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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 13th February.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- SATURDAY, 14th.—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 5, Children's Magic Lantern Entertainment. Admission 1d. —At 8, Concert, P.P. Military Band. Admission 3d., in Rooms 4 and 5.—Rambling Club Social.
- SUNDAY, 15th.—Library open from 3 to 10.—Organ Recitals at 12, 4, and 8.
- MONDAY, 16th.—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, Mr. Scott-Edwardes' Entertainment at 8. Admission 1d., 3d. and 6d.
- TUESDAY, 17th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- WEDNESDAY, 18th.—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, Mr. Alfred Capper's Entertainment. Admission 2d., Students, 1d.—Elocution Social.
- THURSDAY, 19th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Lecture Hall, Elocution Class Open Night.
- FRIDAY, 20th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

ON Monday, February 2nd, Mr. Croft gave a very interesting and amusing entertainment, entitled, "Limelight and Lyrics." The idea was quite original, appropriate songs and music being rendered as the various views were shown on the sheet. Both were good, and were received with pleasure by an appreciative audience.

THE new term for the practical classes in photography commences this week. The class meets each Thursday from 2 till 10 p.m. The fee for the course of 12 lessons is 10s. 6d.

IN connection with the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889 (British Section), we have received the diploma and medal awarded to the People's Palace; the same can be seen by applying at the Secretary's office.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY—Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—We give "Samson" in the Queen's Hall on Saturday, 21st. We hope every member will try to be present at both rehearsals next week, as also at the performance. Barnett's "Ancient Mariner" is in rehearsal, and we hope to do it at an early date. Arrangements for our next "social" will shortly be announced. We have vacancies for a few sopranos and basses who have good voices and read well from either notation.—J. H. THOMAS, Librarian, J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Conductor, Mr. W. R. Cave.—We assist in Handel's "Samson" in the Queen's Hall on Saturday the 21st inst., with the Choral Society; members are requested to be in their seats by 7.45.—PUBLIC NOTICE.—The Secretary will be pleased to hear from musicians who would like to become members of this Society—Terms 2s. per quarter.—WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday, the 7th February, fifty members started at 9.38 from Coborn Road Station, *en route* for Woolwich. The dense mist reminded us unpleasantly of a morning some weeks since, when our intended ramble had to be abandoned on account of a thick fog, which prevented the steam ferries crossing from North to South Woolwich; and on Saturday, before starting, there were some anxious enquiries whether there would be a ramble after all. This time, however, we were quite determined to go to Woolwich, fog or no fog, wet or dry,

for were we not bound for a country stroll, and sure to get clear of fog somewhere? And who cared for the little rain that was falling at the time of starting? Not our members, certainly! Why there was not enough rain to even damp the spirits of our party, if pleased looks, merry chatter, and boisterous fun were to be taken as proof to the contrary. In this frame of mind, we reached North Woolwich, where we found the air much clearer and no rain falling. Crossing the Thames by the G.E.R. Company's ferry, we were landed in the neighbourhood of Woolwich Arsenal. The streets about this part of Woolwich are not at all pleasant, and we walked sharply along the road which bounds the Arsenal till we arrived at Plumstead. Passing through, we found ourselves, to our great relief, on a country road from which could be seen a hill crowned with a fir wood, and towards which we made our way. With the country, our spirits, which had been somewhat flagging during the depressing walk through the town, returned, and, to add to our enjoyment, the sun at this time showed his face through some light clouds. Turning from the road into a lane a couple of tennis balls were produced, and catch-ball was played, a ball occasionally getting thrown over a fence or boundary wall, thereby creating some little excitement until recovered. In this way the time was passed while mounting the hill, where arriving, we found ourselves on Bostall Heath, now the property of the London County Council in trust for the people of London. A short rest was now taken, and games proposed. The majority were in favour of "English v. French," and that game was spiritedly played for an hour, the gorse which abounds here, affording capital cover for attacking parties. At the finish honours were fairly divided, and, after three feeble cheers for the French and three hearty ones for the English, a move was made to a place which had evidently been cleared to form a cricket and football ground. Here we found goals erected, and a solitary youth kicking about a football. He good naturedly allowed our lads to join in the kicking, and for an hour or so this was indulged in by a good number, and some very fair practice was shown in goal keeping and getting. In the meantime, others, were engaged in "hide and seek" and "rounders." It was now time to get towards the station, and a start was made. Woolwich was soon reached. Finding that time allowed, a place was found in which the party could be served with coffee and something to eat. Having partaken of this, a short walk brought us to the pier; heads were counted, and, in ten minutes or so, we were on the return journey, having had a very pleasant outing.—A. G.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last, Feb. 7th, a party of Ramblers met to visit St. John's Gate and Church, Clerkenwell. Notwithstanding the fog which prevailed all the morning, a very fair number turned up, and we were fortunate in finding more daylight than we had expected. Our first objective was the Gate, which we approached by St. John's Lane, and, passing under the archway, entered at the door in St. John's Square (formerly the courtyard of the monastic buildings). The Priory of "The Knights Hospitallars of St. John of Jerusalem" was founded in 1100, and King John resided here in 1212. In 1382 the place was destroyed by Wat Tyler's mob. It was rebuilt at the end of the 15th century by the Prior Docwra, who completed this Gateway in 1504. In general, it remains as originally built; and, in passing through the various chambers, one is surprised at their number and extent, as the outside view is not extensive. The ceilings of the various apartments are crossed by heavy beams, and the old open hearths have an impressive air of antiquity. Over the mantel in one room, is a series of portraits of all the Priors. The room in which the Chapter of the Order now meets is adorned with old armour and paintings. The Order was suppressed in 1540, and during the interval which has elapsed since then the building has passed through many vicissitudes, the gateway having been granted in 1604 to Sir Roger Wilbraham for life; later it was employed as a printing office by Cave, and here the *Gentleman's Magazine* was first published. Dr. Johnson had a room here also, where he wrote for the magazine. The basement on the east side formed part of the Jerusalem Tavern till recently, but has been taken possession of again by the Order, which was resuscitated about 60 years ago under a Royal Charter, and is best known to us now by its ambulance work. We were shown various litters, reclining chairs, and ambulance waggons, in all of which

the arrangements made for the raising, lowering and conveying of patients, without jolting or disturbance of any kind seemed perfect. Leaving the Gates, and crossing the Square, we reached the Church, still in use. It is all that remains of the Old Priory Church. Here we were met by the Rev. Wm. Dawson, M.A., who kindly undertook to guide us, and after pointing out as far as possible the former area of the Priory, led us into the Church. It is a neat square, and has a very modern appearance both outside and in; but this is only in seeming, as in places the old walls are still seen, and the bases of the old columns are shown beneath the present floor, by lifting trapdoors or gratings. In the gallery is a collection of fragments of ornamentation, gargoyles, &c., from the outside walls, and many of these show traces of brilliant colouring and gilding in oriental style. This church was consecrated by Heracles, Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1185. It was during this same visit that he consecrated the Temple Church, he having come over to this country to stir up the faithful to more zeal, and to obtain more funds for the Crusades. We next descended to the crypt, and here a weird effect was produced, each of us being provided with a lighted taper. There are side crypts in the Early English style of architecture, with pointed arches, but the main part is in the late Norman, with round arches. Here is the entrance to a subterranean passage (now filled up with coffins), said to have formerly led to Canonbury Tower, the country house of the Priors of St. John. This crypt is famous as being associated with the Cook Lane Ghost, the body, whose spirit was supposed to wander, being buried here. After thanking the Rector for his kindness, we took our departure, having spent the afternoon pleasantly and profitably. The evening of Saturday next, the 14th inst., will be devoted to social amusements of various kinds, commencing at 7 p.m. sharp.—Saturday, 21st. Charterhouse and St. Bartholomew's Church; meet at Aldersgate Street Station (Met. Ry.), at 2.15 p.m. sharp.

A. McKENZIE, W. POCKETT, Hon. Secs.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.—The improvement which that old-discussed, and much abused element, the weather, is making is gratifying to us all. It certainly is to the members of the People's Palace Cycling Club. The efforts of Old Sol in his endeavours to show he still has a face if not a voice in the matter has awakened the hibernating cyclists from their torpor. His genial influence has so quickened them that a little more attention is being paid to the condition of their old and tried friends, designated "bikes." As is natural at this season of the year, they are treated with but little courtesy. They have, for the most part, been relegated to some lumber room, maybe vertebrae severed from head, and left to rot, and the remains of the remnants of former pastimes of their owner's career. When indeed their master's eye has been cast upon them, their mute appeal brings before his imagination many a pleasant reminiscence connected with country lanes and shady edges. He feels again how refreshing was the stay at the rambling, but pleasant, and peaceful, and peaceful, the coaching days, but now showing signs of glory by reason of the demands of Wheeldon. The appeal is not lost upon him, but conveys, and that with force, the fact (so long as their wheels perform their revolutionary and socialistic task, bringing him in touch with Nature and Nature's teachings, that life is indeed worth living. The matter now of engrossing interest is, what is to be, in 1891, the future of the P. P. C. C.? Is it to eclipse the successes of previous years, or merely retain its present prestige, so honourably won, or is it to exceed the most sanguine expectations of its well-wishers? This depends upon the members individually, for of course it is apparent that schemes, however good, promoted for the Club's welfare, are useless without their service. Besides, the credit and status of the Club reflects proportionately upon the place to which it owes its name.—Members are now called upon to pull themselves together, and to have more *esprit de corps*; in fact, to identify themselves in a greater degree than they have hitherto done with the Club, and to feel incumbent upon them to make some sacrifice, however slight, for its sake. The officers of last year well know the annoyance they experienced by seemingly trivial matters, to wit, want of punctuality in attendance at general meetings, delay in paying fees, and other incidents.—As this present time, the commencement of the new season presents a good opportunity for furthering the pursuit of Cycling, as a whole, they should take advantage of it and bring before their friends the benefits of what is acknowledged to be, by all who have tried it for any length of time, the "King of Sports." There is no reason to doubt, with a little display of thoughtful energy, they could easily beat up recruits. If their zeal is met with indifference, perhaps the greatest enemy of individual man, the enjoyment they, in all probability, would derive as a disciple of wheeling could be pointed out to frequently. Their diligence might be changed into enthusiasm; for not infrequently the hardest she works the sweetest kernel. And the pursuit of Cycling has no small claims to the consideration of thoughtful men, be they young or middle-aged. Perhaps it is not out of place if we attempt to put forth one or two. Herbert Spencer, one of the greatest, if not the greatest philosopher of the age, has spoken very decidedly in its way on "Education" with reference to the importance of physical culture. He shows how mankind has undergone two phases of education, and is now passing through a third, the last epoch, according to him. First, we had force only, when cultivation of intellect was looked upon as a weakness—as effeminate. This was followed by a period of exclusively mental culture, when the care of the physical powers was considered as brutish and consequently discouraged. To this succeeded a distinct change which we are now entering upon—combination of the two faculties, physical

and mental. He says the present *regimen*, the correct one, is growing, and will continue to absorb more and more attention. He who would therefore excel in modern life, or who would even hold his own, must needs an abler pen than mine, nor is it the proper place to descant upon the opinion of a good thinker and perceive the danger of caring for one part of the body at the cost of another, and believing this, say the chance of becoming one of the P.P.C.C. should not be missed.—Our members are composed of workers, labourers by body and hand, who testify to and in a practical manner show their appreciation of the P.P.C.C. by remaining members of it year after year. The advantages to be derived from cycling are very many, especially to students. There is not the extreme fatigue which attends other exercises, as for instance, a long walk. Pedestrian exercise is too slow for the ideas of the nineteenth century; besides the time involved in passing from one place of interest to another is too valuable. No description is needed to portray the special advantages which a town resident has in the possession of the means of enjoying a country outing when he feels so disposed; or when, as is often the case, with sedentary habits he actually needs relaxation. We are sure he would have very great enjoyment indeed in the periodical lunched tours of the Club, besides participating in the social intercourse of its members.—There is another kind of pleasure which the P.P.C.C. has the means of conferring, garden parties. This is a form of recreation that can be indulged in both by old and young, and if we judge by those which have been held, these parties will be yet more popular. So successful, indeed, was the one of last September, that it is proposed to add certain novel features. Congratulations were received from many sources, and we had the somewhat rare experience of having had no dissenters. As we have had information that several rival clubs will this year imitate our course of action we shall greatly extend our hospitality, and our open invitation to all boys and girls will not only confer great pleasure upon the visitors, but bring increased remuneration to the finances of the Club.—Other points of interest could be described suitable to the candidate's taste. If a racing man, the opportunities he would have of carrying off a "pot" at our race meetings could be described. And cycling is, we are glad to say, free from the betting clique and its attendant demoralising influences which unfortunately characterises certain other sports. And if a man's ambition is to attach himself to a Club which in point of numbers stands pre-eminent, it would be a simple matter to refer him to the press describing last year's Woodford meet, and satisfy him with the glory there passed upon the P.P.C.C. (Beaumonts) for their discipline, uniform riding, and their numerical strength, that it is the greatest in the field.

AJAX.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM CLUB.—Our dance, held in the Lecture Hall on the 28th of last month, proved every way a success. There were about seventy present, and a really pleasant time was spent. The excellent band, energetic stewards, and genial M.C. left nothing to be desired.—Last Friday we held our usual social gathering, when, among the large number that attended, it was pleasing to see so many new Members. The songs so charmingly rendered by Miss Hood were much appreciated, and we trust she will favour us again on some future occasion. Our thanks are also due to the Misses Scott, Braunstein, Bonsieur, and Billingsley, whose singing greatly enlivened the evening, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The date for our visit to Newgate is not yet definitely fixed, but as the number of Ramblers will be limited those wishing to join the party should give in their names without delay.—Members who have not already renewed their club tickets must do so at once, the new quarter having well commenced.—ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Captain, REBECCA JOSEPHS, Vice-Captain.

The recital of the music of H.M.S. "Pinafore," by the "Popular Music Union" on Saturday last, was a great success. The Queen's Hall was crowded, and hundreds must have gone away disappointed. Mr. Thomas must be congratulated on having a choir so well in hand and he was fortunate in having the assistance of Mrs. Helen Trust and so many other popular vocalists. The afternoon entertainment for children on the same day was also very successful. We had nearly 1,500 little ones present who were highly pleased with the large and interesting series of dissolving views and effects shown by the magnificent triple lantern belonging to the "Polytechnic," ably manipulated by Mr. C. Reid.—Arrangements have been made for a similar entertainment to-morrow at 5 o'clock; admission One Penny.

Our friends will have noticed the near completion of the new south front, and also of the winter garden; both will be open by Easter.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.—The subjects for our next Exhibition to be held on Tuesday, March 10th, are as follows:—Figure—A boy; Landscape—A view near London; Still Life—A mouldy corner; Design—A lamp-post; Modelling—A lamp-post.—CHAS. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

SIR EDMUND CURRIE'S STUDENTS' TESTIMONIAL FUND.—A Meeting of the Committee and Collectors will be held on Monday next, the 18th inst., at 8.30 p.m.—J. H. THOMAS; S. KEMPER, F. A. HUNTER.

Presentation to Sir Edmund Hay Currie.

OWING to the exigencies of our arrangements with the printers, we were only able to give a very brief report last week, and as we prefer to allow others to speak for us rather than "blow our own trumpet," we append a report which appeared in the *East London Advertiser*—

Always will there be associated with the People's Palace the name of the man to whom East Londoners chiefly owe that great institution in Mile End, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, and when it was known that he had severed his connection with the Beaumont Trust, a public recognition of his services to the people's cause was felt to be only a matter of months. A movement to present Sir Edmund with a suitable testimonial was vigorously set on foot, and brought to a successful issue on Saturday last, when a complimentary dinner was held in the spacious hall of the First Avenue Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. Walter Besant, whose idea of the palace in

"ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN" was subsequently realised by the guest of the evening, Sir E. H. Currie, over one hundred sat down to an admirably served repast, amongst those present being: Messrs. E. Robson, D. A. Low, W. R. Cave, Orton Bradley, C. E. Osborn, R. Mitchell, T. Forth, J. Hayman, F. Hunter, Carman, A. H. Carley, Softley, and Coleman, Mrs. Scrivener, the Misses James, Misses Clifford, Dymond, Dickens, Heinemann, Bradley, and numerous other members of the staff.

After dinner, MR. CHAMBERS, in giving the toast of the "Queen and the Royal Family," referred in appropriate terms to the royal patronage of the People's Palace and its opening by the Queen, and subsequently on rising to propose the toast of "Our Guest," Mr. Walter Besant, who was received with prolonged applause, expressed his sense of the responsibility of the task imposed upon him, and his regret that his chief toast, so important an occasion had not been put into the hands of a more practised orator. That occasion was no ordinary one. They had not met as was often the case to express their sense of duty, but they were there to endeavour spontaneously and heartily to shew to Sir Edmund Currie their heartfelt gratitude for all he had done for the People's Palace. And cycling is, we are glad to say, free from the betting clique and its attendant demoralising influences which unfortunately characterises certain other sports. And if a man's ambition is to attach himself to a Club which in point of numbers stands pre-eminent, it would be a simple matter to refer him to the press describing last year's Woodford meet, and satisfy him with the glory there passed upon the P.P.C.C. (Beaumonts) for their discipline, uniform riding, and their numerical strength, that it is the greatest in the field.

or even in the world. It was a sign of the times, for the spot which had previously been devoted to the needs of the old was now utilised for the needs of the young. Everything of a recreative or educational character was there placed at the disposal of the people of East London. No college in this country was so magnificently supplied with all those things now considered necessary to the proper development of mind or body. With great satisfaction he saw the palace advancing year by year, to be self-reliant and self-sufficient, for he had always felt that they should not go outside their own walls for anything that they wanted. (Hear, hear.) They had their own orchestra, schools, clubs, writers, and in time he believed they would have their classes taught by old scholars. (Applause.) They wanted the palace conducted for the people and by the people. That brought him naturally to the question,

WHAT IS THE PEOPLE? Some grumbler would now and then write to the papers, to ask if the well-dressed, well-behaved audiences who assembled in the palace were the people whom the institution was intended to benefit. But there was no such thing as class or distinction when they spoke of the people of England. Of course there were restrictions when they came to think of the "Submerged Tenth." Other agencies were at work for them. Although they put no restrictions at the top of the tree, they must put restrictions about the bottom. Further, he said the People's Palace was going to be the mother of other palaces all over London and all over the world, as completely equipped as their own. Now there was only one man who was responsible for that great work. Who designed it? Sir Edmund. Who drew the plan? Sir Edmund. Who supplied the technical schools, the bath, the gymnasium, and fathered the great scheme as a whole? Sir Edmund. He was not, reflecting on the work of other people, such as the trustees, who had done noble work manfully, but he maintained it was one man who had made the palace, and that man was their guest that evening. (Hear, hear.) Now they were expressing

THEIR HEARTFELT GRATITUDE for that service which had made the institution permanent in their midst. The more it grew and furnished their world that sense of gratitude remain. They all knew the record of Sir Edmund Currie as a great and noble one in humanity, charity, philanthropy, education, but although there might be many greater things than these, yet there would be nothing upon which they would look back with such solid satisfaction as the People's Palace. (Loud cheers.)—The toast having been heartily drunk, Mr. D. A. Low, on behalf of the staff, presented Sir Edmund Currie with a handsome travelling bag, and a floor lamp for Lady Currie; Mr. F. Hunter, on behalf of the students, with an illuminated address and stationery card together with silver inkstand, for Lady Currie; Mr. E. Wignall, on behalf of the Old Boys' Club, with a pocket-book, and Mr. J. S. Fayers, on behalf of the Junior Section, with a chased plate and bag.—Sir Edmund Hay Currie, on rising to reply was received with prolonged applause. Having expressed regret at the absence of Lady Currie, through illness, he said it was a difficult thing for a man when his heart is full to try and make a speech. During his career he had had to do a great deal of public talking and begging—(laughter)—and so should be used to it, but he felt quite unable to do justice to the subject that evening. When he

LOOKED BACK TO THE CREATION of the palace—a dozen years ago—when the Rev. Joseph Bardsley, then

rector of Stepney, approached him, and asked for assistance in trying to get a portion of the Beaumont trust money to start a recreative and educational work in East London, it all seemed a wonderful story. By the help of the Charity Commissioners they were enabled to get some £14,000, and the trustees were good enough to elect him as their chairman, and he was successful in getting them to make it the nucleus of a great fund. Sir Edmund then paid a tribute to the memory of his first secretary, Mr. Brownlow, and told how they set to work to raise a large sum of money and the liberal response to their appeals. Proceeding he detailed the history of the present institution and noble gift of the Drapers' Company. From that time to the present the palace had grown and grown. They never would have succeeded unless they had all pulled heartily together. If he had one good point it was that he tried to get men to work together. (Hear, hear.) They might have made mistakes; he might have been too sanguine; but they had got through at last. He felt that

THE PALACE WOULD PROSEPER, especially now, as the Drapers' Company had shewn how thoroughly they had the matter at heart. He had been criticised for making it too big, and had been urged to split the money up. But with small affairs he was afraid the money would have been wasted. Nothing went so well as a big thing. What they had done was right, considering they were providing for a million of people. Think what 5,000 class students meant? From such men as Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Snelgrove, and Mr. Osborn, he had received the best of help, and he thanked them warmly for it. Mr. Wignall had that evening presented the boys. Nothing had grieved him so much in leaving the palace as being separated from "his boys," for during the first years of the palace he had had such a happy time amongst them. This was a great work, for he felt if some system could be devised whereby the youths of East London could only be taken in hand when they left school, East London would be different to what it is. Therefore they could understand with what feelings he looked upon the Old Boys' Club and the Junior Section. Let them be quite sure that this evening would remain in his mind during the remainder of his life. It would encourage him. For they were not to think for a moment that he was not coming.

BACK TO EAST LONDON, perhaps not exactly to the palace—that was in good hands, and was doing its work well—but there was plenty of other work to be carried out. Very little time was given to any man, and therefore the period before he would be back would not be a very long one. But it was a good thing for a man to turn round and think a little, in order to see what he can best do. Therefore, he would be back in East London, but not at the palace, perhaps rather more east, in work of a kindred character or approaching it. (Applause.) In concluding, Sir Edmund warmly thanked the company for their appreciative reception of him that evening, and also Mr. Besant for presiding. The only other toast was that of "The Future Prosperity of the People's Palace," briefly proposed by Mr. Robert Mitchell, and honoured enthusiastically.—An excellent programme of music was performed during the evening by Miss Maude Carter, Miss Selina Evans, Mrs. Murray, Miss Evelyn Jay, Mr. H. A. Fernley, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. T. Firth, Mr. J. Discoll, assisted by Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A., and Mr. W. R. Cave.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.—We are pleased to state that, at the invitation of the directors of the Swedish International Gymnastic Fête, to be held in Stockholm in May next, a picked team of the People's Palace Gymnasium will take part, the Drapers' Company having generously offered to defray the expenses of the team. It is impossible to speak too highly of this act of kindness on the part of the governors of our Institution, as the tremendous advantages resulting from a visit to such an important meeting are obvious. It is earnestly hoped that the team will do credit to their trainer, Mr. H. H. Burdett, and to the grand Institution to which they belong. Further particulars will be published shortly. Fancy our Palace gymnasts in Sweden!

No!

THERE'S a word very short, but decided and plain, And speaks to the purpose at once; No child but its meaning can quickly explain, Yet 'tis so hard to pronounce, What a world of vexation and trouble 'twould spare, What pleasure and peace 'twould bestow, If we turned when temptation would win and ensnare, And firmly repulse it with—"No!" When the idler would lure us with fables and plays, To waste the bright moments so dear; When the scoffer unmole our faith would gainsay, And mock at the Word we revere; When deception, and falsehood, and guile would invite, And lusting arguments bestow, Never palter with truth for a transient delight, But check the first impulse with—"No!" In the morning of life, in maturity's day, Whatever the cares that engage, Be the precepts of virtue our guide, and our stay, Our solace from youth unto age, Thus the heart shall ne'er waver, no matter how tried, But firmness and constancy show, And when passion or folly would turn us aside, We'll spurn the base tempter with—"No!"

Cleanings—Grave and Gay.

The correspondent of a scientific journal calculates that during a more than usually dense fog something like ten tons of soot are suspended over the metropolis. But when a rough analysis demonstrates that a good deal of dirt is washed out of the air, a fact which may account for the freshness of the atmosphere after a heavy shower. A patch which had lain in Canonbury during the recent storm was melted, and the residue weighed and examined. The result was that out of eight square inches, two square inches were covered, as London covers one hundred grains of soot were extracted for the whole area—and some portions of the City are in still worse plight—one thousand tons. To cart away this mass of solidified fog, leaving out of all account the snow with which it was mingled, would require one thousand horses, which, if stretched in a line, would extend for four miles. These figures may serve to materialise the facts with which, in a less practical form, most of us are familiar. If, however, the cost of gas consumed during a dense fog such as that of Saturday were taken into consideration, and the money value of the loss of time necessitated by the absence of sufficient light, the injury caused by accidents, and the loss of time and trievable damage to health which the breathing of such a volume of poison-infected air must have caused, were put into a tangible shape, the figures would be perfectly appalling. The joke comes in when we reflect that a good deal of this loss and inconvenience is preventable. Truly, we are a great people!

In spite of all this London has come to be one of the healthiest cities of England, and is far healthier than Paris and other great cities. The death rate is one and one-tenth less than in the next twenty largest towns of the nation. This is a wonderful improvement over the past history of the nation. For the ten years ending with 1710, the death rate exceeded the birth rate, and for the decade ending with 1750, the deaths were in excess by the total of 10,895. Even as late as 1800 the excess of deaths over births for the decade was 1665.

We talk of red tape in this country, but we can't hold the candle to the Italians. The officialism of the bureaucracy appears more like burlesque than real life. We are told in a report from Palermo that buckets of sea water for a child's bath have been objected to by excisemen through fear of endangering the Government monopoly of salt. In a time of cholera a gun-barrel was not allowed admission to the island without passing through the fumigating-room, and it is said that a track load of chloride of lime for disinfecting purposes had to go through the same purifying process. Perhaps the most amusing instance, although a grim one, is that of the stoppage of the body of a man who was being taken within the precincts of a town for burial, because it had to be decided whether duty might not be payable on it as meat. A gentleman and his wife were stopped at the frontier to give account of some bonnets belonging to the lady, because "there was not sufficient grease on the articles to denote that they had been worn." Of another class of case we are told of a traveller who arrived at a roadside railway station a few minutes after the time advertised for the train to start. If the man was late, the train was later, and had not arrived. A ticket was refused on the ground that if the train had been punctual the traveller could not have caught it, and therefore no ticket could be given. And the man saw the train come in and go away without him, because he was not allowed to travel without a ticket.

A REFERENCE to *Whittaker's Almanack*, 1890, p. 332, will show that in 1888 over thirty-nine millions' worth of meat, butter, cheese and eggs were imported, and over six millions' worth of fruit and vegetables. The cruel point and irony of the statement lies in the fact that a good deal of this money might be kept in the country did the railway companies offer the same facilities of transit to home, as they do to foreign, producers. The railway companies who are also ship-owners, carry foreign goods at so low a rate as practically to exclude native agricultural produce from the market; and in this way hundreds of truck-loads of foreign vegetables, when in season, may be counted passing through the Basingstoke and other stations on the South-Western Railway, whereas the rates are prohibitive of the produce of the gardens and allotments of the agricultural labourer. If those rates which so extend the extension of allotments and agricultural holdings are in earnest, they should first take the steps necessary to make them remunerative. The first step certainly seems to be in the direction of either doing away with railway monopoly altogether, or rigidly controlling it. Perhaps the first step might be to institute a uniform rate for the conveyance of vegetables and other cottage produce on the lines of the Parcels Post.

A GOOD many people, who never publish books themselves, seem to suppose that they cost nothing, or at least may be had for the asking. It is the common experience of popular writers, and their publishers to be invited by the secretary of some public library to send him gratuitously his collected works, which, he writes, "I have reason to believe will be very much appreciated in this locality." He does not even offer to pay the carriage of the volumes from town. Mr. James Payn, in *The Illustrated London News*, writes amusingly about the experiences of authors. Quoting from *The Author* he says:—"A man writes: 'I am extremely fond of getting books from authors. May I hope you will kindly give me one of yours, and add to its value in my eyes by writing my name in it?' One would think that the force of impudence in the literary direction could not further go. But it often goes very much further."

ARKOPUS of this amiable weakness Tom Hood used to tell a story:—"I was once asked to contribute to a new journal, not exactly

gratuitously, but at a very small advance upon nothing—and a wretchedly because the work had been planned according to that estimate. However, I accepted the terms conditionally—that is to say, provided the principle could be properly carried out. Accordingly, I wrote to my publisher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of cheap literature and the interest of the reading public, that they should furnish me with their several commodities at a very trifling per centage above cost price. I will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher: "Sir,—Respect your note, cheap literature BE BLOWED! Butchers must live as well as other peep—and if so be you or the readin' publick wants to have meat at prime cost, you must lay your own beastness, and kill yourselves.—I remaine, etc., "JOHN STOKES."

THE Bank of England (says Mr. S. H. Preston in *Chambers's Journal*) is custodian of a large number of boxes deposited by customers for safety during the past two hundred years, and in not a few instances forgotten. Many of these consignments are not only of rare intrinsic and historical value, but of great romantic interest. For instance, some years ago the servants of the Bank discovered in its vaults a chest which, on being moved, literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents, a quantity of massive plate of the period of Charles II. was discovered, along with a bundle of love-letters indited during the period of the Restoration. The directors of the bank caused search to be made in their books; the representative of the original depositor of the box was discovered, and the plate and love-letters handed over. No complete list of these unclaimed boxes has ever been published.

A CAPITAL Stanley story comes to us from America. The great explorer has been lecturing in the town of Scranton, Pennsylvania, and was just going through the usual reception ceremonies. Among those who came up to shake hands with him was a wealthy manufacturer named Hendrick. Quoth he, after the usual courtesies: "Mr. Stanley, one of the things in your book, 'In Darkest Africa,' that interested me most was your vivid account of the sufferings of your party in 'Starvation Camp'; but one thing I never could understand. When your men were dying for want of food, why didn't they fish, since they were so near the river?" Mr. Stanley's face was a study. He looked at his questioner as if dazed by a blow. "Why!" he exclaimed, and then hesitated in evident surprise and consternation for several moments; "why, I don't believe anyone ever thought of it!" The reply suggested to the American manufacturer the caustic remark, "Mr. Stanley, the next time you form an exploring party take a Yankee with you."

WE have all been brought up to believe that the typical Yankee of the stage and the novel is in the habit of taking repose by sitting—on his head. I was going to say, but at all events—with his legs on a mantelpiece level with his "upper storey." Asleep, one supposed he adopted the popular plan, resting with his head raised on a pillow. This course, too, I have always understood, received the concurrent sanction of all medical authorities, but it is now stated that an American doctor advocates raising the feet higher than the head, as the only rational position for sleeping. If this be correct, manufacturers of bedsteads and bedding should lose no time in making provision for the change which ought to ensue in the habits of the people. But who shall decide when doctors disagree? After all, perhaps, the present custom will last a little longer.

THE Great Siberian Railway which will closely connect Europe with the teeming millions of China, Japan, and Eastern Asia, will be commenced this spring. The total length of the line will be 4,810 miles, and the cost about thirty-two million pounds. The commercial and political importance of the undertaking is greater than most people suppose. It will not only help to open out the immense resources of Southern Siberia, but will enable Russia to compete more successfully for the Japanese and Chinese carrying and import trade. Goods that are now sent by sea to Europe can ten years hence be carried overland into Europe if this railway is made, and a good deal of the Chinese carrying trade will go into the hands of Russia. A large portion of the railway will run through millions of acres of the finest virgin soil, over immense rivers, primeval forests which have never been cut, and through countries abounding in mineral and vegetable wealth. When the line is ready it will be possible to work the rich gold, silver, iron, copper, and plumbago mines of Eastern Siberia, which have hardly yet been touched in consequence of the scarcity of labour and the absence of machinery. The rich and fertile regions of the Amoor and Usuri, which boast of a climate as fine as that of France, will then be open to colonists, and also millions of acres of land which are at the present moment almost unpopulated. It will also then be possible to visit China or Japan in about a fortnight from Central Europe, with all that comfort that is attached to railway travelling in Russia.

THE Rev. Stewart D. Headlam writes, "On Thursday, at the School Board, we had a clear proof that landlords were going mad." A memorial was presented, signed by the Duke of Westminster and the others, protesting, on the ground of expense, against the teaching, among other subjects, of singing and cooking to the children of the people! It does not seem to have struck the Duke that, in stead of giving up the teaching of these useful subjects, the overburdened ratepayer may prefer to have some portion of the rates at least assessed upon those huge ground values which industry and the growth of the population create, and landlords monopolise.

The Technical World.

THE HON. MAUDE STANLEY has opened a new girls' club in Dorset Street, Whitechapel. The house is prettily decorated, and comprises well-furnished rooms and a private sanatorium for the resident superintendent, a lady mission worker connected with Spitalfields Church. The Club will be open every night and also every afternoon for the junior members, little girls from the neighbouring schools. The evenings will be devoted to recreation, consisting of singing and games, needlework, musical drill, and reading and writing lessons. Miss Pitt, the resident worker, addressed the girls on the opening night. Miss Stanley gave an interesting account of the growth of her flourishing club in Greek Street, Soho, which has now about 200 members. The club was started ten years ago, being the first of the kind in London. Miss Stanley passed round a beautiful gold brooch with the badge of the club, a snowdrop and two balls, denoting ten years' membership, which was presented to her by the members of her Soho club last year to commemorate the tenth year of the club's existence.

THE Countess of Lathom recently presided over the Annual meeting of the Liverpool Ladies' Association. The annual report states that during the past year a large number of girls in the Belvidere Road Home and in Victoria House have been started in life. A union of all the existing girls' clubs has been formed for mutual help, and an annual competition among the girls arranged. The balance-sheet shows a debit balance of £34 17s. 7d. Lady Lathom, in the course of her address, expressed her deep interest in the work of the Society, and made an earnest appeal for pecuniary assistance.

THE *Star*, touching upon the question of the proposed grant of the London County Council to technical education, undoubtedly puts its finger on a weak spot when it says that principally what the movement in the direction of technical education requires is a re-modelling of our whole educational system, so that right from top to bottom it shall be better adapted to the requirements of the day. It is as much a matter of the elementary school as of the polytechnic institution; of the day-to-day habit and character of the education of the child as of the special training of the adult.

ELEMENTARY school education is, taken as a whole, too much what is required for the clerk and too little what is required for the artisan. If the higher technical education to which it is proposed to devote part of the beer and spirit dues is to have effect it must deal with a population prepared to take advantage of it. The powers of observation must be more cultivated in our elementary schools than at present. There the tendency of the code and of the system has been to cultivate the memory much more than the observation; and much of the over-work in schools both of teacher and of pupil arises therefrom. Accuracy of manipulation depends largely on observation, which is therefore the foundation of all good workmanship. We want the extension of the methods of the kindergarten system and a large increase of object lessons, and of lessons in elementary science; and specially we want development along lines both old and new, whereby the power of manipulation and general handiness of the pupils may be increased. The power of making the hand and eye act together, which is so well developed by a sensible system of drawing, for instance, may be assisted in many other ways in which it is not at present utilized in English schools, and forms one of the most valuable elements not only of preparatory technical but of general mental training.

TECHNICAL teaching has its limitations. It cannot teach a man his trade. It can never supplant the training given in the workshop. But it can supply the workman with a mind trained, and trained specially in the matters with which he has to deal. Such a man is most useful both to himself and to the nation; and it is the nation's duty to see that the means of obtaining such a training are at his disposal, and whether they be supplied out of the proceeds of the beer and spirit dues, or in some other way, the matter is undoubtedly one which presses for solution.

A DAY or two ago the Lord Mayor distributed prizes at the Mansion House to thirty-eight boys of the London elementary schools, who had excelled in manual training at the classes established and maintained by the Joint Committee on Manual Training appointed by the London School Board, the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, and the Worshipful Company of Drapers. The prizes consisted of baskets of tools and books, their total value being £20. Mr. J. R. Diggle, Chairman of the School Board, in addressing the meeting, stated that the experiment of manual training could not have been tried but for the munificence of the Technical Institute and the Drapers' Company. He hoped that the youngest municipal body of London would imitate the oldest in this matter. It was rumoured that the London County Council thought of giving £1,000 out of the windfall that had come to them under the Excise Act. He thought such a sum failed of the original intentions of the legislators. He explained that the School Board were not allowed to spend money on manual training, but had lent their schools for the purpose, the Technical Institute and the Drapers' Company providing the funds. The teachers of the classes were artisans, excepting in one case in which the school teacher had qualified himself for giving practical instruction. The training consisted entirely of woodwork, and many beautiful specimens were on view at the meeting. The object was to train the hand and eye, and not to teach any trade. The Lord Mayor, in responding to a vote of thanks, spoke of the popularity that manual instruction would give to the schools, tending to increase the attendance at them.

Among Books and Periodicals.

BERTHA WYNCHESTER, by Edith Cornforth (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, 1s. 6d.), is somewhat unequal stuff, but with not a few powerful touches. The heroine does not believe in equality; nor do we: there is no such thing in nature. But she does believe in the divine right of each man to attain his highest, the limit being only the degree of receptivity and expansion, which, practically, is limitless. But she sees how wealth, power, and poverty helplessness; how selfishness seems the crowned monarch, and mutual rights and opportunities the dream of an enthusiast. There is no doubt much, far too much, of truth in the view thus expressed, and did not one look forward a little, the thought would be utterly saddening. But, side by side with the pessimist outlook, in which one sees, as in all transition periods, the rampant recrudescence of a most hateful and doubtless self-hisness in all human intercourse, which *thinks*, if it does not say, "I take as much and give as little as I can,"—side by side, we say, with such a pessimism, we have an optimism which knows that the dreams of enthusiasts have always preceded human emancipation of every sort. Dreamers' eye! but have not the world's enthusiasts dreamt to some purpose? Lather, Paul, Jesus—all the world's reformers, were infidel and dreamers and mad to the age in which they lived. Hence we need not despair; in truth we only see one little section of God's Great Picture of Life. Even, however, with our limited vision, those who regard the lines can discern in the present-day unrest and upheaval of society, in the conflict between capital and labour, in the struggle between Church and State, in the revolutionary outbreaks of Socialism and Nihilism the world over—in all these, and more, one can read two patent facts: dissatisfaction with things as they are, and a striving for something better. The dream, therefore, of a time when mutual rights and equal opportunities shall be the lot of all by no means idle. Meantime, while dreaming, Bertha Wynchester worked, and, working, found frequent calls of service. We can warmly commend the volume, which is very tastefully "got up."

MECHANICAL TURNING, by a Foreman Pattern Maker (Whittaker and Co.). The last addition to "Whittaker's Library of Arts, Sciences, Manufactures, and Industries," sustains in every respect the reputation of the series. First and foremost, it is conceived in a thoroughly practical spirit; plain language, accurate description, and apt pictorial illustration are its chief characteristics, and these will, we are sure, be fully appreciated in our engineers' shops. The author professes confidently himself to explaining and illustrating the practice of plain hand-turning and slide-rest-turning, and makes no attempt to deal with the ornamental. There are chapters on the lathe, on tools and tool angles, on chucks and chucking, and on hand and slide-rest-turning, boring and screw cutting—in short, *Metal-turning* is in brief the experience of a practical man gained during a twenty-nine years' service in all departments of engineering work.

ELECTRIC LIGHT INSTALLATIONS, by Sir D. Salomons, Bart. (Whittaker & Co., 6s.). This is the sixth edition, revised and enlarged (it bulks as three to one on the first edition), of a very useful text-book on the practice of electric lighting and the management of accumulators. The result of the author's experience extends over a long career, as regards the last-named department, is especially valuable, handbooks on the subject being conspicuous only by their absence. The book has also the advantage of being copiously illustrated.

ELECTRIC BELLS, AND ALL ABOUT THEM, by S. R. Botton (Whittaker & Co., 3s.). "A practical book for practical men"—so the author says, and he certainly, in our opinion, makes no undue claim. As we have already commended the volume in these pages there is little to add; except, perhaps, to point out that, in these days, when electricity seems booming ahead, all that concerns the subject is of interest to the general, as well as the specialist reader, in which connection let us state that this little volume will meet the requirements of both classes.

THE CHURCHWARDEN'S DAUGHTER, by Rev. J. W. Kayworth (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, 3s. 6d.). A cheap, well got-up book, and an interesting story of present-day Methodism, though possibly cast on somewhat too controversial a line to suit most people. But it is one of the kind of paper to make a world, so the book will, without doubt, find plenty of readers to whom it will appeal with especial force.

HOW LONDON LIVES, by W. J. Gordon (Religious Tract Society). It is an old-standing joke that most Londoners have seen little, and know less of their own "home" than numbers of people who live thousands of miles away from the great metropolis. Be this as it may, there will be less question as to the prevailing ignorance of the methods by which the huge human hive of four to five millions of people is kept in working order. Mr. Gordon aims at being a shining light in the midst of all this Egyptian darkness; and, truth to tell, the success admirably. Most of his chapters,—"How London is Fed,"—"How London is Cleaned,"—"The Lighting of London,"—"The London Police,"—"A Day at the Post Office," and numerous others—are exhaustive and full of instruction. As far as we have been able to test it, the information he gives is accurate. The book is well worth buying.

He that will not reason is a bigot, he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave.—*Drummond.*

RELIGIOUS contention is the devil's harvest.—*French Proverb.*

EVERYBODY knows worse of himself than he knows of other men.—*Johnson.*

The Ministry of Pain.

"Oh that I were as in months' past!"—Job xxix. 2.

It is a trite saying that pain is a great teacher. The ailments and diseases of the human body have necessitated continual research into the secrets of nature, and given birth to many new sciences. Man by the ministry of pain has learned more about his own nature and condition than anything else could have taught him. Equally conspicuous have been its results in spiritual experience. The varying circumstances and the vicissitudes of life have been fruitful in revealing us to ourselves. If they cannot be said to create, they, at all events, bring into consciousness the distinction between the outward and the inward life. The true self stands forth from the background of its own phases and circumstances. If "comparing themselves with themselves" be not a very advanced exercise in spiritual knowledge, it is nevertheless indispensable in order to progress therein. For

"Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

I. JOB'S RETROSPECT.

All the world has heard of the "patience of Job." For him through long ages was reserved the primacy of grief until "the Man of Sorrows" came. Not the greatness of his calamities but the divine endurance of them, has made the example immortal. Like his glorious Antitype, he "endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

1. *How immense was the change he had experienced!* But a little before he appears in all the gracious dignity and patriarchal abundance of an Arabian emir. According to the chronology of his age and country, his was an enviable lot, lacking in scarcely anything that could be desired by a noble and devout nature. Truly "this man was the greatest of all the men of the East." Then came the appointed trial. Satan first "touched all that he had," sparing only himself (i. 12). Yet "Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly" (i. 22). Then he proceeded by Divine permission to "touch his bone and his flesh," saving only his life (ii. 4-6). Stricken with boils, the wretched one sat among the ashes; yet "in all this did not Job sin with his lips" (ii. 7, 10). By the first dispensation he lost cattle, asses, camels, servants, sons, and daughters; all, in short, in which the wealth and power of a desert chieftain, the happiness and interest of a simple pastoral life, might be said to consist. By the next, he was condemned to solitude, contempt, and misery. In an incredible short space of time he passed from the summit of prosperity to the depths of adversity. It might seem as if nothing could add to such unhappiness, until the three friends appeared upon the scene to torment him with their statements of his past sins, and their shallow yet dogmatic judgments upon his supposed depravity.

2. *All this was in the greater contrast with his previous lot because of its comparative suddenness.* Troubles thickened about his devoted head, the situation developed with startling rapidity, as is usual in epic writings, and almost ere he had time to realize what had taken place, the "horror of great darkness" descended upon him. Not years, but months, had been sufficient to render him desolate: "Oh that I were as in months past!"

3. *Consider the standpoint from which these events were regarded.* In the patriarchal or legal view of such a problem, the material and the spiritual conditions were considered to be closely connected. Conduct had material and temporal recompenses, and the circumstances of a man were generally looked upon as indicative of his desert. Amongst primitive peoples, sudden calamity is even now apt to be pronounced a judgment; and there are never wanting among ourselves those who in superstitious wantonness will say, "He has sinned."

4. *Apart from its special circumstances, it was a typical human experience.* There are few human beings who are strangers to adversity. "There's a crook in every lot." The very variation of experience which is so great a cause of happiness, is also a source of misery. There are some, alas! who have special cause to exclaim, "Oh that I were as in months (or years) past!" I have had been luckless. They may be even as those who have "made shipwreck of faith." Well may they exclaim:—

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill."

II. JOB'S REBUT.

A man may be comparatively happy and useful still, and yet think with sorrowful longing of some time, it may be long ago, it may be but a little while back, when he was far more so, or what is much the same, imagines that he was. It is not sinful to feel this; indeed, it is often impossible to avoid doing so. But our sorrow ought to be unto repentance if the change is due to our own misdeeds, and ought to bear fruit in increased earnestness and diligence.

1. *To how we perceive the unrest of a spiritual nature.* Do we wonder at it? It is a common experience; nay, it has its root in the essential conditions of sainthood. There is rest for the saint in God. The promises have not failed. It is only with himself he is dissatisfied. He has not made the best of his advantages; or he is so sensible of his own defects that he "presses toward the mark."

2. *Is such a longing vain?* Surely not; anything is better than a sense of finality, or the inertness to which it often gives rise. In itself which may be no proof of actual holiness, may be nothing upon which to pride oneself; but if it stir us up to new fervour, and quicken our "first love," it is the promise of better things to come, as it is the witness within us that God has not left us wholly to ourselves.

Our goal is not a worldly one. No day that dawns upon us here may wholly remove the pain that attaches to our recollection of days that have been "as the days of heaven upon the earth." It may still be ours many a time, even in seasons of spiritual well-being and joy, to sigh over past unfaithfulness, or communions with God that were as Pentecosts, or the "third heaven" of Paul of Tarsus. Yet let us cherish the sure and certain hope of His coming, who shall "turn the winter of our discontent to glorious summer."

Sorrow and Song.

OVER the narrow foot-path

That led from my lowly door,
I went with a thought of the Master,
As oft I had walked before.
My heart was heavily laden,
And with tears my eyes were dim;
But I knew I should lose the burden
Could I get a glimpse of Him.

It was more than I could carry,
If I carried it all alone;
And none in my house might share it—
Only One on the throne.
It came between me and pleasure,
Between my work and me;
But our Lord could understand it,
And His touch could set me free.

Over the trodden pathway,
To the fields all shorn and bare,
I went with a step that faltered,
And a face that told of care.
I had lost the light of the morning,
With its shimmer of sun and dew;
But a gracious look of the Master
Would the strength of morn renew.

While yet my courage wavered,
And the sky before me blurred,
I heard a voice behind me
Saying a tender word.
And I turned to see the brightness
Of heaven upon the road,
And sudden I lost the pressure
Of the weary, crushing load.

Nothing that hour was altered,
I had still the weight of care;
But I bore it now with the gladness
Which comes of answered prayer.
Not a grief of the soul can fetter,
Nor cloud its vision, when
The dear Lord gives the spirit
To breathe to His will, Amen.

O friends! if the greater burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should His wonderful goodness
Our halting credence slight?
The little sharp vexations,
And the briars that catch and fret,
Shall we not take to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

The best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

In this world a man is likely to get what he gives. Men's hearts are like a whispering gallery to you. If you speak softly a gentle whisper comes back; if you scold you get scolded. With the measure you mete it is measured to you again.

ADVERSITY is of no use to some men, and prosperity is of no advantage to others. Experience is wanting to both, and the cloud and the rainbow are misconceived alike; the former is no token of darkness, the latter no covenant of peace.

TIME never works; it eats, and undermines, and rots, and rusts, and destroys. But it never works. It only gives us an opportunity to work.

SOME one truly says, the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go, is to travel that way sometimes himself.

A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

(Continued from page 87; commenced January 16th—back numbers can be had on application at the Office.)

CHAPTER V.

A COOLNESS now ensued between Demotte and myself, lasting for several weeks. Certain affairs, however, relating to real-estate investments in which we were mutually interested brought us periodically together, and at last I broke the ice with one stout blow. Our acquaintance, I told him, would be impossible on these distant and formal terms. We must either become fully reconciled or we must once and for all separate.

A kind of terror came into Floyed Demotte's face as he listened to me. I felt then how much he cherished my friendship. He almost burst into tears a moment later, and while seizing my hand in his own declared quite brokenly that he had been to blame, and yet that his admonition and his prophecy, ill advised though both might have appeared, had had the one excuse of warm and profound regard.

"Well," I said, pressing his hand with a smile, "I'm glad you don't think, after all, that I am the threatened victim of madness."
"No. That was only a dread which flashed upon me, and at a moment's warning, as it were. There seems to be so ominous, darksome and despotism, 'no thoroughfare' lifted above the bodily border-line of infinity! One might indeed fancy that any mere mortal who, presumptuously crossed it would leave not so much hope as reason behind him!"

"Oh!" was my laughing exclamation, notwithstanding that Demotte's words and his infliction of them had both touched me by their gravity and sombre cadence. "I trust you won't accuse me of trying to overleap that border-line. Infinity is a very large word; in fact, it isn't in the dictionary of modern science at all; she only has what Herbert Spencer would call a symbolic conception of it."

"But the discovery of which you spoke?"
"You may be sure that if I am ever fortunate enough to make it, infinity will lie no nearer to me in the end than was the western horizon to Columbus after he had put an ocean between himself and Spain."

"Some day you shall tell me of your plan and of how you expect to compass it," said Demotte. There was a faintly gleeful ring in his voice which he tried to repress. Our reconciliation gave him exquisite pleasure. I knew

"Perhaps I will tell you," I said.
But I did not mean the words. I secretly felt that while my truly vast idea was in embryo, to describe would somehow be to desecrate it. I cannot remember just when its magnitude and originality first took full possession of my mind, but there was no single primæval throbb of conception preceding its clearer self-portrayal in thought. The entire process had, I think, been as gradual as the nourishment of a tree by rain. Still, thus far I had accomplished little. My experiments verifying Faraday's molecular theory with regard to electricity may have quickened in me the germ of my own far-different hypothesis. And yet when I consider how Faraday asserts that electricity has no existence whatever, but that the phenomena which we declare to be electrical are the result of properties and motions born of the molecules of matter themselves, I can hardly trace any analogy whatever between my peculiar conclusions and these broadly divergent premises. Still, it was, I think, undoubtedly a close study of the polarized condition of molecules that first turned my attention toward forces of human vitality—those subtle and amazing energies which exist either in the brain-tissues or the muscular anatomy of man—and so induced that primary and almost intuitive train of argument. However this may be, I had found myself absorbed in meditations on the one supremely attractive question of why and how, from the invisible nerve-centres of cerebral electricity, motor and sensory qualifications are for ever springing.

Schopenhauer's assertion of the "will to live" pushing itself up from the unknown into a million forms of organic and inorganic matter had strangely charmed without by any means convincing me; for what, after all, is Schopenhauer but a magnificent ascendant in philosophy? Kant, who dreamily German is the real foundation of his superb "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung"! Still, that incomparable potency which we see manifested in the winking of an eyelid, in the giving to man a poem like "Hamlet," or in the generalship that won Austerlitz, might all be the same as regards kind. I began more than deeply to ponder this element of invariable similitude pervading all human action, whether physical or mental. If it all rose from a single vital principle, I asked myself, why should this vital principle not be understood, in time, at least as well as electricity is understood now? If, as some physicists would have us credit, all life is dependent upon a certain electro-magnetic force in nature, why might not the cogency which causes me to walk across my laboratory, from a Leyden jar in one corner of it to a torsion electrometer in another corner of it, be akin with that which sends a translatable message across three thousand leagues of sea? Is electricity, I again asked myself, really light, heat, and all other forces? Then why is it not intelligence—human intelligence as well—brought into contact with those cells of the brain which are otherwise effete as a stone or a log?

It is impossible for me here to elucidate the scientific origin of my early intuitions. This demands not merely an intimate knowledge of the higher mathematics, such as I myself possessed, but it also requires an acquaintance with the technical processes and nomenclature employed by trained adepts in other kindred studies. Still, it is my intention to write out, as a faithful appendix of these memoirs, every

detail of the calculations and deductions by which I arrived at my present unmatched place among the loftiest thinkers of this or any period. Such a statement may sound like vanity; but how far from the least semblance of vanity actually it is, posterity shall both learn and admit. I do not advance this belief. I declare.

Meanwhile, I persevered with my experiments, and Demotte at the same time frankly deplored himself as once more my devoted friend. I would occasionally accompany him in his pilgrimages to the book-shops, though I satiated his company with a persistency of ridicule which he always bore good-naturedly. One day, as we sat to me,

"If you cared for good books, Douglas, I would ask you to go with me where we could see them in really splendid profusion."

"Good books!" I cried. "Oh, how amusingly you collectors abuse terms! Good books are books good enough to read for ideas they contain, not for the archaic suggestions of their print and bindings. . . . But where is this treasure-house to which you refer, Floyed?"

"It is a private dwelling in Clinton Place; its proprietor is named Adam Hadley."

"That name is somehow familiar," I said.

"No doubt. Hadley has compiled a most exhaustive biographical cyclopaedia of prominent Americans, from the early colonial times until now."

A day or two later Demotte and I crossed the threshold of Adam Hadley's residence. Clinton Place was once the placid domain of Knickerbocker respectability, but now signified as when quiescence and snicker-brudered their commercial gilt over doorways and windows. The Hadley house, with its antiquated arch of entrance and the pervasive suggestion of having its bricks joined together by mortar at least fifty years old, had once risen among many prim companions, of marked resemblance each to each. But the quiet of a restaurant in which you trade had unmercifully pushed westward towards University Place, invading chambers that for many years had been almost sanctified by the sweetest domestic privacies. Adam Hadley's house now stood quite deserted by its former highly reputable associates. On one side of it sprawled the immense advertisement of a Franco-American café, which had a basement where lager-beer and absinthe were equally distributed to customers, and an upper storey where a *table-d'hôte* dinner at sixty cents, with wine included, offered bewildering attractions. On the other side flared a galleon whose colossal gold letters assured even the most languid passer that "Robes et Manteaux" were here procurable. Just across the street gleamed the windows of a restaurant in which you saw uncooked beef-steaks and sanguinary mutton-chops made spectacular with lanches of crisp-leaved and marble-stalked celery, not to speak of scarlet lobsters brilliantly effete on plinths of dripping ice. Clinton Place had unquestionably become mercantile. But Adam Hadley's house had not. It was as drowsy and dignified as when quiescence and not turmoil was the keynote of its neighbourhood. I had no sooner gone into the front drawing-room with Demotte than I began to understand how justly he had described the whole exceptional interior. Here was the old-fashioned American "parlor," and yet all the coigns of vintage which our grandfathers and grandmothers loved to fill with wax flowers in glass cases, or posed in their two from tropic climates, were unreluctantly invaded by books. Books confronted you everywhere. The walls were lined with them half-way toward the ceiling, in row after row. A large central table was piled with folios; on the floor, close against the lower shelves of the book-cases rose piles of large volumes which no private library could well find accommodation for. And presently Mr. Hadley himself appeared, welcoming Demotte with an outstretched hand that made me think of nothing so much as of a wrinkled leather book-binding. His face was somehow the shape of a book; I have never seen so square a face, nor one so preternaturally solemn. He had a little bent figure, and the dull eyes under his tired, drooped lids bore a sluggish, inkly blackness that recalled a large burro. O in imperfect print. He somehow seemed a part of his books; his clothes were dusty and his shirt-cuffs revealed the slight raggedness at their edges which easily reminded one of a book's uncut leaf. He talked with Demotte of books, only books, for nearly twenty minutes, and my own curiosity, being given me, was not satisfied until I had recognition of the acquaintance which our friend had duly established between us. He had a little dry laugh, like the crackle of a stiff book-page when you turn it quickly, and he used this laugh a good many times while he told my friend of an extraordinary *trouvailla*, a wonderful bargain, which had lately befallen him in John Street, or Ann Street, or some "down-town" quarter like that. I am quite ignorant of the whole singular and unexplainable cult, but, unless I mistake, Mr. Hadley was boasting that he had procured a Horace or an Ovid in *petit format*, or something of this nature, with the Elzevir date of 1629. Demotte shook his head a good many times, declaring the lucky windfall a clear impossibility. I was greatly bored, and began taking some of the beautifully-bound volumes from their resting-places and examining them. Presently Mr. Hadley asked me if I cared for books, but in so wandering a way that I felt the question to have been somehow stimulated by a whispered suggestion on the part of Demotte. I was about to answer the little desiccated individual, when he suddenly put one yellow hand on my friend's shoulder and pointed to the next room. In the next room, where rows of books presented themselves just as amply as before, and piles of folios were still more frequent, the pieceless little duodecimo about which this tedious wrangle had been waged was finally produced and shown. Demotte eyed it at certainly twenty different angles of vision, and after twice confidently stating it to be spurious at last declared it genuine. A new way of regarding it, however, appeared to rouse his doubt once more; and then, losing patience, I rather explosively said,—

Mr. Stiver's Horse.

This other morning at breakfast, Mrs. Perkins observed that Mr. Stiver, in whose house we live, had been called away, and wanted to know if I would see to his horse through the day.

I knew that Mr. Stiver owned a horse, because I occasionally saw him drive out of the yard, and I saw the table every day, but what kind of a horse I didn't know. I never went into the stable for two reasons: in the first place, I had no desire to; and, secondly, I didn't know as the horse cared particularly for company.

I never took care of a horse in my life, and had I been of a less hopeful nature, the charge Mr. Stiver had left with me might have had a very depressing effect; but I told Mrs. Perkins "I will do it."

"You know how to take care of a horse, don't you?" said she.

I gave her a reassuring wink. In fact, I knew so little about it that I didn't think it safe to converse more fluently than by winks.

After breakfast I seized a toothpick and walked out toward the stable. There was nothing particular to do, as Stiver had given him his breakfast, and I found him eating it so I looked around. The horse looked around, too, and stared pretty hard at me. There was but little said on either side. I hunted up the location of the feed, and then sat down on a peck measure, and fell to studying the beast. There is a wide difference in horses. Some of them will kick you over and never look around to see what becomes of you. I don't like a disposition like that, and I considered if Stiver's horse was one of them.

When I came home at noon I went straight to the stable. The animal was there all right. Stiver hadn't told me what to give him for dinner, and I had not given the subject any thought; but I went to the oat box and filled the peck measure, and sallied up to the manger.

When he saw the oat he almost smiled; this pleased and amused him. I emptied them into the trough, and left him above me to admire the way I parted my hair behind. I just got my head up in time to save the whole of it. He had his ears back, his mouth open, and looked as if he were on the point of committing murder. I went out and filled the measure again, and climbed up the side of the stall and emptied it on top of him. He brought his head up so suddenly at this that I immediately got down, letting go of everything to do it. I struck on the sharp edge of a barrel, rolled over a couple of times, and then disappeared under a hay-cutter. The peck measure went down on the other side, and got mysteriously tangled up in that animal's heels, and he went to work at it, and then ensued the most dreadful noise I ever heard in all my life, and I have been married eighteen years.

It did seem as if I never would get out from under that hay-cutter; and all the while I was struggling and wrenching myself and the cutter apart, that awful beast was kicking around in that stall, and making the most appalling sound imaginable.

When I got out I found Mrs. Perkins at the door. She had heard the racket, and had sped out to the stable, her only thought being of me and three stove lids which she had under her arm, and one of which she was about to fire at the beast.

"This made me mad.

"Go away, you unfortunate idiot," I shouted; "do you want to knock my brains out?" For I remembered seeing Mrs. Perkins sling a missile once before, and that I nearly lost an eye by the operation, although standing on the other side of the house at the time.

She retired at once. And at the same time the animal quieted down, but there was nothing left of that peck measure, not even the maker's name.

I followed Mrs. Perkins into the house, and had her do me up, and then I sat down in a chair, and fell into a profound strain of meditation. After a while I felt better, and went out to the stable again. The horse was leaning against the stable stall, with eyes half closed, and appeared to be very much engrossed in thought.

"Step off to the left," I said, rubbing his back.

He didn't step. I got the pitchfork and punched him in the leg with the handle. He immediately raised up both hind legs at once, and that fork flew out of my hands, and went rattling up against the timbers above, and came down again in an instant, the end of the handle rapping me with such force on the top of the head that I sat right down on the floor under the impression that I was standing in front of a drug store in the evening. I went back to the house and got some more stuff on me. But I couldn't keep away from that stable. I went out there again. The thought struck me that what the horse wanted was exercise. If that thought had been an empty glycerine can, it would have saved a windfall of luck for me.

But exercise would tone him down, and exercise him I should. I laughed to myself to think how I would trounce him around the yard. I didn't laugh again that afternoon. I got him unhitched, and then wondered how I was to get him out of the stall without carrying him out. I pushed, but he wouldn't budge. I stood looking him in the face, thinking of something to say, when he suddenly solved the difficulty by veering about and plunging for the door. I followed as a matter of course, because I had a tight hold on the rope, and hit about every partition stud worth speaking of on that side of the barn. Mrs. Perkins was at the window and saw us come out of the door. She subsequently remarked that we came out skipping like two innocent children. The skipping was entirely unintentional on my part. I felt as if I stood on the verge of eternity. My legs may have skipped, but my mind was filled with awe.

I took that animal out to exercise him. He exercised me before I got through with it. He went around a few times in a circle; then he stopped suddenly, spread out his forelegs and looked at me. Then he leaned forward a little, and hoisted both hind legs, and threw about two coal hods of mud over a line full of clothes Mrs. Perkins had just hung out.

That excellent lady had taken a position at the window, and whenever the evolutions of the awful beast permitted, I caught a glance at her features. She appeared to be very much interested in the proceedings; but the instant that the mud flew, she disappeared from the window, and a moment later she appeared on the stoop with a long poker in her hand, and fire enough in her eye to heat it red hot.

Just then Stiver's horse stood up on his hind legs and tried to hug me with the others. This scared me. A horse never shows his strength to such advantage as when he is coming down on you like a frantic pile driver. I instantly dodged, and the cold sweat fairly boiled out of me.

It suddenly came over me that I had once figured in a similar position years ago. My grandfather owned a little white horse that would get up from a meal at Delmonico's to kick the President of the United States. He sent me to the lot one day, and unhappily suggested that I often went after that horse, and suffered all kinds of defeat in getting him out of the pasture, but I had never tried to ride him. Heaven knows I never thought of it. I had my usual trouble with him that day. He tried to jump over me, and push me down a mud hole, and finally got up on his hind legs and came waltzing after me with facilities enough to convert me into a hash, but I turned and just made for that fence with all the agony a prospect of instant death could crowd into me. If our candidate for the Presidency had run one-half as well, there would be seventy-five post-masters in Danbury to-day, instead of one.

I got him out finally, and then he was quiet enough, and took him up alongside the fence and got on him. He stopped an instant, one brief instant, and the fore off down the road at a frightful speed. I laid down on him and clasped my hands tightly around his neck, and thought of my home. When we got to the stable I was confident he would stop, but he didn't. He drove straight at the door. It was a low door, just high enough to permit him to go in at lightning speed, but there was no room for me. I saw if I struck that stable the struggle would be a very brief one. I thought this all over in an instant, and then, spreading out my arms and legs, emitted a scream, and the next moment I was bounding about in the fith of that stable yard. All this passed through my mind as Stiver's horse went up into the air. It frightened Mrs. Perkins dreadfully.

"Why, you old fool!" she said, "why don't you get rid of him?"

"How can I?" said I in desperation.

"Why, there are a thousand ways," said she.

"This is just like a woman. How different a statesman would have answered.

But I could think of only two ways to dispose of the beast, I could either swallow him where he stood, and then sit down on him, or I could crawl inside of him and kick him to death.

But I was saved either of these expedients by his coming toward me so abruptly that I dropped the rope in terror, and then he turned about, and kicking me full of mud, shot for the gate, ripping the clothes line in two, and went on down the street at a horrible gallop, with two of Mrs. Perkins's garments, which he had just snatched from the line, floating over his neck in a very picturesque manner.

So I was afterwards told. I was too full of mud myself to see the way into the house.

Stivers got his horse all right, and stays at home to care for him. Mrs. Perkins has gone to her mother's to recuperate, and I am hearing as fast as possible.

Baby.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?

Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?

Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?

Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?

I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?

I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?

Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?

God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?

Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?

From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?

God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?

God thought about you, and so I am here.

THERE'S naught so much disturbs one's patience

As little mice in lofty stations;

'Tis like that sort of painful wonder

Which slender columns laboring under

Enormous arches give beholders.—*Moore.*

How Late Hours Came About.

How did late hours come about? was asked at a meeting the other day. There was a time when work ended with sunset. Gay, in sketching the changing circumstances of the street throughout the day, begins the last book of the "Trivium" with a reference which must have touched a fresh gladness he had often felt in shutting up the shop during his own mercenary experience.

"When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,

Or with her cloudy vest envelops the air,

Then swarms the street, with caution tread

Where the shop windows falling threat the head."

These shop windows were rather shop-shutting boards which were swung on hinges above the front, fastened up during the day and let down to close it in at night. Then, says the *Worshipman and Drapers' Trade Journal*, with shops shut up, there was nothing to tempt quiet folk out of doors into darkness and real danger, and the best means of street lighting that men could then devise or try still left the narrow ways dim and unsafe. The City regulations in 1716 required no more than that all householders fronting any public thoroughfare should, in every dark night, or every night between the second night after every full moon, till the seventh night after every new moon, set or hang out one or more lights with sufficient cotton wicks that should continue to burn from six o'clock at night till eleven o'clock of the same night, under the penalty of one shilling for any neglect or failure in this duty. Under the rule of cotton wicks early closing was a matter of course.

By 1736 the number of public lamps had been increased to what was then considered the astonishing number of 5,000, and these were left burning until sunrise.

Before the end of the century the lighting of the streets had so much improved that a new habit of going out after dark had grown up, to which shopkeepers were quick to accommodate themselves, and although some parts of London, as late as 1819, were still left to the flickering mercies of oil-lamps, gas had by that time become general, and had done its worst in destroying the ease and leisure of shop assistants. They began then their long revolt against late hours, and in 1821 publicly appealed to employers to shorten "the immoderate hours of business," asking, modestly enough, that the time of closing should be made ten o'clock in summer and nine in the winter. When it could be considered a privilege to leave work within two hours of midnight, we know well enough what had to be ordinarily endured, without the recollection of men who then stood at the counter till after eleven every night, and far on into Sunday morning, before their week's work was concluded, who often crawled wearily upstairs, quite worn out, and fell upon the bed, too tired to undress, but often too exhausted to sleep.

Then followed, in 1848, a Metropolitan Drapers' Association for Abridging the Hours of Business, but this soon received a severe check in the repeal of the excise duty on glass three years later. The manufacture had been commenced in this country a few years before, but with the freedom of the trade from official regulations and taxation, large and still larger panes began to take the place of the narrow squares of old shop fronts, and to the public gas and glass together proved irresistible. And that was how late hours came about and made shop assistants the modern Slaves of the Lamp.

If I should die to-night,

My friends would look upon my quiet face,

Before they laid it in its resting-place,

And deem that death had left it almost fair;

And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,

Would smoothe it down with tearful tenderness,

And fold my hands with lingering care—

Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,

My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,

Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,

Some gentle words the frozen lips had said:

Errands on which the willing feet had sped—

The memory of my selfishness and pride,

My hasty words, would all be put aside,

And so I should be mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,

Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,

Recalling other days remorsefully;

The eyes that chill me with averted glance

Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,

And soften in their hearts the fiercest way,

For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?

So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,

Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,

The way is lonely; let me feel them now.

Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;

My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.

Forgive! O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!

When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need

The tenderness for which I long to-night.

THERE is no difficulty to him who wills.—*Kassuth.*

Ladies' Column.

THE New English Opera at D'Oyly Carte's splendid new theatre is a great success, and the lady artists have contributed not a little to the success it has already attained. The dresses are magnificent and appropriate, and the piece is well mounted.

MRS. PANKHURST, the lady who trades under the name of Emerson and Co., as art decorator, gives employment to a large number of women, who are said to receive good wages.

THE American lady who was to have emulated Stanley in his travels through Africa has been obliged to postpone her departure owing to illness.

We regret to hear of the failure of the lady milliner, Mrs. Cooper Oakley. She first traded under the name of Madame Isabel, in Bond Street. This lady, it may be mentioned, was prominent in the promotion of Dorothy Restaurants for ladies.

SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE has been writing about her renunciation of work in Molokai.

IN Japan there are, according to the census, 400,000 females as against 40,972,020 males. Long may this state of things continue.

THE Report of the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Children has opened our eyes to the fact that, in spite of our much-vaunted civilisation, there is much to be done in humanizing those that dwell around us.

THE Booth scheme is floated and the trust deed is executed.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* of a recent date gave the experiences of a Salvation lass's life, which was interesting.

A WOMAN traveller is employed by Tucker and Merriam, of Boston; the results are satisfactory.

THE rate of wages for domestic servants is not high in Germany. A maid-servant gets from £4 to £14 a year.

OLIVE SCHREINER'S "Dreams" have been published, and yet another dream, presumably from her pen, has appeared in the pages of a recent *Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE fancy dress hall at Covent Garden Theatre last week was a great success, and many of the dresses were very lovely. We hear a gold medal is to be given to the best dressed woman in the room.

THE *Westminster Review* this month gives an article on "Child Marriage in India," a subject that has of late been much to the fore.

An eminent London physician has said that the *physique* of English women is improving; this is encouraging, and may, we hope, to a certain extent, be due to the more sensible clothing worn and the advance of physical education amongst women, and in girls' schools.

LADIES make excellent work carvers. We have lately seen some lovely yet simple work done by ladies; it nearly always sells well, and is interesting.

HERE is an anomaly—one of the many law quibbles to be met with frequently.—Miss Cobden and Mrs. Cons are declared to be legal members of the County Council, but they are forbidden to vote or speak at the meetings under penalty of a fine.

HERE is another absurdity. Needlework in Board Schools is inspected by clergymen and others of the male gender. Considering their want of practical knowledge it is just a little bit comical.

THE Flower Girls' Guild has lately opened a new branch at Kensington.

TWO ladies' bands played at the recent "Woman's Exhibition" at Westminster.

AMERICAN ladies have taken to physical education with very good results, so says *Woman*. It is amusing to learn that it is only the fear of increasing the size of the so much valued *waist* that deters many women from joining the ranks of lady gymnasts.

THE London Missionary Society is about to admit women to its Council boards.

A SOCIETY belle has taken to managing a cattle ranche in Texas.

AUSTRIAN women get 10d. per day for carrying brick and mortar to builders, working from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., with one hour off for meals.

OH, ye tea drinkers, beware! A doctor is said to have reported the heaviest cases of delirium tremens ever met by him amongst the ranks of confirmed tea drinkers.

HERE is a family constructed sentence reading thus for want of a stop:—"In England six women are said to be mad for every five men that are so."

M. S. R. J.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN
ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1891,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.
Musical Director to the P.F. ... Mr. ORTON BRADLEY.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

Conductor: Mr. A. Robinson
(Late Prince of Wales' 15th Dragoon Guards).

VOCALISTS:—
MISS MONTAGU CONYERS. MISS SUSETTA FENN.
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

1. MARCH ... "Brabant" ... *Stenbrugen.*
2. OVERTURE ... "Zampa" ... *Herold.*
3. SONG ... "Dear bird of Winter" ... *Ganz.*

MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.

Dear bird of winter bring thy song
While shadowed days are here,
When other songs have gone so long
Thy voice is still more dear.

I see thy ruby bosom glow
With sweet and cheerful lay
While all around is silver snow
And sunshine fades away.

Dear bird of winter bring thy lay
Thy voice of gladness bring,
And while the shadows fade away,
Dear bird of winter sing.

Sing on, dear bird, etc., etc.
Dear bird of winter bring thy voice
The dark dull days to cheer,
That all who hear thee may rejoice
Some gladness still is here.

There's not a heart that hears thy lay
But will with joy agree
The voice that cheers our darkest day
Will still the dearest be.

Dear bird of winter bring thy lay, etc., etc.

4. SONG ... "I Fear no Foe" ... *Finsuti.*
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

I fear no foe in shining armour,
Thy lance be swift and keen;
But I fear and love the glamour,
Through thy drooping lashes seen!

Be I clad in casque and tasses,
Do I perfect cuirass wear,
Love thro' all my armour passes,
To the heart that's hidden there.

I fear no foe in shining armour,
Through his lance be swift and keen;
But I fear and love the glamour,
Through thy drooping lashes seen.

Would I fend a blow so given?
Would I raise a hand to stay,
Though my heart in twain be riven,
And I perish in the fray?

I fear no foe except the glamour,
Of the eyes I long to see;
I am here, love, without armour,
Strike! and captive make of me!

5. DESCRIPTIVE VOCAL POLKA—
"The Jolly Blacksmiths" ... *Suckley.*

6. SONG ... "Dearest of All"
MISS SUSETTA FENN. ... *Larkcom.*

It may be years ere we shall meet
And time may changes bring perchance,
But then as now our hearts shall beat,
And eyes shall shine with love's old glance.

Our hands shall clasp with love's old thrill,
Our hearts will then the fonder be,
And every hour shall find thee still
Dearest of all, sweetheart, to me.

It may be years, long weary years,
Ere to my heart I'll thee enfold,
When I may kiss away thy tears,
And tell again love's story old.

But hearts shall glow with love's old pow'r,
My thoughts, my hopes will turn to thee,
My guiding star, thro' ev'ry hour
Dearest of all the world to me!

Dearest, dearest of all,
Dearest of all to me,
Love will be true, all the years thro',
And I'll be true to thee.

Dearest, dearest of all,
What could I wish to be,
But to be so, come weal, come woe,
Dearest of all, to thee

7. FANTASIA ... "Erin" (on popular Irish airs) ... *Basquit.*

8. SONG ... "The Mission of a Rose" ... *Coven.*
MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.

Only a rosebud kissed by the dew,
Out in the garden fair it grew,
Loved by the sunshine, wooed by the wind,
Yet to be out in the world it pined.

Roses around it had gone away,
Here, alone, it was doomed to stay;
"Ah!" said the rosebud, "could I go too,
Some loving work in the world to do!"

One summer morn came a maiden there,
Seeking a flow'r, a flow'r to wear;
Spied out the bud, amid green leaves curl'd,
Gathered and bore it out in the world.

There in her simple dress it lay,
Hearing her heart beat all the day;
"Ah!" said the rosebud, "now let me break
Into a rose, for her sweet sake."

But still a bud, it was giv'n away:
A sick child saw it from where she lay;
It brought to the pale sad face a smile,
Pain was forgotten, just for a while.

"Now," said the rosebud, "let me bloom,"
And its fragrance floated across the room;
The bud was a rose at the dawn of day,
But the soul of the child had passed away.

9. SELECTION ... "Captain Thérèse" ... *Planquette.*

10. SONG ... "I am a Roamer" (Son and Stranger)
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK. *Mendelssohn.*

I am a roamer bold and gay
Who through the world have danced my way
From Poland to the Irish sea
Do I know all, and all know me:

The Tarantelle,
With French *vielle*,
The minuet
With castanets,
The rigadon,
The Arab tune,
The polka hop,
The new *galop*.

I know 'em all from A to Z,
And by my heels can save my head.

I am the man, whatever they play
Can put you in the proper way.
Where every clown among ye all
Would stumble o'er his leg and fall!

You know not yet
The pirouette,
Nor Scottish reel,
With toe and heel!
E'er a quadrille
You have no skill.

A bear could do
A *valze* like you;
But pity I am come to show
And teach you rustics all I know.

Thank the good stars, who, you to teach,
Have put a master in your reach.
What profits arm or leg or span
Save one can use them like a man?

11. SONG ... "The Dear Old Days"
MISS SUSETTA FENN. ... *G. Sala.*

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

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

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

Does ever the hush of the silent hour
The old sweet thoughts restore,
And you weep for the bud that might not flower,
And the days that come no more?

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

12. MARCH ... "Dynastie et Patrie" ... *Disrez.*

PROGRAMME

OF THE

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

(Under the direction of Mr. SCOTT-EDWARDES.)

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH. AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PART I.

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Old England" ... Madame BÜLOW.
2. SONG ... "Give and Take" ... Miss JESSIE WILLEY.
3. RECITAL "How we beat the Captain's Colt" ... SCOTT-EDWARDES.
4. SONG ... "Leonore" ... Madame BÜLOW.
5. RECITAL ... "The Six Charges" ... SCOTT-EDWARDES.
6. SONG ... "Star of Bethlehem" ... Miss JESSIE WILLEY.
7. SONG ... "Comin' thro' the Dye" ... SCOTT-EDWARDES.
8. MANIPULATIONS under "My Hat" ... THORNTON WYNNE.

PART II.

9. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Our Empire" ... Madame BÜLOW.
10. SONG "That's what the Wild Waves say" ... SCOTT-EDWARDES.
11. SONG ... "Love's Golden Dream" ... Miss JESSIE WILLEY.
12. RECITAL ... "The Penny Showman" ... SCOTT-EDWARDES.
13. SONG ... "Alone on the Raft" ... Madame BÜLOW.
14. SONG ... "The Dancing Bet" ... SCOTT-EDWARDES.
(Written by SCOTT-EDWARDES.)
15. SONG ... "The Four Mariners" ... Miss JESSIE WILLEY.

To conclude with one of Mr. Scott-Edwards' Famous and Original Laughable Sketches, entitled—

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CLARA (an aesthetic young lady) Miss JESSIE WILLEY. | Her Admirer and Bill the Busman (a dual part) Mr. SCOTT-EDWARDES.

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Admission, ONE PENNY and THREEPENCE. Gallery, SIXPENCE.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

MR. ALFRED CAPPER

TO APPEAR IN HIS

DRAWING ROOM ENTERTAINMENT.

- PART I. ... MYSTERIA.
PART II. ... DRAMATIC RECITALS.
PART III. ... MUSICAL SKETCHES.
PART IV. ... A THOUGHT READING SEANCE.

MR. CAPPER wishes it to be understood that he lays no claim whatever to any supernatural power, and he will have the pleasure of attempting (while blindfolded) some experiments under the supervision of a committee chosen by the audience.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30. COMMENCE AT 8.

Admission, TWOPENCE. Students of Evening Classes, ONE PENNY.

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HEAD MASTER, MR. D. A. LOW (Wh. Sec.) M. INST. M.E. SECRETARY, MR. C. E. OSBORN.

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 enroll. 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.

The Gymnastic Classes are held temporarily in the Queen's Hall during the building of the New Gymnasium at the North End of the building.

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 th' Antique | Mr. Bateman | Wed. & Thurs. | | |
| *Decorative Designing | | Friday | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| *Modelling in Clay, etc. | | Mon. & Fri. | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| *Drawing from Life ... | Mr. H. Gostello | Tues. & Thurs. | 8.0-10.0 | 6 0 |
| *Etching ... | Mr. J. Perrin | Mon. & Fri. | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| *Wood Carving ... | Mr. Daniels | Tues. & Thurs. | 8.0-10.0 | 6 0 |
| *Art Metal Wk. & Engraving | | | | |

* Per Session † Per Term of 10 weeks. ‡ Students of the Wood Carving Class may attend a Drawing Class in the Art School one evening per week free of charge.

Trade Classes.

| SUBJECTS. | TEACHERS. | DAYS. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|---------------------------------|--|-----------------------------|-----------|-------|
| *Cabinet-mkng. & Desig. Lec. | Mr. B. Dent | Thursday | 8.0-10.0 | 10 0 |
| *Workshop | Mr. W. Graves | Friday | 8.0-9.30 | 15 0 |
| *Carpentry & Joinry Lec. ... | | Tues. & Th. | 8.0-10.0 | 10 0 |
| " " Workshop | Mr. A. Grenville | Monday | 7.0-10.0 | 7 6 |
| *Brickwork and Masonry | Mr. R. Chaston | Tues. & Thurs. | 8.0-10.0 | 6 0 |
| Lecture and Workshop | Foreman bricklayr. | | | |
| *Electrical Engin. Lec. ... | Mr. W. Slingo | Thursday | 8.0-10.0 | 6 0 |
| Laboratory & Workshop | A.I.E.E. & Mr. A. Brooks | Tues. & Fri. | 8.0-10.0 | 6 0 |
| *Mech. Engineering, Lec. (Fre.) | Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sec.) | Monday | 7.30-8.0 | 14 0 |
| " (Adv.) | D. Miller & Mr. G. Draycott (Wh. Sec.) | Friday | 7.30-8.30 | 14 0 |
| " " Workshop | | | | |
| *Photography ... | Mr. C. W. Gamble | Thursday | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| *Plumbing Lecture ... | Mr. G. Taylor | Tuesday | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| " " Workshop ... | | Monday | 8.0-10.0 | 8 6 |
| *Printing (Letterpress) ... | Mr. F. R. Alexander | 8.0-9.30 | 5 0 | |
| Tailor's Cutting ... | Mr. Umbach | 8.0-9.30 | 5 0 | |
| Land Surveying & Levelling | Mr. F. C. Forth | Commencement, Mar. 13, 1891 | 20 0 | |
| Sign Writing, Graining, &c. | 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.

§ 121. 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.

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

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

Students desiring of joining this Class will please see Mr. 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, assist. by Mr. G. Mellish | Monday | 6.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| Tuesday | | 6.0-10.0 | 5 0 | |
| Viola and Violoncello ... | | Monday | 6.0-10.0 | 7 6 |
| Singing (Advanced) ... | Mr. W. H. Bonner | Thursday | 6.30-8.0 | 5 0 |
| " (Solo & Not.) ... | | 8.0-9.0 | 1 6 | |
| " (Staff Not.) ... | | 9.0-10.0 | 1 6 | |
| *Solo Singing ... | Miss Delves-Yates | Tu. & Thurs. | 6.0-9.0 | 15 0 |
| Choral Society ... | Mr. Orton Bradley | Friday | 8.0-10.0 | 1 6 |
| " (Advanced) ... | J. M. Hamilton & M. T. Th. & F. | 8.0-10.0 | 9 0 | |
| *Pianoforte ... | Mr. Spencer | Thursday | 7.0-10.0 | 15 0 |
| (Advanced) ... | Mr. O. Bradley, M.A. | Thursday | 7.0-10.0 | 15 0 |
| Orchestral Society ... | Mr. W. R. Cave | Tu. and Fri. | 8.0-10.0 | 12 0 |

Pianoforte tuning arrangements not completed. A Class for String Quartette playing will also be held by Mr. W. R. Cave.

For Terms ending 26th March, 1891. In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

† Half this fee for Members of the Choral Society.

General Classes.

| SUBJECTS. | TEACHERS. | DAYS. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|---|---------------------------|----------|-----------|-------|
| Arithmetic—Advanced ... | Mr. A. Sarril, 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—Elementary ... | Mr. Spencer | 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—Far Telegraph Learners. | Mr. G. J. Mitchell | Thursday | 6.30-8.45 | 10 0 |
| B—Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists ... | B.A., Lond. | " | " | " |
| C—For Boy Clerks, Excise & Customs Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners) | " | Tuesday | 6.30-9.30 | 12 0 |
| D—For Excise and Customs Officers, and Female and Lower Division Clerks | " | Tuesday | 7.45-9.45 | 14 0 |
| E—Shorthand (Pitman's) Elem. Advan. | Messrs. Horton and Wilson | Friday | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| French—Beginners ... | Mons. E. Pontin | Monday | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 6.0-7.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| German—Advanced ... | Herr Dittell | " | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| Elocution (Class D) ... | Mr. S. L. Hasluck | Thursday | 6.0-7.30 | 5 0 |
| " (Class G) ... | " | " | 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 March 26th, 1891. 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 | 5.0-6.30 | 5 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | Friday | 8.0-9.30 | 5 0 |
| Military ... | Miss Newall | Tuesday | 5.30-7.0 | 5 0 |
| " " " " " " | " | " | 7.30-9.0 | 5 0 |
| Cookery—Penny Cookery ... | | | | |
| Lecture ... | Mrs. Sharman | Monday | 8.0-9.0 | 1 0 |
| Cookery—High-class Prac. | " | Thursday | 6.30-8.0 | 10 6 |
| " " " " " " | " | Friday | 8.0-9.0 | 5 0 |
| Reading for Diploma ... | " | Saturday | 2.0-3.0 | 5 6 |
| 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. | LECTURERS. | DAYS. | HOURS. | Com- menc- ing | Fee per Crc. |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|---------------|----------|----------------|--------------|
| Ambulance Men ... | Dr. Milne | Tu. | 8.0-9.30 | 5 Feb. 23 | 1 0 |
| Machine Design ... | Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sec.) | M. Inst. M.E. | 9.0-10.0 | 9 Jan. 9 | 1 0 |
| Univ. Exten. Lectures | English History | Wed. | 8.0-10.0 | 10 21 | 1 0* |

* 3d. per Lecture.

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| Mar. ... 12, 26 | Oct. ... 8, 22 |
| April ... 9, 23 | Nov. ... 12, 26 |
| May ... 14, 28 | Dec. ... 10 |
| June ... 11, 25 | |

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