the doctor. "My good fellow, your lass came in the express to Folkham. You were found wounded and bound in the box, and—"

"Yes! yes!" Will cried out excitedly. "Jem—he stabbed me, and bound me. I fought like a fiend, but—I—couldn't. He—oh, sir!" the poor fellow groaned. "I heard the express go by—down the track to the quarry. He turned her off to kill my lassie because we was to be married."

May grew white and looked so awestruck that the doctor seemed puzzled. "My poor lad," said he, "you are dreaming. The express never went off at all. She has not long arrived at Folkham, and has gone on, and May is here."

"Dear Will," said May, and put her arms about him, "I am here; don't you know me, Will? See, I am not a spirit but your own little lass."

And Will stared from one to the other, and grew quite still. There was a strange look of awe on his face. "May, my lass," he said faintly, "kiss me, dear." And she bent and softly kissed his forehead. "It is May! Then—then—the express never went off? What did I hear, then, May, my lass?" the man said in a whisper.

"He did hear, then; God heard and answered me, He did."

There was a moment's silence. May looked at the doctor, and hid her hand on Will's forehead, but he shook his head.

"You think I'm not right in my head," said Will, slowly; "but, sir, I'm speaking truth and facts, and I swear that I heard a train rush by right on to the quarry track; and Jem, he see it too, because he called out. There she goes—I see her red lights coming, and then he shrieked and the train went by. And before that, when he had opened the points, an' I heard the express, I was just frantic, May, an' I called out to the Almighty, 'Can't you save my lass somehow?' Don't you see, dear, and you, sir, as how He put that train there somehow to deceive Jem, 'cause after that he set the points right for the 1.50, thinkin' the express had gone."

He stopped, exhausted by the suppressed eagerness with which he had spoken, and May, trembling, fell on her knees by the bed and buried her face in Will's pillows. And even the doctor looked queer.

"Well, it may be," he said, soberly; "but now, my good fellow, you've got your sweetheart safe, at any rate, and you must make haste and get well—and keep quiet now. Mind, my girl, he's not to talk any more. I'm going to see how the other man gets on."

"Who? Jem?" Will said, quickly.

"Yes, he was caught by the express. No more questions now," and away the doctor went.

And in the next ward, Lord Brooklyn sat taking the dying depositions of the man Norton, and the doctor came up and listened too.

"I thought of it all the blessed day and night," the man said. "And I swore Will shouldn't have her. I loved her—but she wouldn't look at me. I drugged the tea, and that made him easier to get hold of. I stabbed him. I meant to kill him, too, but he fought, and then I bound him. He knew what I was going to do."

And he said savagely. "He saw me open the points, an' the express went by on to the single track—an' there's not a soul could be saved down that quarry; and Will's lass, she's killed! dead! dead!" An' then I put the points right again an' stepped out, and if I hadn't seen the express go by, I'd have sworn it was her as rushed over me—curse her!"

The doctor, listening with bated breath, ejaculated "Strange!" and Lord Brooklyn said "But there must be some jumble here. The express never went off the track. I was in it and May was with us, and nothing occurred."

"What!" the wretched man shrieked. "She's saved! Then it was the express, and that cursed fool called out to God, he didn't save her somehow, and He did, and that wasn't no real express as went by? And I come and shut the points and sent the express right, and he'll get her—curse them both!"

And so the miserable man continued to rave till the stupor that precedes death came on, and he died this Christmas Day.

"It is a just retribution," the doctor said gravely to Lord Brooklyn. "The man's account agrees exactly with Carlton's. There seems little doubt that both he and Jem saw something that

satisfied them the express had passed, and so saved it from deadly disaster."

"It is very strange," Lord Brooklyn said thoughtfully; "that poor fellow's prayer has been wonderfully answered indeed."

There was, of course, no wedding that Christmas Day, which May passed by the side of her sweetheart. Both Lord and Lady Brooklyn were untrifling in their kindness to the sufferer, who, as soon as he could be moved, was taken up to the hall, to be nursed there by his "lass."

"But Will can never go into the signal-box again," all the men say, for he had a nervous shock in those minutes of agony when he lay listening to what he thought was the express rushing on to destruction that he will never quite get over. And signalmen, we all know, must have their nerves well in hand.

But that did not matter, because when Will Carlton and May, his devoted and gentle little nurse, were married there was the lodge into which my lord put his *protégés*, and Will, who has a turn for rearing flowers, helps the gardeners, and his pretty wife opens the gates to visitors. And I daresay next time you, sir or madam, will go to pay a visit to that genial gentleman, Lord Brooklyn, you may see Will Carlton looking erect and handsome and happy, and his "little lass, too, as he calls her yet—though she has a little lass and also a little lad of her own, and the two bonny children will look at you shyly, clinging to their mother, as your carriage bowls through the gates. And I daresay, also, if you are the "right sort," Will will tell you about that Night Express and the wonderful answer that came to his frantic prayer. But he isn't a holy man, for he says, when he says, with his arm round his wife, whom he loves quite as much as he ever loved her in his courtship days—

"You see there's some things go right down to your heart, and that's one of 'em, and can't be talked about to everyone. When you come to think on it now, if the Lord hadn't seem fit to send that sham express somehow, me and my lassie here would never have come together; and—well—"kissing Mary's rosy lips—"I can't fancy myself without my lassie and the chicks."

Mr. Perkins at the Dentist's.

I THINK I must have caught cold by injudiciously sleeping on the floor during the period the house was being rinsed out. I had so much room that I must have become careless in the night, and got to trifling with a draught from a door.

As I am a little bald, the effect was disastrous. Through the day I felt a little stiff about the shoulders, with a sensation between the eyes as if I had been trying to inhale some putty.

I observed to Maria (Mrs. Perkin's name is Maria), that I had caught a bad cold, and would probably regret it in time. But she treated the matter lightly by remarking that I had "caught my granny."

As this estimable lady has been dead thirteen years, the reference to my catching her, with such a start in her favour, was of course a joke. Not a joke to be laughed at, I don't mean, but one to carry around with you, to draw out once in a while to blow on—a sort of intellectual handkerchief.

When I went to bed that night, I apprehended trouble. Along one jaw, the left one, occasionally capered a grumbling sensation. It kept me awake an hour or so trying to determine whether that was all there was of it, or whether there was something to come after which would need my wakeful presence to contend against.

Thus pondering I fell asleep, and forgot all about the trouble. I don't know how long I slept, but I fell to dreaming that I had made a match of fifty dollars a side to fight a crosscut-saw in a steam mill, and was well to work on the job, when the saw got my head between its teeth. I thought this was a favourable time to wake up, and I did so. It immediately transpired that I might better have stayed where I was, and taken my chances with the saw.

I found myself sitting straight up in bed with one hand spasmodically grasping my jaw, and the other swaying to and fro, without any apparently definite purpose.

It was an awful pain. It bored like lightning through the basement of my jaw, darted across the roof of my mouth, and then ran lengthwise of the teeth. If every flying pang had been a drunken plough chased by a demon across a stump lot, I think the observer would understand my condition. I could no more get hold of the fearful agony than was cavoring around in me, than I could pick up a piece of wet soap when in a hurry.

Suddenly it stopped. It went of all at once, giving me a parting kick that fairly made me howl.

"What on earth is the matter with you," said a voice from one corner of the room.

I looked out into the dark astonished.

"Maria, is that you?" said I.

"What there is left of me," was the curt reply, followed by a fumbling about the mantel.

Presently a light was struck and Mrs. Perkins appeared before me. Her hair stuck up in all directions. Her nose was very red, and her eyes were expanded to their fullest capacity.

"Well, I declare, Cyrus Davidson, if this hasn't been a night of it! When in the name of mercy is the matter with you? Are you gone clean crazy, or have you sat on a pin? For one whole hour you have been cavoring around on that bed, groaning like a dead man, and flopping your bony arms in all directions. I was literally knocked out of bed and here I have been doubled up in a corner, the very life frightened out of me, and wondering whether you were going to set fire to the house, or bust out my brains with a hatchet. If you have got through with your contortions I'll come to bed, and try to get a wink of sleep."

I had got through, there was no doubt of it, and felt, in the relief I experienced, that it would be a comparatively easy matter to forgive Mrs. Perkins the suspicions of her alarm; and as for braining her with a hatchet, I never thought of it. We haven't got one.

I thought I was rid of the teeth ache, but a grumbling set in again next morning. It was just like the feeling of the night before, and a still worse said to me, "Look out, Perkins."

I did. I went right away to the dentist who had pulled the teeth of our family, and knew our peculiarities. There was an uneasy smell about his office. It was very suggestive of trouble, and as I snuffed it in I experienced a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I looked at him and sickly smiled. He was never, even on a holiday, the handsomest of men, but now his appearance was very, very depressing. He looked like a corpse with a lighted candle inside of it.

I told him him what was the matter with me, how that I had been up all night with a four-story pain, how my wife had been thrown out by the violence of my suffering, how—

He asked me if I would sit down. I sat down on what was once a hogshod bed, was now cut down and newly carpeted. He held back my head, opened my mouth, and went to fishing around inside with a piece of watch spring.

And while he angled he conversed. Said he,—"You have caught a cold."

"I have."

"It seems the trouble is with one of the bicuspidis," he remarked.

Of course I didn't know what a bicuspid was, but thought it wouldn't look well in the head of a family being stuck with so short a word as that, and so I asked, with some vigor:

"Which one?"

"The tumorous," he said.

"I am glad it ain't any worse," I replied, throwing in a sigh of relief.

"The frontal bone," he went on to say, "is not seriously affected. The submaxillary gland is somewhat enlarged, but it does not necessarily follow that parotitis will ensue."

I am proud to hear that," said I, which I certainly was, although if the parotitis had ensued it isn't at all likely I should have minded it much, unless it was something that would spill, and I was dressed up.

He kept on talking and angling.

"The esophagus isn't loose," he next remarked.

"Ah," said I, winking at him.

"O, no; the ligaments are quite firm. I might say—"

"Murder! fire!" I shouted, in bewilderment.

"Did it hurt you?" he asked, looking as calm and cool as the lid of an ice-cream freezer.

"Hurt me? Great heavens! did you expect to split me open with a watch spring, and not have it hurt me? What was the matter—did you slip?"

"Certainly not," he said; "I was simply getting hold of the tooth. Just hold your head back an instant, and I will have it out at once."

"I guess I won't try it again," said I, with a shiver. "The toothache is bad enough, but it is heaven alongside of that watch spring. You may come up sometime and pull it when I ain't at home. I think I could endure the operation with necessary calmness if I was off about eight blocks. Come up when you can."

And I left. I hope he will come. I am boiling some pure spring water for him.

If human progress means anything, it means the enjoyment of the highest privileges and immunities of existence by all; it means a fair field for every man to pursue that line of thought and action which his own individuality directs, and which, to him, is the purpose of his being.

EVERY man has the secret of becoming rich who resolves to live within his means; and independence is one of the most effectual safeguards of honesty.

Ladies' Page.

CHRISTMAS is over and it is now time to wish all our readers "A Happy and Prosperous New Year" with more sunshine than shadow.

The Evening Classes begin again on the 6th inst., and there will be a big affair on Monday evening, the 5th, when we hope to see many friends.

In Washington, U.S.A., a wedding has just taken place, whereas no presents were given; these words figuring in the corner of the invitation cards. This departure is, perhaps, rather revolutionary, but if it is to become a custom, many of the folks bidden to a wedding will accept the invitation with more pleasure and alacrity than hitherto, when a card received meant, practically, a present is expected.

"A Teacher" has lately written a short, but interesting article on Board School Mistresses and their manner of employment, pay, etc., which should not be missed by those engaged in teaching.

The Lyric Club has just had a ladies' night, which was patronised by a mixed assembly, and proved most successful; this club has frequently tried the experiment before.

"An English woman" has written a very ridiculous letter, which we are surprised to find printed in the St. James's Gazette, anent the crowding of women into the Old Bailey to hear the latest ghastly murder trial. This lady thinks that women are in their proper place in court when a sister is being tried for an awful crime, but we do not think that the feeling of English women is with her on this point.

The toy show at the Grosvenor was well worth a visit the week before. Dolls of all styles and sizes were daintily and picturesquely dressed and arranged in a huge pyramid in the centre of the room, where a nice band was playing. Visitors had only to show their cards to be admitted. There will be great joy this year in many hospitals, which are the destination of the fair demimodes dollies.

Mrs. Hodson Burnett's little son, the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy, has just died after a long illness in Paris.

A lady has been writing to Woman, protesting against the teaching of gymnastics by men to women, saying that women could do so equally well. This is true, and there are already several very successful women engaged in gymnastic instruction both in London and the Provinces.

The Women's Suffrage Bill is to be read in the middle of May. It is a pity that some of us do not understand the value of private influence in politics. The influence of women in the political world has always been felt, but their appearance in public will, we should imagine, much damage this.

Last week we noted that the ladies of New York grow white very early in age, and this week we hear that the gifted men of America are getting bald rapidly.

A Medical Institute has just been opened by Lady Stanley, of Alderley, in connection with the new hospital for women in the Euston Road. Women students can now study in a room set apart for their use only.

Here is wicked extravagance. We had recently heard of a seal coat lined with satin costing £1,000, for the wear of the Duchess of Portland, but a society lady in New York has just paid 25,000 dollars for a lace dress, so Truth says.

Some American ladies have started a society to prevent the clipping of horses in cold weather.

A capital story of Whitechapel life may be read in the pages of the Christmas number of the Detroit Free Press, written by the clever young author Rudyard Kipling.

The programmes for the season are varied and tempting. Let us hope before long the weather will be in a better temper. Skating is in full swing, and among the motley groups may be seen many a lady skater.

Shop windows are gorgeous just now with every conceivable thing to tempt both sexes, and many are the noses flattened against the windows in all districts of London. Nearly everything shown is a present or suitable for one.

An American vocalist, Miss Pallison, has just joined the D'Oyly Carte Company.

Mrs. Mundella, wife of the Ex-Minister, died last Sunday week, after a very short illness.

The Ladies' Technical College held an exhibition last week. The City of London Corporation has given fifty guineas to the fund for extending the work of the London Young Women's Christian Association.

The New Gallery Exhibition is to be called the Guelph, by express desire of the Queen.

Lady students did well at the late distribution of Royal Academy prizes.

The Universal Review will end its beautiful existence with the present month, a fact we regret to record.

Can it be possible that ladies are really contemplating wearing a sensible walking dress, one that will not be long enough to touch the muddy streets, and, moreover, one which is not absolutely hideous? We hope so, and indeed many women seem to feel that there is room for improvement on the present style, for lately several

assembled together at an "At Home" and discussed the merits and disadvantages of a dress, a sketch of which was given in the Pall Mall of December 17th, which appears to have given entire satisfaction. But who will be the wearer bold enough to set the fashion and appear thus dressed for the first time?

Women barbers, we hear, are by no means such a new institution as we were pleased to think. From Sweden we hear that they are quite common, and from Denmark that a lady barber has just started business in Svendborg.

Very few people know anything about the lives of their brothers and sisters in Norway and Sweden, and those who wish to learn cannot do better than read Hendrik Ibsen's plays and Björnson's novels, which are most charming and very realistic. Some of them may be had in the Library.

We quote a nice little paragraph taken from the Daily Telegraph of Boxing Day. Speaking of charities, it says, "The People's Palace is a conspicuous example of a donation intended to give the labouring classes something beyond bread; it appeals to mind and soul." All of us connected with the Palace students and staff can do something to make the Palace worthy of such notices as these, and in the coming year lie hidden many opportunities for us to use if we will.

Miss Minerva Parker, a lady architect of Philadelphia, is designing the Isabella Pavilion for the World's Fair.

The Women's Gazette will in future be published once a month, instead of every week, as before.

Madame Duc-Querchy, the lady who harboured Padlewski, has been sentenced to a short period of imprisonment for the rôle she played.

A report of the Sandringham Schools will be prepared shortly by Miss Robinson, under the direction of the Princess of Wales.

A woman manicure and chiropodist has lately set up at Notting Hill. She has a large practice and is most successful.

Madame Novikoff is not in favour of actions for breach of promise of marriage. Like many other women, she thinks it is better to remain single than endure the burden of an unequal yoke, and she prefers that women should look before they leap, and not give their love so readily.

Two murder trials, in both of which women were prominent, have just been concluded. One was the trial and ultimate execution of Mrs. Pearcey, and the other, in Paris, the trial and sentence of Gabrielle Bonpard, who, however, has only got twenty years penal servitude, which somehow seems inadequate.

The Woman's Penny Paper has a quaint story of Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who, while addressing an audience of poor men outside Wakefield Gaol, said "she had been in many prisons," whereat a very poor-looking man with a downcast expression, brightened up and asked, "And what might you have been committed for, ma'am?"

Ladies have taken of late to cricket and golf, and so now we hear of their playing hockey. A regular match between Wimbledon and Molesey women was played lately, and there was much enthusiasm displayed over the game.

Women in America do many things, but they do not favour the pulpit as a profession. There are only twenty female parsons altogether.

Miss Ray Franks, a Jewess, is the only woman who has spoken in a synagogue as yet.

Good manners should be a part of every one's education, but 'tis lamentably apparent that this is not so, many persons seeming to think that good manners can be acquired like French polish on furniture. Some New York mothers have found it necessary to organise a school in which their children are taught good manners, we hear nothing of the fee, but presume it is more than the proverbial 2d.

The ladies of Queen's College, Henley Street, have just acted no less than three times, the "Antigone," in its original Greek, with Mendelssohn's music.

A biography of Mrs. Booth will shortly be published by her son. M. S. R. J.

Answers to Correspondents.

BROAD ARROW.—The broad arrow used as a Government mark, is the broad A of the Druids, and was typical of rank and authority. It also represents the arms of the Sidney family, and was first used on government stores when Henry Viscount Sidney was Master-General of the Ordnance from July, 1693, to June, 1702.

M. D.—(1)—The Daily Telegraph was started by Colonel Sleigh on June 29th, 1855, as a single sheet, at the price of two pence, and bore the name of Daily Telegraph and Courier.—(2)—TAXES ON NEWSPAPERS.—Upon a single issue of the Times for the 1st of January, 1824, a small sheet of four pages, its proprietors paid no less a sum than £181 in taxes to the state.

Programme of Popular Entertainment

TO BE GIVEN BY

THE I D K MINSTREL TROUPE,

ON

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1891,

At EIGHT o'clock.

PART I.

Table listing musical pieces and performers for Part I, including Overture, Opening Chorus, and various comic songs.

COMIC FINALE.

Five Minutes Interval.

PART II.

Table listing musical pieces and performers for Part II, including Overture, Polly Tickle, Banjo Duet, and Character Duet and Dance.

Concluding with an ORIGINAL EXTRAVAGANZA, written expressly for the Troupe by Messrs. C. HOWARD, and JOHNNIE ALLEN, Music arranged by Mr. BERNARD HERRING, entitled

AN INJURED DARK KOUPLER'S ELOPEMENT!

Table listing characters and performers for the play, including Lover, Daisy, Father, Mother, and Policeman.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Table listing musical pieces and performers for the finale, including Bones, Tambos, Interlocutor, Accompanists, Musical Director, and Stage Manager.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 3RD, 1891,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

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

THE
People's Palace Military Band,

CONDUCTOR,

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

VOCALISTS:

MISS MILDRED DUBOIS AND MR. JAMES A. BOVETT.

ACCOMPANIST—MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

1. OVERTURE .. "Lord of the Isles" .. Rodwell,
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND2. SONG .. "The Star of Bethlehem" .. Stephen Adams.
MR. J. A. BOVETT.

It was the eve of Christmas, the snow lay deep and white,
I sat beside my window and look'd into the night,
I heard the Church bells ringing, I saw the bright stars shine,
And childhood came again to me with all its dreams divine.
Then, as I list'ned to the bells and watch'd the skies afar,
Out of the east majestic there rose one radiant star,
And every other star grew pale before that heavenly glow;
It seemed to bid me follow, and I could not choose but go.
From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair,
It shone through dingy casement on many a garret bare;
From highway on to highway, thro' alleys dark and cold,
And where it shone the darkness was flooded all with gold;
Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild,
And weary little children turn'd in their sleep and smiled,
While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes,
Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.
And then methought earth faded, I rose, as borne on wings,
Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things,
Above the toil and shadow, above the want and woe—
My old self and its darkness seem'd left on earth below;
And onward, upward, shone the star, until it seem'd to me
It flash'd upon the golden gate, and o'er the crystal sea;
And then the gates roll'd backward, I stood where angels trod!
It was the Star, the Star of Bethlehem, had led me up to God.

3. VALSE .. "Morganblatter" .. Strauss.
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.4. SONG .. "An old love dream" .. E. St. Quintin.
MISS MILDRED DUBOIS.

I linger near an old homestead,
And dream o'er days that long have fled,
And mem'ry brings a sweet young face
That rooms with me from place to place,
And blends once more with the lark above
The golden notes of a new-born love;
But the voice is hush'd, and what might have been
Is only a shadow in love's old scene.

Ah! who can forget what might have been,
As memory floats in a happy dream;
A laugh, a song, a tear, a sigh,
A trembling voice as it said good-bye;
Come back to the heart in a golden dream,
And live again in an old love dream,
Come back in a golden love dream,
And live in an old love dream.

'Twas there we sat 'neath the old oak tree,
Hearts full of love's own melody;
Castles were built, built in the air,
We knew not sorrow or despair;
There by the cliff where the sea birds nest,
Our fancy flew to the golden west;
But the eyes are closed and what might have been
Is only a shadow in love's old scene.

Ah! who can forget etc. etc.

5. LANCERS .. "Pelican" .. Solomon.
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.6. SONG .. "The Distant Shore" .. Sullivan.
MR. J. A. BOVETT.

A maiden sat at her door,
And sighed as she looked at the sea;
"I've a dear, dear love on a distant shore
A-dying for news of me."
And the Wind was list'ning near,
And saw that the maid was fair,
So the kind Wind whispered a hope in her ear
As he played with her bright brown hair,
"Be of good cheer, sweetheart,
I fly to that distant shore,
Thy lover I'll tell thou lovest him well,
Ever and evermore."

The maiden dried her eyes,
And a smile shone over her face,
For she saw bright hope in the changing skies
As the Wind flew off of apace.
And she bade the kind Wind good speed;
"Hurry, oh Wind," said she,
"Oh, say that I love him indeed and indeed,"
And the Wind cried over the sea—
"Be of good cheer, dear heart,
I fly to that distant shore,
Thy lover I'll tell thou lovest him well,
Ever and evermore."

The Wind tore over the wave,
Scattering ocean spray,
But alack! the lover he flew to save
He met on his homeward way,
And his good ship sank in the gale,
And every soul beside,
And the Wind came sobbing to tell the tale,
And the maiden drooped and died.
"Be of good cheer, poor heart,
At rest on a distant shore,
Where thou and thy love walk hand in hand,
Ever and evermore!"

7. SELECTION .. "United Service" .. Riviere.
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.8. SONG .. "Love has Eyes" .. Bishop.
MISS MILDRED DUBOIS.

Love's blind they say; Oh, never I may,
Can words love's grace impart?
The fancy weak, the tongue may speak,
But eyes alone the heart,
In one soft look what language lies;
Oh yes, believe me, love has eyes.
Love has eyes, oh yes, believe me, love has eyes.
Love's winged they cry; Oh, never!
I no pinnions have to soar;
Deceivers rove, but never love,
Attached he roves no more;
Can he have wings, who never flies?
And yet, believe me, love has eyes.
Love has eyes, oh yes, believe me, love has eyes.

9. CLARINET SOLO "L'Oiseau Des Bois" .. Le Thiere.
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.10. SONG .. "The Pilgrim of Love" .. Bishop.
MR. J. A. BOVETT.

Orynthia, my beloved, I call in vain—
Orynthia! Echo hears, and calls again.
A mimic voice repeats the name around,
And with Orynthia all the rocks resound.

Romance.

A hermit who dwells in these solitudes cross'd me,
As wayworn and faint up the mountains I press'd;
The aged man paus'd on his staff to accost me,
And proffer'd his cell as my mansion of rest.
Ah, nay, courteous father, right onward I rove—
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love!
Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes,
Let boughs of the lemon tree shelter thy head,
The juice of ripe muscatel flows in my glasses,
And rushes fresh pull'd for siesta are spread.
Ah, nay, courteous father, right onward I rove—
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love!

11. SELECTION .. "Iolanthe" .. Sir A. Sullivan.
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.12. SONG .. "Three Old Maids of Lee" .. Bishop.
MISS MILDRED DUBOIS.
There were three young maids of Lee,
They were fair as fair can be,
And they had lovers three times three,
For they were fair as fair can be,
These three young maids of Lee.

But these three young maids, they cannot find
A lover each to suit.
The plain spoke lad is far too rough,
The rich young lord is not rich enough,
And one is too poor, and one too tall,
And one just an inch too short for them all;
Others pick and choose, and why not we?
"We can very well wait," said the maids of Lee.
There were three young maids of Lee, etc., etc.

There are three old maids at Lee,
They are old as old can be,
And one is deaf, and one cannot see,
And they all are cross as a gallow's tree,
These three old maids of Lee.

Now if any one chanced, 'tis a chance remote,
One single charm in these maids to note,
He need not a poet, nor handsome be,
For one is deaf, and one cannot see;
He need not woo on his bended knee,
For they all are willing, as willing can be,
He may take the one, or the two, or the three,
If he'll only take them away from Lee.

There are three old maids at Lee,
They are cross as cross can be,
And there they are, and there they'll be,
To the end of the chapters one, two, three,
These three old maids of Lee.

13. MARCH .. "Pere la Victoire" ..
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

Addenda to Gossip.

From page 1.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.—The Christmas number of the *Cyclist* is now published. The "Ancient Cycler," as the Christmas poem is styled, is not nearly so good as those of previous years.—Being up West on Saturday last, I took the opportunity of witnessing the marvellous feats of Herr Kaufman, the champion trick bicyclist. His performances are simply wonderful, and should be seen by every cyclist.—The Stanley Show promises to be as successful as ever, in spite of the chief makers' secession.—G. Nelson, of the Eastern Counties Road Club, intends to defend his title as the one mile champion, on the home trainer. In answer to many correspondents, the time for the mile last year was one minute twenty-one and three-fifths seconds. This is also recorded.—Members of the Cycling Club who wish to be instructed in the mysteries of dancing should communicate with H. Bright at once.—The following East-End Clubs are placed upon the Cyclists' Death Roll:—Beckton B. & T. C., Burdett C. C., Essex C. C., Juno C. C., South Woodford C. C., Tredegar Rovers C. C., and Upton Amateur C. C.—Foremost amongst the advantages of cycling, may be classed its hygienic qualities, for there is no pastime or exercise that benefits to a greater degree the human form divine. Other pastimes exercise certain limbs and muscles, but cycling exercises all. The arms, back, chest, legs—none are neglected, and the amount of work done by each is so equally distributed, that the labour is hardly perceptible. In walking, running, lawn tennis, football, etc. the weight of the body has to be conveyed, and at every step lifted upwards, with the result that when a particular exercise in which one is engaged is concluded, exhaustion too frequently has set in. In cycling exhaustion is almost unknown. One may ride until one is thoroughly tired, and yet a good meal and an hour's rest will remove all signs of fatigue.—M. C. Credy.—Either of the Secretaries will be pleased to give information respecting this Club to anyone wishing to join. A.J.A.X.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—All the festivity, the hand-shaking, the cheeriness that enlivened even the London fogs, the family re-unions of another Christmas, have once more joined the long ranks of history, and we are again face to face with what are perhaps the dreariest months of the whole twelve, rendered none the less gloomy, we may be sure, by the contrast they present with the gaiety and mirth which characterise the closing days of December. At this time, the series of interesting rambles, arranged by the Committee of this Club, should prove welcome breaks in the monotony of winter, and it is to be hoped will be favoured with even more cheerful weather and larger attendances than in the past. Among the places down to visit are: January 3rd, Christ's Hospital; meet at Newgate Street, corner of Old Bailey, 2.30 p.m. January 10th, Doré Gallery; meet outside at 3 p.m.; and arrangements are being made to visit Messrs. Charrington's brewery on the 17th, and Lord Brassey's museum on the 31st, etc. These should prove attractive to any interested in commerce or art—which are more nearly related than many suppose. Certainly any lover of the beautiful, in nature, or in history, can hardly fail to experience a period of intense enjoyment whilst looking upon the grand creations of

Doré's master mind. To those students wishing to join this Club—they can do so at any of the rambles—the subscription is 2s. per annum payable in advance.

A. MCKENZIE, } Hon. Secs.
W. POCKETT, }

GYMNASTIC DISPLAY AND ASSAULT-AT-ARMS AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.—King Fog more than held his own in the Metropolitan district yesterday, December 31st (so wrote the representative of the *Sportsman*), and so dense was the demon in evidence in the East London last night that it was difficult for pedestrians to see a yard before them. Under such circumstances it was only natural to expect a very small company in the Queen's Hall of the above educational establishment, but the number proved to be the case, for the company numbered several hundreds, and amongst them the fair sex made up their full quota, and evidently enjoyed the proceedings equally well with their so-called lords and masters. It cannot but be satisfactory to all those who take an interest in the education of young Englishmen to observe that the prejudice at one time exhibited by a certain section of those who were entrusted with the teaching of our sons and daughters against the inclusion of anything appertaining to what may be termed physical sport has passed away, and that it is now looked upon as a necessary adjunct to mental learning. Gymnastics, boxing, fencing, football, tennis, and such like accomplishments are now taught not only in our public schools, but also in private establishments, and in the majority of cases, a lad who turns out to be an able athlete proves an apt pupil in the other tasks set before him. The display and assault-of-arms given by the members of the People's Palace Gymnasium last night was a striking proof of the proficiency to be attained by pupils under such an able instructor as they happily possess in Mr. H. H. Burdett and his assistants, Messrs. D. M. Nelson and C. Wright, and their efforts reflect the greatest credit upon the gentlemen named. Proceedings commenced with bar-bell exercises and figure-marching arranged and conducted by Mr. Burdett. Sixty members then took part in this, and so perfect was their combined performance that loud cheers were given when they marched from the arena. Parallel bar exercise by leader C. Pugh, H. R. Jones, W. Whiting, W. T. Pentney, W. Chapman, A. C. Leach, J. H. Hulls, F. Box, E. Norford, W. Jones, H. Pope, F. Turtle, H. H. Burdett, and D. Nelson were gone through with marked ability, and this was followed by Mr. H. H. Burdett performing the "Saladin" feat with the sword, which included cutting bars of lead, a silk handkerchief, applied in a silk handkerchief, severing a sheep in two at one cut, and several other clever feats, all of which the swordsman accomplished with ease, and he met with hearty applause on retiring. Fencing was next introduced, Mr. Burdett having Mr. D. M. Nelson for an opponent. Both men exhibited marked ability, and gave a fine display of attack and defence. Horizontal bar exercises by the same members who took part in the parallels was another creditable performance, and following this Mr. H. H. Burdett and Mr. H. Deane (the Captain of the Gymnasium) sparr'd three scientific rounds with gloves on, an item that evidently gratified all present, the ladies especially. Indian clubs by the Palace Class of forty proved another pleasing feature, and the same may be said of the vaulting-horse exercises, in which a large number of the leaders and members took part. The musical running maze was witnessed with much interest, and brought a fine display to a close. The People's Palace Military Band played selections of popular airs during the proceedings, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the visitors.

PROGRAMME OF
THE DRAPERS' COMPANY'S INSTITUTE
STUDENTS' CONVERSAZIONE,

On MONDAY, 5th JANUARY, 1891,

Reception of Students and Friends by the Governors, from 7.30 to 8.

At 8 o'clock, Mr. ALFRED CAPPER will appear in his Literary, Scientific, and Musical DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT, comprising:—

MAGICAL ILLUSIONS AND ANTI-SPIRITUALISTIC EXPERIMENTS, HUMOROUS DRAMATIC RECITALS, MUSICAL SKETCHES, and concluding with a THOUGHT-READING SEANCE.

At 9 o'clock, a CONCERT will be given by the Prize Winners of the People's Palace Choral Society, assisted by Mr. W. R. CAVE, Solo Violinist.

1. SOLO, PIANOFORTE "Papillons" ... <i>Schumann.</i>	5. QUARTET
Mlle. NANI.	Miss EVANS, Miss SAYERS, Mr. THOMAS AND Mr. FIRTH.
2. SONG ... "Angus Macdonald" ... <i>Rochet.</i>	6. VIOLIN SOLO ... "Waltz" <i>Alard.</i>
Miss CARTER.	Mr. W. R. CAVE.
3. VIOLIN SOLO "Benedictus" <i>Mackenzie.</i>	7. SONG "Punchinello" <i>Mol'oy.</i>
Mr. W. R. CAVE.	Miss EVANS.
4. SONG ... "The King's Own" ... <i>Theo Bonheur.</i>	8. SONG ... "Twickenham Ferry" ... <i>Marzials.</i>
Mr. FIRTH.	Miss WADE.

After the Concert will be performed an Operetta,

THE ROSE OF AUVERGNE

(MUSIC BY OFFENBACH).

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

FLEURETTE (Landlady of the Village Inn) Mrs. ARTHUR LEVY
ALPHONSE (A Shoemaker) Mr. CHARLES LANDER
PIERRE (A Blacksmith) Mr. ORTON BRADLEY

Scene INTERIOR OF A VILLAGE INN

MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS AT THE PIANO.

DURING THE EVENING,

EDISON'S LATEST PHONOGRAPH

Will be on Exhibition in CLASS ROOM 2, and Mr. C. R. JOHNSTON will be present to describe the same.

REFRESHMENTS provided by the Governors, from 8 until 11 p.m., in the Library, which will be specially reserved for this purpose.

THE SOCIAL ROOM WILL BE RESERVED FOR SMOKING.

The LECTURE HALL will be used as the MEN'S CLOAK ROOM, and CLASS ROOMS 4 and 5 will be reserved for the WOMEN'S CLOAK ROOM.

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS.

Under the Direction of Mr. Orton Bradley and Mr. C. E. Osborn.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1891,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, BY THE

Cardiff National Welsh Choir.

Musical Director MR. C. EMLYN JONES.

Accompanist MRS. L. EMLYN JONES.

PART I.

NATIONAL CHORUS "God bless the Prince of Wales" *B. Richards.*
CHOIR.

Among our ancient mountains,
And thro' our lovely vales,
Oh! let the prayer re-echo,
God bless the Prince of Wales.
With heart and voice awaken
These lovely strains of yore;
Till Britain's name and glory
Resound from shore to shore.

CHORUS.

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
Oh! let the prayer re-echo,
God bless the Prince of Wales.

BASS SOLO.. "Rocked in the cradle of the deep" .. *J. P. Knight.*
Mr. D. AQUILA JONES.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine;
Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath
Rous'd me from slumbers to wreck or death;
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

SOLO "The Last Muster" *Pontet.*
Miss O. WILLIAMS.

The chapel bell of the soldiers' home rang sweetly one sabbath morn'g;

In solemn tones it bid all come: the weary and forlorn;
Wending their way, with tottering steps, and holy book in hand,
Came forth a troop of white-haired men, a war-stained vet'ran band.
"Come unto Me, ye that are laden!" on this the preacher dwelt,
The steadfast look, the tear-dim'd eye, told how the words were felt;
These men of many scars and climes, with life's sands almost run,
Who served their Queen and country well, now said "God's will be done!"

One aged soldier's time-worn face lit up with heavenly light,
His eyes, long dim, again gleamed forth like stars from clouds at night;

The words sank deep within his heart with joy no tongue can tell!
But lo! how pale! his eyelids dropped, his head then slowly fell!
"Awake!" his comrade softly said, "awake! oh, do not sleep!"
And gently touched him, 'twas in vain, his sleep was all too deep.
"Speak, comrade, speak! how faint his breath! arise, lift up thine head!"

No trumpet call, no comrade's voice could wake him, he was dead.

SONG "La Serenata" *Braga.*
Miss POLLIE ROWLANDS.

QUARTETTE ... "Queen of the Night" *Smart.*
Miss COLLINS, Mrs. JONES, MESSRS. C. E. JONES
AND D. A. JONES.

Queen of the night, arise, unveil,
And robe thee in thy beauty pale;
They wait for thee on hill and dale,
Queen of the night, arise.
Unseen the flowers their perfumes sigh,
Unseen the streamlet wanders by,
And grove and dell in darkness lie,
Queen of the night, arise.
The lady looks from out her bower,
Into the deep'ning gloom;
The bells have chimed the appointed hour,
She sees no waving plume.
The night wind moans, the wild waves roar,
The anxious sea-wife treads the shore,
In vain she seeks the expected bark,
What eye can pierce those waters dark?
Queen of the night, arise, unveil,
And robe thee in thy beauty pale;
They wait for thee on hill and dale,
Queen of the night, arise.

WELSH SONG ... "Pe Cawn I Hon" *Brinley Richards.*
Mr. C. EMLYN JONES.

Pe cawn i hon yn eddio i mi,
O galon yn fy ngharu;
Ni fynwn ddim o'i chyfoeth hi,
Rhag ofn i'm serch glaiarn.
Mae rhywbeth yn ei gwsg a'i gwedd,
Ac yn ei hagwedd hygar,
Rhaid iddi fod yn eddio fi,
Tra byddom ar y ddaer,
Pe cawn i hon yn eddio i mi,
O! fel gwnawn ei mynwesu,
Mae dweud ei henw ar in cer,
Yn gwneud im corff gynesu,
Ond pe bai hi yn eddio i mi,
Ai serch yn dal yn glaiarn,
Ni fynwn i mohoni hi,
Ar gyfrif ar y ddaer.

VIOLIN SOLO ... "The Ash Grove" *Farmer.*
MASTER EASON F. FROST (CERDDOR GWALIA).

SOLO ... "Angels ever bright and fair" *Handel.*
Miss P. COLLINS.

Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

RECITAL "Selected"

Miss M. WILLIAMS.

GLEE "When Rooks Fly Home" *F. Moir.*
CHOIR.

When rooks fly home at the fall of eve,
And the sky is red with departing day,
When the owl her home by the barn doth leave,
Then lovers stroll through the woods away.
And whisper of hope, and of golden hours,
And build a palace, and rear a shrine,
Which fancy decks with a thousand flow'rs,
While holy faith makes all divine.

When rooks are hushed at the fall of eve,
And the sky is lit with the moon's fair smile;
When the buds are kissed by the dewdrops bright,
Then lovers part for a little while,
To dream as they sleep of one most dear;
While angels guard them, and close their eyes,
And pray that love may be always near,
To lead them ever through Paradise.

PART II.

PART SONG "There was an Old Woman" *Jarvis.*
CHOIR.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
There's Bobbie and Tommy, and Johnny and Joey,
And Jemmy and Willie, and Sammy and Billie,
And Harry, and George, and Jack,
And Teddie, Freddie, Eddie, Neddie,
Thomas, William, and Edward,
And John, and Dick, and Bob.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
 She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
 There's Sally and Pally, and Dollie and Mollie,
 And Annie and Fanny, and Peggie and Meggie,
 And Lizzie and Bessie, and Jessie and Jenny,
 And Katie and Kittie, and Louie and Lottie,
 And Connie and Carrie, and Lily and Millie,
 And Ettie and Effie, and Susie and Rosy and Moll.
 There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
 But harken unto me and hear (with willing ear)
 Her course of action; Oh, harken!
 She gave them some broth without any bread,
 And whipp'd them so soundly and put them to bed.

SONG ... "Off to Philadelphia" ... B. Haynes.

My name is Paddy Leary,
 From a shpot called Tipperary,
 The hearts of all the girls I am a thorn in;
 But before the break of morn,
 Faith, 'tis they'll be all forlorn,
 For I shtart for Philadelphia in the morning.

(Refrain)—Vid my bundle on my shoulder,
 Faith, there's no man could be boulder,
 I am laving dear ould Ireland widout warning;
 For I've lately took the notion
 For to cross the briny ocean,
 And I shtart for Philadelphia in the morning.
 There's a girl called Kate Molone,
 Who I hope to call my own,
 And to see my little cabin floor adorning;
 But my heart is sad and weary,
 How can she be Misses Leary,
 If I shtart for Philadelphia in the morning?

(Refrain)—Vid my bundle on my shoulder, etc.
 When they towld me I must lave the place,
 And there's no man could be boulder,
 I am laving dear ould Ireland widout warning;
 Yet some day I'll take the notion
 To come back across the ocean,
 To my friends in dear ould Ireland in the morning.

SONG ... "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town"

MISS POLLIE ROWLANDS.

SONG ... "Matrimonee" ... Lovett King.

MRS. L. EMLYN JONES.

Two very old gentlemen lived by the sea, and nothing they dreaded
 like matrimonee,
 Old ladies they shunn'd with most scrupulous care, young ladies
 they thought a delusion and snare.
 In two great armchairs, when the evening drew nigh, they sat by
 the fire and said, with a sigh,
 I'm glad we've no wives here to bother our lives, for no marri d
 man like a bachelor thrives.
 Down by the sea, glad as could be, nothing they dreaded like mat-
 rimonee;
 Down by the sea, glad as could be, nothing they dreaded like mat-
 rimonee.

Now two aged ladies liv'd by the sea, and nothing they long for
 like matrimonee;
 A cat can't protect two lone females, said they; if burglars should
 come puss can't drive them away
 In two great armchairs, when the evening drew nigh, they sat by
 the fire and said, with a sigh,
 I wish we were wives, then we'd live happy lives; no spinster
 forlorn like a blithe matron thrives.

Down by the sea, etc.
 At last these old ladies and gentlemen met, one day on the bea h
 when the morning was wet,
 The spinsters umbrellas and waterproofs had, they thought when
 they started the weather look'd bad;
 They kept the old gentlemen safe from the rain, and still kept them
 safe when the sun shone again.
 For, husbands and wives, now they live happy lives, and think that
 no state like the marriage state thrives.
 Down by the sea, etc.

VIOLIN SOLO... "Home, Sweet Home" ... Farmer.
 MASTER EASON F. FROST (CERDDOR GWALIA).

GLEE ... "Yr Haf" ... Gwilym Gwent.
 MISS COLLINS, MRS. JONES, MESSRS. C. E. JONES AND
 D. A. JONES.

Ffe gladdwyd ymian anian,
 Yn medd y gauaf du;
 A'r gwynn ryddi brydd alargan,
 Mewn oer gwynnauan gri.

Ond ha! daw'r haf torthiog,
 A bywyd yn ei gol;
 A thaena fiodau gwyrddion,
 Dros wrynau byn a doll,
 Mae'r goed-sig mewn hardd unedd,
 Yn gwigo mante'l herdd;
 A'r haf sydd ar ei orsedd,
 Yn chwerau tanau cerdd;
 Mae'r delyn gynn fu'n hongian,
 Ar hedyg ganaf gwyn,
 Yn rhoddi mwisg allan,
 Ust! Ust! mae'r byd yn fyw.

SONG ... "The Sailor's Grave" ... Sullivan.
 MR. C. EMLYN JONES.

There is in the wide, lone sea
 A spot unmark'd, but holy;
 For there the gallant and the free
 In his ocean bed lies lowly.
 Down, down, within the deep,
 That oft to triumph called him,
 He sleeps a calm and pleasant sleep,
 With the salt waves washing o'er him.
 He sleeps serene and at ease from tempest or from billow,
 Where the storms that high above him chafe
 Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.
 The sea and him in death they did not dare to sever,
 It was his home while he had breath,
 'Tis now his rest for ever:
 Sleep on, thou mighty dead!
 A glorious tomb they've found thee,
 The broad, blue sky above thee spread,
 The boundless waters round thee.
 No vulgar foot treads here,
 No hand profane shall move thee,
 But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,
 And warriors shout above thee.
 And when the last trump shall sound,
 And tombs are asunder riv'n,
 Like the morning sun from the wave thou' bound,
 To rise and shine in heaven.

SONG... "Sing, Sweet Bird" ... Ganz.

MISS POLLIE COLLINS.
 Sing, sweet bird, and chase my sorrow,
 Let me listen to thy strain,
 From thy warblings I can borrow
 That which bids me hope again;
 Hover still around my dwelling,
 There is pleasure where thou art,
 While thy tale of love thou'rt telling,
 Say, who can be sad at heart?
 Sing, sweet bird, let me listen to thy strain;
 Ah! sing, sweet bird.
 Morn and noon, and dewy even,
 Anxiously for thee I'll wait,
 Come, thou chorister of heaven,
 Cheer a soul disconsolate:
 So shall time find thoughts awaken,
 Joy once more shall live and reign,
 And the harp, so long forsaken,
 Yield its dulcet tones again.
 Sing, sweet bird, let me listen to thy strain;
 Ah! sing, sweet bird.

DUET ... "In the dusk of the Twilight" ... Offenbach.

MISSSES O. AND M. WILLIAMS.

CHORUS... "Comrades' Song of Hope" ... Adams.

CHOIR.
 Hark! what sounds of solemn gladness
 Are heard filling the air;
 Sweet the hope that dawns on sadness,
 A joyful day foretelling.
 The gloom of doubt dispelling,
 To banish the night of despair,
 Men that toil in the battle of life,
 Listen to strains that will sweeten the strife.
 When the kindly country that bore you,
 When broad mankind your valour needs,
 When the good and great gone before you
 Look down to mark your noble deeds,
 For your fatherland and freedom,
 For truth and right stand in the van,
 Fling wealth and pomp to those who need them,
 Be staunch and bold, and play the man.
 Truth your standard, holy your cause,
 Be faithful to death for your freedom and laws;
 Your cause is right, and right is might,
 Then play the man and win the fight.

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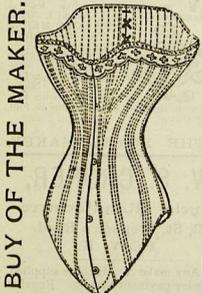
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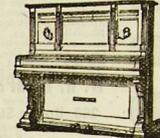
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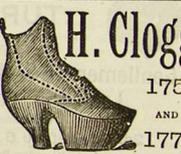
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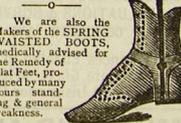


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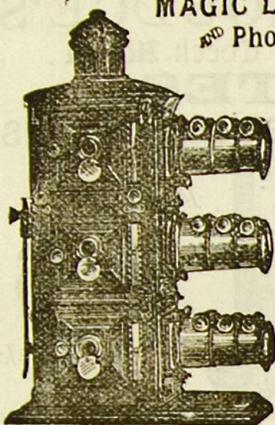
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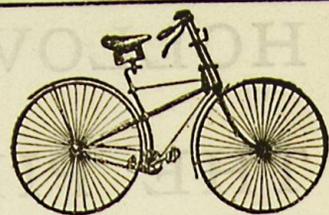
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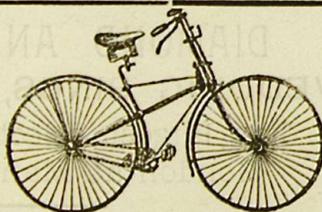
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