

THE PALACE JOURNAL
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FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

**PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.**

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, July 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.
- SATURDAY, 18th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Concert, by the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra. Admission, 3d.
- SUNDAY, 19th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Organ recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free.
- MONDAY, 20th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- TUESDAY, 21st.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. (ladies only).
- WEDNESDAY, 22nd.—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 by the Gypsy Choir. Admission, 2d.
- THURSDAY, 23rd.—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, 24th.—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 students of the Violin class, on Saturday evening last, presented Mr. G. Mellish (the assistant instructor) with a handsome inkstand, in recognition of services rendered to the class.

THE Gymnasium re-opened this 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 to 9.30 p.m.

HOLIDAY HOME, GORLESTON, YARMOUTH.—The third 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.

TO-MORROW, Saturday, the 18th, the great cycling race meeting takes place at the Millwall Athletic Ground, Millwall (3 minutes from North Greenwich Ferry and 1 minute from Millwall Dock Station), by the Beaumont (People's Palace) Cycling Club. Tickets may be obtained in the office.

OUR readers will be glad to hear that the appeal for the loan of pictures for the Exhibition in August is being responded to by many gentlemen. More, however, are still wanted. The Exhibition will open Monday, 10th August.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DAY TECHNICAL SCHOOL, FOURTH ANNUAL EXCURSION.—Our boys arrived safe and sound at Felixstowe on Friday last. They are now going steadily

through their daily round of amusements, and in the next issue of the Journal I hope to be able to give a full account of the holiday. The weather has been superb since our arrival.

F. C. F.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—President: Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq.—On Saturday last we journeyed to Richmond to try conclusions with the Richmond Town and Green Cricket Club, and a very pleasant game resulted in a win for our opponents by 32 runs.

Richmond Town and Green C.C.—R. Avory, 5; W. Ventress, 0; W. R. Slade, 6; G. B. Tearle, 5; H. Clarke, 1; H. Field, 3; C. Beavis, 2; G. Smith, 0; W. Burton, 17; F. C. Weston, not out, 23; G. Bomer, 5; Extras, 5—Total, 72.

People's Palace C.C.—C. Bowman, 0; F. A. Hunter, 1; A. Bowman, 24; J. Phillips, 0; P. J. Turtle, 0; J. Williams, 5; McDougall, 0; J. Williamson, 1; W. Bruce, 0; Claridge, not out, 0; Whiting, 0; Extras, 9—Total, 40.

Bowling Analysis—A. Bowman, 15 overs, 5 maidens, 27 runs, 5 wickets; F. A. Hunter, 11.3 overs, 3 maidens, 30 runs, 3 wickets; P. J. Turtle, 2 overs, 1 maiden, 4 runs, 0 wickets; J. Williams, 2 overs, 0 maidens, 4 runs, 0 wickets; Claridge, 2 overs, 1 maiden, 2 runs, 0 wickets. Turtle bowled 2 wides.

Match at Merton Hall Farm, Wimbledon, for Saturday next. Trains from Waterloo Station. Team:—A. Bowman, C. Bowman, F. A. Hunter, J. Williams, W. Bruce, J. Phillips, H. Holmes, F. Hall, P. J. Turtle, McDougall, Orchard; Reserves, Whiting and Butterworth. F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last, 11th inst, a party of twenty-eight took part in the boating ramble to Edmonton. We engaged our boats at Radley's, Lee Bridge, and, having seen all refreshments were on board, we started about 2.50 p.m., and had a very pleasant journey to Tottenham. There were several pleasure parties proceeding in the direction of Enfield, each of the locks being filled with boats. The weather was all that could be desired; our party was well balanced; there were an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, and a more cheerful company could scarcely be found, consequently everything was favourable to success. We moored our boats safely at this side of Edmonton Lock, and then proceeded across the fields to Chingford. Arrived at Mrs. Nun's, High Street, Chingford, we found our tea was ready to be poured out, and we were soon discussing ham, beef, tomatoes, etc., which were very acceptable after rowing. After tea we returned to the boats *via* Ponder's End Lock, taking a field path opposite Mrs. Nun's which connected with the Ponder's End Road, a very pretty walk, leading to the tow-path by the river side. The return journey was equally pleasant, we arrived at 10.30 p.m., and soon dispersed to our respective homes.—*Saturday, July 18.*—London Bridge at 3 p.m. for Crystal Palace. Tonic Sol-fa Jubilee Fête.—*Saturday, July 25.*—Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst Hill, 3.40 p.m., Coborn Road, book to Snaresbrook.—*August 3rd.*—Windsor. A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS' GIPSY CHOIR will give a Concert on Wednesday, July 22nd. *Vocalists*—Miss Gladys Cramer, Miss Emillie, Miss Lilly Newton, Miss Nellie Williams, Mr. Ben Jonson, Mr. Frank Widdicombe. *Dulcimer and Gigilera*—Miss Minnie Beadle. *Piccolo and Flute*—Mr. E. A. Salford. *Harp*—Mr. E. Packham. *At the Piano*—Miss Ruby Howe and Miss E. A. Beadle. Words of songs will be issued as a supplement. Admission, twopence, students of the classes, one penny. C. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

Result of Science and Art Examinations, 1891.

Stage 3 B.

Appleby, Edward L., 1st. Dodds, Benj. R. W., 1st.
Archer, Annie N., 1st. Davis, Edwin F., 1st.
Archer, John W., 1st. Evans, Edwin H., 1st.
Beck, Joshua, 1st. Willett, Albert, 1st.

Perspective, 3rd Grade.

Attwell, Emily A., 1st. Bateman, Herbert J., 1st.
White, Charles, 1st.

Plant Drawing in Outline, Stage 10 A.

Bateman, Herbert J., 2nd. Evans, Edwin H., 2nd.
Jesseman, Douglas, 2nd.

Carpenters' Company's Examination.

THE following candidates passed the examination of the Worshipful Company of Carpenters, held at their Hall last month. All those who have passed are eligible to become members of "The Institute of Certified Carpenters," which meets at Carpenters' Hall, for the purpose of promoting the improvement and advancement of those who have gained certificates.

First Class Certificates.

Knight, B. G. E., People's Palace.
Graves, W., People's Palace Technical Schools, Mile End.
(These names stand at the head of the list.)

A Peep behind the Scenes of the Office of the "Palace Journal."

WHAT is this?—This, dear, is that suffering animal, the editor.

But what is the editor?—He is the man, darling, who runs the Magazine.

My! I thought the Magazine ran itself?—That is the popular impression.

But not correct?—Not entirely so.

I thought the talented contributors wrote the stories?—They do.

And that the funny man wrestled with the jokes?—He does?

And that the soulful genius wrote the poems?—Certainly.

And the poor compositor; I thought he put the things into type?—Yes.

And that the printer—he worked off the editions?—You are right.

Then what in the name of goodness does the editor do?—He talks.

With whom?—With people who come in to help him to pass away the time.

Oh, then the editor has plenty of time to waste?—Lots.

Who is that long-haired lunatic with the roll of paper?—He is the gifted poet.

What does he want?—He wants to know what has become of that "Ode to a Withered Violet" in forty-seven stanzas, which he sent in last month.

What did become of it?—It was thrown into the waste-paper basket.

Does the editor say that?—Oh, no.

What does he say?—He says that he has sent it back.

Gracious! But isn't that an—exaggeration?—Yes, dear.

What does the poet say?—He says that he is so sorry, because the "Nineteenth Century" has offered him £50 for it.

And what is that?—A lie.

And who is that stout young fellow with the thick stick?—He is the "Constant Reader."

And he wants?—To enquire why his last communication was not answered.

And why was it not?—Because it was seven columns long, and only of interest to one person.

Who was that?—Himself.

And that young man sucking his cane?—He is the delight of the editorial room.

What is his business?—He has none.

Why, then, does he come?—Because it is too late for luncheon and too early to walk in the park.

But I do not understand?—Neither does the editor.
How long will he stay?—A couple of hours.

And that last man, is he the undertaker?—S-h-h! dear.
That is not an undertaker.

Who is it, then?—The funny man.

Oh! What does he want?—He wants to read the editor's last joke.

Where did he get it?—From a work on "The Tombs of the Early Egyptian Kings."

Gracious! Then this is the way the editor spends his time?—Principally.

One long, delightful reception?—Yes, dear.
The editor has nothing in the world to wish for or pray for?—Oh yes—one thing.

And what is that?—Death.

A New and Better Hope.

WE limit not the truth of God

To our poor reach of mind,

By notions of our day and sect,

Crude, partial, and confined;

No, let a new and better hope

Within our hearts be stirred,—

The Lord hath yet more light and truth

To break forth from His Word.

Who dares to bind to his dull sense

The oracles of Heaven,

For all the nations, tongues, and climes,

And all the ages given?

That universe! now much unknown;

That ocean! unexplored,—

The Lord hath yet more light and truth

To break forth from His Word.

Darkling our great forefathers went

The first steps of the way,

'Twas but the dawning yet to grow

Into the perfect day.

And grow it shall: our glorious sun

More fervid rays afford,

For God hath yet more light and truth

To break forth from His Word.

The valley's passed; ascending still

Our souls would higher climb,

And look down from supernal heights

On all the bygone time.

Upward we press, the air is clear,

And the sphere-music heard—

The Lord hath yet more light and truth

To break forth from His Word.

O! Father, Son, and Spirit, send

Us increase from above,

Enlarge, expand all human souls,

To comprehend Thy love;

And make us to go on to know,

With nobler powers conferred,

The Lord hath yet more light and truth

To break forth from His Word.

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. Röder, 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.

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

THE author of the well-known poem, "Betsy and I are Out," was worth £30,000 a few years ago as the result of his writings. When at College he was very poor, and during the summer of 1867 he and a class-mate walked all over Southern Michigan selling maps and charts, and thus secured money enough to pay for a year's schooling. A year later, during the Grant Campaign, he wrote a poem entitled "Fax," and read it at political meetings. In this way he obtained some £80, and passed through his senior year very comfortably. "Betsy and I are Out" was sent to the editor of the *Toledo Blade*, and was received in the absence of the editor. An assistant, who had the office in charge, glanced at it hastily and threw it, along with many others, into the waste-basket. When the editor returned, he looked through the waste-basket for a missing letter. He discovered a portion of the poem and became interested. He searched for the opening page, but could not find it. He finally wrote the author that if he would be kind enough to send a reproduction of the first page it would be published in full, and he would be paid for the contribution. The poem was eventually published in the *Blade*, and was copied into nearly every paper in the United States. *Harper's Weekly* took it up, and illustrated it, and wrote to the author asking for poems of the same nature. Carleton followed with "Farm Ballads," "Over the Hills to the Poor House," and other poems.

If ever a man's ancestors transmitted to him ability to succeed in a particular field, Charles Darwin's did. If ever surroundings were calculated to call out inherited ability, Charles Darwin's were. If ever a man grew up where a ferment of thought was disturbing old convictions in the domain of knowledge for which he was adapted, Charles Darwin did. If ever a man was fitted by worldly position to undertake unbiased and long-continued investigations, Charles Darwin was such a man, and he undisputedly found realms waiting for a conqueror. Yet Darwin's achievements far transcend his advantages of ancestry, surroundings, previous suggestion, position. He stands magnificently conspicuous as a genius of rare simplicity of soul, of unwearied patience, of observation, of striking fertility and ingenuity of method, of unflinching devotion to and belief in the efficacy of truth. He revolutionised not merely half a dozen sciences, but the whole current of thinking men's mental lives.

It is not creditable to a "thinking people" that the two things they most thank God for should be eating and fighting. We say grace when we are going to cut up lamb and chicken, and when we have stuffed ourselves with both to an extent that an orang-outang would be ashamed of; and we offer our best praises to the Creator for having blown and sabred His "images," our fellow-creatures to atoms, and drenched them in blood and dirt. This is odd. Strange that we should keep our most pious transports for the lowest of our appetites, and the most melancholy of our necessities! that we should never be wrought up into paroxysms of holy gratitude but for bubble and squeak, or a good-sized massacre! that we should think it ridiculous to be asked to say grace for a concert or a flower-show, or the sight of a gallery of pictures, or any other of the divine gifts of heaven; yet hold it to be the most natural and exalted of impulses to fall on our knees for having kicked, beaten, torn, shattered, drowned, stifled, smashed, and abolished thousands of our "neighbours," whom we are directed to "love as ourselves."

As one (says Dr. Murray, the Editor of the great New English Dictionary, now being published by the Oxford University) whose whole work is concerned with the history of the English Language and of English words, I cannot help saying how intimately and inseparably the history of the Bible in England is interwoven with the history of our language and literature. From the time of Tyndale onward, a vernacular version or versions of the Bible have been the constant possession of Englishmen, and it has had a marvellous influence in giving stability and unity to the language. Modern English began in the end of the fifteenth century, and from the time of Tyndale onward the language has changed so gradually that the difference between the English of 1530 and that of 1890 is small indeed in comparison with the difference during the same period in French and some other languages. We have had many versions since, but practically they are all revisions, each built upon and rising out of its predecessor as a further orderly growth, and it is marvellous how much of Tyndale's version is

still left even in our revised version. I have been very much interested in a work which an Oxford man, the Rev. A. L. Mayhew, has just been doing for the Queen's Printers, consisting of a vocabulary of the chief words of the Authorised Version, with a note in each case of the particular version in which that word appeared in the passage, and it is of great interest to see how many words go back to Wyclif; a great host came in with Tyndale, others with Coverdale, the Bishop's Bible, the Geneva, the Rhemish even, and but few appeared first in 1611. The slow change in Bible versions has been parallel to the slow change in the language itself, and the constant use of the Bible in public and private has contributed to a unity of the language in time, and a unity in its use by all sorts and conditions of men. This is one great service which the Bible has done to England, it is one which necessarily impressed itself strongly upon me in making a dictionary upon historical principles.

A NEW law just sanctioned by the Governor of California makes "vagrancy" punishable with imprisonment for six months or less, without the option of a fine. Hitherto, if the accused could prove that he had worked for even an hour or had sought work within ten days he was discharged. The new law has no such provision, and, moreover, contains a very comprehensive definition of the class whose suppression is aimed at:—All who are able to work but do not seek employment and are without visible means of living; those who beg as a business, known pickpockets, thieves, burglars, "confidence" men, and the like; loafers about railway stations, steamboat landings, auction rooms, public assemblies, and places of amusement; all idle and dissolute persons or associates of known thieves, who wander about the streets at late hours; all who make a practice of sleeping in barns, out-houses, and sheds, vessels, &c., without the owner's consent; all lewd and dissolute persons who live in or about houses of ill-fame; all "runners" for attorneys in or about police courts or city prisons; every common prostitute and every common drunkard. The *Sacramento Daily Record Union* observes that there is a large class of these dangerous people who make the streets unsafe at night and are purchasable either by politicians or by those who have occasion to defeat the ends of justice.

PUBLIC lighting in Paris is so generous in amount that it is of necessity expensive, but it would be easy to demonstrate the soundness of such an investment in Paris. The paving of streets is as perfect as possible, regardless of expense, and is in the hands of the most expert government engineers. Such paving for Paris, if not for other cities, is a measure of true economy.

A conspicuous feature of Tennyson, when dealing with religion, is the prominence which he gives to prayer—

"A breath that flees beyond this iron world,
And touches Him that made it."

Prayer avails when all else is unavailing; the lonely castaway finds in it a refuge and a solace—

"Had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude."

Nor is it merely a cry "from the ends of the earth," in desolation and solitude; it is the medium of fellowship with God, suited to every place and condition of life:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."
Simon Stylites, who will

"Clamour, mourn, and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,"
presents the ascetic view of prayer as a duty; but in *The Higher Pantheism* prayer is presented as the privilege by which continual communion with the Highest becomes possible:
"Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

ONE of the grandest evidences of the love of our kith and kin beyond the sea for the old folks at home is afforded by the answers recently given by the Postmaster-General, who did not seem to realize the importance of the information he supplied. Stripped of dry details, he showed that last year 129,761 middle-class people in Australia sent to Great Britain and Ireland £447,612, or considerably more than £1,200 per day. The average value of each postal order amounted to over £3, and what an amount of pleasure these contributions from Australia must have given to the poor people here!

Again, from the United States of America it was elicited that there came last year postal orders from 391,662 people to their relations in this country, valued at £1,041,948; from 78,340 people in Canada no less than £207,667; and from 35,493 people in the South African colonies a sum of £128,771 in postal orders. Summed up, the figures are as follows:—

Number of people in Australia, the United States, Canada, and the Cape and Natal who sent money orders to their friends and relatives in Great Britain and Ireland last year	635,256
Total amount of money sent by these people to their friends and relatives in this country	£1,825,998
Total amount per day received from abroad	£5,000

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

A FAVOURABLE report on the 950 acres of land at Hadleigh, near Southend, purchased by "General" Booth for his Home Farm Colony, is given by the *Land Agents' Record*. The land, it is said, appears to be particularly well adapted to the purpose for which it has been purchased. Part of it consists of brick earth, which will be very useful for building purposes. Some low-lying parts are suitable for the osiers used in basket-making, and probably for watercress also, while in the higher parts the soil is light enough for garden crops. Experts from Kent declare the land to be well-suited to fruit-growing, and it is equally well adapted to the growth of culinary vegetables. One advantage of the place is its combination of facilities for water and rail carriage to London.

IN a recent article Sir John Lubbock undertakes to prove by statistics that education is entirely responsible for the vast decrease of crime in London; that, taking into consideration the increase of population since the passage of the Free School Act by Parliament, the falling off is 50 per cent. in adult criminals, while in the case of juvenile offenders it has been even greater. From these figures he argues that there is no more economic way of spending money than this of training the mind, and that every penny devoted to schools and public libraries will profit the community at large many fold, even if viewed merely on the lowest of utilitarian planes.

SIR EDWARD BLOUNT, K.C.B., an eminently successful English merchant, banker, and railway director in Paris, recently stated that a special commissioner sent over to England by French employers of labour, to inspect English work and workers, and modes of working, went back to report that the workman in England produced one-third more for the same money than he did in France; and, Sir Edward adds, he found that whilst about the same wages were paid to railway employes, it required five to do the work done by three in England.

WHAT is the relative cost of living in London and Paris? I see the matter came up for discussion recently at a monthly dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris. Those who took part were thoroughly competent to speak, having lived for many years in both cities. With some difference as

to details, the room was almost unanimous that the cost of living in Paris was from 20 to 40 per cent. dearer than in London. In the case of a single man, or a couple without family, the difference is not so much felt; but the larger the family, the greater the relative cost. This may possibly arise from the fact that French families are universally so small, and that all the provisions, such as rent, service, etc., for a large family must be abnormal. The general impression seemed to be that £60 in London went as far, in household expenditure, as £100 in Paris. Rent is certainly much higher, to say nothing of the discomforts and inconveniences of living on an *étage*. Wages are lower in London, and more work is done for the money. Coal cannot be had in Paris under 35s. to 38s. a ton, instead of 20s. or 22s. in London, and then it is bad. Bread is nearly three times the price, but it is better. Meat are 40 to 50 per cent. dearer, and sugar 150 per cent. It was contended, however, on the other hand, that in the extra price of food the Parisian pays indirectly the taxes which the Londoner pays direct; that the paving, lighting, improvement rates, etc., are here all raised by the *octroi* levied on provisions. But, as a matter of fact, the difference between the direct taxes and the rates in England and those in France, being in the one country about 25 or 30 per cent. on the rental, and in the other 10, was not sufficient to account for the much greater price paid for food. Amusements it was admitted were cheaper in Paris, and most of the luxuries of life, but it was the reverse with the necessities. The same remark applied to railway fares and cabs, but what was here gained in price was more than lost in comfort and convenience. It was thought, too, that the working man in France, helped by the climate, eating less meat and requiring less clothing, had an advantage in this way over his English neighbour. The complaints about the exorbitant profits of the *cuisiniers* were very loud. One systematic robbery of the *cuisiniers* were very loud. One merchant declared that his friends in London, whose expenditure was about the same as his own, had their house and garden and kept their carriage, while he and his family had to live on a flat and ride in the omnibus!

THE vagaries of the appetite are far beyond the explanatory science of physiology. We cannot tell why this thing agrees with this individual, and at the same time utterly destroys his brother. The trite old saying that "one man's meat is another man's poison," must be accepted empirically. Still less can we account for the variations of taste. Why one man's gustatory nerves should respond agreeably to salt, while another's repel it with violence, is a thing no fellow can understand. Doubtless, education has most to do with it, and yet the manner in which education operates continues a mystery. The preference of the Chinese for food that seem to our appetites absolutely disgusting is well known. In Canton rats sell for fifty cents. a dozen, and dogs' hind quarters command a higher price than lamb or mutton. Fancy, eating birds' nests worth 30 dols. a pound! That is what a mandarin revels in.

THE French, on the other hand, beguiled us into eating frogs' legs, which were once tabooed in this country, and we have even come to esteem diseased goose liver in the form of *pate de foie gras*. Brazilians rave over *boa constrictor* steaks, and count monkeys and parrots a very good meal. In the West Indies baked snake is a common dish, as the reptiles abound, and it is a good way of getting rid of them.

BUT when it comes to frying palm worms in fat, one would think the stomach would rebel. It is not so, however, though, by a strange inconsistency, stewed rabbit is looked upon with disgust. On the Pacific coast the Digger Indians eat dried locusts, and in the Argentine Republic skunk flesh is a dainty.

STRANGE to say, too, our own favourite bivalve, the oyster, is very disgusting to a Turk, while the devil-fish, eaten in Corsica, is equally so to us. We cannot understand, either, how the inhabitants of the West Indies and the Pacific coast can eat lizards' eggs with a relish; still less how the eggs of the turtle and alligator can become a favourite article of diet. The Brazilians eat ants, probably to get rid of them, for they literally infest the country and are of an enormous size. It is easy to pick up a handful of ants almost anywhere, though the wary do not go about it in this way, as the pestiferous insect bites in a most vicious manner. A curry of ants' eggs is a great delicacy in Siam, and the Cingalese eat the bees whose honey they have stolen. The Chinese, who seem to have stomachs like the ostrich, eat the chrysalis of the silk-worm, after unwinding the cocoon. Spiders are used in New Caledonia as a kind of dessert, while caterpillars are also relished by the African Bushmen.

The Red Mountain Mines.

(Continued from page 26.)

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Aunt Jenkins was forgotten now, and Millicent faced him with a blaze of rage.

How dare you laugh at me?" she demanded. "I was never so insulted before in my life."

"I'm sorry; bet yer life I'm sorry," he said, earnestly; "I wouldn't 'a' laughed on'y I run on yer so unexpected, an' it laid me out. Let's see: I must figger on some way o' gittin' ye out o' that."

"Don't trouble yourself," she answered, snappily: "I am in no immediate danger. Go away, and leave me alone. I wouldn't let you touch me for the world."

"Wouldn't ye?" he retorted, in the same tone. There was a decided vein of wickedness in Droopy, when it was properly appealed to; and Millicent had touched the vibrant chord. "So you wouldn't let me touch ye, hey? All right, I won't. I'll jest let ye stay there till that air clay gits up ter yer neck. If you like it, it suits me. I reckon it's as good a way as any ter die."

"Walter will find me, and save me," she faltered.

"A heap he will. He an' Mary am up yender, in the mounting, havin' a good time."

"I don't believe it," she cried. "That coarse girl sent him a note this morning, in which she apologized for too much forwardness—"

"How d'ye know?" he demanded, savagely.

"Because I opened it myself, and—"

"And read it," he added, when she hesitated. "In course they was nothin' coarse 'bout that."

She burst into tears. The woman asserted itself, again.

"You are unkind to me; you are 'brutal,'" she moaned. "You pretend to love me, and yet you stand there and triumph over me when I'm in trouble."

Droopy melted.

"I ain't trimpin' over ye. I'm sorry yer in truble, an' I'll do all I can ter help you out."

"Help me out of this nasty mud, then."

"Will ye marry me, if I do?"

"Papa might not like it, you know."

"Papa be—darned," he grinned, delightedly. But he helped her out.

CHAPTER XXI.

DUBB and Mark Stanley set out for San Francisco at the very moment when Mary, opening her eyes, had found herself in the arms of Walter Morris.

Mark demurred a little against leaving Red Mountain without a few words with Mary.

"Can't help it," said Dubb; she am all kinder mixed up by this new idea, an' she don't jest exactly feel like seein' any one, an' so you've got ter wait."

"It's very strange," whined Mark, who had had his own way so long that he did not relish being dictated to; "it certainly is very strange. You said last night that she seemed delighted; and to-day you say she is nervous and excited and does not wish to be seen. I don't like the look of it."

"Look here, Don Altanner," returned Dubb; "she am mine yet, an' I ain't goin' ter have her bothered. Ye needn't marry her ef yer don't want ter; they ain't nobody what's holdin' ye ter yer bargain. She ain't dead in love with yer; she ain't that kin'. I make no doubt they be lots o' women what 'ould jump at the chance o' marryin' you, but Mary ain't none o' them. Ye don't like things as they am, an' that be your right; she don't want ter see nobody ter-day, an' that be her right; ef yer can't bide by her right, ye can put the hull thing outen yer head, an' let 'er alone. 'Twon't bother me, an' 'twon't bother her; an' ef ye wants ter grin 'er down now, afore ye gits 'er at all, ye don't love 'er so much that it'll bother you."

"Oh, Señor Dubb, Señor Dubb, I beg ten thousand pardons" cried Mark, excitedly. "You have administered to me a very just rebuke. I richly deserved it. You shall certainly have your own way. It was my lover's haste and anxiety to see her—the queen of my heart—which made me seem dictatorial. It was not, believe me, any desire to assume authority or to enforce my will against hers. What she says shall always prevail. While I shall be her ever-watchful, ever-solicitous husband, I shall ever, also, be her obedient slave. Do not misunderstand me; do not feel offended with me."

"It am all right," answered Dubb: "we understand's each other now."

The journey to San Francisco was made in good time, and without incident. Mark was smiling, generous, and cordial,

and showed Dubb every possible attention, in seeming penance for his brusquerie concerning Mary.

They arrived in San Francisco in the forenoon, and Mark was anxious to make over at once half of his property to Mary.

"Wait till you 'n' she be married," said Dubb: that'll be time 'nough."

"As you will, Señor Dubb. I'll tell you how we will fix it. You say that there is something concerning her mother which it is necessary for me to know, so that my wife may be defended against some danger which you seem to think threatens her. Very good. You shall tell me all about it the morning after your daughter becomes my wife. At the same time, to please you, I will give her a deed of gift of one-half of my possessions,—instead of presenting her with the same now, as I wish to do."

In the evening, as they were walking about, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a crowd which seemed to be greatly excited. There were several policemen in the crowd, and there was much noise of expostulation on both sides,—the people, apparently, being of the opinion that the officers were in the wrong. Over and above the rest of the tumult came an occasional sharp, feminine cry, as if some woman was suffering great pain.

"What am the matter?" asked Dubb.

"A drunken woman pitched into Judge Desborough," answered a by-stander; "the police tried to get her away, and she swore and showed fight. They clubbed her too hard, and I guess she is going to make a die of it."

"Judge Desborough!" exclaimed Mark. "Why, how singular! I always thought him afraid of women."

"Not if what this woman says is true," was the answer.

"Come on," said Mark to Dubb; "let's get farther into the crowd, and take a look at her."

They elbowed their way through, and finally succeeded in getting into the drug store, where the unfortunate woman had been taken for medical aid.

When Dubb saw her, for the first time in his life he was startled.

She was in an awful condition; her whole face was changed and distorted, by sin and vice and moral degradation; yet she still wore upon that face at least a shadow of her once great beauty.

It was Mrs. Mark Stanley.

Dubb was no sooner startled than he was calm again.

"Can she git well?" he asked of the doctors.

The answer was: "No: she is dying."

"Let me talk with her a little, then," he said: "I used ter know her, eighteen years ago."

At the sound of Dubb's voice the dying woman looked up into his face, a little carelessly, at first, and then her eyes suddenly became bright and set.

"Who are you?" she asked. "I know your face—no, don't tell me; let me think. It's Dubb! It's John Dubb! the only friend I ever had!"

"Yes, Mary, it's me. I'm powerful sorry ter see you here, though."

"I'm not; it's the best thing that could happen to me now. I want to die. Oh, John, I've led such an awful life since I last saw you! Many and many a time I've been sorry that the Indians didn't kill me that night when we first reached the mountains, just as they did all the other women."

And she put her hands over her face and wept. Dubb was afraid she would spend all her strength in weeping, and so he asked,—

"Don't ye want ter know 'bout yer baby?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly; "do tell me about her, before I'm gone. Is she alive? And still with you? Oh, God bless you, John! She is seventeen now, isn't she? Oh, John, won't you marry her? You are so good and noble; and you would never let the horrible life come to her that has come to me. Do promise me,—do promise a dying woman, and a dying mother, that you will be husband to her daughter."

"I can't, Mary, 'cause she am goin' ter marry some one who am more her kind than I am. She am a lady, you see. I had 'er eddicated, an' she am as han'some as you ever was. I couldn't marry her, nohow, 'cause she thinks she am my daughter."

The grateful woman caught his hands and kissed them again and again.

"John," she said, finally, "you have made me so happy and peaceful that I believe you have saved my soul. Oh, it was grand of you, never to let my sweet babe know the miserable history of her parents. All my husband's crimes, all my sin and shame,—they are dead and blotted out as far as she is concerned. And always keep her so, John. Never let her know. I wish, though, that you were to marry her. You must

be fond of her, she has grown up so under your very eyes. How can you let another man take her away?"

"It be hard, Mary; it be mighty hard; but it be for her good, an' so I can do it. You see, Mary, I love her a good deal."

The dying woman lay and looked up into his face, until, somehow, the sin and vice seemed to go out of hers. Some of her beauty, as if in pity for her last moments, had come back again.

"What do you call her, John?"

"Mary," he answered; and again she kissed his hands.

"John," she whispered, at length, "Do you know if he—Mark—is dead?"

"No," he responded, sadly.

"I hope he is still alive, so that you can find him, some day, and tell him that his wife forgave him before she died. Oh, John, I love him yet. He is an awful criminal, and his baseness drove me into forgetting everything, even my womanhood, when I found him out. I came straight here from Santa Fé, wild with agony and despair, hoping to find him and save him with my love. Never once did I get a sight or a trace of him. The man here, whom I trusted as a friend, hardened his heart against my helplessness and misery, and destroyed even my soul. After his treachery I kept sinking lower and lower, until to-night, in trying to kill this false friend, I came to this. Now, though, I forgive them all,—every one who has ever harmed me. You will try and find Mark, won't you, John? You will tell him I died loving him?"

"Yes, Mary; I'll tell him, if I ever sees him."

"And my baby; my daughter; a young woman, she is, now,—you will be very sure that she is married to a good man?"

"I'll do the best I can by her."

For several minutes she was silent. There was silence in the room. The crowd outside was also strangely quiet.

"John," she said, with a sudden start, as if she had been dozing and something had startled her, "can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes, Mary." And unflinchingly, for all the crowd, Dubb knelt beside her and began the familiar petition. When he reached the part about the forgiveness of trespasses, her face brightened, and she clasped her hands together. But she did not hear the "Amen," unless she could hear it from across the beyond.

When Dubb had left the dead woman, and was walking away, a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Hullo, Don Altanner," he said, looking around; "I had clean forgotten you. Now you know what I wanted ter tell yer."

"Yes; I've found it out now; I've found it out, too, more is the pity, in time to prevent my marrying my own daughter."

"What do you mean," asked Dubb.

"Nothing, except that I am Mark Stanley."

CHAPTER XXII.

DUBB got back to Red Mountain three days before he was expected. He went straight to the office, where he found Tom Morris, alone. Tom was looking very downcast, but, for all his perturbation, he could not help seeing that Dubb seemed ten years older than he did a few days before, when he went away.

The two men shook hands, and then Tom, sitting down beside Dubb, said,—

"Old friend, I am afraid you have made a mistake about Mary. She does not love the man she has promised to marry, but gave the promise because she thought it would please you. And now it is breaking her heart."

"Poor child! poor baby!" said Dubb; "ef she'd on'y told me she didn't want him, her heart 'ould 'a' been onbothered. But she ain't goin' ter marry Don Altanner, 'cause they ain't no Don Altanner, an' the man what called himself so am goin' ter Chiny, fur his health."

Droopy came in just then, and stood aghast at what Dubb had just said.

"Don Altanner," continued Dubb, was nobody more nor less nor Mark Stanley."

"Good God!" exclaimed Tom Morris.

Droopy turned pale, despite the thickness of the tan and hair on his face.

"An' Judge Desborough have skipped the country, too," added Dubb; "it am he what did so much harm to Mark's wife,—what them air letters, yender, in the draw, telled us about. They am goin' ter be quite a muss about it, in the courts, an' so we've got ter git Mary outen this, in the East, where she don't git hold o' none o' this stuff. I reckon Tom an' me'd better go with her. You can stay here, Droopy, an' run the mine. I'll give ye half ye can make."

"It am a big offer," said Droopy, "but I can't 'cept it, 'cause I've got ter git outen these 'ere diggin's, too."

"What! am you goin' away?" said Dubb, showing a little surprise.

"Yes," answered Droopy, somewhat sheepishly: "I'm goin' ter git married; I'm goin' ter marry Millercent. We talked it over, but she wouldn't agree, 'less I'd tote her back to New York. Well, I wouldn't, an' she wouldn't; an' so we jest sot an' spit at each other, like two tom-cats on a back fence. An' finally, says I, 'Call it Shercargo, an' split the difference, an' it's a go;' and says she, 'It's a whack.' An' that settles it. But Mary can go with us: we am goin' as soon as yer can git a new super."

"Mary might have some plan of her own to suggest about going East," faltered Tom.

"I reckon she have," seconded Droopy, with exceeding warmth and a very knowing grin.

"I don't quite understand," said Dubb, looking first at Droopy and then at Tom.

"Here she am: let her speak for herself," said Droopy grinning more than ever.

There was a swift patter of little feet, and then Mary flung herself into Dubb's arms. For one moment the recollection of her mother's words brought up the feeling in Dubb which had, he thought, been crushed out of him completely by his earnest solicitude for Mary: and now, and for the last time, he wanted to hold her fast forever, and call her wife.

"Oh, papa, I am so glad to see you!" she cried, kissing him again and again.

"An' papa am glad ter see his little daughter, too," he responded. The other dream was dead, now, and he was all father again. "Don't you want to go East?" he added. "Droopy, an' Tom, an' Tom's gal, an' I am goin'."

"Can't—can't Walter go, too?" she whispered, blushing crimson, and burying her face in his rough coat.

"Sartin," he answered; and it was the first time she had ever seen him smile.

THE END.

"Boys Will be Boys."

"Boys will be boys." We resent the old saying,

Current with men;

Let it be heard, in excuse for our staying,

Never again!

Ours is a hope that is higher and clearer,

Ours is a purpose far brighter and dearer,

Ours is an aim that should silence the jeerer:

We will be men!

"Boys will be boys" is an unworthy slander:

Boys will be men!

The spirit of Philip, in young Alexander,

Kindles again.

As the years of our youth fly swiftly away,

As brightens about us the light of life's day,

As the glory of manhood dawns on us, we say:

We will be men!

When "Boys will be boys" you exclaim, with a wink,

Answer us, men!

How old are those "boys"? Is their age, do you think,

Fifty or ten?

It may be the boys with whom you used to go

Considered wild oats not unpleasant to sow;

But how looks the harvest you hoped wouldn't grow,

Now you are men?

"Boys will be boys"? Yes! if boys may be pure,

Models for men;

If their thoughts may be modest, their truthfulness sure,

Say it again!

If boys will be boys such as boys ought to be—

Boys full of sweet-minded, light-hearted glee—

Let boys be boys, brave, loving and free,

Till they are men!

"As we meet and touch each day,

The many travellers on our way,

Let every such brief contact be,

A glorious, helpful ministry;

The contact of the soil and seed,

Each giving to the other's need,

Each helping on the other's best,

And blessing each as well as blest."

Whither?

There is neither standing still nor retrogression

In the laws of Eternal Governance;

And Death itself which prompts thee to repine,

Is no evil unto thee nor unto thine,

But a step from Good to Better—an advance.

Chas. Mackay.

It was hot, very hot, as was only natural in the middle of August, and in the ordinary way I should have enjoyed it. Just the very day for cricket or a lazy row down stream, but to-day it irritated me. I was hot, too; that was the secret. My father and I had fallen out. I had spoken hotly, and the blood still surged turbulently through my veins as I flung the window open and leaped upon the lawn. Everything had gone wrong lately—everything was unsatisfactory. They were disappointed at home because I had only taken a good place in my form; they had pictured to themselves a scholarship; they found fault with my manners, blamed me for want of affection, and called me indifferent to religion because I liked to argue out everything, and, in a discussion with those whose opinions were already most firmly fixed on the orthodox side of the question, I was obliged, for the purpose of sustaining the argument, to represent and defend the contrary view.

I felt I was not understood. I felt there was no sympathy between us, and after enduring it as patiently as I could, it culminated thus in a rupture with my father. I was vexed—vexed that it should have happened, for I greatly loved him, and vexed with myself, and vexed with the world. Vexed, too, with the glorious summer day, with the scorching heat, with the song of the birds, the murmur of the bees, and the perfume of the flowers that floated across my path. In short, everything vexed me, even life itself, and I wished that I were dead. I said so over and over again, as I fled across the fields, away down to the lazy river that slowly floated out its life at the foot of the hill.

Dead? Yes, I did wish I were dead, whatever that might mean, and who could tell? Even this very thought vexed me, for it recalled a discussion we had had the other day as to what grounds there were for believing in a "hereafter" at all. My parents, of course, took the old-fashioned view that it was quite certain that the Bible told us so—that it was impious to doubt it; and as to what that "hereafter" was like, was it not an "eternal Sabbath" of singing and joy? We should be like the angels, and so on—language I deemed wholly figurative, yet evidently understood most literally. I had been reading. I knew some fellows at school whose libraries were supplied with more recent literature than Hooker, Toplady, Paley, or M'Cheyne, the best our shelves could boast, and eagerly I devoured all the articles in the current periodicals which bore upon such topics as those that troubled me. No doubt it was the natural reaction; the more placidly content my people seemed with their own views and beliefs, the more I learnt to doubt, the more I longed to sift them for myself. I saw it would not do to quote "authority" in this democratic age, which only bows before the strength of stern reason. What "authority" was a book, around whose origin hung so much darkness, in the face of clearly demonstrated facts of science which it seemed to contradict? Science or their interpretation of the book must be wrong, and they preferred to throw science overboard rather than change their time-honoured view. This vexed me.

Hastily I strode on, and as I did so my eye fell on the path before me, but just too late to prevent my foot crushing a worm which was slowly wriggling on its way. Death again! and death at my command, I thought. Surely the world is made up of injustice and wrong! And yet I envy the worm. I would thank anyone who came and so robbed me of my life, and all these myriad problems which pressed upon me so heavily, and for which there seemed no possible and sure solution.

Brooding thus, I reached the bank of the stream and flung myself down amongst the long grass beneath a branching elm. The quiet of the spot was strangely out of harmony with my turbulent bosom, and I felt inclined to scorn the calm inaction of the stream and all things round me, but by-and-bye their influence began to be felt. I drew my cap half over my eyes, and lazily noted the scene about me; for even here, when I came to look more closely, I saw it to be teeming with life and the problems of life. I watched the delicately made yet gorgeous dragon-fly as it skimmed swiftly by, flashing in the sunlight. I watched the fish scarce moving in the stream. My eye was caught by the bright butterfly as it flitted along, and then my glance fell upon the insect life barely visible in the long tangled grass.

And all these will die, I thought, do die, every minute, and so end their existence, and why not we? I confess I could see

more in favour of the theory of annihilation than of resurrection. Death seemed such a dreadful change. My mind reverted to the worm I had trodden on. There it lay, a mass of crushed and inert matter. Might it not be a fit emblem of ourselves? What right had we, in the face of such evident contradictions in the life of nature around us, to conclude that we alone were the noble exceptions to a general law? Was it not absolutely incongruous to tell me that when this life is ended I should enter upon another, one made up of elements wholly unattractive, wholly different from those surrounding me now, and for which I should feel myself entirely unfitted?

As I reached this point in my meditations my attention was attracted by the motion of a caterpillar crawling up the stem of an adjacent plant. Then I saw another of a different hue, and as I marvelled at the richness of their colours in the hot and lazy air, I began to lose consciousness of all that had just passed, of the thoughts that were troubling me, and to sink into a kind of dreamland with my eyes still fixed upon my friend the caterpillar. I watched him till he met his fellow, whom I perceived from the smoothness of his skin, the tenderness of his sinews, and his general plumpness, to be very much his junior, and without any surprise found myself a listener to their conversation.

As I listened, I caught the words "change," "death." They were so in harmony with my mood and thought that I lay quite still, and tried more intently to catch what was passing. I don't think the wonder of it struck me at all; it never seemed strange that I should be able to share the thoughts of beings so infinitesimally smaller than I. I had worked myself into such an excitement that every faculty was strained beyond its natural power, and the wonder would have been if I had found myself insensible to the movements of nature around me. I was like a highly-strung instrument, ready to vibrate at the minutest touch.

"Good morning, Brother Smoothskin; you seem in a hurry to-day—whither away?" said my first friend the Elder.

"Well, yes, brother, I am rather; I am going down to see Sister Blanche. I am somewhat out of sorts. I have just had all my notions upset. I was thoroughly enjoying this lovely hot day and the cool luscious leaves of this plant, and rejoicing in my own growth, and feeling the fullness of strength and life, and an entire satisfaction with the arrangement of all things, when by flutters one of those gay creatures they call butterflies. I made some remark about its idle life, so different from ours, when grandfather—who you may have noticed is growing very stiff and shrivelled—piped out that that was what I would come to some day, and that it was indeed worth living for. Now, I don't want it; I don't like it. I cannot imagine what attraction any one can find in such a life; it looks so different from all I have been accustomed to here. I am sure it cannot be happy, and I said so, and yet I have a sort of uncomfortable feeling in myself as though there were some truth in it. I don't want to believe it, and so I am just going down to see Sister Blanche. She is always so kind and good, I shall get the truth from her."

So saying, he crept steadily on till he reached the bottom, then across an open space round a large smooth stone, and up the stalk of a plant with long, rough, green leaves, which curled under at the edges. Near the top he turned aside and crept beneath the leaf, and soon I heard his greeting, and the repetition of his trouble.

"Come with me," was the only answer he received, and I saw my friend and his conductor coming quickly downwards. On reaching the level ground they turned towards a shrub I had scarcely noticed, but which I now saw to be bristling with caterpillar life. Sister Blanche seemed an old friend, and exchanged many a kindly greeting, but Smoothskin was more shy and self-conscious. Turning to him, she said: "Now look around you. You live too much alone on your cabbage plant. You have not mixed with the world yet, or studied your fellows. You are too young and too new in the possession of your life to know much about it. Walk around and ask one and another what they think and feel."

As he did so, I noticed that each one spoke of change, constant change. One told him he had just been through a great trouble; he had been ill and unable to move about. After a time he felt himself grow old and wizened, and crept away alone into a corner, thinking that the end of all things had come, when to his amazement, he found one day that new vigour was his, and that by the exercise of some little effort he could free himself from the covering of the past. The dead and shrivelled skin which had confined and cramped him was now cast aside, and he emerged a new and stronger creature.

"That," said he, "was my first experience of change. It seemed to me very terrible before I had been through it; but, looking back upon it now, nothing appears more natural."

From there Sister Blanche took Smoothskin to a deep

crevice in the leaf, where he beheld one of his brethren undergoing such a change. He lay inert and helpless, withered and yellow, and took no notice of his visitors. At first, Smoothskin shrank from the sight, but Sister Blanche told him he would have to pass through a similar experience, and had better become familiar with it, so that, when his time came, he would not be frightened.

"But must we all go through this change?"
"Yes, all; it is our gain. We are thus renewed from day to day, though outwardly we perish. I can quite understand," she said, "that you do not like the thought of it. You are young yet, and full of life and its enjoyments, and it seems to you that you have everything you require to make life perfect. But that is only because you do not know, because you have not yet experienced the increase of power which comes after such a change. It is thus we go from strength to strength."

And as I listened the words crossed my mind: "That ye put off . . . the old man which is corrupt . . . and be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." I lay musing on this thought, and so lost what passed next, but I was recalled to my friend the caterpillar by the voice of Sister Blanche.

"Now," said she, "I must show you a further stage of our development. We are not always thus, doomed to only a partial exercise of our powers. Though, as I have told you, every change as it comes brings us renewed strength, yet we are sorely cramped and hindered by these dull grovelling bodies which tie us to the earth, and we all look forward to the time when we shall be able to shuffle off this tedious frame, and when we shall expand and soar to regions of life which we are not now able to reach. Then shall we truly live, when every movement is delight; when, no longer tied to earth, we shall be free indeed."

"But are you not frightened at the thought of that new life?"

"No, indeed," was the reply; "we long for it. It is our one desire to reach that happy state of being; my turn will soon come now," she said, "and I cannot tell you how I yearn for the time when I shall put on such glorious apparel, and shall be free from the trammels of this body. Why, all my senses will be released from their imprisonment, and reach fullest perfection, and surely you can feel that that alone is an element of happiness. But you speak of it as a new life. I would have you understand that it is no new life at all, it is the same life continued under different conditions. All the present is a preparation for it; every change is helping to form that body that shall be. We appear to die, it is true, but it is only outwardly; inwardly the body of the new life is growing from day by day. But come and see, and then you will understand more of what I have been saying to you."

By this time they had reached their destination, and I confess my curiosity was aroused as to what new "change" was to be seen. I watched my two friends climbing up the rough stalk and along the leaf until they came upon quite a colony of caterpillars, all of whom, I observed, had very white smooth skins, and whom I judged, therefore, to be quite young. They seemed to be in deep grief, and I gathered that these were children grieving for the death of their mother. They took Sister Blanche and Smoothskin along the leaf until they came to some fine silky substance woven in and out and round about and thickening towards the centre, where I recognised what I knew well to be a cocoon. Sister Blanche spoke to them kindly, telling them not to grieve for their mother. "You call her dead," said she; "she is not dead, she is only resting. If you understood rightly you would know that she is near very great happiness. You will see her again, and by-and-by you will join her in the regions above. She will come forth from the darkness, leaving behind her the old body, which has only been a covering all this while, whilst the new one was growing." Turning to Smoothskin, she added: "Like you, poor things, they are young yet, and all this sounds very dreadful. When you have lived as long as I have, and have passed from change to change through all the stages of life's journey, and have cried out in the bitterness of each: 'Oh! this is death, this must be death!' and then have awoke to find that out of pain was born new power, you will learn to see that this change even, which seems so different and so much greater, is yet the same—only another step, greater perhaps because a final one, but still only another step on the way to life, fullest, perfect life."

"But how do I know," persisted Smoothskin, "that this change will end for me in this new life?"

"If you have gone through all these changes of which I have been speaking, in the fulness of time you will put on this glorious covering of golden thread, and go fearlessly into the

darkness and the silence from which the joyful awakening will be yours. That follows as surely as the dawn succeeds the darkness. It is only those," said Sister Blanche, "who will not learn the lesson of these changes, and who are too careless and faithless to weave the protecting robe, who find the life within is chill and starved for want of nourishment, and to their dismay, when the time comes to fling off the old, discover that the new is yet unformed."

As I listened, there ran through my mind the echo of familiar words: "For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven"; "Until Christ be formed in you"; "Who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body."

But I was recalled from these reflections by the voice of my caterpillar friend: "Then you mean to say, Sister, that all my present life is a preparation leading up to this new life, and that I need not dread the strangeness, because there will be formed within me through all these changes that new body which will be fitted to enjoy it? Well, it may be so, and I am prepared to believe it, because I felt something within me when grandfather spoke which told me he was right. I don't know how it is. I have tried not to believe, and to persuade myself that the change was too great to be true; that there was nothing in me of affinity with the glory and the freedom of the butterfly; and yet all the while I feel that I possess powers within for which as yet I have no scope, powers which cannot end with this creeping, earthly existence; and now you have shown me that from day to day they are growing and developing, and gradually forming a new body for the new life, so that the change itself ceases to seem wonderful—it is only the dropping off of the old and the releasing of the new—and I could almost begin to long for that happy time to come."

The sun was sinking to its rest, and its bright beams smote my eyes and roused me from my reverie. I still lay prone upon the grass. The fever of my mind had left me. Quietly I mused on what I had heard. A better spirit had come over me, and, like the caterpillar, I felt within me that death was not the end of life. It might not be demonstrable, but there was much that made it probable. The change from the grovelling life of a worm to the glad freedom of a butterfly was surely stupendous and incredible, and yet I had seen that it was most natural, that the new life was being formed within the old, that the death of the seed meant the blossoming of fresh beauty. Added to this, I remembered that nothing in nature is ever lost or annihilated; that force, when it appears to cease, is merely passing in disguise; that no particle of matter ever perishes, and, though it may disappear beyond reach of our senses, it is but to re-appear in some other form, and so from age to age to do its Maker's bidding. Then why not I? It did not now seem strange to me to contemplate the possibility of a life beyond the present, even though made up, as I had said, of elements wholly different from those surrounding me now, and for which I felt myself wholly unfitted. I was content to trust.

"For nothing worthy proving, can be proven,
Nor yet disproven; wherefore thou be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith."

I murmured to myself as I slowly wended my way homewards. I had found almost more than the "sunnier side of doubt." I had reached a measure of conviction. I perceived that the Bible and science were not so irreconcilably antagonistic as I had thought, and I confessed that a future which meant the dropping away of the limitations against which I was now inclined to fret might not be without its charm.

I returned with a prayer in my heart that I might "put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness,"—content in the humility which is born of truer, deeper faith, to wait through all the puzzling, unknown disciplines of life until I could say with fulness of conviction: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."—*Sunday Magazine.*

REST when the toil is over,
Rest when the work is done,
Rest when the race is ended,
Rest when the goal is won.
Rest when the pulses beating
Stop, and the lips grow chill;
Rest, when the heart-strings quiver,
Quiver, and then are still.
Rest when we sleep in Jesus,
Deaf to earth's rude alarms,
Lovingly, tenderly folded
Safe in His sheltering arms.

What Paris does for its Citizens.

AND WHAT IT ALL COSTS.

As the most highly organized of modern communities, a detailed study of Paris in all its municipal activities would easily fill a thousand pages. I can only hope to present the general characteristics and aims of the Parisian system, with a few salient facts and statistics. Paris, within its present limits, covers thirty square miles, ten of which are occupied by streets, waterways, and parks. Two and a half million people dwell upon the remaining twenty square miles. They live in a remarkable condition of order and apparent thrift and comfort. But, of necessity, their existence under such circumstances requires an exceptional development of social organization.

In French parlance and law Paris is a "commune"; and, in fact, the Parisians are a community. An intelligent study of the municipal budget shows in the briefest possible way how much they have in common. It requires an ordinary expenditure of from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 francs every year to defray the expenses of the city government—25 dollars for each man, woman, and child. This sum is more than twice as great as the average corresponding figure for the other great cities of Europe, such as Berlin and Vienna. The great public improvements and transformations of Paris have imposed a debt upon the municipality of nearly 400,000,000 dollars, upon which the annual interest charge is about 20,000,000 dollars. This is a vastly greater debt than any other city carries; but it is steadily shrinking under a system of terminable annuities by which the yearly interest payments gradually extinguish the principal. Assuming the annual cost of the city government per inhabitant to be 125 francs, it may be instructive to show where the money is expended. Twelve francs go to the maintenance of the police department with all its various services; three are paid for the cleansing and sprinkling of the streets; three and a half are paid for public lighting; half a franc goes for protection against fire; ten francs are expended for the maintenance of the schools; ten more go for the support of hospitals and the relief of the poor; from eight to ten are spent in maintaining the ways of communication; a sum that varies greatly from year to year, but which we may assume to call five francs, is paid out on new construction of streets and means of communication; and forty francs are required to meet interest and other payments on account of the municipal debt. The expenses of the general offices and city council, with a large salary list, and of various minor departments and services that need not be specified, easily account for the remainder of the 125 francs.

Most of these items seem enormous when compared with corresponding figures for other European cities. But it does not follow that taxation is ruining the Parisian people, or that the heavy municipal expenditures are a hardship. Thus the cost of maintaining, cleaning, and sprinkling the public highways is vastly greater per capita than that of almost any other European community; but the work is done in the most thorough and scientific manner, and the money is honestly and skillfully applied. The Parisians live in such a way that clean, smooth streets are from every point of view a wise investment. Health and private property alike require freedom from dust.

The expense of public education in Paris will not be seriously criticised in any quarter. Probably no other city in the world secures equally advantageous results from the outlay upon schools. Under the compulsory education act the attendance of children in elementary schools has actually been made almost universal. But Paris does not stop with elementary education in reading, writing and numbers. It maintains a marvellous system of industrial and trade schools for both sexes, in which almost everything that pertains to the production and traffic of Paris is taught and encouraged. American and English visitors at the exposition of 1889 will remember the remarkable display of the Paris industrial schools, especially in lines of decorative manufacture and art. It is in these schools that Parisian dressmakers, milliners, artificial flower makers, furniture designers, house decorators, skilled workers in metals, and handicraftsmen in scores of lines of industry are educated to do the things that keep Paris prosperous and rich. It is public money wisely spent that maintains such an educational system. I need not refer to the higher schools of science, of classics and literature, of engineering, and of fine art. All the flowers of civilization are encouraged by the Paris municipality. The yearly expenditure of a moderate but regular sum for the promotion of fine arts, by means of the purchase, under a competitive system, of designs for public statues, of pictures and mural designs for schools and various public buildings, and of other artistic works, not only educates the popular taste and adds to the adornment and beauty of the city but helps to keep Paris

the art centre of the world, and thus to maintain what, from the economic point of view, is one of the chief and most profitable industries of Paris. The mercantile schools that train so many thousands of women as well as men in bookkeeping and penmanship are also an admirable investment.

The city's care for its poorer population, as shown in the famous Mont de Piété and in the great system of savings banks, as well as in the various kinds of hospitals and retreats, seems fully justified by the facts of Paris life. The Mont de Piété, now venerable, but thoroughly active, has been imitated in various other European cities. It is a great public pawnshop with several central establishments and with twenty or thirty branches in the different parts of Paris. It receives money on deposit from the thrifty savers, and it loans on chattel security at fair rates to everybody who needs to borrow in that way. Undoubtedly it has saved hundreds of millions of francs for the poor of Paris. It handles in a year some 4,000,000 pieces of property, and does a business exceeding 100,000,000 francs. On any given day its books would show nearly 2,000,000 articles loaned upon, and nearly 50,000,000 francs outstanding in the hands of borrowers. It is successful in the highest degree. The municipal savings bank is another great establishment that represents the thrifty side, just as the Mont de Piété suggests the unfortunate side, of the life of the common people of Paris. The savings bank receives no money except from Parisians, and on the 1st of January, 1890, its actual depositors numbered 582,043, to whom was due the sum of 139,804,413 francs. The number of patrons increases steadily each year. In addition it should be said that the Paris offices of the national postal-savings-bank system have a still larger number of depositors, although they receive a smaller aggregate sum of money. In the two systems there are not far from a million individual accounts running, with deposits probably reaching 240,000,000 francs. The savings bank of Paris has a branch in each one of the twenty arrondissements of Paris except the first and second, which are readily accessible to the central establishment.

It has seemed to me well to pass with only general mention the relation of Paris to what the French expressively call "approvisionnement." The great markets belong to the city, and the whole supply of food and drink comes under well organized official cognizance. Paris was the first great city to abolish all private slaughter houses and to concentrate the business in well-appointed municipal abattoirs. The municipal laboratory of chemistry is constantly testing foods and drinks, and the sanitary inspection of every kind of food supply is scientific and elaborately organized.

Having given the cost of Paris government, I must not omit in a summary way to explain how the 250,000,000 francs or more a year come into the treasury. More than 140,000,000 francs accrue from the octroi taxes—levied as local customs dues upon foods, wines, fuel, building-materials, and certain other articles brought into the city—and are therefore indirect taxation. Some 35,000,000 francs are obtained by direct forms of taxation, chiefly upon rental values and house occupancy. From 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 francs are gained by the profits of the city's various enterprises, such as markets and abattoirs, and from its relations with the gas, water, street-railway, cab, and other profitable monopolies. The rest comes in large part from the national treasury, which pays its considerable proportion towards the cost of police, of paving, and of some other services in which the country as a whole is concerned. The octroi system, which prevails throughout the French towns and cities, tempts a digression. The chief arguments in its favour are its long-time existence, the fact that the people are accustomed to it, and the great practical difficulties that would be encountered in attempting to secure as large a municipal revenue by any other means, the national government having appropriated and applied almost to the limit of endurance nearly all the other usual sources and methods of taxation. In practice the Parisian octroi system is less objectionable than it is in pure theory, and there is no prospect of its abandonment in the early future. The large income that Paris derives as profits from special enterprises is a noteworthy topic. A critical discussion of the Paris budget is not in order in a descriptive article, and I may only say that my earlier unfavourable impressions, due to figures so large in comparison with other European cities as to seem indicative of extravagance, have been in the main removed by more careful study. If Paris spends vast sums in her municipal house-keeping, she has diverse, magnificent, and permanent results to show, and her people are, as I believe, enriched rather than impoverished by their common investments as a municipality.

[The foregoing is an extract from an article in this month's *Century* by Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor of the American edition of the *Review of Reviews*.—Ed. P. J.]

A Triumph of Science.

MANY and varied have been the speculations as to what the conditions of social existence will be in the Twentieth century, and among the most fascinating of these forecasts Bellamy's "Looking Backward" was certainly not the least curious and interesting. To many his ideas seem wild and extravagant to a degree, but that, I fancy, is because few of us recognise how swiftly the car of progress and invention is moving now-a-days. Electrical science, we are told, is yet in its infancy; but if we are only at the beginning, who can tell what the end will be? Take the last fifty years alone and there is little doubt that had even our present development been stated as a possibility of the future, he who gave voice to such prophecy would have been regarded like all prophets as mad and visionary. Wonderful, however, as are the telephone, the phonograph, and other inventions of a similar character, Edison's latest invention far transcends them all. I refer, of course, to the Kinetograph, a machine combining electricity with photography, so that a man may sit in his drawing-room and see reproduced upon a screen the stage of a distant theatre, may observe the actions of the actors exactly, and also hear the voices of the players or the music of an opera.

So exact is the instrument, that every muscle of the face and even expression is faithfully reproduced. The machine will, for instance, reproduce a boxing match. The whole scene is reproduced, every blow struck is seen perfectly, and even the sound of the blows can be heard. The kinetograph has only to be placed upon a table in front of the stage. The machine photographs the scene, and records the minutest sound.

IT begins to work as soon as the curtain is raised, recording the motions of the actors at the rate of forty-six impressions per second. This is sufficient to give a continuous picture of what is happening. The photographic slips are then developed and replaced in the machine, and a projecting lens is substituted for the photographic lens. Now, by adjusting the phonograph, and by means of a calcium light, the whole scene may be reproduced in a drawing-room. As the impressions are permanently taken, the scene may be reproduced years later, and as many times as anyone desires to see it. The photographs are reproduced in miniature or in life-size, so that nothing of the performance need be lost.

The kinetograph, speaking roughly, is a camera, arranged in a new manner to do new work. In a small box containing the camera, Mr. Edison places a roll of gelatine film, three-quarters of an inch wide, and of any length desired. The interior of the camera is arranged in the ordinary way. The gelatine strip is unrolled from one spindle and re-rolled upon another, and it is in passing from the first spindle to the second that it is carried before the lens of the camera. The shutters of the camera are arranged to be worked by a shaft attached to a cylinder of a phonograph. This shaft also works the spindles which carry the rolls of film, and the mechanism of the camera is so arranged that when the shutters are open the spindles stop, and the gelatine film is fixed before the lens. In less than the forty-sixth part of a second the photograph is taken, the shutters snap, and the spindles turn the gelatine strip, which moves on for a new photograph. The arrangement is so complete and extraordinarily rapid that forty-six photographs may be taken in one second.

UPON this point, Mr. Edison has said: "The trouble in all attempts heretofore made to reproduce action and motion by photography, was that the figures were not taken in a series, with sufficient rapidity to get accurately the motion it was desired to reproduce. Mr. Hemment, the man who photographs running horses in the thousandth part of a second, had the idea, but he failed because he could only take half-a-dozen photographs at a time, and these photographs, if reproduced in a series, would have shown a jerky and imperfect motion. My idea was to take a series of instantaneous photographs of motions so rapidly, that in the reproduction photographic representations would become dissolved in pure motion instead of a series of jerks. The kinetograph can take a series of forty-six photographs in one second, which, so far as the eye can observe, is perfectly pure, continuous motion. This can be kept up as long as desired. The machine starts, moves, stops, opens the shutters, takes the photograph, closes the shutters, and starts again, repeating the process, as I have stated, forty-six times in a second.

To illustrate what he meant Mr. Edison took one of the rolls of gelatine film, which had been through a kineto-

graph, and showed it to the Press correspondent. Upon it was photographed one of the boys employed in Mr. Edison's laboratory. The photographs were about half an inch square, taken on the film at intervals of about one inch. They represent the boy in the act of taking off his hat and bowing. Between the first view and the last of the series, the complete motions of removing the hat and making the bow were clearly discernible, and there was no apparent change of position between any two consecutive views. The boy's hat was upon his head in the first view, and his hand was at his side. The hand was gradually raised toward the head, which gradually inclined forward, the hat was removed, and the bow completed; after which the hat was placed upon the boy's head.

MR. EDISON showed the machine to a correspondent, and to a layman it appears to be simply a square box, in the upper end of which is a hole one inch in diameter. In the hole is a lens, and on the bottom of the box within is arranged a series of wheels and spindles, upon which the rolls of gelatine film are placed. The film is carried from one of the spindles over the wheels past the lens to the other spindle. Fastened to the latter spindle is a belt, which is attached to an electric motor. When the motor is started, the roll of gelatine is transferred from the first to the second spindle, and in the transfer is passed before the lens, and the photographic impression is taken. The film comes out perfectly when run at the highest speed.

THE correspondent could see the boy distinctly waving his hand and touching his hat. The lad laughed, shook his head, and bowed. The gelatine film could be seen in rapid motion, but the figures of the boy were always before the lens, and every motion was natural and perfect.

THEN Mr. Edison attached the projecting lens to a screen, when the figure came out life size, every feature being distinct, and the action of the muscles perfect. Mr. Edison slowed the machine down, and the difference was apparent, the action of the boy becoming jerky. It was by constantly increasing the rapidity of the machine that the inventor finally determined the fact that forty-six photographs per second are the proper number for the exact production of ordinary motion.

MR. EDISON intends to reproduce an entire opera by means of this invention. He does not mean to show it in miniature, but will represent the stage with the actors moving, speaking, and singing. The players will be life size and the music will be exactly reproduced. The result will be a gigantic photograph, not merely of the actors, but of the entire stage, scenery, and furniture. In order to obtain this result it will be necessary to have a phonograph large enough to contain a cylinder capable of recording every sound made during thirty minutes, which is about the average duration of an act in a play. It would, of course, be impossible to change the cylinders of the phonograph or stop the kinetograph during the act.

As a means of amusement, Mr. Edison's new invention promises to be a great success. From the reel of film which will contain the original photograph, Mr. Edison expects to make numberless duplicates. These will be sold, so that a person owning a machine may buy any opera he may wish to reproduce in his own house.

"Work, for the Night Cometh."

We long to do great things, so we neglect
Oft times to do the little things we can,—
The common daily duties, while we plan
Some grand and high effect.

Our eyes are on the future, so we fail
To heed the little stumbling-blocks along our way,
That fret our own and neighbours' feet; we say:
What do small deeds avail?

We dream of coming years that shall be fair
With fruitful harvests, though we sow no seed
Of toil and self-denial, prayer, and kindly deed;—
And time goes unaware.

O dreamer, wake and work! thy place is best
For thee; the passing hour alone is thine;
Do what thou canst do, and no more repine;
Work, and so earn thy rest!

A Walk Round Woolwich Arsenal.

SINCE early days, Woolwich has been an important centre for war-ships and war-material. Here ships were built and launched when England first began to have a navy of specially constructed men-of-war, for Henry VIII. established the Woolwich dockyard, and also appointed Commissioners of the navy, and formed the Navy Office. Some of the earliest three-deckers, or as we may almost call them five-deckers, were built at this dockyard; and of these the most famous was the *Great Harry*, so named after the king, which was launched here in 1514. For the period, the ship was a large one, being of a thousand tons burden; though we should not think much of her size now, when we have ironclads of over eleven thousand tons.

Of an early date probably as the dockyard, was the "Warren," the name by which the Arsenal was formerly called. This establishment seems to have begun as a cannon foundry, and such, indeed, it chiefly continues to be. Moreover, in other days when the dockyard flourished, stores of ships' cannon were kept here, ready to be placed on ships as soon as commissioned. But now that the dockyard is a thing of the past, and now that the large building-slips, workshops, and ropewalk are empty, the cannon at the Arsenal are chiefly those for the royal artillery and for forts. The dockyard has been closed since 1869; its broad roads are deserted, its workshops are silent, and its large sheds are only used for stores; but the Arsenal has increased in magnitude; and the "Warren," in which, before the establishment of the Plumstead magazines, powder was proved ("before the principal engineers and officers of the Board of Ordnance, to which many of the nobility and gentry were often invited, and afterwards sumptuously entertained by them"), has now become an enormous establishment, covering acres of ground, and containing workshops provided with the most complicated machinery, and foundries of enormous size. It is round this arsenal that we propose to take the reader a short walk.

Visitors are usually admitted to the arsenal on certain days only, by an order obtained from the War Office; and, with certain exceptions, these orders are carefully restricted to British subjects. The officers of the garrison can, however, introduce or send friends at other times. The cadets at the Royal Military Academy on Woolwich Common, who are to be officers of the Engineers and Artillery, attend the Arsenal under the guidance of their scientific instructors as part of their regular duties. These young gentlemen are, of course, expected to take notes as part of their education; but note-taking is forbidden to the ordinary visitor.

Having gained admittance, the visitor is put in charge of a guide. Now, these guides, who are very civil and intelligent men, as a rule wish to conduct the visitor to those parts of the works where operations are carried on which are chiefly remarkable for their magnitude, but which may be witnessed on a smaller or perhaps on the same scale in many other places. Probably they have discovered from experience that the ordinary visitor is best amused and interested with such shows. For instance, the tapping of the great furnace is a "big plum" in their rounds. Of course it is a remarkable sight to see a stream of molten steel run into a huge tank which can contain four or five tons of metal, and to watch this tank dragged off by some score of men to fill the various moulds. But such a sight can be seen in any large foundry. Again, it is remarkable to see a huge steam-hammer of some forty tons' force welding a mass of metal at white-heat; but these large steam-hammers are not unknown elsewhere. The guide will, however, always act on a hint from the visitor, and confine himself chiefly, if asked to do so, to those parts of the Arsenal where things are to be seen which cannot be found in many other places. The intelligent visitor will probably remember that he comes to Woolwich to see cannon and projectiles, and will act accordingly.

The Arsenal is divided into four departments—the Laboratory, the Gun Factory, the Gun-carriage Department, and the Stores; and of these four divisions, the first two contain the chief things not to be found in very many other places.

The Gun-carriage Department has workshops both for metal and woodwork, and each branch contains many subdivisions. There is nothing, however, in this department which is peculiar to the Arsenal, with the exception of course of the special articles which are manufactured; that is to say, forging, steam-carpentering, wheel-making, and so on, are carried on as they would be carried on elsewhere. The guides always make a point of showing the wheel-shoeing pit, as it is called, in which the tire is put on a gun-wheel; but then the same thing may be seen performed any day in rather a simpler manner at a village wheelwright's. The machinery in this department is, however, very complete, especially in the

carpenters' shops, where the lathes which work automatically, and turn wheel-spokes and such things according to a given pattern, and the steam saws for cutting dovetails for sides of boxes, and other machinery, are all constructed on highly ingenious principles. With regard to the articles constructed, the trial of a gun may be followed in all stages of its construction until it appears complete with its wheels, and ready for the gun to be placed on it. Here, too, may be seen the ingenious Moncrieff gun-carriage, by which the gun is only raised above a fortification at the moment when it is fired, the "sighting" being done from below by the arrangement of mirrors.

The Stores, again, are remarkable only for the quantity of material stowed away ready for use. For instance, there are ten thousand complete sets of harness for guns and baggage wagons always kept in stock. But when the visitor has just walked once through these storehouses, he will probably have seen all that he cares to see there.

It is, however, when we come to the Gun Factory that the special interest of the Arsenal begins. Imagine a huge mass of steel welded—for casting would not give sufficient strength—into the form of the trunk of a large fir-tree, and you have the first stage of a gun's existence. This solid mass is to form the tube of a cannon, and the solid core has to be removed by ingenious and powerful machinery. It takes a week or two to bore the interior of some of the larger guns. Some of the machines are constructed to bore a hole which is continually enlarged by successive tools; while others actually cut out a round solid mass from the interior. The tube has also to be subjected to the process of being turned both within and without, and it is then fit for the next process, which is that of cutting the grooves within it which give the required spin to the projectile, commonly called rifling. This is a delicate and intricate process, for the utility of the gun of course depends largely on the accuracy with which the grooves are made. The actual cutting is performed by a machine which travels up the tube at the required spiral; but as the work proceeds, the man in charge carefully examines the grooves along their whole length with the aid of a candle fixed at the end of a long rod which he pushes up the tube.

But when tube has been bored, turned, and rifled, the gun is by no means finished. The tube by itself would be far too delicate for the large charges of powder employed; and consequently, it has to be fitted at the breech end with two or three outer cases or jackets, the outside one of which bears the trunnions on which the gun rests. At last the gun is completed; and the next thing is to subject it to a severe test by firing from it a charge of powder proportioned to its size. For this purpose, it has to be taken to Plumstead marshes, a portion of which forms the testing-ground and powder-magazines connected with the Arsenal. Lines of railway run down to the marshes, and the gun is mounted on a truck and dragged off by a locomotive to the place appointed for its trial. It may be mentioned that lines of railway run in all directions through the Arsenal, one of narrow gauge being introduced into most of the workshops, so that the visitor has to keep a lookout lest a tiny locomotive with a train of what may almost be called toy trucks should bear down upon him as he is walking along.—But to return to the gun. When it has been finally tested, cleaned, polished, and stamped, it is coated with a particular varnish, and is fit for service.

The next most interesting place to the Gun Factory is the Laboratory, where shells and bullets are manufactured. Shells are cast rough, and then finished off in a lathe. A band of copper now usually takes the place of the copper studs which were formerly inserted to enable the shell to fit into the rifled grooves. This band is expanded by the force of the explosion when the gun is fired, and fills up the grooves, so as to give the necessary spin to the shell. Shells are charged with their interior bullets at the Laboratory; but the powder is added down at the marshes. A shell when completed has become a very expensive article, especially if it is a large one. Some of these projectiles are so heavy that the guns from which they have to be fired are provided with small cranes for lifting them up to the breech. The shells are, like the guns, beautifully finished off and varnished, and then sent off to the stores.

Perhaps the most interesting place in the Laboratory department is the Pattern Room, which is a sort of museum where shot and shells of all sorts are to be seen, from the old-fashioned chain-shot, made of round balls fastened together, to the most perfect specimens of modern shells. Here, also, are to be seen those strange weapons of modern warfare called torpedoes, amongst them the famous "fish torpedo," which with its complicated mechanism may be almost described as an under-water ship. It is so constructed that it finds its way unseen and unheard, with its terrible charge of dynamite, to the side of a hostile vessel.—*Chambers' Journal.*

PROGRAMME OF PROMENADE CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, JULY 18TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.—CONDUCTOR, MR. A. ROBINSON (late Prince of Wales's 3rd Dragoon Guards).

VOCALISTS—MISS CLARA DOWLE, MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITZ. ACCOMPANIST—MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

Musical Director to the People's Palace—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

PART I.

- 1. MARCH "The Royal Salute" ... *Hume*
- 2. OVERTURE ... "Bohemian Girl" ... *Balfe*
- 3. SONG ... "Ruth's Song" ... *Gounod*
MISS CLARA DOWLE.

And Ruth said: Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: whither thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

- 4. CORNET SOLO (by desire) "In Old Madrid" *Trotère*
MR. A. ROGERS.
- 5. SONG ... "Queen of the Earth" ... *Pinsuti*
MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITZ.

An angel in all but name is she,
O'er life her vigil keeping,
Whose wings are spread o'er each cradle bed,
Where the hopes of earth lie sleeping,
The heroes that vanquish amid the strife,
And write their names on the scroll of life,
Have fought for the fadeless laurels of fame,
To lay their crowns on her sacred name.

Wide as the world is her kingdom of power,
Love is her sceptre, her crown, and her dower,
In ev'ry heart she has fashioned her throne,
As queen of the earth she reigneth alone.

An angel in all but name is she,
'Mid scenes of shade and sorrow,
She weaves thro' each night a ladder of light,
That leads to a bright to-morrow.
She launches each life on the sea of time,
And guides each elm to the far-off clime,
Her pinions of love are spread in each sail,
Till she casts the anchor within the vale.

Wide as the world is her kingdom of power,
Love is her sceptre, her crown, and her dower,
In ev'ry heart she has fashioned her throne,
As queen of the earth she reigneth alone.

- 6. SONG ... "Let me dream again" ... *Sullivan*
MISS CLARA DOWLE.

The sun is setting and the hour is late,
Once more I stand beside the wicket gate,
The bells are ringing out the dying day,
The children singing on their homeward way;
And he is whispering words of sweet intent,
While I, half doubting, whisper a consent.
Is this a dream? then waking would be pain;
Oh, do not wake me, let me dream again.

The clock is striking in the belfry tower,
And warns us of the ever-fleeting hour,
But neither heeds the time which onward glides,
For time may pass away, but love abides.
I feel his kisses on my fever'd brow,
If we must part, Ah, why should it be now?
Is this a dream? then waking would be pain;
Oh, do not wake me, do not wake me, let me dream again.

- 7. LANCERS "Top o' the morning" ...

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

- 8. SCENA ED ARIA "Il Trovatore" ... *Verdi*
- 9. SONG ... "A Golden Promise" ... *Klein*
MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITZ.

Do you remember the time, dear,
When we two used to stray,
When you made me a golden promise,
Long ago on a summer's day?
The promise is long since broken,
And buried in memory's tomb,
But still in the dear old garden
The roses are in bloom.

I still keep the bunch of pansies,
You gathered that afternoon,
And the love lives in my bosom,
That in yours died all too soon.
Many a summer sunset,
Has since made the west aglow,
And again in the dear old garden,
The velvet pansies grow.

You likened me to the lillies,
So proud and pure and fair,
They smil'd in the dear old garden,
Those days we wander'd there.
But beauty and pride have left me,
My smiles but hide my pain,
And yet in the dear old garden,
The lillies bloom again.

- 10. GRAND FANTASIA "Erin" ... *Basquit*

- 11. SONG ... "The Prima Donna" ... *Roedel*
MISS CLARA DOWLE.

Viva! Paquita! Hark! she comes.
The lights are gleaming sweet and fair,
Upon the stage she stands,
Her dark eyes bright with magic light,
Red roses in her hands;

Her sweet voice pealing up above,
On music's golden wings,
What is Paquita dreaming of,
As there she stands and sings?
Love is a dream, so they say,
Only a rose of a day;
Love is but woe, let it be so,
But ah! give me love away.

The curtain falls. Good night! Good bye!
You see her dark eyes gleam.
Viva! Paquita! still you cry,
But who can read her dreams?
Viva! Viva! 'tis ever so,
Your brighter garlands bring;
The heart may break, the tears may flow,
But still the lips must sing!
Love is a dream, so they say,
Only a rose of a day;
Love is but woe, let it be so,
But ah! give me love away.

- 12. SONG ... "Anchored" ... *Watson*
MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITZ.

Flying with flowing sail
Over the summer sea,
Sheer thro' the seething gale,
Homeward bound was she,
Flying with feath'ry prow,
Bounding with slanting keel,
And glad, and glad, was the sailor lad,
As he steered and sang at his wheel:

Only another day to stray,
Only another night to roam;
Then safe at last, the harbour past,
Safe in my father's home.
Bright on the flashing brine
Glittered the summer's sun,
Sweetly the starry shine
Smiled when the day was done,
Blythe was the breeze of Heav'n,
Filling the flying sail,
And glad was the sailor lad
As he steered and sang thro' the gale:
Only another day to stray, &c.

Sudden the lightnings flash'd
Like falchions in the dark!
Sudden the thunders crashed,
Alas for the gallant bark!
There, when the storm had passed,
A dreary wreck lay she.
But bright was the starry light,
That shone on the summer's sea,
And a soft smile came from the stars,
And a voice from the whispering foam:
Safe, safe at last, the danger past,
Safe in his Father's home.

- 13. MARCH ... "Boccaccio" ... *Suppé*

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON SUNDAY, JULY 19TH, 1891.

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

AT 12.30.

- 1. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN D MINOR *Mendelssohn*
- 2. ANDANTE *Scharwenka*
- 3. ... "As pants the hart" ... *Spohr*
- 4. ALLEGRO IN B FLAT (from 2nd Organ Concerto) *Handel*
- 5. ADAGIO *Mozart*
- 6. SELECTION from the Cantata "Rebekah" ... *Barnby*
- 7. MARCH IN C *Clark*

AT 4 O'CLOCK.—VOCALISTS, MISS ANNIE WADE AND MISS CARTER.

- 1. MARCH IN B FLAT *Silas*
- 2. MINUET AND TRIO *Sterndale Bennett*
- 3. HYMN ... "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord" ...
- 4. INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE (Sonata, No. 6) *Merkel*
- 5. CHORUS AND DUET from Hymn of Praise ...
- 6. ANDANTE RELIGIOSA *Thomé*
- 7. HYMN "The Son of God goes forth to war"
- 8. HALLELUJAH CHORUS (Messiah) *Handel*

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

- 1. SONATA IN B FLAT, NO. 4 *Mendelssohn*
- 2. ANDANTE GRAZIOSO *Smart*
- 3. SELECTION ... from "Elijah" ... *Mendelssohn*
- 4. OFFERTOIRE *Mac Master*
- 5. PASSACAGLIA IN E MINOR *Rheinberger*
- 6. THEME IN A *Hird*
- 7. MARCHE SOLONELLE *Lemaigre*

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SECRETARY, MR. C. E. OSBORN.

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 on certain days and evenings in each week during the summer months, and 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	4/15/-
Choral Society ...	{ Mr. Orton Brad- ley, M.A.	Thursday ...	7.30-10.0	1 0
♫ Pianoforte ...	{ Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer }	Friday ...	8.0-10.0	4 6
" (Advanced) ...	{ Mr. Orton Brad- ley, M.A. ... }	Saturday ...	4.0-10.0	Term
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Thursday ...	6.0-9.0	1 6
		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 to 7.30	Elementary I.
"	7.30 to 8.15	Advanced.
"	8.15 to 9.0	Beginners.
"	9.0 to 9.45	Advanced.

The Members of the Violin Classes will practice Duets, and a Special Piece for performance.

Tuesday	6.0 to 6.45	Beginners.
"	6.45 to 7.30	Elementary I.
"	7.30 to 8.15	Elementary II.
"	8.15 to 9.0	Junr. Advanced.
"	9.0 to 9.45	Beginners.

FEE FOR THE TERM, 5/-

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

General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic and Book-keeping	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.
Shorthand (Pitman's) ...	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday ...	8.0-9.30	4 0

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Chief Instructor ... Mr. H. H. BURDETT.
(Late Chief Instructor Harrow School Gymnasium.)
Assistant Instructor ... Mr. C. WRIGHT.
Pianist for Musical Drill ... Miss J. C. HICKS.

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 1s. 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. Fois, masks, gauntlets, and all requisites are furnished free of cost for the use of this class. 8 till 10.—These hours are devoted to instruction in the following subjects:—Musical Drill, comprising Bar-bells, Dumb-bells, and Indian Club Exercises, Free Movements, Running Maze, and Gymnastics.

Fee, 1s. per Term; locker included.

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

Junior Section for Girls, Thursday, from 7 till 9. Junior Section for Boys, Friday, from 7 till 9.30. 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 Tuesday evenings, from 7.30 to 9.

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

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

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

CLUBS.—Rambling, Cycling, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, and Swimming are in full swing, and it is hoped Rowing, Football, 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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