

THE  
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PEOPLE'S PALACE  
MILE END. E.

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FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

## PEOPLE'S PALACE

## Club, Class and General Gossip.

## COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, May 29th.—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, 30th.—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, Organ Recital and Concert. Admission 3d.
- SUNDAY, 31st.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Swimming Bath open from 6 to 10 a.m. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free.
- MONDAY, June 1st.—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, Costume Recital of "The Sleeping Queen." Admission 3d.
- TUESDAY, 2nd.—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. (ladies only).
- WEDNESDAY, 3rd.—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, Gymnastic Display by the Men. Admission, 2d. Students, 1d.
- THURSDAY, 4th.—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, 5th.—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 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ON Tuesday next, the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra will give a concert at the Chelsea Town Hall, in aid of the funds of the Chelsea Centre of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. This will be our first appearance at the West End.

OUR Team of Gymnasts arrived safely on Saturday last from Sweden, and, I learn, they won golden opinions in the home of modern gymnastics.

THE new "Gym." was used for the first time on Monday last. Every one who has seen it pronounces it one of the best equipped in London, and we hope shortly to give a photo of it in the *Journal*. Mr. Burdett thinks it too small, so I should advise would-be gymnasts to apply early for membership.

WE want some more members for the Cricket Club. The Tennis Club is flourishing, now that we have such a good ground at Walthamstow. Students can purchase railway tickets from Bethnal Green to St. James' Street, Walthamstow, for fourpence return, and from London Fields for threepence return; children half-price.

ON Monday next we are to have a Costume Recital of Balfe's opera, "The Sleeping Queen," under the direction of Mr. Sinclair Dunn.

THE First Gymnastic Display this year by the male team will be given on Wednesday next; when also the team that has appeared before the King and Crown Prince of Sweden will repeat some of their successful feats with the Indian clubs, etc. Members of the Institute one penny only.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—*Conductor*: Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. We perform Mendelssohn's "Hymn of

Praise" at Chelsea Town Hall, on Tuesday, June 2nd. We hope to have a good muster of the choir on that occasion. Our excursion will probably be held on Saturday, June 27th.

J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION, Royal Albert Hall, June.—Miss A. Dymes, the Secretary to the Home Arts and Industries Association, has kindly forwarded to Mr. Walter Besant, for the use of our students, a number of passes to the above Exhibition. Any student desirous of visiting the Exhibition should apply to Mr. C. E. Osborn at once, as the number of tickets is limited.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.—A General Meeting was held in the Social Room, on Thursday, May 21st. In the absence of Mr. Osborn, the chair was taken by Mr. Parkes, when the following gentlemen were elected: Captain, Mr. H. Cockerton; Vice-Captain, Mr. F. J. Harvey. Also the following gentlemen on the Committee: Messrs. H. Gardiner, W. Joskey, J. Drury, and T. Tozer. The following rules were then carried by the General Meeting.

## RULES.

- I.—That the name of the Club be "The People's Palace Swimming Club."
- II.—That all members be amateurs, as defined by the A.S.A. Laws.
- III.—That the colours of the club be Blue and White, and each Member to procure and wear a suitable bathing dress at club meetings.
- IV.—That the Subscriptions be 2s. per annum, payable in advance.
- V.—That an Annual General Meeting be held for the election of Officers, etc., during the month of April; all Officers retire, but are eligible for re-election.
- VI.—That the Officers consist of a President, Vice-President, Captain, Vice-Captain, and Secretary who, together with a Committee of four gentlemen, shall conduct the business of the Club, four to form a quorum.
- VII.—That the Club meet two evenings a week for practice and racing, viz., Monday and Thursday.
- VIII.—Notifications of all meetings to be made in the *Palace Journal*.
- IX.—That the handicapping be managed by the Committee.
- X.—That the Committee and Officers shall arrange the programme of races and fixtures, and shall have power of framing bye-laws and rules for the regulation of the Club.
- XI.—That the Captaincy Race be held in the month of July, the distance 360 yards. No Member will be allowed to compete who has not been an active Member for one month prior to the event.
- XII.—Applications for membership to be made to the Secretary, or a member of the Committee.
- XIII.—That all Members comply with Palace regulations.
- XIV.—That any case not provided for in the above rules be decided by the Committee, who will meet when necessary.

We want some more members. Any member of the Palace wishing to join, I shall be pleased to enrol any Monday or Thursday in the bath.

H. ELLIS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS.—There will be a special meeting of the above Club on Thursday, June 4th. All members desirous of joining, or wishing for any information con-

cerning, the club are invited to attend. We commenced this season on May 1st, and up to the present I have received about twenty members; but should I receive sufficient names, the subscription, which is now 5s., will be lowered to 3s. For this fee we provide rackets and all necessary apparatus, and this year, through the kindness of the Governors of the People's Palace, we have our private courts at Walthamstow, within a few minutes of St. James'-street Station.

JAS. W. WILLIAMS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—I have much pleasure in recording our first success this season in getting together a full eleven on Saturday last. No doubt more would have turned up had they not been nervous of the elements, for it will be within the recollection of all that we had had during the week "a deal of wet," and the appearance of the sky augured well for a lot more. We had no match, so we journeyed to the new ground at Walthamstow. We were, in fact, quite an exploring party, as only about two of us had seen the "promised land" before. The weather was indeed a great contrast to what we had been experiencing, and the sun every now and then shone very brightly. Having as I have said before, no match, we arranged sides and had a very enjoyable game, which was rendered rather amusing at intervals by the ball disappearing among the long grass—"under-growth" one gentleman, who appeared to have travelled in Darkest Africa, called it—and there was then cessation of play while all hands were enlisted in the search. Great pleasure and satisfaction were expressed on all sides at the extent of the ground, but gloomy misgivings were indulged in as to when it would be in a proper condition to invite our opponents to meet us, for we had hoped to play matches thereon. The grass requires to be cut, and the ground to be rolled; there is no accommodation yet for dressing, but Mr. Hicks, the owner of the land, pointed out where the Drapers' Company were going to erect out-houses for this purpose. Some of our younger members really seemed to find dressing without sitting accommodation amusing. After we had finished practice, we turned our steps towards "England, home, and beauty," by which I mean salubrious Mile End.—Match next week, Beaumont C.C. Ground, Uplands, Higham Hill, Walthamstow. Team, C. A. Bowman, Francis, Drury, Williamson, Phillips, White, Hunter, Williams, Sheppard, Butterworth, and A. Bowman (Captain). Reserves, McDugall and Mumson.—A large roller has been bought, and is now at work on our ground, and the builders are commencing in earnest on the lavatories, dressing rooms, etc., so that in a very few days everything that our friends really want will be done. Our good friend Mr. Hicks, to whom the place belongs, and to whose kindness we owe the use of the fields, seems determined to do his very best to make everything go smoothly at "Uplands," which must prove an uncommon boon to our members. Our Day School Section visited the grounds on Wednesday last, and appreciated it greatly.

Railway tickets for the use of our members are now ready, and can be obtained at the bookstall at reduced fares.  
Bethnal Green to St. James's Street, 4d. } Return.  
London Fields " " 3d. }  
Boys in the Technical School, half-price.

C. E. OSBORN.

**People's Palace Holiday Arrangements.**  
PRELIMINARY.

We have received an early copy of the "Polytechnic Holiday Guide" for the present season, which is a marvellous handbook, containing information relating to excursions to Norway, Ireland, Madeira, Clacton-on-Sea, West Brighton, Ramsgate, Switzerland, &c. This little book should be seen by all who intend having a long holiday. We are beginning ourselves in a small way. Last year those of our members who joined us in our Isle of Wight holiday trip were very pleased, but we have decided this year upon taking a house at Gorleston, near Yarmouth, with which we think our members will be delighted. It is difficult to analyse the charm which the "Broad" district around Yarmouth has for those who have once made its acquaintance; and the bracing air and invigorating breezes, a feature of the East Coast, make a week or fortnight spent here far more beneficial from a health point of view than any south coast resort. Gorleston is a charming spot with splendid sands, and no better place for bathing will be found round the coast. It is also close to Yarmouth, from whence excursions take place at very low rates to various places of interest which abound round Yarmouth. For those who are fond of amusements Yarmouth will be the very acme of delight. The General Steam Navigation Company have offered to take our members at the reduced price of 9s. return; by this means one of the most enjoyable sea trips is added to the other attractions of the holiday. To members of the Palace Institute or clubs the charge for

a week's residence will be 18s. per week, non-members (young men or women under 30 years of age) £1 1s.

Certain weeks will be set apart for young women, who will be charged 15s. per week. Early application should be made by those intending to avail themselves of this opportunity of escaping for a brief space from the continuous work by which we are all surrounded.

Mr. Osborn will give any further information that may be required.

If sufficient names are given in Mr. Carley, who is an enthusiastic boatman, will organise boating parties through the "Broads" and rivers of Norfolk.

**Society of Arts Examinations, 1891.**

PEOPLE'S PALACE STUDENTS.

BOOKKEEPING RESULTS.

First-Class Certificate and the Society's Bronze Medal.  
Newham, John G.

First Class.

- |                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Clark, Chas.     | Oliver, Fredk. H. |
| Cox, Fredk. J.   | Smith, Charles E. |
| Fowls, Wm. D.    | Spink, Edward F.  |
| Hendry, Wm. J.   | Westby, John T.   |
| Newport, John W. |                   |

Second Class.

- |                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Anderson, Robert.        | Kemp, Humphrey.       |
| Baumbach, George J.      | Laws, Percy E.        |
| Bennison, Jessie.        | Metson, Lydia.        |
| Bilbe, Henry S.          | Saunders, Lillian P.  |
| Brown, Charles J.        | Shepherd, Leonard B.  |
| Carpenter, Frank H.      | Sumpner, Maria A.     |
| Dowsett, Charlotte Eliz. | Thacker, Frederick M. |
| Drew, Thomas H.          | Theobald, Arthur.     |
| Fryer, Charles A.        | Theobald, Harry.      |
| Goymour, Samuel R.       | Tinner, Thomas.       |
| Harding, Herbert J.      | Wheeler, Leonard G.   |
| Herbert, Charles.        | Widdicombe, John.     |
| Hewkin, Edwin P.         | Wilbraham, Walter S.  |
| Hill, Stanley.           | Williams, Edward S.   |
| Jessop, Louis V.         | Wood, John G.         |
| Johnson, William.        |                       |

Third Class.

- |                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Atkins, Alban C.       | King, Henry J.         |
| Attwell, Annie F.      | Last, George W.        |
| Backhouse, George W.   | Lester, Arthur Murray. |
| Ball, Reginald E.      | Marshman, Wm. J.       |
| Biggs, Caroline.       | Martin, Chas. J.       |
| Brient, Frederick G.   | Maughfling, John S.    |
| Connor, Thomas M.      | Moxon, Chas.           |
| Cossor, Florence K.    | Parsons, Henry J.      |
| Dampney, Alfred J.     | Pope, Charlotte E.     |
| Dauids, Barnett.       | Purton, Henry.         |
| Diver, Wm. J.          | Pyott, Emma L.         |
| Dowling, Ernest.       | Rolle, Emily.          |
| Elliott, Ada E.        | Rollinson, Wm.         |
| Fletcher, Wm.          | Sessel, Lewis E.       |
| Foyson, Mary E.        | Sumpner, Chas.         |
| Harrington, Frederick. | Sumpner, George.       |
| Harvey, Fredk. W.      | Tanner, Edith M.       |
| Harwood, Albert.       | Tutt, Wm. A.           |
| Hayes, Fredk. W.       | Williamson, Cecilia A. |
| Hudson, Gertrude I.    |                        |

FRENCH RESULTS.

Second Class Certificate.

Dean, Mrs. Helen J.

Third Class.

Lee, Augustus F.

ARITHMETIC.

Third Class.

Hewkin, Edwin P. Tinner, Thomas.

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.

**Current Athletics.**

THE visit of the Manhattan team to England will undoubtedly give an extra fillip to Athleticism in our tight little island, and although the team will probably not be seen down South until after the championships, their advent at a London meeting will certainly draw a big crowd of spectators, no matter how the Yanks may come off at Manchester on June 27th. As a club combination they are very strong, but, with the exception of their sprinters and jumpers, I think they will find English athletes a bit in front of them. Luther Cary and Fred Westing have both a great reputation at five score yards, indeed Cary has been credited—upon authority which it is difficult to disbelieve—with a performance equal to two yards inside even time. Westing's ability in this direction is well known, and unless some of our sprinters can improve upon their present form, we shall, I am afraid be relegated to a back position at this distance. The Canadian, Mortimer Remington, will prove a hard nut to crack in the quarter; it is to be hoped some of the University "fliers" may find time to train for this distance, otherwise, unless a dark horse comes out, we shall go down in the event. Our distance men are a bit superior to the Anglo-Americans who will be competing in these races, and we need have no fear in this direction. I hope at a future date to go more fully into the merits of the entrants for Championship honours.

THE L.A.C. held an "extra" meeting at Stamford Bridge, on Saturday last, when a good all-round programme was put before the few hundred spectators who gathered together. The entries for the events were decidedly small, but nevertheless, some excellent racing was witnessed, the most noticeable feature being the fine performances of the Kildare representative—E. K. House—who won the 120 Yards Open from scratch in the time, as returned, of 12 1-5 seconds. He certainly got off well when the pistol cracked. I have never seen him get off better, but when the time went up on the board, there were several murmurs amongst the knowing ones. However, there it is, a couple of yards faster than he has ever done before. The 600 Yards looked a good thing for Kibble—the Southamp representative, but he pulled up about 80 yards from home. It was afterwards explained that a nail in his shoe troubled him, and this, no doubt, accounted for the limp. Heath easily scored in the Two Miles, and 9 min. 35 secs. off 60 yards, is a good performance. Walking men are getting rare amongst the L.A.C. members, but the evergreen Callow sticks to it with a determination which is encouraging to the younger members. F. A. Cohen, who seems to score at any branch of the sport, has recently developed a liking for the "heel and toe" department, and on Saturday demonstrated his superiority over the other L.A.C. members by winning the Three Miles Challenge Cup by 20 yards from Callow. Roberts, who finished third, is a wonderfully fair walker, and if he can find a little more pace will, I think, be sure to make a name for himself. The afternoon's sport did not pass off without a little unusual excitement, in which the Hon. Sec. Holman was very nearly being the unfortunate victim. Fraser, who was "throwing the hammer," managed to drop it within a foot of the Hon. Sec. who was standing about the middle of the ground, with his back to the competitors, and quite unconscious of the narrow squeak he had for ambulance attentions. I hope, at their next meeting, when I am informed the Manhattan members will compete, that a larger crowd may be present than on Saturday last to enjoy the good things which are sure to be placed on the card.

AT Paddington Ground several thousand spectators were present at the Annual Sports of the Metropolitan Railway Provident Society, Kibblewhite—who at the present time is in splendid fettle—competed in two events, viz., the Half Mile and Two Miles. In the first-named he secured second honours, and was credited with 2 and 4-5 secs.—a grand performance. In the Two Miles—with a limit of 150 yards—he caught the leader, C. J. Pratt, about 300 yards from home, and won easily in 9 min. 34 sec. I notice that one of the daily sporting papers quotes this as a record. I am not sure, but I have a faint idea of W. G. George doing something like 9 min. 17 sec.

THE Polytechnic were in good form again on Saturday. The old warrior, Jesse Watts, romped home from a big field in the Mile in 4 min. 22 secs., and I am told that the cheers which went up from his numerous friends when they saw him making for the "18-carat" could have been heard far down the Edgware Road. C. J. Pratt finished third in the Two Miles; the distance is, I think, a little too far for him, and Elworthy

secured third prize in the 300 Yards. At Herne Hill, Adams scored another second, so altogether the Poly. Harriers had a good day out. I should like to see published at intervals in the Institute journal a list of prizes secured by Poly. athletes in open competition. Certainly a splendid start has been made, and a record of that sort would be interesting.

A MILE Handicap at Northampton on Saturday was reeled off in 4 min. 17 4-5th sec. An objection was lodged against the winner, who only won by a foot. Shades of "W.G."! London handicappers, please note.—A new journal, under the title of *English Sport*, has blossomed forth, and judging by the first two numbers will, no doubt, soon reach a large circulation. An interview with Nat Perry is an important item in last week's, and "Oned Nat" has openly confessed his share of Deerfoot's record, but that is somewhat discounted—from an amateur's view—by his attack upon the present day timekeepers. Perhaps some of the amateur watch holders could reveal something for Nat's benefit.

THE Poly. meeting on June 6th is the next important item in the athletic and cycling world. With a fine day thrown in, the struggle of Old England's against the Emerald Isle's Cyclists will be a sight worth seeing, and one to be long remembered. May success crown your efforts, my Poly. boys!  
"OLD JOE."

**The Chillingham Wild Cattle.**

THE Chillingham Wild Cattle have been long known as an ancient breed. Of late years they have attracted much attention from breeders of cattle, who feel great interest in them as being the lineal descendants of our earliest breed of British Cattle, and such are keenly looking forward to the results of experiments, by which it is hoped to give constitution and a new departure to our valuable Shorthorn breed. They have been carefully preserved for generations as being a last remnant, or nearly so, of this indigenous breed. As far back as our earliest kings, who were famed for being lovers of the chase, we find reference made to a similar breed which roamed over the great forests of England in its primeval state.

According to Rüttemeyer, who writes upon the "Domestic Cattle of the Ancients" (and has compared skeletons of this wild breed with the remains found in the Swiss lakes of the Bos Primigenius), the Chillingham Wild Bull is pronounced as "the purest type that he has found of the original Bos," the great progenitor of the domestic cattle of the present day.

It is singular how much the Wild Cattle even now, in their semi-civilization, retain the wild habits of their ancestors—living amongst the woods and secluded retreats of the extensive range which they occupy, and jealously hiding and guarding their young calves. Of course they are as little disturbed as possible, but no doubt those characteristics must in time become more obliterated.

In this seclusion, till sixty years ago, they remained unknown to the general public, when, for the first time, they were brought into notice by the remarkable pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer, which are now exhibited at 309, Regent Street, W., for the benefit of the new Bethnal Green Hospital, together with some unique photographs of those animals as they are seen in their favourite haunts.

The chief picture is of a bull, cow and calf of this famous breed, which is now for the first time on exhibition to the public. A peculiar feature of the picture is the marvellous effect of foreshortening, by which three animals—life size—are brought into a canvas of only seven feet by five, without the least crowding. This is a feat achieved by few draughtsmen save Michael Angelo.

The Earl of Tankerville, to whom the picture belongs, and to whom I am indebted for the foregoing notes on the Chillingham Cattle, has kindly allowed this picture to be exhibited. The admission is 1s. before 7 p.m.; 6d. afterwards; and the exhibition closes on Tuesday next. Monday, however, will be a "non dies," for the public will not be admitted on that day.

Those of our members who appreciate pictures will, I am sure, be glad of this opportunity of seeing one of the finest works of the Prince of animal painters. In addition to the picture of the cattle there is another of Sir E. Landseer's pictures, a companion to the above, representing a family of deer. Also some delightful water-colour paintings of the Mediterranean and its shores. Photographs of the pictures and of the cattle can be purchased.

## The Angel Chimes.

(Continued from page 324).

## CHAPTER III.—continued.

Poor June! She wrote to Jersey; but no answer came, and then her letters were returned from the Dead Letter Office.

So on the days died away, and Master Linstice, as he greeted his daughter on Christmas morning, saw how white her cheek was, how dark were the rings round her eyes. Still, she tried to look bright, and there were tokens of her thought for her father in the slippers she had worked him, and the big silk handkerchiefs she had marked in a fanciful little monogram. She resolutely tried to put her own bitter sorrow in the background, and fought hard to work away, day after day, the same as usual.

Often and often she told herself that she could bear it better if it were a more definite trial. If, for instance, she knew why Eric had left her thus; but the suspense, the waiting, the anxiety. Ah, none but those who have passed through a trial of the kind can know how sore it is; how it shadows over the brightest days, and dims the clearest horizon. Still, June never lost faith in him. She rose every morning hoping for a letter, and feeling light-hearted at the thought that that day might end her suspense. She would grow quite nervous about the post hour, and be counting the minutes to the time. She told herself she was not expecting—that Eric was waiting for some good reason; but when the post passed and no letter came, she knew how much she had counted on it.

But "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and as June knelt by her father's side on Christmas Day, it was with a very sad heart. The night before, the lovely chimes had fallen on her ear, just as of old—as she used to hear them, as a child, they had rung on. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," they seemed to say, and sweet words they were to the sorrowful girl. Yes, though earthly joy was gone, there was a joy in the blessed old Christmas story that nothing could take away.

Spring came, and with it no new life for June. The sorrow of Eric's treatment of her—his neglect—she never got over. She never lost trust in him, but still she fretted so that it just wore her away. One day Master Linstice took her to London to see a famous doctor.

The old countryman, with his rough coat and hardy features, in such marked contrast to the little white girl at his side, sat in the big dreary room, round which were leather-covered chairs, and they tried vainly to interest themselves in the papers on the table. Then June went in, and saw the great man, who was kind and gentle to her, and then asked to see her father alone.

"What do you think of my girl, eh, sir?" asked Master Linstice, his voice sounding harsh and loud in the large consulting-room.

The great man paused. Used as he was to scenes of sadness, he had not had the heart to tell June the truth, nor had she asked it; and now it was harder still to tell it to this old man, whose lips quivered, and whose love for his child was not to be hidden.

"She's not very bad, eh, sir?" repeated Master Linstice. "Take her home, my good man. You will take care of her, I know; but there's no hope. She may live through the summer, but—"

Master Linstice stood for a moment, hearing no more of what the doctor said as he spoke on learnedly of technical terms, and Latin names, none of which reached his hearer. Still his old courtly manner did not desert him, and Master Linstice bowed silently to the doctor, and went back to where June sat quietly watching the passers-by in the gloomy street, feeling an older man by many years.

June asked no questions. She knew the truth, though the doctor fancied she did not. Life cannot be ebbing slowly away and the owner of it not know it, and June felt it in every pulse and breath, that this was the last year she had upon this earth.

She had every care, and all the love and affection her father could show her. As he kissed her, tenderly as a woman, many a bitter thought came to him of angry resentment against the man who had caused this. June had no idea of it. She did not know how her father felt, and she did not inquire.

Only one summer evening, just at the end of August, as she lay spent with the exertion of having talked to one of her Sunday-school children, who came every day to see her, she said to her father—

"If ever you see him—I forgive—"

Her father made no reply, but in his heart he felt he could not forgive Eric.

September came, and one morning when he went to her, he found the blue eyes closed, but in the sleep of death, the small

hands clasped, but never to unclasp again, the sweet mouth set in a lovely smile that would go with her to the grave. And Master Linstice, kneeling by the bed, and holding the cold hand in his, looking at the marble-like face with its soft framing of golden hair, felt that he could not forgive him who had done all this, who had quenched the young life that was so much to him.

They laid her under the east window of the old churchyard, and every day Master Linstice went to the grave. Every day the step grew feebler, and in the bent aged man that walked slowly through the path among the graves, one would scarcely have recognised the Master Linstice who bid Eric Durefoy welcome that soft September day.

CHAPTER IV.  
THE CHIMES.

CHRISTMAS EVE came, and Master Linstice sat in the little back parlour where June used to be. All her little things were there, just as she had left them, even the faded geraniums and roses in the brown pots she had arranged the last day she had been in the room.

The room was full of memories to the old man as he sat over the fire, looking into it wistfully, as if he would see in the red flames and burning coals pictures of the past. Then he would look round the room, his eyes following each little picture and ornament, everything that spoke of his lost ones, and his eyes, dim as they seemed sometimes, lighted up, and with a fire of resentment nothing could quench.

Only He who reads the hearts of all, and knows every thought and feeling, knew how hard was the struggle with the old man to put away all thoughts of bitterness of Eric Durefoy. He could not forgive him, and he felt he never could. As he sat there, he heard the sound of wheels, and he dreamily wondered who it was. Then the door opened, and in the tall man who came forward, Master Linstice recognised Eric Durefoy.

The old man rose and confronted his visitor, and in that brief glance Eric saw how he was aged, how he stooped, and how white his thick hair was.

"I have come back to her. My pride has broken down at last," said Eric, hoarsely, seating himself uninvited. The old man did not speak.

"It nearly killed me to find that she had not been true to me—"

"True to you, sir? what do you mean?" asked Master Linstice, his eyes flashing.

"Have patience." "Explain yourself this moment," said Master Linstice, in a voice that even he, proud Eric Durefoy, felt he dared not disobey.

"Where is she—take me to her—I will tell here—"

Eric, looking round the little familiar room.

"Explain yourself to me at once," repeated Master Linstice, his voice trembling.

"Then listen. I went to Jersey, and amongst my writing materials, June had helped me to put them by, I found this letter," and Eric took out a letter from his pocket-book and handed it to Master Linstice.

The latter opened it, and read a letter commencing, "My darling Jane," and going on with many professions of endearment and affection, referring to an engagement, mutual love, and much of the same kind, and signed "John Harvey."

"Well?" said Master Linstice.

"Well?" said Eric. "When June had pledged her word to me that I was her first love—that she had cared for no one else—"

"Why did you not ask an explanation?" asked Master Linstice, still holding the letter in his hand.

"Because I was too proud," said Eric, humbly enough now.

"I would not ask it; I was so angry at being deceived. But I can live without her no longer. I have come to ask her to forgive me—to take me again, and God knows I will do all I can to make her happy. I will forgive if—"

"You have nothing to forgive," said Master Linstice. "The letter was not to—"

"Not to June!"

"No—it is Jane. It was a letter I suppose her cousin Jane left behind her three years ago, when she was staying here. She was engaged then to a Mr. Harvey, and is married now to him," said Master Linstice, wearily.

Eric snatched the letter. Yes! He had made a mistake; in his anger he had mistaken Jane for June. Oh, the anguish of that moment!

"Take me to her!—take me to her, my darling that I doubted!" said Eric, bowing his head on his hands.

"I can't, sir," said Master Linstice, simply, "for my little June is dead."

## A Chip of the Willow.

DEFENCE, and not defiance, should be the motto of the young batsman, until he has proved himself able to take his own part against the attack from first to last with the same amount of confidence. Take care of the stumps, and the runs will take care of themselves. You must feel your way gently at the outset, until you have accustomed yourself to the style of the bowling to which you are opposed, and until you have begun to understand the plans of the attacking party. If you survive the first two or three overs, you will have done a great feat, and you will insensibly begin to feel that the ball seems to grow larger and larger as the eye becomes more used to its curves, and the nerves become, as a natural consequence, proportionately braced by the improvement of vision. Some of the best batsmen, at the end of a long innings, when some unlucky and unexpected incident has secured their downfall, bewail their fate in a comical manner; "What hard luck, when the ball was as big as a balloon!" To "get a good sight of the ball" is one of the most important aims of the batsman, and care at the commencement of an innings will soon enable you to more than counteract the schemes of the most wily bowler. You will generally find that the weakness of a batsman is in the protection of his "leg stump," and it is to this special subdivision of the wickets that most bowlers seek to direct their attack.

## De Profundis.

SAD, with eyes unsealed by slumber,  
Through the weary, dreary night,  
Mocked by demons without number,  
Lay I, longing for the light.

Suddenly the gloom was banished,  
And I saw, on looking round,  
Where that villain crew had vanished,  
A bright angel, glory-crowned!

I was dazzled by the splendour  
Of my strange, unearthly guest,  
As he asked, in accents tender,  
"Mortal, what disturbs thy rest?"

O, the contrast of our faces  
As each calmly gazed awhile—  
His so free from passion's traces,  
Mine so dark and full of guile!

"Though my heart is not ungrateful,  
It is filled with scorn and wrath;  
Life is bitter, men are hateful,  
I would sweep them from my path."

Mused the angel for a second,  
"Write their names upon this scroll;  
Leave not one of them unreckoned,  
If thou would'st destroy the whole."

Pleased, I pricked them down unpitied;  
"Hast thou made the list complete?"  
"Trust me, none have been omitted,  
For the vengeance will be sweet."

Then the angel, smiling brightly,  
While I gloated o'er the slain,  
"See thou pray, then, for them nightly,  
And thy peace shall come again."

From the sacred presence turning,  
"Hence! nor mock me more with lies!"  
For my cheek and brow were burning,  
And the fire flashed from my eyes.

But the solemn words would linger,  
Holding each fierce thought in thrall,  
Traced, as by the angel's finger,  
On my gloomy chamber wall.

Till, accepting, life looked brighter,  
Half its sorrow seemed to cease,  
And my heart grew hourly lighter,  
And my bosom now had peace.

A PHYSICIAN claims to have discovered and captured a microbe of *la grippe*. His theory is that they come from what astronomers call star dust—an Italian mistake. A humorist thus describes a microbe:—"A microscopic insect whose back is broad enough to carry previously unknown men into fame."

One look, and Eric saw in the old man's face that it was true, and, overcome, he was speechless.

"When?" "Last September. She fretted so—my sweet lassie, she was so sore-hearted at your leaving her, she died. She had the best advice—she had all, but nothing did her good."

For a long time the two men sat silently, and that time was one never forgotten by either.

A storm of resentment and anger swept over Master Linstice's loyal old heart as he saw the man who had so wronged his June. He could have murdered him almost then. He was silent, but the storm raged fiercely.

And Eric! This was what his pride had brought him to. He had found the letter, read it before he knew what he was doing—and he was too proud to ask any explanation. The terrible suffering concentrated in that time was so great he felt that indeed it was a hard punishment. Then at last Master Linstice spoke, and told him of June's message of forgiveness.

"Where is she laid?" asked Eric, presently.

The old man then took him across the path to the churchyard.

As they went, Eric thought of the day when June had taken him to show him the old church she was so proud of. He remembered how she looked then on that sweet September day, and how pretty the place had seemed, with the Virginia creeper and then the flowers in the garden—the very smell came back to him, and the picture of June more vividly than anything. Again he saw her sweet blue eyes, her soft yellow hair, and heard her clear young voice.

Now all was changed. On this Christmas Eve it was bright moonlight over the snow, and the church looked weird in the white light.

It was so bright a moonlight that as he came to the little white headstone at the head of a snow-covered mound he could read the words quite plainly—

JUNE.

AGED 20 YEARS.

"PEACE."

That was all. Then at her grave old Master Linstice spoke. He said no angry words, but he told Eric of her last days, and when he ceased Eric paused. He longed to ask the old man to forgive him, and again breaking down his pride, he asked.

Master Linstice lifted his eyes to the moonlit sky. The cold air played on his forehead, but it did not seem to cool the burning passion of anger. He was not a man of many words, but he could be very stern.

Shaking his head, he knelt down by the white stone, and said he could not forgive, and Eric walked away. The old man knelt there unheeding the cold, and presently the chimes began—the Angel Chimes, which seemed to say, "Peace on earth—goodwill to men."

Often as Master Linstice had heard them, they had never before sounded so sweet, and yet—they did not seem to touch him. The old Christmas message of peace he could not receive, for he had that in his heart which barred the way to its entrance. So long as he kept those feelings of resentment, and could not forgive, so long must he remain untouched by the message from the King of Peace Himself, whose forgiveness he might not claim so long as he refused to pardon others.

Rising, he went after Eric, and found him; and ere the chimes had ceased, and the great festival was many minutes old, they were reconciled. How much it cost him none knew.

The days went on, and Eric Durefoy devoted himself to June's father. They lived together; and though the old man had lost his daughter, he was not quite lonely, for he had in Eric all that a son could be.

And so, in that household there was peace, and the evening-time of Master Linstice's life was light.

Now, over the world the bells are chiming in the Christmas festival. Years and years ago, the angels told the message to the wondering shepherds, and it is echoed still—the same old message every Christmas Day—Goodwill and Peace. The Angel Chimes ring on, and all may receive that message, all may partake of its joy, saving those who shut their hearts to the Saviour who comes as a Christ-child amongst men—saving those who let bitterness and anger and all that is unlike their Lord bar the way to peace and joy.

To all who can forgive because they need forgiveness, comes that message of peace, and so the Angel Chimes ring on in their lives, and there is peace.

THE END.

### How to Learn Typewriting.

THERE is reason to fear that a great amount of incompetency exists at the present time in regard to the imparting of efficient instruction in typewriting. With the increasing popularity of the machines the number of colleges, schools, etc., in which instruction is given, will proportionately increase, to meet the requirements of those anxious to add this qualification to their other attainments. It will, therefore, not be amiss to bring before instructors their responsibilities with a view of preventing the would-be typist from being swindled by persons who simply take fees and levy unjust fines, their interest extending no farther than the pecuniary side of the question. It is only too true that such persons exist, who purchase a few old machines, picked up cheaply here and there, and which, in the majority of instances are absolutely worthless in the present day, and attempt to teach type-writing.

It is also true that any one of ordinary education and intelligence can learn the proper, and, in time, the rapid manipulation of the key-board, but there is something beyond this. It is a question not so much as to the capacity of the student, but as to the method of instruction and the machine used. The latter is important. The best machine procurable should be obtained, and by the best is meant the strongest built and consequently the most durable, so as to obviate the "memorandum as to repairs system." Why should students, who pay a reasonable fee to be instructed, be called upon to pay for repairs? If they knew how to use the instrument there would be no necessity for them to seek instruction, and if, in acquiring the elementary knowledge a slight hitch occurs now and then, should not the instructor be able to impart instruction in the mechanical principle of the type-writer, so as to repair his or her own instruments? At one place in mind over 20 machines are in daily operation, and what may be termed a real smash has never been experienced. Beyond downright wilfulness, if the students be instructed in the principles of construction of the machine at the outset, no ground can possibly exist for charging for damage done while learning the machine.

Students should be required to clean their machine before commencing a lesson. This trains them to regard the instrument as possessing some value and to keep it in a condition that shall do justice to themselves, their instructor, and eventually to those who employ them; it is, however, useless to clean the instrument before and after use, at any rate in a class-room, although this should be the rule where a machine has been running all day without intermediate attention in this respect.

The system of giving students documents to copy day after day with a partial pecuniary interest in the money thereby earned cannot be recommended. Students should be trained to write neatly and accurately, and taught to display in the most tasty method. Their talents in all three directions should be cultivated, and when this is done and a fair speed attained, a position consistent with their ability should be secured for them without delay. It is well to carefully finger the words in, say, the "Commercial Letter Writer," on the six finger principle, having due regard to the alternate employment of both hands where combinations allow of it. Simple phrases composed of these words should then be compiled and exercises containing sentences with every letter in the alphabet. Then exercises illustrating how to display the heading of letters, and commercial letters, sheets of tabulated work in graduated form, such as prospectuses, etc. While this course is being pursued, occasional lectures on the mechanical construction (which can be illustrated by taking a machine partially to pieces, which is refixed by the students present), duplicating (both carbon and stencil), etc., should be given, and so complete a course, which usually occupies half of a term consisting of twelve weeks. The remainder of the course is employed in running through the "Commercial Letter Writer" and copying draft documents. Those students already engaged in business or who possess a knowledge of phonography, are allowed to bring their own work and thus suit their own special requirements, to a certain limit. Machines are set apart for those who have no immediate use of their typewriting knowledge, or who wish to increase speed, for which only a nominal charge is made.

The adoption of one make of instrument, suitable accommodation in the class-room for cleansing hands after cleaning machines and inserting ribbons, is the best course for the comfort and well-being of both instructor and students. The fees should be moderate and inclusive, and the machines equal to new. Judging from the highly remunerative positions held by well-taught students, there is every reason to believe this method to be a most thorough and comprehensive one.—*The Phonetic Journal.*

### Schoolboy Learning.

MR. BARKER was right then after all, and the delicious fun of "Original English" was a natural growth. At all events, the evidence seems cumulative, for now we have Mr. James Payn, the novelist, writing as follows:—"It must not be imagined that the delightful ignorance of schoolboys about everything (except games and keeping rabbits) is confined to this hemisphere. In Topsy-Turvy Land (if Australia will permit me to call her so) their ideas, as might be expected, are even still more charmingly confused upon questions of learning and science. A gentleman engaged in education in Melbourne has been so good as to send me some examination papers, printed in *The Wesley College Chronicle*, the replies to which are quite as admirable as those which Mr. Barker has culled from similar sources in the old country.

"Scientific.—'A glacier' (the italics are the student's own) 'is a stream which spouts up from the earth.' 'The prairies are large pieces of land, covered with grass, as high as the eye can reach.' 'A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.' The following is very touching, and would seem to emanate from one of the senior boys: 'The sounds made by the heart's action are two: (a) the beating of the heart; (b) the murmurs of the heart. The murmurs of the heart can be heard when the ear is placed upon another's breast. There is first a long, dullish sound, then a sharp click, and then a pause.'

"Historical.—'Who was a-Becket?' 'He was the son of Henry II., was drowned in the *White Ship*, and never smiled again.' The following is the scholastic account of Harold's adventure in Normandy:—'Harold had an oath to take or change his religion, and he had to take the oath, and it was a very bad one. When they took off the top of a cask it was full of bones, and they said, 'You must change your religion, or put your head in here,' and he would sooner put his head in here, and this was Harold's oath.' Moreover (what is not generally known), the proposal of William to Harold before Senlac was 'that they should put up a fence of wire and make holes in it.' What is meant by the Suppression of the Monasteries is that 'Henry demanded some large sums of money from the Pope because his monestrys were run out, and he wanted to fill them again.'

"The scholastic explanation of the inquiry, 'And shall Trelawny die?' is different from that of Macaulay, and seems, from its interesting details (which have not heretofore been published), to deserve a separate note. 'This meant the seven bishops: would they be executed? But it was not so. The people walked up and down all night to see if they were guilty or not guilty. There were guards to see that no food was passed in, but at four in the morning several basins of water were passed in; but the jurymen, who were raging with thirst, drank it all up. Then one of the palace brewers, who was a jurymen, said, 'I will brew no more for the King if I say guilty; I will brew no more for anybody else'; and the judge seated him in his box, and a man asked him if the persons at the seat were guilty or not guilty. 'Not guilty!' replied he. Immediately there roused a shout from 10,000 in the hall. James heard this shout, and asked General Faversham. 'Nothing,' replied he; and the King shook himself, turned pale, and said, 'So much the worse for them.'

"Now and then, to one who does not know schoolboys, it would appear that something humorous was really intended, as in the following description of Pall Mall:—'This is a street so called from a game played with mallets. *Clubs* have now taken the place of mallets.' Of the Latin translations, the best specimen (though slightly cynical) is the rendering of *Nihil in amicitia perniciosius est quam adulatio*—'Nothing is more destructive to pleasure than virtue.'

### Stones of Memorial.

THOUGH the shadow gloom above my head  
God is behind it, I am not afraid;  
I cannot see, but I can feel His hand,  
And I can wait and list for His command.

Dreary tho' life seem, forward to look,  
Safe in His keeping, all I can brook;  
God is all loving, tender, and true,  
Guiding with sweetness all my life through.

Soon will the years pass, doing His will,  
Even the sorrow His plan will fulfil,  
Stronger the love for the pain passed through,  
Truer the trust from the sorrow that grew.

L. E. W.

### The Red Mountain Mines.

(Continued from page 329.)

#### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Instantly the whole camp was in an uproar. Some were excited because they had taken a liking to Mark during his brief stay with them; others, because it had been expected that Red Mountain would receive considerable benefit from the Maydew funds; and others, still, condemned it from a moral point of view. Dubb, alone, was quiet, apparently unconcerned, absolutely emotionless.

"Did Stanley get away?" queried Tom Morris, after the first outburst of excitement had somewhat subsided.

"He got clean span away," answered Droopy. "The officers as took holt on the case said they never seed sich a git-out afore. Nobody knowed whar ter look fur 'im, an' nobody ain't 'peared ter find out."

"And thereby," said Morris, "does Stanley evince greatness. The poor fool who commits a crime and gets caught is a scoundrel and villain: he deserves the full penalty of the law. But the man who commits a crime and escapes the law, he has genius; he is full of the elements of greatness. Mark Stanley will yet be acknowledged as a very great man."

"Maybe so in the East, but not in Californy," cried Droopy, warmly. "Murder is murder, here, an' we never calls it by any other name; an' when we writes it we puts it all in capertall letters,—big red ones, too, like them air letters what they puts on a circus-bill."

"I'll wager a pound of dust, Droopy, my dear old grammar-mangler, that you yourself will yet call Mark Stanley a great man, and be as much in favour of him as you are against him now," said Morris dryly.

"By gosh, I'll do it! But you look 'ere, Tom Morris, I ain't ag'in' 'im, an' I never was ag'in' 'im: I'm on'y ag'in' what he's done. An' ef I was ag'in' 'im, it's no more 'n you was, all the while he was here. Don't try ter pick me up, Tommy, when yer down yerself. An' let me tell yer somethin' more: they didn't have no grammars an' sich stuff when I was a boy. That was a heap o' years ago. Yer fergits I ain't sich a young, tender saplin' as you am. I'll jest take that bet 'bout the pound o' dust, though; an', ef I wins, I'll buy a grammar with it."

Droopy was angry when he began, but he said so much that he talked himself into good humor again. An hour later, he and Morris were sitting by themselves, engaged in a confidential chat. He told Morris all about the Maydew murder, from which subject the conversation very naturally shifted to Dubb.

"I never seen sich a durned critter afore in all my life," Droopy declared vehemently. "I dunno w'at to think on 'im. Why, when I tole 'im 'bout Mark's bein' here, an' what he said, an' how he went away, an' how he killed that air Maydew woman, who they says was more 'n half in love with Mark Stanley, why, that air Dubb jest took it all in, like as if it didn't 'meount ter nothing. He never talked er acted as if he was s'prised, er sorry, er mad, er nothin'; an' when I says to him as how I s'poses he won't do no more dickerin' 'bout Mark Stanley's wife, he up an' says, all quiet like, 's if he'd been sayin' it was a nice day, as how he ain't goin' ter stop lookin' fur her till she's foun', livin', er dead. An' when I axes 'im what good it'll do, when her husband's next ter dead, he says that ain't no reason fur leavin' her among them air Injins. I axed him what he'd do with her ef she was foun' alive, an' he says as how that'll all be jest as she says. Ain't it funny? Mark Stanley, nor Mark Stanley's woman, ain't neither on 'em no kin ter Dubb, an' they never seen each other till they was 'jined in that wagon-train; an' yet Dubb spen's his money an' his time fur her, when her own husband gin her up long ago an' don't consarn hisself 'bout her in no way. Now, then, Tom Morris, what d'ye think o' sich a feller as that? What does yer call sich a critter?"

"Call him, Droopy? I call him one of the few men whom the world noble fitly describes. I tell you, my boy, he is made of much better stuff than any of us. We all pride ourselves on our California disinterestedness and generosity; but you and I both know that there isn't another man in this camp who would do what Dubb has done for the Stanleys. I doubt if there are ten such men in the universe."

"I b'lieves yer, Tom; I b'lieves yer," exclaimed Droopy: "they don't make many sich."

"It makes me ashamed when I think how the whole camp—I with the rest—laughed at the queer figure he cut when he struck camp to-night," confessed Morris. "Of course he is grotesque enough to furnish a sufficient excuse for our fun; but I didn't dream that there was so much man under that dull, homely face of his. What arms and legs, and what a name, and what a rig-out all the way through!"

"Don't yer think it 'ould be a pooty good mix if Mark Stanley's 'cuteness an' Dubb's ideas o' right an' wrong could be rolled all up in one man?"

"The thought does you credit, Droopy. The combination would, indeed, be good. No woman, though, would ever love him, his person is so forbidding and uncouth."

"Well, mebbe that is somethin' what some other men might envy 'im," said Droopy, bitterly.

Tom Morris laughed.

"Perhaps, Droopy, perhaps. There is one woman who ought to fall in love with him, if she ever finds out what he has done for her; and that, of course, is Mark Stanley's wife."

"'Twont do her no good ef she does," muttered Droopy: "she never'll be nothin' but Mark Stanley's wife ter him. He says he wants ter take Mark Stanley's claim, here, an' work it, though Mark couldn't git nothin' outen it. I reckon it's 'cause he thinks Mark Stanley never gits deep enough in anything ter touch bottom."

"It's my belief," said Tom Morris, "that Dubb wants Mark Stanley's claim because Dubb is fond of Mark Stanley."

#### CHAPTER VI.

THERE was in Mark Stanley's belt, when he left the Red Mountain mines, enough dust to keep him in comfort for a year, provided that he exercised due economy. This permitted him to reflect upon his past life, lay plans for the future, and employ the present in making a thorough scrutiny into the new, free, and to him, almost incomprehensible life which surrounded him. When he fell in with Miss Maydew, she, being informed by Judge Desborough that Mark was short of money, insisted upon his accepting as a present a liberal sum from her. He declined this as a gift, but expressed his willingness to receive it as a loan. As it amounted to several thousands of dollars, his future was now reasonably secure for a number of years.

Thus protected so far as actual necessities were concerned, he devoted himself to pondering upon what he considered the vagaries and the probabilities of life. Two of his mother's favourite aphorisms, "Virtue has its reward," and "Be sure your sin will find you out," had been constantly dinned into his ears through all his childhood and youth. These two sayings, more than anything else, had given form and complexion to his Vermont life. The promise and the threat about equally determined the course of his steps, and he had no doubt that both would be exemplified and illustrated in everything which he did. Consequently, when he aroused himself from the negative somnolence of his earlier days and decided to enter into matrimony and the rest of the serious business of life, he watched, naturally, on every hand, for the fulfilment of what he had accepted as the two great laws of life. By this means his lines of thought were not only narrowed, but he was, practically, prevented from thinking at all. He dared do nothing but keep his mind fixed upon these two principles and shrink from the awful consequences of going against them. But when he had exchanged the depressing limits of his father's house and his mother's religion for the liberality and freedom of thought and action which he found in New York, his mind met with a severe shock. The first effect of the difference between what he found, and what he had been led to believe that he would find, in the great city, was bewildering and painful. By it he was nearly reduced to idiocy. His wife saw, but could neither understand nor appreciate, the strange condition of her husband's mind. At last, after they had left the city well behind them and had begun crossing the prairies, Mark Stanley's mind made its first buffet against the restricting bars which hitherto had hindered its independent exercise. But this first revolt against old beliefs was by no means final. He could not all at once rid himself of that which he had so long accepted as the sole method and conduct of life. Again and again would he end these constant tumults by casting off the old hampering fears and doubts; but it was not until the long journey over the prairies and up the plains was nearly accomplished that he felt that he had any right to exercise the functions of thought and judgment. But such a struggle—with a nature whose inherent boldness and stubbornness precept and maxim had always enslaved—could not fail to leave lasting scars. Mark Stanley rose above the puniness which had made his parents despise him, notwithstanding that it was a result of their teachings; but the change was so pronounced, so remarkable, that it germinated and fostered in him a tendency to doubt and suspect everything with which he came in contact. He forced himself to accept the conclusion that there was no truth anywhere, and that the only evil in the whole universe was weakness. His attempts to explain away old things, and to thrust upon his wife the harsh theories which he evolved out of the ashes of his dead faith, so seriously

grieved and hurt her that he found much difficulty in consoling her. He saw that she turned from the new principles, which he intended should govern the rest of his life, more because she could not comprehend them and him than because they were repugnant to her as the tenets of apostasy. It was plain that she would never be able to grasp the ideas with which his mind was now filled: in fact, unless he could reconcile himself to constant expressions of disapproval, he would have to keep those ideas wholly from her. Before he had put aside the overpowering restraints of form and habit which, in the past, had made independent and original thought impossible to him, he had regarded himself as her inferior. Now, when he was rising into what he felt was a higher, clearer, worthier atmosphere, he saw, to his consternation, that his was the superior mind, and that she could never depart from the ways she had always known. She comprehended love better than anything else, and that now to him was even of less than secondary importance. He considered that they were mismatched; and now, though he knew full well that it was wholly his fault, and that she had consented to marry him with genuine reluctance, he chafed against the bonds which held them together. It was his disposition to shirk responsibilities, and his disposition made no exception of this instance. He regarded uncongenial persons and conditions very much as a club-man regards an ill-fitting garment; and the comparison held good even so far as the matter of riddance. His wife was very beautiful and sweet, and when his mind was not absorbed with vital topics she still held him by the power of the old influences which first brought Mark Stanley to her feet. How long he would have tolerated her, and what the final outcome would have been, can, of course, be only conjectured; but the Indians settled the question for him by carrying her off, soon after he discovered the change in his feelings toward her. With their separation, some portion of his former love for her returned; and had he found her at once he might have cherished her, the rest of their days, as tenderly as he did at first. But her continued absence, lessening, as it did, the influence of her magnificent personal charms, soon led him into thinking only of her intellectual qualities, and so, after a few months, he was glad of being relieved of her.

His failure to find her, the attitude taken by his parents, and his lack of success in the mines, only widened the difference between the principles of his former life and those of his present life. The interest which Dubb and Droopy had manifested in him only tended, by some strange law of contradiction, to make him the more thoroughly despise everything which his parents had taught him was honest, virtuous, and right. On his way from Red Mountain to San Francisco he had firmly resolved to go directly against every belief of his childhood and youth. Arriving in San Francisco, he soon saw that man's foremost interest and aim was the obtaining of place. This no sooner impressed him than he swore that he would lift himself into success by the very first means which presented itself. Almost instantly, as if in answer to his new aspirations and to facilitate him in carrying into effect the substance of his oath, he heard of the expected coming of the Maydews.

Here, then, was his chance. Five years before, the Maydews had spent a summer in Arlington, in a cottage near the Stanley farm. Miss Maydew was then a girl of fifteen. She was both a romp and a rose-bud, and her head was crammed full of healthy, pretty romance, which she drew from the books she read. When Mark Stanley first saw her, she was such a revelation to him, in beauty, that he stopped and stood stock-still in the church door, staring at her. For this his mother had sharply reproved him, declaring that Miss Maydew was a temptation of the devil, sent to wean him from paths of right. After that, Mark shunned her as if she had been a plague. Late in the summer, when she was romping beside the Battenkill, a mishap sent her, with a great splash, into one of the deepest pools in the beautiful little river. But for the chance presence of Mark, who brought her out on dry land, Miss Maydew would have drowned: for her feet were entangled in some tough aquatic vines, which held her fast. For this, she regarded him as a very great hero; and her father had looked upon him with favour, until, in answer to Mr. Maydew's profuse thanks, Mark had said,—

"Don't thank me: thank the Lord. It was the Lord's doings, and I was only the miserable instrument in His hands."

When Mark had said this, Mr. Maydew arose in disgust: piety in words was the one thing which he could not stand; and no one ever dared mention Mark Stanley's name to him again. Miss Maydew, however, took another view of the case. To her, Mark Stanley was a sort of rural Galahad; and she assured him that he could depend upon her if he ever needed friendship. In fact, but for the dampening effect of his mother's remark, which so closely associated the devil with Miss Maydew and so

made her ineligible to Mark, there is no doubt but that he would at once have fallen desperately in love with the beautiful girl. Had he done so, she, unquestionably, would have reciprocated the feeling, because of the high opinion she entertained of what she considered his courage and heroism. Twice did she write to him after leaving Arlington, and both of these letters were immediately returned to her by the mother of her Galahad; and with the second letter Mrs. John Stanley, over her mean, cramped little signature, declared that Miss Maydew was a "brazen hussy." After that Mark Stanley never heard of Miss Maydew until the California newspapers began discussing her imminent visit to San Francisco.

Mark at once set about scheming. He must turn her coming to practical account in some way; but how should he do it? By borrowing a large sum of money of her and then absconding? No; that would result in unpleasant consequences,—which would be weak; and weakness was now the sole thing which he considered evil. Then he decided to make the conditional compact with Judge Desborough, since he plainly foresaw that Miss Maydew would be certain to sicken of the importunings of the speculators and go home in disgust. This was the first definite plan which he formed concerning the Maydews, and it would have, likely, been the final one, had it not been for the unexpected warmth with which Miss Maydew received him. Perhaps he was mistaken, and perhaps he was right, but in less than three days he was of the opinion that Miss Maydew was in love with him, and that she had been in love with him ever since the old days in Arlington. The confidence she reposed in him, and the interest which she manifested in everything that he said and did, justified him, to a certain extent, in believing as he did. The idea delighted him; not because he in any sense returned the feeling, but because it might be of assistance to him in his ambition to acquire great wealth suddenly. Mark Stanley was now so occupied with his abominable self-love that he had no interest in any one, beyond their capacity for serving him.

Miss Maydew decided to make the investments which she and her father had contemplated making when they first came to San Francisco; and she came to this conclusion wholly and entirely because Mark Stanley had advised it, even after she, personally, had decided against so doing. When she told him that the money for the investment was to be drawn on a certain day, he at once made up his mind that that day should be the last one of her life.

The murder of Miss Maydew was deliberately planned. Mark Stanley knew perfectly well that he could not get the million dollars without killing her, and that he could not, under the circumstances, kill her without having her murder known. The thing to do, then, was to change his personality in ten minutes after leaving her dead body in the carriage. So he made all his arrangements beforehand, and made them so thoroughly, too, that none of them miscarried. He purchased a regulation Spanish suit, a large valise—the latter of a second-hand dealer, so that its newness might not betray him—and some peculiar cosmetics and chemicals. These he concealed in his room in the hotel where he was living.

On leaving the bank with Miss Maydew and the money, he ordered the driver to drive the carriage which they were in to his hotel. On the way he suddenly called her attention to some peculiar object in the street, and then, with the quickness of lightning, whipped out a knife with a razor-like edge and cut her throat, throwing her mantle over her at the same instant to protect his person from her blood. So thoroughly had he rehearsed his devilish plan in his mind, beforehand, that he carried it out without the slightest deviation or excitement. The brutal deed was so dexterously done that the poor girl died almost instantly. He so disposed of Miss Maydew's body, on leaving the carriage, that had anyone peered in through the window they would have thought her sleeping.

When the carriage halted before the hotel, Mark, on alighting, bade the driver wait a few minutes for him, and then entered the hotel. There was neither haste, nor appearance, of haste in anything which he did. Once in his room he deliberately shaved off his heavy sandy beard and mustaches, and then proceeded to darken his hair and skin, or as much of the latter as was exposed. Even now he would have been safe from recognition; but he quickly completed his disguise by exchanging the garments he had on for the Spanish dress with which he had provided himself the day before. He then hung the clothing which he had just discarded with the rest of his wardrobe, packed the great bundle of money, and a few papers which he wished to save, into the valise, and then, walking unconcernedly, he left his room and entered the hotel-office. To all practical purposes, Mark Stanley was now dead; he who had just left Mark Stanley's room, so strangely metamorphosed, was Don Hernando Altana, and as such he straightway scrawled his name in the hotel register,

and was at once assigned a room adjoining the one which he had previously occupied. All this was accomplished in about half-an-hour, and the murder of Miss Maydew was still undiscovered.

Mark Stanley had been very poor; Don Altana was very rich; he was, also, very dark and very elegant, and not a soul would have suspected him of being anything else than he seemed. At the end of another hour, when he heard a mob of excited men rush into his former room, bent on the immediate destruction of Mark Stanley, the lips of the transformed man wreathed themselves into a triumphant smile. Later in the day he was one among the many who called to express sympathy for Mr. Maydew. He even carried his coolness and bravado so far as to go to the coroner's and inspect the lifeless remains of Miss Maydew.

"Any one else who could have done this thing would have done it," he said to himself, as he leaped into bed, that night. "Life and death are mere matters of chance; both are beyond human control. The Indians and I were common benefactors, for all I know. They relieved me of a silly wife, I relieved Maydew of a silly daughter. So far as the general score goes, he and I are quits; only I get more out of it than the Indians did."

An hour later he was sleeping as calmly as a child; and so he slept throughout the night.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Dubb dropped into mining-ways as easily and naturally as if he had been a miner all his life. He asked but few questions, and made but few mistakes. Mark Stanley's abandoned claim, which everybody had regarded, since Mark's departure, as the unluckiest bit of dirt on Red Mountain, became, under the treatment which it received from Dubb, a valuable and tractable piece of mining-property. In less than a week after occupying it, Dubb struck rich "pay-dirt;" and before a month had elapsed he succeeded in following these "tailings" through a short, wavering patch of direct drift to an almost perpendicular vein which seemed practically inexhaustible.

He took his good fortune quietly, just as he took everything else, and did not seem in the least elated by it. Except in some matter of frolic or indignation, the California miners of those days were not a very demonstrative lot; still, they could not comprehend the changeless and unbroken complacency of Dubb. The presence of danger, the contemplation of death,—joy, sorrow, and all the rest of the varying and multiplicate phenomena of life,—utterly failed to break in in any way upon this man's unruffled serenity. He seemed, in every sense, impervious and unreachable. Nothing could move him or touch him. There was no visible evidence that he saw any element of fun in the frequent pranks and jokes of the miners; and the customary gravity, or earnestness, of his face was never in the slightest degree increased if any of his mining acquaintances chanced to be overtaken with misfortune. He never smiled, and he never frowned. No one ever heard a hasty or spirited word from him, and no one believed that it would be possible to make him angry. So far as any person could judge, there were two worlds for Dubb—one internal and the other external; and there was not, apparently, the slightest connection between the two.

This, by the miners, was first attributed to a lack of intelligence; then to selfishness; then to piety. After that the classification of Dubb was given up as a hopeless impossibility, and he was taken as he was, and for what he was worth.

"He never gits off sermons an' church-talk; he never sees a feller in a hole 'thout helpin' on 'im out; he takes in everything what's goin' on; an' he allus comes down with his ante, whether he plays his han' er not," declared Droopy, with exceeding warmth, one day when Dubb, soon after his arrival, was under discussion. "He ain't quite the reg'lar article, mebbe; and he may be better, an' he may be wuss, nor the reg'lar article; but he suits me a dum sight better nor some others what I knows on."

A month later, Droopy's estimate of Dubb was accepted by all Red Mountain as the right one; and before winter set in, no man in camp was more popular than Dubb.

His prosperity as a miner enabled him to redouble his efforts for the relief of Mrs. Stanley; and nothing which could possibly be done for her discovery and rescue was left undone. Droopy and Tom Morris were alone in his confidence concerning his vigorous and uninterrupted efforts in behalf of Mrs. Stanley; and they were of incalculable assistance to him in the important matters of making plans and negotiating with the guides who were prosecuting the search for the lost woman over near the head-waters of the Platte. It soon became apparent to Droopy that Dubb was being imposed upon by the frontiersmen, and that they were receiving his money without any attempt at making an honest return for it. The right kind

of investigation proved this to be the case, and after that the conduct of the search was reorganized upon a basis which made shirking next to impossible.

All through that winter, Dubb watched and waited for news from the Stanleys. Since the murder of Miss Maydew, Mark Stanley seemed to be as thoroughly and effectually lost as his wife. The officers of the law were as impotent in their endeavours at hunting down Mark as Dubb's envoys were in their efforts at unearthing Mark's wife.

"Blamed ef I b'lieves as how ony on us 'll ever set eyes on either one on 'em ag'in," remarked Droopy, one day toward spring. "The Injins has killed her, long ago. She couldn't never reconcile herself to none o' their notions; an' when a woman keeps on a-kickin' ag'in an Injin, 'tain't very long afore he raises her ha'r. An' as fur Mark—why, he jest skinned out o' Californy long ago."

Dubb made no answer, but he seemed to be of about the same opinion.

"Why don't ye gin it up, pard?" asked Droopy, suddenly and earnestly. "Ye've got the best claim on the hull mounting, an' ye can't ford ter be wastin' time an' money tryin' ter do somethin' what ain't to be did. Ef they was any sight o' findin' this 'ere woman o' Mark Stanley's, I'd jest say keep it up, allus, till ye gits her. But they ain't no sich sight. Ef she ain't dead, she ain't no'eres near where them fellers is a-huntin' fur 'er. Why, Lordy, man, jest stop an' think fur a minute. The prancin'-groun' o' them air Utes ain't so mighty big but what you an' Mark Stanley an' them air guides 'ould 'a' foun' her in them air two year as you was all cadoodin' aroun' that country. It's nigh on ter a nother year sence ye comed away, an' it's more'n six months sence you dropped in here on ole Red Mounting. Ef she was onywhar in that country, an' was alive, she'd 'a' been foun' long afore this. Ef she am still a-livin', she's got clean outen that country; an' ef she am gone from there, who in thunder knows where she is, an' what the darn's the use o' lookin' fur 'er any fu'ther? Leastwise, they ain't no use o' lookin' fur 'er there, 'cause she ain't there; an' ef ye don't look there, where will yer look? They can't nothin' but diserp'ntment come outen this thing, no way ye c'n fix it; an' that ain't wuth the money what yer wastes on it. An' then there's yer claim a-needin' yer 'tention the wust way. Come, pard, gin up the search; gin up the search."

"It don't seem to me nowise as if the mine would spoil if it stood still," answered Dubb, "and if nothing be done for her, she may die. The mine be not going to suffer if it am left alone, like she am."

"But what good does all this 'ere huntin' an' skirmishin' among them 'ere Utes do her? None o' yer searchin'-gang has had a glimpse at her, or at ony one as has seen 'er, since the Injins toted her off. What c'n ye say ter that?"

"They have not found her because they have not looked for her where she am."

"But how c'n they tell where ter look?"

"That am what they be searching for."

"Look 'ere, Dubb, I tells yer she am either dead er gone outen that country."

"If that am so, they be some one in that country what knows that she am dead, or gone away."

"An' you purpazes," interrogated Droopy, with rising impatience, "an' you purpazes a-keepin' them air fellers what ye have hired a-huntin' till they finds her, er finds some one what knows as how she am gone dead, er gone outen the country?"

"Yes," was the quiet answer.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Droopy; and Dubb looked as if he was perfectly willing that Droopy should dispose of himself according to his own tastes. "An' this mine o' yourn a-needin' yer hull 'tention so much," Droopy added, sorrowfully, after a brief silence.

"I be working the mine, Droopy; I be working it hard, and it am paying me well."

"Yes, but it oughter have yer hull 'tention, an' not be goin' it snooks with this 'ere Stanley woman," maintained Droopy, but with the feeling that he must seem as unreasonable to Dubb as Dubb seemed to him.

The silence which followed was prolonged; and to Droopy it was awkward and embarrassing. He felt that he had been injured, though he was uncertain as to whether he ought to blame Dubb, or himself, for his uncomfortable condition. Droopy did not like to give advice without having it either followed or systematically parried. Somehow, he could not get used to Dubb's way of dealing with superfluous advice. Dubb had such a quiet but decisive way of arraying facts against whatever he found opposed to the plan or course he happened to be following. And facts, with Dubb, were hard, immovable things.

(To be continued.)

# PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITAL & CONCERT

To be given on SATURDAY, MAY 30th, at 8 o'clock.

ORGANIST—MR. EDWIN BARNES (Organist of Holy Trinity Church, Paddington).

VOCALISTS—MISS ANNIE LEA. MISS AGNES VALLERIS. MR. HUGH WHALL (by kind permission of R. D'OYLY CARTE, ESQ.). MR. ARTHUR TAYLOR.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR TO THE PEOPLE'S PALACE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

- 1. ORGAN SOLO MARCH "David" ... *Horsley*  
MR. EDWIN BARNES.
- 2. SONG ... "Sigh no more" ... *Cole*  
MR. HUGH WHALL.  
Sigh no more ladies,  
Ladies sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never.  
Then sigh not so  
But let them go  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into hey nonny non hey nonny.  
Sing no more ditties,  
Ladies sing no more  
Of dumps so dull and heavy,  
The fraud of man was ever so  
Since summer first was leafy.  
Then sigh no more, &c.
- 3. ORGAN SOLOS (a.) "Ave Maria" (14th Century) *Liszt*  
(b.) "Allegro from Concerto" *Handel*  
MR. EDWIN BARNES.
- 4. SONG ... "The Minstrel Boy" ...  
MISS AGNES VALLERIS.  
The minstrel boy to the war has gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him!  
His father's sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him.  
"Land of song," said the warrior bard,  
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee."  
The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under,  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its cords asunder,  
And said "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery,  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery."
- 5. ORGAN SOLO "Toccata, F Major" ... *Bach*  
MR. EDWIN BARNES.
- 6. SONG ... "The Moorish Maid" ... *Parker*  
MISS ANNIE LEA.  
I've watched the golden sunshine thro' my narrow prison bars,  
I've seen the pale moon gliding midst her court of glitt'ring stars,  
But no birds sing near my lattice, and the flow'rs I cannot see,  
Save in dreams the days recalling when the captive maid was free.  
In my dreams I see the wavelets as they kiss my native shore,  
Hear again the martial music that I thought to hear no more,

- Yet such dreams come but in sleeping, and that sleep I woo  
in vain,  
Or has night its waking visions that I hear a plaintive strain.  
Hark! near it comes, and nearer, oh! can it be that I  
Dare trust music's message, that love and hope are nigh;  
Ah, yes; I know that voice, 'tis he, my lover true and brave,  
Oh! heaven, look in pity down, and help to bless and save.  
My heart with rapture now is dancing  
Like a bird of the wood it sings with glee,  
For love to home will bid me welcome,  
Like a bird of the wood I'm free, I'm free.
- 7. SONG ... "A Rolling Stone" ... *Bos.owitz*  
MR. ARTHUR TAYLOR.  
A rolling stone am I,  
Wandering on 'neath every sky,  
While young and gay and old and grey  
All flock my wares to buy!  
Though life may smile or frown,  
Merrily on, now up, now down,  
I ply my trade in sun or shade  
From town to town.  
Time was when I had home and friends  
Who thought of me,  
But some are dead and some are far  
Across the sea.  
A rolling stone am I  
Beneath the open sky,  
Come sun or rain I'll not complain,  
There's few so free as I!  
With all the world for home,  
Over the country side I roam,  
'Neath sunny skies, and when bright eyes  
Look down on me from yonder dome,  
Whatever wind may blow  
Merrily on my way I go.  
I sing and laugh and gaily chaff!  
With high and low,  
But now and then I think with something  
Like a tear,  
Of home, and those who loved me so  
In yester' year.  
And when the journey's o'er,  
And the shadows softly fall,  
There's a home for us all  
And rest for those who roam!  
Beneath the open sky,  
A rolling stone am I,  
Come sun or rain, I'll not complain,  
So free am I!
- 8. ORGAN SOLO "Sicilian Melody" ... *Cripp*  
"Two Variations and Finale"  
MR. EDWIN BARNES.
- 9. SONG ... "Because I love thee" ... *Ernest Ford*  
MR. HUGH WHALL.  
Because I love thee I can wait  
Through weary days and lonely years;  
Dost thou not know that even fate  
Must sometimes yield to loving tears.

- Dost thou not know this heart of mine  
Will never falter, never tire,  
Till touched thyself with love divine,  
Thou shalt be mine, my heart's desire.  
Because I love thee I will smile  
When all my soul is wrung with pain.  
A life time is a little while,  
Would that my sorrow were thy gain.  
What shall I do? depart or stay;  
I wait that I may know thy will,  
It matters not what far off way I take,  
For I must love thee still.
- 10. SONG ... "Nature's Praise of God" ... *Beethoven*  
MISS AGNES VALLERIS.  
The Heaven's declare the Lord's infinite glory,  
The sea and earth sound forth His name,  
And tell their origin's wonderful story;  
Mark well, O man, what they proclaim.  
Who gave the numberless stars their existence?  
Who calls the sun from his abode?  
He comes triumphant, and smiles from the distance,  
And like a hero keeps his road.
- 11. ORGAN SOLO ... "Offertoire" ... *Wily*  
MR. EDWIN BARNES.
- 12. SONG ... "The Flight of Ages" ... *Bevan*  
MISS ANNIE LEA.  
I heard a song, a tender song, 'twas sung for me alone,  
In the hush of a golden twilight, when all the world was  
gone;  
And as long as my heart is beating, as long as my eyes have  
tears,  
I shall hear the echoes ringing from out the golden years.

- I have a rose, a white, white rose, 'twas given me long ago,  
When the song had fallen to silence, and the stars were dim  
and low;  
It lies in an old book faded, between the pages white,  
But the ages cannot dim the dreams it brought to me that night.  
I have a love, the love of years, bright as the purest star,  
As radiant, sweet, and wonderful, as hopeless, and as far;  
I have a love, the star of years, its light alone I see,  
And I must worship, hope, and love, however far it be.  
It is the love that speaks to me, in that sweet song of old,  
It is the dream of golden years these petals white unfold;  
And every star may fall from heaven, and every rose decay,  
But the ages cannot change my love, or take my dream away.
- 13. SONG ... "Ho! Jolly Jenkins" (Ivanhoe) ... *Sullivan*  
(By kind permission of R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq.).  
MR. ARTHUR TAYLOR.  
The wind blows cold across the moor,  
In crashing wood or frightened town,  
It smites the pious hermit's door,  
But not a jot cares he,  
For close he sits within  
And makes his merry din,  
With his "Ho! jolly Jenkin,  
I spy a knave in drinkin',  
And trowl the brown bowl to me.  
"The wind a roaring song may sing  
With driving rain and rending tree;  
He whirls the mantle of a king  
As 'twere a beggar's gown,  
But caring not a jot,  
We sing and drain the pot,  
With his ho! jolly Jenkins," etc.
- 14. ORGAN SOLO ... "Overture" ... *Morandi*  
MR. EDWIN BARNES.

ADMISSION ... .. THREEPENCE.

# PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be given on SUNDAY, the 31st of MAY, 1891.

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

- AT 12.30.
- 1. SONATA No. 4 ... .. *Rheinberger*
  - 2. AVE MARIA D'ARCADELT ... .. *Liszt*
  - 3. TEMPO DI MINUETTO... .. *Calkin*
  - 4. SELECTION FROM THE "LOBGESANG" ... .. *Mendelssohn*
  - 5. MEDITATION ... .. *Grison*
  - 6. AIR AND CHORUS "Great Dagon" (*Samson*) ... .. *Handel*
  - 7. MARCH IN F ... .. *Wallis*

- AT 4 O'CLOCK.—VOCALIST, MISS SELINA EVANS.
- 1. INTRODUCTION and FUGUE in E major (Sonata No. 6) ... .. *Merkel*
  - 2. VOCAL SOLO "O Rest in the Lord" ... .. "Elijah" *Raff*
  - 3. CAVATINA ... .. *Raff*
  - 4. HYMN ... "Onward, Christian Soldiers" ... .. *Raff*
  - 5. THEME, with variations ... .. *Guilmant*
  - 6. VOCAL SOLO "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth" "Messiah" ... .. *Schubert*
  - 7. AVE MARIA ... .. *Schubert*
  - 8. HYMN "The Church's one foundation" ... .. *Rev. S. J. Stone*
  - 9. MARCHE NUPCIALE ... .. *Lore*

- AT 8 O'CLOCK.
- 1. INTERMEZZO AND PASSACAGLIA (Sonata No. 8) ... .. *Rheinberger*
  - 2. BARCAROLLE ... .. *Bennett*
  - 3. AIR "CJUS ANIMAM" (Stabat Mater) ... .. *Rossini*
  - 4. FUGUE IN B MINOR ... .. *Bach*
  - 5. MEDITATION ... .. *Klein*
  - 6. IMPROVISATION ON AN HYMN TUNE ... .. *Mendelssohn*
  - 7. WEDDING MARCH ... .. *Mendelssohn*

ADMISSION FREE.

**PROGRAMME OF CONCERT AND COSTUME RECITAL on MONDAY, JUNE 1st, at 8 o'clock,**

Under the Direction of MR. SINCLAIR DUNN, assisted by Miss KATE FUSSELLE, Miss SUSETTA FENN, and MR. FRANK SWINFORD. Accompanist—Miss FLORENCE BROMLEY.

**PART I.**

<p>OVERTURE ... "Bohemian Girl" ... Miss FLORENCE BROMLEY.</p> <p>SONG ... "Dearest of all" ... MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.</p> <p>It may be years ere we shall meet, And time may changes bring perchance, But then as now, our hearts shall beat, And eyes shall shine with love's old glance, Our hands shall clasp with love's old thrill, Our hearts will then the fonder be, And every hour shall find thee still Dearest of all, sweetheart to me! Dearest, dearest of all, Dearest of all to me, Love will be true all the year thro', And I'll be true to thee; Dearest, dearest of all, What could I wish to be But to be so, come weal, come woe, Dearest of all to thee!</p> <p>It may be years, long weary years, Ere to my heart I'll thee enfold, When I may kiss away thy tears, And tell again love's story old, But hearts shall glow with love's old power, My thoughts, my hopes, will turn to thee, My guiding star thro' ev'ry hour, Dearest of all the world to me! Refrain: Dearest, dearest, &amp;c. J. A. Macdonald.</p> <p>SONG ... "The Spanish Gipsy" ... Miss SUSETTA FENN.</p> <p>Merry-hearted gipsies, From the south we come, O'er the ocean sailing, Ev'ry land our home. Free as air we wander, Neath the greenwood shade, Where the wild flow'rs perfume Mingles in the glade. Fortunes we tell as onward we roam, And Doña or Don respond to our call, "Greeting"—they cry—"O daughter of Spain, La bella Gitana is welcom'd by all." Ho-là! 'tis the Gipsy who comes from Seville, Where orange and citron trees perfume the grove; Ho-là; cross my palm and I soon will reveal A tale that shall breathe but of joy-bells and love! When twilight is spreading o'er the wold, And sheep-bells are calling the flocks to fold, Then hasten we homeward, seeking rest, Till morning is waking each bird in its nest! Ho-là! 'tis the gipsy, etc.</p> <p>SONG ... "The heart bow'd down" ... MR. FRANK SWINFORD.</p> <p>The heart bow'd down with weight of woe, To weakest hopes will cling; To thought and impulse, while they flow, That can no comfort bring. With those exciting scenes will blend, O'er pleasure's pathway thrown, But mem'ry is the only friend That grief can call its own. The mind will in its worst despair, Still ponder o'er the past; On moments of delight that were To beautiful to last. To long departed years extend, Its visions with them flown, For mem'ry is the only friend That grief can call its own.</p>	<p>SONG ... "I dreamt that I dwelt" ... Miss KATE FUSSELLE.</p> <p>DUET ... "Thine for ever" ... Miss SUSETTA FENN AND MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.</p> <p>A bright star in heaven is shining, Its beams falling soft and clear, While thoughts round my heart are entwining, Of one that I love so dear; Sweet thoughts of our future gladness, When all will be calm and bright, With no trace of care or sadness To change our bright morn to night. Love for ever, love for ever, Love for evermore will be our theme, Ne'er to sever, ne'er to sever; But our lives shall pass as in a dream. Leave thee never, leave thee never, For my love for thee will never cease, Thine for ever, thine for ever, Till our souls are joined in perfect peace.</p> <p>The nightingale sweetly is calling, The moon sheds its silv'ry beams, The rays of the love-star are falling, While nature lies hush'd in dreams. Oh, sweet are the thoughts of the morrow, Beneath the blue sky so bright, While no cloud can dim with sorrow, Our love-star and guide to-night. Love for ever, etc.</p> <p>SONG ... "Guiding Light" ... MR. FRANK SWINFORD.</p> <p>White crested is the murky sea, And dark the low'ring sky, And howls the tempest wild and free, A night of storm is nigh. But shineth not the lighthouse light Over the waters wide, Calmly the keeper sleeps to-night, At dawn of day he died; His daughter kneeleth by his side, No storm can break his sleep: Ah! who will light the lamps to guide The ships upon the deep? Shine out to-night, Oh! lighthouse light, Across the raging wave There's many a ship to guide aright, And many a life to save.</p> <p>To One Who all doth understand Her pale lips form a prayer, She takes a taper in her hand And mounts the winding stair, 'Tis lit, at last the beacon glows Out on the wild wide night, Across the mighty deep it throws Its welcome ray of light, Thus oft some deed we feeble do, A noble work may be, And give brave light and guidance true To those on life's dark sea. Shine out to-night, etc.</p> <p>SONG ... "The old home" ... Miss SUSETTA FENN.</p> <p>The old door closes on us, The gate behind us falls; Goodbye, the dear old garden, Goodbye, the ivied walls.</p>
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While still the flow'rs are shining,  
Where we no more may dwell,  
A stranger's heart finds place and part  
In all we loved so well.  
But walls don't make a home, dear,  
Nor ever roof so wide;  
It is the hearts that beat there,  
The love that dwells inside.

Ah me! whatever may betide,  
It is the hearts that beat there,  
The love that dwells inside.

But see! the light grows dimmer,  
We've not much more to roam,  
The sun will soon be gone, dear,  
And evening bring us home!  
There stands the last grey milestone  
And here we'll kneel and say,  
The old home was so happy,  
But the new will last for aye!  
For walls don't make a home, dear,  
Nor ever roof so wide,  
It is the heart that beat there,  
The love that dwells inside.

Ah me! whatever may betide,  
It is the hearts that beat there,  
The love that dwells inside.

F. G. Weatherly.

A SHORT INTERVAL.

<p>SONG ... "In this old chair" ... MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.</p> <p>SONG ... "One life, one love" ... Miss KATE FUSSELLE.</p> <p>She stood at the end of the old grey pier, A fisher-lass, young and fair, Gay is her heart, and her eyes are bright, And she carols a joyous air; Out in the bay are the boats at work Midst the scud of the wave's white foam. Ah! pretty one, why wait in the sun? "My lover will soon be home, For my lover is sailing, sailing Over the bright blue sea, And I am but waiting, waiting Till he returns to me."</p> <p>She stands at the end of the old grey pier, A fisher-lass, young and fair, Faded for aye is the joy of her life, Only remains the care. Out on the bay are the fisher-boats That dance o'er the sparkling foam, "Maiden, why sad, when all is glad?" "My lover will ne'er come home. For my lover is sleeping, sleeping Under the cruel sea, And I am but waiting, waiting Till in Heav'n he welcomes me.</p>	<p>Balfe</p> <p>Capel</p> <p>Arthur Chapman</p>
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**COSTUME RECITAL.**

Opera, in One Act, "THE SLEEPING QUEEN," by H. B. Farnie. Music by M. W. Balfe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Maria Dolores (Queen of Leon) Miss KATE FUSSELLE | Phillipe D'Aguilar (a Young Exile) MR. SINCLAIR DUNN  
Donna Agnes (a Maid of Honour) Miss SUSETTA FENN | His Excellency the Regent ... MR. FRANK SWINFORD

ADMISSION ... THREEPENCE.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM, MILE END RD., E.**

**PROGRAMME OF FOURTH ANNUAL GYMNASTIC DISPLAY & ASSAULT-AT-ARMS,**

TO BE GIVEN IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, BY MEMBERS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM,  
Under the Direction of MR. H. H. BURDETT, assisted by MR. C. WRIGHT  
On WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3rd, 1891, commencing at 8 p.m.

**EVENTS.**

1. VAULTING HORSE, LED BY MR. C. WRIGHT.
2. QUARTER-STAFF F. A. HUNTER v. J. H. HULLS.
3. PARALLEL BARS, LED BY H. R. JONES.
4. DUMB BELL EXERCISE, CONDUCTED BY MR. H. H. BURDETT.
5. BOXING.
6. HORIZONTAL BAR, LED BY MR. H. H. BURDETT.
7. INDIAN CLUBS (by the Team which recently took part in the International Gymnastic Fête at Stockholm, Sweden).
8. FENCING—MR. H. H. BURDETT v. MR. C. WRIGHT.
9. RUNNING MAZE.
10. TUG OF WAR.

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

Members of the Institute—ONE PENNY.

# 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.

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

### 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
♫ Solo Singing	Miss Delves-Yates	Thursday	6.0-10.0	4 15
Choral Society	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
♫ 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	"	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	"	"	7.30-9.30	2 6
Book-keeping—Advanced	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" Journalising	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
CIVIL SERVICE—				
A.—For Telegraph Learners, Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists	Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond.	Thursday	6.30-8.45	10 0
B.—For Boy Clerks, Excise & Customs Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners)	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.45	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.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
French—Elem. 1st Stage	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elem. 2nd 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	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	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
& 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. S. E., 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—5/- 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	
"	"	"	5.30-7.0	5 0
"	"	"	7.30-9.0	
Millinery	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 Tuesday 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.—Rambling, 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 afternoon 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 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:—

MEN'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. 8 till 10.—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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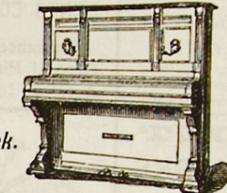
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