



VOL. VII.—No. 189.]

FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, June 26th.—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, 27th.—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., Dress Rehearsal of *Il Trovatore*. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 28th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m. free. Organ recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free.

MONDAY, 29th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Girls' Gymnasium open from 6.30 to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 o'clock, Lecture on "Brightest Africa." Admission, free; Reserved seats, 6d.

TUESDAY, 30th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. (ladies only). Men's Gymnasium, 6.30 to 10 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, 1st July.—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.

THURSDAY, 2nd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Girls' Gymnasium, 6.30 to 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, 3rd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Men's Gymnasium, 6.30 to 10 p.m.

CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT AT CHELSEA, 2ND JUNE.—The following extracts from a letter written by Mr. Talton (Hon. Sec. of the Chelsea Centre for University Extension Lectures) to Mr. Orton Bradley may be of interest:—"Every day I have been intending to write to you. Will you accept for yourself and the Choral Society and Orchestra the cordial thanks of our committee for the splendid performance of the Hymn of Praise and the other music with which you enchanted our ears last week. My delay in writing has given me the opportunity of receiving, as I have done, congratulations on all hands upon what all alike pronounce to have been a most successful evening. For my own part, I feel that to have brought your Choral and Orchestral Societies to so high a pitch of excellence is a veritable triumph to you and your coadjutor, Mr. Cave. And more than this, it is an earnest of what may be done, in good hands, towards solving the problem of providing first-rate music for the masses in our great towns in what seems to be the only way possible—by the efforts of the people themselves. I wish that in our South-west London Polytechnic, now about to be established, we might follow musically in the footsteps of the People's Palace. You will be glad to know, when all expenses are paid, there will remain a substantial balance from the proceeds of the concert to hand to the Treasurer of the University Extension Lectures."

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last a party of nine journeyed from London Bridge (L. B. & S. C. Ry.) Station to South Croydon. We arrived at 4.40 p.m., and at once proceeded to the Rail View Hotel. After tea we crossed the footbridge at Selsdon-road Station, continuing on the path across the fields came to Crohamhurst, a wood situated on the slope of a hill, from which we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country; we could see Reedham, a large public school near Purley, the Caterham Valley, and, beyond the downs, Earlswood Asylum. We passed several groups of pleasure parties on the hurst, until we reached the field-path leading to the Addington and Wickham-road. Three miles along this road brought us to Addington Park, and having a ticket of admission we went through. By the appearance of the mansion, we came to the conclusion that the Archbishop of Canterbury and family were not at home, so we did not call; however, the walk through the park was greatly enjoyed; it led to a lane with fir trees on either side, very suggestive of Bournemouth. Another ten minutes' walk brought us to Croydon-common. Passing the recreation ground, alongside the waterworks, we soon found a path that led us parallel with the line to East Croydon Station.—*Friday, July 3rd.*—Committee meeting at 8.30 p.m.—*Saturday, July 4th.*—German Exhibition, meet at Mansion House 3 p.m.—*Saturday, July 11th.*—Boating (Ramble). We hope to start punctually at 2.30 p.m. from Radley's boat-house, Lea Bridge. The nearest railway station is Hackney, from whence you may get an omnibus to the boat-house.—*Saturday, July 18th.*—Crystal Palace. Meet at London Bridge at 3 p.m. sharp.

A MCKENZIE } Hon. Secs.
W. POCKETT }

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.—*Director:* MR. H. H. BURDETT. The Gymnasium will remain open during the summer. One night only (Tuesday) each week will be reserved for the men at a charge of 1s. 6d. per term, which sum includes locker fee. The members of the Swedish team have each received a beautiful bronze medal from Stockholm.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.—*President:* Sir J. H. JOHNSON; *Vice-President:* C. E. OSBORN, Esq. A committee meeting was held on Thursday, June 18th, when the following racing rules were made by the committee:—

1. That all members entering for a race must be prepared to start when called upon; otherwise they will be disqualified.
2. That the conditions of the Clothes Race be as follows: The whole costume to weigh not less than 4 lbs., and shall consist of a hard felt or high hat, coat, vest, and trousers, the hat in no way to be tied on the head.
3. That the condition of the Blindfold Race be as follows: A towel or thick wrapper be tied over the eyes by a committee man, and that no member in the race will be allowed a coach, or to feel his way by the sides of the bath.
4. That no member be allowed to compete in any races of the club whose subscription is in arrears.

Result of Trial Heats of Sixty Yards Race.—Heat 1: Webber 1, Green 2, Crabbe 3, Goodwin 0. Heat 2: Simmonds 1, Tozer 2, Snape 3, Gardner 0. Heat 3: Cockerton 1, F. J. Harvey 2, Goulston 3rd. Heat 4: Ellis 1, Sanderson 2.

Joskey 3, Bilby 0. Will the following members kindly swim over: J. Ashford, W. E. Newman, Drury, Evans, Hobart, Denison, F. Harvey, and Haines. Any student wishing to join above club can do so any Monday or Thursday by applying to the Secretary.
H. ELLIS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—President: NATHANIEL L. COHEN, Esq.—On Saturday last, in glorious weather, the second match on own ground at the Uplands, Walthamstow, was played, and resulted in a win for our opponents. *Unity*: Griffiths, c Hunter, b A. Bowman, 4; Fox, c Williams, b Hunter, 7; Haden, b Hunter, 0; Nye, c and b Bowman, 3; Turprier, b Bowman, 13; J. Cowlin, b Bowman, 4; Sumpner, c Welland, b Holmes, 0; Parkes, b Holmes, 5; Edwards, b Holmes, 4; A. Cowlin, not out, 3; Johnson, b Holmes, 3; extras, 23; total 69. *People's Palace*: A. Bowman, b Sumpner, 0; F. Hunter, b Parkes, 14; E. Francis, b Sumpner, 0; C. Bowman, b Sumpner, 4; J. Williams, c Johnson, b Sumpner, 0; H. Welland, c Edwards, b Parkes, 0; J. Williamson, b Sumpner, 0; Orchard, b Sumpner, 2; Holmes, b Sumpner, 4; P. Turtle, not out, 3; Dulake, b Sumpner, 0; extras, 5; total 32. *Bowling analysis*: A. Bowman, 26 runs, 4 wickets, 22 overs, 8 maidens; F. Hunter, 12 runs, 2 wickets, 11 overs, 5 maidens; Holmes, 8 runs, 4 wickets, 6.3 overs, 2 maidens.—The team for to-morrow *versus* Lambeth Unity, at Walthamstow, will be A. Bowman (captain), J. Phillips, C. Bowman, E. Francis, J. Williams, Holmes, White, McDougall, Adkins, Butterworth, P. Turtle; reserves, Claridge and Williamson.
F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL v. IVANHOE.—The above match was played on Saturday, the 20th inst., at Upton Park, in very favourable weather. The ground was wretched to play on, being more like a ploughed field. The Ivanhoe C.C. going in, kept at the wickets till 118 had been reached. Of these, a great many were byes. The Palace boys following were dismissed for 32 runs (Ramsden, 7, being the highest score). The Ivanhoe C.C. thus won by 86 runs.
F. PAGE, Secretary.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor: Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A. We give a concert in the Queen's Hall on Saturday, July 11th. The programme will consist of the "Woman of Samaria," and a miscellaneous selection. Our excursion will take place on Saturday, July 4th. The competition is postponed till later in the season, as many of the members found they could not be ready at the date announced. The concert by the select choir in the Queen's Hall, on June 20th, passed off very successfully, though it was unfortunate that so few sopranos were present, as the parts were not properly balanced and the choir could not do itself justice. Miss Carter and Miss Wade were heard to great advantage in the duet "I waited for the Lord," and Mr. Driscoll and Mr. Firth gave their songs in capital style. The singing of the choir was loudly applauded, and in "The Ash Grove" the demand for an encore was irresistible.
J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.
J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

HOLIDAY HOME, GORLESTON, YARMOUTH.—Arrangements having been completed, all members and friends desiring to have a "good time" at the sea-side, should apply at once and book dates. Boating parties will be organised (if required) to visit some of the "Broads." To members of the Palace Institute or Clubs, the charge for a week's residence will be 18s. Non-members, £1 1s. per week. Certain weeks will be set apart for young women, who will be charged 15s. per week. Mr. Osborn will give any further information that may be required.

SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1891.—Both Theoretical and Applied Mechanics' results have been received, and lists of successful students will be found on page 403.

WE must congratulate our students and masters on these results. In the 1st subject we have but one failure, with one each Advanced 1st and 2nd; and in the Elementary Stage, 39 1sts, and 28 2nds.

IN Applied Mechanics we take 7 1sts, and 13 2nds Advanced, and 59 1sts, and 35 2nds Elementary, with but 6 failures.

ON Saturday next, at 8 o'clock, Madame Barth is to favour us with a Costume Recital of "Il Trovatore." A crowded house is expected. For particulars, see programme, page 408.

I AM asked by the Secretary of the East End Local Committee of the Hospital Saturday Fund to invite lady members of the Palace to preside at the collection tables for this Fund on Saturday, July 18th. Mr. Osborn will be glad to receive the names of any who would like to help in this good work.

ON Monday next, in the Queen's Hall, Captain Hore F.R.G.S., will give a lecture on "Brightest Africa," and will tell the story of his adventures and work. Lord Kinnaird will occupy the chair, and will be supported by Admiral Grant, C.B., George Clarke, Esq., and others. Mr. B. Jackson, F.C.O., will give an organ recital at 7.45.

THE Girls' Junior Section commenced Lawn Tennis on Wednesday last at Walthamstow, and were all delighted with their outing. The outing will be continued each Wednesday, leaving the Palace at 3.30. Girls wishing to join should apply at the Gymnasium on Saturday evenings at 5 o'clock.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DAY TECHNICAL SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB.—On Monday last, June 22nd, a Special General Meeting was held at 8.30 p.m., in the Lecture Hall, Mr. C. E. Osborn in the chair. After the proposed rules being read, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President: D. A. Low, Esq.; Vice-Presidents: H. H. Burdett, Esq., C. E. Osborn, Esq., and Monsieur Pointin. Committee: C. Atkinson, G. Amor, H. Baines, S. Beirne, C. Cheltnam, W. Palmer, A. C. Plester, and H. Sawden. Secretary: E. J. Wignall. The following clubs will be started as sufficient names are given in:—Chess and Draughts, Football, Harriers, Ramblers, and Swimming; Cricket being now in full swing. It was resolved that the Social Room be opened on Thursday, September 3rd, and that the first Club entertainment be held on Saturday, September 5th. After a vote of thanks being given to the chairman the meeting terminated.—N.B.—Boys of the Day School who are about to leave should take notice of the following advantages they can obtain by joining the above club, the subscription being One Shilling per annum. Attend certain evening classes at half the usual fee. Admission to the Swimming Bath for One Penny. Use of Social Room and Lending Library. Admission to Club Entertainments to be held monthly, on and after September 5th. Admission to Athletic Clubs about to be formed. Intending members can join any Tuesday or Thursday evening at the Schools' Office.
E. J. WIGNALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB: Annual Competition, 1891.—The subjects for our competition are as follows:—
FIGURE—"I've been roaming."
LANDSCAPE—Far from the madding crowd.
STILL-LIFE—A harmony of colour.
DESIGN—A panel.

Prizes of the value of 10s. 1st, and 5s. 2nd, respectively, will be given for Figure, Landscape, Still-life, and Design, and a prize of 7s. for the best aggregate. The committee have this year set apart a prize of the value of £1 for the best sketch sent in for the competition, which sketch will become the property of the club, and it is hoped will become the nucleus of a series of sketches illustrative of the work of the club year by year. The competition will be held on Tuesday, October 13th, and all sketches must be sent in on or before the 10th of October, 1891.
C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

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. Gooch, 11, Well Street, Hackney.
- G. Hind, 295, Mile End Road.
- A. Lamplugh, Harford Street.
- Sullivan, 368, Mile End Road.
- Daniels, 13, Hackney Road.
- Levy, J., 102, Whitehorse Lane.

Result of Science and Art Examinations.

SUBJECT VI.—THEORETICAL MECHANICS.

Advanced, 1st:—Amor, Walter.

Advanced, 2nd:—Draycott, George E.

Elementary, 1st.

- Batcheler, Charles E.
- Baxter, Charles W.
- Belcher, Leon J.
- Blyth, Thomas R.
- Bohli, Percival W.
- Boustead, Robert.
- Bramley, Charles P.
- Bright, Alfred.
- Clark, Arthur.
- Cleverly, George H.
- Collingwood, James.
- Cunningham, Charles J.
- Darling, Henry A.
- Day, Wm. C. H.
- Dowsett, Frank D.
- Dunn, John H.
- Everett, Walter.
- Gairns, John F.
- Gatrill, Arthur F. M.
- Head, Ernest F.
- Heath, Henry W.
- Hine, Philip T.
- Hitchcock, Charles.
- Hett, George C.
- Judd, Alfred E.
- Leys, John.
- McCaffery, James J.
- McMillan, Alfred E.
- Martin, Frank.
- Poole, Victor J.
- Rawlings, Herbert.
- Rossiter, Sidney.
- Sayers, Walter.
- Sherwin, Ernest B.
- Smail, Stephen G.
- Vyse, Thos. M.
- White, Arthur J.
- White, John H.
- Worrow, Isaac.

Elementary, 2nd.

- Abbott, John
- Barralet, Edgar S.
- Bowen, Lewis M.
- Bryan, Peter.
- Capel, Arthur.
- Cockshott, John E.
- Cornish, Philip G.
- Fryer, John E. G.
- Grafton, Edwin H.
- Hardy, John S.
- Hennett, John W.
- Hepburn, Andrew.
- Lyall, John W.
- McCormick, Charles F.
- Merrett, Charles G.
- Parsons, Alfred
- Petersson, Hedvig S.
- Pledge, John R. W.
- Richardson, Wm. J.
- Saxby, Wm. F.
- Shearmur, Ernest R. D.
- Trimming, Edward E.
- Vincent, Wallace.
- Weaver, Albert J.
- Wheeler, Wm. E.
- White, Richard W.
- Williams, William.
- Yetton, Thomas.

Advanced, 1st	1
" 2nd	1
Elementary, 1st	39
" 2nd	28
Failed	1
Total	70

SUBJECT VII.—APPLIED MECHANICS.

Advanced 1st.

- Appleyard, Walter S.
- Ashford, Wm. H.
- Cunningham, Charles J.
- Drawmer, Arthur C.
- Edwards, James G.
- Page, Frederick C. J.
- Wells, Gilbert.

Advanced 2nd.

- Amor, George W.
- Amor, Walter.
- Beirne, Edgar H.
- Beard, Horace W.
- Course, Arthur H.
- Dunn, John H.
- Edmunds, Samuel.
- Grover, Henry C.
- Merritt, George L.
- Pringle, George.
- Robb, John.
- Skinner, Edward W.
- Wild, Alfred C.

Elementary 1st.

- Abbott, John.
- Bright, Alfred.
- Bramley, Charles P.
- Baxter, Charles W.
- Bohli, Percival K.
- Bryan, Peter.
- Belcher, Leon J.
- Broome, Edwin R.
- Baines, Hubert.
- Cleverly, George H.
- Capel, Arthur.
- Clark, Arthur.
- Dowsett, Frank D.
- Darling, Henry A.
- Day, Wm. C. H.
- Everett, Walter.
- Fryer, John E. G.
- Fardell, Charles J.
- Gairns, John F.
- Gatrill, Arthur F. M.
- Gladen, Reginald E.
- Head, Ernest F.
- Hepburn, Andrew.
- Heath, Henry W.
- Hatley, Stephen H.
- Hardy, John S.
- Hamling, Charles A.
- Hine, Philip T.

- Harvey, Frank W.
- Hett, George C.
- Judd, Alfred E.
- Kilmaster, William.
- Lyall, John W.
- Leys, John.
- McCormick, Charles F.
- Martin, Frank.
- May, Thomas J.
- Merrett, Charles G.
- Poole, Victor J.
- Pledge, John R. W.
- Piper, George F.
- Parsons, Alfred.
- Relton, Thomas H.
- Richardson, Wm. J.
- Rawlings, Herbert.
- Robinson, Horace D.
- Reeve, Robt. J. R.
- Sherwin, Ernest B.
- Sayers, Walter.
- Saxby, Wm. F.
- Stables, Robert L.
- Shearmur, Ernest R. D.
- Sherring, Arthur E.
- Tebbot, Wm. S.
- White, Arthur J.
- White, John H.
- White, Richard W.
- Wheeler, William E.
- Weaver, Albert J.

Elementary 2nd.

- Anderson, Wm. P. C.
- Ansell, Chas. T.
- Bacon, John.
- Blyth, Thomas R.
- Boustead, Robert N.
- Bowen, Lewis M.
- Bowles, James.
- Cockshott, John E.
- Collingwood, James.
- Davis Charles A.
- Dear, Bertie.
- Drake, Joseph W. D.
- Gates, Thomas G.
- Gibson, Hamilton R.
- Gutheridge, Stanley.
- Hannam, Francis J.
- Hayes, Alfred J.
- Hewett, John W.
- Hitchcock, Charles.
- Jeffries, Joseph G.
- Keable, Alfred H.
- McMillan, Alfred E.
- Nicholls, John S.
- Ramsden, James V.
- Relf, John.
- Robinson, Arthur.
- Sheppard, Henry K.
- Smail, Stephen G.
- Taylor, Edwin S.
- Vincent, Wallace.
- Vyse, Thos. S.
- Walker, Percy J.
- Watson, Henry E.
- Williams, William.
- Worrow, Isaac.

Advanced 1st	7
" 2nd	13
Elementary 1st	59
" 2nd	35
Failed	6
Total	120

Hints to Young Boxers.

IT is a singular fact that the beginner is almost sure to put himself in an attitude which combines every possible fault. He plants himself firmly, braces up every muscle, and holds his hands high. Now, it is impossible to be too easy and unconstrained, or to let the limbs play too freely. It is only at the moment of striking or parrying that the fist should be clenched tight and the muscles contracted. The left foot should be in advance, with the sole flat on the ground; the right foot about half an ordinary pace in rear, with the heel slightly raised, and the toes in line with the left heel; care being taken not to bring the left foot too far to the right, which would destroy the balance. The knees must be very slightly bent, just as in dancing. And mind carefully that when you advance, the left leg must always step out first; when you retire the right must step back first. When you move to the left the right foot takes the place, the left foot following it. When you move to the right, the left leg is first shifted, then the right. All this is very important, for if the legs and feet get confused, their owner must lose his balance, and become powerless either for attack or defence, and a slight blow will suffice to knock him down. You require to step forwards, backwards, sideways as lightly and quickly as possible, always keeping the right foot in rear of the left. Thus, when you deliver a blow the whole weight of your body is thrown into it; when you receive one, you give to it, as it were, and much of the force is lost. Or, if you step back very smartly, it falls short altogether, while, your left foot being still in advance, you are ready to step up again at the instant and deliver your return before your opponent can recover himself. The left arm must be in advance, playing backwards and forwards easily, the fist about on a level with the centre of the chest. The right arm held across the body, but not stiffly. Keep the chin down and the mouth shut. If you want to know the reason for this last recommendation being printed in italics, you may have your mouth open, just for once, and get somebody to give you a slight tap on the jaw. But you had better take the hint without trying the experiment.—From Cassell's "Book of Sports and Pastimes," for June.

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

THOUGH few of our members go down to the sea in ships except on pleasure bent, most of us are interested in the thousand and one questions involved in the phrase "social regeneration." The point of contact between the ocean and this large present day problem is the recent proposal of the Shipping Federation to give a free life insurance or deferred annuity to every holder of one of their membership tickets. Of course there is nothing new in this so-called free life insurance, but if such a scheme can be practically organized, there seems no question of its desirability; the main point, of course, is that of pounds, shillings, and pence.

It is, of course, a very trite remark that it is safer to cross the Atlantic than to walk the streets of London. In short, the average safety of a sailor's life under the British flag has long been known. The tables of occupational mortality based on our census returns have shown this at every decade, and the confirmation is never wanting in the abstracts given in the annual Casualty Blue Book.

LAST year this was more the case than ever. Notwithstanding the increased number of vessels, the losses were considerably lower as regards both vessels and tonnage than in any of the twelve preceding years, and the losses of life were also below that average. In 1880-81 there were lost 1,310 vessels, with a total tonnage of 348,186; in 1887-88 this had sunk to 906 vessels, with a tonnage of 262,048; in 1888-89 this had further improved to 753 vessels, with a tonnage of 233,708. As with the vessels, so with the lives. For ten years preceding 1886-87 the average per year of lives lost at sea in British vessels all over the globe was 2,584; in 1886-87 the number lost was 3,454; in 1887-88 it was 2,534; in 1888-89 it had become 2,233, and this number was greatly swelled by the 703 native passengers lost in the little *Valtorna* of 64 tons, which went a-missing on a coasting voyage in India. When we consider that during this last year there were afloat over 13,000 British ships, with a combined measurement of nearly 7,000,000 tons, we can cease to wonder at the small premiums at which underwriters are now willing to insure, and at a proposed free life insurance for the men.

FROM the year's returns it would seem that a ship is in most danger when laden with timber, and that she is in almost as dangerous a state when she is in ballast. She is safest when laden with wines and spirits. The smaller she is the more dangerous she is, or rather the most dangerous class of vessel is that between two hundred and three hundred tons; if she is over two thousand tons she is absolutely safe! One of the most remarkable things brought out in the tables is that a ship is in exactly the same danger of collision by day as by night. Half the ships that meet with disasters are from fifteen to thirty years old. Ships have long lives; last year one was lost that was over ninety years old, but she was a sailing barge, that sank from old age in sight of Dawlish beach.

MANY are the eyes that have grown dim while reading the touching story of the little deformed and afflicted child, Paul Dombey. At last Paul was laid on the bed from which he was never to rise; and as he lay he dreamed of a dark river running to the sea: and the boat that bore him glided smoothly on, till a shore was seen, and One stood there. Who stood on the bank? Little Paul saw, and put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. And then the end came, and all was still in the chamber of death, there are few who can help the tears falling over that page written by a master of pathos, even while taking it to be a page of fiction. But it is no imaginary tale, and the original of little Dombey was his own nephew, Harry Burnett, as Charles Dickens himself told his sister, the mother of the boy. Harry had been taken to Brighton, as little Paul is represented to have been; and had there, while lying for hours on the beach with his books, given utterance to thoughts quite as remarkable as those which are put into the lips of Paul Dombey. But little Harry loved his Bible, and he evidently loved Jesus. The child seemed never tired of reading his Bible, and his hymns, and other good books suited to his age; and the bright little fellow was always happy. He died in the arms of one who had been a friend of his mother; and the story of Mrs. Burnett, as well as of her poor little Harry, has been told in a book of records of ministerial life, "Memories of the Past," by the Rev. James Griffin, of Hastings, formerly of Rusholme-road Chapel, Manchester.

NOTICES often appear of the value of land in the City of London. That of ground in the business part of the City of

Glasgow is evinced by the sale of two lots in Buchanan-street, one of 540 square yards for £43,000, or £76 15s. per square yard, and the other of 647 square yards for £35,000, or £54 per square yard.

IN the *Citizen of the World* Oliver Goldsmith tells in a brief anecdote how little the possessor of treasures may sometimes excel in enjoyment the poor passenger by the way. A Chinese mandarin, appearing in a blaze of diamonds, was ostentatiously thanked for them by a bystander in the street. The speech was so odd that the mandarin asked the man what he meant, saying, "I never gave you any of them." "No," replied the man, "but you have let me look at them, and looking at them is all the use you can make of them yourself; so that there is no difference between us, except that you have the care and trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I do not much desire."

IN a return recently made to the United States Government of the statistics of the Patent office at Washington, we learn that, from 1790 to July 1, 1888, there were 2,300 patents taken out by women. They embrace all subjects, from dress-improvers to submarine telescopes. For ten years before 1815 there were only two or three female patentees, but every decade since has shown a rapid increase. Probably in last year alone there were nearly 200.

THE charm of London at this season can scarcely be exaggerated. It is no longer the gloomy, unlovely city of Oliver Twist and of the forties. Democratic ideas, enlightenment, and intercourse with the continent have changed all this, and now London, at least London west of Charing Cross (and usually we judge a city by its best side), is perhaps, one of the most delightful and cheapest cities in the world. Palatial public buildings and mansions have risen on every side. New avenues have been opened up, scientific horticulture has embellished the parks, and nowhere are the capabilities of window-gardening better shown. City squares and grave-yards, within the memory of some of us receptacles for battered tins and refuse, have been transformed into attractive gardens, where children play and the weary take their ease. Everywhere you recognise a change from the gloomy Puritanism of the past to the growing conviction that life ought to be embellished and enjoyed. The inhabitants, however, in the streets and parks are what most impress the visitor with an indescribable sense of the well-being of London. The very flower of material civilisation is before him, all that wealth and art and training can effect to adorn life, where, for the most part, struggle and want and sin and sorrow are thrust aside. Contemplating the array of youth and beauty and rank, superbly mounted, among the spring foliage in the bright morning sunshine on Rotten Row, the brilliant line of equipages on the drive in the afternoon, refinement and grace sweeping in their carriages to the levée and drawing-room, one is tempted to feel, for the moment, as if this were true life. All that is best in learning is to be found in the libraries of London; all that is most renowned and exquisite in art can be studied in its museums and galleries. At this centre of the most travelled and exploring of peoples, a kaleidoscope of exhibitions and a going and coming of bronzed travellers bring other nations close to us. And over all this is the consciousness of power and dominion. We have before us a greater than Rome. We are at the main-spring of the most extensive empire the world has ever seen, exercising through modern science a direct, immediate, and unquestioned rule, such as was never imagined in former centuries. Above and through all, there is paganism enough, but it is revealed less in the degradation of the poor crossing-sweepers and the worn, anxious-looking flower-girls and small dealers, crowding many of the thoroughfares, than in the hard faces and demeanour of the faultlessly-dressed aristocratic men who throng the pavements in the vicinity of the clubs.

M. LOUIS NAVES, in a masterly article in the *Revue de Belgique* on the causes and consequences of the Colonial greatness of England, says:—"The Anglo-Saxon race is specially distinguished by two admirable qualities: moral vigour (or energy of will) and the predominance of practical (common) sense. The qualities which distinguish especially the English, the Americans of the United States, and the British Australians are special to these peoples. (The Gauls, the Germans, and the Slavs have special qualities which are more or less wanting in the Anglo-Saxons, but no one has ever pointed out moral vigour or practical sense as being the fundamental principle of the morals of these nations.) It is on these two solid foundations, much more than on the physical conditions formally pointed out, that the whole edifice of British greatness is built up. Moral vigour is visible in every act of an Englishman, even the most insignificant one."

Negro Sermons.

QUASHIE delights in nothing more than grandiloquent and exuberant verbosity of speech. This trait of his character is so well known, and has been so frequently described, that it would be superfluous to dwell upon the subject in detail. Suffice it to say that he will deliberately use high-sounding words and phrases without the slightest conception of their meaning. Very odd, too, at times, are the sermons of negro ministers, large numbers of whom are as illiterate as their congregations.

The *Boston Congregationalist*, the leading organ of a large and influential body, edited for many years by the scholarly Rev. Dr. H. M. Dexter, recently gave a series of quotations, vouched for as authentic and literal, from sermons by coloured preachers. Some of the least indecorous and offensive may be quoted. One was delivered in the Fourth African Baptist church, Magnolia-street, New Orleans. The speaker, like most of his race, had the habit of using large and sounding words, without any regard to their meaning. However incredible the following may appear, its accuracy is pledged by the reporter:—"Now I jess want to say one word 'bout de renovations ob God's powah by means ob His felicitudes. Fust, dah is de chronolg' ob His felicitudes. When de temple was a bein' rebuilt, dey used iron, an' wood, an' stone, an' marble, an' all oder kin's ob prescriptions. Secon', dah is de planetary systems ob God's felicitudes. De Amorites, an' de Levi's, an' de Antediluvians—dey didn' fully un'erstan' dis. Dey libed in er age ob ignorance. We has no 'scuse fo' not knowin.' I'm sho' you all knows; but ef dah's any one as *don't*, let him come to me, an' I'll tell him de books to read on dis subject." The complacent, assuring nods of the audience assured him that the matter was quite lucid, so he continued, "Thirdly, dah is de 'stronomy ob God's felicitudes." And on he went, shouting at the top of his voice, without a breathing place, or a trace of connection between the anomalous and meaningless sentences that issued from his mouth like shots from a Gatling gun.

At another coloured church, also in New Orleans, the preacher, discoursing on "Dis am de place ob a skull," began with an account of Cleopatra and her asp, referring to the latter as "not simply painful, but worthy, brederin', fearful worthy." Then followed a description of "de goddess Beulah," and the civilisation of Babylon. One of the apostrophes, delivered with passionate vehemence, ran thus: "Man is lost in his own destiny. Some is lost by suasions, an' some by impo'tations. Yo' know, my brederin', dat it says somewhar in Habbakuk dat us as is livin' in sealed houses should come out ob 'em by 'scalded' houses is meant kalsomined houses, in dis connection."

The meaningless fluency of too many a negro preacher's language, and the utter irrelevancy of what he often says, are illustrated in one more extract: "Brederin', I see dis gospel ship in dangah! De capen runs down an' looks at his watah gauge, an' den he shouts out to de boatswain on de deck: 'Hey, dar! Hitch on to de snap anchor; an' to de kedje anchor; an' to de bowah anchor! Fo' I've tuck a squint 'twixt de mainmas' an' de topsail, an' I sees deys a great harrycane a comin' right down on dis yere ocean! An', my brederin', ef it hadn't a been fo' de snap anchor, and de kedje anchor, an' de bowah anchor, dar'd a been a wrack on this yere ocean. As 'twas, that ship done e'en-a-most tipped clean ovah.' The same preacher repeatedly used such curious expressions as: "I deman' my soul into your keepin';" "I hope, brederin', dat you'se civilised to dis fac';" "de Christian area" (era); and, "I axe dis ordinance ef what I've jess said ain't so."

THE bank gives a debtor three days' grace. God makes it an eternity.

THE law of things is that they who tamper with veracity, from whatever motive, are tampering with the vital force of human progress.

How to Make a Child's Dress out of a Yard of Print at a Cost of 6½d.

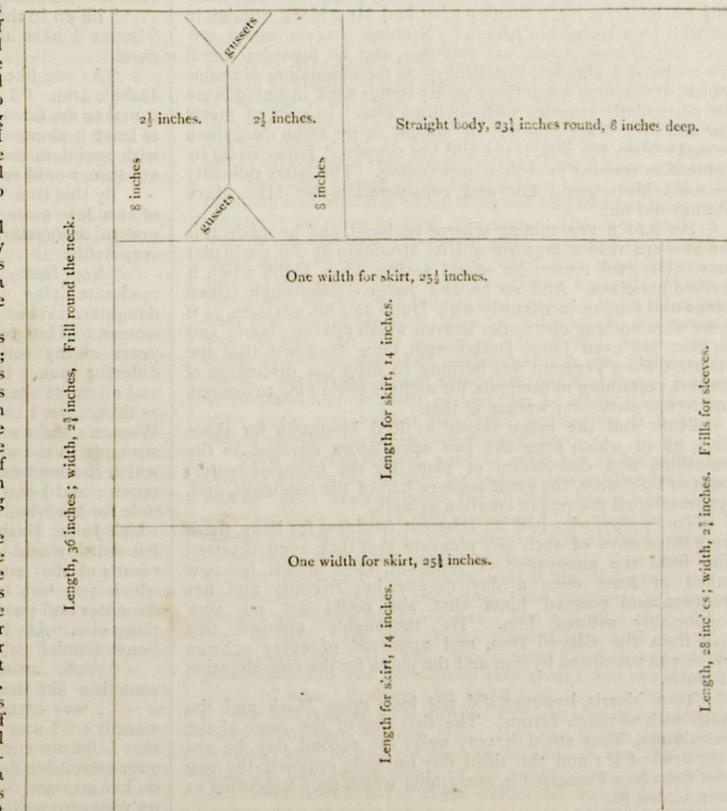
A yard of print = 36 inches long and 31 inches broad.

HERE is a wrinkle which no doubt will be of value to not a few of our members. It sounds almost too marvellous, but from a man's point of view the measurements seem to work out all right, and it is not every day that one can be shown how to make a child's dress out of one yard of print for 6½d., including tape and cord. I do not know to whom the credit is due of thinking out this useful and ingenious piece of work, but I came across it in the summer number of the *Girls' Own Paper* (Religious Tract Society), and forthwith thought it good enough to transfer to these pages.

One of the most ingenious and economical specimens of work which has come under my notice is that of making a charming little dress for a child out of one yard of print. Not a thread too much nor a thread too little will be found in this length.

Every yard of ordinary print is thirty-one inches wide, and the cost of it fivepence three-farthings; this, with a penny for cord and tape, includes every expense, and a prettier little dress than is made of this it would be difficult to find. It can be made in two or three hours by those who have sewing-machines, the only parts necessary to be done by hand being the making and putting in of the tiny gussets. There can be no mistake in cutting it out if the directions on the following diagram be strictly followed.

Having the yard of print before you, with the selvage on either side, you proceed to measure two and three-quarter inches from left selvage and tear it off the whole yard length. This forms the frill to go round the neck. Measure the same width, viz., two and three-quarter inches from the right selvage, but do not tear it up the whole yard—only for twenty-eight inches from the bottom, or part nearest you. This being divided into two will make the frills for the sleeves. Now from the top take off eight inches; this will make the straight body and sleeves. You now have a length of twenty-eight inches and a width of twenty-five and a half inches. This, being divided into two lengths of fourteen inches, makes the skirt. The hem at the bottom of the skirt should be about two and a half inches deep. The frills have a fine cord run through the centre."



The Red Mountain Mines.

(Continued from page 392).

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Dubb was the only exception to this. He did not like Don Altana. And yet, before this same Don Altana had found it discreet and healthy to call himself by some other name than Mark Stanley, Dubb had been devotedly fond of him.

Perhaps the invisible taint of blood on Mark Stanley's hands made the difference. Anyhow, while others chanted the virtues and perfections of Don Altana, Dubb regarded him with distrust.

Mark saw this, and could not account for it. Sometimes he thought that it was because his mask had not deceived Dubb; and then he would feel unsafe and insecure and wish that Dubb was dead. Yet Dubb was the one man against whom Mark Stanley, hardened as he was regarding everyone else, could not raise his hand. It was a subject which he did not like to let himself think about; and yet, deep down in his heart, Mark Stanley knew perfectly well that he would suffer himself to be found out and hanged before he would harm a hair of Dubb's head. He could no more understand it than he could understand why Dubb disliked the man as Don Altana whom he had loved as Mark Stanley; and Mark soon decided that the two were both pieces of the same puzzle; and it was the only bit of mysticism which, hard materialist as he was, he would allow himself to indulge in.

There was one thing which he did understand, without an atom of difficulty—he loved Mary, and he wanted to marry her. That he could eventually win Dubb's consent he had no doubt. He felt that his social position assured him of that. Dubb, he knew, did not set much store by social laws; and yet even Dubb could scarcely refuse the hand of his daughter to an eligible man without some grave or important reason; and Mark was quite positive that Dubb cherished no such reason.

If he did, he should have a chance to deliver himself of it, at once.

In deciding upon making overtures for the hand of Mary, Mark gave no thought to the girl whom, nearly nineteen years before, he had married in Vermont. She might be living, and she might be dead; it was immaterial to him which way it was. She was simply the wife of Mark Stanley; and now that there was no longer a Mark Stanley what had Mrs. Mark Stanley to do with Don Hernando Altana? Nothing that he could see. Civil law, at least, would not interfere, and he regarded moral law as he did classical mythology—as the emanation of brains which, at the time when these pretty things were invented, were not particularly crowded with anything else. In spite of moral law and Mrs. Mark Stanley, he should invite some clergyman to make Mary his wife, if she and her supposed father could be induced to consent to such a proceeding. The latter difficulty troubled him—moral law and consideration for Mrs. Mark Stanley did not.

He had a new mining scheme on hand, and he made this the outward reason for visiting Red Mountain at this particular time. His real reason he would spring upon Dubb when it seemed judicious. And so he and Judge Desborough talked mines and mining incessantly with Dubb and his advisers, as if there were nothing else under heaven worth talking about; and no one, not even Judge Desborough, once imagined that the Spaniard from Vermont was burning to drop the discussion of matters pertaining to minerals, for matters pertaining to woman, and to one particular woman at that.

Mark and the judge stayed at Red Mountain for three days, all of which time the two speculators devoted to the exposition and elaboration of plans for the financial betterment of California, the great western half of the continent, and, apparently, all the rest of creation as well.

To Droopy, who had an inherent fondness for lions, these were three days of such rare pleasure that they even diverted him from the annoyance of Millicent, upon whom he now called at least once a day, despite her frigidity and her frequent and pointed hints that she could get on very comfortably without him. He thoroughly enjoyed this visit from the alleged Don, and approved of every scheme which was submitted by him and the judge for the consideration of Dubb.

Tom Morris, however, did not look upon Mark and the judge with so much favour. The first day of the siege of the speculators, Tom stood it very well; the second day he got very tired of it; and the third day he flatly opposed the two men from San Francisco in everything which they suggested or even hinted at.

As usual, Dubb thought for himself; or, rather, he exercised that unthinking but sagacious instinct of his, which always

governed and directed him. He listened patiently, because he was never impatient; he was self-possessed, because nothing ever excited him; he was respectful, because there is every reason for doubting that he knew how to be otherwise. In the afternoon of the third day of the business conference with Mark and the judge, Dubb suddenly arose from his desk while the judge was in the midst of an harangue upon the advantages of certain combinations which he had been zealously advocating ever since his arrival at Red Mountain. When the judge had finished,—and justice enforces the admission that his remarks were considerably abbreviated, because his principal auditor was standing,—Dubb moved slowly towards the door.

"They be no use of our sayin' all these 'ere things over again," he said, quietly. "These things as you tells me about am all right, I s'pose; but they am not jest quite exactly in my way. All the money as I wants, I can git out o' the mines what we be now workin'. These fixin's o' yourn pays, in course, or you an' yer frien' wouldn't be workin' at 'em all the hull time. They might pay me, too; I might make more outen them nor I do outen the mine; an' I might make it faster, too; but while I can get good outen the mine, I guesses as how I won't do no dickerin' in nothin' else."

And then Dubb opened the door.

Tom Morris was glad; Droopy felt as if he was being cheated out of some of his personal rights; Judge Desborough felt chagrined; Mark Stanley was jubilant; it was just the chance he had longed for; it was exactly what he wanted.

"Senor Dubb is right," he said, springing to his feet; "Senor Dubb is perfectly right. The mines and their operation he thoroughly understands; his success proves that. Syndicate and corporation management he does not understand. He knows human nature well enough to be sure that if he embarks in any scheme with us, our personal interests will come first and foremost with us. To him, investing with us is like storing money in a powder-magazine, which may, or may not, blow up. So he is wisest to keep out; and I heartily congratulate him on his common sense."

"Good Lord!" groaned Judge Desborough; "you've completely broken the camel's back, now."

But Mark hurried past the judge and joined Dubb at the door.

"Come on, Senor Dubb," he said; "we will go to the hotel, and bury this hatchet, forever, in the best wine which Red Mountain affords."

"I'll go to the hotel with yer, Don Altanner," said Dubb, "but ye'll have ter drink alone. Drinkin' never does me no good."

"As you like," responded Mark, slipping one hand through Dubb's arm. "I use too much wine, and I realise it every day: it makes me fat and beastly; and yet I haven't sense enough to leave it alone. Sometimes I think that an unrestrained man, with social tastes, is the lowest order of animal; no beast, I am sure, would so abase and abuse himself as a man does."

By this time they were out of hearing of the office; and, after a few more brief remarks on the too frequent and too general association of man and wine, Mark changed the subject very deftly:

"You, Senor Dubb, have an incentive to cleanliness and moderate living which I wholly lack. I refer to your lovely daughter. What wouldn't a man do for the sake of such a woman? Had one like her been in my household all these years of my selfish bachelorhood, I would now be a very different man. Upon this possible, but non-existent, adored and adorable she, I should have lavished the affections which, as things are, I have wasted on stocks and syndicates and wine. Woman's influence, for good or for bad, Senor Dubb, is the strongest in the world. It is love for your charming daughter which has kept you clean, all these years, in this land of temptation; and I saw plainly, half an hour ago, that it was solicitude for her which kept you from risking money in the ventures which Judge Desborough and I so imperfectly described. You felt that it would be wrong to open to danger any portion of the results of that success which is the marvel of the State, and which you owe to the mutual love and pride between your daughter and yourself, more than you do to any one or to anything else. Am I not right? Have I not guessed the truth, Senor Dubb?"

"Well," answered Dubb, "I can't say but what it am somethin' like that."

"I was certain of it!" exclaimed the pseudo-Spaniard, warmly; "I was convinced of it, an hour ago. Strange it is that I did not guess it before: I have seen so much of you and your admirable daughter. You have worked three times harder on her account, Senor Dubb, than you would ever have worked on your own account. Ah, such women are the making of men. You cannot, not having always known me, comprehend the awful, the pitiable distance between what I am and what I

would have been with a wife or daughter like this glorious woman for whom you have so zealously toiled. Even now it would not be too late; for I well know my every vice and fault, and I well know that I could cast them all off and abandon them forever if only there was some loving and idolized woman to make the effort for. Holy Virgin! how changed I would be! By why do I tell you all this? why do I speak so freely, and unbosom myself so completely, when it can do me no good, and when, really, this lump of lead in my heart will be all the heavier now because someone shares my secret longing with me? I scarcely know what has set me talking so to you, Senor Dubb, unless it is because you give and receive that love which is the sole recompense for life, and which, though it may always be yours, can never be mine.

"Why not?" asked Dubb; and it was the very question for which Mark was fishing.

"Why not? You ask, why not?" he returned, with affected pain, which was quite as pathetic as if it had been genuine. "But, Senor Dubb, of course the question is natural, since you do not wholly understand me. Listen: I love a woman whom I have seen grow into her present magnificence from an equally splendid childhood. Her adored image has increased its stature in my heart, just as her beautiful reality has increased in the bosom of her father's home. For five years I have loved her, and each year I love her more and more; until now the mention of her name arrests me in whatever evil I may hold in contemplation. But my love is hopeless, it must ever be hopeless; because she is the light of her father's eye, his sole joy, and the pride of his heart. His life, without her, would be as dead and empty as mine is now. Could I, then, be cruel enough to make his pain my happiness? Would I not be a brute to ask him for the dearest treasure of his life?"

"It am nat'ral for women to git married," replied the unsuspecting Dubb. "You oughter talk it over with him."

"Senor Dubb, you make me happy. I—I love your daughter."

CHAPTER XVII.

MARY was sitting in her parlour, that night, talking with Walter Morris. Books, as usual, were the subject, but not the object of the conversation. Walter, in the month which had slipped away since he first saw Mary, had constantly grown more and more fond of her. How fond, he did not know; he had never had any affairs of the heart, and so he did not realise how great was her unconscious hold upon him. With Mary it was much the same. Love, beyond the kind of love which she bore Dubb and Morris and Droopy, was a wholly unintelligible condition to her,—at least, by any tangible name. She knew that she found Walter Morris agreeable; that everything which he said and did pleased her; and that she missed him, more than she missed anyone else, whenever he was away from her. That there was any element of love in this, or that love could, by any possibility, be a result of it; never once entered her head.

There was no whit of sentimentality in either of them; and romancing, about each other, or about anything else, was entirely out of their province. Each was content and satisfied with present enjoyment; and neither gave their possible or probable future any thought.

It mattered little to them what they talked about so long as they talked; and so books, generally, were the excuse which they made for delighting each other's ears with the sound of each other's voices,—as it was when Dubb came in from his unexpected conversation with Mark concerning Mary.

He had often found them together in this way, and he was always glad of it, they always seemed to be enjoying themselves so thoroughly. Blind as they were to the fact that they were learning to love each other, they were no blinder to it than Dubb was; had it been otherwise, Mary would never have known that Don Altana had that night asked for the honour of her hand. Dubb was so fond of her, so thoroughly in earnest in his desire to add to her happiness, that he would have instantly consented to her marriage with whomever she wanted to call husband,—whether it was Walter Morris, Don Altana, or an Ethiopian. But Dubb had not the slightest suspicion that anything could ever make Mary and Walter Morris anything more than friends to each other. On the other hand he was so fond of Tom that nothing else would have suited him quite so well as to see Mary married to Tom's son; but this was something which he had regarded as entirely out of the question. Eastern people, he knew, generally looked down upon Western people; and he had no doubt that Walter, coming to Red Mountain, as he had, with an Eastern training, considered Mary his inferior. Truly enough, he gave Mary a great deal of his time; but that, Dubb thought, was because Mary was the only woman at Red Mountain who cared anything about the things which interested Walter. Dubb thought this very kind in

Walter, and was genuinely grateful to him for showing Mary so much attention. Nothing could have made him believe that Walter meant this for anything beyond courteous attention to his father's pupil. And as for Mary, Dubb did not believe that she had ever given love a thought.

Entering the parlour, he said,—
"Mary, I want ter see ye, jest a minute; Mr. Morris won't mind."

Mary followed him out of the room. They went together into the cosy little den which was now her study and library; though for many years it had been her schoolroom.

It was the first time within her recollection that Dubb had ever wanted to say anything to her which he had not been perfectly willing to say in the presence of whoever might be around. The unusual proceeding of calling her out filled her with misgivings, for a moment; but she banished them when, stopping in the middle of the little room and facing her, he began stroking her hair,—the caress which he most frequently indulged in.

"What is it, papa? Are ye displeased with me for anything?" she asked, smilingly.

"No, child, it ain't that; they's somebody what wants ter marry ye,—when ye gits ready. I guesses ye like 'im, too. It's Don Altanner."

"Don Hernando Altana; He wants to marry me!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; an' I kinder though it 'ould be good news to yer; it allus seemed ter me as if ye liked him a good deal."

"So I do, papa; so I do; he is a very fascinating man and I like him immensely; but I had never thought of him in that way, nor of anyone else. I had never thought of being a wife at all."

"In course ye hadn't, dearie; in course ye hadn't; I knowed that the hull time. Ye needn't, ef ye don't want to; 'cause nobody ain't goin' to make yer do nothin' ag'in yer will."

"It is so new and strange to me, papa; I don't know what I want. You must let me think about it a little. But isn't he a great deal older than I am?"

"Bout twenty year; but that don't make no matter, I s'pose. In course, think about it; take all the time yer wants. I'm goin' out, now; an' you better run back an' stay with Walter; he am a nice feller, Walter am. Don't hurry none about Don Altanner; ef he don't know ter-morrer, afore he goes home, he can be writ to; an' that'll do jest as well."

And then Dubb went away and left her. With the swiftness of lightning, Mary's thoughts went over all the contingencies of the case as they then occurred to her. Somehow, in doing this, she entirely excluded Walter Morris from her thoughts. For the time being, he had dropped out of her memory, out of her existence, and she thought only of Don Altana and Dubb.

She had known Don Altana ever since when, as a little child, he had held her on his knee and had told her fairy-stories, whenever he came to Red Mountain. That went back to the time when she was five years old; and since then she had never had a recollection of him which was not pleasant. He was a man whose society she had always enjoyed. When she was grown up, and was too old and too large to be taken on his knee and held in his arms, after the old way, she was sorry. It was, in fact, the first sorrow of her childish heart—the first thing, so far as she could remember, that she had ever cried about. And many a time, since then, she had looked longingly at him, and had earnestly wished that he would take her in his arms again and tell her delightful stories, just as he used to, before she had grown so provokingly large.

And he did, indeed, want to take her in his arms again, and tell her—well, perhaps far sweeter stories than he had ever told her yet. Had he loved her all these years, when she was growing from a child into a woman? It must be; and her cheeks glowed and her eyes glistened with grateful tears. He loved her; this dark, handsome, fascinating man loved her; and her heart gave an exultant leap at the thought. But did she love him? She did not know. She could not tell, because she did not know what love was. She was sure that she was fond of him. He had always pleased her, and had always entertained her. He was, too, a fine, elegant, and polished gentleman, and was considered very great; and she should be proud of him. Perhaps she loved him, too, but did not know it: she had read of such things; and she was certain that she could soon learn to love him. He was going home in the morning, and he had not even once called on her, this time—a thing he had never failed to do before; and all, probably, because he feared that it would embarrass her, if her decision happened to be against him.

(To be continued.)

PROGRAMME OF COSTUME RECITAL OF VERDI'S GRAND TRAGIC OPERA

" IL TROVATORE "

(English version by kind permission of C. JEFFERYS, Esq.)

To be given on SATURDAY, JUNE 27th, 1891, at Eight o'clock, under the Direction of

MADAME ALICE BARTH (of the "Carl Rosa" Grand Opera Company),

Who will be assisted by the following Artistes:—MR. CHAS. FISHER (of the Carl Rosa "Carmen" Company), MR. ST. GEORGE (of the principal London Theatres), MADAME LUCY FRANKLEIN (Royal English Opera Company), and MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP (of the "Dorothy" and "T. W. Turner" Opera Companies).

CONDUCTOR MR. A. MASI.

Costumes by E. J. SMITH & Co.

Wigs by C. Fox.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Manrico	MR. CHARLES FISHER	Il Conte di Luna	MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP
Ferrando	MR. ST. GEORGE	AND	
Azucena	MADAME LUCY FRANKLEIN	Leonora	MADAME ALICE BARTH

Musical Director to the People's Palace

Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

ARGUMENT.

Revenge is the mainspring of the action of "Il Trovatore." An old gipsy woman is seized and burnt alive for having bewitched the Count di Luna's infant son. Azucena, the daughter of the gipsy, to be revenged, steals the Count's son and burns him, as she fancies, on the same pile with her mother. She is horrified, however, at finding she has thrown her own child by mistake into the flames. The desire for vengeance becomes the sole object of her life. The Count's child is brought up as her own under the name of Manrico. As he advances in years, he distinguishes himself in the wars, and carries off the prize at a tournament, where he is crowned by Leonora, with whom he falls in love, and who loves him in return. The reigning Count di Luna, elder brother of the stolen child, is also in love with Leonora, who rejects him for Manrico, which fires the Count's jealousy. A report of Manrico's death reaches Leonora, who resolves to pass her days in a convent. The Count attempts to carry her off, when Manrico interposes and prevents him. The castle in which the lovers find shelter is stormed by the Count and taken, and Manrico, being made prisoner, is condemned to die. Azucena is apprehended, and, being recognized as the gipsy who burnt the Count's brother, is adjudged to be burnt alive. In exchange for her lover's pardon, Leonora promises her hand to the Count, but, to prevent the marriage, takes poison. She flies to the prison to liberate Manrico, who, suspecting the terms by which his freedom is secured, rejects her offer. Too late he discovers she has sacrificed herself for him. The Count, infuriated by the deceit practised upon him, orders Manrico to instant execution, and leads Azucena to behold her son's decapitation. His exultation is converted into horror when told that the victim is his own brother, and the gipsy is avenged for her mother's murder.

The scene is laid in Biscay, and Arragon.

[NOTE.—Madame Barth will give as much of the music of the Opera as is complete in itself without chorus.]

* Owing to the limited nature of the space at our command, we have been compelled to omit the words of some of the recitatives. Asterisks are placed to indicate where this has been done.

ACT I.

Scene I. Exterior of the Count's Fortress.

Recit. and Air. FERRANDO.

Arouse ye! * * * * *

Air.

Count di Luna had two sons, on whom he doated,
They were his pride, his glory;
Oft thro' the long night watch'd a nurse devoted,
From her I heard the story.
One fatal morn her watch she still was keeping,
'Twas at the dawn of day,
When she saw beside the child as it lay sleeping,
Saw, oh, horror! how can I say?
There stood a Zingara, gazing all spiteful.
Clad in her magic robes, ghastly and frightful.
Fiercely her keen eyes stern watch were keeping,
Where lay the infant peacefully sleeping.
Horror! that loud shriek roused all around from their
slumbers,
Forth rushed the household boldly in their numbers.
Avaunt thee, thou vile witch!

They roared in their anger,
While louder and louder
Grew the rude clangour.
Old hag of mischief,
Wilt thou not vanish?
And thus, with hard blows,
The old witch they banish
In her despair!

* * * * *

Soon to the dread stake
(Beldam) they bound her,
Wildly the fierce flames
Gather'd around her.
Daughter, avenge me!
Spare not, but slaughter.
Still cried the mother,
Vengeance, my daughter!
Never had mother
So vile an avenger,
Never ran daughter
For vengeance such danger.
Wailing and weeping
Then filled up the morrow;
Alas for that infant!
Poor child of sorrow;
Hapless infant! ah, me!
Where they were dying;

Oh, horror! there the bones
Of the child were lying.
* * * * *

An owl on the housetop
Now hooting or howling;
She changes before you
A black cat is prowling,
You gaze, and a vampyre
Its huge wings is shaking.
You start, all hath vanished
For daylight is breaking;
With terror, one poor soul
Beheld her at night,
He trembled with horror
And died with the fright.
She came to his chamber,
Blue flames gathered round him,
He shrieked in his terror,
And lifeless they found him;
They saw not the beldam
Yet heard they her howling,
Afar off it echoed;
'They listen'd, 'twas gone;
The bell of the mid-night
Was suddenly tolling!

[Exeunt all.]

SCENE 2.—The Gardens of the Palace.

Aria and Cabaletta.—LEONORA.

'Twas night, and all around was still
The clear blue sky was beaming,
On placid lake and gentle rill,
The silver moon was gleaming;
Then came a whisper like a sigh,
Forth from the night wind stealing,
Swelling into a melody,
That thrilled me with its feeling.
Spellbound I stood, and heard again
The tender sadness of that strain
Sung by the Troubadour.
As in devotion there he knelt
And poured forth each impassioned tone,
With tears mine eyes began to melt,
A name he breath'd, it was my own.
I to my chamber lattice flew,
I listened, I gazed enraptured,
Oh, what ecstatic joy was mine,
All that my heart would fain enshrine,
The look of love, the fervent prayer,
All that I dreamt of 'bless'd me there.
To tell of love so glowing
The voice may strive for ever,
But vain is each endeavour.
Ah! would my heart could speak,
On him my life bestowing,
Our fates shall be united,
The vow my lips have plighted,
I'll die, I'll die, before I break.

(Enter the Count.)

Recit.

How still the night is!

* * * * *

Air.—MANRICO (behind the scenes).

Lonely I wander the wide world o'er
Ever with fortune and fate at war.
Sighing for one kind heart
To bless the Troubadour.
O vile one! oh madness!
Ah, that so happy a lot were mine
Then would I never again repine,
What could the world give more
To bless the Troubadour.

Count
Man.

Recit. and Trio.

Count If I err not, she approaches!
Leo. Soul of my being, the hour is late
Yet every moment hath still been sadly numbered
By these impulsive throbbings,
And yet at last, fate hath pitied me,
And love hath brought me to thine arms.
Man. Oh, false one! [Enters.]
Leo. That voice here!
Ah! if my tongue hath err'd
Blame ye the darkness only
To thee it was I spake each word,
To thee so loved, so lonely;
To thee alone, believe me,
For worlds I'd not deceive thee;
Thus on my knees I swear, love,
To live or die for thee.

Count No! Hate and rage have into madness lashed me,
Spurn'd, despised, unto the death I dare thee!
Blood alone can quench my raging fury,
Blood alone appease the hate I bear thee.
In my presence thy rash vows are plighted,
Thou my pow'r hast dar'd defy,
For the words which thou hast spoken
He shall die, yes, he shall die!
Leo. For one moment by reason be guided,
Thus with passion why art thou raging,
Since I only have roused thee to fury?
Why this strife with him art thou waging?
Here, then, strike now in thine anger;
Strike! thy pow'r I yet will defy,
Know, then, rather than living I'd love thee
I would scorn thee, abjure thee, and die.
Man. I defy thee, vain is thy fury,
Quickly shalt thou thy life surrender;
He whose heart is by her love inspir'd
Shall be ever her true defender.
In thy fury thou dar'st me to battle,
To the combat I do thee defy,
She I love shall be mine and for ever,
Thou art doomed by my hand to die!

End of Act I.

ACT II.

Scene I. The Gipsies' Encampment.

Canzone.—AZUCENA.

Fierce flames are raging,
Loud clamour fills the air.
Mad crowds rush forward,
Eager for horrors there.
Hark to their wild shouts,
List to that piercing cry.
Poor, friendless gipsy,
Ah! must she thus die?
Flames close around her
While fiercely they rise,
Writhing with torture
Her loud shrieks reach the skies.

There roars the burning pyre,
There stands the doomed one
Demons exulting!
Laugh at each deep groan,
Howling like wild beasts
Yet in her agony,
From hillside to side,
Echoes her death cry.
Flames around her, etc.

Recit. and Duetto. AZUCENA and MANRICO.

Man. We're alone now!

* * * * *

Azu. In galling fetters they bound her,
And to the dread stake they brought her,
With my dear babe I follow'd weeping,
Vainly I sought her, with vile blows they onward
drove her,
Rude crowds did backward press me
And taunting her in her misery,
In vain she strove to bless me,
Soldiers pierced her with their lances,
Her cry for mercy spurning,
They bound her to the fatal pile,
They mock'd her while 'twas burning.
At last in bitter anguish,
Revenge, revenge, she cried!
That word's eternal echoes
Reminds me how she died.

Man. Thou did'st avenge her.

Azu. Yes, yes, I stole the child of Count di Luna,
There to the fire I bore him,
I stir'd up the dying embers,
Man. The fire, oh heav'n, thou could'st not.

Azu. He wept, my heart then relented,
Sorrow mov'd me then to pity
And I sank down unconscious!
Dread visions rose up before me,
Dreams of the past appall'd me,
Phantom shrieks for vengeance,
Back to that dread scene call'd me,
I started, there stood my mother
Where first in chains they bound her,
Shrieking, she cried out,
While fierce flames rose up around her,
Avenge me!
I trembled, my hand convulsive, grasp'd at its victim
there,
Where fierce flames were raging
There I cast him!
Soon my delirium vanish'd,
Then I beheld with horror
The raging fire consume him,
And as I gaz'd, I trembled!
So when I looked around me
I saw to my amazement
The Count's child still was living,
My son was murder'd,
My own boy was the victim!

Man. Ah, what says't thou! Ah, what horror!

Azu. Deep remorse is mine, and writhing torture;
How I have suffer'd none can know.
Ah, would to Heaven I, too, had died.

* * * * *

Man. In the combat with me he contended,
Self-confiding my courage decrying,
In a moment by fortune befriended
At my feet I saw the boaster lying.
When I thus beheld him of his sword divested,
Soft compassion my upraised arm arrested;
Gentle pity came o'er me stealing,
Mercy's voice was sounding there
As if an angel were appealing,
Thus it whisper'd, as in pity, spare, oh, spare.

Azu. Mercy never yet controlled him,
Pity's promptings he can share not,
If in strife thou yet should'st hold him,
I command the, strike and spare not.
Let my dictates be unbroken
As if heaven's self had spoken.
By the quenchless hate I bear him,
Play thou the avenger's part,
To the combat once more dare him,
Sheathe thy sword deep in his heart,

Man. To the combat I will dare him,
I'll sheathe my sword deep in his heart.
That sound announces perchance some tidings from
Ruiz.

Azu. Revenge! revenge!

* * * * *

Azu. Oh, stay thee, hear me,
Obey thou my command!

Thou art all too weak and weary,
There is danger in thy going,
For the night is dark and dreary,
And thy wounds have scarce ceas'd flowing
No, I cannot let thee leave me.
Blood of my blood, art thou dearest,
Ev'ry drop of blood thou sheddest
Seems to come from my poor heart.

Man. If a moment I but linger
I may lose my dearest blessing,
All that life itself most prizes,
All that makes it worth possessing.
Ah, my mother, I must leave thee,
Tho' awhile my absence grieve thee;
If I stay my fears will kill me,
Shall I die then, or depart?

Azu. I pray thee, stay.

Man. Farewell, farewell!

Scene 2. Exterior of Convent.

Recit. and Air. COUNT.

All have departed, on mine ear there falleth not
The wonted air of music, auspicious moment.

* * * * *

How could I, behold those glances,
Brighter than the stars above thee,
Hear that voice, whose sound entrances,
Breathing forth the words I love thee,
Thro' my bosom, Oh so lonely,
Lightening rays of hope will dart,
Thou canst with thy sunshine only
Calm this tempest of my heart.
Thro' my bosom, Oh so lonely,
Lightening rays of hope would dart,
Thou canst with thy sunshine only
Calm this tempest of my heart.

Recit. and Concerted Piece.

Leo. Ah! cease this weeping,

* * * * *

Leo. Ah, can it be, can I believe,
I see thee thus before me,
Or is it but a dream of love,
A spell that stealeth o'er me,
A sudden joy runs thro' my heart,
Such raptures now are given,
Decendest thou to me from heaven,
Or do I soar with thee,
Decendest thou, my love, or do I soar with thee,

Count. Ah, can the grave give up its prey,
And with its dead confound me.

Man. Not from the grave I come, nor yet by
Coward foes surrounded.

Count. Or is it but a demon form
Whose horrors now surround me.

Man. Great heaven preserved my life,
And all thy coward wiles confounded.

Count. If thou dost live and life be dear,
Fly, Oh fly, nor linger here.

Leo. Com'st thou from heaven, my love,
Or do I soar with thee.

Man. Thy coward wiles are all confounded,
And in thy power I do confide.

End of Act 2.

ACT III.

Scene 1.—Encampment of the Count's Army.

Recit.—COUNT FERRANDO and AZUCENA.

* * * * *

Canzone and Concerted Piece.

Azu. Poor my home was, yet most happy,
Of contentment nought bereft me;
For my dear son liv'd I only,
Yet, alas! ingrate he left me
All alone wandering on.
Careless am I what may betide me,
Night and day fondly I pray,
O that kind fate to my dear child would guide me!
Ah! he may rove the wide world over,
Yet he never can discover
A love so pure as mine.

* * * * *

Azu. Relentless fiend, unloose these chains, nor doom
me thus to languish,
A martyr, I can smile at death, yet quail at
mortal anguish.
Base son of cruel sire, fear thou a fate as dire.
Tremble for all the woes I bear,
For heaven may doom thy heart my woes to share.

Count. In striking thee, thou gipsy fiend,
Thy son shall feel my power;
The blow thou bear'st shall fall on him,
And make his vile heart cower.
With wild delight a thrilling joy
O'er every sense is stealing;
For by my brother's death I swear
A vengeance great as thy despair.

Fer. Thou gipsy fiend, the burning pyre
For thee shall soon be raging.

SCENE 2.—(An apartment in MANRICO'S castle, LEONORA
and MANRICO in bridal dress.)

Recit.

* * * * *

Aria.

Ah, yes, thou'rt mine, beloved thought
My heart shall droop no longer,
With sterner courage now 'tis fraught
My arm is nerved the stronger.
If doom'd upon the field to fall
My last sigh shall be thine, love;
The last words that my lips recall
Shall be thou'rt mine, love.
And when thou hear'st some gentle lay
Like that I oft have sung to thee,
Ah, then, tho' I be far away
That song may speak of me.
My thoughts shall reach my lady's bow'r,
Let thine go forth to fields of war,
Thy pray'rs may bless my dying hour,
Or shield from death thy Troubadour.

* * * * *

Air.

Strike down that dread pyre
Quench'd be its burning
Ere it consume her,
Go, quickly, go!
Spare not the merciless,
All their cries spurning;
O'er the flames kindled
Their blood shall flow;
I was a dear son
Ere love possessed me,

Fly thou to aid her.
Fly, quickly, fly,
Mother, oh, mother,
Thy lips have blessed me,
I come to save thee,
To save thee or die!

End of Act 3.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. Exterior of Tower where MANRICO is imprisoned.

Recit. and Aria.—LEONORA.

Leo. In yon dread tower
Now lie the prisoners of state, all hopeless,

* * * * *

Breeze of the night with your gentlest breath,
Echo my heart in its sighing,
Whisper low in the captive's ear,
Hope like my love is undying.
Awake ye your sweetest numbers,
Yet break not his happy slumbers,
In dreams of joy, let the captive sleep,
But let him not know that I wake and weep.

(Chorus of Monks in Tower sing "Miserere.")

Ah, me, with what anguish
I hear that sad wailing,
It falls on my wither'd hopes
And chills me with awe.
In yon gloomy tower
Stern death now is brooding.
Ah, me! I am breathing, yet cold is my heart.
Man. (in Tower). Ah, me! I have sigh'd to rest me,
Deep in the quiet grave,
Sigh'd to rest, in vain I crave
My Leonora, ah, fare-thee-well.

Leo. Save me from madness.

"Miserere" repeated.

In yon gloomy tower stern death now is brooding,
On earth we shall meet no more, the cold world,
alas!
Can give me no comfort.
Ah, me! all the bright hopes I cherished so fondly
Were cherished in vain.

Man. Out of the love I bear thee
Yield I my life for thee;
Wilt thou not think of me?
Oh, my Leonora, farewell!
Tho' I no more behold thee,
Yet is thy name a spell,
Cheering my last lone hour;
Leonora, love, farewell.

Leo. My love, I'll think of thee,
I'll think of thee, farewell!

Duet.—LEONORA and COUNT.

Leo. Weeping behold me at thy feet,
May my bitter tears impress thee.
Take thou my life but grant my pray'r
And with my dying lips I'll bless thee.
Let me die! but to the last I'll still implore thee
On me alone thy fury pour,
But spare, O spare, the Troubadour.

Count. Ah, tenfold doth my fury burn,
Rage mocketh at thy sadness;
Pray'rs breath'd for him but fire my heart,
Tears rouse me into madness.

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TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR THE SUMMER TERM,

Commencing JULY 6th, and ending SEPTEMBER 26th, 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.
♫ Solo Singing	Miss Delves-Yates	Tuesday ...	6.0-10.0	2/5/-
Choral Society... ..	{ Mr. Orton Brad- ley, M.A.	{ Thursday ... Friday ...	{ 7.30-10.0 8.0-10.0	1 0
♫ Pianoforte	{ Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	{ M. T. W. Th. F. & Saturday	4.0-10.0	4 6
" (Advanced)	{ Mr. Orton Brad- ley, M.A. ...	Thursday ...	6.0-9.0	7 6
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave ...	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	1 6

Violin Classes.

(Violin Master, Mr. W. R. Cave, assisted by Mr. Mellish).

Monday, 6.0 to 6.45	Beginners.
" 6.45 " 7.30	Elementary I.
" 7.30 " 8.15	Advanced.
" 8.15 " 9.0	Beginners.
" 9.0 " 9.45	Advanced.

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General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic and Book-keeping	Individual Instruction	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Thursday ..	8.0-9.30 4 0

Civil Service and English Classes.

(Tutor—Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., London).

JULY AND SEPTEMBER.

Mondays, Class A, 6.30-8.30 p.m. | Mondays, Class B, 6.30-9.30 p.m.
Class A is for Telegraph Learner, Female Sorter and Boy Copyist Candidates.
Class B is for Female Clerk, Lower Division Clerk, Boy Clerk, Assistant of Excise, and Customs Officer Candidates.

FEES: Class A 6s. Class B 7s.

Shorthand Class.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
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MEN'S GYMNASIUM.

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

FEES.—The Fees are 12. 6d. per term, including 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.

MONDAY. 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.

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Junior Section for Girls, Thursday, from 7 till 9. Junior Section for Boys, Friday, from 8.30 till 10. Fee, 6d. per month.

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 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.

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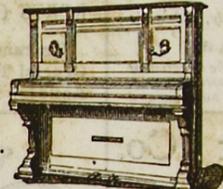


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