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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, June 12th.—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. Men's Gymnasium, 6.30 to 10 p.m.

SATURDAY, 13th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Concert. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 14th.—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, 15th.—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. In the Queen's Hall at 8, Concert. Admission, 3d. Girl's Gymnasium, open from 6.30 to 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 16th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. (ladies only). Men's Gymnasium, 6.30 to 10.

WEDNESDAY, 17th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Entertainment. Admission, 2d., Students, 1d.

THURSDAY, 18th.—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. Girl's Gymnasium, 6.30 to 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, 19th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Men's Gymnasium, 6.30 to 10 p.m.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY. *Conductor*: MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.—The Concert at Chelsea Town Hall on June 2nd was in every way a success. There were over 100 in the choir, and both choir and orchestra were in excellent form, and did full justice to the music. On Wednesday, June 3rd, about 140 members and friends responded to Lady Brooke's invitation to a dance in the Lecture Hall. Every provision had been made for the company, and a very delightful evening was passed. The society owes a deep debt of gratitude to Lady Brooke for this, as also for the many other ways in which she has evinced her interest in its welfare. On Saturday, June 27th, we intend to have an excursion to Epping Forest. The Select Choir give a Concert in the Queen's Hall on Saturday, June 20. The competition will take place this year on Tuesday and Friday, June 30 and July 3. The prizes will be given as before for the best soloists, best quartet, and best reader. The winners of last year's prizes are disqualified for competition. Test pieces:—Soprano Solo: Spohr, "Rose softly Blooming;" Alto Solo: "The Minstrel Boy;" Tenor Solo: Sterndale Bennett, "Gentle Zephyr" (Novello & Co.); Bass Solo: "The Vicar of Bray" (first two and last verses); Quartet: Mornington, "Here in Cool Grot" (Novello, "Musical Times," No. 11); Sol-fa: Tonic Sol-fa Reporter, No. 12. In addition to these the competitors are required to sing another song of their choosing.

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

DAY TECHNICAL SCHOOL ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT.—In accordance with the laudable custom of the past three years, it is intended that next month the boys of the Technical School shall go to the seaside for the annual school holiday. The great success of last year's encampment seems to promise that this year's excursion—which will be conducted on similar lines to the last—will be an even greater success. I hear that the arrangements for the camp are being pushed forward rapidly, and that in a few days the locality where the canvas homes are to be set up will be decided upon. As Ramsgate was selected in 1889 and in 1890, it is thought that a change of scene will be desirable, but otherwise more perfect camping ground than that occupied last year could not be desired by anyone. The charming surroundings of Dumpton Gap have made our campers fastidious in the matter of ground and the selection of a site for the 1891 camp seems to be a work of especial difficulty, as up to the present the search which has been prosecuted in various directions has revealed but one spot that can vie in beauty with Dumpton. It is hoped that this year tickets will be issued at reduced fares by the railway company, so that the parents and friends of the boys, and members of the Palace, may have an opportunity of visiting the camp and there see with their own eyes the kind of life our young campers revel and luxuriate in during a holiday which is looked forward to with pleasure by everyone participating in the excursion. The programme too promises to be as complete as usual, and a glance at last year's programme reveals a list of amusements and pleasures prepared for the entertainment of the boys which possibly cannot be equalled, and certainly cannot be excelled, by any other such camp—if indeed there is *any* other such camp—in the country.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB. *Special Notice*.—The above Club will recommence with the following rules on Thursday next, June 18th, when intending members can join.

1. That the Club be called the People's Palace Technical School Old Boys' Club.
2. That members consist of boys who have attended the Technical Day School.
3. The fee for membership to be one shilling per annum, payable in advance on or before the 1st of July in each year.
4. Members will be entitled to attend certain evening classes at half the usual fee.
5. That the Club hold a Social Evening or Entertainment the first Saturday in each month.
6. That the following Clubs be formed, and no extra charge be made to the admission of same:—Cricket, Football, Harriers, Ramblers, and Swimming.
7. That any member, on production of his ticket, be allowed to go to the Swimming Bath for one penny.
8. That all the affairs of the Club be managed by a Committee of six, a President, Vice-President, and Secretary.

E. J. WIGNALL, Hon. Sec. (*pro. tem.*).
P.S.—A General Meeting will be held on Monday, June 22nd, at 8.30 p.m., for the election of Committee, Secretary, &c., when all intending members should try to attend.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.—Apropos of our Swedish trip, I may mention, for the benefit of those who did not see the *Daily Telegraph* of last week, that according to the judge's report the following was the order in which the competitors at the International Gymnastic Festival ran: First, Military team from Aldershot; second, People's Palace; third, Finns. It was considered that we had been very carefully trained, and

did our work very neatly, but that we were rather weak. No doubt we did appear rather weak in comparison with some of the gymnasts, especially the Military Instructors; but then the difference in our ages would account for this, as of course one does not expect to find young fellows of about two or three and twenty to be so strong as men ten years older. And again, the majority of the team had never done any gymnastics before joining the People's Palace Gymnasium, which is only now in its fourth season. In the account of our Swedish trip in last week's *Journal* an error has crept in: the third name in the team is given as P. J. Swale; it should be P. J. Turtle. On Wednesday, the 3rd inst., was given in the Queen's Hall our fourth Annual Display, which consisted of exercises on the vaulting-horse, horizontal and parallel bars; musical drill with dumb-bells; fencing—Mr. H. H. Burdett (Director of People's Palace Gymnasium) versus Mr. Wright (Instructor of P.P. Gymnasium); boxing between Messrs. Bowman and Butterworth, E. Norford and F. A. Hunter, and E. Coleman v. H. Deane (captain of P.P. Boxing Club); quarter-staff—E. Foreman v. F. G. Hunter; Indian clubs, by the team which performed before the King and Crown Prince of Sweden; running maze; and a tug of war. The various exercises were gone through with the usual neatness and precision, and gave every satisfaction to a large and appreciative audience.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.—Trial heats of a 60 yards race was swam off in the Palace bath on Thursday last, when some exciting racing took place. 1st heat: Simmonds first, Tozer second, Snape third, Goodwin o. Won by two yards, one yard between second and third. 2nd heat: Webber first, Green second, Crabbe third, Gardiner o. Won by one yard, third close up. The last man did not swim near his form. A Committee Meeting will be held Thursday, June 18th; will all those gentlemen elected on the committee kindly attend. Important business. Any student of the Palace wishing to join the above club should join at once in time for the first race meeting nights, Monday and Thursday. Subscription, 2s. per annum.

H. ELLIS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last a small party met at Coborn Road Station and took train to Snaresbrook. The walk to Woodford Green was greatly enjoyed, the roads being lively with cyclists on their way to the "Meet," and an immense number of cyclists of both sexes, of all denominations, and of all sizes, put in an appearance, in order to assist in their annual festival; the forty-eight clubs and their individual muster-rolls amounting to over 1,000. Starting at 5.45, the procession wended its way to the Eagle at Snaresbrook, returning via Walthamstow Lower Road to the Roebuck. After the ride past the presidents and vice-presidents assembled at the Castle. We soon missed the enormous crowd by leaving the main road by crossing the meadows on our way to Rigg's Retreat, Chingford, where we had tea. Having refreshed, we then proceeded in the direction of Chingford Hotel, and passing round by the Connaught Water, which was covered with pleasure boats and looked very pretty as the sun was setting, we made our way towards the Roebuck, arriving just in time to hear the bugle call the cyclists together to get ready for the ride home. The lantern ride was even better than last year, each club seemed to vie with the others for contrast in colour and fantastic shape of Japanese lanterns. The festive appearance of some of the cyclists was particularly interesting, there were as many as ten lanterns on one machine. In hastening to catch the 9.58 train from Buckhurst Hill some of the party got separated, which, I think, was the only real cause for regret in this outing.—Saturday, June 13th, Billericay.—Train leaves Canning Town, 2.38; Stratford Market, 2.43; Maryland Point, 2.50; Forest Gate, 2.53. Mr. Arthur Greenwood has promised to attend this outing.—Saturday, June 20th, Croydon and Croydonhurst.—Meet at London Bridge (L.B. & S.C.) Railway Station at 3.55. Book to South Croydon.—Saturday, June 27th, providing we receive a sufficient number of names by June 20th, a boating trip will be arranged as last year: Lea Bridge to Edmonton and tea at Chingford.

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

TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday, May 30th, some twenty members availed themselves of the cheap excursions now running on Saturday afternoons to travel by the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway from Bromley to Pitsea. The morning had been extremely wet, hence few took advantage of the outing. About the time of starting the

weather cleared up, and the sun shone splendidly the remainder of the day. After a very enjoyable ride we left the train and commenced a long walk by the side of Pitsea Creek, which, near its mouth, widens considerably. A stiffish breeze was blowing from the river, which here is of great width, and we saw a deal of drifting sea-weed. We were pleased to think we were inhaling the sea air, which no doubt we were. After the walk by the Creek side, we came to some meadows through which paths ran by the side of the railway; said paths leading to the railway station, where we arrived just in time to catch the 7.47 to London. Instead of taking the short journey home we came back via Tilbury, Purfleet, etc., arriving at Bromley station shortly after nine.—On Saturday, June 6th, thirty-six members journeyed to Epsom Downs, via London Bridge Railway Station. The morning was very pleasant, and the ride was much enjoyed. At Epsom Downs the party scattered, some to wander away in small groups, others content to lounge about near the race-course and the meadows adjoining. Of course the Grand Stand was closely inspected. Its size somewhat surprised us. Tattenham Corner, with its descent, was walked over, and other places near the course visited. Men were clearing away the temporary stands, and others were gathering together the rubbish which accumulated during the late race meeting. How very beautiful are the Downs! What a splendid view one gets from them! On Saturday there was a stiffish but thoroughly enjoyable breeze. After six hours spent on these hills we returned, feeling as fresh as when we started.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB. *President:* NATHANIEL COHEN, ESQ.—The weather last Saturday afternoon was very fine, and about a dozen members journeyed to the "Uplands" for practice. Next Saturday we play the East Ham Amateurs at Walthamstow. The team will be selected from the following:—Messrs. A. Bowman (captain), C. Bowman, J. Williamson, W. Sheppard, A. E. Francis, Williams, Butterworth, J. Phillips, F. Hunter, G. W. Adkins, W. H. Taylor, J. E. Orchard.

LIST OF FIXTURES.

- June 13th, East Ham Amateur C.C. at Walthamstow.
 ,, 20th, Unity C.C. at Walthamstow.
 ,, 27th, Lambeth Unity C.C. at Walthamstow.
 July 4th, Indiarubber Mills A.C. at Tottenham.
 ,, 11th, Richmond Green C.C. at Richmond.
 ,, 18th, Polytechnic C.C. at Wimbledon.
 ,, 25th, Unity C.C. at Walthamstow.
 August 1st,
 ,, 8th, Shaftesbury Memorial C.C. at Walthamstow.
 ,, 15th, East Ham Amateurs C.C. at East Ham.
 ,, 22nd, Clarence C.C. at Lea Bridge Road.
 ,, 29th, Chigwell C.C. at Chigwell.
 Sept. 5th, Lambeth Unity C.C. at Walthamstow.
 ,, 12th, Indiarubber Mills A.C. at Walthamstow.
 ,, 19th, Clarence C.C. at Walthamstow.
 ,, 26th, Shaftesbury Memorial C.C. at Walthamstow.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

THE Tennis Club is daily getting new members, I hear, and bids fair to be one of the most popular of our clubs. The subscription has been reduced to 3s. the season, so that Mr. Williams, the secretary, is anticipating a large increase of members. The dressing rooms on the grounds at Higham Hill, Walthamstow, are almost finished, and the ground is daily improving. Return tickets from Bethnal Green to James' Street Station, 4d.; children half-price,—may be obtained in the office. Mr. Hicks, our kind host, seems determined to make our members feel at home on his grounds, and is now arranging for refreshments, tea, etc., to be supplied at very low rates.

HOLIDAY HOME AT GORLESTON, YARMOUTH.—Members should make early application. Full particulars may be obtained in the Secretary's office.

THE Educational Classes for the Girls' Junior Section close for the Session this week. The gymnasium will still be reserved for their section on Saturday evenings from 5.30 to 7. It is proposed to commence lawn tennis on Wednesday next, on the Palace Athletic Ground at Higham Hill, Walthamstow. Will the members meet at the Palace not later than 4 o'clock. Miss Heinemann and Miss Osborn will accompany the party. Members will regret to hear that we are losing the services of the Lady Superintendent, Miss Maitland, who leaves us on Monday next. For the information of any girls wishing to join, membership is limited to those between 13 and 16 years of age, and the monthly subscription is 6d., with an entrance fee of 6d.

Library Report.

MAY, 1891.

DURING the month of May the Library was open 30 days, being closed on Whit-Monday, May 18, for the Bank Holiday.

The number of persons passing through the stiles was 35,377, 4,929 being Sunday admissions. In May, 1890, the registration was 30,643; on Sunday, 3,184.

The books issued during the month amounted to 6,017. On Sundays (five to the month), 930; and boys' books, 778.

TABULATION.

Fiction, 4,267; Travel, Topography, and Geography, 253; Biography, 108; History, 135; Poetry and Drama, 54; Science and Natural History, 179; Technology, 171; Art and Music, 43; Law, 11; Medicine and Hygiene, 21; Mathematics, 40; Athletics, Sports and Games, 70; Theology, 82; Essays, English Literature and Grammar, 67; Mental and Moral Science, 46; Foreign and Classics, 135; Encyclopaedias and Reference Books, 133; Miscellany, 202; Total 6,017. Boys' Books, 778; Total, 6,795.

The corresponding figures for May, 1890, were: Total of Books, 5,207; Sundays, 788. It will be seen that there is an increase on the returns of May, 1891, as against May, 1890.

Very few books have been added to the stock this month, in fact never before have the receipts been so small.

Number of volumes added was 5. Of these 2 volumes were presented by Mr. Walter Besant, and 3 were bought at a cost of £1 10s.

The volumes as above were Loftie's "London City," 4to., and Kipling's "Light that Failed." A second set of Kipling's works is promised.

The volumes bought were Hare's "Walks about London," 2 vols., and W. G. Grace's "Cricket," New Edition, 1891.

The donation-box was opened, and found to contain £1 7s. 11½d., which was spent in procuring books.

The hoarding round the ground floor of Library was removed, and the controversy *re* the *Pall Mall Gazette* article on "Palace Finance" may now be found in the scrap-book, ready indexed.

The Librarian takes this opportunity of reminding those using the Library and Reading-room that they are relied on to help in maintaining the rules, and order and silence in the room.

As of late many persons have entered apparently for the purpose of conversing only, notices have been posted to the effect that "Talking, Loafing, and Loitering are not Allowed," and it is hoped the good sense of the readers will prevent the necessity of taking further steps in the matter.

The Institution of Civil Engineers have kindly promised a set of their "Proceedings." A new reader's form to fill up for books required has been struck off, and will shortly be in use.

The *Gardeners' Magazine* and *Health* have been withdrawn from the list of magazines supplied.

The Students' Lending Library was closed from Thursday, May 14th, to Monday, 25th, on account of the Whitsun Holidays.

The fines amounted to 10s. 8d., 6s. 2d. of which was spent in books. There is a balance in hand of 4s. 6d.

M. S. R. JAMES, Librarian.

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

- Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
 Mr. Haines, 212, Mile End Road.
 The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 178, Mile End Road.
 Mr. Kerby, opposite London Hospital.
 Mr. Moir, 57, Cambridge Road.
 Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.
 Mr. Roder, 163, Green Street.
 Mayor and Sons, 212, Green Street.
 Mr. Hanson, 111, Roman Road.
 Mr. Sampson, 185, Roman Road.
 Mr. Smith, 21, Burdett Road.
 Berry and Holland, 180, Well Street, Hackney.
 Mr. Connor, opposite South Hackney Church.
 Mr. Roberts, 172, Victoria Park Road.
 S. Goode, 11, Well Street, Hackney.
 G. Hind, 368, Mile End Road.
 A. Lamplugh, Harford Street.
 Sullivan, 295, Mile End Road.
 Daniels, 13, Hackney Road.

Woman's World.

AT no time have the prospects of women in the Colonies been brighter. Work abounds at good wages. Their reception on arrival and their protection on the voyage is in large measure due to the successful organisation of the United British Women's Emigration Association. This association has raised the standard of female emigration by pledging itself to send out only capable women of irreproachable character. The confidence inspired by its fidelity to this pledge has secured in all the English colonies warm reception, kindly care and help, for the women it sends out. Committees of ladies have been formed at the principal centres, who keep an eye on the young girl, and lessen her sense of loneliness at the outset of her career in a new country. The association has secured most satisfactory arrangements in the sailing vessels. Carefully selected parties of domestic servants, and of companion helps, are sent out from time to time under the care of an experienced matron. At the present moment, owing to the recent personal visit of its Vice-President, the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, to the Dominion, the association has been asked to send out to Canada 800 women of respectable character during the present season. The sailings commenced in April, and will continue till October. The dates for the departure of the protected parties are duly announced, and full particulars given about outfit and journey. The association has, during the eleven years it has been at work, sent out some 1,400 single women, many of whom are now happily married in prospering homes, and who have sent, in numberless instances, for their relations and friends to join them. The majority of these women have not been highly trained domestic servants (of whom there is a deficient supply in England), but orphan girls who have had few home ties in the old country, and little prospect of rising above the somewhat depressed condition of the maid-of-all-work. The association also sends out women of their own position in life to settlers in the Colonies as "Companion Helps." These ladies must understand domestic work and be willing to use their hands in practical matters, but they will on arrival have nothing but cultivated companionship in situations already secured for them through the correspondents of the association. Application should be made to the secretaries of the association. Address, c/o the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, St. John's Croft, Winchester, or Miss Lefroy, 17, Eldon Road, Kensington.

WHY should our girls, and boys too, spend the most important years of life, the early impressionable years, when the mind is most receptive and the character and habits most easily moulded, in acquiring a mass of knowledge only a small part of which will be of use in the future? Why not make all the school course tend to that development of the educational powers which will make professional knowledge or manual labour easy by constant familiarity and practice? Merely because, as Herbert Spencer says, "men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion." Parents would do well to consider, before they allow their children to spend eight or ten hours every day in school, and in home studies or preparation, that "To prepare us for complete living is the function that education has to discharge; it behoves us, therefore, to set before ourselves, and ever to keep clear in view, complete living as the end to be achieved, so that in bringing up our children we may choose subjects and methods of instruction with deliberate reference to this end." Such schools as the one just described are a boon to London and other large English towns.

FROM the biography of Richard Monckton Milnes, first Lord Houghton, it appears that Houghton approached Sir Robert Peel on the subject of a pension for Tennyson, which was finally granted, and that Carlyle had urged him to do so in the following conversation: "Richard Milnes," said Carlyle one day, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, "when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" "My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you seem to suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get a pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own, and that the whole affair is a job." Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response: "Richard Milnes, on the day of judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get a pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you that will be damned!"

GOAT-KEEPING does not sound as attractive even as cattle-ranching as an occupation for women, yet Miss C. G. Blaydes, of the British Goat Society, advocates this new line for women, and volunteers information as to the best way to start herds.

Concerning Men and Things.

J. D. CHEVALLEY, a native of Switzerland, aged 66, has arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of initiating in himself a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibrations of sounds produced. Being on board a steamboat on the Lake of Geneva, July 14th, 1882, he undertook to indicate to the crowd about him the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes or seconds as any one chose to name, and this during a most diversified conversation with those standing by; and farther to indicate, by the voice, the moment when the hand passed over the quarter-minutes or half-minutes. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hands at the conclusion of the time fixed. His own account of his curious faculty is thus given: "I have acquired, by imitation, labour, and patience, a movement which neither thought nor labour nor anything else can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which, at each motion of going and returning, gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute, and these I add to one another continually."

PEOPLE are too apt to think of Michael Davitt merely as fierce and headstrong, and a firebrand; there is a gentler side to his nature, of which a glimpse may be had in the following story told in the *Cabinet Portrait Gallery* for June. A lady, distinguished by her labours on behalf of the Irish poor, but far from sympathising with the National Party, was stopping some years ago in Rome at the same hotel as Mr. Davitt. One day she was talking about the famous Land Leaguer to an American lady also staying there. "Your Irish demagogue has done me a good turn, at least," said the latter; and went on with characteristic American frankness to refer to the unmannerly bearing frequently adopted towards her by her son, a young man of about twenty-five, whose conduct in this respect had been the subject of much remark. "He came to me a few days ago," she went on, "and said, 'Michael Davitt has been talking to me, mother. He told me that I had been a brute to you, and I'm afraid I have; but I'll be a different son to you in the future.'" It is a curious reflection that if Ireland ever does obtain Home Rule it will be owing in great part to Michael Davitt's having been convicted of treason-felony. It was in his prison cell that the Fenian had time to realise the futility of all attempts at Irish rebellion, and that the constitutional agitator thought out the main features of the most powerful organisation that has ever been known in Ireland. In any case he must have come to the front; but it was by bearing up manfully against the hardships of the imprisonment which had been brought on him by rash and youthful efforts in the cause of his country, and by utilising that imprisonment for his country's benefit, that he has lived to win golden opinions from men of all nationalities and all creeds. To fight against difficulties and triumph over them, and achieve fame and honour—this has been done by many. But of no other, surely, can it be said, as of Michael Davitt, that the treadmill was his ladder to greatness.

THE other Sunday Dr. Talmage exhorted his friends not to jump overboard from the staunch Great Eastern of old-fashioned orthodoxy until there is something ready to take them up stronger than the fantastic yawl, leaking at both ends, which bears the name of Advanced Thought. The doctor was a little unfortunate in his reference to the Great Eastern, for a number of men at the present time are demolishing the vessel as a huge, unwieldy, unprofitable thing that has cost much, and done little for its proprietors. "How much the Lord must be obliged," he says, "to those doctors of divinity for fixing up the Bible so as to make it right. I have two wonders in regard to them—the one is, how the Lord got along without them before they were born; and the other, how the Lord will get along without them after they are dead."

THE British Museum owes its origin to Sir Hans Sloane, a man of highly scientific attainments, who, during a long period of practice as a physician, had accumulated at his house at Chelsea, in addition to a considerable library of books and manuscripts, a vast collection of objects of natural history and works of art. These treasures he directed to be offered to the nation at a certain price after his death, which took place in the year 1753. The offer was accepted, and an Act was passed directing the purchase, not only of Sir Hans Sloane's collection, but also of the Harleian Library of Manuscripts, and at the same time enacting that the Cottonian Library,

during the reign of William III., and was deposited in Ashburnham House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, should, with those, form one general collection. To these George III. added a large library, collected by the preceding sovereigns since Henry VII. To accommodate the national property thus accumulated, the Government raised by lottery the sum of £100,000, of which £20,000 was devoted to the purchase of the above collections; and in 1754 Montagu House, in Great Russell Street, was bought from the two heiresses of the Montagu family, as a repository for the then infant establishment.

THE land round Jerusalem, and in the south of Palestine generally, except on the plains, is held in permanent ownership; but in the north and in the Philistine country, each cultivator has so much land assigned him, at fixed intervals of a year or two, the amount being measured by a cord of a certain length, and determined by the size of his family and the acreage he can work. This system must be very ancient, for it was thus that the land was distributed at first among the Hebrews, their "inheritance" being then "divided" to them by line; and it was the custom also of other nations, for the Kingdom of Samaria was to be "divided by line" among the Assyrians, and the ruin of Judah is painted in its deepest colour by Micah, in the fatal words "Thou shalt have none that shall cast a cord by lot [for thee] in the congregation of the Lord." In such a subdivision it is of great moment where one's ground may be assigned, the change of temporary ownership leaving everything undecided in each case. The "lines may fall" to him in a place far from his dwellings, so that it will take hours to reach it in the morning or return from it at night; or they may fall on a bare, rocky spot where his utmost toil will be unproductive. To secure fairness, all is decided by lot, and thus, if unlucky one year, the peasant bears his disappointment, in the hope that the next drawing may be more fortunate. The Psalmist speaks of the happiness of his position in words he must often have heard from those who, in the division of the ground, have been so favoured; he rejoices that "his lines have fallen to him in pleasant places"—perhaps on a gentle slope of rich soil, near the well or fountain, and not far from his home.

It has long been disputed whether sprats are the young of herrings, or a separate fish. The matter has been definitely settled at the Brighton Aquarium, where a number of sprats put into one of the tanks in due time grew to be herrings. The fact of sprats never having been seen with the development of mature fish, neither row nor milt, ought to have satisfied naturalists. In the middle of February of this year 1891, prodigious shoals of sprats were taken at Brighton. For several successive days the boats discharged loads on the beach. They were sold to the fish dealers and fishmongers, vast quantities being consumed in the town, and sent for sale in London and elsewhere. At last they could be only carted away for manuring the fields, and were sold for this purpose at a penny the bushel. The sprat is as delicate and beautiful a fish as the pilchard, and as tasty as the anchovy when cured. Thousands of sprats are now sold in the form of anchovy paste. In Frank Buckland's "Natural History of British Fishes," the mode of preparation is given. A most important industry could be established on our coasts if these young herrings could be preserved in the same way as sardines, of which the sale is enormous in this country. The fish are of the same size, and sprats are more tempting in look as well as taste than many sardines sent to the English market. The fecundity of the herring is so great that there can be no objection to using the young in any quantity. Mr. Buckland records a shoal of herrings fallen in with by Captain McDonald of the cruiser *Vigilant* in 1877, which was four miles long and two broad, containing more fish in almost solid mass than are caught in a whole year throughout Scotland. There is no need of a close season or any restriction as to sprat catching.

At South Kensington Museum there has long been a display of all educational instruments and appliances, books and maps, as well as models of class-rooms and all furniture and fittings belonging to them. Another museum has been established at 74, Gower Street, the headquarters of "The Teachers' Guild," a society of more recent origin than the College of Preceptors. The Guild consists already of about 4,000 members, with branches all over the kingdom. The council recommend the introduction of a bill for compulsory registration of teachers. At present the qualifications of volunteer and adventure teachers are very vague.

The London Polytechnic Institutes.

THE new scheme of the Charity Commissioners for the establishment of Polytechnics in London may now fairly be said to have got under way. After a good deal of delay owing to the criticisms, reasonable and unreasonable, of friends and foes, and the obstruction offered by the representatives of Bumbledom, the main scheme for the administration of the City Parochial charities has become law, and the central governing body has been elected, and has held a preliminary meeting. At the same time the architect's plans for the erection of the Battersea Institute—the only one of the series which will be specially built for the purpose—have been accepted, and steps are being taken to push on with the building. We are thus able to judge at once of the character of the body who will administer the funds and of the character of the Institute which is contemplated in the scheme. It will be well to recall briefly the history of the movement of which the new Polytechnics are the outcome. Nearly eight years ago an Act was passed at the instance of Mr. Bryce for the diversion of a large part of the funds of the City parochial charities, which has hitherto been to a great extent wasted or misapplied, to some purpose useful to the poorer inhabitants of London as a whole. The enquiry into these charities, which was entrusted to a specially constituted department of the Charity Commission, occupied several years, and the draft scheme for the future management of the funds dealt with, amounting to over £80,000 a year, appeared in the autumn of 1889. They proposed to utilise the bulk of that portion of the fund (about £50,000 a year) which was derived from general as distinct from ecclesiastical property for the establishment and endowment of technical and recreative Institutes in various parts of London. The idea of the combination of social and gymnastic clubs with technical and general classes was suggested by the Polytechnic in Regent Street, founded and for many years maintained by Mr. Quintin Hogg. The scheme of the Commissioners bears, moreover, traces of two movements by which the public mind has been greatly stirred since the passing of Mr. Bryce's Act. The first is the movement for the promotion of technical education, which has lately developed so rapidly; the second was the wave of social interest in the "condition of the people question," and especially in the health and recreation of the people, which found expression in Mr. Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and has left us the legacy of the People's Palace in East London. The whole scheme of the Charity Commissioners contemplates the ultimate establishment of Institutes in all parts of London—East, South, Centre, West, and North. The Regent Street Polytechnic and the People's Palace are to be endowed; the City of London College and the Birkbeck Institute, together with a new institute to be established in Clerkenwell, are to be grouped together under the title of the City Polytechnic; while the needs of the South are to be supplied by a series of three Institutes—at New Cross, Borough Road, and Battersea. Of these the New Cross Institute will be entirely maintained by the Goldsmiths' Company, and will not, therefore, come under the Charity Commissioners' scheme. The erection of the other Institutes in the West and North is contemplated by the scheme, but is a matter for the future, the necessary funds not having yet been raised. The Charity Commissioners have proceeded on the line of stimulating private generosity by offering an endowment to meet local contributions, penny for penny. The response has been very remarkable, especially at Battersea, where over £50,000 has already been raised locally, including an anonymous donation of £20,000.

At New Cross and Borough Road the Institutes will be housed in the buildings formerly occupied by the Royal Naval School and the British and Foreign Training College, considerable alterations and additions having been made. With the Borough Road Institute will be associated the Morley Memorial College. At Battersea, however, new buildings have to be erected, the idea, once entertained, of acquiring the Albert Palace for the purpose having been abandoned. The site which has been chosen occupies 2½ acres facing the Battersea Park Road, which has been acquired on a lease for 86 years. On this site an Institute is about to be built at a cost of about £40,000, from the designs of Mr. E. W. Mountford, which can be seen in the *British Architect* for May 1st. It will be a red-brick structure, with terra-cotta mouldings, plain in its treatment, but well-proportioned and convenient. It will include social rooms, gymnasia, refreshment-rooms both for men and women, a large hall capable of seating about 1,000, class-rooms, laboratories, and workshops, besides music-rooms, and a cookery school, for the wants of girls and women, as well as those of boys and men, are to be considered. I understand that Professor Garnett, Principal of the Durham College of Science at Newcastle, has been retained as a consulting

specialist, and that the plans are at the present moment in his hands for criticism and suggestion.

The whole success of the experiment depends on the question of management, and all who have been in close touch with such work know how limited is the supply of available talent of this kind. Mr. Quintin Hogg's Institute took eighteen years to grow to its present dimensions. The People's Palace, on the other hand, which was opened on a large scale at first, has, in consequence, encountered difficulties it has hardly yet successfully overcome. It is to be hoped that the managers of the Battersea Institute will learn the lesson of the successful growth of the first and the difficulties experienced by the second of the "Polytechnics" already in existence. A word may be said in conclusion as to the mutual relation of the various Institutes. The governing bodies will be appointed in various ways, the County Council and School Board having, as a rule, the nomination of a certain number of members. In all cases there will be representatives of the central governing body, which, some hope, may ultimately occupy the position of the Senate of a popular Technical University for London. A great deal of power must, evidently, be retained in the hands of the committees of the various Institutes, but the central body might do much to co-ordinate their efforts and stimulate and encourage their work by means of advice and suggestion, and even by inspection and peripatetic lectures. Looked at from this point of view, the constitution of the first Board is a little disappointing. The members identified with educational progress are few and far between, and the whole body seems constituted rather with a view to the management of the estates than to the advancement of education. It is, however, to be hoped that in spite of its unpromising composition the Board will rise to the level of the opportunities which are before it. Polytechnics such as the Battersea Institute may not be the last word of the technical education movement, but they will be a most important feature in the organisation of secondary and technical instruction which is so urgently needed in London, and which must be undertaken boldly as soon as the London County Council ceases to devote the proceeds of the beer and spirit duties to the relief of the rates, and follows the lead of the other local authorities throughout the country.—*Manchester Guardian*.

Trust.

My thought may fail to comprehend
His mercy and its flow,
And how His love and justice blend
I may not fully know.
But yet I trust in Him and feel
That what I cannot see,
His goodness some day will reveal,
And make it plain to me.

His wondrous majesty and might
Are hidden far from me,
The depths and glory of His light
These eyes can never see.
I only know that God is love,
Enough for me it is
To grasp the truth which can but prove
Eternal hope and bliss.

And so I walk with fearless feet
Beside the flowing sea,
That rolls in distance infinite
Beyond that shore and me,
I cannot be content alone
With what the past has taught
But outward toward the Great Unknown
I turn with longing thought.

And though I question how and why
The things I see are so,
I trust Him still before Whose eye
All things their meaning show.
I only ask to use His gift,
The reason that is mine,
And true to Him I cannot drift
Beyond His love divine.

I seek not what is new, forsooth!
Nor scorn another's creed;
I only seek to know the truth,
And follow where it lead,
Still trusting in His love and care
Who is the truth and way,
Assured that He will lead me where
My feet shall cease to stray.

The Red Mountain Mines.

(Continued from page 359.)

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"She am an angel," Droopy had declared, soon after her arrival at Red Mountain; and, though the somewhat extravagant characterization was not generally accepted, she was quite as heartily respected by the other miners as a woman. Presents of every description, from toy cats to six-shooters, were unstintingly rained upon her, and before she was ten years old she had a collection of personal effects which, for miscellaneous character, unquestionably rivalled the belongings of any child in any other country under the sun.

Morris gave more of his time to Mary than he gave to the management of the mine, though the latter certainly was not slighted; and the effects of the association were, in every respect, desirable and happy. He was a susceptible man,—that is, susceptible in its best sense—and from the time she was a toddling babe she had been steadily creeping into his heart, until, long before she was seventeen, she filled a daughter's place there, and had completely won him from the hideous appetite for whiskey which had ruined him in the East and had sent him to California but little better than an outcast and a confirmed drunkard, despised even by his once admiring family.

She, too, was nearly as fond of him as she was of Dubb, and she generally called him "Father Tom." He gradually smoothed out the antagonistic elements in her nature, which she inherited from her parents, and taught her to be governed by reason rather than by impulse.

Of Droopy she was also fond, while he fairly idolized her. When he was very young, he was, for a time, cabin-boy on a ship called the "Queen Mary." It was the most distinguished title in his narrow range of distinguished things, and he applied it to Mark Stanley's child almost from the first moment he saw her. Could she have penetrated his inmost being, she never would have recognized the extravagantly magnified image which filled his microscopic heart as in any way associated with herself. When she first came to Red Mountain, being less than three years old, her capabilities for pronunciation were somewhat limited, and she could not twist her tongue sufficiently to fetch out the name Droopy. Finally, after continuous wrastlings with the elusive sounds, she hit upon the combination "Uncle Daddy," which she straightway applied to the delighted Droopy, who in after years begged her never to relinquish it for his more conventional appellation.

With Dubb—well, with him she was simply absolute empress. He only lived, breathed, worked for her. He loved her with that undivided, unselfish love which glorifies rather than abases, and which is the rarest thing on earth. He was her unexpostulating slave, her genii of the lamp, who, at her will, would grant whatever she wished. The colour in his great deep-blue eyes always darkened a little whenever she came near him; and his quiet, subdued voice was always gentler and tenderer than common when he spoke to her. Still, he never smiled; perhaps because some chance glimpse which he had had at himself in some unkind mirror had forced him to realize how ghastly a thing a smile would be upon his homely face; whatever it was, his face was always as grave and solemn as if upon him had been laid the depressing burden of all the sorrows of the world. Mary loved him as intensely as he loved her, but, except in point of degree, there was no similarity between them in the matter of loving. She loved him as a daughter always loves her father; but his love for her seemed to have no consideration of earth or relationship in it. Though she felt its force, Mary could neither analyze nor comprehend it. She saw but one explanation of it.

"I must be like my mother," she thought; "and how much he must have loved her!"

Tom Morris understood it better, and Dubb's love for Mary often made his eyes moist and his face luminous. To him it was the most beautiful thing which life held.

"Dear, grand old Dubb," he thought; "he loves her with the highest and noblest love I ever heard of. It is stronger than the love between husband and wife, because in it there is no consideration of reward or passion. And it is stronger than the love between parents and children, because in it there is no pride of offspring, and no sense of duty or possession. It is absolutely free, dispassionate, indestructible. She could rise to no height which would make it more; she could fall to no depth which would make it less. I have never understood Dubb before, but I understand him now. He proves to me that the theory of the transmigration of souls is no idle fancy. Dubb was a prince, a god, in his former state; and now he is grave, silent, reserved, because his splendid spirit is, this time, encumbered with the awkward natural habiliments of a clown. How

fortunate for Mary that she fell into the hands of Dubb! And how sad it will be for him, by-and-bye, when some other man leads her away as his wife! But no one will see the slightest outward sign of this in Dubb. Like everything else, it will be something which Mary wants, and so Mary will have it. It is only natural, though; great joy is ever built upon the disrupted dust of great anguish. Ah! what a sad thing life is!"

Tom's ruminations were often pitched in this key, but he never gave them utterance. Since Dubb never talked about himself, there was no way of ascertaining upon just what principle, or set of principles, he based his conduct of life; but there is no doubt that his philosophy contained but few elements, and very simple elements at that. In mining vernacular it would have been, "We allus gits a squar' deal frum Dubb." One of Tom's ideas, at least, was, right—pronouncedly right: Mary could not possibly have fallen into better hands.

With these three men, Dubb, Morris, and Droopy, Mary was imperial despot. She had only to speak, and either or all of them would hasten to do her bidding. The facilities for spoiling her were undeniably first-class; yet Mary came a long way from being spoiled. She had her faults, to be sure, but they were thoroughly womanly faults—which made them as charming as virtues.

Perhaps the progress of woman from infancy to maturity was never before as it was in this case.

For five years she had been the only female thing in camp; and the first lot of women who came there were not of a kind calculated to be of assistance in her moral training. When these were displaced by better ones, Mary's character was already formed, and she no longer had any actual need of woman's society.

Though so much of her life had been lived among men, Mary was not in the least masculine, either in thought or in manner. From the very first, Morris had appreciated the fact that his was a delicate and responsible position. He was decidedly a man of ideas and strong prejudices—of crotchets, he sometimes feared—and he experienced the utmost difficulty in refraining from engraving the same views of life upon her. He dealt honestly by his charge, though, and only brought out her traits and tastes instead. Eagerly and earnestly he sought for all her feminine instincts; and he managed these so deftly and discreetly that she not only grew into a decided woman, but into an unusually original woman.

She was, also, a pretty woman. Growing up, as she did, in the wholesome, bracing atmosphere of Red Mountain, she was very unlike what she would have been had her womanly graces unfolded themselves in Vermont, her mother's home. In form, Mary was round and plump, while her mother had been a woman of extreme slenderness. She had, too, the brown eyes of her father, instead of the blue eyes of her mother. Her mother's face had been thin and pale, with only the faintest tinge of pink in her cheeks; but Mary's face was full, and it was rosy with the pleasing glow of perfect health. In one particular only was she exactly like her mother; both were favoured with long, luxuriant, curling brown hair. Beyond her eyes, which were exactly like his, there was scarcely a trace of Mark Stanley about her; and the vast difference in the climate between the widely-separated sections of country where she and her mother were reared made her so unlike even her maternal parent that no one could have possibly traced or guessed out her parentage. Dubb was glad of this, it made the matter of protecting her from any possible sinister scheme of Mark so much easier.

"Seventeen year old," he said to Tom Morris; "am it possible? Why, her mother wa'n't much older nor that when I first seen her, a-comin' up the plains with Mark. She am a mighty sight prettier, too, nor her mother, our little Mary is. I think she am the prettiest woman I ever seen."

"You are right," assented Tom; "you are nearly always right. So far as I know, you never made but one mistake in your life, and that was when you accepted Mary as a daughter. I thought it was right then, and I heartily advised it; but I have been sorry, for many a year, that I did not oppose you with all my might: maybe it would have made a difference with things, and maybe it wouldn't. Anyhow, I would feel better if I had entered my protest. As it is, you have made an unselfish sacrifice of your life for the sake of two women, neither of whom, as things now are, can ever reward you as you deserve. Mark Stanley has, by his baseness and selfishness, wrested from you a service for his family which is greater than man has a right to accept from man; and now I hate him for it, though I was once fool enough to admire him. It would be all right, though, and I would be contented, if you were not, now, in a false position, which makes it impossible for you to make Mary what she should be—not your adopted daughter, but your wife."

Tom had delivered himself of this speech in Dubb's plain,

unpretentious little office, where he and Dubb had been making up accounts. While Tom was speaking, Dubb was carelessly fumbling some papers, which employment he continued for several seconds after Tom's last word had been said. His face underwent no change, and when he answered Tom his voice was as firm and even as ever.

"It ain't to be supposed, Tom, that men what didn't have the same kind of a start in life can allus see things alike. Two different ways, mebbe, am both right ways. What you say is your way, an' so it am all right. It ain't my way, though my way am right too. Mary am all right, an' so am I. She am seventeen, as I said afore; a year younger nor the mine. That ole mine have let out a pile o' money, Tom; an' I don't b'lieve she have quit the business yet."

Tom Morris never made reference to the subject again, though he admired Dubb more than ever.

CHAPTER XI.

MARK STANLEY, under the protecting name of Don Hernando Altana, had nearly doubled his million of dollars in these fourteen years. He was a banker, and a member of several mining companies. In one of these he was associated with Mr. Maydew, who had managed to outgrow his grief for his lost daughter; and in another company Mark had Judge Desborough for a partner. He had been cool, resolute, bold, but never reckless; and all of his plans had worked just as he had wished them to. He was prosperous; he was popular; he was rich. What he had achieved vindicated him, he felt—even justified him—in forsaking the piety of youth for the impiety of his riper years.

"How else could I have got on?" he often asked himself. "Truly enough, Dubb got on, and he has made more money than I have; but he started out in such a slow, prosy way. I never could have stood it; I haven't the patience for it. Not for the world would I change places with him, though he has made every penny of his great wealth—far greater wealth than mine—by the sheerest honesty, while the mass of mine has come of the biggest rascality on record. It is, though, something worth living for to be a successful rascal, when all the world calls it impossible. I am prouder of it, too, than Dubb is of his honesty—in this almighty law-abiding country, too, where legality, virtue, and uprightness are prated about until it makes one sick at the stomach. Talk about no one but an honest man being able to sleep! Ye gods! I'd like to see the man, woman, or child who sleeps sounder, or easier, than I do. I can eat, sleep, drink, make money, and enjoy myself generally. Who could ask ior anything more than I have now? No one but a fool. Peace of mind? No one has it altogether: I have it as completely as any one. Why shouldn't I? It is an outcome of satisfaction, and I am thoroughly satisfied with my lot. Nothing could induce me to have it otherwise. The million I cabbaged has done me more good than it would have done Maydew; and he is better off without his daughter, just as I am better off without my wife. Women hamper one. You always expect that they are going to be one thing, and then they always turn out something else. They are so disappointing. Maydew has been more of a man ever since I cut that girl's throat, than he ever was before in his life. He was eternally grunting, and was getting absolutely helpless. Since then, he has helped himself and has more than made that million back again—a thing he never would have done with her alive; and it's so degrading and emasculate to have a woman make money for you. What a failure I would have been with that woman always hanging on me! yes, yes, the Indians did me a good turn when they riddled me of my wife. I wonder where she is now? How those fond parents of mine must enjoy the newspapers I occasionally send them, when I am being discussed as Mark Stanley! I wonder if they don't think I've done the family name great credit? I wonder if they don't think I've profited by my early Christian training? Ha! ha! ha!"

Mark lived in an elegant suite of rooms in the finest hotel in San Francisco, and was counted one of the shrewdest financiers in the State. His opinions were constantly being sought, and his advice was constantly being followed.

"Would this be so," he would say to himself, "if I was such a fool as my father used to try to make me out? Could a fool have gotten out of that Maydew affair as I did, and then kept out of the reach of suspicion and the law, ever since? No, no, John Stanley; your son was no fool; but he would have been made into a most thorough and genuine fool had he stayed very much longer with John and Mrs. John Stanley. What a pity it is that there isn't some way by which she can manage to get her name first!"

Among his other accomplishments, Mark was an expert gambler. Cards, dice, billiards, he mastered them all, and they all contributed to his coffers. The fast life he lived, and the

exposure to which he constantly subjected himself, soon took the natural sandiness out of his hair and skin, leaving the first gray, and the second sufficiently dark, so that for several years he had been relieved of the unpleasant necessity of using dyes or stains on his skin. Now that this nuisance was abated, he was so thoroughly satisfied with himself that he had but one ungratified wish. As much as he railed against women, he had, for years, felt the need of some one woman to whom he could turn for companionship and sympathy. But the sort of woman he wanted he could not find. Sometimes he doubted if he ever would find such a one; and it was the sole regret of his life.

CHAPTER XII.

MARY was born on the first day of May; and on the seventeenth anniversary of her birth, Tom Morris's three daughters, and their brother Walter, a young man of twenty-five, made their first appearance at Red Mountain.

The Morris family had been detained *en route*, and did not reach the brisk little mining-town, where Tom had so long awaited them, until five days after they were due. Tom had not seen his children for nearly twenty years; and when he came away from the East they were scarcely more than babes. In the intervening time he had received many photographs of them, and had been able to judge something of their respective characters from the letters they had sent him; yet his daughters were a disappointment to him. They were pretty, and gentle, and all that; but they seemed so dependent and superficial—so incapable of thinking and acting for themselves—in fact, so wholly unlike Mary. His beloved pupil was so capable and self-reliant that for the last year, without knowing why, the conviction had grown upon him that his daughters would be something the same. Now that they were not, he felt, for a moment, some of Mark Stanley's bitterness, and more than half believed that the Fates had dealt unfairly with him.

With his son, Tom Morris was better pleased. Walter was a fine specimen of physical manhood, and was inclined to studiousness. His slightly-stooping shoulders, and pale, grave face, gave one the impression that he had spent too much of his time over his books.

"Ye'll git a tech o' stronger color nor that, bimeby," was Droopy's greeting. "This 'ere ole Californy am better nor liver pills an' arsenick ter take that air bleachy look outen 'a man's hide."

As Walter regarded the gay old miner closely, he thought that if California ever made his face like Droopy's he would certainly resort to arsenic as a relief, even from existence. But he only smiled cordially on Droopy, and said:—

"I hope that you are right."

When the stage which brought Walter Morris and his sisters arrived at Red Mountain, the whole place was enthusiastic over the celebration of Mary's birthday—a feast-day in the Red Mountain calendar which the miners never forgot to observe. The festivities were at their height when Walter Morris stepped down from the stage; and one of his elegant and fastidious sisters covered her ears with her hands to shut out the "horrid noise" made by the brass band which the miners had imported from San Francisco, at "great expense," to "put the punctuation-marks in the programme," as the local newspapers expressed it.

"What a magnificent woman, and what an outlandish man!" was Walter's first remark when he saw Dubb and Mary, where they were viewing the merry-makers, from the hotel balcony.

"Hush," cautioned Tom, "or she will hear you: she has ears like a cat. That is my benefactor and his daughter."

An exclamation of surprise, almost of horror, burst from Walter's lips.

"It can't be possible!" he cried. "So lovely a woman the daughter of so ugly a man! And you say she is only seventeen? To what a tremendous extent do incongruities run in this new country of yours! Tell me, father, have you many more such abnormalities as this ill-matched father and daughter?"

Droopy, who had for a moment been speaking with some one else, turned his attention to Walter again, in time to catch the word "abnormalities."

"You bet," he responded, heartily; "you bet. We raises 'em here by the hundred-acre lot, an' we digs 'em outen the groun' in dead loads."

Walter laughed, and Tom was relieved to find that Droopy had not discovered that Dubb and Mary were being discussed. Tom was nettled by his son's criticism of Dubb. To be sure, he himself had never considered Dubb a beauty, but it was painful to hear his hero discussed in that fashion, even by Walter. It made Tom feel, all at once, that the old order of things had been unpleasantly broken in upon. The presence of his children would interrupt, to a greater or less extent,—and probably the former,—the harmonious relations which for so

long had existed between himself and Dubb and Mary. His son and daughters would never regard his two friends as he did: all four would ridicule Dubb, and the girls, at least, would be jealous of Mary. He was sorry that he had not either left his family in the East very much longer, or brought them westward before their methods of life were fixed. And then another unhappy thought flashed over him: he was allowing Mary to displace his children, his own flesh and blood, in his affections. Was it right? In less than a second he clinched his fists, and gritted his teeth over a smothered oath. Mary was worth it, anyhow, right or wrong; and he could not change what already was, nor would he if he could.

His line of thought was suddenly interrupted by Dubb, who had stepped forward, with Mary, to greet the newly-arrived members of the Morris family. Droopy touched Tom on the shoulder.

"Straighten up, pard," he whispered: "here am Dubb an' Queen Mary."

Tom introduced Dubb and Mary to his children, and observed, with more or less disgust, that his daughters were disposed to look upon Mary with that degree of condescension which is so little removed from contempt, and mainly, too, because of the somewhat unconventional way in which she was dressed. Though this made Tom's cheeks burn with resentment, he was, from one stand-point, glad of it: it distracted the attention of the three young women from certain peculiarities about the person of Dubb which they might have regarded with even more open contempt than they did the dress of Mary.

At his first glimpse of Mary, Walter had been impressed as no woman had ever impressed him before. This was partly because of her beauty; but even more than by that was he impressed with the certainty that she was a woman who did her own thinking,—something which Walter Morris had been led to believe was the rarest of all phenomena—in young women.

"Your father is one of my best friends, Mr. Morris," said Mary, offering him her hand, with a smile, when they were introduced: "partly for his sake, and just a little for your own sake, I am glad to meet you."

"Thank you," he answered, bending low over her hand: "the pleasantness of your welcome is worth the long journey here, even if there were no other recompense. My father's letters have fully acquainted me with your relations with him; and I am sure that neither you nor he can ever have better friends than each other."

"What you say," she responded, laughingly, "is certainly an estimable compliment to me, but I am afraid that it is rather a doubtful one to your father." And then, turning from him, she kissed each of his sisters. "This may not be the Eastern way," she said; "in fact, I am pretty sure that it is not; but I cannot be formal with the daughters of a man whom I owe so much as I do your father; and in my father's name, and also in my own, I bid you welcome to Red Mountain."

"Hooray! That's the stuff!" shouted the admiring Droopy; and the by-standers, impressed with the idea that there was something to "hooray" about, proceeded to "hooray" with lusty vehemence.

"Oh, what a dreadful place!" exclaimed Miss Millicent Morris, the elder of the three sisters, and the one whose sensitive nerves had been so cruelly shocked by the brass band. "I am sure that we shall all be killed here."

"I reckon not," said the consoling Droopy: "we never kills nothin' but hoss-thieves in this country."

Mary could scarcely repress a smile, but she slipped a hand through one of the arms of Millicent Morris, and gently impelled her toward the hotel, signing for Morris to follow with the others.

"You are tired, dear," she said, "and all this is new to you. You will feel better after you rest and get acquainted with us. Come into the hotel."

Millicent looked up at the building they were about entering. "A wooden hotel!" she gasped.

"Yes," interposed Droopy: "out here we on'y makes *jails* out o' stun."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning, at an unusually early hour for him, Droopy appeared at Dubb's office. His bulky figure was more than ordinarily erect, which made his sleek but capacious broad-cloths look as if a reef had been taken in them; while his diamond seemed to emit a brighter radiance than ever before. Some of the creases appeared to have vanished from his face, and the innermost depths of the others wore a less darkling aspect. Certain scents and hirsute regularities made it evident that he had had recent contact with a barber, and the immaculate spotlessness of his shirt-bosom was only secondary to the immaculate complacency of his smile.

"What a gay-looking old cock you are, this morning!" said Tom Morris, who was alone in the office; and an irrepressible grin illuminated his face as he spoke. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm in love," answered Droopy, thrusting his hands into his trousers-pockets, and strutting up and down the office with comical pomposity.

Tom laughed uproariously, and slapped his thigh.

"Why, Droopy," he cried, "you've got things a little mixed, haven't you? I thought that when a man was in love he was always solemn and downcast, and that he put all his clothes on in the wrong way, and forget his toilet altogether."

"That's an' Eastern idee," retorted Droopy, "an' a wrong one, like 'most all Eastern idee. No, sir; I ain't got things mixed at all; nary a mix. Why, when a man's in love—a real genouine man, I mean—he gits slicker nor a painter; an' as fur downcast,—pooh, he feels as rizzy as ef he'd took a can o' yeast."

"Who is the happy woman?" asked Tom.

"She ain't happy. Nothin' happy about her. She am the most mizzable woman on all Red Mounting," groaned Droopy, with assumed compassion.

"Oh, then it's an act of charity?"

"You bet; 'an charity don't mount ter nothin' when yer blows about it, an' so I can't tell ye her name jest yet."

Just then Dubb came in, and Droopy laid one finger across his lips, as if what he had just said was a state secret.

"So that is the way the cat is going to jump," thought Tom: "Droopy is in love with Mary. But why under the sun does he call her miserable? There was never a happier, more contented woman on earth. What an ass, and what a presumptuous ass, he is, to be sure!"

About the middle of the forenoon, Tom left the office and went to the hotel to look after his family. When he was gone, Droopy indulged in the familiarity of slapping Dubb across the shoulders.

"Say, pard, I'm in fur it," he exclaimed.

"What am you in fur?" asked Dubb.

"Love; mattermony; home without a mother; my own vinnin' fig-tree, an' all sich."

Dubb knew that Droopy would come down to his actual meaning quicker if no answer was made him, and so he busied himself with his papers in silence and in seeming forgetfulness.

"Say, pard," broke out Droopy, at last, "you seen Tom's gals yisturday, didn't ye?"

"Yes."

"Wa'n't that air Millercent jest stunnin'?"

"She am a pretty woman, Droopy."

"Tain't that I means, pard; I ain't took with her pootiness; but that sorter wilted look an' wilted way o' hern,—like as ef she wor frost-bitten an' then sot out in the sun. It went all over me like a streak o' gin an' merlasses; an' I kinder wanted ter cuddle 'er up an' soothe 'er. Feared of a brass ban! took sick when she seen a wooden hotel! Oh, Lordy! I don't wonder they has sich ornery men in the East, ef they raises 'em frum that kind o' wimmin! She am so kinder bleached an' butter-milky, she looks as ef she'd been run through one o' them air machines what they uses ter suck the ile outen nutmegs. They ain't much woman 'bout her; an' yet I'm awfully took with her: I s'pose it's all 'cause I'm so sorry fur 'er. Lordy, they is more woman, such as a man wants, ter the nail on one o' Mary's leetlest toes nor they is to the hull o' Millercent. Lookin' at Millercent makes me think that they must git wimmin frum some furrin country, an' that she ain't no woman at all, but jest the empty case what some woman com'd in. I'm goin' ter marry her, though, an' then I can keep off the brass ban's an' things."

Dubb took the matter very gravely. He never saw anything to laugh at in anything.

"But you see, Droopy," he responded, "she am not our kind."

"Not our kind! Ain't Tom Morris our kind? an' ain't she his gal?" demanded Droopy, firing up.

"Tom am our kind only because he choose to make himself so. He wasn't allus so."

"Neither wor we," expostulated Droopy; "neither wor we allus so. We am all what we am 'cause we choose to be so."

"In course, Droopy; in course Tom feels that way; but this am a question o' Tom's gals. Am they likely ter feel that way?"

"I don't care," growled Droopy; "I'm goin' ter marry Millercent, anyhow."

"Don't you think Millicent's father will have something to say about that?" asked Mary, coming in unobserved, and pulling Droopy's hair.

Droopy faced about, got very red, and then stammered out

the opinion that he had no doubt but that Tom would be glad to git rid of her.

Mary was not much given to sarcasm, but she could not resist asking Droopy if it was not a little inconsistent for him to expect Tom to set such slight value upon what he himself assumed to value so highly. Before Droopy could answer, before Mary had finished speaking, in fact, she caught sight of a package which was labelled "Letters to John Dubb, from Mrs. Mark Stanley."

"Who is Mrs. Mark Stanley?" she asked, carelessly, slightly impressed with the name.

Dubb, as usual, was calm and unruffled; but upon Droopy the effect of the question was frightful. He started as if confronted with a ghost.

"Don't you know? She was your—" and then he clapped his hand over his mouth in time to keep back the word "mother," which so nearly escaped his lips. "Oh, lor!" he exclaimed, a moment later; "what a fool I am!"

Dubb and Droopy exchanged glances. Mary regarded them with the most intense interest and surprise. Stepping forward, she placed one hand on Dubb's downcast face, lifted it up, and turned it toward her.

"What is it, papa? What does it all mean? Is it anything which concerns me?" she asked.

"It seems to consarn Droopy, mostly," answered Dubb, evasively: "mebbe you better go up ter the hotel, Mary, an' see Tom's gals. He jest went up."

Without another word, Mary left the office. She met Tom Morris in the hotel corridor, and walked straight up to him, with a very pale face.

"Why, Mary, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Was my mother's name Stanley?" she demanded, looking him squarely in the eyes.

Her unexpected question took Tom completely off his guard, and his face betrayed his great surprise. In a moment he recovered himself, and said,—

"A woman named Stanley was connected with your childhood; but you must trust us, and not ask for an explanation which cannot yet be made."

He did not know how much she had discovered, and so did not know how else to answer her. Bursting into tears, she flung herself into his arms, just as Walter Morris appeared.

"So this is the lay of the land," muttered Walter, retreating unperceived. "In love, are they?"

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL through the week which followed the arrival of the younger members of the Morris family, three individual members of the Red Mountain fraternity were miserable, because of three very erroneous impressions.

Droopy's remarks to Tom Morris about being in love, and the mysterious air which he assumed on the appearance of Dubb, led Morris into believing that the imaginative, emotional, and erratic Droopy had suddenly fallen in love with Mary and had conceived the notion of suing for her hand. This made Tom absolutely wretched. The idea was thoroughly abhorrent to him, and he both pitied and despised Droopy for entertaining such thoughts.

Walter Morris, seeing the weeping Mary in the arms of his father, was convinced that there was a warmer feeling than friendship between them.

"Disgraceful!" he muttered to himself, over and over again; "he an old man and she only a young girl. Of course there is more admirable womanhood about her than there is about any other woman of twice her age whom I ever saw; but, then, that don't change her age. Why, my youngest sister is at least three years older than Mary Dubb. On his own account I don't blame him; she is lovely enough to turn any man's head; but he might have some deference for the feelings of his children. And it's awful for a man of his age to think of marrying a girl so young."

This last objection was probably the strongest with Walter: he was half fascinated with Mary herself. The thought that she might marry his father was the supremest torture to him; and as the days advanced, and the end of his first week at Red Mountain drew near, he got nearly beside himself because of his father's supposed intentions.

Mary had, perhaps, more reason than the others for her distress, though she, too, read the symbols wrongly. Until the morning when she saw the package of letters on Dubb's desk, she had never heard the names of her father and mother mentioned. She was only interested, at the time she asked her unhappy question, because the name, Mrs. Mark Stanley, struck her as one which was somewhat unusual. Excepting that she had seen it in books, Stanley was wholly a new name to her. She had asked the question out of the merest curiosity, and had no answer been made her, she would never have

given Mrs. Mark Stanley a second thought. But the excitement and consternation of Droopy, and his bewildering words, led her to think that the unknown Mrs. Stanley was in some painful way connected with herself. Dubb's evasiveness and Morris's non-committal air combined to strengthen her impression. The truth would have been far less cruel to Mary than the theories which she formulated out of the possibilities in the case. She did not jump at any rash conclusion: she was not that kind of a woman. She looked at the matter from the several points of view which presented themselves to her; but she was thoroughly misled by one thing, which hindered her from guessing the truth, even had there been no other obstacle in her way: she never once doubted that she was the daughter of John Dubb. After weighing the matter carefully, according to the limited light which she had, this demure philosopher of seventeen abandoned a score of seemingly improbable theories, which had suggested themselves to her, for one which she deemed most natural and likely. She decided that her father must have always been rich, and that her mother had married him for his money, and then, tiring of her plain, homely husband, had forsaken him for some finer, handsomer man, who was named Mark Stanley. Divorces she knew were granted for very slight pretext in those days, and she cleared her mother of the suspicion of adultery by supposing that the divorce conveniences were taken advantage of before Mrs. John Dubb became Mrs. Mark Stanley.

"Poor papa!" she moaned; "how he must have suffered! That is why he never smiles, like other men. I wonder that he does not hate me, instead of loving me so. How I must have hurt him when I asked him who Mrs. Mark Stanley was!"

And Mary suffered the keenest torture at the hands of this unsavory phantom of her own conjurement.

These three impressions, all accepted of the Fates on one day, and all cherished for a week, in the most uncomfortable fashion, were, by some strange caprice of the Fates, all dispelled on another day,—almost simultaneously, in fact.

Mary was sitting by herself near the useless shaft of a deserted mine. It was a spot both lonely and picturesque; and, of late, made melancholy by her depressing and unwholesome fancy, she had taken to strolling to it two or three times a day. A heap of discarded mining-paraphernalia and other rubbish protected her from passers-by on one hand, and a scrubby clump of stunted spruces shut out profane eyes in every other direction. It was not, either, a place where she was likely to be troubled with any one, because the abandoned shaft bore the name of being haunted.

It was late in the afternoon, and the warm air of mid-day was already giving place to the sharp chilliness which, even in warm weather, came at that altitude with twilight. She was just conscious of the change, and was about arising to go home, when she heard the sound of approaching voices: a moment later, she recognized them. It was Walter Morris and the hotel-keeper; the latter was showing his guest the "sights" in and about the little town.

"So this is the haunted shaft?" queried Walter.

"Yes: this is the spot where Bilkins is said to have been killed. He came here to bring a message to Mr. Dubb concerning Mark Stanley's wife when the Indians were supposed to hold her captive. Well, this poor fool of a Bilkins got wild about the camp, and came back here to make his fortune. He struck good deposits here, and would have got rich if some one from the Platte forks, who owed him a grudge, hadn't come along and killed him."

"I don't remember anything about Bilkins," said Walter, "but I can repeat, almost word for word, the contents of some of my father's letters about Mark Stanley. Let me see: Stanley and his wife came West with the same wagon-train with which Dubb came. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"And Stanley left his wife to the tender mercies of the Indians."

"Correct."

"And Dubb, purely for humanity's sake, and out of the kindness of his heart, undertook to rescue Mrs. Stanley."

"Exactly," said the hotel-man. "Why, Mr. Morris, you have an admirable memory."

"Hold on," laughed Walter: "you compliment me much too soon. My memory has already given out. I don't know what became of Mrs. Stanley."

"Neither does anyone else, Mr. Morris: its no case of bad memory at all. As soon as Mr. Dubb got a clue as to where she was, she skipped out—on account of some fanciful notion she had about the mauling she got from the Indians, you know. Mr. Dubb was never able to find her again, though they say he gets letters from her sometimes."

(To be continued.)

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS—MISS ADA PATTERSON. MISS LILIAN HOVEY. MR. HENRY GUY. MR. GABRIEL THORP.

SOLO VIOLIN—MISS BARRI HOCKINGS. ORGANIST—MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

PART I.

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| <p>1. ORGAN SOLO Overture to Oberon ... Weber
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.</p> <p>2. SONG "An Old English Love Song" Frances Allitsen
MR. GABRIEL THORP.</p> <p>Dear, if you change,
I'll never choose again,
Sweet, if you shrink,
I'll never think of love,
Fair, if you fail,
I'll judge all beauty vain,
Wise, if too weak,
More wits I'll never prove,
Dear, sweet, fair, wise,
Change not, shrink not, nor be weak,
And oh! my faith shall never break.</p> <p>Earth with her flow'rs shall sooner heav'n adorn,
Heav'n her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall
move,
Fire, heat shall lose, and frost of flames be born
Air made to shine, as black as night shall prove,
Earth, heav'n, fire, air, the world transformed shall view,
Ere I be false to love, and strange to you.</p> <p><i>Words from Dowland's Song Book.</i></p> <p>3. VIOLIN SOLO ... Sonata in A ... Handel
MISS BARRI HOCKINGS.</p> <p>4. SONG ... "Orpheus" ... Sullivan
MISS ADA PATTERSON.</p> <p>Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing,
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.</p> <p>Everything that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.</p> <p><i>Shakespeare.</i></p> <p>5. DUET for Organ } Scherzo Capriccioso ... Guimard
and Pianoforte }
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS AND MR. ORTON
BRADLEY.</p> | <p>6. SONG ... "Thoughts and Tears" Hope Temple
MR. HENRY GUY.</p> <p>Some thoughts are never heard or told;
They wander unconfess'd
Through happy pathways known of old,
But still remember best!
Ah! love, believe me if you will,
Or deem it all untrue;
I cannot guide my thoughts, for still
They wander back to you.</p> <p>Some thoughts must ever go unspoken,
Some tears may never softly fall;
Take mine, unshed, untold, for token,
I love you still in spite of all.</p> <p>Some grief must ever rest untold,
Though to our wistful eyes,
When thoughts the golden past unfold,
Great tears will oft unbidden rise!
Remember, pity, or forget,
Whiche'er your heart may do,
I dare not shed my tears that yet
Are fain to fall for you.</p> <p>Some thoughts must ever go unspoken,
Some tears may never softly fall;
Take mine, unshed, untold, for token,
I love you still in spite of all.</p> <p>7. SONG ... "To the Lyre" ... Schubert
MISS LILIAN HOVEY.</p> <p>I'll sing of great Atrides,
Or Cadmus great in story!
But love alone, and loving
My music can awaken.</p> <p>I chang'd the strings inconstant
And tried a strain more glorious,
Alcides' march triumphant,
The clash of arms victorious!</p> <p>But love alone, and loving
Their music could awaken!</p> <p>Then fare ye well, ye warriors,
For from my lyre no measure
But love and love's sweet treasure
The music can awaken.</p> <p><i>—Bruchmann.</i></p> |
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A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II

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| <p>8. ORGAN SOLOS { a. Canzonette ... Hollins
 b. Scherzo, from Symphony No. 2 Widor
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.</p> <p>9. SONG ... "Now" ... R. B. Addison
MR. GABRIEL THORP (accompanied by the composer).</p> <p>Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on:
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone:
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day.</p> <p>Rise! from your dream of the Future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field:
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may!);
But your arm will never be stronger
Or the need so great as To-day.</p> <p>Rise! If the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget:
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.</p> <p>Rise; for the day is passing:
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle.
Arise, for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past!
Rise for the day is passing!
Rise! Rise!
<i>Words by Adelaide Anne Procter.</i></p> <p>10. SONG ... "Charlie is my Darling" ...
MISS ADA PATTERSON.</p> <p>'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.</p> <p>Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.</p> <p>As he cam' marchin' up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear:
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.</p> <p>Oh! Charlie, etc.</p> <p>Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.</p> <p>Oh! Charlie, etc.</p> | <p>They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.</p> <p>Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear;
And mony were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.</p> <p>11. VIOLIN SOLO "Saltazello" ... Papini
MISS BARRI HOCKINGS.</p> <p>12. BALLAD "Sally in our Alley" ... Carey
MR. HENRY GUY.</p> <p>Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our Alley;
There's ne'er a lady in the land,
That's half so sweet as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our Alley.</p> <p>Of all the days within the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our Alley.</p> <p>My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my sev'n long years are out,
Oh! then I'll marry Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our Alley.</p> <p>13. SONG ... "Lovely Spring" ... Coenen
MISS LILIAN HOVEY.</p> <p>When the spring has climb'd the mountain height,
When beneath the bright sun melts the snow,
When the first green leaf comes forth to sight
And their earliest flow'rs the meadows show,
When on hill and plain ends old winter's reign,
And the earth revives from ling'ring pain,
Loud I hear a voice
Through the welkin ring:
Oh mortals all rejoice,
Welcome, lovely spring.</p> <p>Was it not in spring, thou dearest one,
That thy heart reveal'd itself to mine,
That thy lips the tender truth betray'd,
And I felt I was for ever thine.
In the shady grove from the boughs above,
How the birds pour'd down their notes of love,
Loud I hear a voice
Through the welkin ring:
Oh mortals, all rejoice,
Welcome, lovely spring.</p> <p><i>—Oxenford.
(Translated from the German of Bodenstedt.)</i></p> <p>14. ORGAN SOLO ... Festal March ... Smart
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.</p> |
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Admission THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME of CONCERT to be given on MONDAY, JUNE 15th, at 8.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.—CONDUCTOR, MR. A. ROBINSON (late Prince of Wales's 3rd Dragoon Guards). VOCALISTS—MADAME JULIA LENNOX, MR. HENRY BEAUMONT. ACCOMPANIST—MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS

PART I.

- 1. GRAND MARCH "Tannhauser" ... Wagner
2. OVERTURE ... "La Ruche d'Or" ... Brepsant
3. SONG ... "The Thorn" ... Shield

MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

From the white blossomed sloe my dear Chloe requested
A sprig her fair breast to adorn
"No! by heavens," I exclaimed, "may I perish
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn."

- 4. CORNET SOLO "In Old Madrid" ... Trotiere
5. SONG ... "Alas, those chimes" ... Wallace

MADAME JULIA LENNOX.
Alas, those chimes so sweetly stealing,
Gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like pity's voice revealing,
To the dying, death is near.

- 6. SONG ... "Love's Goal" ... Edith Cooke
MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

Tell me again those golden words you told me long ago,
When o'er the world there fell a hush, and stars were burning low;

Beneath our feet the river swept, the violets closed their eyes,
And dim above shone lamps of love to light our Paradise.

The grey stream ever glides along, the willows hang and weep,
The violets kiss the dews good-night, and dreaming fall asleep;

- 7. FANTASIA Gems from Verdi's Operas ... Godfrey
A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

- 8. VALSE... "The Colonel" ... Bucalossi
9. SONG ... "Yoho" ... Pease

MADAME JULIA LENNOX.
What joy is in the fisher's life,
Blow, winds blow,
The fisher and his faithful wife,
Row, boys row;

He drives no plough on stubborn land,
His fields are ready to his hand,
No nipping frosts his orchard's fear,
He has his autumn all the year,
Yoho, yoho, heave! heave! ho.

The husbandman has rents to pay,
Blow, winds blow,
And seeds to purchase every day,
Row, boys row;
But he who farms the rolling deep,
Tho' never sowing, always reaps,
The ocean fields are fair and free,
There are no rent days on the sea,
Yoho, yoho, heave! heave! ho.

Then joy attend the fisher's life,
Blow, winds blow,
The fisher and his faithful wife,
Row, boys row;
May favoring breezes fill his sail,
His teeming harvests never fail,
And from his cottage on the strand
Come forth defenders of our land.
Ah! yoho, yoho, heave! heave! ho.

- 10. FANTASIA ... on Welsh airs ...
11. SONG ... "Good Night, Beloved" ... Balfe

MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.
Good night, beloved! I come to watch o'er thee;
To be near thee, alone is peace for me.
Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers,
Good night, beloved!
While I count the weary hours.

- 12. SONG ... "Killarney" ... Balfe
MADAME JULIA LENNOX.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Footprints leaves on many strands
But her home is surely there;
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the west,
Beauty's home, Killarney, Heaven's reflex, Killarney.
No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints,
Every rock that you pass by,
Verdure broiders or besprints.
Virgin there the green grass grows
Ev'ry morn springs natal day.
Bright hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.
Angels fold their wings, etc.

- 13. MARCH ... "Russian Cadets" ... Sellenick

Admission—THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON SUNDAY, JUNE 14TH, 1891.

Organist ... Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist to the People's Palace).

AT 12.30.

- 1. SONATA, No. 5 ... Rheinberger
2. LARGO IN E FLAT ... Bunnett
3. TOCCATA IN F ... Widor
4. PRAYER "To Thee, Great Lord" ... Rossini
5. SELECTION from the "Daughter of Jairus" ... Stainer
6. PASTORALE ... Tombelle
7. MARCHE TRIOMPHALE ... Lemmens

AT 4 O'CLOCK.—VOCALIST, MISS CARRINGTON.

- 1. SONATA IN F MINOR (1st movement) ... Rheinberger
2. VOCAL SOLO ...
3. NOCTURNE IN E FLAT ... Chopin
4. HYMN ... "Jesu! lover of my soul" ... Rev. C. Wesley
5. CHORUS OF ANGELS ... Clark
6. VOCAL SOLO ...
7. MODERATO IN F ... Gade
8. HYMN "Oft in danger, oft in woe" ... H. K. White (1785-1806)
9. POSTLUDE IN A ... Dyer

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

- 1. TOCCATA AND FUGUE ... Bach
2. ANDANTE RELIGIOSA ... Thorne
3. CHORUS "Fixed in his everlasting seat" (Samson) ... Handel
4. ELEVAZIONE ... Morandi
5. OFFERTOIRE IN G ... Wely
6. VARIATIONS on an hymn tune ... B. Jackson
7. MARCHE PONTIFICALE ... Tombelle

ADMISSION FREE.

PEOPLE'S PALACE POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS (Under the Direction of Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and Mr. C. E. OSBORN).

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

By MR. STEPHEN PALMYRE (Instrumentalist and Comedian) and MR. WALTER J. MILLS (Ventriloquist and Magician),

TO BE GIVEN IN THE QUEEN'S HALL ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17TH, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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THE MYSTERIOUS BASKET.—("Let me out, I can't breathe!") Opening and closing the lid, illustrating one of the most marvellous and difficult feats of Ventriloquism.

VENTRILOQUIAL IMITATIONS of well-known London Street Cries: The Coalman, Water-cress Girl, Dustman, Milkman. These are given with such rapidity that it is almost impossible to imagine that it is produced by one and the same person.

VOICES FROM THE ROOF of the House, from the Chimney, and Cupboard.

THE WONDERFUL TALKING HEAD ("Where's my Ninepence?")

THE SHEPHERD, Sheep, and Watch Dog.

THE ELECTION SPEECH and Noisy Crowd.

FARM YARD IMITATIONS.—Dogs, Donkey, Fowls, Pigeons, Cuckoo, Wasps, etc., etc.

THE CARPENTER, or Sawing and Planing extraordinary.

THE GLASS OF SELTZER WATER.—A Clever Vocal Delusion.

Selections from his repertoire of Conjuring, entitled—"MAGICAL MOMENTS."

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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 Bonner	Thursday	8.30-9.30	1 6
Solo Singing	Miss Delves-Yates	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	4 15
Choral Society	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	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	Tuesday	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
Journalism	"	"	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.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advan.	"	"	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
4 Type Writing	Mr. Kilburne	"	6.0-10.0	10 6

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

Special Lectures.

A Course of Six Lectures on "Water Works and Water Supply" will be given by Mr. F. C. Forth, Associate in Engineering, R. C. Sc. I., on Friday evenings, 8.45 to 9.45, commencing May 20th.

Eight Lectures will also be given by Mr. Albert Grenville, on "Building Materials and Structures," commencing Tuesday, 5th May, at 8 o'clock. Fee for either Course—5s. Students of the Science and Trade Classes admitted at half the above fee.

Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
"	"	Friday	7.30-9.0	
"	"	"	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 Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9.

REFRESHMENTS.—Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the Social Rooms from 5 to 10.

LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS.—For the convenience of Students, there are Cloak Rooms and Lavatories, the latter being supplied with hot and cold water.

BOOKSTALL.—Text-books, Drawing Paper, Pencils, and other requisites for the classes may be obtained at the Bookstall in the ground floor corridor.

CLUBS.—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 afternoons a class will be held for Oil and Water-Colour Painting, Painting from Copies, from Objects of Still Life, Flowers, &c. Hours, 2 to 4.30 p.m. Fee, 5s. per term of 12 weeks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.
Chief Instructor ... MR. H. H. BURDETT.
(Late Chief Instructor Harrow School Gymnasium.)
Assistant Instructor ... MR. C. WRIGHT.
Pianist for Musical Drill ... MISS N. CONNOR, G.S.M.

During the building of the large and commodious Gymnasium at the north end of the Technical Schools, which will be one of the best equipped in London, the following temporary arrangements have been made:—

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 during this hour:—Sword exercise, musical drill, comprising dumb-bells, bar-bells, Indian clubs and free movements. This hour is also set apart for the individual instruction of such Students as desire to learn fencing and single-sticks. This class is held in the Fencing Gallery. 9 till 10. Gymnastics in classes are taught during this hour each evening, comprising exercises on the horizontal bar, parallel bars, vaulting horse, bridge, slanting and horizontal ladders, climbing rope, flying rings, trapeze, &c., &c. In these classes all Students are classified and selected in accordance with their physical capacities and abilities, and great care is exercised in selecting exercises to suit the powers of each individual.

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

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

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

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

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

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Eyesight Tested and Glasses to suit the sight from 5d.
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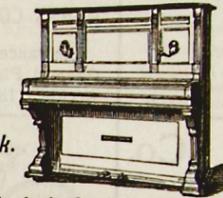
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