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[ONE PENNY.]

**PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.**

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 23rd January.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- SATURDAY, 24th.—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, Ballad Concert, at 8.
- SUNDAY, 25th.—Library open from 3 to 10.—Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8.
- MONDAY, 26th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—People's Popular Lectures: Lecture, at 8 p.m., by Harold Spender, Esq., B.A., on "The French Revolution," to be followed by an entertainment by Mr. Scott-Edwardes.
- TUESDAY, 27th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- WEDNESDAY, 28th.—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 p.m., "Gipsy Choir."—In the Lecture Hall, Girls' Gymnasium Social Dance, at 7.30.
- THURSDAY, 29th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- FRIDAY, 30th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

A COURSE of Free Lectures on matters connected with building will be delivered at Carpenters' Hall, London Wall, on Wednesday evenings, commencing February 11th. Full particulars of the course may be obtained in the office.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching for a Course of Ten Lectures upon the "Growth of National Unity or English History from the Great Conquest to the Great Charter, 1066—1216," by the Rev. T. J. Lawrence, M.A., LL.M., commencing Wednesday, January 28th, at 8.15 p.m., in the Lecture Hall. Tickets for the course, 2s. 6d., or to members of the Institute, 1s. Syllabus of the course may be obtained at the Office.

THE severe weather, I fear, is causing some of our Evening Classes to be badly attended. Students will, I know, take the hint, and alter this.

Now that the old Gymnasium is being taken down, the members are having the use of the Queen's Hall on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday in each week.

MR. SPENDER'S Lecture on Monday next, on the "French Revolution," will be a popular one, I am sure, with all classes.

THE arrangements are now completed for the presentation to Sir Edmund Hay Currie, of Testimonials from the Staff (past and present), Students, Old Boys' Club, and Junior Section, on Saturday the 31st instant. The Complimentary Dinner will take place at the First Avenue Hotel, Holborn. Further particulars of Mr. Osborn.

I HAVE been asked why we have not, in connection with the Palace, a Natural History Society? Will any of our readers make a suggestion.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLERS.—On Saturday, 17th inst., a party of twenty ramblers visited the Anchor Brewery, Mile End. This is by no means the first occasion on which the Club has availed itself of the kindness of the proprietors of this celebrated brewery, and the fairly large party present on Saturday testified to the interest excited by the manufacture of what is variously denominated "England's beverage" and "The curse of the country." To speak seriously, even the most ardent teetotaler—and there were several present on Saturday—could not but be interested in the variety and extent of the establishment, as well as with the very remarkable order and neatness everywhere displayed. The party—one of the largest, by-the-bye, of the season—was divided into two portions and placed under the guidance of Messrs. Grainger and Crawley respectively, both of whom manifested great anxiety to explain as much as possible to the visitors. We have not space to describe in detail the multifarious operations through which the beverage goes ere it appears on our tables as old ale or treble x; the mash-tuns, the fermenting vats, with their ingenious arrangement of cold water-pipes for cooling the beer; the engines for crushing and sifting grain; the artesian well; the tower, some 205 feet high, to the top of which the party ascended,—which is used as a malt store; the well-arranged stables, and the cellars, where those of the party not absolutely enthusiastic in favour of cold water were invited to taste. Talking of water, we may add that the word is never used in the brewery; it is invariably called liquor, and in former times a fine was demanded from any one naming it otherwise, or, as our guide graphically put it, "He got his head punched"—no light punishment if the brewery men of those days were as stalwart as those of the present generation appear to be. Altogether, this visit to the brewery was full of deep interest, and any of the party taking a delight in powerful machinery or ingenious mechanical contrivances, must have spent an exceedingly enjoyable afternoon.—No rambles have been arranged for either January 24th or 31st. Saturday, February 7th, St. John's Gate and St. John's Church; meet at Farringdon Street (Metropolitan Railway Station) at 2.45 p.m. sharp.—The evening of Saturday, 14th February, will be devoted to social amusements of various kinds, including music, elocution, dancing, etc., in Rooms 4 and 5, at 7 p.m. Admission by ticket only, to be obtained of the Secretary.—Saturday, Feb. 21st, Charter House and St. Bartholomew's Church; meet at Aldersgate Street Station (Metropolitan Railway) at 2.15 p.m. sharp.—A. MCKENZIE, W. POCKETT, Hon. Secs.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY, Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—We are to give a sacred concert in the Queen's Hall on Ash Wednesday, and a performance of Handel's "Samson" on February 21st. It is also hoped that we shall be able to perform the "Ancient Mariner" early in March. Members are requested to be regular and punctual in their attendance, as we have so much to do.—Voices wanted in all parts; those with good voices, and who can read well from either notation, should join at once, if they wish to take part in the forthcoming concerts.

J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.
J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL.—On Saturday morning, in spite of east wind and snow, we mustered at the Royal Exchange a party, sixty odd strong, for the purpose of visiting Sanger's Circus, Westminster. Starting from the Exchange, we proceeded along Queen Victoria Street, to the Embankment, from which was seen the novel sight of sea gulls in large numbers, and drift ice in large masses, moving with the tide. Engaged in snowballing, and taking note of interesting objects, the walk seemed soon over, and Sanger's was reached about 1.15. We were at once admitted and comfortably seated in the front row, before the house was opened to the general public. At two o'clock the performance

began, and lasted till nearly half-past five. Some of the circus-riders were very graceful and clever. One rider, dressed as the bibulous old gentleman, "Ally Sloper," first appeared in the part of the house where we were seated, and having gracefully saluted the ring master and audience, passed to the arena, where arriving, he asked for the loan of a horse, as he, "Ally," felt called upon to show Sanger's people how circus-riding should be done. Of course, the "hoss" was lent to him, and his ludicrous attempts to mount it previous to riding created great merriment. A pair of clever gymnasts afforded great delight, for not only were they good gymnasts, but were also genuine comedians. Their pretended mishaps were really funny. Some wire walking and trapeze feats helped to make up a programme of great length. After the circus performances were over, a sort of play was acted, which led up to the final scene. The arena was flooded with water to the depth of about eighteen inches, and in this water were soon seen floundering fishermen, a policeman, clown, and pantaloon, and numbers of others, who, for several minutes, by their pretended struggles, caused great laughter. The performances over, we left; all, as far as could be gathered, had enjoyed themselves very much.

A. G.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.—The following are the subjects for our next exhibition, to be held on Tuesday, February 10th. Figure, Poverty; Landscape, An Old Garden; Still-life, Old Books; Design, A Screen; Modelling, Design for a Bracket.

C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

STUDENTS' TESTIMONIAL FUND (Sir E. Hay Currie).—A meeting of the committee, collectors, and subscribers, will be held on Monday next, the 26th, at 8.30 p.m. in Room 9, by which time it is hoped all subscription lists will be completed, as the presentation will be made on the 31st instant.

J. H. THOMAS, S. KEMPNER, F. A. HUNTER.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAPERS' COMPANY'S GYMNASIUM (Director, Mr. H. H. Burdett).—The inaugural meeting of the Gymnastic Club was held in Class-room 9, on Monday evening last, the 19th inst., Mr. Burdett in the chair, about thirty members being present. After Mr. Burdett had explained the object of the Club, the election of officers was proceeded with. Mr. Turtle was elected as Captain, Mr. Hunter as Hon. Sec., and the following gentlemen as Committeemen, viz.:—Messrs. E. T. Tucker, W. Whiting, E. Foreman, H. R. Jones, W. Joskey, W. G. Barker, A. H. Pamplin, Warwick, and T. Bissett. After various things had been discussed, Mr. Turtle proposed an adjournment of the meeting until Friday, the 23rd, at 8.30 p.m. A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the meeting.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB NOTES.—A large meeting of cyclists took place on Thursday last in the New Technical Schools, when the proposed programme for 1891 was ably put before the meeting by the Secretary. The programme includes extra runs on Tuesday evening, and longer runs on Saturday afternoons, besides the usual Thursday evening run. The racing will include two ten miles, two fifteen miles, 100 mile, and a team race. The social part will consist of two monster Garden Parties, to be worked on the Continental principle.—The Eastern Counties Road Club held a very successful Smoker and Prize Distribution at the "Bodega," St. Mary Axe, on Friday last, despite the elements, under the direction of Messrs. J. Burley (People's Palace C.C.) and E. Cripps (Crusaders). H. J. Swindley occupied the chair, being supported by W. Holding in the vice-chair. All the Cycling Clubs of note were represented. The talent was of good order, and included the well-known and popular Athena Banjo Band, under the direction of Leon E. Clerc. Mr. Paton was the pianist, and played two solos in capital style, besides accompanying. The programme included the following:—Messrs. G. Gunnell, F. Rollingson, T. Ashton, H. Knight, A. Curtis, A. Allen, W. Briscoe, Ted Williams, the Brothers Meade, and last, but not least, the "Diamond," G. W. Arthur. The Chairman also contributed two short recitations, which were received with immense applause. During the evening the medals won during the season were presented to the successful competitors. The following gentlemen received prizes:—Twenty-five Miles Handicap.—G. Thurling, Edmonton C.C.; J. Jobson, Victoria Rovers; C. Pallant, Sun C.C.; J. Howard, People's Palace C.C. Five Miles Scratch Race.—J. Howard, People's Palace; G. Leggett, Carlton Rovers; E. Ransley, People's Palace; M. Moyle, People's Palace. Fifty Miles Handicap.—G. Nelson, Sun C.C.; C. Pallant, Victoria Rovers; J. Howard, People's Palace; E. Good, Walthamstow. Fifty Miles Scratch Race.—M. Foulkes, Stoke Newington; G. Nelson, Sun C.C.; M. Moyle, People's Palace; J. Howard, People's Palace; F. Crewe, Grove C.C.; C. Pallant, Victoria Rovers; J. Jobson, Victoria Rovers. 100 Miles Handicap.—F. Crewe, Grove C.C.; M. Moyle, People's Palace; G. Nelson, Sun C.C.—The Second Cinderella of the season was a great success. The room was rather too full to be comfortable; but this was caused by several members altering their single tickets into double, in order to supply the demand for tickets. For the future, this alteration will not be

recognised by the General Hon. Secretary, so intending patrons of the next dance, which takes place on February 7th, please see that your tickets have not been altered.—Members of the People's Palace Cycling Club will be pleased to hear that E. Ransley, Esq. has been appointed manager of a large cycle depot at Newcastle-on-Tyne. We wish him every prosperity in his new situation.—The N.C.U. have decided that the half-mile race between M. Moyle and E. Ransley at the Millwall Track, last autumn, was won by the former, and therefore he will take the medal.—The Hon. Secretary of the Granville C.C. will not be able, owing to his private business, to wield the quill on his club's behalf. His place will be hard to fill, and to his successor we hold out the hand of friendship.—Members must look up their cycling friends and get them to join the Palace Club if we are to keep at the top of the tree, as I hear of several clubs amalgamating in order to take the wind out of our sails. Good luck to them if they succeed. I noticed several cyclists wielding the clubs, under the able direction of Mr. Burdett, in the Gymnasium on Tuesday last. Go ahead my boys, it won't do you any harm.—Next Saturday the Stanley show should be visited. During the evening the Home Trainer Championship will be contested.—On Friday, January 30th, the City of London Smoker, at the "Champion Hotel," claims our attention.—Don't forget to buy *Cycling*, the new illustrated club paper, which will be published on Friday next. AJAX.

Ladies' Column.

THE idea of horticulture for women seems to have "caught on," for we hear that the Alexandra College, in Dublin, has organised a series of horticultural and botanical lectures for ladies. Miss Grace Harriman, of Harrow, is setting to work in real earnest, and is taking lady apprentices, providing house accommodation for them. Each apprentice has to pay £100 down.

The late head-master of Clifton College is most complimentary to women. He says, "The head-mistresses of our great high schools are training their assistants with the very best results. There is so much more method, and less waste than with us."

An Italian authoress, governess in a gentleman's house at Trieste, has been arrested for writing an article in an Italian paper which was anti-Austrian.

Miss Olive Schreiner has written a story, which is unobtainable to most, but probably will shortly be had at a second-hand bookstall. It is published in the pages of the *South African College Union Annual*, and is a perfect gem of the noble art of writing. Miss Schreiner is living in South Africa among those whom she well knows how to describe.

Negro girls are now to be educated, and this through the exertions of a woman by name Salley Holly, a Virginian. Her plan is to establish small schools in Virginia, and we heartily wish her success in her enterprise.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has never yet been interviewed, so says *The Women's Herald*, which goes on to tell us that we may shortly expect another work from the pen of this lady.

The Queen of Italy is a woman to be proud of. She has lately, after a visit to the Professional School in Rome, presented it with all the fittings, etc., necessary for the teaching of cooking, having noticed the lack of this particular branch of instruction, and having been informed that funds were necessary to establish it.

Women go out as pickets in the great Scotch strike, but although a good face is maintained by them, their sufferings have been considerable this bitter weather; the price of provisions, and worst of all of coal, has risen.

Here is woman in a new light. Mrs. Delia Cross, of New York, owns a schooner, and, moreover, is mistress of this sea-going craft.

Lady Taylor, wife of the author of "Philip van Artevelde," died the week before last.

On the Transcaspian Railway (*vide* Curyon's "Russia in Central Asia") women are employed in the capacities of station-masters, traffic managers, and signalmen.

An enterprising lady journalist was disappointed in her efforts to represent her paper (an American journal) at the first Japanese parliament. She came all the way from New York only to find the door closed against women. This *fiasco* reminds one of the old proverb, "Look before you leap."

Three ladies have pronounced in favour of Mr. Parnell, who, it seems, can do very well without the approval of anyone, much less the fair sex. These ladies are Mrs. Byles, Miss Orme, and Mrs. Cady Staunton. Let us hope no more will join their ranks, although in fairness, we should say that Miss Orme and Mrs. Byles believed in Mr. Parnell's deference to Irish opinion. Somehow, though, it doesn't seem to improve matters any more.

Are strikes legal? That they are foolish and, in many cases, defeat their own ends is almost proved, but the illegality has yet to be decided. Strike by all means, if by no other way you can enlist public sympathy for your grievances, but do not forget the untold misery you are likely to bring on others, and avoid coercion as you would the plague. M. S. R. J.

Cleanings—Grave and Gay.

THE labour question is, perhaps, above all other the question of the times, and one withal that, in the very near future, will have to be boldly faced with a view to equitable solution. As bearing on the subject, some interesting details are given by a statistician who has made it his business to ascertain the wages of workpeople in various European countries. In the cotton factories of the Lille district, the hours of labour are twelve per day, and the pay for men weavers 5 francs a day, or 24s. per week; other workmen about 4 francs per day; women 2 francs 50 cents. to 3 francs per day—i.e., 12s. to 15s. per week; girls about 1 franc to 1 franc 50 cents. per day, say, 5s. to 7s. per week. These wages are much the same for the linen and cotton trade. In Silesia, where there are large cotton factories, the wages for a twelve hours a day labourer are—men, 15s. to 18s. per week, women, 10s. per week; but here children are only employed after they are fourteen years of age. In the factories near Berlin very decently-clad women are engaged in the woollen trades in the rag-sorting rooms, and earn 9s. per week. At the spinning mills girls are employed where boys are engaged in England, and these earn 6s. per week; at the looms the girls and women earn 11s. per week; the same work in England gets paid about 15s. to 20s. per week. The hours of labour are sixty-six and a half, but they generally work seventy-two, getting some overtime. In Austria, especially in Bohemia, the men in many trades earn but 10d. to 1s. a day; and a man and his wife and six children will work for one employer for £50 a year. Going further east, at Cracow, the hours are longer, and men work twelve to sixteen hours a day for about this same rate of wages—say, 1s. per day. In Russia, where the cotton from the newly-acquired Bokhara districts is worked up, the wages are about £1 per month and some flour; and 4s. per month for boys. Compare these wages with English wages, £1 to 25s. for men, 9s. to 15s. for women, and 5s. to 7s. for girls; and it will be seen how hard it must be for English fabrics to compete with foreign-made fabrics; and it must be remembered that these poorly-paid districts are now in close communication with England by rail, and we receive much of their manufacture. Now that the German Emperor poses—possibly he sees the coming deluge, and is seeking to save his own skin—as the "friend and patron" of labour, one is inclined to ask whether he will open his workpeople's eyes to the lowness of their pay. *Nous verrons!*

TALKING of this question of labour, it is a significant fact that the problem involved is calling loudly for solution in other countries than our own. In one shape or form—for be it remembered it is only one aspect of the larger question of social redemption—there is hardly an European nation in which indications are wanting of social unrest. "The characteristic of the age," recently said Professor Bryce, "is disquiet, discontent, dissatisfaction with the world, as this generation finds it." Among different peoples this keynote is struck with widely varying tone and strength. In England and America it assumes the form of a struggle between capital and labour, in Ireland it is the question of the land, in Russia Nihilism, in Germany the socialistic upheaval, in Norway and Sweden the conflict between church and state, and so forth.

To what end? it may be asked. That there is a good side to discontent is manifest, and the broad conclusion cannot, I think, be better stated than by Professor Bryce, who regards the present temper of Europe as a protest against hide-bound acquiescence in the existing arrangements of industry and the existing distribution of wealth. It is a vehement expression of the same desire to improve the condition of the great toiling and enduring lower strata of mankind which has given birth to all our modern philanthropic schemes. But history entitles us to believe that though depression and discouragements frequently overshadow its path, its general progress is upwards, that in each age it gains more than it loses, and retains most of what it has ever gained. Nor is this progress clearer in anything than in the fact that evils which men once accepted as inevitable have now become intolerable.

EVERY "bull," of whatever age or clime, is at once localised in the land of the shamrock, and Pat made its hero. I cull a few at random. An Irishman living in an attic was asked on what floor he dwelt. "Sure, if the house were turned topsy-turvy I'd be livin' on the first flure." An Irishman, with a ragged coat on, was once asked what his coat was made of. "Shure, sir, I think it's made chiefly of fresh air." A young Dublin wife said, "What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens set on them a little longer." "Why didn't you write to me when you were abroad?" said Pat to one of his friends. "I didn't know your address," was the reply. "Shure, then, you had all the more reason to write and ask for it." It is only an Irish car-driver who, on driving an Englishman past the Dublin custom-house, could say, "Shure, it's only the rear 'ave of it you'll be seeing this side, sur. The front's behind." It is only from Ireland that we should hear that "Single misfortunes never come alone," and "The greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

THE federal motto of the Australasian colonies—"Advance Australia"—is being well carried out. In a paper read by Mr. McFie at the Colonial Institute in December, it was stated that in 1851 the white population was about 240,000, with an annual trade of £6,000,000; whilst at the close of 1888 the population had reached 3,678,046, and the revenue £27,240,565. The public works in the whole colonies were valued at £175,000,000, private wealth at £1,015,000,000, and banks at £148,209,738. This was exclusive of the value of land not yet alienated. These figures are of a reassuring character as to the safety of the £170,000,000 which has been borrowed by the colonies.

STATISTICS recently prepared show that there was a decline in the value of French exports during the past twelve years amounting to no less than £7,500,000. The woollen exports, which in 1882 were valued at £16,000,000, fell to £15,000,000 in 1886, and scarcely exceeded £12,900,000 in 1888. Silks declined from £10,360,000 in 1887 to £8,920,000 in 1888; and linens, which had an export value of £1,240,000 in 1877, scarcely yielded £320,000 in 1888. There was also a considerable decrease last year in the exports of turnery, leatherware, refined sugar, articles of fashion, and gold and silver ware. Taking the countries to which exports were sent, there was no material change as regards Portugal, Austria, China, and British America, while the exports to Belgium, the United States, New Grenada, Spain, the Argentine Republic, and a few minor States exhibited a total improvement of £9,160,000 during the past twelve years. But this gain was more than counterbalanced by a decrease of upwards of £18,000,000 in the value of the exports to all other countries. The exports to Great Britain fell from £42,000,000 in 1877 to £34,500,000 in 1888; those to Germany decreased in the same interval from £15,000,000 to £12,000,000; and those to Italy went down from £7,400,000 to £4,760,000.

THE practice by private firms of turning their businesses into limited liability companies has increased to a wonderful extent in the course of the last three or four years. Scarcely a week passes which does not see some well-known house reconstitute itself in this way. I wonder whether the creditors of such houses ever give serious consideration to the change in their position which is effected by the addition of the little word "(Limited)" to the style of Smith and Son or Brown Brothers! I have not the slightest inclination to contemplate cases of downright fraud, which are rare and capable of being dealt with by law. What I wish to point out is, that when a business is converted into a limited company the security of its creditors may often be seriously diminished.

RUSSIAN lady doctors are being compelled, in consequence, it is alleged, of their advanced opinions, to submit to some very stringent regulations. Firstly, no medical degree is to be conferred in Russia on a girl who has made her studies abroad. This will do away with the Russian lady-students who now study at Berne and Zurich. Secondly, no Russian lady is to be admitted to a medical degree entitling her to practice publicly until she is forty years old. Until that age she may only practise as a nurse in hospitals and charitable institutions.

THE following from the Paris *Figaro* is quoted as an amusing specimen of the Court "news" of the Continental Press:—"Queen Victoria likes Scotch cookery; all her meals begin with a preparation of oatmeal. She eats raw ham, which is specially imported from Granada, drinks beer, and eats a particular sort of bread, specially baked for her. The Queen of Sweden prefers stronger nourishment; she has beefsteaks, often raw, at every meal; salmon, preserved in the Swedish fashion, and pancakes fried in oil. At the Court of Berlin the cooking is chiefly French; the Empress Frederick, however, prefers English cookery, and is particularly fond of cakes. The Grand Duchess of Baden, whose table is the most *recherché* in Germany, always makes the coffee herself, in a Russian coffee machine, of gold. At the Quirinal they invariably eat off gold plate, and drink Italian wines. The Comtesse de Paris has English cookery; and the Duc d'Aumale eats garlic soup regularly every day. The ex-Queen Isabella's peculiar weakness is Valencian rice soup; while the present Queen of Spain remains true to her native Austrian style of cooking."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Northwestern Railroader* advances a curious theory for the increasing prevalence of floods and rain storms. He says that there are over 30,000 locomotives in use in North America, and estimates that from them alone over 53,000,000 cubic yards of vapour are sent into the atmosphere every week, to be returned in the form of rain, or over 7,000,000,000 cubic yards a day, quite enough to produce a good rainfall every twenty-four hours.

THE point nearest the South Pole at which newspapers are published is Invercargill, in New Zealand. The publication farthest south upon the continent of South America, is San Carlos, in Chili, and in Africa, at Cape Town. In the Punjab are twenty-seven newspapers, and in the island of Ceylon, twenty-six. The empire of Morocco cannot boast a single newspaper of any description. One paper only is published in Persia, the *Iran of Ispahan*, a government organ.

The Technical World.

THE sum of £20,000 which the London Council has at its disposal for the purposes of technical education is, the London correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner* writes, to be divided among eleven or twelve existing or projected institutions in the metropolis. Borough Road Polytechnic, which has been established in the premises which for three-quarters of a century were occupied by the British and Foreign Schools' Society as a training college, is to receive £4,000; Battersea Road Polytechnic, £4,000; Chelsea Polytechnic, £2,500; upon the condition that the schemes now projected are carried out within two years; St. Pancras and Holloway Polytechnics, £300 each, upon the same condition as that of Chelsea; the Regent Street Polytechnic, £4,000; the Working Men's College, £500; University Extension Scheme, £500; the National School of Cookery for Training Teachers, £500; and the Joint Committee of the School Board, City and Guilds Institute, and Drapers' Company, £1,000. The money is to be expended in buildings, fittings, apparatus, or plant, to be used exclusively, or at any rate mainly, for the purpose of imparting technical education to persons of the artisan or labouring classes. I don't know the authority of the *Manchester Guardian* for this statement, but I fear, as our American cousins would say, he has been a little "too previous."

A PUBLIC meeting was held on January 14th, at the Parkhurst Hall, Holloway, in furtherance of the scheme for establishing a Technical and Recreative Institute for the North of London. The Lord Mayor, who presided, was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and Mr. Sheriff Farmer, and among others present on the platform were Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., Sir H. Roscoe, M.P., Sir Owen Roberts, Mr. Bartley, M.P., Mr. R. Chamberlain, M.P., the Rev. Dr. Allon, the Chief Rabbi, Mr. Charles Roberts, Mr. Paton (Chairman of the Committee), and Mr. J. D. Matthews.—The Lord Mayor, in opening the proceedings, said he was glad to find that North London was resolved not to be behind other parts of the Metropolis in equipping itself, by means of technical instruction, for the struggle which was before us all. By a happy circumstance a most suitable site of about an acre and a half had been secured in the Holloway Road, and this had been paid for, by borrowed money, to the extent of £3,500, the sum of about £18,000 being still required. No doubt this was a large amount to ask for, but remembering that institutions of the kind proposed already existed in the East and West of London, while a similar one was to be established in the South by the munificence of the Goldsmiths' Company, he trusted that the latent energies of North London would be aroused, and that the required funds would be forthcoming. (Cheers).—Mr. Paton explained that the total cost of the proposed Institute, together with the site already secured, would be £25,000. Towards this sum between £7,000 and £8,000 had been received, so that between £17,000 and £18,000 had yet to be raised. An endowment of £1,500 a year had been promised by the Charity Commissioners, but this was conditional upon the raising of the necessary building funds.—On the motion of the Rev. Dr. Allon, supported by Sir H. Roscoe and the Chief Rabbi, it was agreed that no time should be lost in placing North London in an equally advantageous position, with respect to technical instruction, with other parts of the Metropolis. A resolution approving of the proposed scheme and pledging the meeting to use every effort to raise the required funds, was carried, on the motion of Sir A. Rollit, supported by the Master of the Clothworkers' Company and Mr. Evans Spicer. A further resolution was also adopted calling upon the London County Council to assist the scheme by contributing a portion of the special fund allotted to it by the Local Taxation Act. Among the principal contributions announced at the meeting were £2,000 from the Clothworkers' Company towards the purchase of the site; £500 promised by Mr. Quintin Hogg; 100 guineas from Mr. H. C. Stephens, M.P.; and £100 from Mr. Grosvenor, of Hackney.

AN interesting gathering took place on January 13th, in the Postmaster-General's Deputation-room at the General Post Office, the occasion being the fourteenth annual distribution of the medals, prizes, and certificates gained by the students of the Telegraphists' School of Science, which was established in the Central Telegraph Office in 1876. The chair was taken by the Contoller, Mr. H. C. Fischer, who was supported by Mr. J. C. Lamb, the secretary to the Telegraph Department, and Mr. J. Ardron, and the awards were distributed by Mr. W. H. Preece, F.R.S. The report showed that the school is satisfactorily fulfilling its intended purpose, viz., the provision of technical training for the staff of the Central Telegraph Office. At the examination in technical telegraphy held under the auspices of the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, sixty-seven certificates were granted to the numerous schools throughout the kingdom, and of this number twenty-seven (or forty per cent.) were awarded to the students of this school, who also obtained two of the three silver medals (with money prizes) offered for competition. Sixty-three per cent. of these certificates were first-class. The successes in the pure science subjects, which are supplementary to the technical section, were also very numerous and of an equally high standard.—Mr. Preece, in a very interesting address, complimented Mr. Slingo, the principal of the school, and his staff on the continued success of the institution, and dwelt forcibly upon the value of sound technical

education among the general body of the staff in assisting the British telegraph administration in maintaining its pre-eminent position.—The Chairman observed that the fact that a higher technical knowledge was now demanded of a telegraphist than in years gone by, to enable him to successfully control the present delicate and complicated apparatus, weighed heavily with the authorities in determining the recent improvements in the status and pay of the telegraph staff.

LIEUT.-GENERAL R. W. LOWRY, C.B., presided, on the evening of January 13th, at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, held at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, when a paper, entitled, "Agricultural and Technical Education in the Colonies," was read by Mr. H. F. Moore. The chairman, in introducing the lecturer, regretted that Sir Alexander T. Galt, who had promised to preside, was unable to be present owing to ill-health. Mr. Moore, in his opening remarks, referred to the relative growth of English-speaking people, and stated that he divided his subjects into three parts, upon which he dealt at length with each branch. The first part discussed what really efficient agricultural and technical education should be; the second gave a record of what was at the present time being done in British Colonies in the matter of education; and in the third part he made an appeal for something like a uniform system being adopted for the whole four English-speaking Empires. Adverting to the Dominion of Canada, he observed that in the autumn of last year he found everywhere that not only were educational matters making great progress so far as general education was concerned, but that technical and agricultural instruction was being rapidly pushed forward by the Central and Provincial Governments. In the Colony of Victoria the whole system of education was exceptionally complete, and was entirely under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction. In concluding what he regarded as a most satisfactory story of work actually accomplished in our colonies, he said they would see that everywhere a good sound primary education followed our flag. That at least was something on which we might pride ourselves. In nearly every case also some attempt was being made to give agricultural and technical education suited to the needs of the colonies, Canada and Australasia leading the van. What seemed to be needed was that an attempt should be made to secure some sort of unity of action among English-speaking peoples in that matter. Whether that would be the best accomplished by our newly-appointed Minister of Agriculture drawing up a scheme for this country, and its being recommended for general adoption in our colonies, he could not say, but if that were done many of its best points would have to be first borrowed from the colonies themselves.

ON the occasion of the second anniversary of the Sunday Afternoon Lecture Society, connected with the Finsbury Polytechnic, a statement as to the future of that Institution was made by Mr. Percy Crosse. The facts—I take them from the report of the meeting in the local journal—are as follows:—Last year the Finsbury Polytechnic was being managed by a Provisional Committee, who, at the earnest request of Mr. Wills, the founder, had come forward to try and release the Institution from an intricate financial embarrassment, and to put it on a firm and satisfactory footing once more. After many tedious preliminaries, negotiations were finally entered into with the Charity Commissioners, with a view to incorporating the Finsbury Polytechnic in their scheme, and of obtaining thereby an endowment from the funds at their disposal. But when the Commissioners' scheme was published, they required that the Provisional Committee should raise £21,000 to obtain the £500 a year endowment, and made other stipulations which, said Mr. Crosse, "brought the Committee face to face with insuperable difficulties," and ultimately the Commissioners' proposals were declined. At this point a suggestion was made that the Committee should appeal to the members of the Church of England for the necessary funds to pay off the remainder of the debt on the Institution, and to carry it on. The result is that the Finsbury Polytechnic is now being run under the *agis* of the Church of England, with the approval and sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and the Provisional Committee with two exceptions has been constituted the central governing body. In the course of his address Mr. Crosse emphasized the fact that by this step none will be excluded from joining the Institute; no religious test will be required for membership, nor will any pressure be brought to bear upon members to change their belief; but all religious teaching, for such as may wish for it, will be under the auspices of the Church of England.

TWENTY odd years ago great things were expected of the Compulsory Education Act, which had then just received the Royal assent. Some went so far even as to dream of the time when the spread of education should have emptied our goals and depleted our workhouses. Year after year rolled by, of first one decade and then another, and yet though much had been done, much sound work accomplished, we seemed as far off the full realisation of the dreamers' hopes as ever. Now, however, it really seems as if the first step were about to be taken. At any rate, a suggestion has been made that Morpeth Gaol should be utilized as a Technical School. It is only fair to mention, however, that "the unbelieving" re strenuously opposing the idea.

How Best to Bless the World.

"This poor widow."—Mark xii. 43.

IN the little story of this poor widow I think we may find many helpful thoughts. Taken by itself the story is very beautiful, but its beauty and force are greatly increased by its position. The setting of the gem enriches it.

It was on the Tuesday of the week of the Passover. If anything in the past ever resembled the stir of our own London, its bustle, its eager business, its pride, its diversity of interests, its busy religiousness, it was Jerusalem at this festival. From all parts of the thickly-populated Palestine, and indeed from all parts of what was then called the world, came the crowds until the city was filled to overflowing on every side. There was the quickened life and excitement which come from the throngs as if life being driven into a smaller space became concentrated and intensified. Business was at its best. The Jew, always a merchant, knew how to avail himself of such opportunities. Cries of the dealers rang in the streets and intruded upon the courts of the Temple, making the Father's House a place of merchandise. Every place was noisy with buyers and sellers as Jesus passed on His way. Just as the fairs of our own country originated in Church festivals, so were the festivals of the Jewish Church times of extensive trading. On every side were those whose souls were in their goods and their gains. Thus was there all the feverish excitement of our City life, and there, as now, the "worth" of men was determined chiefly by their money. And as in our times, political questions burned in the hearts of the people. There, too, haughty exclusiveness asserted itself in its very looks, and proclaimed its importance by its very strut. There was the materialism of this age, questioning everything, and scorning those who ventured to answer the question. Over all there was the stately and splendid religiousness embodied in the Temple, the centre and glory of the nation. Yet amid all this life above the city hung the dreadful doom which Jesus had spoken, as He stood on the Mount of Olives and looked forth upon the city, and with tears had bewailed the fate which He foretold.

Among all these millions of eager people, at a moment of such awful import, whilst the groups of rich and wise and pompous worshippers passed Him in the Temple courts, Jesus calls His disciples to Him and bade them look at *this poor widow!* Who was she, and what, to be thus honoured. Let us come and see.

It will be well for us to look at these groups a little more closely as they come before us in this chapter,—the background which throws the poor widow into such strange prominence.

I. *Here is the Political Group.* The Pharisees and Herodians made one by their abhorrence of their common foe, send a deputation of their most skillful men to demand of Jesus Christ a declaration of His attitude towards the Roman power. He is a man with the influence of a prophet amongst the people. If they can get Him to commit Himself against the Roman authority, they can set that authority to work to crush Him. If He should declare Himself *pro* Rome, the people will fall off from Him and His power will be gone. So they feel sure they will "catch" Him, as the record puts it. Like the hunter who creeps warily and fears to frighten what he would capture, so they come with honeyed words and stealthy tread. "Master, we know that Thou art true and carest for no man, for Thou regardest not the person of men but of a truth teachest the way of God. Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar or not? Shall we give or shall we not give?" Looking them through and reading their inmost thoughts, Jesus said, "Show Me a penny." He Himself, we can well think, had not a penny—poorer than this poor widow was He who was rich and for our sakes became poor. The penny is handed to Him, with the head of the Roman Emperor stamped upon it, the token of their hated subjection.

"Whose is this image and superscription?" He asks.

"Caesar's," say they.

Handing them back the coin, He saith, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's: and to God the things that are God's."

Confused and silent they went their way. And Jesus let them go. Here is not that which He will call His disciples to look at. And does this poor widow pass between them, and lift her eyes for a moment to gaze at these rulers of the city; and sighing does she go on her way, saying, "Ah, me! if I were only great and influential as they are, then could I do something for our unhappy city! But I am nobody?" And wrapping her thin dress about her wasted form she tightens her hold upon her two mites—her all.

Of their particular question I do not speak; but I would look only at the questioners, and as they go on their way and we turn to ourselves, we feel that the hope and salvation of London is not in its politicians. The legislators are what the people make them—I had almost said what the people compel them to be. Men chosen of the people, they can but fulfil the will of the people. Find that which shapes the people, and you will have got at that which shapes their Parliaments and their County Councils. Thank God for laws which make it easy for men to do right and hard for men to do wrong. Parliaments and County Councils have a great power, and we Christians are alike very foolish and very blameworthy if we do not

exert ourselves to the utmost to secure as our legislators men with clean hands. They who break the laws of God ought to have no power to make the laws of man. But if we would get at the root of the matter, we must get much further and deeper down than this. The very words of the Lord Jesus declare a truth which had until then been unheard of—that there was a realm with which the State could not interfere; that the spirit of man without restraint or constraint must be free to worship God and to serve Him. Let legislation do its utmost it cannot do enough; it cannot make men unselfish, pitiful, loving, brotherly. We do not make light of its power: we do but recognise its limits. Legislation can do much for London, and has indeed much to do; but to save the city or the nation it will not avail.

II. *Here is the Philosophical Group.* "Then comes unto Him the Sadducees."—the Agnostics, as they call themselves to-day,—they who know nothing because there is nothing to know. Scorning the people as vulgar, they scorn Jesus Christ as one of the people. With these religion is a thing not to be seriously discussed, only to be ridiculed. The resurrection was a superstition, and to be superstitious was not philosophical. Angels were a myth, and myths were only amusing. Religion was a riddle, and to guess the riddle was rude. The only true creed, the only true service was to doubt, to deny, to sneer. This group is busy amongst us to-day. Oh, it is infinitely sorrowful that whilst men and women and little children suffer, whilst every day brought nearer the destruction of the city, whilst the hour of the Crucifixion had almost come, these can find nothing more worthy of them than to vex the world with their conundrums. "If a woman marry seven brothers, whose shall she be in the resurrection?" Of these we can only say what our patient and gracious Master said, "Is it not for this cause that ye err, because ye know not the scriptures, nor the power of God?"

The hope of old time was not in these; nor in these lies the hope of to-day.

Did it chance that here "this poor widow" came on her way, and lifted her timid glance in presence of these learned ones? And then as the sad eyes fell on the ground, she sighed,— "Ah, me! if I were but clever, and could argue, then perhaps I might do something for this great city!" And she sighed again, as her hand closed about the two mites, her all, and thought of how dreadful it was to be so ignorant!

III. *The Group of Money-Givers.* Jesus had gone down under the shadow of the portico and sat now over against the treasury, whither a crowd of people streamed to put their contributions in the boxes that were ranged along the wall. This group comes before us as the next suggested remedy for the ills of our great city.—*Give money.* It is the cheapest thing to give; that is, it costs least and is made the most of, for does it not duly appear in reports, credited to the uttermost farthing? It brings a kind of satisfaction to the soul of having done its duty, so that the good soul can reward itself for its good deed sumptuously. A subscription, like charity, can cover a multitude of sins, both of omission and commission. By all means bring your tithes into the store-house: you need it for your own good. And most certainly money is a real power for good—*sometimes.* We think, as all other workers think, that we could do a great deal more good if we could get a great deal more money. If the church is going to overtake the world, certainly its scale of giving will have to be increased a hundredfold. On pleasure, on drink, on everything else, this nation spends its millions freely, while it grudges its "small sums" for the work of the church. But *Money is not going to save London.* And let no man think that he has done his duty, or even the half of it, when he has given a subscription. There are seven devils that do afflict London, and torment her grievously. *Pride; Drink; Lust; Gambling; Swearing; Ignorance;* and last, but not least, *Indiscriminate Charity.* Money, if it be money only, is but a "sounding brass" and no true gold; that comes from the love and wisdom with which it is given.

And amongst this group this poor widow stands, seeing the rich cast their much into the treasury. That sad face grows yet more sad, and the heavy heart sighs, "Ah me, if I were but rich, how great things would I do." And she grasps with shame her little gift, the two mites which are her all.

IV. *The Great Stones.* Here are another group, which I think completes the suggested remedies. It is found on the other side of the incident.—"And as He went out of the Temple one of the disciples said unto Him, Master, see what manner of stones are here." It was a protest against, almost indeed a reproach for, the words which the Master had spoken—"There shall not be one stone left upon another."—"What power can overthrow stones such as these! And so holy as they are, too: here is the very House of God; the tabernacle of the Most High, where He is known for a refuge! Think of its priests; its altars; see its courts of marble; its Gate Beautiful! its fretted towers rising up against the heaven. Surely whatever evils gathered against the Holy City this Temple shall render them powerless for ill. Behold these stones!" But these were not the safety of the city. By all means give Architecture its opportunity, for this too is a gift from God. Let Beauty have her place: alas that there should be so little of it. Let the soul be uplifted by the lovely, and solemnised by all that is sublime. But it is a poor consolation amidst the burdens of humanity; the strife and sorrow; the heart-achings and heart-breakings, to turn

and cry—"Behold what manner of stones are here!" The hope of London is not in its stones.

V. Now comes another: not a group but one only. And as Jesus sits and catches sight of her His face loses its sorrow. What is it that stirs His interest? Has He found some hope for Jerusalem? Yes, indeed, hope for the world. Come and see. Amidst stately Sadducees and pompous Pharisees and princely strangers bringing of their abundance, there creeps all timidly the poor widow, pale-faced, and bearing many tokens of her poverty, standing aside for one and another; presently she hurries, half-ashamed, as if she scarcely had a right there, and lifting her hand, she drops into the treasury her all. And Jesus called His disciples and whispered, See this poor widow.

What does London want? Well, first of all, the Blessed Presence of Him who sat over against the treasury. Him we have—unchanging and abiding with us. "Lo, I am with you always." But what more do we need? This loving heart, that gives its all.

This poor widow—what can she do? How startled she would be if she knew that Jesus was watching her. How frightened if she knew that He and His disciples were talking of her—that they had indeed forgotten all else in sight of her! Who indeed shall think of her? She cannot influence Parliament and County Councils. She has not even a vote. What can she do to solve great social problems? How indeed can she help anybody? She is so poor. Her name could not come into a report—they do not print halfpence. Yet there she stands, right in the very foreground, while Sadducee and Pharisee and rich men and great stones all fade away in the distance. She lives for ever: and her example blesses the wide world this day.

What folly is it to waste life in dreaming of the many wonderful works we would do if we were somebody else.

Behold this poor widow.

There is the most helpful and most blessed thing in all the world. A simple loving heart that just gives itself its all to God: that waits not for any organisation or orders, but yields its whole being to the impulses of love, and gives itself away in doing good. The best thing, the only thoroughly good thing that we can do for the great world is to fill our own little world with love. This is the sorest need of the world, which neither Parliament nor Councils, nor School Boards, nor stately Churches can meet: brotherly love. Patronage is not mostly wanted; nor even pity only: nor simply gifts, but the true love that can keep nothing back: the love that claims and consecrates its all to God and charity. This poor widow may in her poverty buy the luxury of love which is the luxury of God. This highest possibility lies within reach of the lowliest—this life of kindness, of helpfulness, that holds itself and all for others' good.

Where can we find it? Alas, what can smite at our cruel selfishness and pride; at our half-hearted service of God and indifference to our neighbour? It is ours in Him and in Him only who sat over against the treasury. To receive Him that He Himself may live in us His life of love—thus only is this life of love ours. Think of this great city—its vast population: its enormous wealth: its influence: its intellect: its varied life. As the Lord Jesus Christ bends yearningly over it shall we ask ourselves—What most of all should serve Him? Surely to each one of us He saith—"My Son give Me thine heart."—Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, in *Contemporary Pulpit*.

The Weather.

I REVERENTLY believe that the Maker who made us all makes everything but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment, and learn how, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there, always attending strictly to business, always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it will get through more business in the spring (I write early to give you fair warning) than in any other season. In the spring I have counted 136 different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvellous collection of weather at a recent exhibition that so astounded all comers. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come down our way on a favourable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety; why, he confessed he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity; well, after he had picked out and discarded all that were blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; weather to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

The people of our parish are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things that they will not stand. Every year

they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be up North, down South, in the Midlands, in the West, see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets near home, and then see his tail drop. He doesn't know what the weather is to be. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many more kings or queens there are going to be in England. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: "Probable north-east to south-west winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather. A perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments; but they can't be helped. The lightning, too, is peculiar; it is so convincing when it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a M.P. had been there.

And the thunder. When the thunder commences merely to tune up, and scrape and saw and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say: "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash barrel.

Now, as to the size of the weather—lengthways I mean. It is utterly disproportionate to the size of a little country. Half the time when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighbouring countries. England can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on an iron roof, so I covered part of my roof with iron, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the iron? No, sir; skips it every time.

Mind, I have been trying merely to do honour to our home sample of weather; no language could do it justice. But after all there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the snowstorm—when a leafless tree is clothed with snow from the bottom to the top; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen snow-drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and flash in all manner of ways; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay 'up hate and grudge against the weather; but when the snowstorm comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world."

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

(Continued from page 38; commenced January 16th—back numbers can be had on application at the Office.)

"WELL, you know how I look at this one, and I suspect that you would have a rather hard time of it if you tried to prove me wrong."

"I couldn't prove that the side of the moon we don't see is not composed of plum-tart; but I have, nevertheless, a firm conviction to the contrary."

"What about the testimony of Demotte's friends?" Payne said, after another little pause.

"He had no friends."

"Really?"

"Oh, there were some people, of course, who went to the house in Second Avenue, but it would be worse than exaggerating to call them friends. The truth is, Floyd Demotte, who was a book-collector, fell into the habit of treating his wife as if she were a very rare edition indeed and by no means designed for promiscuous handing about."

"You mean—he was jealous?"

"Inordinately so."

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Payne. "And you refuse to regard Douglas Duane as the cause of this murder! Why, you said yourself that he once lived there in Second Avenue under the same roof with Mr. and Mrs. Demotte."

"So I did, Hiram. . . Now this jealousy of Floyd Demotte's was by no means of the ordinary sort. I have lately fallen in with a man who knew him as well as any man ever did know him, I suppose, except the missing Douglas Duane. And this man assures me that Demotte's conduct was simply of the passionately exacting kind. He could not endure the society of his wife to be shared by others. It did not at all matter who those others were; it did not indeed matter what their sex was. He had no amatory jealousy of his wife—and from every scrap of evidence I can collect, he never had the remotest reason to feel any. But he was stoutly, ludicrously, abnormally jealous of her, for all that. Everybody, in his queer estimate of things, represented an adverse force, at war with his own superabundant uxoriousness. One by one Mrs. Demotte's acquaintances dropped away from her; it was he who compelled her to isolate herself; life would have been burdensome if she had done otherwise; he would never have used with her the least tyranny, but his extraordinary melancholy and his continual implied reproach must have been a still more tedious doom. By degrees the social circle of the Demottes became narrowed to a very few individuals. Mrs. Demotte was the daughter of an old bookworm here in New York, named Adam Hadley. She had lived in peculiar attirement; her days had been passed chiefly in the companionship of her valetudinarian father. So, you see, there were not many people whom Floyd Demotte's funny jealousy could offend."

"And Douglas Duane. . ." here struck in Payne, musingly. "How was it that he continued to be tolerated by this nice, genial husband?"

"Ah, there is a most singular feature of the whole singular situation. Douglas Duane appears to have been the sole human being toward whom Demotte behaved in a refreshingly human manner."

"Yes?" said Payne, with a nod that hinted depths of doubt. "He didn't rouse any of the monstrous morbidness that everybody else came in for a taste of? What on earth was the matter with him? Had he a hunch? Or was he afflicted with goitre?"

"Neither," replied Fairleigh, with the curtness we use when distrustful of the proper respect by which our opinions are being privately greeted. "I am led to understand that Douglas Duane was a man of very marked personal attractions. I don't mean beauty—rather, mental gifts."

"I was prepared to hear so," stated Payne, with a tormenting dryness. "And so he was permitted to have an occasional chat with his friend's wife, and not to fear being thrown out of the window as a punishment."

"He was loved and honoured by Floyd Demotte, as I have every reason for believing that he deserved to be. That is, to put it bluntly, I am satisfied he never dreamed any more of nourishing a sentiment for Demotte's wife than he dreamed of making gold or diamonds from the chemicals in which he was so fond of dabbling. . . Here Fairleigh leaned back in his chair, and stared ruminatively at the ceiling. "Ah, no, Hiram. . . The whole mystery of that murder and suicide can't be explained in that way. . . If Floyd Demotte ever became sane, and so rendered himself a criminal to be tried by the law, we might reach some astounding disclosures. But I don't think we would. The man went mad, and became the prey of hallucination. There it all begins, and there it all ends. He was a most likely and fit subject for lunacy. Such deeds as the one he committed are happening every day. The brain sometimes gives no warning of its sudden collapse. We say of a man for years, 'he is odd,' and some morning we wake up to the fact that he has gone mad. . . Well, as with the brain so with the body. Sudden seizures kill that in a second. Acute heart disease or apoplexy is no less common, perhaps, than acute dementia."

"What is Demotte's condition now?" asked Payne.

"Oh, he's in a horrible state. His life hung by a thread for nearly a week. Then he showed signs of recovery. But it must be a recovery that will only doom him to a more lingering death hereafter in a mad-house."

"And they will send him to one as soon as his physical strength permits?"

"Yes."

"Does he talk deliriously at all?"

"Oh, he raved a lot of nonsense at first, I was told. But they could make nothing out of it. He is silent, now, for hours at a time. He had an insane fancy, when first brought to the hospital, that he was— But here Fairleigh paused with pointed abruptness. "I won't tell you what form the fancy took," he continued, giving Payne a burlesque scowl of hostility. They were the best of friends; they never quarrelled; there was somehow a safeguard against rupture in their incessant mutual dealing of skin-deep wounds.

Payne's eyes began to sparkle. "Come now, Ford," he said, "let's see if I can't guess what those ravings were about."

"Oh, you'll guess that they're about Douglas Duane," cried Fairleigh, challengingly. "You want them to be. I daresay, Hiram, that you've got some pet idea as to the corpse of Douglas Duane being procurable, if a fellow should only search industriously enough for it, in small fragments among the pantries and crannies of that Second Avenue dwelling."

"More amazing things have happened," smiled Payne. "But you are wandering from the main question. Did Floyd Demotte rave on the subject of Douglas Duane?"

"Well, yes, he did."

"Very empty stuff, no doubt; eh?"

"I should say so," declared Fairleigh, with the air of one who has a bit of refuting intelligence that he now means to pop forth from ambush. "He insisted that he was Douglas Duane. He constantly called himself by that name, and seemed quite forgetful of his own personality."

"Ah! . . . that's mere Bedlam business, of course."

"And discouraging for your theory; won't you grant that it is?"

"Not at all," affirmed Payne, with comic stubbornness. "A madman will say anything. But why didn't he think himself the President, or the Prince of Wales, or somebody like that? Why should Douglas Duane have entered into his fantastic dreams? Truly, Ford, it seems to me that your magnificent pooh-poohing of Douglas Duane as a personality to be considered in this case is a trifle. . . well, to phrase it mildly, old fellow, a trifle obstinate."

Fairleigh condescended to make no reply for several minutes. Then he said, with an air of gentle interest, as if he were a physician whose profound friendliness quite eclipsed the consideration of any prospective fee,—

"My dear Hiram, has it ever occurred to you that you smoke more than is just good for you? When we drench the brain with nicotine, you know, we must not be surprised by bad results."

"I haven't found any yet," said Payne, serenely. "Why don't you smoke, Ford? I think the narcotic effect would round off the sharper points of your mental angles."

"Delightful!" said Fairleigh. "Save that for your forthcoming novel. What are you going to call it, by the way?"

"I don't know," answered Payne, seeming to reflect. "I think 'Douglas Duane' would be a good name for it; don't you?"

"No," said Fairleigh, crisply, "unless you're like some of these modern American writers, who believe in a story without the ghost of a plot."

The two friends did not discuss Floyd Demotte's crime together for several ensuing weeks. When they next touched upon it, circumstances had wrought radical changes in its perpetrator. He had been pronounced sufficiently well of body to be transferred from hospital to asylum. But his mind was now, in a general sense, the most hopeless wreck. He had terms of utter madness, followed by lucid hours of dull and stolid silence. But during the latter he had indicated his desire to write, and in this humour he had been freely encouraged.

It was supposed, at the outset, that what he wrote would prove the most vacuous kind of absurdity. But this turned out to be very far from the truth. These confessions of Floyd Demotte's amazed everybody who looked at them. The writer was deceived into thinking that they were successfully concealed from all inspection but his own. Otherwise he would probably have destroyed them in annoyance, as he had repeatedly asserted, during his intervals of comparative mental order, that these most remarkable memoirs were destined to confer immense benefit hereafter upon the scientific knowledge of mankind. But not until his meditated work was complete, he furthermore avowed, could its value become splendidly established. When the last page was finished he designed giving it to the world; but not until then. Rather than do so he would leave all unwritten. The law, with its clutch still upon him, directed his wardens to watch eagerly everything he wrote. An exposition might lie in those pages of the motive by which he was swayed when he killed his wife, and thus a deduction might also be reached as to whether he were sane or mad at the time the shooting occurred. He was given every incentive in the way of comfortable surroundings, to continue his work. Mean-

while, secret copies had been taken of it at different periods. Ford Fairleigh was among the first who saw these copies. Their sheets impressed him greatly, but that was all. For the most part they struck him as insanity made to pose for its opposite. But when he mentioned to Payne the manuscript that was in course of preparation under such weirdly interrupted conditions of composition, his friend expressed the strongest desire to see it.

"And so you shall," answered Fairleigh, "when it is finished. I make you a promise of that, Hiram. There will, no doubt, be a small edition of it privately printed, and you shall certainly be gratified."

"The writing may take a rather long time, I should say," answered Payne, "if it is true that Demotte is prevented from steadily proceeding with it by recurrent fits of madness."

"It is true," said Fairleigh. "And what seems wholly marvellous about the case is the man's own perfect realisation that he is insane. More than once he has risen from his desk, put aside his pen, and quietly declared that he had better stop just there, as he felt one of his bad attacks coming on."

"And yet you say, Ford, that the confessions read as if they were those of a lunatic?"

"As far as I have got in them, they suggest an extremely fine mind," said Fairleigh, "yet one most seriously fevered and clouded." . . . But a few days later he told Payne that he had seen more of them, and that he considered they were growing wildly preposterous. "Not," he added, "that their peculiar fascination abates in the least; on the contrary, it increases; and the narrator's air of firmly believing every syllable of what he writes, lends to his story a new distinction. Already he has shown signs of accounting for the murder of Mrs. Demotte, for his own attempted suicide, and for—don't leap at me in astonishment, Hiram—the disappearance of Douglas Duane from his Washington home."

"Good heavens!" cried Payne, turning rather pale as the words left him. "He has shown signs of accounting for these events?"

"Yes. But in such a way! It's very thrilling, very eloquent, my dear boy, but . . ." Fairleigh lifted both arms in the air and then waved his hands over his head extravagantly. "Wonderland is out of fashion nowadays. I don't think even your imagination will be quite elastic enough to stretch just that far. Still, there's no telling."

"I'd like to have the chance of telling," said Payne, with fervour. "When will you give it to me?"

"When the marvellous document is finished." "Pshaw!" exclaimed Payne. "With an invalid, an epileptic, like that, its end may never be reached."

And Payne's half-prophecy hit the truth. A fortnight later his friend informed him that Floyd Demotte, levelled by a new stroke of worse illness than any form which he had yet suffered, was once more incapable of touching his manuscript.

"Do the doctors fear he will never come to his senses again?" was Payne's quick inquiry.

"They fear he will go out of them permanently," said Fairleigh, in grim undertone, "and by that straight little pathway that we must all take sooner or later."

"Death, eh?" "Yes—by paralysis of the brain."

"And his papers?" "They'll be handed down to posterity, in that case, as one of the most extraordinary fragments that the annals of lunacy have yet given literature."

The very next day Floyd Demotte breathed his last at the asylum, painlessly and suddenly.

Fairleigh had considerable trouble about procuring for Payne that incomplete record left by the unfortunate dead. No edition of it was printed, and only a very few written copies were made. The pity which is so sure to follow a death like Demotte's, even when preceded by an action as horrifying as his own, had sprung up quite lively among the medical guardians who surrounded his last hours. He had certain relatives, too, distant and yet bearing his name. These desired the strange tale suppressed, holding that for it publicly to transpire would inflict a needless notoriety upon themselves. But Fairleigh persevered; he had become very well acquainted with one of the physicians at the asylum, and he pressed his suit with not a little tact and diplomacy. One evening he called at Payne's lodgings and handed him a roll of papers.

"There," he said. "I have given Dr. F.—my solemn word of honour that I will return this to him, intact as it is, in twenty-four hours, and that not a single line of it shall be copied."

"Agreed," replied Payne, opening the packet. "My reputation as an honest man, Hiram, is in your hands. Remember that."

"I do," said Payne. "As for the twenty-four hours, Ford, I probably won't require so long a term of grace. If you've not been deceiving me as to its qualities of entertainment, my friend, I shall perhaps feel inclined to sit up all night over what is inscribed here."

Fairleigh put his head a little on one side and scanned the speaker with eyelids fluttering in an impudently critical way. "Well, all in all, considering that it's *you*, I should be disposed to think you *would* sit up all night."

And Payne did. He read the pages which here follow.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY.

At the very beginning of this autobiographical effort I find myself called upon to make an announcement of so absolutely unprecedented a sort that I shrink alike from the mockery and compassion of those whom it may meet. And when I recall the circumstances under which I have resolutely determined to compose this most astonishing history—the surroundings of mental disease or infirmity which taunts me taking sharper stress of irritation each new day—I recognise how futile must be the hope of my gaining respectful credence. But they who at first deny me such tributes must afterwards liberally pay it. That is quite inevitable, provided these words of mine are read to the end. I do not deny that the suicidal wound I gave myself has produced in me grave cerebral results. And yet the lesion has assumed, I am convinced, a morbidly recurrent, epileptic shape, which may subject me to acute attacks of mania, of exhaustion, or even of entire coma, while it leaves me interregnums of the most rational self-command. These fortunate occasions I mean to grasp and use. My motive for so employing them is not one of self-extenuation. I accept the verdict of vicious egotism which will of necessity be rendered against me by those who fully appreciate the magnitude and peculiarity of any unexampled temptation. No, my impulse is selfish, and yet far less selfish than any contained in the wholesale tendency to mitigate due responsibility for a desperate though deliberate crime.

I wish to receive from my kind the full measure of fame for a discovery which, as I am in no manner doubtful, will prove of golden benefit to humanity. It is a dreary commonplace enough to state that science, which groped darkling through many previous centuries, has moved along during this last century with very nimble feet. Sooner or later the great truth which I have been first of all men to tear forth from the obscuring mists of nature's many concealments will shed its helpful dawn upon this planet. Now that all is over for me as a separated and individual being, I desire the rather fanciful glory of a single posthumous boon. I wish that the termination of my singular career shall not be, on the one hand, merged into mere criminal odium and obloquy, or receive, on the other, that somewhat undignified and petty fate which befalls a man who strangely disappears from among his fellows and is never again heard of by succeeding generations.

If the foregoing sentence flings a challenge to sober reason and seems to savour of insanity's most daringly insoluble paradoxes, I shall not be at all surprised. And belief that I am merely dressing up madness till it wears the outward garb of reason will very possibly grow for the sceptic who now condescendingly reads me further. For in writing these confessions I must at once declare that I do not write them at all in the person of Floyd Demotte, but in that of Douglas Duane, his former intimate friend, the man who has through weeks past been missing from his Washington home—the scientist, whose problematical spiriting away has caused so many columns of newspaper wonderment, gossip, and speculation.

Let me begin, then, from my own presumptuous and seemingly fantastic standpoint. I, Douglas Duane, address the world merely in the body of Floyd Demotte, husband of the woman, Millicent Hadley Demotte, who was so cruelly murdered in Second Avenue on the evening of December 8th, 188—.

My family, the Duanes, have for seventy years and longer been people of note and repute in this country; and so, when I mention the fact of my father, Archibald Duane, having moved from Boston to New York when I was a boy, and having taken a handsome residence in the then fashionable quarter of Bleeker Street, where I, his only child, was reared, this allusion wears but the hues of ordinary reminder and not by any means those of novel information. My father's fine and upright life as a member of the legal profession, when to shine at all in that profession was to rank as a leading and honoured citizen of New York, requires from myself neither comment nor commemoration. He was the most loving and indulgent of fathers. He never crossed me in any but a single wish, and for doing that with firmness I often afterwards felt deeply disposed to thank him. At the age of eighteen I had already made two trips abroad with him—one while my dear mother was still alive, and one when later boyhood was just verging upon adolescence. Our sojourns in Europe had been brief; I preferred my own country, and greatly relished the idea of entering Harvard rather than a German university. But my father, always so gently and fondly yielding in other matters, was obdurate here. To Heidelberg I must go, and to Heidelberg I finally went. My father, like few Americans of even his so-called patrician class, distrusted and was held to undervalue the best educational resources of his own country. He was a man whose judgments on many subjects were regretted and denounced by his warmest friends; but it delights me now to feel that I can safely rank him with the very few unprejudiced and wholly dispassionate thinkers whom I have ever known. Hedrew a sharp line between patriotism and that reckless glorification of everything American which has won the merited censure and ridicule of contemporaneous foreign critics. He had a big heart and a keen brain. He loved to strip the husk of sophistry from disguised truths.

(To be continued.)

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 24TH, 1891,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

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

VOCALISTS.

MISS EMILY DAVIES. MR. RECHAB TANDY.

MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

Organist—MR. JAMES HALLE.

(Organist, St. Barnabas, Kentish Town).

Solo Trombone—MR. R. H. BOOTH.

(London Symphony Concerts).

Solo Violin—MR. EDGAR HOMAN.

1. ORGAN SOLOS { Overture, "Poet and Peasant" *Supp.*
"Concerto No. 4" *Handel.*
MR. JAMES HALLE.

2. DUET .. "Una Notte a Venezia" .. C. Sacantoni.
MISS EMILY DAVIES AND MR. RECHAB TANDY.

Vieni, la notte placida, ah vieni, tranquillo è il mar,
Sulla fuggente gondola, d'amor a sospirar.
Faci le stelle sembrano, il ciel sereno altar,
A noi felice è t'alamo, il palpitante mar.
Stringimi al sen, siam liberi, d'infesto testimone
So vecchio il ben, di crederlo, capace appena io son
Faci le stelle sembrano, il ciel sereno altar
A noi felice talamo il palpitante mar.
Stretto mi tiene al cor, O, tu mio dolce amor!
In questo caro semplice potessi almen morir,
Ed in un bacio stesso, da' r'ultimo respir.

TRANSLATION.

Come, oh beloved, the night is fair, and tranquil sleeps the moonlit sea,
And myrtle-scented is the air, oh come, beloved, with me!
Come, for the stars are one by one fast kindling in the southern sky,
Haste thee, beloved, come, oh come! the golden moments fly.
Come, then, with me in gondel swift, far o'er the silent sea,
Where I may tell thee as we drift of all my love for thee.
Come then, oh come, beloved! all too soon we part!
Oh, let me hear thee say I love thee, oh sweetheart!

3. SONG .. "Then ho, for the wind so free" .. J. M. Coward.
(From the Cantata "The Fishers.")

MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

The soldier who glories in strife,
May leap to the fulness of life,
When the enemy comes
With the rolling of drums
And the call of the bugle and fife;
But a nobler joy is ours,
To war with Nature's powers,
To ride the waves
When the tempest raves,
And heav'n with blackness lowers.

Then ho! for the wind so free,
That sings to the fresh'ning sea;
A floating home on the world of foam,
Is the home of homes for me.

The miser, with infinite pains,
Will add to his niggardly gains,
And with gloating eyes pore
On each coin of the store,

That deadens his heart and his brain;
But what can coffers of gold,
Or houses, or land unfold,
To match with the wealth
Of redundant health,
And liberty uncontrolled.

Then ho! etc., etc.

The student grows pale and bright-eyed,
Yet he feels his pulse tingle with pride,
In the hope that his name
Shall be lifted by fame
Over Time's irresistible tide;
But better to me it seems,
Than ruling a land of dreams,
With shifting sails
To baffle the gales,
And to trample the conquered streams.

Then ho! etc., etc.

4. DUET (Trombone and Organ) "Concertino" *Kühne.*
MR. R. H. BOOTH AND MR. JAMES HALLE.

5. ARIA .. "Hear ye, Israel" .. Mendelssohn.

MISS EMILY DAVIES.

Hear ye, Israel, hear what the Lord speaketh; oh had'st thou heeded My commandments! Who hath believed our report, to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and His Holy One, to him oppressed by tyrants: Thus saith the Lord:—"I am He that comforteth: be not afraid for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee. Say, who art thou, that thou art afraid of a man that shall die, and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, who hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the earth's foundations? Be not afraid, for I, thy God, will strengthen thee."

6. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Allegro" .. Du Bériot.
MR. EDGAR HOMAN.

7. (SONG (a) "Thine eyes so blue and tender" .. Lassen.
(CANZONE (b) "La donna è mobile" (Rogiletto) .. Verdi.

MR. RECHAB TANDY.

(a) Thine eyes so blue and tender,
Glow with a mystic spell,
And silence in happiness dreaming,
Thoughts that I dare not tell.
Thine eyes so blue and tender,
Still haunt me where I go.
And ever over my spirit,
Their blue waves sparkle and flow.

Thy hair so soft and shining,
Like to a chain of gold,
Is winding its fetters around me,
Never to lose its hold.
Thy hair so soft and shining,
A golden web so fair,
For ever holds my spirit,
A willing captive there.

Thy lips are like the roses,
Under an azure sky,
Allured by their marvellous sweetness,
How can I pass them by?
Thy lips are like the roses,
Oh, maiden, dost thou know
What poison on them lingers
To fill my heart with woe.

(b) La donna è mobile
Qual piuma al vento,
Muta d'accento, e di pensiero,
Sempre un amabile,
Leggiadro viso, in pianto, o in riso,
E menzognero, la donna è mobil,
Qual piuma al vento,
Muta d'accento, e di pensiero.

E sempre misero chi a lei s'affida,
Chi le confida mal canto il cora;
Pur mai non sentesi felice appieno,
Chi su quel seno non liba amore;
La donna è mobil,
Qual piuma al vento,
Muta d'accento, e di pensiero.

TRANSLATION.

Woman's unfeeling heart, false altogether,
Moves like a feather, borne on the breezes,
Woman with guiling smile, will e'er deceive you ;
She can grieve you, yet, e'er she pleases,
Her heart's unfeeling, false altogether,
Moves like a feather borne on the breeze.

Wretched the dupe is, who when she looks kindly,
Trusts to her blindly, his life thus wasting,
Yet he must surely be dull beyond measure,
Who of love's pleasure ne'er has been tasting.
Woman's unfeeling heart, false altogether,
Moves like a feather borne on the breeze.

8. ORGAN AND TROMBONE
MR. JAMES HALLE AND MR. R. H. BOOTH.

9. SONG "In Absence" *Arthur Hervey.*
MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

These rugged wintry days I scarce could bear,
Did I not know that in the early spring,
When wild March winds upon their errands sing,
Thou would'st return, bursting on this still air.

Like those same winds when startled from their lair,
They hunt up violets and free swift brooks
From icy cares, even as my clear looks
Bids my heart bloom and sing and break all care.

When drops with welcome rain the April day,
My flowers shall find their April in thine eyes,
Save there the rain in dreamy clouds doth stay,
As loath to fall out of those happy skies ;
Yet sure my love thou art most to May,
That comes with steady sun when April dies.

10. { VIOLIN { (a) "Nocturne in E flat" *Chopin.*
 { SOLOS { (b) "Mazurka" *Wieniawski.*
MR. EDGAR HOMAN.

11. SONG "St. Agnes' Eve" *Sullivan.*
MISS EMILY DAVIES.

Deep in the convent roof
The snows are sparkling to the moon,
My breath to Heav'n like vapour goes,
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear,
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year,
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil, and dark
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee,
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heav'ns, O Lord ! and far
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glitt'ring star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;
All Heaven bursts her starry floors ;
And strows her lights below,
And deepen on and up !
The gates roll back,

And far within for me the Heav'nly Bridegroom waits
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of Eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide,—
A light upon the shining sea,
The Bridegroom with his bride !

12. TROMBONE SOLO, Air "O, Ruddier than the Cherry" *Handel.*
MR. R. H. BOOTH.

13. NEW SONG .. "Come, Sing my Lute" *Hedgcock.*
MR. RECHAB TANDY.

I hear the birds in yonder grove,
Telling the night their tale of love ;
And sweet they sing as tho' the night
Were but a dream of love and light.
Come now, my lute, sing once again,
Echo the love bird's night refrain,
Softly I wake thy slumb'ring string,
Sing to my love as the night birds sing.

Slumber, sweet beloved,
Till the dawn of light ;
Fear no ill, tho' dark and still
Be the lonely night ;
Love is watching o'er thee
Till the sunny morn ;
Sweet sleep, dreamy sleep,
Till the day is born.

The night winds sigh their dreams of love,
As thro' the trees they softly move,
And Cynthia smiles on vale and hill
Bidding the earth be restful still.
Sing, now my lute, sigh yet again,
Echo the night winds soft refrain ;
Wait to my love a dream of delight,
Tell her I watch thro' the lonesome night.
Slumber, sweet beloved, etc.

14. SONG.
MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

15. TROMBONE, VOICE AND ORGAN "Ave Maria" *Gounod.*
MR. R. H. BOOTH, MRS. HALLE, AND MR. J. HALLE.

God ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove his furrows deep !
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all asleep !

But that is the mountain's secret,
Age-hidden in their breast ;
"God's peace is everlasting,"
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of His grace ;
He spreadeth His morning on them,
His sunsets light their face.

The people of tired cities
Come up to the shrine and pray ;
God freshens again within them
As He passes by all day.

And lo, I have caught their secret !
The beauty deeper than all !
This faith—that Life's hard moments,
When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing His mountains ;
And those mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness,
And His peace everlasting to me.

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ILLUSTRATED WITH DISSOLVING VIEWS.

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SONG	...	"A Visit to the Paris Exhibition"	...	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES.	
RECITAL	...	"The Three Parsons"	...	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES.	
SONG	...	"A Song about Songs"	...	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES.	
SONG	...	"Without Words"	...	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES.	
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SONG	...	"Who's that a Callin'?"	...	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES.	
RECITAL	...	"An Opinion on Rubenstein's Piano Playing"	...	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES.	
SONG	...	"Dance with Me"	...	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES.	
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Admission to the Lecture and Entertainment - 1d., 3d., and 6d.

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Mr. C. E. OSBORN.

Admission Twopence. Students, One Penny.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1891,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

"GIPSY CHOIR."

VOCALISTS:—

MADAME GELDARD. Miss EMILLIE.

Miss NELLIE WILLIAMS.

MR. F. J. GOODWAY. MR. FRED GOODWAY.

Dulcimer and Gigilera Miss MINNIE BEADLE.
Piccolo MR. E. A. SALFORD.
Harp MR. E. PACKHAM.
Pianoforte Miss RUBY HOWE.
Director and Manageress Miss NELLIE WILLIAMS.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE (Instrumental)
2. CHORUS "Gipsy Life" Curwen.
O, the gipsy's life is merry and free,
Wherever there's plunder thither goes he;
He loves the shade of the greenwood tree,
Because it affords him secrecy.
Because it affords him secrecy!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Because it affords him secrecy!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Because it affords him secrecy.
Oh, the gipsy's craft is better than gold,
He makes a profit of young and old;
And if simpletons want their fortune told
They will find themselves completely sold,
They will find themselves completely sold.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
They will find themselves completely sold.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the gipsy then,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
With the franklin's hare and the farmer's hen
He can feast as well as the gentlemen!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
He can feast as well as the gentlemen,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
He can feast as well as the gentlemen,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
3. SELECTION ON THE DULCIMER.
Miss MINNIE BEADLE.

4. SOLO "Loved and Saved" M. Watson.
Miss EMILLIE.

The sound of war is heard afar,
A soldier bids farewell
To one whose tears, with loving words,
He tries in vain to quell.
She gives him then a little book,
A Bible, worn and frayed,
And bids him keep it near his heart,
And ever seek its aid.
"Steadfast and true, my love,
O may'st thou ever be,
Heav'n then will send thee back,
Safe back to me.
Heav'n then will send thee back,
Safe back to me!"

And now, amidst the battle's din,
He's foremost in the fight;
The little Bible near his heart
Has armed him with its might.
But soon a bullet strikes his breast—
He falls! with face to foe.
And fancy wafts his true love's voice,
In accents soft and low.
"Steadfast and true," etc.

Though wounded sore, the soldier's life
The little Bible saved.
Its leaves were pierc'd e'en thro' and thro',
As he the foeman braved.
And soon he views his native land—
His love upon the shore,
And cries, as to his thankful heart
He holds her close once more.
"Steadfast and true, my love,
Still will I ever be;
Heav'n now has sent me back,
Safe back to thee.
Heav'n now has sent me back,
Safe back to thee!"

5. SOLO "The Crusader" Bonheur.
MR. F. J. GOODWAY.

My trusty blade shall wage its trust,
No shame shall break its plighted troth:
If on its steel lie stain of rust,
'Tis foeman's blood, not coward's sloth!
This vow, fair maid, I swear by thee,
Of truth and love, my star and queen,
Slain shall thy knight crusader be
Ere shame shall come our loves between.
Hark! the rolling drums proclaim
Birth of battle, death of foes!
On! to victory, on! to fame,
Victory leads where valour goes.

Deep in the cloister's sombre shade,
O hear the holy hymn ascend!
And lo! a holy, lowly maid
In prayer before the altar bends!
"O, God of Battles, shield my knight,
Whose sword is drawn for love and Thee,
Be Thou his ward in holy fight,
And bring him, victor, back to me!"
Hark! the holy hymn ascends;
Lo! a maid on bended knee,
"Thou, my knight, O God, defend,
Bring him, victor, back to me."

6. TRIO "The Village Blacksmith" Compton.
GIPSY TRIO.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
Etc., etc.

7. PICCOLO SOLO "Loiseau De Bois" Le Thière.
MR. E. A. SALFORD.
8. SOLO "The Song that reached my Heart" Jordan.
MADAME GELDARD.
I sat 'midst a mighty throng, within a palace grand,
In a city far beyond the sea, in a distant foreign land.
I listened, the grandest strain my ear had ever heard,
Enraptured, charmed, amazed I was, my inmost soul was stirred.
I looked on the singer fair, my heart was at her feet;
She sang of love, the old, old theme, in accents low and sweet,
And then she sang a song that made the tear drop start;
She sang a song, a song of home, a song that reached my heart.
9. RECITAL "Dan, the Stowaway"
Miss MINNIE BEADLE.
10. PART SONG "O, Hush thee my Babie" Sullivan.
PART II.
11. TRIO "Charm of the Mill" Shearman.
GIPSY TRIO.
12. SOLO ON GIGILERA "Sweet Kiss Polka" Kimbel.
Miss MINNIE BEADLE.
13. SOLO "Maggie" M. Darvell.
Miss EMILLIE.
14. DUET "The Brothers" Glover.
MR. F. J. GOODWAY AND MR. FRED GOODWAY.
15. PICCOLO SOLO "Danse de Satyrs" Le Thière.
MR. E. A. SALFORD.
16. SOLO "On the Zuyder Zee" Rocckel.
MADAME GELDARD.
There was once an English maiden,
She stood upon the strand,
When there came a merry Dutchman
A-sailing to the land.
And he cried, "My tear, I love you,
My brite, O will you be?
Will you come to the Zuyder Zee?"
But the maiden she was prudent,
And she curtsied low, and said,
"I should like to know a little more about you ere I wed."
And he cried, "I am a Dutchman,
And de bravest that can be."
And he was! On the Zuyder Zee!
17. SOLO "The White Squall" G. A. Barker.
MR. F. J. GOODWAY.
The sea was bright, and the barque rode well;
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell,
'Twas a gallant barque, with a crew as brave
As ever launch'd on the heaving wave.
She shone in the light of declining day,
And each sail was set and each heart was gay.
They neared the land wherein beauty smiles,
The sunny shore of the Grecian Isles,
All thought of home o' that welcome dear,
Which soon should greet each wanderer's ear;
And in fancy joined the social throng,
In the festive dance and the joyous song.
18. DUET "Broken Pitcher" Pontet.
MADAME GELDARD AND MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS.
19. SELECTION ON THE DULCIMER
Miss MINNIE BEADLE.
20. CHORUS "Wandering Savyords" Taylor.

The Weaver.

A WEAVER sat by the side of his loom
A-flinging the shuttle fast;
And a thread that would wear to the hour of doom
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun,
All jewelled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers,
In the rich soft web were bedded;
And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours,
Not yet were Time's feet leaded!

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly—
For thought had a wearisome spell!

And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain
Was a melancholy grey;
And anon I marked there a tear-drop stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was grey;
And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And dark—and still darker—and darker grew
Each newly-woven thread;
And some there were of a death mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in—
Sighs, down-crushed hopes and fears;
And the web was broken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A-weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And, with glozing words, he to win him strove,
But the weaver turned his eye.

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
And still wove on—on—on!
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head;
And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Laid him down among the dead.

And after I saw, in a robe of light,
The weaver in the sky;
The angels' wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale it nigh.

And I saw 'mid the folds all the iris-hued flowers
That beneath his touch had sprung;
More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond rare;
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown
Were the footprints left by Care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh,
Was left a rich perfume;
And with light from the fountain of bliss in the sky,
Shone the labour of Sorrow and Gloom.

And then I prayed, When my last work is done,
And the silver life-cord riven,
Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one
That I bear with me to heaven.

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TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1890-91.

The Session Commenced on Monday, September 29th, 1890. The Second Term Commenced Tuesday, January 6th, 1891.

The Classes are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each Class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. During the Session, Concerts and Entertainments will be arranged for Students in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings, to which they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Swimming Bath will be reserved for the exclusive use of Students on certain days and evenings in each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which an insufficient number of Students enrol. Each Student on taking out his or her Class Ticket will be provided with a Pass, upon which a deposit of One Shilling must be paid; this Pass must be returned within seven days of the expiration of the Class Ticket, failing which the deposit will be forfeited and the Pass cancelled. Further particulars may be obtained on application at the office of the Institute.

Art Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Perspective Drawing.	and	Tuesday		
*Drawing from the Antique	Mr. Bateman	Thursday		
*Decorative Designing		(Friday)		
*Modelling in Clay, etc.		Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Drawing from Life	Mr. H. Costello	Tues. & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	8 0
*Etching	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Friday	8.0-10.0	15 0
*Wood Carving	Mr. Daniels	Tues. & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Art Metal Wk. & Engraving				

* Per Session. † Per Term of 12 weeks. ‡ Students of the Wood Carving Class must attend a Drawing Class in the Art School one evening per week free of charge.

Trade Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Cabinet-mkg. & Desig. Lec. Workshop	Mr. B. Dent	Thursday	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Carpentry & Joinery, Lec. Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Monday	8.0-10.0	15 0
*Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville & Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklayer	Tues. & Th.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Electrical Engin. Lec. Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E. & Mr. A. Brooker	Monday	7.0-10.0	7 6
*Mech. Engineering, Lec. (Pre.)	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E., Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott (Wh. Sc.)	Thursday	8.0-10.0	6 0
" " Workshop	Mr. C. W. Gamble	(Tues. & Fri.)	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Photography	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	7.30-8.0	14 0
*Plumbing Lecture	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Friday	7.30-8.30	10 0
*Printing (Letterpress)	Mr. C. W. Gamble	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Tailor's Cutting	Mr. G. Taylor	Thursday	8.0-10.0	15 0
*Land Surveying & Levelling	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Tuesday	8.30-10.0	15 0
Sign Writing, Graining, &c.	Mr. Umbach	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Commencing Mar. 13, 1891	8.0-10.0	20 0
	Mr. Sinclair	Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1891).
† Per Course.
‡ Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject.

§ 12s. 6d. for both, but only Members of the Lecture Class will be allowed to join the Workshop Class in Plumbing.

To persons joining the Trade Classes who are not actually engaged in the trade to which the subjects refer, double fees are charged. No one can be admitted to the Plumbing Classes unless he is engaged in the Plumbing trade. The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

Science Classes.

Specially in preparation for the Examinations of the Science and Art Department.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Animal Physiology	Mr. A. J. Evans, M.A., B.Sc.	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Applied Mechanics	Mr. F. G. Castle, A.I.M.E.	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elements	Mr. A. Grenville	"	7.30-10.0	4 0
Chem., Inorg. Theo., Ele. Adv.	"	Tuesday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Theo., Adv.	Mr. D. S. Macnair, Ph. D.F.C.S.	Friday	8.15-10.0	10 6
" " Org., Theoretical	Assistant	Monday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Practical	Mr. G. Pope	"	8.15-10.0	7 6
" " Inorg. & Org. Hons. and Special Lab. Wk. I		M., Tu., Fri.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E., assisted by	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elem.	Mr. F. C. Forth	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tues. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
" " II.	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Magnet. and Elect., Elem.	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and	Monday	8.0-9.0	14 0
" " Adv.	Mr. A. Brooker	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
" " Prac.	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat	Mr. F. G. Castle, A.I.M.E.	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1891).
† Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.
‡ Only Members of these Classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.

Every facility will be given to Students of Chemistry desiring special instruction, or wishing to engage in special work. Students are supplied free with apparatus and chemicals. A deposit of 2s. 6d. will be required to replace breakages. Students desirous of joining this Class will please see Dr. Macnair before enrolling.

Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees.

Musical Classes.

(Under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.)

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Violin	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave, asst. by Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Singing (Advanced)	Mr. W. H. Bonner	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6
" (Sol-fa Not.)	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	5 0
" (Staff Not.)	"	"	8.0-9.0	1 6
*Solo Singing	Miss Delves-Yates	Tu. and Th.	6.0-9.0	15 0
Choral Society	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
*Pianoforte	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Friday	8.0-10.0	1 6
" (Advanced)	Mr. O. Bradley, M.A.	M. T. Th. & F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
Orchestral Society	Mr. W. R. Cave	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
	"	Tu. and Fr.	8.0-10.0	2 0

Pianoforte Tuning arrangements not completed.
* A class for String Quartette playing will also be held by Mr. W. R. Cave. For Term ending 26th March, 1891.

In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

† Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society.

General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic (Advanced)	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Monday	7.0-8.0	2 6
" (Commercial)	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" (Elementary)	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
Book-keeping (Elem.)	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" (Advanced)	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" (Beginners)	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" (Intermediate)	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Civil Service—				
a.—For Telegraph Learners, Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists	Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond.	Thursday	6.30-8.45	10 0
b.—For Boy Clerks, Excise & Customs' Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners)	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.30	12 0
c.—For Excise and Customs' Officers, and Female and Lower Division Clerks	"	{ Tuesday ... 7.45-9.45 } { Thursday ... 7.45-9.45 }		14 0
d.—For Report.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
French, Beginners	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	9.0-10.0	5 0
" " Elemen. 1st Stage	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Elemen. 2nd Stage	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Elemen. 3rd Stage	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Intermediate	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Advanced A	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Advanced B	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Conversational	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
German, Advanced	Herr Dittell	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Intermediate	"	"	6.0-7.30	5 0
Elocution (Class 1)	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
" (Class 2)	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
*Type-Writing	Mr. Kilburne	"	6.0-10.0	10 6

For Term ending 19th December, 1890. * In this subject the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.15-7.0	5 0
"	"	Thursday	7.15-8.45	7 6
"	"	Friday	4.0-5.30	5 0
"	"	Friday	5.0-6.30	5 0
Millinery	Miss Newall	Tuesday	7.0-8.30	5 0
"	"	"	5.30-7.0	5 0
Cookery—Penny Cookery	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.0-9.30	1 0
Lecture	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	10 6
Cookery—High-class Prac.	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0
Practical Plain...	"	Saturday	3.0-4.0	7 6
Reading for Diploma	"	"	"	"
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	3 0

For Term ending March 26th, 1891.

Special Lectures.

SUBJECTS.	LECTURES.	DAYS.	HOURS.	Com- mencing.	Fee per Lec.
Nursing (Women)	Dr. Milne	Mon.	8.0-9.30	Jan. 19	1 6
Ambulance (Men)	"	Tu.	8.0-9.30	Feb. 23	1 0
Machine Design	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M. Inst. M.E.	Fri.	9.30-10.0	Jan. 9	1 6
Univer. Exten. Lectures (particulars shortly)	"	"	"	"	"

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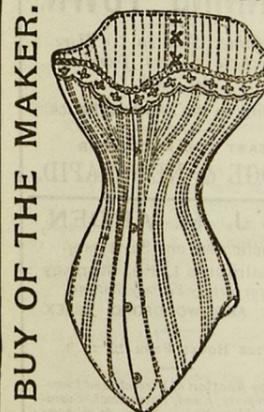
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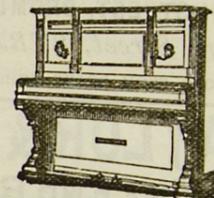
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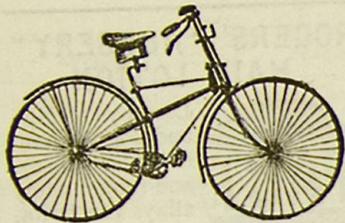
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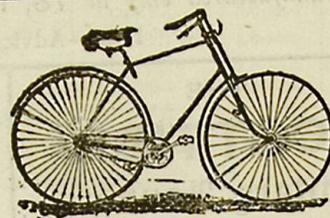
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