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FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 15th May.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- SATURDAY, 16th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8, People's Palace Military Band. Admission 3d.
- SUNDAY, 17th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free. Swimming Bath open from 6 to 10 a.m.
- MONDAY, 18th.—Library closed. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 3 p.m., Entertainment by Mr. Scott-Edwardes. At 8 p.m., Volunteer Minstrel Troupe. Admission 3d.
- TUESDAY, 19th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open (for Females only) from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Lecture for Farriers at 8. Admission free. In the Queen's Hall, at 8, Red Hungarian Band. Admission 3d.
- WEDNESDAY, 20th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert by People's Palace Military Band. Admission 3d.
- THURSDAY, 21st.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- FRIDAY, 22nd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.—The display given by a large number of our members in the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday, 5th, went off admirably and seemed well appreciated; indeed some of the events were quite enthusiastically received. The new gymnasium is speedily nearing completion, and it is rumoured we are to make use of it at an early date. We eagerly look forward again to the privacy of our own hall, and it is needless to say how much the "conscientious" workers in the gymnasium will appreciate the regular practice two evenings each week.

ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Captain.
REBECCA JOSEPHS, Vice-Captain.

Another account runs as follows:—The fourth annual display by the members of the girls' gymnasium was given before a delighted audience, in the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday last, at 8 p.m. The programme included musical drill with bar bells and figure marching, which was loudly applauded. Gymnastics on parallel bars, which were very well done, were watched most keenly by the spectators; also Indian clubs by the class whose swinging certainly did them credit. Musical drill, with dumb-bells, was smartly carried out. Gymnastics on the vaulting horse, in which feats our girls excel, and the musical running maze, concluded the proceedings. The great event of the evening, however, was the fencing match between two of the leaders, Miss Heinemann and Miss Scott, who went through the salute very well, and were loudly applauded at the end of the first display of fencing given by ladies at the palace. Altogether the evening was most enjoyable, and the bearing and general smartness of the girls has much improved since the last display.—*Communicated.*

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY. CONDUCTOR, MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.—Practice on Tuesdays and Fridays at

8 o'clock. Select Choir, 7.30. The "Hymn of Praise" and "Woman of Samaria" are the works in rehearsal. We shall begin to practise "Les Cloches de Corneville" as soon as we can get the sol-fa edition. We give a concert in Chelsea Town Hall on June 2nd. We have a few vacancies for good basses who can read music well. There was a good muster of the Choir on Sunday, 10th inst., when we gave "Selections from Samson" to a large audience.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR SWIMMING CLUB.—The Captain and Vice-Captaincy of this Club was decided in the Swimming Bath on Monday evening, May 4th, at 9 o'clock, resulting in A. G. Hickie 1st, and H. J. Winter 2nd, the distance being three lengths of the Bath. All members of the Junior Section desirous of becoming members of this Club will please give their names to the Captain or Vice-Captain any evening.

A. G. HICKIE, Captain.
H. J. WINTER, Vice-Captain.

THE meeting held in the Queen's Hall on Monday last, in connection with the East London Women's Christian Association, proved very successful. Nearly 3,000 must have attended. Canon Willerforce's speech was the event of the evening, his magnificent voice being distinctly heard all over the hall. All the speakers acquitted themselves well, and the report was very ably read by Miss Richards.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—Arrangements are not quite completed, but I hear that Mr. Osborn is making every effort to secure a house at the seaside for the members of our Institute, whose means are limited, but who will be able by this means to have a good holiday at a small cost. Full particulars will be announced next week.

OUR gymnasts started on Friday last for their trip to Sweden. We shall hope to have a long letter from Mr. Burdett describing their journey, etc., in our next issue.

THE Evening Classes will not be held during Whitsun week.

OUR holiday programme at the Palace is a varied one. On Monday at 3, Mr. Scott-Edwardes will give another of his entertainments which need no word of praise, and at 8 o'clock the Metropolitan Volunteer Minstrel Troupe will appear again. On Whit-Tuesday the "Red Hungarian Band" from Pesth will make their first appearance here, under the leadership of Teher Poldi. On the Wednesday our military band will give a concert. Vocalists, Miss Agnes Goode and Mr. Frank Boor. The programme will include Weber's Concert Stück, Op. 79, for pianoforte solo and orchestra, on the new concert grand pianoforte made expressly for the trustees, which Mr. Orton Bradley will play.

THE Students' Library will not be open on Thursday.

A MEETING will be held on Thursday next at 8.30, for the purpose of forming a swimming club in connection with the Palace; this will be held in the Social-room, and, we hope, will be well attended. Mr. H. Ellis, one of our old leaders in the Gym., will be present, and has promised to help form this necessary club.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—PEOPLE'S PALACE POLYTECHNIC.—This match should have been played on Saturday last, but owing to the non-appearance of seven of the Palace team, it had to be abandoned. The only four men who turned up were L. Goldberg, C. A. Bowman, Phillips, and A. Bowman (Captain), and they were put to useless expense and waste of time simply because the absentees behaved in a very ungentlemanly fashion in not informing the secretary that they would not be able to play. Had they taken the trouble to consider that they were sending those who did put in an appearance on a fruitless errand, their sense of right would not doubt have prompted them to drop a line to the secretary who would then have been able to replace them. In future, if a member cannot play, will he please have the goodness to inform the secretary two clear days before the match. Match next Saturday, *v.* Richmond Green at Richmond Green. Trains leave Broad Street (N.L.R.) at 1.40 and 2.40 for Richmond, play to commence at 3 sharp. Smoker in the evening, at which we shall be happy to see any Palace friends who may be Richmond way. *Team—v.* Richmond Green: Messrs. C. A. Bowman, Goldberg, Phillips, Williamson, Sheppard, Francis, Bird, Drury, Taylor, White, A. Bowman (Captain). *Reserves—*Brockwell, Joskey. Whit Monday we journey to Merstham, meet at London Bridge 9 a.m. under clock inside station. *Team—v.* Merstham: Messrs. C. A. Bowman, L. Goldberg, Phillips, Williamson, Sheppard, Francis, Bird, Drury, Claridge, Brockwell, A. Bowman (Captain). *Reserves—*White, Taylor.

A. BOWMAN, Captain.

I HAVE just heard that the New Gymnasium will be ready for use on Monday, the 25th.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last, May 9th, a party of twelve met at London Bridge Station, bound for Forest Hill, to visit Mr. F. J. Horniman's Museum. We were welcomed on our arrival by the curator, and then began our examination of the works of art, antiquities, and other curiosities, so kindly thrown open for public inspection by the proprietor. The Entrance Hall is hung with Chinese and Japanese embroidery, paintings, and panels of cloth of gold, etc. The Reception Room is also filled with Japanese and Chinese exhibits; the chairs around the room are of Chinese iron-wood, inlaid with pearl, having marble seats and backs, and cushions of hand-worked embroidery. Ascending a circular staircase we come to the Horse Armoury, containing in addition to the articles which its name indicates, one of the most interesting and thrilling objects in the entire collection, *viz.*, a torture chair, with its accessories, from the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition at Cuenca. The chair is of iron, and has an iron band to compress the chest of the victim, a helmet with screws to enter the ears, a band to compress the jaws, also thumb screws and implements for extracting finger and toe nails, and other contrivances too horrible to describe. We have reason to be thankful that in Europe, at least, the power of the "Holy Office" has ceased to exist, and that such means are no longer used to promote the spread of the gospel of "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." Next are two rooms fitted up in Elizabethan style, the bedsteads in which confirm the idea one derives from the Armoury, that people were in general shorter in those days than they are now. Among the objects of interest are a cast of Oliver Cromwell's face, a piece of tapestry about 170 years old, and some wood carvings from Cardinal Wolsey's house at Ipswich. An automatic orchestral organ then performed an operatic selection, flutes, trumpets, and drums taking their respective parts with very good effect. In the Old English Parlour is some 16th century Gobelins' tapestry from Fotheringay Castle, a horse-shoe of Cromwell's time, a large iron man-trap, and many other curious objects. It is, of course, impossible to mention everything, and it is difficult to make selection where all is of interest, but after passing through rooms of Oriental armour and dress, Greek, Roman, and Egyptian antiquities, Indian art work and idols, we arrived at the Long Gallery, where we were long admiring the collections of corals and minerals, but longer looking at the beautiful beetles and butterflies, many of which are extremely rare, while one is absolutely unique. Many curious objects from the South Sea Islands and other abodes of savage races, are ranged round the walls. Below this room are two rooms containing porcelain and glass, Old English, Dresden, Sevres, and many other varieties, after viewing which we entered the Zoological Saloon, where are stuffed animals and birds of all descriptions. We stopped to look at a bird piping merrily in a cage, and took some little time to discover that it required winding up to make it sing! The next door was labelled "Way out," so, after expressing to the custodian the gratification we had experienced, we set out for a walk across Dulwich

Park, and started home from Dulwich Station, having enjoyed ourselves very much, notwithstanding the dullness of the weather. *Appointments.*—Monday, May 18th, 10.30, Waterloo Station for Windsor Castle. Saturday, May 23rd, 3.40, Coborn Road Station. Book to Snaresbrook for Mrs. Guy's Buckhurst Hill. May 30th, Theydon Bois. June 6th, Woodford Meet. June 13th, Billericay.

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

Library News.

The Report for April, 1891, is as follows:—41,963 persons entered the library, 4,907 being registered on Sundays, of which there were four to the month.

The Library was open every day during April. The new entrance will shortly be commenced, and in view of this, the large map of London has been removed and the hoarding taken down.

The number of books taken out was 6,839, 593 being issued to boys, on Sundays only. Total, 7,432. 960 books were issued on Sundays only, a decrease on previous months.

In April, 1890, 5,845 books were issued, 725 being given out on Sunday only, it will be seen that there is an increase on the returns of April, 1891, as against April, 1890.

Very few books have been added during the month, and many of those presented were of little use. The total is 39, of which 2 volumes were bought at a cost of 8s. and 37 presented.

The following have been withdrawn:—"Fair Trade," "The Irish Times," and the "Women's Union Journal."

"Shop Life and Reform" and "Beauty and Fashion" have been added.

The average attendance per day has been 1,425, and per Sunday 1,227.

The average number of books issued per week was 1,546, on Sunday 285.

The weather being finer and warmer has caused a falling-off in attendance as against March.

TABULATED LIST OF ISSUES.

Fiction, 4,773; Travel, 277; Biography, 128; History, 116; Poetry and Drama, 141; Science and Natural History, 176; Technology, 263; Art and Music, 69; Law, 12; Medicine and Hygiene, 39; Mathematics, 41; Athletics, Games and Sports, 70; Theology, 108; Essays and English Literature, 91; Mental and Moral Science, 39; Foreign and Classical, 152; Encyclopaedias, Reference Books, 151; Miscellaneous, 193; Total, 6,839. Boys' Books, 593; Total, 7,432.

The Student Library fines having amounted to 10s., this money was spent in procuring four of the books most often in demand. Students should remember that the Library is open every Monday and Thursday, from 7.30 to 9 p.m. Those who cannot leave class in time, may bring their volumes to the Central Library, but this can only be done where a good reason is given.

Students are specially requested not to leave their books in the office as it entails much trouble and waste of time.

The Library will not be open on Whit-Monday either for the students or the general public.

The Students' Library will not be open after Thursday, May 14th, till Monday, May 25th. LIBRARIAN.

THE *Palace Journal* may now be obtained of the following newsagents:—

Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
Mr. Haines, 212, Mile End Road.
The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 178, Mile End Road.
Mr. Kerby, opposite London Hospital.
Mr. Moir, 57, Cambridge Road.
Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.
Mr. Roder, 163, Green Street.
Mayor and Sons, 212, Green Street.
Mr. Hanson, 111, Roman Road.
Mr. Sampson, 185, Roman Road.
Mr. Smith, 21, Burdett Road.
Berry and Holland, 180, Well Street, Hackney.
Mr. Connor, opposite South Hackney Church.
Mr. Roberts, 172, Victoria Park Road.

THE old cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" confounds itself with the nobler demand, "What shall I do to save?" And even within the closer range of our personal responsibility the growing complexity of the industrial machinery is ever presenting us with fresh difficulties. For, in truth, we are learning at last that the life of each one of us is employed, or the means of each one of us devoted, to the furthering not of his own purpose but those of others.

Whitsuntide Holiday Arrangements.

As no end of inquiries reach me concerning railway facilities for the Whitsuntide holidays, I cannot do better than give a brief abstract of the arrangements made by the various railway companies.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.—For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain information or procure tickets beforehand, thereby avoiding delay and trouble at the Waterloo and other railway stations, the London and South Western Railway Company will keep open their offices—*viz.*, the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; and the West End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; also Messrs. Lavington Bros., 69, Old Bailey, E.C., till 10.0 p.m., on Thursday, 14th, and Friday, 15th May. The City Office, Arthur Street West, until 8.0 p.m. on 14th and 15th May. Jakin's Office, 96, Leadenhall Street, will also remain open until 7.0 p.m.; and Red Cap, Camden Road, N.W., until 10.0 p.m., and on the same days for the sale of holiday, ordinary, and steam-boat tickets to all stations, including Weymouth, Swanage, Exeter, Plymouth, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, also Jersey, St. Malo, Havre, Paris, etc.

Cheap excursions on Saturday, 16th May, to Plymouth, Soath and North Devon, etc., will leave London (Waterloo), etc., at 8.10 a.m. To Southampton, West Bournemouth, Dorchester, Weymouth, etc., at 12.5 noon. Four days' excursion, at 1.15 p.m., on Saturday, 16th May, for Southampton, Winchester, Gosport, Salisbury, Romsey, etc., also to Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, by fast train leaving Waterloo at 1.40 p.m., *via* direct line. Day excursions at reduced fares, from Waterloo, on Whit Sunday, at 8.20 a.m., for New Forest and Bournemouth; at 8.40 a.m., for Portsmouth, Ryde, etc.; and at 10.15 a.m. for Cowes. On Whit Monday, at 7.5 a.m., for Portsmouth, Southampton (trips round the Isle of Wight in connection), Gosport, Winchester, Salisbury, Romsey, etc.; and at 8.30 a.m. for Lyndhurst Road, Brockenhurst (for the New Forest), Lymington, and Bournemouth; also a fast train for Bournemouth only, at 8.0 a.m. Additional facilities are likewise afforded for passengers from London to the Isle of Wight, *via* the Portsmouth Direct Line, *via* Stokes Bay, *via* Southampton, and *via* Lymington.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY CO. announce that a fast excursion train for the West of England will leave Paddington at 7.45 a.m. on Saturday, May 16th, reaching Exeter in 5½ hours and Plymouth in 7½ hours, and that excursions will also be run on the same day to Bath, Bristol, Dorchester, Weymouth (for the Channel Islands), Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, Malvern, Hereford, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester, Liverpool, Manchester, Cardiff, Newport, Swansea, New Milford, and other stations on the Great Western system. Passengers will also be booked at excursion fares to certain stations in the south of Ireland.

Excursions will be run to London from most of the principal stations, and cross country trips have also been arranged.

To meet the expected additional traffic by the ordinary trains on Saturday, May 16th, the Company will run in duplicate the 11.45 a.m., 1.0, 3.0, 5.0, and 9.0 p.m. trains from London to the West of England; the 10.20 a.m. and 9.15 p.m. trains to Weymouth, Hereford, and South Wales. The first portions of the 5.0 and 9.0 p.m. trains will leave Paddington at 4.55 and 8.57 p.m. respectively, but the first parts of the other trains will leave at the advertised times, and the second a few minutes afterwards, the long distance passengers being as far as possible taken in the first portion, but with a few exceptions both trains will stop at the advertised stations to take up and set down passengers.

On Bank Holiday, excursions will be run to Reading, Bath, Bristol, Stroud, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Oxford, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and other stations.

The booking offices at the Paddington station will be open all day on May 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets for any destination on the Great Western Railway can do so at their convenience. The tickets will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY announce the usual extension of time of ordinary return tickets for distances over 10 and under 50 miles, and the cheap return tickets issued on week-days between London and Sandling Junction, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, Dover, New Romney (Littlestone-on-Sea), and Sheerness. The cheap Saturday to Monday return tickets to the sea-side, issued on May 16th, will be similarly extended.

On Whit-Sunday and Monday there will be cheap trips, at specially reduced fares, from London and New Cross to Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Deal, Walmer, Ashford, Sandling Junction, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, Dover, &c. Fares there and back, third-class, Whit-Sunday:—To Ashford and Tunbridge

Wells, 3s.; to other stations, 4s.; Whit-Monday, to Ashford, 3s. 6d.; to Tunbridge Wells, 4s.; to other stations, 5s. Children under twelve will be charged half fares. Cheap tickets will be issued at country stations to the seaside and other stations. Special trains will be run to Hayes, Blackheath, Greenwich, Gravesend (for Rosherville Gardens), &c. Extra trains will be run, and there will be various important alterations and arrangements.

Special cheap tickets to Ostend and Brussels will be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street, from 14th to 18th May inclusive, available for 8 days. Return fares: Ostend, first-class, 31s.; second-class, 24s.; Brussels, first-class, 40s. 3d.; second-class, 31s.; Braine l'Alleud (for Waterloo), first-class, 41s. 9d.; second-class, 32s. 3d.

A special cheap excursion will leave Charing Cross and Cannon Street for Calais on Bank Holiday. Return fares: first-class, 16s. 6d.; third-class, 11s. 6d.

Special cheap tickets to Paris will be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street from 13th to 18th May inclusive, available for 14 days. Return fares: second-class, 37s. 6d.; third-class, 30s.

A special cheap excursion will leave Charing Cross and Cannon Street for Boulogne on Saturday, May 16th. Return fares: first class, 21s.; third-class, 12s. 6d.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY announce Cheap Excursion Bookings, on Saturday, 16th May, from London (Liverpool Street), *via* their New Line and Cathedral Cities of Ely and Lincoln, to Doncaster, Hull, Sheffield, Manchester, York, Scarborough, Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Durham, Newcastle, &c.; also to the principal towns in the Counties of Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, &c. A Special Booking Office will be opened at the Liverpool Street Station from the 11th to 16th May for the issue of ordinary tickets, and of tourist, fortnightly and Friday or Saturday to Tuesday tickets to the sea-side, and the Broads District, for use on forward dates. Tickets may also be obtained at the Company's West End Booking Offices, 61, Regent Street, and 215, Edgware Road, and at their other City and West End Offices. Additional relieving trains will be run on Friday and Saturday to Colchester, Ipswich, Norwich, Clacton, Walton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cambridge, Lynn, &c.; and on Saturday, special trains will leave Liverpool Street, at 4.0 p.m., for Clacton and Walton, and at 4.0 and 8.3 p.m., for Yarmouth and Lowestoft, *via* Ipswich. Also for the accommodation of persons detained at business until late in the evening on that day special midnight trains will leave Liverpool Street, at 11.55 p.m., for Norwich, *via* Cambridge; and at 12.15 (night), for Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft, *via* Ipswich, calling at the principal intermediate stations. On Bank Holiday, excursion trains will leave Liverpool Street by the New Route for Southend-on-Sea; also for Clacton, Walton, Harwich, Cambridge, and Ely; and St. Pancras for Yarmouth, Cambridge, and Ely. Excursion tickets will be issued by all trains to Epping Forest, Broxbourne, and Rye House.

A special service of trains will run from Liverpool Street every 12 minutes to Chingford, and every half-hour to Loughton, and at frequent intervals to Broxbourne and Rye House; also from Fenchurch Street every half-hour to Chingford and Loughton. For the accommodation of business people wishing to return to London early Tuesday morning, a special fast train will run from Yarmouth, Clacton, &c., due at Liverpool Street at 9.1 a.m.

Who are Life's Victors?

I SING the hymn of the conquered who fell in the battle of life,
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife,
The hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part.

They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within,
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight, if need be to die.
Speak, history! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long Annals and say! Are they those whom the world calls the victors

Who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? His judges or Socrates?
Pilate or Christ?

A Draughts Problem.

It was a summer afternoon, and I was admiring one of the many beautifully designed flower beds in Hampton Court Palace Gardens; particularly one laid out in squares of red and white flowers like a draught board, when a tourist, who was standing by, turned to me and said, "By gosh, stranger, that beats all the checker boards I ever saw!"

"It is very beautiful," I replied. "But you are an American," I said, "or you would not call the game 'checkers.'"

"You needn't guess twice on that stranger," he said, handing me his card. "And I ken guess within a thousand miles whaur you hail from."

On his card I read: "Cyrus Judkins, Sale and Livery Stables, ———, Colo., U.S."

"Shake," he remarked, as I handed him my card; "I've heard of you; I take *The Turf*."

Then, as we strolled about the gardens, he told me he was visiting the sights of Europe with his wife, who was then in the palace looking at the historical pictures, for which he had no liking.

"But," he said, "we must have a game, now we have met."

"I'm afraid we can't manage it," I replied. "We have no board."

"Hold on just a minute," said he. "I've some poker chips in my little grip here, and a folding map of London. On the back of the map I can pencil the squares, and we'll use the red and white chips for men. How's that for Yankee ingenuity, eh?"

So this was done, and down we sat on the green sward, beside a statue of one of the old British kings, in a secluded part of the garden, where nothing but the swans floating by on the serpentine water and the swaying branches of the ancient beeches overhead disturbed our quiet game.

(a) Original. First played in Providence with Mr. Studley, in 1885.

In our third game Mr. Judkins varied as under:

25	22	31	26	17	14	14	7	12	16	Black
6	9	9	13	7	10	3	10	1	6	wins.

(b) This improves my previous play. The position is now critical and interesting.

(c) "Oh, no! You can't play that on your 'Uncle Judkins!'" he exclaimed (referring to 24-19, 13-24, 28-19, 4-8, &c.). "I've held the 'ribbons' over too many trotters to be caught in a 'pocket,'" he added, with a wink.

(d) 7-10, 2-7, 10-14, 7-11, 5-9, 24-20, 9-13, and a snug draw.

Judkins was of the opinion that he should have won here in the other game, so, at the third trial varied as under:

13	9	8	11	9	6	5	9	6	2
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Here Mr. J. was nervously curling the end of his ample goatee, in the effort to find a draw, when the dulcet tones of his wife's voice startled him and me, as she exclaimed:

"Now Cyrus Judkins, this is really *too bad*! You promised to meet me at the 'Maze' at six o'clock, and here it's after eight; and I have dragged this kind policeman all over the grounds to find you. I thought *sure* you'd fell in a fit somewhere. You'er—y'er *too* provoking! And you've got tickets in your pocket for the theatre, too, and now we'll be too late."

"By gosh! so I have!" said Judkins, as he hurriedly picked up the chips.

Here the policeman stepped forward and said: "I'm sorry, gents, but I shall have to take you before the Inspector. It's against the law *gambling* in the Palace Gardens."

"Gambling?" exclaimed Judkins, "gambling, why it's only checkers."

"Oh, you can't humbug me with your American games—I saw the counters! Have to 'take you in.' Come along," said the bobby.

And off the four of us marched to the Inspector's office, while all the way Judkins was complaining of the density of the British bobby.

As soon as we explained the harmless game, the Inspector saw the joke, and chaffing the dolt, who "took us in," set us free.

After a hearty laugh at our late predicament, and a parting drink, we said good-bye, agreeing to meet in Paris, and play a game at the summit of the Eiffel Tower.

DOUBLE CORNER.

Played in July last, under the beeches in the gardens of Hampton Court Palace, near London.

9	14	210	15	7	14	12	19	4	8	26	22
27	18	26	17	22	17	9	6	16	23	17	13
5	9	16	19	14	18	14	18	18	27	18	23
25	22	23	16	17	13	6	2	26	23	15	10
11	16	12	19	9	14	47	11	27	31	22	18
22	17	29	25	31	26	2	7	24	19	10	6
9	13	2	6	23	7	11	16	13	24	18	14
18	9	1-17	14	2-27	23	7	11	20	31	26	23
13	22	1	5	18	27	5	9	31	26	23	26
26	17	25	22	32	16	11	20	22	17	1	5
6	22	6	9	8	12	9	14	14	18	Drawn.	
30	26	14	10	13	9	20	16	19	15		

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."—This, at least, is said to be the opinion of the porcupine, which regards a good square meal of leather as a true luxury. It will destroy a set of harness in a night, and should a fisherman be so thoughtless as to leave his water-soaked boots out of doors to dry, he may think himself fortunate if they are not chewed to pieces by the sharp teeth of the porcupine. Once a blacksmith's shop in Delaware county in the United States was entered during the night by one of these animals, and next morning he found that the creature had eaten up half of the bellows. Though that seems to be an uncommonly hearty meal, the porcupine had sense enough not to endanger its quill-covered skin by lingering too long over the feast so unwittingly supplied by the village blacksmith.

It is well known that we have to buy a great deal of foreign butter, and most of us have fancied that Normandy and Brittany were the sources of our chief supplies. We have heard of Danish butter, too, but not a great deal, and I think many people will share my surprise at learning that we get much more butter from Denmark than from France; and if the figures for Denmark and Sweden are added together, they more than double the value and quantity that France sends us, more than double the value and quantity for every hundred that we get from Denmark in nine months nearly three and a half millions of money for butter, and to France only just over two millions. From butter to eggs is a natural transition. There is not much to astonish us in the revelation of eggs, except that whereas we get nearly as many from Germany as from France, we pay much less to the Teutons for them. It appears that French eggs are worth half as much again as German eggs, Belgium supplies us with fifty-six eggs for every hundred that we get from France, at about the same price as the Germans part with theirs. Altogether, we spent two and a half millions of pounds on foreign eggs in nine months.

I THINK, says Mrs. Mayo, in a recent *Leisure Hour*, it is such an advantage when men and women can get to know each other in their daily living and at their work, and so touch at those points of their nature which go deepest and are most sincere. How else can a youth take the poet's advice, and

"Learn to win a lady's faith,
Nobly,—as the thing is high;
Bravely as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity."

It is such a pity that the way of the world just now (or rather our bit of the world) seems rather to keep young people apart at these fit occasions, and to throw them together only under circumstances of frivolity and pleasure; to withhold them from cheerful intimate association in small household circles, and to mingle them in great herds, where the individual characteristics which would attract one or repel another are swamped in a dead level of superficial convention. It is easier for a young man to get opportunities for dancing with a hundred girls than any chance of rational conversation with two or three.

THE travelling weight of engines and tenders has increased so much of late owing to the distances it is now found convenient to travel without a rest. In 1888 the North-Western ran its Scotch mail from London to Crewe, 158 miles, without a stop, and the Caledonian took the West Coast trains on from Carlisle to Edinburgh 100½ miles, from Carlisle to Glasgow, 102 miles, from Carlisle to Larbert, 110 miles, all without stops. At the same time the Great Northern was running the East Coast mail between London and Grantham, 105½ miles, and the North-Eastern was running the 124½ miles between Newcastle and Edinburgh, as, indeed, it is doing now. This is at present the longest run in Britain, the longest run in England alone being the 124 miles between Nottingham and St. Pancras, on the Midland route. The Midland engines travel this 124 miles in 152 minutes, taking 200 tons over a ruling gradient of 1 in 120 at a consumption of coal of 20 lb per mile, which is one of the notable things in our railway work.

The Woman's World.

THE *St. Helen's Gazette* pleads hard for the claims of women to share in the grants made for the purposes of technical education. Nothing could be clearer than this. In speaking of the necessity for technical education, there is another class which has serious claims upon the persons who take upon themselves to deal with this, £1,000 or £1,200 a year which is coming to the town. We now allude to the scores of young women who are put to dressmaking to earn a livelihood. Parents know, and so do others, that these young women give two and three years of their lives to their employers, working long hours without pay, or any form of remuneration, in the hope of learning to be dress or mantle makers, and yet it is well-known that they are, at the end of their two or three years' apprenticeship, thrown upon the world without, we may say, the slightest technical knowledge as to how to cut out a dress or mantle. They have, like the shirt slave, been kept to

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Seam, and gusset, and hem!
and in many places I could name they are not even allowed in the cutting or trying-on room, so that for the want of necessary technical education, at the end of the apprenticeship, when they should have been able to earn a comfortable living as skilled dressmakers, they have to pick up cutting-out as best as they can, often groping through a series of failures and heart-burnings, the necessary knowledge, or sink, to the disappointment of their parents and friends, and frequently to their own despair and blighted hopes, into the class of unskilled general servants, or it may be worse.

OUR general idea in England with regard to a girl's education is still that all the years of her life, from the age when she begins to learn to read until that at which she is "finished," shall be devoted entirely and exclusively to the acquisition of various literary subjects, including perhaps music and drawing, but quite without reference to her future profession, or the acquisition of that most necessary of all studies for middle-class English girls, a knowledge of housekeeping and domestic economy.

SOME of our Continental neighbours are ahead of us in this respect, though we have made a start in the same direction. One of the largest and most influential schools in Vienna is that established in 1882 by the "Society for the Employment of Women" in that city. The school has many distinct branches, and has this great advantage over any school or educational system which we possess in England, that only part of the pupil's time is taken up by her literary education, while a large share of it may be devoted to classes, held in the same building, on any or every subject she would like to study with a view to her future profession. First there is the ordinary girls' school, the syllabus of which reads like a prospectus from one of our own high schools for girls. Here, for part of each day, girls are taught German, French, and English, history, literature, arithmetic, writing, singing, calisthenics, natural history, and philosophy, etc. They have about twenty-six lessons per week, and are supposed to study at the school for six years.

WHILE still carrying on these studies, the girl may attend one or several of the following classes according as taste or the wishes of her friends may direct. The School of Commerce.—This has for its object the training up of girls as bookkeepers, cashiers, correspondents, etc. Before entering this class pupils must be over fourteen, and have already passed a certain standard of ordinary education. The course occupies two years, and includes some practical experience in an office, with lessons, and lectures on commercial arithmetic and correspondence, calligraphy, geography, and science of commerce, rights of trade, laws of exchange, and every kind of knowledge likely to be required by a lady clerk or bookkeeper. The School of Stenography.—Here the pupil can study writing of every kind, on a special system, known as Gabelberger's. These lessons include shorthand, précis writing, and every style of calligraphy, that can be possibly required by girls preparing for a commercial career, and as the school is closely connected with the before-mentioned School of Commerce, the fees for pupils belonging to both are considerably reduced.

THE Studio for Pattern Drawing and Designing.—In this school the pupils are taught to make sketches for all kinds of dresses, mantles, etc.; and in direct communication with it is the School of Embroidery, in which are taught fancy needle-work of all kinds, monograms, cross-stitch, art embroidery, etc. The Sewing School, the aim of which is to produce clever

needle-women and sensible housewives. Pupils must be over fourteen years of age, and have already passed a certain standard of ordinary education, as in the case of candidates for admission into the School of Commerce. The lessons here are on sewing of all kinds, by hand and machine, the cutting out and making of underlinen, darnings, mending, and mending, with practical lectures on all points of domestic economy connected with clothes. With this is connected the School of Dressmaking, for measuring, pattern-cutting, making and trimming of dresses and millinery, caps, bonnets, etc. The School of Knitting includes all kinds of work by hand and machine, plain and heavy work, shawls, stockings, skirts, etc., and the lighter kinds of fancy-work, summer wraps, mittens, etc. Some of the pupils in these needlework schools receive their tuition free of charge. These work for the society before-mentioned.

THE Studio for Drawing.—This is preparatory to the entrance into the Studio for Pattern Drawing and all the higher art studios in the building. Here the pupil is initiated into the foundation-work necessary for an artist's career: freehand, model, geometrical drawing, perspective, etc. The studio is under the charge of first-class professors, for the thoughtful members of committee who arrange the teaching staff recognise the value of early training and provide that it shall be the best. Next follows the Studio for Painting, connected with all forms of industrial art, which is open all day for instruction in oils and water-colours, for modelling in wax and clay, for painting on linen, silk, satin, and parchment with opaque colours, for enamelling on clay, porcelain, etc., and for the application of these arts to all useful and ornamental articles. This school is very popular and numerously attended.

THE Schools for Foreign Languages, in which French, English, and Italian are separately taught, are also very popular. The classes are very limited in number, only nine pupils in each French class and six in each English one being allowed to the ladies who teach in them. Very thoroughly is this branch of education attended to. Grammatical subjects, conversation, commercial correspondence, the literature of each language, its idiomatic peculiarities, all receive the most minute attention. This can easily be credited when we consider the facility with which, after a short residence amongst us, our Continental neighbours understand and speak our language.

LAST, but not least, for the comfort of many middle-class Austrian households in the future, the School for the Washing of Fine Linen is open on certain days of the week, and the pupils are taught washing, ironing, plaiting, crimping, goffering, and every other art connected with the getting-up of shirts, collars, ladies' underclothing, linen and lace dresses, etc. Mistresses of households often pay the fees for their young servants to attend these classes, which are open to others besides the pupils of the other branches of the school on payment of a small extra fee.

THERE are various winter courses of lectures in the great hall on diverse subjects, for the benefit of all the pupils, such as "Hygiene," "Raphael's Life and Work," "The Life and Works of Shakespeare, with an Introduction to the English Drama," etc. The most renowned teachers and professors in all subjects are retained on the teaching staff, and the schools are a source of interest to many ladies of high station in Vienna, whose names appear on the committee, and who are often to be found personally superintending and arranging matters connected with the progress and well-being of the pupils. One thing surprises the admirer of this useful institution: there is not a School of Cookery to be found connected with it. This cannot but appear as a serious oversight, and is the more surprising as the Austrians are of world-wide renown in the matter. They believe evidently in long hours. The schools are open from 8 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon, and again in the evening from 6 to 10, during the six working days. In one or two of the classes devoted to art and commercial studies, the pupil is expected to be over fourteen or sixteen, but in nearly all she may enter at any age, and while still engaged in her ordinary school tasks. Why should it not be so?

THE man who is lonesome and wants to talk nearly always meets the man who is tired and doesn't want to talk.

A COMMON EXPERIENCE.—"What has been the greatest mistake of your life?"—"Making so many."

The Red Mountain Mines.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

You are taught to believe a whole lot of things, and when that is all firmly settled, all at once you begin finding out that these things you have been believing in are all wrong,—all lies. Then you set about hunting out things for yourself, and you only go over the same race-course on another horse: you put your faith in a lot of new things, only to find out that they too, are false. Your lights all go out, and you stand all alone in the dark. You don't dare move, because you can't see what direction to go in. You can't call out for help, because no one would hear you but those who have already deceived you. If you asked new advice of them, they would only tell you new lies. Falsehood and deception are the pap and pabulum on which we are all suckled and fed. We get the wrong start, because we are given the wrong idea of life. All through childhood we are taught things which we have to spend all our lives as men and women in unlearning. There is where the great wrong comes in. Our parents start us out with the same false views which their parents started them out with. They were deceived. Their lives were lives of misery and disappointment, because they had false and impossible inducements held out. They expected the unattainable, missed, necessarily, the fulfilment of their hopes, and so put on, like so many garments, maturity and misery at the same time. And what then? They simply keep their lips tight shut on all this, and go on and tell their children the same lies that were told them, and plunge their children into the same wretchedness which their false training forced them into. So it has always been; so it will always be. No one is honest enough to tell the truth. Oh, God! why does not some race breed men and women strong to speak out and end all this lying?"

Mark had spoken very rapidly,—some of the time almost breathlessly; and, though Dubb heard him, his slower methods of thought made it impossible for him to gather in the full force of what Mark had said, without a brief moment of reflection.

"Back in Maine," he said, after a moment, "I used to git lost in the woods, sometimes, because the needle in my compass used to git out of fix and point the wrong way. Are you sure there be nothing the matter with your compass?"

"You want to know if I am quite sure I am speaking whereof I know?" Mark suggested.

"Well, not just quite exactly that, but something pretty near like it, maybe."

"Listen," said Mark, with a slight show of impatience, "and judge for yourself. My parents were not only disappointed in each other, but in life as they found it. And they were, too, what the world calls Christian people. When I came into their home, I disappointed them, too. They set great hopes on me, but two entirely different sets of hopes, with no harmony between them. In a general way, they were agreed as to what they wished for me. Individually, they were wider apart than the two poles, on this. Had I been what my father wished, my mother would have hated me; had I been what my mother wished, my father would have hated me; as it turned it, there were so many cross-purposes in my early training, so much spoiling of broth by too many cooks, that I missed everything that they both wanted, and so they both hate me. Still worse, instead of trying to prepare me for life as it really is,—as they found it,—they tried to prepare me for life as their parents had told them that it was. Instead of fitting me to the world, they sought to fit the world to me. As a consequence, they made fresh bitterness for themselves, they spoiled my life, and they did both by trying to displace actual life with fictitious life. All this had its inception and its fostering out of falsehood and unreality, and it could not, possibly, have brought forth any less damnable fruit."

Dubb's comprehension was quicker this time, and it kept exact pace with Mark Stanley's spiteful, hastily articulated words.

"All this may be just as you say it am," he answered, deliberately and calmly; "and I make no doubt that you be telling things as you know they am. But you can't never go and change what am not to be changed. Maybe I be wrong; just as likely as not I be; but what I call being a man am standing what can't be cured, and not making sore shoulders by chafing against the hame-sticks. Anyhow, I can't seem to just exactly see what all this am to have to do with the finding of your wife."

For a moment, Mark was a little disturbed by what, to him, seemed the extraordinary stupidity of Dubb. But his answer was not long in coming, and it was delivered in a manner uncommonly cynical, even for Mark Stanley.

"Dubb," he said, "we may as well tear the rags off, and get down to the bare facts. I kept up this search for Mary

more than three times as long as I wanted to, on your account. It only ends up in our both getting cleaned out of money, and in my parents calling me a thief,—or worse. Mary, if she is alive, is still with the Indians. We could never find her if we hunted for her all the rest of our days. And—and—I may as well say it, I don't want to find her. The Indians have put all her happiness and mine at an end. We would only be wretched if we met, now. Life, henceforth, is hell for us both. We may as well spend the rest of our days in the conditions that what you call 'Providence' has sent upon us. I have spent the last day and dollar I shall ever spend on her account. She has gone to the devil, and so have I. To-night I shall start for California. As soon as I can, I will pay you what I owe you. In the mean while, I shall endeavour to carry out the suggestions in the last part of my mother's last letter. I will do honour to the family name, turn to account my Christian training, and keep constantly in mind the fact that my parents, John and Mrs. John Stanley, still love me devotedly! Dubb, old fellow, will you quit this God-forsaken country, and push on with me to California?"

Dubb shook his head.

"No," he answered, with even more than his customary deliberation; "my money am not quite all gone,—there be a little of it left yet; and while there am any of it, at all, I be going to stay here and keep on hunting for Mary Stanley. When my money am all gone, then I be going on to the mines to earn some more. I be just always going to keep right on looking for her, till I find her."

While Dubb was saying this, Stanley's face underwent a dozen changes. It was to him so unaccountable, so remarkable, something so entirely beyond his grasp and comprehension,—this persistency, this wholly unexpected attitude which Dubb had assumed. Finally, with a deeply-drawn breath, Stanley recovered himself. With seemingly perfect composure, he gave Dubb his hand, bade him good-bye, and walked slowly away, with his head inclined slightly forward, in the direction where his horse was tied.

Dubb watched him very calmly, as he walked along up the side of the ravine, where they had been sitting on a boulder.

"He will come back; Marky will come back," he said, two or three times, to himself.

Once and once only did Mark Stanley hesitate. When he was but a few paces from his horse, he suddenly came to a stand-still, and moved his arms as though he was fighting something out with himself. Then, putting his hands over his ears, as if to shut out voices which he feared to hear, Mark Stanley started forward on a dead run, untied his horse, sprang on it, and rode rapidly away, without once looking back at the expectant Dubb.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Stanley and Dubb were searching for the missing wife of the former, things in general, and especially mining affairs, in California, had resolved themselves out of chaos into definite and tangible working order. Business was brisk and earnest; its boundaries and limits were being extended daily, and all of the towns and camps in the new El Dorado were instinct with brisk and enthusiastic life. Rules, laws, and regulations governed everything, and any swerving or deviating from what was now looked upon as the "proper thing" brought down rigorous condemnation upon whoever so offended. Two years before, at the time of the disaster to the emigrants with whom Dubb and Stanley crossed the plains, all California was rough, wild, and disorganised; ruffians and adventurers had poured in, a considerable degree in advance of decent people, and as a consequence there was general lawlessness, and personal safety could only be wrenched from the Fates by power of efficient arms.

This thing grew worse, first gradually, and then rapidly, until some five or six months before the search for Mrs. Stanley was abandoned, when outraged California underwent what its best citizens called a "revulsion of feeling." The line between right and wrong was most pronouncedly drawn, and this important distinction was not only made, but the unconditional observance of it was smartly insisted upon. Crimes were gravely considered and duly classified, and severe penalties were solemnly affixed as the righteous accompaniment of each. For the time being, there was a premium on morality; and villainy, so long in the ascendancy, was at a discount. This high, just, and lofty sense of public duty, dignity, and necessity prevailed, rigidly and vigorously, for something over three years, without the slightest lessening or relaxing of the relentless general tension. Even then the modifications were insignificant, changes being rung in only to make the matter of government more practical; in fact, the fires which were kindled by that one general and tremendous outburst of popular indignation have never wholly subsided.

It was when this intense feeling against law-breakers was at its height, that Mark Stanley, reckless and desperate, arrived in California.

Two months had elapsed since he left Dubb and turned his face toward the land of gold. Several times, during his journeyings over and among the Sierras, was Mark strongly moved to go back, join Dubb, and once more enter into the search for Mary, never relinquishing it again until she was either found or her exact fate was determined. One night, when he was very much nearer to the California mines than he was to the spot where he last saw Mary, his mind was so full of this better feeling that she came to him in his sleep, and moved and figured in all of his dreams. He was so impressed by this that the next morning, on mounting his horse, he actually set out along the back track. His face now lost much of the hardness which, of late, it had taken on, and soon it fairly beamed with the enthusiasm his new resolutions had awakened in him. He sang a bit of an old love song, talked cheerfully to his horse, and was much nearer happiness than he had been before in many months.

"Dear old Dubb, faithful old fellow, how glad he will be to see me coming back!" he said to himself, as he rode straight on, toward the east, in the full rays of the rising sun. "Maybe he has already found her. If he has, how awfully it will make her feel to know that I gave up the search and left Dubb, alone, to look for her, or forsake her, as he pleases! And it will be all the worse on account of the hard things I said to Dubb when I came away; but then—he would never tell her that! Why shouldn't he, though? I deserted her—I deserted him—I—Go on, old horse; go faster! You cannot, if you do your best, keep pace with—"

There was a rumble, a crash, the earth trembled, and Mark's horse stood prancing in his tracks, refusing to go either forward or backward. Something caused Mark to look up at the rocky heights above him, and once glance sufficed to explain the trembling and rumbling of the earth, and the terror of the horse. A gigantic boulder, or fragment of rock, had, in some way, been set in motion, near the summit, and now it was bearing down upon him with resistless force. A moment more, and it would crush Mark Stanley and his unmanageable horse out of existence. With a wild cry of terror, the frightened man flung himself backward off his horse, and the same instant the great rocky mass whizzed within ten feet of the horse's very head, and went crashing and thundering down the steep mountain-side, on its way to the bottom of the cañon, half a mile below.

Mark was safe from the boulder, but that was not his only danger. His horse, completely terrified by so unexpected a proceeding, suddenly wheeled around and plunged damly away toward the west. But, in so doing, the half-crazed brute, with his first plunge, planted both his fore-feet squarely upon the breast of his prostrate master, crushing out his consciousness.

It was nearly noon when Mark Stanley came to. For fully ten minutes he could not understand what had happened and why he was lying there; but a full realization of it all suddenly swept over him like a flash, and with it all of his old bitterness came back. This was about doubly intensified when he found that he could not rise, because of his injuries. The heat of the noonday sun, and a strong pull at his whiskey-flask, soon relaxed some of the stiffness of his bruised frame, but he found it impossible to walk, beyond a few steps, and there was no sign of his truant horse anywhere.

He was certainly in a bad predicament. In his pouch was enough food for one meal, and he had his rifle and a few rounds of ammunition; but, bruised and wounded as he was, it would have been an impossibility for him to use his rifle, either in his defence, if that became necessary, or in the obtainment of more food. So far as he knew, there was no other living soul within a hundred miles of him. When the fragment of food he had left was gone, he must, unless Providence intervened, starve; and his faith in Providence was now among the things that were dead.

There was no doubt of one thing, in his mind: the end had come. He might live there a day or two, and then, if his injuries did not wind up the brief period of his mortal career, starvation would. But he would not starve; he still had his rifle; he would hasten the hapless termination of his miseries in that way. Then he looked down over the brink of shelf-like rock along which the trail wound at that point, and stared hard into the far depths below him,—almost beneath him, the face of the mountain was so precipitous at that point. He could, when hunger and pain made their final attack upon his endurance, fling himself over the rocky shelf and go on down in the straight, swift pathway of the boulder which had caused all of his present misery. It would be better, he thought, than standing there sullenly and shooting himself. At once and without

arguing the matter further within himself, he decided upon meeting death in that way. It was so much less repugnant than deliberately sending a bullet through his own heart or brain; and, besides, it might not mutilate him; and he had suddenly conceived a strong horror of self-mutilation. He could, too, carry out his purpose after nightfall, and so, to his mind, somewhat mitigate the significance of it by reason of shrouding it in darkness.

Working his way, by slow and painful stages, to the extreme verge of the shelving rock, he looked, coolly and critically, straight down the face of the cliff upon whose brink he was lying. Exactly at that point the cliff was so straight, so wholly perpendicular, that a stone, which he dropped, fell fully a hundred feet before it struck the strange rocky wall; and then it glanced and made another leap, downward, to so great a distance that it was knocked into small particles when it struck the straight-faced cliff the second time.

Mark watched the success of his experiment with grim satisfaction, his rigid features relaxing into a sort of grotesque smile. He calculated his chances and probabilities with a complacency which was terrible. He knew that the rush consequent upon hurling himself a hundred feet through the air would rob him of consciousness before that swift, unnatural journey was accomplished, and that if by any peculiarity of chance it did not, his first contact with the rock would award to him instant death. His dead body would then, in all probability, glance off the straight surface of the cliff, just as the stone did. It would then, also like the stone, be knocked out of all possibility of identification with its former—or, to be more exact, its present—condition.

He had now worked himself up to such a pitch that he really enjoyed considering the various details and results of his plan.

When he had fully settled it in his mind that he would make the fatal plunge, he set about reasoning out the best time for the enactment of his solitary little tragedy. It was to be done at night. He had food enough for one meal. He would save the food until the next morning, when he would make of it not only his last breakfast, but his last meal. Then a second thought struck him. Why should he wait till the next night? why not eat what food he had then, and fling himself over the cliff that very night? The sooner his physical and mental tortures were over, the better.

It should be that night.

From the brink of the shelf-topped cliff, he lay and watched the sun. It was about midway down its afternoon course, and he would never see it set again. That thought, too, afforded him grim pleasure. Then the pain in his chest made him faint with that peculiar kind of faintness which hunger best appeases. So he opened his pouch and began eating. It seemed to him that food never had tasted so good to him before. Perhaps it was because it was his last meal.

His last meal.

The thought enveloped him in a degree of dismal melancholy which, under the circumstances, was almost ludicrous. Really, it was the only association with life which he felt unwilling to sever. Mark Stanley set great store by his stomach. Even this, however, was insufficient to deter him from his purpose. In fact, when he gave it more thought, and duly considered the uncertainty of his ever having anything else to eat, it stiffened, rather than affected otherwise, the fixity of his intent.

When he had devoured his food, even to the last crumb, he looked at the sun, and estimated that, since there were yet three hours of sunlight, he had about five hours more of life before him. It would take two hours, after the sun was down, before the landscape would be enwrapped in perfect darkness,—under the cover of which he intended leaping down the cliff into death.

Just then his reflections were disturbed by the sound of approaching hoofs, along the trail, in the direction whence he had come. The air was so pure and clear, and the general silence so perfect, that sounds were distinctly audible the origin of which was a long distance off. Mark Stanley heard the noise of hoofs at least two minutes before he saw what was approaching him.

His first thought was of Dubb. Had that singular, and to him incomprehensible, being, given up the search for Mary, and decided to follow the husband of the lost and unfortunate wife? Impossible; for had Dubb bent his mind upon any such unlikely purpose, he would come from the east, and not from the west. Mark next thought of his runaway horse. Perhaps the cowardly beast had forgotten the fright which had visited such direful consequences upon its master, and now, again remembering that master, was coming back in search of him. Very likely. Indeed, most likely; so Stanley thought. And almost at the instant he reached that conclusion, he crawled

11. SONG ... "Fair is my love" ... Hatton
Mr. ROBERT NEWMAN.

Fair is my love, so fair,
I shudder with the sense
Of what a light the world would lose
Could she go hence.
Sweet is my love, so sweet,
The leaves that fold on fold,
Swathe up the odours of the rose,
Less sweetness hold.
Fair is my love, so fair!
Spare her, Immortals, spare,
'Till all our days are done,
Your heav'n is full of angel forms,
Mine holds but one.

True is my love, so true,
Her heart is mine alone,
The music of its rhythmic beat
Throbs through my own.
Dear is my love, so dear,
If I but hear her name,
My eyes with tears of rapture swim,
My cheek is flame.
Fair is my love, so fair!
Spare her, Immortals, spare,
'Till all our days are done,
Your heav'n is full of angel forms,
Mine holds but one.

12. SONG ... "Daddy" ... Behrend
Miss BESSIE WHITE.

Take my head on your shoulder, Daddy;
Turn your face to the west.
It is just the hour when the sky turns gold,
The hour that mother loves best.

The day has been long without you, Daddy,
You've been such a while away,
And now you're as tired of your work, Daddy,
As I am tired of my play.

But I've got you, and you've got me,
So soon 'twill all be right;
I wonder if mother is thinking of us,
Because it is my birthday night!

Why do your big tears fall, Daddy?
Mother's not far away.
I often think I hear her voice
Falling across my play.
And it sometimes makes me cry, Daddy,
To think it is none of it true.
Till I fall asleep to dream, Daddy,
Of home, and mother, and you.

But I've got you, and you've got me,
So everything may go.
We're all the world to each other, Daddy;
For mother, dear mother, once told me so.

I'm sometimes afraid to think, Daddy,
When I am big like you,
And you are old and gray, Daddy,
What you and I would do
If, when we got up to heaven,
And mother was waiting there,
She shouldn't remember the two she left
So sad and so lonely here?

But year by year still sees no change,
And so 'twill all be right,
We shall always meet her in our dreams,
Daddy, dear daddy, good night.

13. MARCH... "Leopold II." ... Christopher

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ADMISSION ... THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be given on SUNDAY, the 17th of MAY, 1891.

Organist ... Mr. B. Jackson, F.C.O.

At 12.30.

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|---|--|
| 1. FANTASIA in C minor ... Berens | 4. CANTILENA ... Jules Grison |
| 2. ANDANTE CANTABILE (Symphonic No. 4) ... Widor | 5. MINUET and TRIO ... Sterndale Bennett |
| 3. { a. AIR "But the Lord is mindful" ... Menckelssohn
b. CHORUS "How lovely are the messengers" }
(From "St. Paul.") | 6. GRAND CHŒUR in F ... Jules Grison |

At 4 O'CLOCK.—VOCALIST, MRS. FLORENCE MORGAN.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. PHANTASIE in E flat (Sonata No. 13) ... Rheinberger | 6. VOCAL SOLO ... "The Silver Chord" ... Alfred Hollin |
| 2. VOCAL SOLO ... "Let the bright Seraphim" ... Handel | 7. ANDANTE GRAZIOSO in G ... Smart |
| 3. AIR with VARIATIONS and FINALE FUGATO ... Smart | 8. HYMN "Jesus, lover of my soul" Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788) |
| 4. HYMN "O Worship the King" ... Sir R. Grant (1785-1838) | 9. MARCH in B flat ... Silas |
| 5. INTRODUCTION and FUGUE ... Tinel | |

At 8 O'CLOCK.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. FANTASIA in E minor ... Silas | 5. CANTABILE in B minor ... Lemmens |
| 2. ANDANTE in A flat ... Hoyte | 6. — — — "As pants the hart" ... Spohr |
| 3. FUGUE in E flat (St. Ann's)... Bach | 7. FESTIVE MARCH ... Smart |
| 4. { a. AIR "He shall feed His flock" ... Handel
b. CHORUS "Lift up your heads" ... }
(From the "Messiah.") | |

ADMISSION FREE.

WHIT MONDAY HOLIDAY PROGRAMME

[MAY 18th, 1891, at] Eight o'clock.

The Royal Metropolitan Volunteer Minstrels.

BONES—MESSRS. F. TOWNER, C. ANSELL, AND H. CRAWLEY.

TAMBOURINES—MESSRS. J. G. HANKS, H. J. MORTON, AND J. ANSELL.

INTERLOCUTOR—MR. HAL HAMILTON.

PART I.

OPENING CHORUS ...	ROYAL M. V. MINSTRELS
COMIC SONG ... "The Clonakilty Band" ...	MR. H. CRAWLEY
PATRIOTIC SONG ... "America's Emblem" ...	MR. HAL HAMILTON
COMIC SONG ... "The Girls they are Immensibus" ...	MR. H. J. MORTON
BALLAD ... "The Song that reached my Heart" ...	MR. WILLIE WEST
LAUGHING SONG ... "Long and Short" ...	MR. FRED. TOWNER
BALLAD ... "Oh, must we part?" ...	MR. J. DUNN
CRYING SONG ... "That's why I weep" ...	MR. C. ANSELL
BALLAD ... "Only a Lock of Hair" ...	MASTER J. SELBY
COMIC SONG ... "Johnny get your Gun" ...	MR. J. G. HANKS
PLANTATION SONG ... "Farewell Old Home" ...	MR. W. ARTHUR

To conclude with the Comic Absurdity, entitled—

"TOWNER'S WHIT MONDAY EXCURSION."

PART II.

SELECTION ... THE BAND CLOG DANCE ... MASTER J. ANSELL
MUSICAL ECCENTRICITIES... MR. H. CRAWLEY.

INTERLUDE—

"LIFE DOWN SOUTH," or, The Return of Uncle Pete.

Written and arranged by FRED TOWNER.

Scene

PLANTATION NEAR CAROLINA.

Characters by MESSRS. F. TOWNER, HAL HAMILTON, AND H. J. MORTON.

SONG AND DANCE ... MR. J. G. HANKS
BURLESQUE SCENA ... MR. GEO. CLARE (the Favourite Prima Donna, late of the Mohawk Minstrels)
BALLAD ... "The Stowaway" ... MASTER J. SELBY
LECTURE ON LOVE ... CITIZEN MORTON (the Great American Speakist)
TOP BOOT DANCE ... MR. J. G. HANKS

The whole to conclude with a Comic Sketch, entitled—

"WHO DIED FIRST?"

MESSRS. TOWNER, CLARE, WEST, AND ANSELL.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

ADMISSION ... THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT TO BE GIVEN

On WHIT MONDAY, MAY 18th, 1891, at 3 p.m.

MR. SCOTT EDWARDES, Elocutionist, Humorist, Vocalist, and Author.

MADAME BÜLOW, Tyrolean and Humorous Vocalist. From all the principal Concert Halls.

MR. ARTHUR STRODE, (Pupil of CHARLES BERTRAM, Esq.)

In his Marvellous Entertainment, entitled, "SEANCE MAGIQUE."

PART I.

- 1. Solo Pianoforte... "Galop de Concert"... Mdma. BÜLOW
2. Song (Humorous) "That's English you know" Mr. SCOTT-EDWARDES
3. Ballad... "Venetian Song"... Mdma. BÜLOW
4. Recital (Humorous) ("The Bishop and the Caterpillar") Mr. SCOTT-EDWARDES
5. Seance Magique... Mr. ARTHUR STRODE
6. Recital... "The Two Scars" Mr. SCOTT-EDWARDES
7. Tyrolean Song... "Oh! where's my girl" Mr. FRED. RAINS
8. Humorous Sketch... Mr. SCOTT-EDWARDES

PART II.

- 9. Solo Pianoforte... "Salterello"... Mdma. BÜLOW
10. Recital "The Women of Mumbles Head" Mr. SCOTT-EDWARDES
11. Song (Humorous) "Give him my kind regards" Mr. FRED. RAINS
12. Sleight of Hand... Mr. ARTHUR STRODE
13. Song (Humorous) "That's the way it's done" Mr. SCOTT-EDWARDES
14. Ballad... "Matrimonée"... Mdma. BÜLOW
15. Recital (Humorous) "Bumpkin's Courtship" Mr. SCOTT-EDWARDES
16. Song (Humorous) "The Magpie said come in" Mr. FRED RAINS

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE. CHILDREN—TWOPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT TO BE GIVEN

On WHIT TUESDAY, MAY 19th, 1891, at Eight o'Clock,

"THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL RED HUNGARIAN BAND." (From Buda Pesth.)

LEADER - - - - FEHER POLDI.

PART I.

- OVERTURE... "Faust"... Gounod
MARCH... "Concert"... Fahrbach
VALSE... "Ich liebe dich"... Waldteufel
POLKA... "Rendez Vous"... Fahrbach

PART II.

- DUET... "Two Cymbalos"... Feher Poldi
SOLO... Violin... Strauss
MARCH... "Hoch Habsburg"... Rossini
OVERTURE... "Wilhelm Tell"... Muiter
SOLO... Cello... Muiter
MARCH... Hungarian... Muiter

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT on WEDNESDAY, MAY 20th, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND (late Prince of Wales's 3rd Dragoon Guards).

VOCALISTS—MISS AGNES GOODE. MR. FRANK BOOR. SOLO PIANOFORTE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

- 1. MARCH... "The Royal Salute"... Hope
2. OVERTURE... "Zampa"... Herold
3. SONG... "Thoughts and Tears"... Hope Temple
8. VALSE... "Santiago"... Corbin
9. SONG... "Love the Pilgrim"... Blumenthal

Some thoughts are never heard or told, They wander unconfess'd Through happy pathways known of old, But still, yes still, remember'd best. Ah love, believe me if you will, Or deem it all untrue, I cannot guard my thoughts for still, Yes still, they wander back to you. Some thoughts must ever go unspoken, Some tears may never softly fall, Take mine, unshed, untold for token, I love you still in spite of all. Some griefs must ever rest untold, 'Thou to our wistful eyes, When thoughts the golden past unfold Great tears will of unbidden rise. Remember, pity, or forget, Which e'er your heart may do, I dare not shed my tears that yet Are fain to fall for you. Some thoughts must ever go unspoken, Some tears may never softly fall, Take mine, unshed, untold for token, I love you, yes, in spite of all.

4. CONCERTSTÜCK, Op. 79... Weber

Solo Pianoforte... MR. ORTON BRADLEY. The new Concert Grand Pianoforte, made expressly for the Queen's Hall, by Messrs. J. KIRKMAN & SON, will be used for the first time on this occasion.

- 5. SONGS { a "Voices of Spring"... Goring Thomas b "A Song of Sunshine"... MISS AGNES GOODE.

Who's for Lent lilies and daffadown-dillies, Who'll to the wood where a thousand birds sing, There whom it pleases shall feel the light breezes, Thrill the heart's blood with the glamour they bring. Come old and crusty, come lovers lusty, Maids must be woo'd with a kiss and a ring. Old earth rejoices to hear your glad voices, Life, life is good, for at last it is spring.

Churl winter his flight has taken, The green buds are opening, My lover awaken, And walk abroad in the spring. The thrush leads the choir In leafy citadel, The wren like a little brown friar Has his homely tale to tell. Let every creature Love life and liberty, This creed the small hedge preacher Proclaims from tree to tree. Come then 'tis spring, 'tis May-time, And the glad day just begun. Sweetheart, 'tis playtime, Come out into the sun.

- 6. FANTASIA "Gems from Auber's Operas"... Strauss
7. SONG... "I'll sing thee songs of Araby"... F. Clay

I'll sing thee songs of Araby, And tales of fair Cashmere, Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh, Or charm thee to a tear, And dreams of delight shall on thee break, And rainbow visions rise, And all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet wonder in thine eyes.

Through those twin lakes where wonder wakes My raptured soul shall sink, And as the diver dives for pearls, Bring tears, bright tears to their brink;

ADMISSION

- 8. VALSE... "Santiago"... Corbin
9. SONG... "Love the Pilgrim"... Blumenthal

Ev'ry day, a pilgrim blindfold, When the night and morning meet, Entereth the slumbering city, Stealeth down the silent street, Ling'reth round some batter'd doorway, Leaves, unblest, some portal grand, And the walls where sleep the children, Toucheth with his warm young hand. Love is passing, while ye lie asleep. In your blessed dreams, oh! children Give him all your hearts to keep.

Blindfold is this pilgrim, maiden, Tho' to-day he touch'd thy door He may pass it by to-morrow, Pass it, to return no more. Let us then with pray'rs entreat him, Youth! her heart whose coldness grieves, May one morn by love be capturd, Prize the treasure that he leaves. Love is passing while ye lie asleep, Bid this pilgrim touch the lintels Of your doorways ev'ry day. Love is passing.

- 10. LANCERS... "The Duke of Fife"... Wood
11. SONG... "An Evening Song"... H. Blumenthal

Good night, love! good night, love! May heaven's brightest stars watch over thee. Good angels spread their wings and cover thee! And through the night, so dark and still Spirits of light, charm thee from ill. My heart is hovering round thy dwelling place, My heart is hovering round thy dwelling place, Good night, dear love, God bless thee with His grace. Good night, love! good night, love! Soft lullabies the night wind sing to thee, And on his wings sweet odours bring to thee, And in thy dreaming, may all things, dear, With gentle seeming, come smiling near, My knees are bowed, my hands are clasped in prayer, Good night dear love, sweet love, Good keep thee in his care.

- 12. SONG... "Una voce poco fa"... Rossini

Tho' his voice was breath'd afar, To this heart it sent a throe. Little heart, how weak you are, That a song could thrill you so. Yes, before us melts each bar. I have sworn it, No fragile vow, All my guardian's plans to mar. I a woman's wit will show, He'll consent when wed we are. Then with bliss my soul shall glow, I and Lindor break each bar. Hear me swear it, No fragile vow, I and Lindor break each bar. On me should kindly love bestow correction In gently breathing of fond affection. No leaf so pliable adorns the field, But if cold tyranny's rude blast assail me It falls most impotent. No measure faileth me to gain the victory, I never yield, I never yield.

- 13. MARCH... "Military Exhibition"... Kaffry

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

TWOPENCE.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, EAST LONDON.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S INSTITUTE.

In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, and the Society of Arts. SECRETARY, MR. C. E. OSBORN.

HEAD MASTER, MR. D. A. LOW (WH. SC.) M. INST. M.E.

TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR THE SPRING TERM,

Commencing APRIL 6th, and ending JULY 3rd, 1891.

The Winter Session for the Technical, Science and Art Classes will commence on September 28th next. 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 on the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which an insufficient number of Students enrol. Each Student on taking out his or her Class Ticket will be provided with a Pass, upon which a deposit of One Shilling must be paid; this Pass must be returned within seven days of the expiration of the Class Ticket, failing which the deposit will be forfeited and the Pass cancelled. Further particulars may be obtained on application at the Office of the Institute.

Musical Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Singing (Sol-fa Notation),	Mr. W. Harding	Thursday	8.30-9.30	1 6
4 Solo Singing ...	Miss Delves-Yates	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	415-
Choral Society ...	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Friday	7.30-10.0	1 6
4 Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	M. T. Th. & F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced) ...	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Thursday	6.0-9.0	15 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin ...	Under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave, asst. by Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello	Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6

a Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society.
b In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Monday	7.30-9.30	2 6
" Intermediate	"	"	7.30-9.30	2 6
" Advanced	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
Book-keeping—Advanced	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Journalising	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	"	"
CIVIL SERVICE—				
A.—For Telegraph Learners, Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists ...	Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond.	Thursday	6.30-8.45	10 0
B.—For Boy Clerks, Excise & Customs Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners) ...	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.45	12 0
C.—For Excise and Customs Officers, and Female and Lower Division Clerks ...	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.45	14 0
Shorthand (Pitman's)	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elem.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Inter.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
" Report.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
French—Elem. 1st Stage	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elem. and Stage	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced A	"	Monday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced B	"	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Conversational	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
German—Advanced	Herr Dittel	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" (Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
4 Type Writing ...	Mr. Kilburne	"	6.0-10.0	10 6

b In this subject the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

Special Lectures.

A Course of Six Lectures on "Water Works and Water Supply," will be given by Mr. F. C. Forth, Associate in Engineering, R. C. Sc. I., on Friday evenings, 8.45 to 9.45, commencing May 29th. Eight Lectures will also be given by Mr. Albert Grenville, on "Building Materials and Structures," commencing Tuesday, 5th May, at 8 o'clock. Fee for either Course—5s. Students of the Science and Trade Classes admitted at half the above fee.

Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking ...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
" ...	"	Friday	7.30-9.0	
" ...	"	"	7.30-9.0	
Milinery ...	Miss Newall	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery, Girls' Junior Section ...	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	6.0-7.30	1 6
" Demonstrative Lecture ...	"	"	7.30-8.30	2 6
" Practical Plain ...	"	"	8.30-10.0	5 0
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc. ...	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	3 0

Term ending July 3rd, 1891. * Single Lecture, 3d. † Single Lecture, 6d.

STUDENTS' SOCIAL ROOMS.—Students have the privilege of using the Social Rooms, containing the leading daily and weekly papers, between 5 and 10 p.m. STUDENTS' LIBRARY.—There is a Circulating Library for the use of Students, which will be open on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9. REFRESHMENTS.—Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the Social Rooms from 5 to 10. LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS.—For the convenience of Students, there are Cloak Rooms and Lavatories, the latter being supplied with hot and cold water. BOOKSTALL.—Text-books, Drawing Paper, Pencils, and other requisites for the classes may be obtained at the Bookstall in the ground floor corridor. CLUBS.—Ramlings, Cycling, Cricket, Lawn Tennis are in full swing, and it is hoped Rowing, Football, Swimming and Harriers will soon be in good working order, now that the Governors have secured a large Recreation Ground for the use of our Members at Higham Hill, Walthamstow.

ART CLASSES.

Art Master ... MR. ARTHUR LEGGE.
Assistant Art Master and Teacher of Modelling ... MR. H. BATEMAN.
Teacher of Wood Carving ... MR. T. J. FERRIN.
Teacher of Repousse and Art Metal Work ... MR. G. DANIELS.

OPENING OF NEW BUILDINGS.
The new buildings of the Art School being now complete the arrangements for the Art Classes, until the close of the Session, have been revised as follows, viz., on Saturday afternoons a class will be held for Oil and Water-Colour Painting, Painting from Copies, from Objects of Still Life, Flowers, &c. Hours, 2 to 4.30 p.m. Fee 5s. per term of 12 weeks.

TUESDAY AND THURSDAY DAY CLASSES.
Hours, 2 to 4.30. Fee, 10s. 6d., or, for 2s. 6d. extra, attendance can also be made at the Saturday afternoon Class.

THE EVENING CLASSES

will be continued, as stated in the Syllabus, up to the date of the Science and Art Department Examinations. Subsequently, until July 3rd, Evening Classes will be held on two evenings a-week, viz., Tuesdays and Thursdays. Hours, 7.30 to 9.30. Fee, 5s., which will be reduced to 2s. 6d. for Students who have attended the Classes during the preceding Session.

THE WOOD CARVING AND REPOUSSE CLASSES
will be continued up to the end of the Session in July. Fees, 5s. and 6s. respectively.

Classes are now held in the following subjects until after the respective Science and Art and City and Guilds Examinations, in April and May next, and will recommence on Monday, Sept. 28th.

SCIENCE CLASSES.

Animal Physiology, Applied Mechanics, Building Construction, Chemistry: Inorganic and Organic, Theoretical and Practical, and Special Laboratory Work; Practical, Plane and Solid Geometry, Machine Construction and Drawing, Mathematics (Stages I. and II.), Magnetism and Electricity, Sound, Light, and Heat, Steam and the Steam Engine, Theoretical Mechanics.

TRADE CLASSES.

Cabinet Making and Designing, Carpentry and Joinery, Brickwork and Masonry, Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Photography, Plumbing, Printing (Letterpress), Tailors' Cutting, Sign Writing, Graining, &c.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Chief Instructor ... MR. H. H. BURDETT.
(Late Chief Instructor Harrow School Gymnasium.)
Assistant Instructor ... MR. C. WRIGHT.
Pianist for Musical Drill ... MISS N. CONNOR, G.S.M.
During the building of the large and commodious Gymnasium at the north end of the Technical Schools, which will be one of the best equipped in London, the following temporary arrangements have been made:—

MEM'S GYMNASIUM.

Evenings ... TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
HOURS.—The Gymnasium is open from 6.30 until 10. The time from 6.30 till 8 is allotted for the free or voluntary practice of such Students as may choose to attend. An Instructor is present during this time to supervise and give advice or assistance to any Student when desired. The time from 8 till 10 is apportioned to instruction and teaching of classes as follows:—8 till 9. The following subjects are taught during this hour:—Sword exercise, musical drill, comprising dumb-bells, bar-bells, Indian clubs and free movements. This hour is also set apart for the individual instruction of such Students as desire to learn fencing and single-sticks. This class is held in the Fencing Gallery. 9 till 10. Gymnastics in classes are taught during this hour each evening, comprising exercises on the horizontal bar, parallel bars, vaulting horse, bridge, slanting and horizontal ladders, climbing rope, flying rings, trapeze, &c., &c. In these classes all Students are classified and selected in accordance with their physical capacities and abilities, and great care is exercised in selecting exercises to suit the powers of each individual.

FEES.—The Fees are 2s. per term and 6d. for hire of locker, in which to put flannels, belt, slippers, &c. For individual instruction in fencing and single-sticks an additional charge of 5s. is made.

BOXING.—There is a Boxing Club formed in connection with, and consisting of Students of the Gymnasium, the fees for which are arranged by the members of the Club. The hours and nights of practice are the same as for the other classes in the Gymnasium.

GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

THURSDAY. Hours, 6.30 till 10.
6.30 till 8 is allotted for free or voluntary practice of all members who choose to attend. 7 till 8.—During this hour the Fencing Class is held for the individual instruction of such ladies as may desire it. Foils, masks, gauntlets, and all requisites are furnished free of cost for the use of this class. 8 till 10.—These hours are devoted to instruction in the following subjects:—Musical Drill, comprising Bar-bells, Dumb-bells, and Indian Club Exercises, Free Movements, Running Maze, and Gymnastics. Fee, 2s. per Term; 6d. per locker.

The exercises are so arranged as to equally suit the physical capabilities of weak and strong, and whilst avoiding the injurious straining of the delicate, the powers of the strongest are tested to the utmost limit.

Junior Section for Girls, Saturdays, from 5 till 7. Junior Section for Boys, Saturdays, from 7 till 9. Fee, 6d. per month.

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Wedding Cakes, Luncheon
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Private Tea Meetings.

SPRING ADVICE.

"Early to bed" and arise with the dawn;
Sponge and rub well, either bed-time or morn.
Ope wide your windows to spring sun and air,
Cleanse out your dwellings with scrupulous care.
Keep your blood pure, 'twill save numberless ills;
And for spring medicine—Take Holloway's Pills.

Make a good breakfast—good porridge, brown bread,
Fish, milk or eggs, if you'd have your cheeks red.
Work with a will, but on no account worry;
"Steady and Sure" gets on better than "Flurry."
Fretting and worry cause half of our ills;
Keep a calm mind, and—Take Holloway's Pills.

Shun the rich dishes that gourmands delight;
Eat but light suppers, and sleep well at night.
Clothe yourselves well and keep feet dry and warm,
Then you may safely defy wind and storm.
Climb when you can over moorlands and hills;
If you need medicine—Take Holloway's Pills.

Bask in the sunshine and fear not the rain;
Clothes that are wet can be soon dried again.
Take a walk daily in sunshine or shower;
Welcome with gladness each fresh-opening flower.
List to the murmur of long "prisoned rills";
And for spring medicine—Take Holloway's Pills.

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Auctioneer, Valuer, and Estate Agent,
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(Almost opposite the People's Palace.)

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Arrangements have been made for Members of the People's Palace to receive COURSES of PROF. LOISETTE'S MEMORY TRAINING LESSONS for £1 1s. instead of £2 2s. (Private Lessons £5 5s.).
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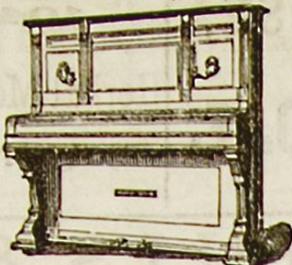
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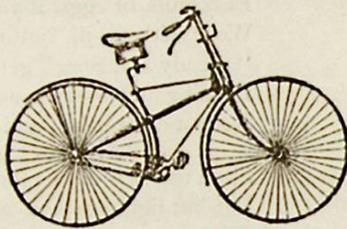
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