

THE PALACE JOURNAL
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILE END. E.

Vol. VIII.—No. 191.]

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, July 10th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- SATURDAY, 11th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Concert, by the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra. Admission, 3d.
- SUNDAY, 12th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Organ recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free.
- MONDAY, 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 o'clock, Concert. Admission, 3d.
- TUESDAY, 14th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. (ladies only).
- WEDNESDAY, 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. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 o'clock, Concert. Admission, 2d.
- THURSDAY, 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.
- FRIDAY, 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.

The East-End Committee of the Hospital Saturday Fund are wanting lady collectors for the collection on the 18th. Mr. Osborn will be glad to receive the names of any members willing to assist.

I HEAR that some of the members of the Old Boy's Club are complaining that no meetings have been called for the Cricket and Swimming Sections. Secretary Wignall is now away for his holiday; this no doubt is the reason, but if the "Old Boys" will see Mr. Osborn, some arrangements will be made for the two clubs commencing at once.

THE Gymnasium re-opens next week for the summer months; the arrangements are as follows:—Tuesday, 6.30 to 10, for men; fee, 1s. 6d., including locker. Monday, 6.30 till 10, for young women; fee, 1s., locker included. The junior section will meet on Thursday for girls, from 7 to 9, and on Friday for boys, from 7 till 9.30 p.m.

HOLIDAY HOME, GORLESTON, YARMOUTH.—The second party will leave on Saturday next. There are still vacancies, so intending tourists should apply early. 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.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY—*Conductor*: MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A. The excursion to Chingford passed off very successfully. About 50 members and friends were present. An excellent tea was served in the Royal Forest Hotel, and the evening finished up with a dance, a room having been kindly reserved for us at the hotel. Mr. Stock kindly provided the music, and we are very grateful to him for doing so. We hope every member will try to be present when we perform the "Woman of Samaria." We are practising some opera choruses, and intend shortly to study "Elijah."

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—On Saturday, July 4th, our match *versus* the Granville resulted in a win for the People's Palace by three matches to one. In the Ladies' Singles Miss Youlton (P.P.) defeated Miss Hobbs (Granville) by 2 sets to 1. In the Gentlemen's Singles Mr. Drury (P.P.) defeated Mr. Tully (Granville) by 3 sets to love. In the Ladies' Doubles Miss Hobbs and Miss Banner (Granville) defeated Miss Eastland and Miss Youlton (P.P.) by 3 sets to love. In the Gentlemen's Doubles Mr. Drury and Mr. Williams (P.P.) defeated Mr. Green and Mr. Schneider (Granville). Owing to the fall of rain we were unable to play the Mixed Doubles. I have to apologize to the members of the Granville L.T.C. for the unsatisfactory state of the ground, and also to thank them for the kind manner in which they assisted us to mark out courts. There will be a committee meeting next week to *arrange turns to roll and mark courts.*

JAS. H. WILLIAMS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—A small party met at the Mansion House Railway Station and took tickets for the German Exhibition. On arriving, we first inspected the exhibits which are certainly very attractive; the paintings and engravings then occupied our attention, the most prominent of which is the great painting of the Lying-in-State of the late Emperor Frederick. We now passed into the grounds, the scenic effect of which is beautiful, especially that of the Rhine. In the evening we witnessed the performance of "Germania" in the arena, which represents German Military Life from its earliest period, concluding with a Musical Ride and a grand March Past of German Troops. The grounds at night are very tastefully lighted, and the performances of the German Military Bands are excellent. It was voted a very good outing.—*Prospective arrangements*:—Saturday, July 11th, Boating Ramble, meet at Radley's Boathouse, 2.30 p.m., sharp; 18th Crystal Palace, 3 p.m., London Bridge (L.B. & S.C.R.); 25th Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst-hill, meet at Coborn-road, 3.40 p.m. book to Snaresbrook; August 1st, no ramble; Monday, 3rd Windsor.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASTIC CLUB.—We had a very successful excursion to Chingford on Saturday, and, although many were unable to attend, the gathering was decidedly a representative one. We arrived at Chingford early in the day, and, during the afternoon, tours were made to different parts of the forest. Several visited the old church (locally known as the Green Church), and found the scenery round about charmingly rustic. Another party went so far as High Beech, some driving, others preferring to walk. At 5.30 we all met at the Forest Hotel for tea, and were then joined by Mr. and Mrs. Burdett and Mr. C. Wright, whose company added much to our pleasure. Later on we took the opportunity of presenting a present to both Mr. Burdett and Mr. Wright.

and were much gratified at the kind way in which they received these small tokens of our esteem. Before leaving for home we visited the hotel tennis grounds (eleven splendid courts all in capital condition). Altogether a delightful day was spent at this most popular part of Epping Forest. The gymnasium is to be open during the summer on Monday evenings only. Next Thursday, 16th, there will be a social gathering of the club members. Any new member gladly welcomed; the subscription is 6d. per quarter.

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

THE SEASIDE CAMP AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—That excellent institution, the Working Boys' Holiday Camp at Deal, which began its third summer's work three weeks ago, is gradually securing the sympathy and help of the public schools. Last year the energetic warden of Bradfield—whose conversion of an English chalk pit into a perfect copy of the Greek theatre at Epidaurus is still remembered in connection with the production of the "Alcestis" at Bradfield—spent a week at the camp as chaplain, and he intends to give a fortnight of his summer holiday to it again this year. Rugby is sending for the second week in August six of its masters, with the Rev. F. B. Westcott, the eldest son of the Bishop of Durham, at their head, and several present Rugby boys, to the camp to see after the holiday of sixty or seventy of the lads of the Rugby School Mission in Notting Hill, who will be under the command of Colonel Farquharson, the camp commandant. Eton has shown practical sympathy with the camp by giving an offertory of nearly £40 to the fund on Whit Sunday, after a sermon by the Rev. Sidney James; and Haileybury is to do the same on the 12th inst., thanks to the kindness of Mr. Edward Lyttelton, who is much interested—as might be naturally expected—in a movement so representative of muscular Christianity. One of the main objects of the camp is to teach to working boys what, among their more fortunate contemporaries, is known as the public school spirit. On the 11th inst., when a number of the Harrow Mission Boys are to join the Deal encampment, they will be accompanied by a well-known Harrow cricketer—the Rev. Theo. Greatorex—who will act as camp chaplain for two Sundays. Next week between 70 and 80 boys will be under canvas, and as the summer proceeds the numbers registered are about 100 a week; it is hoped that at least 2,000 may be received before the close of the season, and the camp committee propose to open a second camp at Bexhill, if funds permit, in which case Rugby-by-the-Sea will be encamped there. This camp scheme is undoubtedly one of the most refreshing and excellent institutions of London, and deserves help from everybody. The secretary is Mr. Mosse Macdonald, whose little book, "The Camp," will be sent to anybody interested who applies at Northumberland Chambers, W.C., and contributions may be sent to him or to Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph, and Co., 43, Charing Cross, the bankers of the fund.—*Pall Mall Gazette, July 6th.*

The following notice of our Boys' Gymnastic Display on Monday last by the *Sportsman* will be read with interest:—Gymnastic and Calisthenic Display at the People's Palace.—East-end residents certainly have something to be thankful for, and evidently appreciate the efforts of the executive of the People's Palace, Mile End-road, for the Queen's Hall in that splendid building was crowded last evening by a select company, when the boys of the Palace Technical Day Schools gave a gymnastic and calisthenic display. In stating that they have, under the able instruction of Mr. H. H. Burdett (director of the gymnasium) and his assistant, Mr. C. Wright, attained a high state of efficiency is only paying a well-deserved tribute to those gentlemen's abilities as instructors, and it may not be going too far to say that there is no educational establishment either in this or any other country where pupils in such numbers as they have under their charge in gymnastic exercises could be found to equal, let alone excel the finished performances they exhibited last night. The programme was of a varied and most interesting character and commenced with single stick exercise, in which the boys exhibited excellent skill. Parallel bars were next introduced, and here again the ability of those who took part was far above the average for such youthful exponents. Bar bells exercise and figure marching proved another feature of considerable interest, and the squads who were engaged in vaulting the horse displayed marked proficiency. Dumb-bell exercise was gone through almost without a mistake by a very large number of exponents, and elicited deserved applause, and this was followed by a very clever display with Indian clubs. Free exercises gave rise to another outburst of enthusiasm on the part of the audience, but perhaps the musical running maze was highly appreciated, the evolutions of the hundred lads who took part in this pretty exercise creating the

greatest amount of appreciation. Many new features have been introduced, and certainly the applause bestowed was heartily earned. With such opportunities as the People's Palace now affords for all classes of learning, it will be hard indeed if the designs of the promoters do not meet with the most pronounced success and amply reward them for the time and money expended upon this gigantic undertaking. Miss F. A. Hicks ably presided at the piano, and in taking leave of last night's entertainment it must be done with an expression of sincere congratulations to those who have been the means of according "Young England" the opportunity of showing what they are capable of under proper tuition.

My Mother.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

THERE'S a rift in life's beautiful music,
A shadow across its bright sun;
And a dirge on the tremulous zephyrs,
That girdle my boyhood's home.

There's a pall o'er the dear old homestead,
The light of its altar hath fled;
"My mother,"—its ministering angel—
Lies sleeping the sleep of the dead.

I pass o'er the threshold in sorrow;
I stand by the time-hallow'd door,
Where God and His beckoning angels,
Have folded their pinions before.

I enter in silence the chamber
My heart hath enshrined for long years;
No arms are uplifted to greet me,
And mine eyes are blinded with tears.

I whisper the dear name of "mother,"
I call yet again and again:
But only the lingering echoes
Give heed to my pleading refrain.

I gaze on the glorified features,
I trace the blest smile as of yore,
Which blossom'd in sweet benedictions,
And will, like a rose, evermore.

The white palms have folded their welcome,
In a fervent, unending caress;
And the fond eyes that glow'd at my coming,
Are holden in love but to bless.

The voice that erst lulled me to slumber,
And counselled me day after day,
Whose prayers wrought the path for my footsteps,
And guarded its devious way,

Is hush'd but to scatter its guardons
In the cadence of heavenly lore;
And chant the glad songs of the home-land,
With the blessed and redeemed—"gone before."

So rest, saintly face, on thy pillow,
Long vigils thy loved ones shall keep;
Christ seals thy white brow with His promise,
And giveth thee beautiful sleep.

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.

People's Palace Technical Schools.

DAY DEPARTMENT.

RESULT OF SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION.
THE GIFT OF THE DRAPERS' COMPANY, 27TH JUNE, 1891.
In Order of Merit.

Edwards, Ernest W. J. Knodler, Fredk. C.
Shaw, Fredk. C. Davis, John H.
Bartrip, George F. White, Henry T.
Partridge, George W. O. Tannahill, Robert.
Mace, Arthur. Frost, George L.
Hobbs, Frank W. Baines, Frank.
Cunningham, Chas. J. Hughes, Wm. G.
Clegg, John. Keen, Thos. F. W.
Smith, Charles R. Scott, Alfred.
Pettersson, Edward J. V. Haines, Wm. G.
Hartmann, Fredk. H. Smart, Wm. T.
Short, Thomas W. Foster, Albert N.
Wehausen, George M. Reid, Ernest D.
Wenden, Frank A. Rosenbloom, Walter.
Day, William C. H. Watson, Geo. P.
Kinipple, Frank. Scaddan, Wm. E.
Evans, Athole G. Strong, Henry W.
Forrest, Ernest J. Peach, Wm. B.
Parker, Henry T. Waterman, Albert E.
Hall, Ernest J. J. Thomas, Arthur R.
Richards, John T. Brown, James E.
Hine, Philip T. Sarson, Wm. D. T.
Forward, Ernest A. Biles, George F.
Richardson, Charles H. Phillips, Charles R.
Caygill, Thomas. Ralph, William.
Snow, William H. Forrester, Joseph.
Tongue, George W. Kirk, James.
Worror, Harry J. Benn, Albert E.
Randall, Everard J. Cockerill, Charles.
Collingwood, Alfred. Chapman, Henry.
Pearce, Frederick W. Dawe, Charles.
Stevens, Robert. Moat, Edgar.
MacLean, Thomas M. Aitchison, David.
Hudson, Russell. Calver, Arthur R.
Rubery, Harold. Parris, Phillip P.
Pooler, Charles W. Pitcher, Fredk. G. T.
Hall, Arthur J. Spenceley, Robert J.
Plester, William A. Loudon, Fredk. O.
Stevens, Frederick. Hammond, Edw. W.
Finch, Charles H. White, Joseph S.
Ibbotson, John. Free, Bertram J.
Hughes, John E. Burdett, Alfred D.
Robinson, Arthur J. Hughes, Alfred G. A.
Ambrose, Edmund J. Vincent, John T.
Argent, George F. Johnson, Henry.
Cannings, Henry G. Rowland, Thos. J. S.
Watts, Ethelbert. Welsh, John C.
Stone, Walter. Bishop, Herbert B.
Swaby, Edwin J. Randall, Fredk. J.
Mansell, Francis W. Chapple, George.
Spurgeon, Samuel J. Roberts, William.
Rowe, Arthur W. Williams, Harry M.
Spencer, Frank. Higgins, David F.
Lankester, Wentworth W. Barnes, Wm.
Jotham, George A. Crane, James A.
Batxer, Francis E. Robinson, George P.
Bowler, Charles E. Gosling, Fredk.
Thompson, Drury F. Mariner, Cecil E.
Haas, Adolph L. Reis, Henry C.
Whitbread, Edwin J. Trotman, Wm.
Hepburn, Edgar G. Genese, John P.
Reynolds, Herbert G. Norton, Thomas G.
Thomas, Fredk. C. Carter, Wm. H.
Beckett, Ernest A. Diss, Albert E.
Phillips, Henry A. Edwards, Wm. J.
Hollick, Alfred J. Hunt, Albert H.
Symmons, Henry. Rice, Arthur H.
Harris, Alfred A. Denton, Edward M.
Harrington, Arthur E. Smith, George S.
Hill, Fredk. R. Mills, John W.
Bowick, George S. Biggs, J.
Mathew, Morgan. Whitley, Charles G.
Kiy, Francis. Edmunds, Edmund.
Watsham, James T. Chatwood, Archibald.
Butler, Ernest W. Hubert, Henry W.

RESULT OF RECENT EXAMINATIONS IN GERMAN.
Sections III A and III B.

First Class:—F. Page, G. Merritt.
Second Class:—H. Worror, A. C. Drawmer, E. Skinner
W. Ashford, J. E. Edwards.

RESULT OF RECENT EXAMINATIONS IN FRENCH.

Section II A.

First Class:—E. Sherwin, J. F. Gairns, A. Clark, F. W. Harvey,
H. Heath, I. Worror, A. Hepburn, W. Everett, J. White,
H. A. Darling, C. Baxter.
Second Class:—A. Bright, C. P. Bramley, T. Blyth, A. Hayes,
Walter Sayers, A. J. White, J. E. Fryer, T. Vyse,
F. D. Dowsett, J. Collingwood, C. W. Hitchcock, R. N. Bow-
stead, J. Relf, J. Pledge, J. Abbott.

Section II B.

First Class:—L. J. Belcher.
Second Class:—C. A. Davis, J. Leys, C. G. Merrett,
A. E. McMillan, A. Parson, C. J. Cunningham.

Section I A.

First Class:—A. Shonk, C. Myers, S. Baulch, E. R. Short,
P. B. Hancock, Wm. Osborn.
Second Class:—J. H. R. Moloney, C. Sturt, F. Shaw,
A. F. Catherine, A. Ray, E. Lardner, W. Penfold, L. J. Reid,
Thomas Fitzgibbon, E. Watsham, A. M. Stables,
P. Glasscock.

Section I B.

First Class:—H. Philpot, A. Dale, S. Harris.
Second Class:—H. Garthwaite, H. Colsell, C. March,
E. W. Butler, W. Gosling, A. Thompson, A. Mathys, S.
Stimson.

Section I C.

First Class:—W. Apps, E. Wright, E. J. Harris.
Second Class:—E. Nettlingham, P. Pattison, A. B. Horton,
C. T. Palmer, W. Webb, W. Derbyshire, F. Spencer,
H. L. Merritt, Fdk. Davis.

Section I D.

First Class:—E. Newland.
Second Class:—E. T. Dupree, G. K. Browning, Benjamin Pike,
W. H. White, L. Patterson, A. Howlett, A. Wilmot,
Wm. Westley, Wm. Browning, James Hood.

Science Examinations.—Results, 1891.

GEOMETRY.

Honours, 2nd.

Amor, Walter. Wells, Gilbert.
Course, Arthur H. Wild, Alfred C.

Advanced, 1st.

Bright, Alfred. Paskell, Albert E.
Rawlings Herbert.

Advanced, 2nd.

Belcher, Leon J. Hepburn, Andrew.
Bramley, Chas. P. Hitchcock, Charles.
Cleverley, Geo. H. Judd, Alfred E.
Cunningham, Chas. J. Keable, Alfred H.
Darling, Henry A. Leys, John.
Davis, Harry. Lyall, John W.
Day, Wm. C. H. McCormick, Chas. F.
Dowsett, Frank D. May, Thos. J.
Dunn, John H. Merrett, Chas. G.
Edwards, James G. B. Poole, Victor J.
Everett, Walter. Relton, Thomas H.
Gairns, John F. Sayers, Walter.
Gatril, Arthur F. M. Skinner, Edward W.
Grover, Henry C. Small, Stephen G.
Hardy, John S. White, John H.
Heath, Henry W. White, Richard W.

Elementary, 1st.

Abercrombie, John Kimpton, Thos.
Bird, George P. Kilmaster, Wm.
Bryant, Fredk. E. Mathys, Albert W.
Bryant, Samuel T. Merritt, Herbert L.
Butler, Ernest W. Palmer, Charles T.
Catharine, Arthur F. Philpot, Harold P.
Coggeshall, James B. Piper, George F.
Derbyshire, Walter H. Richardson, Wm. J.
Evans, Athol G. Rumsey, Wm. H.
Hall, Arthur J. Russell, George L.
Hamling, Charles A. Sims, Henry.
Harris, Sidney. Spencer, Francis.
Hawkesworth, Henry. Thompson, Alfred J.
Hitchman, George J. Usherwood, Thos. S.
Ilett, George C. Ward, John S.
Ingham, George. Watsham, Edmund W. E.
Jenkins, Herbert. Webbe, Wm. A.
Wheeler, Wm. E.

Elementary, 2nd.

Aaron, Albert.	Kang,
Ames, Albert C.	Kilminster, George.
Apps, Wm. S.	Kingston, George J.
Apsey, George H.	Knodler, Fredk. C.
Bacon, John.	Lardner, Ernest
Bailey, Henry J.	Laws, Albert J.
Baines, Frank.	Lewis, Harry.
Barker, Wm. A.	Mackenzie, John.
Barnett, Henry.	Marsh, Charles E.
Baulch, Sidney, W. O.	Mason, George L.
Bennett, Robert L.	Merrin, Charles A.
Bowick, George.	Miller, Herbert C.
Broome, Edwin R.	Moloney, Joseph H. R.
Browning, Wm. E.	Myers, Samuel F.
Bullwinkle, John L. M.	Oldfield, Frank S.
Carey, Wm. G.	Osborn, Wm. W.
Carnegie, Francis.	Partridge, Henry R.
Carter, Wm. H.	Pattison, Percy.
Carvosso, Wm. J.	Penfold, Wm. T.
Catherall, George H. F.	Phillips, Henry A.
Chamberlain, Joseph S.	Ray, Alfred.
Chapman, Ernest A.	Reid, Lionel J.
Chown, James.	Relf, John.
Clarke, Wm. F.	Rhoades, Joseph.
Colsell, Joseph H.	Roach, Wm. G.
Cooper, Walter L.	Robinson, Daniel H.
Cox, Henry G.	Sawle, Alfred.
Crowhurst, Christopher.	Sharley, Fredk. N.
Dale, Arthur L.	Shaw, Fredk. C.
Darlison, Percy C.	Shonk, Albert.
Davis, Fredk. H. R.	Short, Ernest R.
Davis, Wm. A.	Skinner, Frank.
Dixon, Ernest J.	Smail, Geo. H.
Donaldson, Catherine M.	Smith, Charles.
Downey, Augustus N.	Smith, Lionel L.
Fisher, Wm. A.	Snape, Wm. A.
Forfar, Stanley.	Sparling, Thos. C.
Gates, Thos. G.	Spicer, Fred W.
Genese, John P.	Stables, Alfred M.
Gercken, Christopher K. J.	Stevenson, Francis.
Gibbard, Henry J.	Stewart, John.
Gill, Alfred J.	Stimpson, Sidney J. P.
Gillham, Elijah M.	Stoker, John H.
Gladen, Reginald E.	Stout, Ambrose G.
Glasscock, Philip.	Sturt, Charles.
Godman, Ernest.	Thicke, Wm. C.
Hames, Herbert W.	Thomson, Fredk. R.
Hancock, Percy B.	Thompson, Drury F.
Hannam, Francis J.	Thompson, George.
Higgins, Henry J.	Tilston, Wm.
Higgins, Philip.	Tricker, Arthur E.
Holyfield, Sidney.	Turville, Harry.
Homewood, Arthur J.	Watts, Ethelbert.
Honeybourne, Wm.	Watson, Henry E.
Hood, Alexander.	Welsh, John C.
Horton, Arthur B.	Wheatcroft, Bertie C.
Howell, Percy V.	White, Ernest.
Howlett, Albert J.	Williams, Geo. S. H. F.
Hughes, James J.	Williams, Harry M.
Jagger, Wm. J.	Winn, George E. W.
Jefferies, Joseph G.	Worrow, Isaac J.
	Wright, Ernest W.

Pass.

Bateman, Herbert J.	Mahoney, James.
Gibbons, Wm. H.	Towndrow, Edwin J.
	White, Walter H.

MATHEMATICS (Stages 4 and 5).

Fourth Stage, 1st.

Amor, Walter.	Page, Fredk. C. J.
Beirne, Edgar H.	Wells, Gilbert.

Fourth, 2nd.

Amor, George W.	Pringle, George.
Drawmer, Arthur C.	Skinner, Edward W.
Edwards, James G. B.	Wild, Alfred C.
Merritt, George L.	

MATHEMATICS (Stages 6 and 7).

Sixth Stage, 2nd.

Amor, Walter.

Art Results, 1891.

STAGE 5A.

First.	
Appleby, Edward L.	Butler, Horace.
	Layton, Harry.
Second.	
Beck, Joshua.	Wilmington, George.
HISTORIC ORNAMENT.	
Excellent.	
	Layton, Harry.
ARCHITECTURAL HISTORIC ORNAMENT.	
First Class.	
Evans, Edwin Hy.	
Second Class.	
	Layton, Harry.
SCIOGRAPHY.	
First Class.	
Drawmer, Arthur C.	Page, Fredk. C. J.
Second Class.	
Beirne, Edgar H.	Course, Arthur H.
ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF ORNAMENT.	
Excellent.	
	Layton, Harry.
First Class.	
Appleby, Edward L.	Jesseman, Douglas.
	Overnell, Thos. J.
Second Class.	
	Randall, George A.

Insurance Against Poverty in Old Age.

THERE is an interesting note in the *Sunday Magazine* showing how public opinion, both among ourselves and in France, is rapidly ripening on the question of establishing a system of State insurance against poverty in old age. What form the plan may finally take is at present, of course, quite uncertain; we may be forced to make more than one experiment. But dissatisfaction with the poor-law system as it now exists, and with the condition of things to which it has given rise, is both general and profound. Say what one will, it cannot be right or natural that for three-fifths of our working-men who reach the age of sixty-four the poor-house should be the inevitable goal. Men are careless, wasteful, and improvident, but these failings are not so deeply rooted in human nature, nor so omnipotent, as to defy all cure. Some method may well be devised for protecting men against themselves, for anticipating the lessons of experience, for compelling them in youth, while they still enjoy health and strength, to provide against the poverty which must come with the infirmity of age. Save among the devotees of a particular school of philosophy, there is a general consent that the task is too great for private enterprise, and must be undertaken by the State if it is to have any real chance of success. Any scheme that may be adopted must satisfy two conditions. It must not be based upon charity; it must be of universal application. Unless these two points are secured, we shall only repeat the faults of our present system in a new and aggravated form. The thrifty will still have to bear the burden of the improvident, and a man, because he has practised self-denial in youth, will have to continue the self-denial in maturer years. He will be fined for his very virtue. But if the principle of compulsory insurance were applied universally and without exception through all classes of society, by a system of direct payment or, as suggested by M. Constans, by an enforced taxation of wages, the difficulty would in large measure be met. The only people left without provision would then be those whose lives are spent in hopeless and incessant poverty. For them it is hard to see how any system could do anything.

WE are not here for holidays; our lives are not for dreaming. While toiling hands, and busy hands are lab'ring all around; Men are stirring, wheels are whirring, fires gleaming, vessels steaming,

There is work on land and ocean, and in regions underground;

And full often, as I ponder o'er some lofty pile upspringing, On triumphant deeds accomplished, on some mighty victory won,

I find that in my ears a chime of thought has been set ringing: "All great works are made up of little works well done."

People's Palace Cycling Notes.

(Continued from last week.)

AS OTHERS SEE US:—

"Looking to the fact that Secretary Burley was at the head of affairs, it was only to be expected that his club, Beaumont would make a bold show, and so it proved, the popular 'Monts' having the largest muster of any one club, some 76 members putting in an appearance. The club had decked themselves out with their colours, light and dark blue, and altogether presented a very effective appearance. . . . From the beginning to the end the ninth meet proved a great success, and Mr. J. H. Burley, who has acted for the first time as Hon. Sec., deserves hearty congratulations on the eminently satisfactory results to his labours, which have been both long and arduous. No effort was spared, and as a consequence of energy, coupled with good management, a 'best on record' has to be chronicled."—*East London Observer*.

"Saturday's Woodford Meet was a success in every way. The number of clubs and the number of riders stand as records, the former being 46 and the latter 1,495. The arrangements were acknowledged on all hands to have been as nearly as possible perfect. Good old Burley! he is a hard worker, and deserves all the praise that is now his meed and portion, and Mrs. Burley, too, is to be thanked for the help she gave her husband. . . . I must congratulate the Beaumont C.C. on the really pretty turn-out of the club. The machines were very tastefully decorated with ribbons of the club colours, light and dark blue."—*Cycle Record*.

"The strongest muster was that of the Beaumonts. . . . Many of the clubs wore distinguishing devices and decorations, the Beaumont C. C. being especially noticeable, with club-coloured ribbons round the spokes of the machines. The club badge, surmounted with festoons and streamers on the head of an ordinary, also looked very effective."—*Cycling*.

"The several clubs taking part in the meet wore distinguishing devices and decoration, that of the Beaumont C. C. being especially novel, each rider having neatly intertwined club-coloured ribbon round the slender spokes of his machine."—*Walthamstow and Leyton Guardian*.

"Perhaps the most effective display was that of the Beaumont C. C., nearly every machine being decorated with the colours of the club—light and dark blue. W. Burley on an ordinary, rode last in the club with a tastily-designed trophy fixed high above his handle bars. This club had the largest muster. . . . On Saturday last everything went remarkably smoothly and easily. There was no clashing with outside interests, and altogether the Woodford Meet of 1891 may, thanks to Mr. J. Burley and his executive committee, be written down a success in every way."—*Wheeling*.

Sketches of various members of the Beaumonts, with regard to the Woodford Meet, appeared in *Cycling*, *Bicycle News*, and *Sporting Dramatic*.

"Many of the clubs wore distinguishing devices and decorations, the Beaumont C.C. being especially noticeable, with club-coloured ribbons round the spokes of the machines. The club badge, surmounted with festoons and streamers on the head of an ordinary, also looked very effective."—*Cycling*.

"Undoubtedly the best turn out was that of the Beaumont C.C. in appearance as well as number. Captain J. Kennard may well be proud of a club which can make a muster of 76 members, all looking spick and span, and keeping excellent order. The leading machine of this club was an ordinary, with a sort of mast arrangement fixed to the head, from which light blue streamers depended, having a very pretty effect, the same highly decorated mount having the spokes of the front wheel also entwined with pale blue ribbon, and a flag of the same colour flying above the hind wheel. Many of the other Beaumont mounts were also prettily decorated. Amongst this number were to be seen a very large number of pneumatics, and a 'Rudge Triplet.' At the saluting post were to be seen Mr. I. Burley (Beaumont C.C.), Hon. Sec. to the Meet, working like the proverbial nigger."—*Cyclist*.

ON LENDING MACHINES.

WHEN one is asked for the loan of hard cash, and the odds are greatly against its ever being repaid, sympathy can be expressed with the would-be borrower in his difficulties, and he can be told that there is no one on earth whom you would be more eager to assist if it laid within your power, but not having the necessary pieces you are unable to do so, and thus an unprofitable transaction may be avoided. When, however, a fellow wants to borrow your machine, and he probably first obtains the information that you are unable to ride on that day, there seems no help for it, and the machine is lent. Now the majority of us have read thrilling adventures in our time, but

the experiences of the borrowed machine require beating. Everything seems prepared. Tram lines and granite sets are greased specially for the occasion, all the water-carts are waiting at their respective points to make the pace, country waggors seem to be out for a beanfeast, and their drivers are indulging in those forty winks they know so well how to enjoy, whilst the manner in which the children persist in making playgrounds of the frequent roads and corners makes you prepared to stake your all that the life of each one is heavily insured. Should all these little difficulties be successfully overcome, that borrowed machine will take its rider down some unknown road upon which there is a winding hill nicely stoned, and the chances are greatly in favour of a smash up. Yes, there is no getting from the fact that a borrowed machine defies the most careful management, and whatever occurs is the fault of the machine and not the rider. If, however, the guardian angel has watched over the jigger whilst it has been out of your sight, and preserved it from being wrecked, it is found on the next ride that the position and height of the saddle, the height of the handles, and the throw of the cranks, which you had after much pains and perseverance adjusted to a nicety for your own requirements, are all altered, and the machine which before seemed so familiar to you is now more like a stranger, and the task of adjusting has now to be gone through, by which time another borrower probably puts in an appearance.

The question will be asked what is to be done when asked to lend your machine, to which the best and safest reply is the advice Mr. Punch gave to those about to marry—"Don't." Make what excuses you like for not doing so, but don't part with the jigger. This may at first sight seem unbrotherly and uncharitable advice, and it is no doubt much more difficult to refuse than to comply with such a request; but one thing is certain, if you want to enjoy riding a machine you must adjust it to suit yourself and then keep it so.

Nothing Lost.

Where are last year's snows,
Where the summer's rose—
Who is there who knows?

Or the glorious note
Of some singer's throat
Heard in years remote?

Or the love they bore
Who, in days of yore,
Loved, but are no more?

Or the faiths men knew
When, before mind grew,
All strange things seemed true?

The snows are sweet spring rain,
The dead rose blooms again,
Young voices keep the strain.]

The old affection mild
Still springs up undefiled
For love, and friend, and child.

The old faith grown more wide,
Purer and glorified,
Are still our lifelong guide.

Nothing that once has been,
Tho' ages roll between,
And it be no more seen.

Can perish, for the will
Which doth our being fulfil,
Sustains and keeps us still.

"MAY it please your honour," said an eloquent American lawyer, who was advocating the construction of a new turnpike-road, "while Europe is convulsed in civil discords, and her empires tremble with internal commotion, and while her astronomers mount the wings of their imaginations and soar through the ethereal world, pursuing their course from planet to planet and from system to system until they have explored the vast eternity of space, let us direct our attention to a road more immediately in our own neighbourhood."

SOME say they have much to do, and yet spend life's brightest hours wondering where to begin.

IT is not good for a man to think too much, for he should work a little for a change.

WELL begun, is half done.

On the Wheel.

R. J. MACREADY writes, in this month's *Fortnightly*, in most enthusiastic terms of matters cycling. He is evidently prepared to defend the sport against all comers, and, with certain reservations, who can say him nay? "The rapid movement, fresh air, change of scene, and vigorous muscular exercise without the exhausting effect of having to lift the weight of the body at every movement; the mental exercise which keeps the attention engrossed, and weans the mind from its cares and troubles,"—if they do not make cycling, as he says, "the most healthful recreation in existence," certainly go a long way towards it.

THE article is full of pleasant chit-chat, and covers a wide field. First the historical view. As recently as 1761 is found the first authentic reference to a vehicle propelled by the human feet, and it was not until 1808 that the prototype of the modern bicycle came into use. This merely consisted of two wheels connected by a backbone on which the rider sat and propelled himself by striking his feet alternately on the ground. Some time about the year 1846 the first crank-driven bicycle made its appearance in Scotland, and strange to say it closely resembled the rear-driving safety of the present day. The first authentic record of a crank-driven bicycle having been ridden in England was in January, 1869, when a Mr. Turner brought what has since been known as a "boneshaker" from Paris, and rode it at Spencer's Gymnasium in London. Mr. Turner was agent in Paris for sewing machines made by Messrs. Maycock, James Marriott, and John Sutton, in Much Park-street, Coventry, and his principals, seeing the French "velocipede," immediately determined to enter upon the manufacture of similar machines. At that time the ribbon trade had failed, and Coventry was rapidly going to decay; now it is a thriving and wealthy town full of factories, some of which employ close on one thousand hands each, and all this prosperity sprang from that small beginning in Much Park-street. Other English towns also benefited, and Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and London employ many thousands of hands at this industry; and English-made cycles are in demand all the world over, and are admitted to be the best.

TOURING, so Macready thinks, is really the most enjoyable form of cycling. The touring cyclist should lay down no hard and fast rules as to distance or route, but should vary both, according as the exigencies of the way, the scenery, or his own disposition affect him. A cycle tour is like one constant—but ever varying—succession of day's rides, such as I have attempted to describe, in which the cyclist is able to note all the features of a country in a way no other tourist can, and in which he is brought into contact with interesting people, curious scenes and strange customs, and comes back with a deeper knowledge of mankind, a more charitable feeling towards his humbler brethren, a mind stored with material for months of thought and reflection, and a body healthy and strong. Not only throughout all parts of the United Kingdom, but on the Continent also, can cycle tours be safely, beneficially, and pleasantly carried out, and there is absolutely no other way of seeing and appreciating a country which can compare with cycling through it in a leisurely and observant manner. The farther one goes the stronger one gets, and the more is one's capacity for enjoyment increased. To be strong is in itself a priceless boon, without which, all things seem but vanity and vexation of spirit!

AS might be expected, he is strongly in favour of racing. He puts the case thus:—Few imagine the enormous influence it has had on the future of the sport. Cycle manufacturers are conservative; it is a task of immense difficulty to move them out of one settled groove; and unless outside pressure is applied they are too often satisfied to let alone. In nothing is this so evident as in weight, and the ponderous machines of a few years ago would strike terror to the soul of a modern cyclist. It is to the racing men the thanks of the cycling community are due for the improvement in this respect. The racing men insisted on having light machines; the makers at first constructed them on the lines of their existing roadsters; and it was quickly found that this part was too weak, and that part not sufficiently stayed, and alterations were made. Then competition grew keen.

AND so it went on from season to season, until in this year of grace, 1891, every atom of superfluous metal has been removed from racing machines, and the frames have been so designed and stayed as to provide for every strain. Roadster machines also get the benefit of the experience thus gained in the manufacture of racers. Where not needed, weight is cut down, and provision made as in the racer for every strain, so that the roadster safety of 1891, scaling, all on, 40lbs., is stronger in every way, and infinitely more rigid and faster than was the 60 lbs. safety of 1837.

HE also has an enthusiastic word for pneumatics, and institutes in this connection a comparison of the times on record as bearing on the development of the modern bicycle. In 1875 the record stood at 3 mins. 18 secs.; in 1877, at 3 mins.; in 1878, at 2 mins. 54 1-5th secs.; in 1879, at 2 mins. 47 4-5ths secs.; in 1880, at 2 mins. 47 secs.; in 1882, at 2 mins. 41 3-5ths secs.; in 1884, at 2 mins. 41 1-5th secs.; in 1885, at 2 mins. 39 2-5th secs.; in 1886, at 2 mins. 32 2-5th secs.; in 1889, at 2 mins. 31 4-5th secs.; in 1890, at 2 mins. 20 3-5th secs.; the last record being made on a pneumatic-tyred safety, and all the former on solid-tyred ordinaries. The following little table of records will also prove interesting:— $\frac{1}{4}$ mile (1884), 39 secs.; (1890), 34 3-5th secs.; $\frac{1}{2}$ mile (1884), 1 min. 19 3-5th secs.; (1890), 1 min. 8 1-5th secs.; 5 miles (1884), 14 mins. 18 secs.; (1890), 12 mins. 54 2-5th secs.; 10 miles (1884), 29 mins. 19 2-5th secs.; (1890), 26 mins. 41 5-th secs.; 20 miles (1884), 59 mins. 6 3-5th secs.; (1890), 53 mins. 45 2-5th secs.; 50 miles, (1884), 2 hours 43 mins. 58 3-5th secs.; (1890), 2 hours 25 min. 26 2-5th secs. From this it appears that since 1875 the mile record has improved no less than 57 2-5th secs., and since 1884, 20 3-5th secs.; and the twenty mile record has improved 5 min 21 1-5th sec. since the latter date. In the beginning of 1890, the fastest time ever accomplished on a bicycle stood at 2 min 31 4-5th secs. for the mile, and at the close of the year it stood at 2 mins. 20 3-5th secs.

HE regards the pneumatic tyre as the principal cause of this marvellous development. "This wonderful Irish invention has revolutionised the whole cycling trade, and increased the pace of road cycles from half a mile to three miles an hour, according to the nature of the surface, and doubled the comfort of the rider. This tyre consists of a rubber tube surrounded by a canvas casing, and with a graduated outer rubber covering to take the wear. It is inflated through a specially constructed valve, by means of a small hand-pump which fits in the tool-bag; thus the cyclist is riding on compressed air, insulated from all the shocks and jars of the road, and by the resiliency and life in the tyre his speed is increased enormously. The sensation of riding a pneumatic is delightful, and no one who has once used one will ever be satisfied with a solid tyred cycle again. Its great drawback is the liability to puncture, but it has been greatly exaggerated."

A "Fishy" Story.

MARK TWAIN has occasionally treated us to some delicious romancing in the shape of "Fish Stones" and Kindred Yarns, all of them perennial to what we in England call the "Big Gooseberry" or "Silly Season." Here is a recent specimen, concerning which the *New York Tribune* moralises severely. It says: In all the changes of view now so prevalent among the clergy, mostly tending towards greater liberality in the idea as to future punishment, it is gratifying to see that no one has yet predicted any milder future state for the liar. The prospective portion of the liar is pretty definitely stated, and we do not believe there is anybody who wants to see it modified. The liar should be legislated against the same as the lightning-rod agent. While speaking on this painful subject, it is our sad duty, continues the journal, to announce the appearance of one of the most colossal lies of recent years. It comes from Nebraska, and is a cold plain lie without an extenuating circumstance. We repeat it only that we may denounce it, and the man who tells it, who is said to be an Alliance man with congressional aspirations. He would be a very dangerous man to have in Congress.

THE story which he tells is this:—He has a farm on the Missouri River bottom, near Elk Valley. A week ago the river began to rise, and he saw that his land would all be submerged. He transferred his family and also his stock and movable property to higher ground. Here begins the lie, if indeed, the farm, family, and property are not fictitious. There was on his farm, so he says, exactly two miles of barbed-wire fence. It was five-wire fence, and there were thirty-two barbs to the rod, or a grand total of 102,400 barbs. Yet this industrious liar and the other no less enterprising prevaricator, the hired man, baited every one of these barbs with a small bit of meat. They finished and escaped to the bluffs just as the water came up. For twenty-six hours the water remained five feet above the top of the fence. Then the river receded, and the hardened and disreputable man went down and examined his fence. He found, so he has the assurance to say, a fish hanging from every barb except three, or 102,398 in all. There were pickerel, bass, pike, suckers, and many other varieties. They averaged 10lb. each in weight, giving him the astonishing total of 1,023,980lb. of fresh fish. He discharged the hired man because he had not properly baited the three barbs which failed to catch any fish. How is that for high?

The Technical World.

MR. SAMUEL SMITH, M.P., makes a strong appeal for continuation schools in this month's *Contemporary*. The cause of elementary education in England, he says, in effect, has made great progress since the Act of 1870—the crowning achievement of Mr. Forster's useful career. When we look back at the condition of national education at that time we feel as though we had emerged from a period of Egyptian darkness; only about one-half the children of the nation were at school at all, and of those probably not more than half got the meereest smattering of knowledge. Now we have got into the schools nearly all the children of the nation, and the standard of attainment is at least double the average before 1870. Yet despite this we have still very much land to possess; we are far short of what other nations have attained to, and far short of what we are capable of attaining. We have constructed an enormous educational machine, and its results are still largely frittered away, because the work is only half done.

THE combination of various causes—first, the exemption from school by attainment of a certain standard; second, the pressure and driving at school to force them through the standards; and third, the verbal and unpractical character of the teaching—has led to the deplorable result that the mass of the children leave school far too early to retain the knowledge acquired at such cost. Our educational machine is like the labour of the Danaids; with a maximum of friction it forces a huge volume of water into vessels full of holes, and but little of it remains to fructify the soil.

TO remedy this, Mr. Smith proposes, and he has introduced a Bill into Parliament to effect the purpose, to introduce continuation schools to meet for three evenings per week during the six winter months, and for two hours each evening. Let him, however, speak for himself:—"The education we propose to give is largely technical and manual, including such subjects as art hand work, modelling, wood-carving, with plain cookery and laundry work for girls, and with recreative subjects such as singing, gymnastics, musical drill, etc. I am convinced—and indeed the experience of the Recreative Evening Schools Association proves—that classes so conducted can be made very attractive to children. Nothing delights boys more than working with tools; any one who has visited technical schools will agree with me in this: it is as true recreation as cricket or football. We are only beginning to awaken to the immense waste that has taken place in our educational system hitherto; we have tried to force double the brain-work that children can healthily undertake, and defrauded them of the complementary instruction of the hand and eye, which are quite as necessary and are intended by Nature as the proper relaxation from head-work. We have turned out children stupefied with lists of names and dates and intricacies of spelling and grammar, but utterly ignorant of most things which are needed for the struggle of life. All educationists are now recognising this fundamental error, and our code has been largely modified to allow more liberty of teaching; but it is in the evening continuation schools that there is most room for technical and practical teaching, and we propose, subject to some control of the Department, to give to managers almost absolute power to select the subjects for instruction.

WE are of course quite familiar with such methods and results at the People's Palace and Polytechnic, and such aims cannot of course command anything else but our heartiest sympathy and support. I cannot however close these jottings without quoting Mr. Smith once more, when he compares the national life of Germany and England, and the influence upon that life of the Educational System of the respective countries.

"WHAT struck me most in Germany was the marvellous effect of their continuous system of education on the national life. It has almost extirpated the class of pauper and ragged children. I saw in none of the German cities the analogue of what we have in England—viz., hordes of street Arabs, brutal 'corner-men' or 'larrikins,' or the genus 'rough,' which swarms in most large English towns. I did not see, during some weeks' travel, a single ragged or begging child; indeed, the class did not seem to exist to any appreciable extent. There is no 'submerged tenth' in Germany corresponding with that in England, meaning by that a squalid mass of

destitute and for the most part degraded human beings. There is much poverty in Germany. Wages are much lower than in England. Pinching and economy prevail to an extent unknown here, but there is always self-respect, and nearly always good education, thrift, and industry. Undoubtedly the main cause is their admirable system of education; the children are not allowed to relapse into savagery during the critical time between childhood and manhood. They are conducted over that hazardous stage by a series of ladders, and thus it comes to pass that Germany, though a poor country, has escaped the worst social evils that afflict Great Britain, and has by its national patriotism achieved a wonderful position in the European commonwealth."

Random Readings.

FOR those who cannot afford horse exercise Dr. Morell Mackenzie warmly recommends the tricycle, which, as a means of exercise for the middle-aged, has, he believes, a great future before it. Of the same mind is Dr. Oscar Jennings, an English physician practising in Paris, who has published a book in which he tells how he diminished his circumference, which was beginning to give signs of Falstaffian possibilities, and evicted a host of infirmities by cycling alone without any other forms of exercise. Dr. Mackenzie warns middle-aged men against the dangerous practice of rushing off to Wales and Switzerland after a year of exhausting brainwork and straightway proceeding to climb hills and mountains. For those over forty-five he holds that the best view of a mountain is from its foot.

THE return which has just been issued as to the working of the First Offenders' Act, 1887, is distinctly encouraging. The powers which the Act conferred upon magistrates have been exercised with marked benefit to the community. We have in the numbers of those discharged and not called up for judgment an exact measure of the effect of the statute in reducing the number of gaol-birds. It is no little cause for national congratulation that in 1888 578 first offenders were thus respited, while the rise of the figures to 860 in 1889 and 928 in 1890 may be regarded as wholly satisfactory. The totals, it is true, are high, and seem to indicate an increasing lawlessness, but it is something to know that they do not represent a permanent increment to the criminal classes. It may fairly be assumed that if the conditions of their recognisances are observed, or they are not subsequently convicted, many of these people have offended against the law for the last as well as the first time in their lives.

"THERE must be no demonstrations in court," said an Irish judge on Monday, "but ye can't prevent people indicatin' their feelings." This is a very fair bull. It is almost better than "the only way to avoid danger is to meet it plump." Some of the best bulls, however, as the late Archbishop Magee pointed out, have been made by English speakers: e.g., a young peer once remarked at the Oxford Union, "I believe, sir, that the Established Church has a great future. But that will of course depend on the use she makes of it." The same orator is credited with a peroration in which he spoke of "all ranks, from the Queen sitting on her throne to the cottager sitting on his cottage."

MR. RUSKIN says: "I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power or hesitation in speaking his opinions, but a right understanding between the relationship of what he can do and say, and the rest of the world's doings and sayings. All great men not only know their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows that he can build a good dome at Florence; Alfred Durer writes calmly to one who had found fault with his work: 'It cannot be better'; Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anyone else, only they do not expect their fellow men, therefore, to fall down and worship them; they have a curious sense of powerlessness, feeling that their greatness is not in them but through them, that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; that they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful."

Present Day Problems.

II.—PROFIT SHARING.

I AM glad to find that the few notes which I gave on this subject has aroused a certain interest in this possible "way out" of the ever-increasing conflict between capital and labour. We are all working men at the Institute, and, as such, interested in this ever present day problem, so no apology is needed for reverting to the question. All I pretend to do, at the moment, is to state facts, leaving them to speak for themselves.

ONE correspondent asks me what books treat of the subject. As far as I can learn the following are the chief sources of information:—"Report to Board of Trade on Profit Sharing," by Lowry Whittle; "Profit Sharing," Sedley Taylor; "Relations between Employers and Employed," by T. W. Bushill and W. Walker; "Leclaire," a Lecture, by W. H. Hall; "Report of Cassell & Co., Limited."

THE system has been tried with the best results on the continent, but in England it has yet to win its way. It is true a good many firms give bonuses to their workpeople, but as in most cases these are given purely as a matter of goodwill, and may be discontinued at any time, they hardly come under the designation of profit sharing, however encouraging they may be as steps in the right direction.

OF course the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and it may be asked, How does the pudding eat? Are the results satisfactory? Looked at from the economic side, has it answered the hopes of its promoters, in preventing waste of material, and waste of time; and in developing in the workman an interest in his work unknown before? And on the moral side, has it, where it has been tried, extinguished the bitter feud between capital and labour, harmonised both masters and men, and brought them into cordial relationships? The replies to such enquiries will come with all the more force if they proceed from the parties chiefly interested, and we shall quote, therefore, a few testimonies from employers and employed.

As to economic results. M. Godin reports that "ever since the system was established, the workmen are interested in improving the output." They are quick in pointing out sources of loss and defects, and they exert themselves to make new suggestions. M. Goffinon estimates the saving in wear and loss at 10m 5,000 to 5,000 francs a year, and adds that there is an equal economy of material used. Mr. Frank Livesey, of the South Metropolitan Gas-works, writes as to the saving by a new plan of the wear and tear of iron barrows. M. de Courcy, Manager of the Compagnie d'Assurance, Paris, testifies to the increased permanence, steadiness, and assiduity of his employes, and the reduced costs which they willingly make as occasion needs. M. Billon writes: "We soon became aware of the good influence which the prospect of sharing in profits exercised on our workmen. An entirely fresh zeal for work, and a lively interest in the house showed themselves among them." Seventy of Billon and Isaac's employes join in the following expression of opinion: "Every workman who has become a shareholder devotes his utmost attention to the success of the undertaking. Piece-work, premiums, the raising of wages, can in no wise replace for the workman's heart, and the master's advantage, participation in profits; under this principle one works with good heart, which is the same thing as saying that one works more and better." Messrs. Brooke, Bond & Co., of London, write: "Our system of profit sharing was introduced primarily for the benefit of the workers. The problem was how to add to the earnings of labour without diminution of the profits of the employer. The solution was supposed to be found in increased zeal, vigilance, punctuality, economies of time and material, and identification of interests. It was hoped and anticipated that the operation of these motives and qualities would add to the profits all that is given back in the shape of bonus. We are completely satisfied with the results."

NOW as to moral results. M. Marquot, of the Maison Leclaire, informed Mr. Sedley Taylor "that the house painters who, when Leclaire commenced his efforts, were notoriously the most debauched, intemperate, and intractable workmen to be found in Paris, are now greatly in request among architects, in consequence of their possession of diametrically opposite qualities." Mr. T. W. Bushill writes: "We started upon a

trial year of profit sharing with but modest expectations as to immediate results. Now, at its close, we can report that these expectations are greatly surpassed. An appreciable per centage of the occasions of worry, which all large employers experience, have disappeared. The value of the institution of profit sharing as a lubricant can scarcely, to my mind, be over-estimated." M. Chaise, the great Parisian printer and publisher, admits that participation is no universal panacea, but affirms that it constitutes an incontestable advance. He believes that it will lead to an understanding between capital and labour, and to a reign of harmony and peace. A workman in the employ of Billon and Isaac, writes: "That participation has entirely altered the mode of life and habits of the workman. Formerly, no one thought save of himself, quarrels about work were nothing out of the common. Now, on the contrary, all consider themselves as members of one and the same family, and the good of the establishment has become the object of everyone's solicitude. If now we cast a glance at the workman's family, we cannot help seeing that there, too, a notable change for the better has taken place."

Woman's World.

BADLY-MADE mint-sauce has a deposit of coarse sugar, and requires to be stirred when served to each person, but made as follows the flavour will be very fine, and the sugar will be properly mixed. Wash and chop very fine the leaves of fresh green mint—about a large table-spoonful will be enough—put it into the sauce tureen with a gill of water, and allow it to stand an hour. Mix in by degrees four ounces of sugar, or as much as the water will dissolve. This done, add sufficient vinegar to give the required sharpness, observing that mint-sauce should not be too acid.

THE presence of flowers in a bed-room is not unwholesome. Indeed, scientific authority may be adduced that flowers are everywhere highly beneficial. The specimens of air taken from a greenhouse containing six thousand plants were found to contain a less proportion of carbonic acid than the open air. The greenhouse air also contained less carbonic acid than that of any sleeping-room. "We may safely conclude, therefore," says the experimentalist, "that a few plants in a room will exhale nothing to injure the sleeper, while the flowers themselves impart an agreeable cheerfulness."

A WRITER in *Science*, speaking of the antiquity of dolls, says that those which were in use among the children of the ancient Egyptians were made of wood, and might be mistaken for modern fabrics. Undoubtedly they were dressed by the Egyptian girls as our girls nowadays enjoy dressing their dolls. There were even some of the hands and feet of which could be moved by means of strings. Others, made of painted wood, were very imperfect in form, and had strings of beads instead of hair. In the museum of Leyden there is an ancient toy that looks as though it had been bought at a Christmas fair. There were figures of animals with moveable mouths, and dolls of leather. Among Greek and Roman antiquities dolls are found made of wood or clay, and others of wax and ivory. Dolls' houses with lead furniture; the saving-box with a slit on the top; toy cows, horses, and hogs—all these were known to the children of ancient Rome as they are to our own. The women of Bagdad believe that a doll may eventually come to life and harm their children, and therefore they prevent their use. The girls, however, play with cushions and pieces of wood instead. In Siberia and Arctic America ivory dolls, clothed in furs of beautiful workmanship, are found; in Peruvian graves, dressed dolls of clay; and in Africa the girls play with wooden or clay figures.

MISS FAWCETT is again to be congratulated. She has succeeded in maintaining the high place which she won at Cambridge last year. She has now been bracketed equal with Mr. Bennett, Senior Wrangler last year in the Mathematical Tripos. Then, the public was told to wait for the second part of the Mathematical Tripos, and, having waited, finds that while the third and sixth wranglers of last year have dropped to the second class, Miss Fawcett holds her own in the first division of the first class. Last year the lady was "above the Senior Wrangler"; this year she is at least equal to him in the higher examination.

The Red Mountain Mines.

(Continued from page 7.)

CHAPTER XIX.

"It's on y somethin' 'bout her mother—"
"Please don't say any more," implored Mark; "I will esteem it a favour if you will leave unsaid what you just came so near saying,—at least, until I ask for the rest of it."
"Oh, Lordy! look a' there!" shouted Droopy, suddenly, from across the room.
Everybody looked.

Walter Morris had just come in, and was hurrying through the room, as pale as a ghost, and with a face which was haggard in every feature.

"Why, Walty," bawled Droopy, "ye look as ef ye'd jined the Masons, an' had jined 'em back'ards, and the goat had rode you, instid o' your ridin' the goat."

Mary opened her eyes before Walter was out of the house. She raised herself upon one elbow, and gazed about her, unable to understand why she was lying there, with her clothes on; but when she heard him go out into the street and close the door it all came back to her. She remembered what had happened in the parlour, up to the time of her falling at his feet, and she guessed the rest. Quickly jumping from the bed, she sprang to the window, pushed open the shutters, and looked out.

There he was, walking slowly away, his haste having spent itself as soon as he was out of the house. He was so near her that he could have heard her had she even whispered his name. She could not see his face, for his head was bent low; but his clinched white hands were plainly visible to her from her chamber window; and they betrayed his suffering.

Once, when he was a dozen paces away, she put out her hands and tried to call him back; but her voice failed her, and no sound came through her parted lips. For a moment her inability to stop him nearly drove her mad: she wanted to tell him that he, and he alone, had a husband's place in her heart, and that she would do whatever he said,—go with him wherever he wished,—if only he would not walk away so like a man whose soul was frozen within him. His misery was all because of her: what right had she to let him suffer so? She *must* call him back; she would make him hear. And then, with their full force and meaning, those words of Dubb's—cruel words they seemed now—came back to her:

"They am some one what wants ter marry yer. It am Don Altanner."

And then she thought of the message she had sent back to the Don,—the message which now changed everything and put her and Walter Morris out of each other's lives forever:

"Tell him that my answer is 'yes.'"
If she could recall those rash words, which she had uttered so hastily and so thoughtlessly, in entire forgetfulness of significance, and with no other desire, at the moment, than to please Dubb! But she could not. She had decided. She must keep her pledge, even if it cost both her and Walter Morris their lives. Why had she so foolishly ignored Dubb's suggestion? Why had she not waited until the next morning, at least, so that she could give the matter some of the thought and calm consideration which its importance demanded?

Suddenly a chill went over her, and she seemed turned to ice. Walter must never come back. She must never see him again: if she did—and then the ice became fire, and her grief, agony, and perplexity completely overcame her, and, letting herself fall across the narrow window-bench, she burst into a tempest of tears and sobs.

It was a mercy to her that no one passed the house, for she was in full view of the street.

How long she lay there, she never knew. She was aroused by the sound of approaching feet. Leaning out of the window, she saw Dubb coming. She arose and closed the shutters.

"Papa must not see me now," she said, aloud, as if there was some one present to hear her: "he would guess every-thing."

And then she closed her chamber door, but not a moment too soon, for Dubb came in, up the stairs, and walked straight to her door and knocked.

"Mary, can I see yer fur a minute?" he asked; "that is, ef ye ain't gone ter bed."

"I am up and dressed, papa," she answered; "but I am excited and fussy over Don Altana's proposal, and don't feel like seeing any one. You will excuse me, won't you papa, dear?"

"Sartain, in course," replied Dubb. "I oughter knowed ye'd feel a little stracked jest now; it's n'it'ral an' right. I tole

him, an' it made him awful happy. He am goin' home ter-morrer, an' I'm goin' with him; they be some business in San Francisker what I wants ter 'tend to, an' now am a good time ter go, seem' as he's goin'. I'll be busy there four er five days, an' I'll git back jest as quick as I can, then. All I wanted ter tell yer 'bout my goin', an' ter say good-bye, an' ter let yer know 'bout him. Ef ye wants anything while I'm gone, jest tell Tom er Droopy. Go ter bed now, dearie, an' don't get ter fidgetin'. Good-bye, Mary."

"Good-bye, papa."
She was glad that the Don was going away without seeing her, but she could not help wondering why it was. She was also glad that Dubb was going away: it would be about ten days before he returned, and by that time she was sure that she would be herself again. In the meantime, she must send Walter Morris away. She could meet her fate easier if he was away from Red Mountain.

Going to her table, she busied herself for a long time with her writing-materials. Sheet after sheet she tore up, as being too formal, or not formal enough; at last she decided that it would be best to send him simply the following brief note:

"MR. MORRIS: It is now midnight,—exactly four hours since you were generous enough to leave me. Will you not go a step farther with your generosity, and leave Red Mountain, at once, and stay until after I am married? You can make some misleading excuse to your family, and so save me at least a portion of my anguish."

"MARY DUBB."

She read it over several times before sealing it. When she addressed the envelope, it seemed to her that she was writing his name in his death warrant.

And, yet, what else can I do?" she sobbed. "What I have written sounds selfish, but it may make him think that I am not aware of his love for me, and that I am struggling against self-mortification. That will be best."

All through the night she walked up and down her chamber; and at the first sound of approaching daylight she went quietly out of the house, and walked in the direction of Bilkins's deserted shaft. No one was stirring; the whole place was in slumber: she got out of the little town unperceived, and wondered if she would ever sleep again.

Reaching the shaft, she passed by it and hurried on along the same path which she and Walter had followed, a week after her birthday. How far back in the past that day seemed! She felt as if ages had gone by since then.

Higher and higher she went up into the mountain, until she reached the point where she and Walter had turned to go back home again. Then she seated herself on a boulder, and thought over the whole of her life. It had always been so happy and careless until now; and now there was nothing in it but despair and desolation. She had but one thing to console her, and that was her conviction that she was pleasing Dubb. Suddenly a possibility flashed upon her that had heretofore been unconsidered. What if she had misunderstood Dubb? What if he was indifferent as to whom she married, so long as she married well? It seemed reasonable and probable: he had never insisted on her doing anything, and why had she supposed that he cared about this on his own account? She would go straight back and tell him the truth at all hazards.

She would not marry Don Altana: Dubb should explain to him that her acceptance of the honour which he offered her had been made without consideration, and that it was a pledge which she could not keep without injustice to Don Altana, to Walter Morris, and to herself. The Don might despise her for her indecision, and Dubb might be hurt by her seeming fickleness; but neither would be so bad as her marrying Don Altana under such circumstances; nothing else could be so bad as that. Five minutes before, she had been firm in one purpose; now she was firm in another. Then she had been sure that it was her duty to marry the Don; now she was sure it was her duty to break the engagement.

With a cry of joy, she sprang up and began running down the mountain, so as to get home before the departure of Dubb and Don Altana. Part of the way her path lay along the steep side of a ravine, and once, in her haste, she came too near the edge, and went crashing down among the rocks below. Her head was dashed against one of them, and there she lay, senseless and bleeding.

When she regained consciousness, she found herself in the arms of Walter Morris. He, too, had passed a restless night, and had been walking to quiet himself, chance had brought him along the same pathway, almost immediately after her fall. He had given her brandy, and just as he had despaired of ever seeing her eyes open again, she opened them.

"Walter!" she gasped, and then covered her face with her hands to hide her blushes.

He helped her to a sitting posture, and then insisted

upon her taking more brandy. Almost mechanically she obeyed him.

She felt strangely confused and bewildered. Beyond a slight shaking-up, her fall had done her no harm; but the presence of Walter embarrassed her as she had never been embarrassed before. She had called him by his first name, too, and that also troubled her.

He made no attempt to force her into conversation, and, after a remark or two concerning her accident, her relapsed into a respectful silence.

"If you can walk, I think we had best go home," he said, after an hour.

She arose, and they walked away together without exchanging a word. When Mary reached home Dubb was gone.

CHAPTER XX.

THERE was one characteristic about Millicent Morris which, while it might not have been original, was certainly not directly chargeable to Aunt Jenkins's seminary. She lived, inwardly, in a perpetual atmosphere of romance. Fairy-tales had been her first style of literature, and she had abandoned these for the still more extravagant variety of wonder-tales which are commonly classified and specified as society novels. Reading them, was, truly enough, one of the deadly things which Aunt Jenkins vociferously prohibited. But Aunt Jenkins had not, of course, been present during all the hours in the years in which Millicent's mind had been supposed to be developing; and whenever the periods of her absence had been so long as an hour, Millicent had devoted the hour to the devouring of some yellow-covered book with rose-coloured contents.

As a consequence, she was always looking out for some prince, or count, or senator, or millionaire, who was provokingly slow in coming. That he eventually would come, she had no doubt; it was always so in the books she had read. To be exact, there was just *one* book which she had read, in which the fair and languishing maiden had, of her own free will and consent, been married to a plebeian, and had lived happily with him ever afterwards, just as such things frequently occur in life. But Millicent was hurt and shocked. The book cost her several sleepless nights, and no end of tears. More than that, she committed the author's name to memory, so that she might never read any more of his painful realism, and he was the only author whose name she ever did remember. But in all the rest of the delightful books she read, the languishing fair, after a suitable amount of languishing, was married to some man as charming, in his way, as his fair bride was in hers.

That Millicent herself would one day be such a fair bride, she had no doubt. She had often studied herself,—in the mirror, of course,—and she was certain that she lacked none of the essential requisites of the typical fair bride. But when the man—the slow-coming but indispensable auxiliary without whom no wistful woman can be made a bride—would put in an appearance, she had no idea. Recently, she had decided that she would seek him, if he did not soon seek her; and the morning of Mary's mishap on the mountain was the very time appointed and selected by Millicent for her first excursion for the missing unknown.

Quite early that morning she set out for a stroll among the numerous deserted claims, east of the town. She was partially inspired to resort to this expedient by something which Walter had said to her several weeks before, but whose meaning, strangely enough, had only just penetrated her mind. The substance of what he had remarked was that there were at least fifty families at Red Mountain which were equal to any family in the East. This being so, it did not seem improbable to her that there was in some one of these families at least one eligible and marriageable man.

And so she set out, hoping that chance would lead her to the combined objects of her quest,—an adventure and a man. And her faith was rewarded: she found both.

When she had been walking for about an hour, and had come to the unhappy conclusion that she was expecting more of Red Mountain than Red Mountain could give her, she suddenly came upon what seemed to her one of the supremest marvels of that supremely marvellous country. It was a perfectly level patch of dull, dark red, which she mistook for solid rock. It was about twenty feet long by ten feet wide, and the surrounding soil sloped gradually down to it, just as the sides of a pan slope down toward the bottom.

"This," she reflected, "is the beautiful paint-stone with which the red warriors of the forest delight in painting themselves. I have heard that it is as slippery as oil; and if I were only younger I would take a run and slide across it."

Sliding had been one of the favourite amusements of Millicent's childhood, before she got into the tenacious clutches of Aunt Jenkins; and it had been the very juvenile habit which

she had relinquished with most regret, upon Aunt Jenkins's declaration that it was not graceful. It was many a year since she had indulged in it; and now that a seeming opportunity had presented itself, she could not resist it.

Looking around, first, and making sure that she was entirely alone, she started back a step or two, held up her skirts, took a smart little run, and a considerable leap,—when she reached the edge of her supposed "paint-stone" find,—and landed, up to her waist, in a mass of soft red clay, which frequent rains had settled in the little funnel-shaped hollow, and which the drainage of a neighbouring mine kept constantly of the consistency of newly-made jelly.

Perhaps she was too thoroughly startled to scream, perhaps it was owing to the training of Aunt Jenkins; anyhow, no sound escaped her lips. She might not have fully appreciated her leaping capacity, and very likely she did not; but the little jump which she had given, when her feet left the solid ground, sent her squarely into the middle of the treacherous and deceiving clay-sink. She struggled a little, but it was no use; she could not escape. For the time being, she was one of the unmovable fixtures of the landscape; and so she was unmistakably doomed to stay, unless some one came to her rescue.

So overwhelmed and dismayed was she with the one half of her programme, the adventure, that, for the time being, she utterly forgot the other half of it, the man. But the Fates were kinder than Millicent; they did not forget; and in due course of time the man was forthcoming.

The training of Aunt Jenkins had always been a drag on her; it was a worse drag on her, even now, than the mud. To scream, to empty her pent-up distress in a noise loud enough to be heard by people of enough common sense to keep them from frequenting the clay-bed as a pleasure-resort, would, according to the Jenkinsonian tenets, be vulgar. Truly enough, she screamed, and she screamed frequently; but her screams were so mild, refined, and spiritless that they were scarcely heard even by the birds in the trees above her geological discovery.

There she stood, for half an hour, a perfect study in maidenly despondency. Her arms and her neck were about the only flexible portions of her anatomy which she could move; the clay held the rest of her, hopelessly and immovably fast. And even then, environed as she was, she exercised the extremest caution to keep her arms out of ungraceful positions. "The test of thorough breeding," Aunt Jenkins had often declared, "is to recollect and exercise its unvarying laws under the most trying circumstances."

She was not exactly *under* the trying circumstances in the present case, but she was likely to be if she stayed there very much longer. She had no difficulty in recollecting the unvarying laws. Aunt Jenkins's precept was thoroughly well learned; and the result was an example of good breeding perfect enough to satisfy even Aunt Jenkins herself, had she been there.

When Millicent's dejection was at high-water mark, and she was sure that no one would ever find her, and that soon her flagging strength would give out and let her sink out of sight altogether into a grave in that miry clay, she heard a noise. A considerable noise, too, it was, as if a man, and a very large man, was coming. And now Millicent's heart fluttered with a new distress: how could she, under such circumstances, face a man? She seemed to have entirely forgotten that she had been letting off those refined and inoffensive screams for the sake of attracting the attention of a man; that her escape from the mud could only be engineered by a man; and, in fact, that a man—or an insatiable longing for one—had been the prime mover in getting her into this unhappy scrape: and yet, now that there was every reason for believing that a man was coming, she closed her eyes, and covered them with her hands, to shut out the dreadful sight.

A moment later, and the refined ears of Millicent were treated to the sound of a suppressed snort, such as a locomotive might make if stopped suddenly when under a full head of steam. Then there was a brief silence, after which Millicent heard something which sounded as if a whole battery of merriment was fizzling, like a bad fire-cracker, for want of a sufficient degree of explosive force. All this while, Millicent kept her eyes closed. Presently there was a brisk retreat, and then she opened her eyes in time to see Droopy vanishing over the little hill across which she had come to her clay prison. Scarcely was he out of sight when there came to her ears the most boisterous and uproarious laughter she had ever heard; and her cheeks burned with shame and rage.

Her appearance, notwithstanding her distress, was too droll and comical for Droopy to stand, and he had to laugh in spite of himself. He had tried to retreat out of her hearing, but the mirthful paroxysm seized him too quickly. The knowledge that she could hear him checked his laughter speedily, and then he hastened back to her.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE HUNT'S
Old Established High Class
PROVISION WAREHOUSE,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
108 & 109, WHITECHAPEL RD., E.
(Opposite the London Hospital.)

Go To **Gapp's**
Herbal Medicine Store,
104, GREEN STREET,
Near Globe Road Station, G.E.Ry.
Herbal Medicines at Small Cost—Test Them.
Eyesight Tested and Glasses to suit the sight from 5s.4d.
Good and Cheap Line in Pebbles.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

The Best Medicines for Family Use.

THE PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD, CORRECT all DISORDERS of the INTERNAL ORGANS,
and are INVALUABLE IN ALL COMPLAINTS INCIDENTAL TO FEMALES.
THE OINTMENT Is the most reliable remedy for Chest and Throat Affections, Gout, Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Old Wounds, Sores, Ulcers, and all Skin Diseases.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street, London, and sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice Gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

THE
SCOTTISH
Sanitary Laundry,
131,
MILE END ROAD.

Specialité
Shirt and Collar Dressing.



G. SEADEN,
Canning Town Cycle Works
155, BANK BUILDINGS,
BARKING ROAD,
CANNING TOWN.

Machines Sold on the Hire
Purchase System, from 2/6
per week.

Repairs on the Shortest Notice.

EAST END AGENT FOR
RUDGE & NEW RAPID.

E. RICHARDSON,
FAMILY BAKER,
Cook & Confectioner,
622,
MILE END RD.

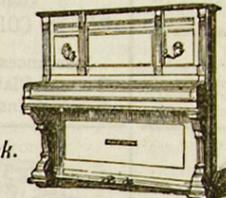
Wedding Cakes, Luncheon
and other Cakes. Biscuits of
superior quality. Milk Scones.
Contractor for Wedding and
Evening Parties. Public or
Private Tea Meetings.

JARRETT & GOUDGE'S
High-Class Iron Frame, Check Action
PIANOFORTES
For Cash or by easy
terms of payment. And AMERICAN ORGANS.

From

2/6

Per Week.



From

2/6

Per Week.

Highest awards obtained at Palace Exhibition for Design, Tone,
Touch and General Excellence of Workmanship. A Seven
Years' Guarantee with every instrument.

STEAM WORKS AND FACTORY:—
TRIANGLE ROAD, HACKNEY.

Show { LONDON WALL, One door from Moorgate Street, E.C.
308, MILE END ROAD, E.

Rooms. { (Nearly opposite the Palace.)
401, MARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.

Pianos Repaired or taken in Exchange. Removals by our own Vans.

ALAN RAPER,
ENTIRELY NEW STOCK
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
JEWELLERY,
DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS,
WEDDING RINGS, KEEPERS, &c., &c.

The largest selection in the East of London
at Manufacturers' Prices.



MONEY LIBERALLY ADVANCED UPON EVERY
DESCRIPTION OF VALUABLE PROPERTY.

610a, MILE END ROAD.

Facing Tredegar Square.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

The best and cheapest house for Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and Spectacles, where you get full value and a written warranty, also every description of Repairs, Gilding, Engraving, Enamelling, etc., where best materials are used, and the lowest prices charged, go to

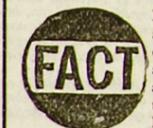
J. TOBINS, 382, Mile End Road, E.

(Almost opposite the People's Palace.)

GEORGE A. KENDALL,
Auctioneer, Valuer, and Estate Agent,
170, EAST INDIA ROAD, POPLAR.

Sales by Auction of House Property, Furniture, Trade and Farm Stocks, at moderate and fixed charges.
Rents Collected and the Entire Management of Estates undertaken.
Mortgages negotiated. Valuations made for all purposes.
Life, Fire, Plate Glass, and Accident Insurances effected in any of the leading offices.
Certificated Bailiff. Monthly Property Register post free on application.

ROGERS' "NURSERY"
HAIR LOTION.



Destroys all Nits and Parasites in children's heads, and immediately allays the irritation. Perfectly harmless.
Prepared only by W. ROGERS, Chemist, Ben Jonson Road, Stepney, E. Bottles 7d. and 1s. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Special Bottles, post free from observation, 15 stamps.

Charles Selby,
UNDERTAKER,
Complete Funeral Furnisher,
Car & Carriage Proprietor,
31, CAMPBELL ROAD,
BOW,

15, HIGH STREET,
BROMLEY,
AND
191, HIGH STREET,
STRATFORD.

A few doors from Board School.

W. WRIGHT,
Photographer.

NEW STUDIOS:
422, MILE END ROAD.
Opposite People's Palace.

MESSRS.
C. C. & T. MOORE

Respectfully announce the dates
of their old established

Periodical Sales
OF
ESTATES

and House Property.

(Held for 56 years), which are appointed
to take place at the Auction Mart,
Tokenhouse Yard, on the 2nd and
4th Thursdays of the Month,
during the year 1891 as follows:

Jan. ...— 22	July ... 9, 23
Feb. ...12, 26	Sept. ...10, 24
Mar. ... 12, 26	Oct. ... 8, 22
April ... 9, 23	Nov. ...12, 26
May ...14, 28	Dec. ...— 10
June ...11, 25	

Special attention given to rent col-
lecting and the entire management of
house property. Insurances effected.

Auction and Survey Offices:
144, MILE END RD., E.



**THE ALDGATE
TURKISH BATHS.**

J. & H. NEVILL.

Gentlemen—44, High St., Whitechapel.
Ladies—7, Commercial Road.

(Next door to Gardiner's.)

2s. 6d. before 6; 1s. 6d. after 6 p.m.
And at London Bridge and Charing Cross.

F. A. CAPEROE,

**MUSIC SELLER,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEALER,**

And Professor of the Piano, Organ and Violin,

35, MARE ST., HACKNEY

(Near the Morley Hall,

Late of 473, HACKNEY ROAD.

QUADRILLE BAND, Pianists, Instrumentalists, and
Vocalists provided for Concerts, &c.

E. SLATER & Co.

HIGH-CLASS READY-
MADE AND BESPOKE

**TAILORS
and OUTFITTERS**

West-End Style and Fit.
MODERATE PRICES.

Makers of the Beaumont
Club Bicycle Suit.

Large Selection of Latest
Goods to select from.

Indian, Colonial, & Athletic
Outfits on the shortest notice.

PATTERNS FREE.

143, MILE END RD., E.

J. & J. H. ARDEN, Auctioneers and Surveyors,
65, Salmon's Lane, Stepney (near Stepney Railway Station), and Woodford, Essex.
OFFICE HOURS FROM 10 TO 3.

SALES BY AUCTION of Freehold and Leasehold Property, Land Farm-Stock,
Furniture, Building Materials, etc., in all parts of England. Money advanced
pending sales. Rents collected and guaranteed. Estates managed. Valuations
made for all purposes. Mortgages negotiated. Agents for Fire, Life, Accidents
and Plate Glass Insurances. Certificated Bailiffs under the new Law Distress
Amendment Act.

N.B.—Mr. J. Arden personally conducts all Levies, Bills of Sale in all
parts of England & Wales. No delay.

Printed Lists of Properties for Sale and to Let are now ready, and can be
had on application.

AUCTION SALE ROOMS—40, Cambridge Road, Mile End, E.

The above Rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. for the reception of
Furniture and other Goods for absolute Sale. Money advanced upon the same.
J. & J. H. ARDEN, AUCTIONEERS.

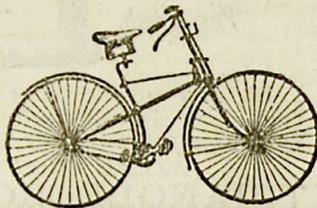
C. C. TAYLOR & SON,

10 & 12, MILE END RD., E.

SALES BY AUCTION of every description of Property.
VALUATIONS & SURVEYS FOR ALL PURPOSES.
RENTS COLLECTED & HOUSE PROPERTY MANAGED.

Insurances Effected in the Phoenix Fire, London and
General Plate Glass, British Empire Mutual Life, and the
Accident Insurance Companies.

**Whelpton's
Pills
& Ointment**
Sold everywhere



W. S. CROKER,
Cycle Manufacturer,
2, St. Stephen's Road,
BOW, E.

Any make of Machine supplied
at a large discount for Cash, or on easy payment system. Repairs
of every description executed Promptly and Cheaply. All the
latest pattern Machines let on hire.

Second-hand Machines Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.
Fittings supplied and Repairs done for the Trade.

2, ST. STEPHEN'S ROAD, BOW, E.

BUILDING MATERIALS.

OVID OTTLEY,

CANNON STREET ROAD & HUNGERFORD STREET, E.

THE CHEAPEST HOUSE FOR

TIMBER, MOULDING, BRICKS, LIME, CEMENT,
PLASTER, SLATES, FIRE GOODS, SANITARY
EARTHENWARE, TERRA COTTA WARE,
AND CEILING LATHS.

GIVEN AWAY!
Your Rubber Stamp.

NAME in FULL or MONOGRAM,
mounted, post free for 3½ stamps,
to CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN
BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARK-



ING INK WORKS,
75, Southgate Road,
London, N., EBO-
NITE INK; NO
HEATING; each
containing a Voucher;
6 or 12 stamps.
Nickel Pencil Case,
with Pen, Pencil, and your Rubber
Name in Full, 7½ stamps.

THE ROYAL MAKER.

FOR SALE.

ST. BERNARD'S BITCH,
age four years, good
pedigree. Price £5.

Also BITCH PUPPY,
six months. Price £3.

A. G. S. La Moie,
Vicarage Road,
Leyton.

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL,
KINGSLAND ROAD, E.

Patron—THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Chairman—JOSEPH FRY, ESQ.

Hon. Secretary—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

THE NEW BUILDING FOR 160 BEDS IS NOW COMPLETE.

The Hospital is conducted on strictly Provincial Principles.

ACCIDENTS AND CASES OF URGENCY ADMITTED AT ALL HOURS FREE.

THE CHARITY HAS NO ENDOWMENT.

Funds urgently needed for Furnishing, Opening, and maintaining the New Wards.

Bankers { GLYN, MILLS & Co.
LLOYDS BANK, LTD.

CHARLES H. BYERS, Secretary.