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PEOPLE'S PALACE  
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FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

## PEOPLE'S PALACE

## Club, Class and General Gossip.

## COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 13th.—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 8 p.m., Concert, Mr. Proudman's Select Choir. Admission, 3d.—In Lecture Hall, Orchestral Society's Social at 8.
- SUNDAY, 15th.—Library open from 3 to 10. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 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, at 8 p.m., Costume Recital of "Mignon." 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 at 8.
- THURSDAY, 19th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- FRIDAY, 20th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

THE Art Classes commenced work in their new rooms on Saturday last. Intending Students for the Day Classes for Water-Colour Painting and from objects of Still Life, Flowers, &c., should apply at once. Particulars of the Classes may be had in the office.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL FOOTBALL CLUB.—On Saturday the club played a very pleasant match with Byron Street Football Club. During the first half no goals were scored; but, in the second half, a goal was scored for the Palace, being quickly followed by another. Play then went on for a time without either side scoring, until the Palace centre half-back made a grand run up the field, scattering the Byron Street ranks, and putting a very good goal in. A short time after this, the Byron Street succeeded in getting their only goal in. Time was called, leaving the Palace Club winners by 3 goals to 1.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—*Conductor*—Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. Practices next week, Tuesday at 8 o'clock (ladies 7.30). Friday at 8 (select choir 7.30). Our performance of the "Ancient Mariner," which was to have taken place in March, will have to be postponed till after Easter. We give our annual rendering of the "Messiah" on Good Friday. We give a concert in Chelsea Town Hall on Wednesday, April 29th. A few good sopranos and basses wanted who can read well either from Tonic-sol-fa or Old Notation. Intending members may apply to the *Conductor* or to the *Secretary* at any practice.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—*Conductor*—W. R. Cave.—We shall have our Social Dance in the Lecture Hall to-morrow (Saturday) evening, at 7 o'clock, and cordially invite the members of the Choral Society and the Military Band. We have long looked forward to the great pleasure of a social gathering of the three societies, and we hope the time is not far distant when we shall give a united performance in the Queen's Hall, not as three separate societies, but as one great musical body. Members must produce their class tickets on admission.—We shall play in the Queen's Hall on the 21st, further particulars next week. WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

HOLIDAY TRIPS.—With a view to facilitating these trips arrangements have been made for students to open deposit accounts. Sums of not less than 1s. will be received at the office. Mr. Osborn will be glad to receive suggestions or hints from any member of the Institute.—The Isle of Wight Trips last year, although started very late in the season, were highly appreciated by those who took part in them. By

making arrangements early we hope our members will avail themselves of this opportunity, and have a good holiday in good company, and on reasonable terms.

ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.—Result of Nursing Examination held 25th February, 1891.—Lecturer: Dr. Robert Milne. Examiner: Dr. J. F. Woods. PASSED: Clara Taylor; Mary Matthews; Jeanie Graves; Frances Stevenson; Harriet Clunis; Bessie Michell; Eleanor Insley; Jessie Whitton; Kate Howard; Kate E. Brennan; Emma Mitchell; Margaret Littlefield; Esther Joseph; Florence Langley; Alice Sherris; Grace Triggs; Elizabeth Forder; Marion E. Small; Marianne A. Goudge; Ellen Anstey; Mary A. Arbuthnot; Emma Pinder.

C. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday, March 7th, twenty-seven members visited Wimbledon Common. We travelled by steamboat from London Bridge to Battersea Square Pier, where landing, we walked through Battersea and Wandsworth, arriving at the common about 12 o'clock. Rifle reports being heard in the distance, of course we proceeded in the direction from which the sound came. We found that rifle volunteers were practising at the butts at various ranges. After watching the practice for some little time we did a ramble about the common, and, after a while, found ourselves in the neighbourhood of Roehampton. Here our members played catchball and other games until compelled to make a move for home by a very sharp shower of rain. There was no shelter, and we consequently got very wet. However, we did not lose our spirits, for we walked briskly along and seemed as lively as when starting, although our appearance was most woe-begone. We were glad though when we reached the pier and gained the shelter of the steamboat cabin, for here was found a fire, which was made use of to dry our things before getting off the boat at London Bridge, where we arrived at five o'clock, having been away about seven hours.—A. G.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Notice is given that a Competition and Exhibition of Photographs will be held by the above-named Club, on Friday, the 17th day of April next. Photographs will be received from members for the following classes:—I. General outdoor work (to include instantaneous photographs); II. Architecture; III. Portraiture; IV. Enlargements (any subject); V. Lantern Slides. The conditions regulating the exhibits are as follows:—Classes I., II., and III.—Photographs in these classes to be printed from direct negatives, and may be of any size and by any process. Re-touching to be declared. The pictures may be framed. Any number of prints will be admitted, not exceeding four in each class. Prints before exhibited, and in respect of which awards have been made, will not be allowed for competition. Class IV.—Enlargements may be from any size negative; working-up and spotting to be declared. Class V.—Six slides shall form a set in this class. All slides must be completed, and the regulation marks so placed as to render proper examination of the slides easy. There will be two prizes in each class, no one competitor to take more than one prize in any one class. The prizes will be awarded to the best and second-best pictures in classes I., II., III., and IV., and for the best and second-best set of 6 slides in class V. All the work exhibited must be the sole work of the exhibitor from commencement to finish. Each member shall affix a *nom de plume* to his exhibits and the same *nom de plume* to be enclosed in an envelope, sealed and addressed to the Secretary. All photographs for exhibition must be delivered at the Palace addressed to the Secretary not later than five o'clock on the day of the exhibition. Tickets to admit friends may be had on application to the Secretary. Surplus pictures are requested "not for competition," and also lantern slides for exhibition during the evening. The black and white negatives in competition for Mr. Gamble's prize will be adjudicated upon at this meeting. It is expected that apparatus will be on view during the evening. The next ordinary meeting of the club will be held on Friday, the 20th March, at 8 p.m. in the studio, when it is expected that a representative from the Ilford company will be present to give a demonstration. An excursion to Guildford is being arranged for Good Friday; further particulars will be announced.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.  
ALEX. ALBU, Curator.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB NOTES.**—To-morrow will see the Club and its patrons merrily tripping in the Bromley Vestry Hall to the strains of Rowe's celebrated quartette band. The road to Hoddeston, Hert., via Chingford, is in fine condition with the exception of about one hundred yards, at Waltham Cross. Mr. F. Glover has arranged a race between the champions of Sussex (Mr. Froud), Essex, (J. Howard), and Cornwall (M. Moyle), as an attraction for his Easter Monday meeting at Preston Park, Higgson. Most of the best men in the rules of the club are now ready, and can be obtained from the financial hon. secretary. **Pneumatics.**—True, it may be more costly, but look at the comfort, combined with the saving of the machine. We have continually ridden a Pneumatic since February last year over all sorts of roads, raced on all sorts and conditions of roads, paper-chased on it over fields, and our only accident was the bursting of a racing tyre on one of the roughest roads in Lancashire, which, to put it plainly, means that we have enjoyed one of the most comfortable, most successful, and most enjoyable years of cycling experience, with the additional outlay of something like a sum of £20, but, even had it cost us £5, we should still be inclined to say that it was the best £5 ever spent by us. The Cushion tyre will not stand comparison with the Pneumatic. It is but a half-way house, and is as inferior as it is superior to the narrow solid tyre. Neither will an inflated cushion ever outstrip the Pneumatic, for the thickness of the side walls and the depth of the rims will fatally affect the resistance which accounts for the wonderful speed of the Pneumatic, and it is more than doubtful if punctures on it can be effectively repaired. The Pneumatic is undoubtedly the tyre of the future, and its introduction has thrown a vast field open for cycling which the makers of the present day can hardly realise.—*Liverpool Athletic News.*—Comrades have had the programme for the season printed as a circular and forwarded by post to every member instead of printing it in the *Journal*. **Weekly Tip**—Never attempt to pass anyone on the left.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.**—On Saturday last, March 7th, a party of about twenty met at the Bromley Vestry Hall for a ramble through the Greek and Egyptian galleries. We were received by Mr. A. H. Smith, of the Greek and Roman department, who led us through the Roman Gallery containing busts and statues of the Emperors, &c., pointing out to us those of special interest, such as Julius Caesar, Augustus, Tiberias, and Nero. Passing across the end of the Egyptian Gallery, we then devoted our attention to a statue, where the principal objects to attract attention were a statue of an athlete throwing a disc, supposed to be a copy of the Discobolos (disc-hurler) of Myron the Attic sculptor, and a tablet representing the Apotheosis of Homer, in which the poet appears seated on a throne with figures of Iliad and Odyssee on either side, and ideal figures of Myth, Poetry, Tragedy, &c. between Centaurs and Lapiths, both legendary and Jove over all. We next entered the Ephesus Room. Here are contained a collection of relics of the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus. The chief peculiarity of this temple is that the drums of the columns were sculptured. One of these drums is here with fragments of two others, but the figures on them are doubtful, with the exception of Mercury (Hermes), who may be identified by the caduceus in his hand. This temple was built about 330 B.C., under Alexander, in the place of the older temple which Herostatos burnt in order to make his name famous, but he only succeeded in making it infamous. What perhaps moves our emotion most when looking at these remains is the thought of Paul's visit to Ephesus, and that he must have looked upon this temple when he moaned the cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." A portrait head of Alexander the Great, probably contemporary work, is at the side of the door leading to the Elgin Room, which we next entered. Here are a number of sculptures taken by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon at Athens, the work of which was executed by Pheidias, the greatest of Greek sculptors, or under his supervision. The greater part of the slabs forming the frieze are arranged round the walls in their original order. They represent the Panathenian procession which took place every four years in honour of Athene (Minerva) to present the goddess with a new robe. The metopes from between the tops of the columns represent combats between Centaurs and Lapiths, both legendary beings. A series of castings taken in 1801 on the side by side with another set of castings taken twenty years ago, and demonstrates how the process of decay is going on. A statue of Hermes (Mercury) holding the infant Dionysos (Bacchus) is in very fair condition, and portions of the western pediment represent the contest between Athene and Poseidon (Neptune) for the supremacy in Attica. The Mausoleum Room contains sculptures from the tomb of Mausolus, Prince of Caria, who died B.C. 353. His widow built him a monument surpassing all other tombs, and it was known as one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. It was in pyramidal style on a lofty base, surmounted by a chariot group in marble. A statue, supposed to represent Mausolus, and one of a female, probably a goddess, are here together with portions of colossal horses and chariot, and figures of lions which stood at the corners of the monument. The frieze represents a combat between Greeks and Amazons. It was from this monument that similar ones came to be called Mausoleums. Having seen the remains of the monument dedicated to the Nereides, the Nymphs, we ascended to the upper floor where the collection of vases display the progress and decline of Greek art. We had scarcely time to do more than walk through the rooms, but even in taking a general view the periods of the archaic (the best), and that of the decline of the art of pottery, both as to the form and the painted designs, are clearly discernible. Considerable time might be pleasantly spent in the stories of gods and heroes depicted on these vases, but we had yet to visit the Egyptian Gallery and only enough time was left for the basement,

the upper floor collection being left for some future occasion. Mr. Mengedohit was waiting for us, so thanking Mr. Smith for his kindness, we descended and began our Egyptian education in the small hall at the bottom of the staircase. Here the small pyramid of stone once supposed (but erroneously) to bear the name of Joseph, but now known to be of Antef, about 3,000 years B.C., was pointed out, and our guide read portions of the tombstones here placed. Some of the casting storks from the Pyramid of Cheops are also here. Next entering the great hall we observed the false door of a tomb, our guide explaining to us that in early times a vast number of tombs had been rifled, but the pictures and images of Osiris were not injured. Consequently a judicial enquiry was held and the priests of Osiris found guilty of the pillage and sentenced to punishment, after which time it became customary to build up the true entrance and make a false door above it. We remarked on a previous visit how Rameses II. was in the habit of erasing earlier kings' names from monuments and putting his own in their stead; here, however, is a pillar on which he has been served the same way by Osorkon, sufficient of the erased inscription being left to show the trick. A black granite slab is also worthy of attention for it bears the name of Amehopis IV., also called Khu-en-aten. He changed his religion, the worship of Amon, by the persuasion of his wife, to the worship of the sun's disc, and consequently changed his name, the first part of which is formed by the name of his former god. On this slab the erasure and substitution may be observed, and he is known as the Heretic King. Having glanced at the Tablet of Abydos, containing a list of kings from Menes, the first king, B.C. 4,400, to Rameses II., B.C. 1,333, the famous Rosetta Stone which gave the key to Egyptian hieroglyphics, and a cast of the Siale of Canopus which, like the Rosetta Stone, is tri-lingual, we found it was now closing time; but before we left, our very able and interesting guide further read to us portion of the Babylonian Cuneiform account of the Visit of Ishtar to the Underworld. W. T. TIPPET.

**SATURDAY, March 14th, Mr. Cross, Superintendent of Commercial Gas Works, has again kindly promised to conduct our party over the Stoney Works, and it is hoped the new members will avail themselves of this opportunity. Meet 3 p.m. sharp at the entrance in Startford Street. Committee meeting, Friday, 13th inst., at 8.30 p.m.**  
A. MCKENZIE, } Hon. Secs.  
W. POCKETT, }

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR,—A number of my friends, who like myself are students at the Palace, are anxious to learn the banjo and mandoline, but are unable to gratify this desire, as there is no class at present in existence teaching these instruments at this Institute, and the expense dears us from taking lessons privately elsewhere. I would, therefore, like to ask the authorities through this medium, if they would kindly consider the advisability of establishing a class to enable students to learn these instruments; as I feel confident large numbers would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded. Trusting the Governors will favourably consider this proposition, and thanking you in anticipation for inserting this letter, Yours sincerely,  
2, Chiltern Road, Bow, E. A. H. PAMPHILOU.

SIR,—I have been asked by several ladies of the old Tennis Club if I would do my best to form another. Having all the necessary equipment for such a club, I, as well as others, thought it a pity to waste it. I am writing to ask you to insert this notice so that any member of the Palace who wishes to join the Club may give their names in at the offices. As soon as we have sufficient members we shall start the club.  
A TENNISISTE.

MR. HAMO THORNTON vouches for the truth of the following story:—A struggling sculptor, reduced almost to starvation, had finished what in him represented the aim of his life. It was a plaster cast of a very beautiful woman, and the poor fellow hoped it would mark the turning point in his existence. The weather was bitterly cold, and the sculptor, shivering in his Parisian garret, became alarmed for the safety of his work, for it is well known that frost is a deadly enemy to plaster. Tenderly and lovingly he draped the figure in the worn coat he took from his own ill-clad shoulders, and lying down beside it, fell asleep. The morning broke, and the frosty sun shone upon two figures, both inanimate. The artist had sacrificed himself to his art, for he was frozen to death. His brethren, stirred by his sad fate, raised sufficient money to have the figure cast in bronze, with an inscription let into the base of the pedestal, describing how he gave his life—all that he had to give—for his beloved art.

Two Irishmen took refuge under the bed clothes from the mosquitoes. At last one of them ventured to peep out, and seeing a firefly, said to his companion: "Mickey, it's no use, here's one of the creatures searching for us *via a lantern*."

PAINBROKERS prefer parties who are without any redeeming qualities.

"ISAAC, let the good hook be a lamp unto your path." "Mother, isn't that making light of sacred things?"

AN officer on parade was thrown from his horse. He said to a friend: "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I see I have fallen off."

## Cheap Railway Fares for London.

"Every human being born into the world," says some writer, "has an inalienable right to the four great necessities of existence," which, in modern times, comprise food, clothing, house-room, and means of locomotion. "A large order," it may be said, into the merits of which it is not our business to enter. There is no doubt, however, that many would cause have been concerned, one of the last named, as far as the working classes are concerned, one of the most pressing of present-day questions, and one in which nine out of every ten of my readers have a personal interest.

As most are aware, Mr. J. Blundell Maple has for some years past concerned himself with the question of Cheap Fares on Railways, and he has so far roused public interest as to have brought it under Parliamentary notice. The main facts and arguments are as follows.

The facility and ease with which Railway Companies deal with the enormously increased bulk of holiday traffic, as compared with ordinary traffic, clearly demonstrates what they are capable of accomplishing with their good permanent ways and their large reserves of rolling stock, for it must be remembered that this increase of business is common to every part of the country. Their fixed expenses, such as interest on capital, maintenance of stations, lines, &c., would remain the same if they were to increase their daily number of passengers, an increase of traffic only necessitating more porters, engine-drivers, signalmen, pointsmen, and guards, with perhaps, some extra clerks.

Now it is conceded as eminently desirable, to make access from the outer suburbs of populous cities to the centres more expeditious and cheaper than it is at present. Parliament recognised this in 1885, when the Cheap Trains Act was passed, which requires railway companies to provide proper and sufficient workmen's trains at such fares and at such times between 6 p.m. and 8 a.m. as may appear to the Board of Trade to be reasonable. No further legislation is required as to the number of trains, ample powers being already placed in the hands of the Board of Trade to act when proper representations are made from any district. But the important point is to decide what are the right fares to be charged by the railway companies. Until a fixed maximum low fare is settled, the working classes, through their building societies and land investment associations, and also capitalists generally, will not be inclined to invest their money in the erection of cottages and houses in the suburbs of our large towns.

In Greater London a fixed maximum fare of 3d. per mile, including the return journey, from all stations within twelve miles of the London termini, before eight o'clock in the morning, has been suggested. That is to say, a man or woman engaged in business, who leaves a suburban station eight miles out at eight o'clock every morning, would pay a maximum fare of 4d. per day, or 2s. per week, for his return ticket. This price is considerably more than some workmen's fares already existing; for instance, that which the Great Eastern finds remunerative from Enfield to Liverpool Street, 10½ miles and back for 2d.; but it is much lower than many others.

It must be infinitely more wholesome for the workers of London to reside in their own suburban dwellings than to be congregated together, as in the new system of model houses. If one thinks that within about five miles of Charing Cross, in an area, including the parks and other open spaces, of less than 76,000 acres, we had in 1881, at the last census, nearly four millions of persons gathered together, or over fifty per acre, some idea of the dense population of central London can be imagined. Compare this with the remaining 725,000 acres making up the radius of twenty miles, which only had at the same period less than two in population per acre, and we feel what vast space there is which might be brought within an hour of every London workman's daily occupation.

No one desires the railway companies to lose money in carrying at unremunerative fares, and as the Great Eastern has found the cheap suburban traffic pay, and as most other railways have four lines out of London—two being for fast trains, and two for what may be called the Metropolitan service—the fares proposed will be remunerative. It wants but the cheap tariff to at once encourage the working classes to reside out in the Greater London, and to give the railways a most valuable traffic, the result being that not only would the shareholders receive larger dividends, but our working population would be reared in a more healthy atmosphere, becoming thereby in every respect better citizens, and keener for the welfare and future of their Empire.

THESE proposals, however, only deal with the wants of the working classes in London, but there is, beyond this, a great question whether the railway fares generally are at present too high for the requirements of the inhabitants of these isles, and if, as in my opinion, they are thus detrimental to the earning power of the railways themselves. The Penny Postal Service has shown us that a cheap rate means an enormous and profitable traffic. The London General Omnibus Company, the Road Car Companies, and our newer omnibus associations have, by their penny and half-penny fares, earned dividends to which the old and more costly conveyances were entire strangers. So with our railways would a lower rate mean increased returns, with full instead of half-empty trains, and it would moreover give a vast impetus to the development of the suburban districts surrounding every great town throughout the country. Commercial men are early taught that to create a trade we must sell as cheaply as possible. So with railway companies, the lower the fare, the more the public will travel.

## Motions—Great and Small.

It is estimated, says the *Industrial World*, that 10,000,000 dollars has been spent in the last 20 years on inventions for new typesetting machines. Within the last year, however, there has been a notable revival of interest in typesetting machines, and the prediction is made by many that it is now only a question of a short time when for ordinary and straightforward work, the machines will be in general use.

HERE is a capital—shall I call it a temper-saving?—appliance. The Grand Trunk Railway Company are introducing a station indicator over their whole system. A nicely finished frame of polished wood at both ends of the car contains a number of thin iron plates, painted with the names of stations in the order in which the train passes through them. As each station is passed the conductor pushes a lever on the indicator, and a gong sounds, and the previous plate drops, expressing the words, "the next station is—." This is repeated after every station, so that a passenger has only to look at the indicator to discover at any time the name of the town or city which the train is approaching.

ARE you troubled with rats? Then here is a new device for the investigating of the annoying rodent to certain slaughter. It is set together which move upon a hinge, and which is done by stepping down upon it by the foot, or the grasp of the hands. This action causes the loop attached to a powerful spring to catch in the bait hook, when the trap is set. The action is at once decided and free from danger to the manipulator, and the spring itself is always kept in shape, it not being drawn out of its proper line of movement by awkward handling.

A SYNDICATE in the United States has acquired a considerable area of land on the American side of the Niagara River at some distance above the great Falls. They propose to use it for mill sites, and to supply the mills with power by utilizing a smaller portion of the water-power which is available on the Falls. The actual fall of level at Niagara is about 200 feet. It is found that 4 per cent. of the total flow of water over the falls would develop 120,000 horse-power; and the scheme is to divert this small part of the terrific current round the town of Niagara, and bring it out, by means of a tail-race, underground. A canal has been in operation for twenty years, but has only developed 6,000 horse-power, this limited success being due to the fact that the mills using the water from the surface canal do not use the whole height of the bluff upon which they are situated, but have obtained such power as they have each required by heads varying from 100 feet to 50 feet out of 200 feet available. But in the grand scheme now in hand it is proposed to take the larger body of water from the upper river, by a short lateral canal, to allow it to descend vertically in shafts in which turbines will be placed, and then to discharge it by a tunnel tail-race passing beneath the present town of Niagara, at a point below the Falls. It is part of the plan to transmit a portion of the power to the important manufacturing town of Buffalo, eighteen miles distant.

## Health Hints.

It is absolutely essential for the health and happiness of every one that they should have certain intervals of rest from their work; and by rest is not simply meant sleep, but whatever gives pleasure and promotes health. Change of employment, when innocent in itself and in its tendencies, fulfils these objects; and the sports of the field are the best of all, in that they are enjoyed in the open air, in daylight, and demand, as a rule, early rising. But whatever exercise is taken it should be graduated and systematic, not violent and sudden.

THE question of the decentralisation of population is one that will have to be faced; for even the present congested state of large towns is a public menace. Perhaps, however, cheap means of transit will, before the century is out, remedy the evil, but at present the outlook is anything but reassuring. To take for instance one of the chief aspects of it in the largest towns that quick curing is the most difficult. Town air is always impure and often poisonous. Witness the miserable fogs, accompanied by cold east winds, of last week. The doctor has a patient with double pneumonia—he is a man of forty-five; he will not rest, he complains of a low fever, and he is in bed, and is positively otherwise actively treated for a few days; the crisis seems to be passing the breathing becomes easier, and the temperature lower, hope fills every heart. Suddenly the whole town is enveloped in a thick, raw, choking, and death-bringing fog; the patient cannot breathe, the temperature rushes up again, fresh blood appears in the expectoration, despair seizes upon the sick man, the household, and almost upon the doctor too. Whose fault was it? It was the fault of the deadly fog. In two or three weeks the patient is convalescent. Then he needs the pure breezes of the sea. If he cannot have those it is imperative that he should have a change of some kind. The atmosphere of the sick room is fatal to the patient. But he is in London; the house is small and the family large; he cannot have even a fresh bed-room. To open the window may not be to let in fresh and pure breezes, but cold and chilling blasts full of deadly poison. How is the convalescent to be restored quickly? How is the needed strength to be brought back without prostration? How is the expectation to be dried up? It cannot be done, at any rate in the existing atmosphere of the town. The sorrow to the family, as well as the loss and injury, may be very great. But they may be almost as great to the doctor, unless the patient and his friends are unusually discriminating and just in their appreciation of the facts.



## A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

(Continued from page 153; commenced January 16th—back numbers can be had on application at the Office.)

### CHAPTER IX.—continued.

It had been a gay season, but it waned at last, toward Lent, and I was certain Demotte drew a vast sigh of relief as it did so. One evening, after Lent had set in, I presented myself at the Second Avenue house, prepared to accompany myself and Millicent to the opera. I was a little late; my own brougham had driven to the door and had met Demotte's carriage, waiting there. I was prepared, on entering, to find Millicent in a humorously sopping mood, and Demotte, as usual nowadays, neutrally quiescent. But I had scarcely passed into the drawing-room before it became apparent to me that some serious disturbance had taken place between husband and wife. Millicent rose from a sofa to greet me, her fallen opera-cloak blending with her festal draperies. Demotte stood not far off, leaning against the mantel.

"We are not going to the opera," Millicent said, as she gave me her hand.

"Not going?" I echoed. The "why?" that I was about to add died on my lips; I had seen Demotte's clouded face. But it was he who next spoke.

"Millicent considers me a tremendous tyrant," he said grimly. "That, I believe, is why she has decided on not going."

"Have I called you by any such name?" she asked, turning and looking at him with a full calm, arranging directness.

Demotte shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, no—not in words. But you have meant it; you have meant it beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"What tells you that?" she exclaimed with a little despairing gesture, as she turned to me.

"My conscience," he said.

She sank on the sofa again.

"I thought Floyd's tyranny," I ventured, "was quite a thing of the past, if you will pardon my having an opinion at all on a subject which does not concern me." These words were addressed to Millicent, though I made them loud enough easily to be overheard by her husband.

"It does concern you," Millicent cried, with a sort of good-natured irritability. "Why should it not? It's your fault, Douglas, as if the subject has no interest for you."

"Yes," struck in Demotte, coming a little in my direction and watching me with an intent scrutiny. "Millicent is right. It's your fault."

I looked from one to the other of them with wonder. I let myself say the first thing that rose to my lips—perhaps because this very word compelled me. "So then," I faltered, "there is no real quarrel?"

"Quarrel!" exclaimed Millicent. "The quarrel rose, went over to a fuss, even a scuffle. He had ceased to be the man I had thus far held him. His very friendship had become a jest, a jeer, a sinister and unipitying taunt."

"Ah!" I said, with a gravity that was no doubt as colourless as I sought to make it.

Demotte laughed uneasily. "It's this," he said, "this and this only; I happened to give my wife a kiss when I saw how pretty she looked in that pink silk, and to tell her that we somehow used to be better friends in the old days than we are now. I may have said it with a touch of rather testy sarcasm; I—"

"He did nothing of the sort!" asserted Millicent, lifting one hand repellingly toward him as if to waver away the credibility of his announcement. "He said it with a voice as kind and sweet as any that he ever used. But something in his voice pierced me with—"

"Yes, that's just the word for it—contrition!" Here her voice broke, and she caught her breath, as if in the effort to make thorough tranquillity the dignified key-note of her discourse.

"Millicent!" her husband now struck in, reproachfully and admonishingly.

She wheeled herself toward him for a moment, and then turned again to me. "Don't mind what he says," she swiftly proceeded. "He has been martyrizing himself all this time. I have seen it and known it—and I have behaved like . . . well, like a selfish creature!"

"You!" I murmured. It seemed to me that with her flushed face and her richly gleaming eyes, with the thread of diamonds about her slender throat and the two or three tiny white feathers jutting from her high, handed coronal of tawny hair, I had never yet seen her so beautiful as now. Her loveliness thrilled me with a new enchantment.

"You?" I repeated.

"Yes, I," she hurried. "Douglas, you are so wise, so calm, so reasonable; you're a mathematician, a great thinker, a man who will some day do something marvellous in science, even if you haven't really done it already. You must see perfectly just how ungenerous I have been. I don't want to go about in fineries and have idle flatteries talked to me, if it is all boring poor Floyd to the very soul. I ought to have stopped it sooner than I have. I ought never to have begun it. I want to end it now forthwith. That's why we're not going to the opera. That's why we're going to live a much quieter and no doubt more sensible life. I won't see my husband suffer any longer." And now she slipped to my side and caught my hand in both her own, peering into my face with her blue, vividly lustrous eyes.

But we were not a kind of compromise together, Floyd and I. We're both so fond of you—you *know* that. We were speaking of you before you came in. We didn't dismiss the carriage for the opera till you came, on that account."

"On what account?" I asked.

"Millicent," I looked in Demotte at this point, "don't cling to his hand as you're doing. It won't alter matters. He'll never consent to make himself the victim of our absurd foibles."

"Yes, it will!" cried Millicent. She clasped my hand still tighter with one of her own, and loosened from it the other, raising this to my shoulder and resting it there.

"Our compromise, as I choose to call it, Douglas, is that you will come and live with us. We both want you to come—we're both devotedly fond of you. I spoke to you of this before—I've told Floyd that I did. You will be immense company for both of us—you shall be our sole society, our parties, our kettle-drums, our opera, our entire outside world. I'll settle down again—I'll become Millicent's maid, you'll become the little prim book-worm's daughter. Will you come, Douglas? I—I ask you as a sister."

She had put one arm about my neck, now, in a clingingly infantile way that expressed the innocent eagerness of her persuasion as no other action could do. And then her face brightened into a smile whose radiance blent itself with the calm of her breath. But suddenly a laugh of roguish sweetness rippled from her lips, and, with that bird-like activity of movement all her own, she turned her face towards Demotte.

"May I kiss him as a sister, Floyd?" she merrily shouted.

"Perhaps he will consent to come and live with us then! May I?"

Demotte lowered his head, laughing too, and thrust both hands into his trousers' pockets. (He did so!)—this decorous monster of jealousy, jealous of even women's liking of his wife, yet not jealous of mine.)

"Oh, yes," he said. "Kiss him if he will let you. But it won't make any difference. He'll never come and live with us—he'll stick to his solitude, his acids, his salts, his chemical treatises and his beloved electricity, all the same!"

Millicent laughed again, and kissed me on either cheek, drawing away from me with a second wilder and half-frightened burst of mirth as she did so. "Now!" she cried, hurrying straight to her husband's side. He put out a hand and drew her to him.

"You foolish Millicent!" he burst forth. "And then they both watched me. She was blushing and laughing; and had a smile on his face."

It seemed to me, that smile, a sort of infernal defiance. I knew well enough that it was utterly the opposite, but so it seemed, none the less.

And I laughed, too. "Millicent has conquered," I said. My heart galloped so that it made a humming sound in my ears; I fancied they must hear it if it did not soon stop. "Yes, I'll come. I'll resolve myself into the compromise. . . . I'll come and live with you both."

Millicent gave a joyous little shriek of triumph, and kissed her husband many times. . . . From that night I never felt as before towards Floyd Demotte. He incessantly presented himself to me as a foe, even a scolder. He had ceased to be the man I had thus far held him. His very friendship had become a jest, a jeer, a sinister and unipitying taunt."

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(To be continued.)

## A Nocturnal Adventure.\*

I WILL say this—speaking as accurately as a man may so long afterward—that when I first spied the house it put no desire in me but just to give thanks.

For conceive my case. It was near midnight by this; and ever since dusk I had been tracking the naked moors afoot, in the teeth of a vicious nor'wester as ever drenched a man to the skin, and then blew the cold home by my marrow. My clothes were sodden; my coat-laps flapped with a noise like pistol shots; my boots squeaked as I went.

I went. Overhead the October moon was in her first quarter, and might have been a slice of finger-nail for all the light she afforded. Two-thirds of the time the wrack blotted her out altogether; and I, with my stick clipped tight under my arm-pit, eyes puckered up and head bent like a butting ram's, but a little aslant, had to keep my wits agog to distinguish the glimmer of the road from the black heath to right and left. For three hours I had met neither man nor man's dwelling, and (for all I knew) was desperately lost. Indeed, at the cross roads, there had been nothing for me but to choose the way that kept the wind on my face, and it gnawed me like a dog.

Mainly to allay the stinging of my eyes I pulled up at last, turned right-about-face, leaned back against the blast with a hand on my hat, and surveyed the blackness I had traversed. It was at this instant that, far away to the left, a point of light caught my notice, faint but steady, and at once I felt sure it burnt in the window of a house.

"The house," thought I, "is a good mile off, beside the other road, and the light must have been an inch over my hat brim for the last half hour," for my head had been sloped that way.

This reflection—that on so wide a moor I had come near missing the information I wanted (and perhaps a supper) sent a strong thrill down my back.

I cut straight across the heather toward the light, risking quags and pitfalls. Nay, so heartening was the chance for here a fellow creature's voice that I broke into a run, skipping over the stunted grass that cropped up here and there, and dreading every moment to see the light quenched.

"Suppose it burns in an upper window, and the family is going to bed, as would be likely at this hour"—The apprehension kept my eyes fixed on the bright spot to the scandal of my legs, that within five minutes were stuck full of gorse prickles.

But the light did not go out, and soon a flicker of moonlight gave me a glimpse of the house's outline. It proved to be a deal more imposing than I looked for—the outline, in fact, of a tall barrack with a cluster of chimneys at either end, like ears, and a high wall, topped by the roofs of some outbuildings, concealing the lower windows. There was no gate in this wall, and presently I guessed the reason. I was approaching the place from behind, and the light came from a back window on the first floor.

The faintness of the light also was explained by this time. It shone behind a drab-coloured blind, and in shape resembled the stem of a wine glass, broadening out at the foot, an effect produced by the half-drawn curtains within. I came to a halt, waiting for the next ray of moonlight. At the same moment a rush of wind swept over the chimney stacks, and on the wind there seemed to ride a human sigh.

On this last point I may err. The gust had passed some seconds before I caught myself detecting this peculiar noise, and trying to discern it from the natural chatters of the storm. From the next gust it was absent. And then, to my dismay, the light faded from the window.

I was half-mindful to call out, when it appeared again, this time in two windows—those next on the right to that where it had shone before. Almost at once it increased in brilliance, as if the person who carried it from the smaller room to the larger, was lighting more candles; and now the illumination was strong enough to make fine gold thread of the rain that fell within its radiance, and fling two shafts of warm yellow over the coping of the back wall into the night. During the minute or more that I stood watching, no shadow fell on either blind.

Between me and the wall ran a ditch, into the black obscurity of which the ground at my feet broke sharply away. Setting my back to the storm again, I followed the lip of this ditch around the wall's angle. Here was shelter, and here the ditch seemed to grow shallower.

Not wishing, however, to mistake a bed of nettles, or any such pitfall for solid earth, I kept pretty wide as I went on. The house was dark on this side, and the wall, as before, had no opening. Close beside the next angle grew a mass of thick gorse bushes, and, pushing through these, I found myself suddenly on a sound high road, with the wind tearing at me as furiously as ever.

But here was the front; and I now perceived that the surrounding wall advanced some way before the house, so as to form a narrow courtyard. So much of it too, as faced the road had been whitewashed, which made it easy to find the gate. But as I laid my hand upon the latch I had a surprise.

A line of paving stones led from the gate to a heavy porch, and along the wet surface of these fell a streak of light from the front door, which stood ajar.

That a door should remain six inches open on such a night was astonishing enough, until I entered the court and found it as still as a room, owing to the high wall, and doubtless the porch gave additional protection. But looking up and assuring myself that all the rest of the facade was black as ink, I wondered at the inmates—thus careless of their property.

\* An extract from the Memoirs of Gabriel Foot, by "Q." in the *New York Sunday Sun*.

It was here that my professional instincts received the first jogg. Abating the sound of my feet on the paving stones, I went up to the door and pushed it softly.

It opened without noise.

I stepped into a fair-sized hall of modern build, paved with red tiles and lit with a small hanging lamp. To right and left were doors leading to the ground floor rooms. Along the wall by my shoulder ran a line of pegs, on which hung half a dozen hats and greatcoats, every one of clerical shape, and full in front of me a broad staircase ran up, with a staring Brussels carpet, the colours and pattern of which I can recall as well as today's breakfast. Under this staircase was set a stand full of walking-sticks and a table littered with gloves, brushes, a hand bell, a riding crop, one or two dog whistles, and a bedroom candle with tinder box beside it. This, with one notable exception, was all the furniture.

The exception—which turned me cold—was the form of a yellow mastiff dog, curled on a mat beneath the table. The arch of his back was toward me, and one forepaw lay over his nose in a natural posture of sleep. I leaned back on the wainscoting, with my eyes tightly fixed on him and my thoughts flying back, with something of regret, to the storm I had come through.

But a man's habits are not easily denied. At the end of three minutes the dog had not moved, and I was down on the doormat unlacing my soaked boots. Slipping them off and taking them in my hand, I stood up and tried to step towards the stairs, with eyes alert for any movement of the mastiff; but he never stirred.

I was glad enough, however, on reaching the stairs, to find them newly built and the carpet thick. Up I went, with a glance at every step for the table which now hid the brute's form from me, and never a creek did I wake out of that staircase till I was almost at the first landing, when my toe caught a loose stair-rod, and rattled it in a way that stopped my heart and then set it going in double-quick time.

I stood still, with a hand on the rail. My eyes were now on a level with the floor of the landing, out of which branched two passages—one by my right hand, the other to the left—at the foot of the next flight, so placed that I was gazing down the length of it. And almost at the end there fell a parallelogram of light across it from an open door.

A man who has once felt it knows there is only one kind of silence that can be fit called "dead." This is only to be found in a great house at midnight. For a few seconds after I rattled the stair rod you might have cut the silence with a knife. If the house held a clock it ticked inanimately.

From this silence, at the end of a minute, broke a light sound—the clink, clink of a decanter on the rim of a wingglass. It came from the room where the light was.

Now, perhaps, it was the very thought of liquor put warmth into all my bones. It is certain that at a sudden I straightened my back, took the remaining stairs at two strides, and walked down the passage as bold as brass without caring a jot for the noise I made.

In the doorway I halted, the room was long, lined for the most part with books bound in what they call "divinity calf," and littered with papers like a barrister's table on assize day. Before the fireplace, where a few coals burned sulkily, was drawn a leather elbow chair, and beside it, on the corner of a writing table, were set an unlit candle and a pile of manuscripts. At the opposite end of the room a curtained door led (as I guessed) to the chamber that I had first seen illumined.

All this I took in with the tail of my eye, while staring straight in front where, in the middle of a great square of carpet between me and the window, was a table with a red cloth upon it. On this cloth were a couple of wax candles lit, in silver stands, a tray, and a decanter of brandy.

And between me and the table stood a man.

He stood sideways, leaning a little back, as if to keep his shadow off the threshold and looked at me over his left shoulder—a bald, grave man, slightly under the common height, with a long clerical coat of preposterous fit hanging loosely from his shoulder, a white cravat, black breeches, and black stockings. His feet were loosely thru carpet slippers. I judged his age at 50 or thereabouts; but his face, as it showed in the shadow, and I could only note a pair of eyes, very small and alert, twinkling above a large expanse of cheek.

He was lifting a wine glass from the table at the moment when I appeared, and it trembled now in his right hand. I heard a split drop or two fall on the carpet, and this was all the evidence he showed of discomposure.

Setting the glass back, he felt in his breast pocket for a handkerchief, failed to find one, and rubbed his hands together to get the liquor off his fingers.

"You startled me," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, turning his eyes upon me, as he lifted his glass again, and emptied it. "How did you find your way in?"

"By the front door," said I, wondering at his unconcern. He nodded his head slowly.

"Ah, I forgot to lock it. You came to steal, I suppose?"

"I came because I'd lost my way. I've been travelling this God-forsaken moor since dusk."

"With your boots in your hand?" he put in quietly.

"I took them off out of respect to the yellow dog you keep."

"He lies in a natural attitude, chaff?"

"You don't tell me he was stuffed?"

The old man's eyes beamed with contemptuous pity.

"You are indifferently sharp, my dear sir, for a housebreaker. Come in. Set down those convicting boots, and don't drip pools of water in the very doorway, of all places. If I must entertain a burglar, I prefer him tidy."



PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, 14TH MARCH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

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

MR. PROUDMAN'S SELECT CHOIR.

CONDUCTOR—MR. JOSEPH PROUDMAN. PIANIST—MRS. PROUDMAN. SOLOISTS—MISS PATTI WINTER. MR. RECHAB TANDY. ORGANIST—MR. J. FRANK PROUDMAN, F.C.O.

1. PART SONG "The Night is soft and tender" ... Isenmann

The night is soft and tender, The land is far away, The sea in sparkling splendour Adds light to the moon's fair ray; The mighty billows swelling, Proclaim their Maker's power; The whispering breezes are telling How sacred and sweet the hour; The God who rules in creation Dwells in His greatness here. I bend in adoration, And feel that He is near. Though wonders are around me, And mysteries unknown, Yet nothing shall confound me. I know I am not alone. This vast and swelling ocean, Those stars that yonder shine, Are guided on in each motion Controll'd by a hand Divine; His presence even in gloom of night Bids every tremor cease, And, shelter'd by His favour, Safely I sleep in peace.

PART SONG ... "In the Wood how bright" ... Isenmann

In the wood how bright is the glittering sheen, Of the glossy leaves as they dance and play, While the warbling birds fly from spray to spray, Like flashes of song enlivening the scene. And the sound I can hear of a foot-step near, And I smile to think there will soon appear A form that will fill all the forest with cheer. In the wood how suddenly dark it has grown! I know not if day now has lost all its light, Or if still in meadows the sun is bright For my hopes were in vain, I am still alone, Come away! O my fair, give light to the day, See the birds flutter by with a sob and a sigh Their songs in a tremulous murmuring die. Hark! a sound like the trill of a nightingale's lay, And the woods are a-flame with the light of joy And birds in carols their tongues employ, And freely the fountains now sparkle and play For yonder note that enchants my ear Proclaims to my heart that my fair one is near, Like a sun-beam of glory behold her appear! Now the shadows around me have vanished away, And her presence can fill all the forest with day.

3. RECIT. ... "Deeper and deeper still" ... Handell. ARIA ... "Wait for Angels" ... Handell. MR. RECHAB TANDY.

Deeper and deeper still thy goodness, child, Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, And checks the cruel sentence on my fall'ring tongue; O let me whisper it to the raging winds Or howling deserts, for the ears of men it is too shocking, Yet have I not vow'd, and can I think the great Jehovah sleeps like Chemosh, And such fabled Dieties: Ah, no, Heav'n heard my thoughts and wrote them down; It must be so, 'tis this that racks my brain, And points into my breast a thousand pangs, That lash me into madness, Horrid thought, my only daughter, So dear a child doom'd by a father; Yes, the vow is past, And Glend hath triumph'd o'er his foes, Therefore to-morrow's dawn, I can no more.

ARIA. Wait for, angels, through the skies, Far above you azure plain, Glorious there like you to rise, There like you for ever reign. Wait for, angels, through the skies, Far above you azure plain.

4. PART SONG "In this hour of softened splendour" Piusuti

In this hour of softened splendour, When the moon, fair queen, on high, Bids the stars due homage render To their sov'reign in the sky; In this hour, oh! lady, hear me, Bid me my passion prove, With thy royal glance, ah! cheer me, While I tell all my love. In this hour of softened splendour, When the moon holds court on high, Hear, oh hear me homage render, And give me sigh for sigh. See the gentle moon now paleth In the radiance of the dawn, And in pure white robe she saileth, All her queenly glories gone; In this hour, oh! lady, hear me, Bid me my passion prove! With thy royal glance, ah! cheer me, While I tell all my love. In this hour so soft and tender, When the moon forgets to shine, And the day breaks forth in splendour, Say, say, thou wilt be mine.

5. PART SONG ... "Say, Watchman" ... Sullivan

Say, watchman, what of the night? Do the dew's of the morning fall? Have the Orient skies a border of light Like the fringe of a fun'ral pall? The night is fast waning on high, And soon shall the darkness flee; And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky, And bright shall its glories be. But watchman, what of the night When sorrow and pain are mine, And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright, No longer around me shine? That night of sorrow thy soul May surely prepare to meet; But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll, And the morning of joy be sweet. But watchman, what of the night When the arrow of death is sped? And the grave which no glimm'ring star can light, Shall be my sleeping bed? That night is near, and the cheerless tomb Shall keep thy body in store, Till the morn of Eternity rise on the gloom, And night shall be no more.

6. AIR ... "Bel raggio" (Semiramide) Rossini. MISS PATTI WINTER.

RECIT. Bel raggio lusinghier, Di speme, e di pianto. Alfin per me brillo Arsale ritorno, Si a me verra, Quest' alma che finor Gemè, tremò, languì, Oh! come respirò! Ogni mio duol sparè dal cor Mio pensier si dilegò il terror! La calma a questo cor Arsale renderà Arsale ritorno quel qui a me verra. A dolce pensiero, di quell' istanta, A te vorrei, l' amante cor, Sì, come più caro, dopo il tormento E il bel momento di pale, e amor.

7. PART SONG ... "The Message" ... Calciott

I had a message to send her, To her whom my soul loves best, But I had my task to finish, And she had gone home to rest. To rest in the far bright heaven, Oh, so far away from here, It was vain to speak to my darling, For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her, So tender and true, so sweet, I long'd for an angel to bear it, And lay it down at her feet. I placed it one summer evening On a little white cloud's breast; But it faded in golden splendour, And died in the crimson west. I gave it the lark next morning, And I watch'd it soar and soar, But its pinions grew and weary, And it fluttered to earth once more. Then I cried in my passionate longing, "Has the earth, the earth no Angel friend Who will carry my love the message My heart desires to send?" [so clear, Then a strain of music so mighty, so pure, That my very sorrow was silenc'd, And my heart stood still to hear. I rose in harmonious rushing, Of mingled voices and strings, And I tenderly laid my message On the music's outspread wings. And I heard it float farther and farther In sound more perfect than speech; Farther than sight can follow, Farther than soul can reach. And I know that at last my message Has pass'd thro' the golden gate, So my heart is no longer restless And I am content to wait.

8. ORGAN SOLO ... Concerto in D ... Handell

9. SEMI-CHORUS ... "Soldier rest" ... Thomson

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking; Dream of battle fields no more, Days of danger, nights of waking, In our isle's enchanted hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strewing; Fairy strains of music fall, Every sense in slumber dewing. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Dream of fighting fields no more; Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking, Morn of toil, nor night of waking, Huntsman, rest, thy chase is done, While our slumbers spells assail ye: Dream not with the rising sun, Bugles here shall sound reveille ye. Sleep, the deer is in his den, Sleep, thy hounds are by the lying; Sleep, nor dream in yonder glen, How thy gallant steed lay dying, Huntsman, rest, thy chase is done, Think not of the rising sun; For at dawning to assail ye, Here no bugles sound reveille ye.

10. CHORUS ... "Hail to the Chief" ... Thomson

Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances! Honour'd and blest be the ever-green pine; Long may the tree in his banner that glances Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line, Heav'n send it happy dew, Earth lend it sap anew, Gaily to bourgeon and proudly to grow, While every Highland glen Sends the shout back again, Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe! Proudly our pibroch has trilled in glen Fruin, And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied; Glen Luss and Rossdhu they are smoking in ruin, And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side. Widow and Saxon maid, Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe; Lennox and Leven glen Shout when they hear again, Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe! Row, vassals, row for the pride of the Highlands, Stretch to your cars for the ever-green pine; O that the rose-hall that graces your islands, Wreathed in a garland around him might twine! O that some seedling gem, Worthy such noble stem, Honour'd and blest, in their shadow might grow! Loud should Clan Alpine then Ring from her deepest glen, Roderick, Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

11. SONG ... "Good-bye, Sweetheart" ... Handell

MR. RECHAB TANDY.

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking, The dewdrops pearl each bud and leaf, And I from thee my leave am taking, With bliss too brief. How sinks my heart with fond alarms, The tear is hiding in mine eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye! The sun is up, the lark is soaring, Loud swells the song of chanticleer, The levet bounds o'er earth's soft flooring— Yet I am here; For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to floral lips doth hie, I could not leave thee though I said, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!

12. PART SONG ... "When Spring comes round" ... Smart

13. PART SONG ... "England" ... Hutton

England, oh, England, dear land of our birth! Land of the fair, and the brave and the free; England, dear England, the first of the earth! Some pride is forgiv'n us, singing of thee, Near thee, away from thee, still 'tis the same; Still we must cherish thee, thrill at thy name; Joy in thy nobleness, honour thy fame. E'en should we want thee, are we to blame? England, oh, England, below'd native land! Land of the gen'rously helpful and strong, Sing we thy praises in brotherly band, Lift we our voices in heartiest song.

14. SONG ... "Return with the May" J. Mariyn Van Lemep

Miss PATTI WINTER. Oh, let me hear from you, love, If only a word just to say, The heavens will brighten above, That you will return with the May, When linnet and starling and thrush Bring music from Heaven to earth, When roses are fair with the flush Of summertime's beauty and birth. Let me have news of you, dear, If only a joy laden word That your heart by no shadow of fear Or whisper of doubt will be stirred; For as violets' odours are sweet, Though wafted afar by the wind, So your tidings I fervently greet As a fragrance to gladden the mind! Ah, let me then hear from you, dearest, Sweet message from heart to heart, Then sunshine will linger above me, New rapture my spirit enthral, If you only will say that you love me With a faith that is proof against all.

15. PART SONG ... "Now the grass with dew is wet" ... Hutton

Now the grass with dew is wet, Now the grass is almost set, Hush, hush! my child!

16. CHORUS ... "Market Chorus" ... Amber

Now, straight into the market hie, My goods and wares come quickly try; Bright flowers gay, fruits ripe and sound, Fresh gather'd grapes, rich melons round, Fine purple plums, soft peaches rare, Wine sweet and strong, to banish care, Cakes nice and light, fish from the sea, Come, try my wares, pray deal with me! No other stall can equal mine, No other goods are half so fine, Come buy, come buy, pray step this way, Elsewhere you will have more to pay To suit your taste I'll gladly try—come, buy. Fish from the sea, just caught have we E'en gentle folks my fruits do choose, Fine ladies ne'er my flower's refuse, Now, straight into the market; etc.

17. PART SONG ... "O hush thee, my babe" ... Sullivan

O hush thee, my babe, thy sire was a knight, Thy mother a lady, both gentle and bright; The woods and the glens, from the tow'rs which we see, They are all belonging, dear babe, to thee. O fear not the bogle, though loudly it blows, It calls but the warders that guard thy repose; Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed. O hush thee, my babe, the time soon will be, Why thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum, Then hush thee, my darling, take rest till you may, For strife comes with manhood and waking with day. O hush thee, etc.

MONDAY POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS,  
Monday, 16th of March, 1891, at Eight o'clock.

GUSTAVE GARCIA'S LYRIC & DRAMATIC SCHOOL

WILL GIVE A COSTUME RECITAL OF THE OPERA

“ MIGNON ,”

By AMBROISE THOMAS.

The following sketch of the story will be of interest:—

Mignon is the daughter of Lothario, who is an Italian nobleman. When a child, and playing in her father's park, some gipsies pounce upon her, and before help arrives she is carried away and compelled to join the band. She is transferred and sold from one master to another till she becomes the property of Giamo. Her father, stricken by grief, starts from his home in search of his child, and wanders from place to place until, stricken by sorrow and disappointment, his reason becomes affected.

ACT I.—The scene is laid in a small town in Germany, an inn on one side of the stage and a barn on the other, and courtyard in between. A troupe of actors—who happen to have been performing in the neighbourhood—is staying at the inn, Felina being the prima donna, and Laertes the light comedian. The scene opens by Lothario entering, and whilst the people are sitting at tables in courtyard, drinking and rejoicing, Lothario laments his misfortune in a song in which he accompanies himself on the lyre. When he has finished his song Giamo appears, followed by gipsies and Mignon, and in order to collect money from the bystanders he orders her to dance her celebrated dance on eggs. At the same time Felina and Laertes appear on the balcony of the inn to witness the performance. As Mignon refuses to dance Giamo threatens to strike her with his whip, whereupon Lothario interferes to save the child from ill-treatment. Giamo thrusts him aside and again prepares to strike Mignon, when a young gentleman traveller, who accidentally enters the yard to put up in the inn, threatens to shoot him unless he desists. Felina, who is a young coquette, seeing Wilhelm, sends Laertes down to prepare the way for an introduction. Mignon, in gratitude, begs of Wilhelm to let her follow him as his servant, dressed as a boy. Wilhelm, thinking this would lead to much inconvenience, refuses, and Mignon offers to accompany Lothario. Frederick, who is a young gallant in love with Felina, appears, and is in a violent rage at seeing that Felina pays more attention to Wilhelm than to him. Wilhelm consents to take Mignon with him. At the end of the act, the troupe of actors on their journey to give a performance at a private house in a neighbouring town, Felina proposes to Wilhelm to follow them, and she will introduce him as the poet of the company. Wilhelm accepts.

ACT II.—Represents Felina's dressing room at the house in which the performance is to take place that night, which happens to belong to Frederick's uncle. Felina is discovered at the dining table, Laertes enters rather worse for liquor, Wilhelm then enters, followed by Mignon, dressed as a boy; Mignon sits by fireside and pretends to go to sleep, but watching Wilhelm and Felina, of whom she is already jealous. Mignon, being left alone, goes to looking-glass and uses the powder and paint as she has observed Felina, and goes with the intention of trying Felina's dresses. Frederick enters through the window, hoping to find Felina. Wilhelm then enters in search of Mignon, and finds Frederick, who in a fit of jealousy challenges Wilhelm. Mignon returns, dressed in one of Felina's dresses, and stops the fight. Frederick rushes off laughingly, and brings back Felina, who mocks Mignon for having put her dresses on and laughs at Wilhelm. Laertes calls Felina to the performance. The scene changes to a garden where Mignon is seen in her first attire as a gypsy, being determined to leave Wilhelm, who seems to be entirely captivated by Felina. Mignon meets Lothario, and states to him that she wishes the house in which Felina is performing might be burnt. Lothario in his eagerness to please the child and weak state of mind sets fire to the place. Felina, Wilhelm, and all the persons come out of the house into the garden. Felina, who is very much praised for her performance, remembers having left some bouquets on the stage, and requests Mignon to go and fetch them, which she does. Laertes meanwhile rushes out of the house, shouting fire. Wilhelm terrified that Mignon is on the stage in search of the flowers, rushes into the house and brings Mignon back in his arms.

ACT III.—Wilhelm has taken Mignon and Lothario to Italy in the hope that he may find their home. In the town where they arrive Wilhelm, who by this time has fallen in love with Mignon, treats for the purchase of a house which has been abandoned a great many years. This happens to be the very house which belonged to Lothario before Mignon was born. Lothario recognises the house as the one he left in search of his child. His reason returns, and Mignon herself recalls events happening at that place in her childhood. Lothario recognises in Mignon his long-lost daughter, and Wilhelm asks her hand in marriage, and so the story ends.

LOTHARIO	...	...	...	...	Mr. J. W. S. METCALFE.
WILHELM	...	...	...	...	Mr. WILLIAM GREEN.
LAERTES	...	...	...	...	Mr. D. PUGHE EVANS.
GIAMO	...	...	...	...	Mr. FRANK FISHER.
ANTONIO	...	...	...	...	Mr. ALFRED HICKMAN.
ZAFFARI	...	...	...	...	Mr. W. C. GISSENDEN.
FREDERICK	...	...	...	...	Mrs. MARTORELLI.
MIGNON	...	...	...	...	Miss FLORENCE EASTON.
FELINA	...	...	...	...	Miss EDEN SMITH.

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PROGRAMME of ENTERTAINMENT to be given on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18th.

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PROGRAMME.

1. OVERTURE ... “Chevalier D. Breton” ... ... Hermann.	9. BALLAD... “When Stars are Softly Beaming” ... ... Miss E. THURBAN.
2. LANCERS ... ... “Covent Garden” ... ... Crowe.	10. MANDOLINE SELECTIONS ... ...
3. ... ... “Wild West” ... ...	11. POLKA ... ... “Off we go” ... ... Coote.
4. MANDOLINE SELECTIONS ... ...	12. MARCH ... ... “Scipio” ... ... Handel.
5. COMIC SONG AND DANCE. “She lives on the Banks of the Rhino.” Mr. G. JORDAN.	13. COMIC SONG “The Girls are Immensibus” Mr. C. W. REDWOOD.
6. FANTASIA “Reminiscences of Verdi” ... ... Godfrey.	14. VIOLIN SOLO ... Gounod's “Meditation” ... ... MASTER T. THURBAN.
7. VALSE ... ... “Viennoise” ... ... Czibulka.	15. SELECTIONS for BANJOS, MANDOLINES, VIOLIN, and HARP.
8. BANJO MARCH ... ...	16. ... ... “GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.” ...

PROGRAMME OF  
ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, ON SUNDAY, MARCH 15TH, 1891.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

1. PRELUDE IN C MINOR ... ... Bach	5. CHORUS “Heaven and earth display” (Athalie) Mendelssohn
2. AIR “But the Lord is mindful” (St. Paul) Mendelssohn	6. OFFERTOIRE IN C ... ... Wely
3. MARCH ... ... from “Rebekah” ... ... Barnby	7. GRAND CHEAR IN D ... ... Deshayes
4. ANDANTE ... ... (Elevazione) ... ... Morandi	

AT 4 P.M. VOCALIST—MRS. FLORENCE MORGAN.

1. OVERTURE IN D MINOR AND MAJOR ... ... Smart	6. SOLO “These are they which came” (Holy City)... Gaul
2. SOLO ... “My heart ever faithful” ... ... Bach	7. } a TEMPO DI MINUETTO ... ... Grieg
3. LARGHETTO IN G MINOR ... ... Richardson	} b TOCCATO ... (Symphonie No. 4) ... ... Widor
4. HYMN “Brief life is here our portion” { John Mason Neale, D.D., 1818-1866	8. HYMN “How sweet the name of Jesus sounds” { Rev. John Newton, 1725-1807.
5. TOCCATO IN F MAJOR ... ... Bach	9. WAR MARCH OF THE PRIESTS (Athalie) ... Mendelssohn

AT 8 P.M.

1. AIR (with variations and finale fugato) ... ... Smart	5. ... ... “There is a green hill” ... ... Gounod
2. ... ... “As pants the hart” ... ... Spohr	6. VARIATIONS ON “Jerusalem the golden” ... ... Spahr
3. CANTILENE ... ... Guilmant	7. CORNELIUS MARCH ... ... Mendelssohn
4. SONATA IN D MINOR, No. II (1st movement) Rheinberger	

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