



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

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FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE  
Club, Class and General Gossip.  
COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, July 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.

SATURDAY, 25th.—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 8.30 p.m., Operatic Concert. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 26th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Organ recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free. Swimming Bath open from 6 to 10 a.m.

MONDAY, 27th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 7.45 p.m., Examination Recitals by Students of the People's Palace School of Elocution. Admission free by ticket, to be obtained at the Office.

TUESDAY, 28th.—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 9.30 p.m. (ladies only).

WEDNESDAY, 29th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 30th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, 31st.—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.

A MEETING will be held in the New Club Room, on Wednesday, August 5th, for the purpose of forming a Football Club. Any student desirous of joining will please attend.

H. E. DEANE, Hon. Sec. *pro tem.*

AT the recent Boy Clerks' Examination held by the Civil Service Commissioners, Mr. W. H. White, one of the students of our Civil Service Classes, obtained the 63rd place. Two more of our students qualified, but did not get marks enough to be within the number of successful competitors.

AT the Sacred Concert, on Sunday afternoon last, two of the members of our Choral Society, sang a duet from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," which was much appreciated. The hymns also were sung very heartily; this part of the programme seems to be increasingly liked.

ON account of the Queen's Hall being required for the Picture Exhibition, the Organ Recitals will be discontinued during August. The Library will remain open as usual.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.—*President*—Sir J. H. Johnson. *Vice-presidents*—N. Cohen, Esq., and C. E. Osborn, Esq. A general meeting of the above club will be held on Monday, July 27th. Will all members attend? We now muster thirty-five all told, and are making new members every week. Mr. Nathaniel L. Cohen has consented to be a vice-president again. Our first Annual Costume entertainment will be held in the Palace Bath on Thursday, August 13th. As the entertainment will be for the benefit of the club I hope all mem-

bers will do their best to make it a success. The Half Mile Amateur Championship took place last Saturday. It took place in quiet water in the canal at Exeter. Results—J. W. Greasley, Leicester S.C. (mile champion), 1; W. Evans, Manchester Swan (half mile, quarter mile salt water, 220 yards, and 100 yards champion), 2; G. A. Mead, captain Bristol Leander S.C., 3; S. R. Newcombe, 0; P. Helson, 0. A race ensued between the two champions. W. Evans, with magnificent stroke, soon led by a length. Greasley kept spurting, but only came within a head: Evans just touched the raft (280 yards), and turned, and bot h went down with Evans leading by half a yard. In the next course up, the men were almost neck and neck, amidst great excitement; Evans, who frequently went an erratic course, just touched first. The last round was the same, Greasley winning by a grand spurt in the last fifty yards by a touch, half a minute inside record. Time, 13 min. 43 3-5 sec. Joseph Nuttall did an extraordinary performance in the professional handicap held at Newton Heath Baths. Starting from scratch, he won the 150 Yards Handicap, doing the distance in 1 min 43½ secs., which is 2½ secs. better than the previous record. I am very pleased to say that our old captain, J. Ashford, is getting over his serious illness, but will not be well enough to swim in the Captaincy Race this year. Any student, past or present, wishing to join above club, can do so on Mondays and Thursdays, our club meeting nights in the Palace Bath.

H. ELLIS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—*President*: Nathaniel L. Cohen.—Last Saturday's match against the Polytechnic 3rd Eleven resulted in a win for our opponents. Although our fellows bowled and fielded well—the catch in the long field by our Vice-Captain, which disposed of Fuller, being a splendid one—we gave a poor display with the bat, and were defeated by 39 runs.

*Polytechnic.*—Codd, 0; Boswarva, 6; Mallett, 12; Saw, 2; Fuller, 8; Mason, 20; Staples, 5; Carwardine, 2; Lane, 11; Crabtree, not out, 8; Hawkes, 1; Extras, 1. Total, 76.

*People's Palace.*—A. Bowman, 1; C. Bowman, 8; F. Selby, 5; F. Hunter, 0; J. Phillips, not out, 11; F. Hall, 0; P. J. Turtle, 7; McDougall, 0; W. Bruce, 0; J. Williamson, 1; Whiting, 1; Extras, 3. Total, 37.

*Bowling Analysis.*—F. Hall, 14 overs, 4 maidens, 40 runs, 5 wickets; F. Hunter, 6.3 overs, 1 maiden; 13 runs, 3 wickets; A. Bowman, 11 overs, 5 maidens, 12 runs, 0 wickets; F. Selby, 2 overs, 10 maidens, 10 runs, 1 wicket.

Match at Walthamstow on Saturday next *versus* Unity. Team as follows:—A. Bowman (captain), C. Bowman, F. Hall, P. J. Turtle, F. Hunter, Sheppard, E. Francis, McDougall, Holmes, Orchard, Claridge. Reserves, J. Phillips, W. Bruce. Scratch match to-night at 6 p.m. on Victoria Park Match Ground. Team selected from members on the ground. No match on August 1st.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—*Conductor*, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.—We give a concert in the Queen's Hall on Saturday, July 25th, at 8.30. The programme will consist of opera-choruses, etc. We hope there will be a good muster and that all will be present at 8.15. During August we meet only on Friday, 14th, and Friday, 21st. We are now beginning to study "Elijah." We have vacancies for contraltos and basses; those with good voices and who can read well either notation should apply at once so as to begin the study of this new work. The following is the report for last quarter:—During the quarter ending July 3rd, 1891, the average number present at each practice was 79 viz., 34.5 sopranos, 18.6 altos, 13.5 tenors

and 124 basses. Last quarter the average was 82, so there is a slight decrease owing to the unwelcome visit of the influenza. The largest number at any rehearsal was 104, the smallest, 63. The number on register at the end of the quarter was 135; of these, 60 attended more than 15 times, their average being 19.1 out of a possible 23. We may reasonably congratulate ourselves on the high praise our efforts have won in the past. If members continue to display the same enthusiasm in the future, there is little doubt that the skill and energy of our esteemed conductor will render this society second to none in London.  
J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.  
J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—Prospective arrangements are as follows:—Saturday, July 25th, meet at Coborn-road Station, G.E. Railway, at 3.40, book to Snaresbrook for ramble to Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst-hill. Saturday, August 1st, no ramble. Monday, 3rd, Windsor, meet at Aldgate Station, Metropolitan Railway, at 10 o'clock. Saturday, 8th, Hampstead Heath, Bow Station, North London Railway, at 3.15 p.m.  
A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

We have received as a gift from the British Museum, three autogravures: (1) from North Frieze of Parthenon (part of group of horsemen), (2) Pediment of Parthenon (group called the Three Fates), (3) Bronze head of Aphrodite.

HOLIDAY HOME, GORLESTON, YARMOUTH.—The fourth 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.

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

- Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Haines, 212, Mile End Road.
- The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 178, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Kerby, opposite London Hospital.
- Mr. Moir, 57, Cambridge Road.
- Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.
- Mr. Roder, 103, 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.

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step towards God,  
Lifting the soul from its common clod,  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet—  
By what we have mastered of good or gain,  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings,  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on a pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

City and Guilds of London Institute.

RESULT OF EXAMINATIONS.  
BRICKWORK AND MASONRY.

Roach, Alfred, *Honours Grade, 2nd.*  
Gilbert, James S., *Ordinary, 1st.*

PLUMBERS' WORK: PRINCIPLES OF.  
*Honours.*

Collett, H. Herbert, *1st.* Grisley, Luke, *2nd.*  
Hills, Albert, *2nd.*

*Ordinary.*  
Esmond, Charles J. } 1st. and the Pewterers' Company's  
Prize of £2, and the Institute's  
Silver Medal.

Groves, Esau H., *1st.* Nobbs, Fredk. W., *2nd.*  
Johnson, Joseph, *1st.* Swindley, Robert, *2nd.*

PRACTICE OF PLUMBING.

*Passed.*  
Collett, H. Herbert. Henderson, T.  
Esmond, Charles J. Mitchelmore, George.  
Grisley, Luke. Nobbs, Frederick W.  
Swindley, Robert.

The Instructor's Prize to the Students of the Plumbing Class will be awarded to Mr. H. H. Collett, in the Honours Grade, and Mr. E. H. Groves in the Ordinary Grade, for the best answers to questions, set in class.

CARPENTRY AND JOINERY.

*Ordinary.*  
Knight, Bertram, G. E. *2nd.* Sivell, Henry, W., *2nd.*  
Langdon, Elias, *2nd.* Tutt, William A., *2nd.*  
Markey, Michael, *2nd.* Watts, William T., *2nd.*  
Wilkes, Wyndham, *2nd.*

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

*Ordinary.*  
Edwards, James G., *1st.* Appleyard, Walter, H. S., *2nd.*  
Miller, David J., *1st.* Carnegie, William, *2nd.*  
Paskell, Albert E., *1st.* Shephard, Henry K., *2nd.*

PHOTOGRAPHY.

*Ordinary.*  
Chappell, Herbert A., *1st.* Shaw, Frank, A., *2nd.*  
Gammon, A. H., *1st.* Stean, Samuel C., *2nd.*  
Newton, Alfred J., *2nd.* Steggall, Charles R., *2nd.*  
Thorne, William, *2nd.*

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

*Ordinary.*  
Horton, Harry W., *1st.* Ewing, Gilbert N., *2nd.*  
Stevens, James D., *1st.* Stables, Joseph, *2nd.*

ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING.

Prosser, Edwin H., *Ordinary, 2nd.*

TYPOGRAPHY.

*Honours.*  
Amery, William, H., *2nd.* Hamilton, G. W., *2nd.*

*Ordinary.*  
Butler, George, *1st.* Weston, Charles H., *2nd.*

COMPOSITORS' WORK.

*Passed.*  
Amery, William H. Hamilton, George W.  
Butler, George. Weston, Charles H.

Science and Art Examinations.

STAGE 5 B.

Appleby, Edward L., *1st.* Layton, Harry, *1st.*  
Beck, Joshua, *1st.* Plester, Arthur C., *1st.*  
Dodds, Benj. R. W., *1st.* Randall, George A., *1st.*

ELEMENTARY ARCHITECTURE.

Bateman, Herbert J., *1st.* Jesseman, Douglas, *2nd.*

DESIGN ORNAMENT, 23 C.

Overnell, Thomas J., *2nd.*

MATHEMATICS—SUBJECT V.

STAGE III., 1st.

Amor, Walter,

2nd.

Barlow, Archibald H. Page, Frederick C. J.  
Drawmer, Arthur C. Wells, Gilbert.  
Gravener, Frederick W. Worrow, Harry H.

STAGE II., 1st.

Ashford, William H. Blyth, Thomas R.  
Bramley, Charles P. Bohli, Percival W.  
Bright, Alfred. Belcher, Leon J.

Cleverly, George H.  
Gairns, John F.  
Grover, Henry C.

Merritt, George L.  
Rawlings, Herbert.  
Sherwin, Ernest F.

Young, Herbert H.

2nd.

Abbott, John,  
Boustead, Robert N.  
Baxter, Charles W.  
Batchelor, Charles.  
Beirne, Edgar H.  
Beard, Horace W.  
Course, Arthur H.  
Cornish, Philip G.  
Clark, Arthur.  
Collingwood, James.  
Darling, Henry A.  
Dunn, John H.  
Dowsett, Frank D.  
Dodd, Frederick J.  
Edmunds, Samuel.  
Everett, Walter.  
Gatrill, Arthur F. M.  
Gladen, Reginald E.  
Harvey, Frank W.  
Hepburn, Andrew.  
Heath, Henry W.  
Holbrook, Lillie A.

Hardy, John S.  
Hitchcock, Charles.  
Head, Ernest F.  
Kilmaster, William.  
Leys, John.  
McCormick, Charles F.  
McMillan, Alfred E.  
Merrett, Charles G.  
Poole, Victor J.  
Pledge, John W. R.  
Pringle, George.  
Relton, Thomas H.  
Shearmur, Ernest R. D.  
Smail, Stephen G.  
White, John H.  
Worrow, Isaac.  
White, Arthur J.  
Williams, William.  
Weaver, Albert J.  
Willsheare, Egbert.  
Wild, Alfred C.  
Yetton, Thomas.

STAGE I., 1st.

Anderson, William O. C.  
Barralet, Edgar S.  
Bennett, Robert L.  
Bishop, Benjamin G.  
Bailey, Henry J.  
Capel, Arthur.  
Cunningham, Charles J.  
Catherine, Arthur F.  
Derbyshire, Walter H.  
Dear, Bertie.  
Evans, Athol G.  
Martin, Frank.  
May, Thomas J.

Miller, Herbert C.  
Pettersson, Hedvig S.  
Palmer, Charles T.  
Philpott, Harold P.  
Russell, George L.  
Ramsden, James V.  
Richardson, Wm. J.  
Stimson, Sidney J. P.  
Smith, Lionel L.  
Shaw, Fredk. C.  
Shonk, Albert.  
Short, Ernest R.  
Wright, Ernest W.  
Watsham, Edmund W. E.

STAGE I., 2nd.

Apps, William S.  
Atkins, Charles R.  
Appleford, William E.  
Browning, George R.  
Baulch, Sidney W. O.  
Bird, George S.  
Butler, Ernest W.  
Bryant, Frederick E.  
Bacon, John.  
Carvossa, Wm. J.  
Cooper, Walter L.  
Catherall, Edward S.  
Coggeshall, James B.  
Carter, William H.  
Catherall, George H. F.  
Chown, James.  
Davis, Charles A.  
Davis, Fredk. H. R.  
Davis, Wm. A.  
Downie, Sydney A. N.  
Dale, Arthur L.  
Fair, Henry R. H.  
Fitzgibbon, Thomas.  
Fisher, Wm. A.  
Gates, Thomas G.  
Glasscock, Philip.  
Gosling, Wm. J.  
Gill, Alfred J.  
Hewett, John W.  
Hamling, Charles A.  
Hollyfield, Sidney.  
Holmwood, Arthur J.  
Horton, Arthur B.  
Hood, Alexander.  
Hawkesworth, Henry.  
Hall, Arthur J.  
Harris, Sidney.  
Hatley, Stephen H.  
Hine, Philip T.  
Hancock, Percy B.  
Hett, George C.  
Ingram, George.

Jeffries, Joseph S.  
Keable, Alfred H.  
Knodler, Fredk. C.  
Kimpton, Thomas.  
Kilminster, George.  
Lazarus, Henry.  
Moloney, Joseph H. R.  
Merritt, Herbert L.  
Merrin, Charles A.  
Mathys, Albert W.  
Nettlingham, Edgar.  
Penfold, Wm. T.  
Pearson, James R. G.  
Phillips, Henry A.  
Patterson, Percy.  
Ray, Alfred.  
Roach, Wm. G.  
Rumsey, Wm. H.  
Reid, Lionel J.  
Relf, John.  
Stevenson, Francis.  
Stables, Alfred M.  
Smith, Charles.  
Sturt, Charles.  
Snape, Wm. A.  
Sims, Henry.  
Spicer, Frederick.  
Skinner, Frank.  
Smith, Sidney.  
Sayers, Walter.  
Thicke, William C.  
Taylor, Edwin S.  
Thompson, Drury F.  
Thompson, Alfred J.  
Watson, Henry E.  
Worledge, Fredk. J.  
Ward, John S.  
Webbe, William.  
Watts, Ethelbert.  
Williams, George S. H. F.  
Winn, George E.  
Wheatcroft, Bertie C.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION—SUBJECT III.

Advanced 1st.

Ashford, William H. Gilbert, James S.  
Bright, Alfred. Holloway, John W.  
Bryant, Samuel T. Judd, Alfred E.  
Darling, Henry A. May, Thomas J.  
Godman, Ernest. Mills, Alfred.  
German, Harry. Wooley, Charles F.

Advanced 2nd.

Bacon, John. Langdon, Elias.  
Browning, John G. T. Martin, Frank.  
Brooks, Albert. Ramsden, James V.  
Collingwood, James. Sherwin, Ernest B.  
Edmunds, Samuel. Turville, Harry.  
Grover, Henry C. Williams, William.  
Knight, Bertram G. E. Weaver, Albert J.  
Willsheare, Egbert.

Elementary 1st.

Apps, William. Palmer, Charles T.  
Barker, William A. Russell, George L.  
Catherall, George H. F. Spencer, Francis.  
Duck, Albert G. Stout, Ambrose, G.  
Derbyshire, Walter H. Stonehouse, James H.  
Higgins, Philip. Sone, Ernest.  
Jackson, Arthur. Smith, Charles J.  
Merrett, Herbert L. Wright, Ernest W.  
Neale, William. Webbe, William.  
Palmer, John D. Young, Herbert H.

Elementary 2nd.

Atkins, Charles R. Hutton, Fredk. N.  
Bowser, George A. Holmwood, Arthur J.  
Barrett, James A. Jay, James H.  
Bigg, Arthur G. Kang, —  
Bennett, Robert L. Kingston, George J.  
Baines, Frank. Lazarus, Henry.  
Barnes, Herbert H. Malacrida, Victor A.  
Banks, Robert G. Moore, Harry E.  
Carter, William H. Nettlingham, Edgar.  
Cook, Thomas G. W. Prettejohn, Francis E.  
Davis, Frederick H. R. Pattison, Percy.  
Furneaux, Thomas. Peach, Henry G.  
Ford, Edwin. Skinner, Frank.  
Fidgen, Walter F. Symonds, Alfred J.  
Gilbert, Fredk. G. Spicer, Frederick W.  
Grist, George. Sharley, Frederick N.  
Harris, Edward J. Ward, William.  
Horton, Arthur B. Wells, William J.  
West, William R.

PERSPECTIVE.

1st Excellent.

Amor, George W. Hepburn, Andrew.  
Ashford, William H. Harvey, Frank W.  
Bright, Alfred. Heath, Henry W.  
Beard, Horace W. Judd, Alfred E.  
Bramley, Charles P. McCormick, Charles F.  
Dormer, Ernest J. Page, Frederick C. J.  
Druitt, Emily J. Palmer, George.  
Dunn, John H. Rawlings, Herbert.  
Dowsett, Frank D. Ramsden, James V.  
Edmund, Samuel. Sherwin, Ernest B.  
Everett, Walter. Willsheare, Egbert.  
Gatrill, Arthur F. M. White, John H.

1st.

Baxter, Charles W. Layton, Harry.  
Bohli, Percival W. Merrett, Charles G.  
Capel, Arthur. Poole, Victor J.  
Day, William C. H. Relton, Thomas H.  
Darling, Henry A. Thomas, Florence C.  
Drawmer, Arthur C. Vyse, Thomas M.

2nd.

Abbott, John. Howship, Charles E.  
Archer, John W. Hitchcock, Charles W.  
Burton, Edward T. Hayes, Alfred J.  
Bacon, John. Hatley, Stephen H.  
Clark, Arthur. Merrett, George L.  
Cleverly, George. Pledge, John R. W.  
Drake, Joseph W. D. Smail, Stephen G.  
Fryer, John E. G. Sayers, Walter.  
Gairns, John F. White, Arthur J.  
Gates, Thomas G. Wells, Gilbert.

Williams, William.

MODEL DRAWING.

1st Excellent.

Butler, Horace. Druitt, Emily J.  
Darling, Henry A. Hudson, Paul G.

- Layton, Harry.  
Plester, Arthur C.
- Mahon, Mary F.
- Archer, John W.  
Baxter, Charles W.  
Bramley, Charles P.  
Bright, Alfred.  
Cleverly, George H.  
Derbyshire, Walter H.  
Day, William C. H.  
Driver, Harriette.  
Evans, Athol G.  
Everett, Walter.  
Howship, C. E.  
Harris, Laurence.  
Kimpton, Thomas.
- Sherwin, Ernest B.  
Vandy, William.
- 1st. Rutter, Arthur E.  
Weaver, Albert J.
- 2nd. Lardner, Ernest.  
Merrett, Charles G.  
Overnell, Thomas J.  
Parfett, Francesca M.  
Richardson, William J.  
Ramsden, James V.  
Rawlings, Herbert.  
Russell, George L.  
Sturt, Charles.  
Vyse, Thomas M.  
Whisker, Albert V.  
White, Arthur J.  
White, John.
- Webb, Arthur.
- FREEHAND.  
1st Excellent.
- Baws, David.  
Bishop, Benjamin G.  
Bright, Alfred.  
Brown, May A.  
Darling, Hy. R. H.  
Evans, Athol G.  
Fryer, John E. G.  
Howship, Charles E.
- Kimpton, Thos.  
Merrett, Chas. G.  
Ramsden, Jas. V.  
Sturt, Chas.  
Thicke, Wm. C.  
Vandy, Wm.  
Watts, Florence.  
Whisker, Albert V.  
White, John T.
- 1st.
- Kendall, Thos.  
Lardner, Ernest.  
Montague, Arthur T.  
Palmer, Geo.  
Poole, Victor J.  
Rodger, Jas. A. S.  
Walker, Percy J.  
Wright, Ernest W.
- 2nd.
- Lyall, John W.  
Malacrida, Victor A.  
Martin, Frank.  
Mathys, Albert W.  
Miller, Herbert C.  
Newland, Edwin J.  
Newland, Hy.  
Oldfield, Frank S.  
Osborn, Wm. M.  
Palmer, Chas. T.  
Palmer, John D.  
Partridge, Harry R.  
Pike, Benj. E.  
Piper, Geo. F.  
Potter, Kate.  
Philpot, Harold P.  
Rawlings, Herbert.  
Robinson, Horace D.  
Russell, Geo. L.  
Sawle, Alfred.  
Saxby, Wm. F.  
Shaw, Fredk. C.  
Sherwin, Ernest B.  
Shickle, Emily C.  
Smail, Stephen G.  
Smith, Chas.  
Smith, Sidney.  
Snape, Wm. A.  
Sparling, Thos. C.  
Stewart, John.  
Stimson, Sidney J. P.  
Sutton, Alice J.  
Symonds, Alfred J.  
Thomas, John.  
Thresher, Gert. E.  
Toope, Chas. H.  
Vincent, Wallace.  
Wallis, Jas. T.  
Watts, Ethelbert.  
Watson, Hy. E.  
Weaver, Albert J.  
Webbe, Wm.  
Wilmot, Arthur R.  
Winter, Herbert J.  
Worledge, Fred. J.

Unmasked by Death.

OLD Stephen Gloyd bore a face that would sour the very milk of human kindness. Even the professional beggar, supposed to be hardened against all signs of churlish niggardliness, would, after one glance at him, draw back the outstretched hand and thrust it into his own empty pocket rather than before that forbidding countenance. Nevertheless, Stephen Gloyd had a conscience. More than that, he had the most eccentric ways of appeasing it.

There was no one but his servants to predict what new freak would take possession of him next, and they had given it up in despair, for whenever he was moved to do an act of charity he was sure to do it in a way that would never have entered the head of any other sane mortal. Usually, too, his way resulted in effecting the least amount of good at the greatest expense.

He was an unsocial brute, visiting no one and receiving visits from none. When, therefore, he announced that he should give a dinner-party to eleven guests on the coming Christmas Eve, there was abundant speculation in his domestic household as to who these eleven guests were to be. Was he at last about to break down the barrier of his crabbed isolation? Had he softened after all these years to the only kin he was known to have in the world, his brother's widow and his niece? Speculate as they might, however, they were as much in the dark an hour before the dinner as they had been a week before.

But not so Mr. Stephen Gloyd. With scowling brow and sour grimaces, he had wandered out at twilight of that Christmas Eve and bade to his feast eleven of the hungriest-looking and most forbidding wretches whom he chanced upon in an hour's tramp in the frosty streets. To each of these he gave his card, and named the hour of his feast.

Strange to say they all came, and a motley dinner-party they made, gutter-birds most them, little deserving of charity some of them, voracious feeders all of them, no one of them known to any of the others, or to his host either.

It was a rare treat for Stephen Gloyd. The amazement and indignation of his servants, the uncouth ways of his guests, their knavish faces, distrustful scowls, and sullen greed, affected the twisted and perverted nature of this man with a kind of savage delight.

He failed to notice, or if he noticed, to lay any stress upon it, that one of his guests appeared to be more at his ease than the others, to handle his knife and fork with a better understanding of their use in polite society, and when he lapsed into any vulgarity of manner, a very acute observer might have surmised that the lapse had rather the appearance of design than forgetfulness. But Stephen Gloyd, unhappily for him, perhaps, was blind to any subtle distinctions of this sort. He was enraptured, so far as such a man could be said to feel rapture at all, with his own conceit, and plied his guests with wine, a lighter liquor than most of them were used to, in the hope of drawing out their characteristics before he let them go. He succeeded far beyond his hopes, and he had to send for the police before he could get them out of his house at something after midnight. It was in the small hours of Christmas morning when the tumult was put an end to and he could seek his bedroom.

The next morning Stephen Gloyd was found lying on the floor of his chamber stone dead, with one of his own carving knives driven through his heart!

A fruitless inquest was held. When it became known that the murdered man had filled his house the night before with the outcasts of the slums of London, people shrugged their shoulders and thought, if they did not say, that it had served him right. The open door of the ponderous safe that stood in his room, the confusion among his papers, the absence of any money or articles of value, all pointed to the conclusion that he had been murdered and robbed by one of his own guests. There was no easy clue; the police were fainthearted in pursuit, and the affair lacked that element of mystery that stimulates the detective mind.

Stephen Gloyd passed speedily out of the recollection of most of those who had known him. Among those few, however, one remembered him with a feeling that was near akin to a loving memory. Rachel Gloyd, his niece, became his heiress, greatly to her own amazement, for it had always been accepted as a fact that her uncle would never suffer a penny of his money to reach his brother's family. But it was not because of her own release from hard labour and meagre living that her gratitude was so keen. It was because she had the power now for which she had longed for years, the power to lighten the burden of suffering for an invalid mother. This was a gift so precious that her abounding gratitude enshrined the memory of Stephen Gloyd in her inmost heart, however unworthy in fact he may have been of canonization in so pure a temple; and this, too, it was that stirred in her a desire that soon became an

overmastering purpose—she would lay bare the secret of her uncle's death and bring his murderer to justice. A perilous and a hopeless task, seemingly, for a girl of two-and-twenty, but, nevertheless, she felt the burden of it resting upon her as part of her inheritance.

On one of the seats in the terraced gardens of Monte Carlo, between the Casino and the sea, sat a girl whose face was attractive for something more than comeliness of feature. The comeliness was there, but with it, and giving it an unusual strength and earnestness of character, were signs of a certain self-reliance and thoughtfulness, which were, in truth, results of the single-handed struggle of her earlier girlhood against want and trouble.

Beside her was a lady whose thin, pale features and extreme lassitude unmistakably classed her among the invalids who seek the orange-scented airs of the Riviera for some exemption from the trying rigour of winter months.

"Have you seen Malcome Dean to-day?" asked the elder, breaking a long silence between the two.

"No, mother," came the response, and with it a soft flush.

"Have you—have you answered him yet?"

"The only answer I can give him now."

"My dear Rachel, do you expect him to be satisfied with that?"

The reply was a very low and a little tremulous, "I—hope he will be."

"You must not trifle with your own heart, my darling, or—with his."

"Oh, mother!" the girl exclaimed, her words coming now with an impetuous rush. "Don't try to turn me from my purpose. It seems to me wrong to think of happiness for myself until I shall have solved that awful mystery."

"But such a hopeless task!" sighed the mother wearily, with a look of anxious pain on her sunken face; "a whole year since your Uncle Stephen died! And what have you gained with all the time and thought and money you have given to the search? Not one clue."

"But it may come at any moment, mother. I think I owe it to Uncle Stephen. I have felt so from the first—that it was a debt due to him that must be paid. Bear with me, mother! It has become a part of my life now. I could not be happy if I gave up before I knew it was hopeless to find the wretch who struck that cruel blow."

With a deeper sigh the mother answered only, "I pray it may come soon then, or that crime will blight your life after all."

"No, mother; not when I can see you better and stronger, as you certainly are in this paradise. My money is a blessing to me because it is a blessing to you, and you mustn't scold if I do penance a little longer for all the hard things I used to think and sometimes say of Uncle Stephen, because he shut his heart so to your need."

And thus the contest ended as it had ended many a time before. The mother's thin fingers closed with a tender pressure over the hand that lay in her lap, and for some time they sat in silence, the girl leaning towards her mother in an attitude of loving protectiveness, the eyes of both resting on the deep, blue waters far below them.

They made a charming picture, and possibly such might have been the comment of Mr. John Foyster while he was pausing at the top of a flight of stone steps leading from an upper terrace just behind them.

He was one of those men whose age it is not easy to determine. There were signs of wear and tear on his handsome face, but on the whole it bore a youngish look. It was grave and a trifle haggard, but the skin was clear and without wrinkles. His dress was faultless; his manner rather bold and self-assured, with a certain air of bravado withal.

He paused and watched the pair below him for a moment, his eyes taking on a sort of tigerish gleam meanwhile, and his lips tightening. Then he began to slowly descend. When he drew near to the mother and daughter his face cleared with a spasmodic suddenness that suggested an effort. They had not heard his approach, and he announced himself in a low but singularly penetrating voice.

"What a contrast between this innocent picture and the wickedness behind us!"

They both started when his voice fell on the air. From the face of the girl the blood fled swiftly away, and then rolled back again in a flood as swiftly. "Mr. Foyster!" they exclaimed.

"Mr. Foyster, at your service," he answered, lifting his hat and stepping around in front of them.

"When did you reach Monte Carlo?" the elder asked.

"An hour ago."

Rachel was watching him keenly, inquiringly. "Have you any news?" she suddenly asked.

He turned his face to hers, and for a moment stood looking down upon her. Then the pupils of his eyes seemed to contract and she forced her gaze away from his with a slight shudder. "I should like to speak to Mrs. Gloyd alone," he said at last, not answering her question.

Rachel without a word further left her seat and crossed to the outer edge of the terrace at some little distance away, and stood there leaning against the stone wall far above the railway that here skirts the shore.

"I hope you have no bad news," murmured Mrs. Gloyd, with a tremor of fear.

"That is as it may be," he answered, drily, seating himself beside her. "Is Malcome Dean here?"

She looked at him in timid bewilderment—"Yes," she said, and after a brief pause added, "Why do you ask?"

Still he ignored her questioning. "Miss Rachel is bent as firmly as ever upon unearthing Gloyd's murderer, I suppose?"

"It seems to have possessed her like a mania. It is very terrible, and she might be so happy."

"How?" The question came from his lips with the sharpness of a pistol shot, and he scanned the feeble woman's face with an intentness that was almost fierce.

It was not an easy question for her to answer. She had known this man for many years, in both the bright and darker days of his fortune, when he was the petted and spoiled son of an old friend, and when his father's death had left him in unlimited control of a fine fortune, which he had proceeded to squander with almost phenomenal speed. It was in this wild and reckless time that he declared himself as Rachel's lover and strove, but in vain, with all the arts at his command to win her consent to be his wife. Then the end had come with a great crash and a scandal, and John Foyster disappeared from view for four long years. It was one more wreck in the whirlpool of London life, and on the waters flowed over his dying memory as wildly, as madly, as ever. Then poverty had come upon Margaret Gloyd, as it comes to so many, without warning, and the years of John Foyster's disappearance had been years of trial, sickness, want to her; of poverty and hard struggle to her daughter.

It had been like a resurrection from the dead to mother and daughter both, when, a few months after Stephen Gloyd's death, John Foyster presented himself at their little villa in Monte Carlo apparently a changed man. No longer the reckless profligate of earlier years, though bearing some signs of his debasement, he seemed to have become sober, discreet, and at least worldly wise. If his passion for Rachel still survived, there was no betrayal of it by word, and he was welcomed, as a reclaimed man often is welcomed, with a greater warmth than they could have shown him before his fall. He had money, too. Had he saved some salvage from the wreck of his fortune? Had he made a lucky coup in some speculation? No one knew or asked, and he vouchsafed no light. He attached himself, yet not offensively, to Mrs. Gloyd and Rachel; he learned soon the great desire of the girl's heart, and then he offered her his services. He had learnt something in past days, he said with a grim smile, of life below the surface in London. Perhaps he could turn that knowledge to some account now. He won no little gratitude by his spontaneous offer, and by the energy with which he set about his task. While the mother and daughter had spent the preceding summer on the south coast of England, he had divided his time between London and Devonshire, exploring the former, as he averred, but to no effect as yet, and going to them at intervals to report. With the autumn they had come back to their villa by the Mediterranean. Once before this during the winter he had come to Monte Carlo, but he had still no news. Meanwhile, Malcome Dean had come into their lives, and with some effect, as we have seen.

This is a long digression, but it explains why Margaret Gloyd found it not easy to decide at once whether she could take him into her confidence, and admit that Rachel might, if she chose, become the wife of Malcome Dean.

But he was more than half answered by her silence and evident perplexity. "She deserves to be happy," he hazarded. "You must let me say just this: I can envy without hating the man who may win her love."

This was shrewdly said. It tempted confidence. "I think Rachel does care for Mr. Dean very much," was her answer.

His clear tones seemed to become hard and metallic as he asked, "Are you sure he is worthy of her?"

"Oh, Mr. Foyster, we have known him some time now, and we know his family so well! Everybody speaks highly of him. I am sure I see no reason why it should not be."

(To be concluded next week.)

## A Christian City.\*

Portion of Scripture read, Rev. xxi., 2-7; 21-27.

SUCH was the apostle's vision of a Christian city, and I want to consider with you this afternoon whether John's words are applicable to the future only, or whether it is really a possibility that, not in heaven alone, but in this earth of ours, a time may come when a country or city may be so animated by the spirit of Christ that its corporate and municipal actions may be as truly Christian, in their conception and performance, as are those of many individual good men living amongst us. You must remember, in the first place, that John could look back to the early days of the Christian church; days, I suppose, scarcely passed, if passed at all, when he wrote the Apocalypse, when believers in Christ had indeed all things in common. They formed a Christian community, and from the common purse the children were educated, the sick were cared for, the hungry were fed, and the poor relieved. Is it wonderful that he should yearn for a time when this, instead of being the rule of a small and feeble body, should be, in spirit at least, the law of the world? It was of such a city that John had his vision, a city so imbued with Christ's teaching that, as it by some wondrous telephone, every sigh and groan and tear should thrill with sympathy, and move to relief, the entire community.

I am no believer in a theology that teaches us that God's world is growing worse and worse, and that the great Creator has made such a bungle of this world, and everything in it, that it is only by the interposition of brute force that He can set it right. If I read history, and look around me, I learn a very different lesson. I see a world getting more Christian—full enough of evil and sin, God knows, yet better in this century than it was in the last century, more Christian to-day than ever it was before. May it not be possible that, some day, as the outcome of this same law, the world shall be so full of Christ as to realise in some measure the apostle's vision? Have not prophets told us of a time when men shall no longer say "know ye the Lord, but all shall know Him from the least to the greatest," and "when the knowledge of the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." Do we not know, in our own hearts, of something which would influence us in this direction? Have we not already a pride of country, of race, and of birth? Have not men ever been willing to die for a city, or a country, in the abstract, who would have laid down their life for no individual citizen? Was not Jerusalem more to the Hebrew than any individual Jew? Rome more than any individual Roman; England more than any individual Englishman? The well-known signal that Nelson ran up on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar appealed, not to love for an individual, but to love of country; and I will say that this is not only a powerful motive but that it may well be a power for good. Quite recently I attended a dinner of old Etonians at Eton who had met to commemorate the 450th anniversary of the school. Mr. Balfour was in the chair, and greetings came by cable from the Viceroy of India, from the Commander-in-Chief in India, from the Governors of the North-West, of Bombay, and Madras, and the Governors of all the Australian Colonies, everyone of whom were Eton men. Round us were pictures that reminded us of past Prime Ministers, such as Mr. Gladstone, of the present Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, of Prime Ministers to come, such as Rosebery, Churchill, and Balfour. Now I would say that something must be wrong with a man who is not the better for belonging to a school like that; next to his loyalty to his God and his country may well stand a man's loyalty to his school. What rightly constituted Eton man would not feel it to be a crying and a burning shame to bring disgrace and dishonor on the name of his old school? I wish we could foster such a feeling in this Institute! would that all our members could have such a pride in this place, such a feeling of loyalty to it, that the desire to do credit to its name and to raise the standard of its usefulness would, as Carlyle has expressed it, "make for righteousness" in his heart.

We have, it is true, an Institute badge, and only the other day when I was noticing it in the coat of one of our fellows, he looked up at me with a bright smile and asked if it was not a thing to be proud of. Well, I hope it is, though a still better badge than that is the evidence of a changed character. There is, in the United States, a community living together, having all things in common, who, never seeking to be rich, and, therefore, never needing to be poor, turn out a certain number of

\* Sunday afternoon, July 19th. No claim is made for originality or literary merit in these notes. In preparing my addresses for delivery I make use of any books I know of on the subject in hand, and as this Magazine is intended for our own members, I prefer retaining, even in print, the colloquial style of an extempore address.—Q. H.

articles bearing their name. The price is fixed, for they refuse to cheat other men by asking too high a price, or to cheat themselves by accepting too low a one. The character of the community is such that their goods pass from hand to hand without question. The fact that an article comes from that community is a certain guarantee of excellence, and it is known that it will be what it professes to be and naught else. I might multiply such instances almost without limit.

I know a man in the City, the excellence of whose goods is such that he can never turn them out fast enough to supply the demand, which means just this, that he has refused ever to let his name be put to a bad thing, and so it stands as the synonym of excellence and honesty. I know another man whose liberality has enriched and relieved many hundreds in the East End;—this man, I say, when he found himself in difficulties from circumstances entirely beyond his control, and when those who held his securities proposed to him a plan very advantageous to himself if he would convert his business into a company and unload his securities on the public—this man, I say, willingly stepped into what, for him, was poverty, rather than induce the public to embark in a business where he himself had not prospered. "You have my securities," said this honourable gentleman, "but my name is my own and I am not going to use it to lead people into bad business."

Now, if pride of country, and pride of name and self-respect can produce such results in individual cases, is it an impossibility in days to come, that such men growing more numerous and influential may create such a feeling in the city in which they live, or in the nation to which they belong, that that city or nation will become permeated with the very same love of righteousness and truth as governs their own lives. What I mean is that the inhabitants of a State may be in the aggregate so won to Christ that the national life may be absolutely and distinctly different from the life and action of heathen cities gone before. I would ask you to consider whether there are no signs now of such a thing in London. We hear enough, God knows, and not without reason, of the sins which disgrace this so-called Christian city, but I don't want you to dwell so long on the darkness that you grow sceptical as to there being any light. Better far thank God for the light there is and set to work to increase the potency of its rays. Look for a moment at the homes of the poor, terribly inadequate as they still are. Do you not see, besides the Peabody buildings, the outcome of individual effort, signs also of corporate care? In days gone by improvements were carried out and the poor turned away to hide their wretchedness where they could, but now Parliament insists that those dispossessed by improvements shall be re-housed, no matter at what cost. Sites valuable for mercantile purposes have to be devoted to the housing of the poor, and I would say that one of the first signs of a regard for Christ is the care for Christ's poor.

Look again for a moment at the prisoner's position. In Imperial Rome debtors could be imprisoned at the will of their creditors, and could only come out as life-long bondsmen to minister to the pleasure and increase the state of their wealthy owners. Even in England, not a hundred years ago, poor lads, more sinned against than sinning, taken up for some trivial offence, were shut up in the dens we then called prisons with the most hardened and dissolute criminals in the land. Is it nothing that the State has recognised that it is a nobler thing to reform than to debauch, better to save than to destroy? In Germany, we see the young Emperor, so lately our guest, devoting some of the national resources of a somewhat poor State to promote national insurance against poverty in old age. I look back at the past and see children growing up in ignorance and crime, and no man caring whether they were educated or not; I look to-day at the last and not the least achievement of the English Parliament in establishing free education for every child in these isles. Are these things nothing? What is it that has stirred up the national conscience to look upon prisoners as men rather than criminals, to interest itself in the well-being of the working man, to house the poor in decency, to care for the education of the children? Are these things the outcome of heathenism or Christianity? Are they the evidences of a spirit which is only transient, or of an interest which is daily on the increase. I was talking the other day to a well-known member of Parliament, who knows my hobby about education, and he said to me laughingly, "Well, I hope you are satisfied now you've got free education." "Satisfied," I said, "certainly not! I shall never be satisfied until every child in this country is trained at least to the age of eighteen years." Of course I don't suppose this possible in my time, or in my son's time, but I believe that before next century has run its course, it will be looked upon as the duty of a Christian state to develop, to the best of its ability, the brain power of all its citizens. I hope you who are growing up and have the power of the ballot box in your hands will not lose

sight of this great question. It is a monstrous thing that Board school children should be turned out into the streets to earn their own living at an age when I am sending my son to Eton, practically to commence his education. We cannot get it all at once; the people are not prepared for it. We must work slowly on by night continuation schools, by free scholarships for the more intelligent children, by which they may go on to the high school, and finally to the university; but remember that every generation to whom you give the advantages of increased education will demand something better for the children in the generation that follows.

"New occasions make new duties,  
Time makes ancient good uncouth,  
They must upward still and onwards  
Who would keep abreast of truth."

The world does not know the exceeding great reward that would come to a State which really educated its people. What country in the world could compete with England were the entire intelligence of this great country educated up to the age I have named. We cannot afford it yet, that is possible and if we could we should not get it because no popular demand has arisen for it; but I look forward to the day when that demand will arise, and when the hundreds of millions spent in naval and military preparations—needful as they are now—will be available for life rather than for death, to keep alive and not to destroy.

"But," you may say to me, "you have left no room for Christianity here. You have told us of homes for the working classes, of workmen's insurance, and of education—where is religion to come in?" I tell you these things are religion to a very great extent, and that you will never get them at all, that you would never have got what you have, were it not for the teaching and the life of Christ. Who forced their way into the pestilential goals and cast light upon the dark places of the criminal classes? Who was it that went into the streets and started ragged schools, that sent city missionaries into the slums, that built hospitals, and who freely and without reward give of their time, knowledge, and ability to their poorer brothers? I ask you, Were the men who did this work Christian men, or were they men who made a mock of Christ? And if, nowadays, when the battle in some cases has been won, infidelity scoffs and jeers at the Christianity which alone has made improvement possible, you may ask the scoffer fearlessly what great social advance he can name which has not been wrought by men actuated by the religious sentiment.

I would like to put, in as startling a contrast as I can, the position of a great city in the days of Christ and a city such as London is to-day. Curiously enough we are not wholly unable to do this, for not only have we the writings of the Roman poets and satirists of our Lord's time, but in our own century the City of Pompeii has been unearthed from its death-robe of ashes, and we can wander through its streets, and theatres, and forum, and look into the every-day life of a Roman town.

If a poor lad had gone from the country to Pompeii, what would he have found there to help him? Would any free school have opened its doors to educate him? If he had fallen sick would any hospital have nursed and rehabilitated him? In his evenings could he have found an Institute such as this? On his Sundays could he have obtained rest? I tell you "No;" these things would not have been there. But what he would have found in all their open shamelessness are the sins which hide their faces in London to-day. In Pompeii that would have been flaunted on the wall which in London is wrought in stealth. I cannot tell you, for it would be difficult to shape in words that would not offend, the scenes you might see in the pictures on the walls and sculptured over some of the doors of Pompeian houses. Suffice it to say that many of them have to be kept locked up lest children or ladies should inadvertently come across them, and that a whole gallery at the Museum in Naples is debarred to all except adult male visitors. If you ask me what made the difference I would tell you that it is because there was no Christ in Pompeii and that there is a Christ in London. His teaching, His word, His sympathy, the parables of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son have not been amongst us for nothing. The poor whom the Roman despised, the Christian has learned to look upon as his brother, and, incomplete as is the change, it is both mighty in itself and prophetic of yet greater things to come.

What makes the change still more startling is this fact, that in the second century after Christ there ruled a race of kings, perhaps the wisest and best of any five consecutive princes that have ever reigned on the face of the earth. So far as I know history has no five consecutive names brighter than those of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius. Yet, in spite of all these men could do, in spite of the utmost influence they could exert, the cities of pagan Rome were worse, far worse than I have ventured to describe.

I want you then to see that there are reasons for believing that in days to come the dream of a Christian city may be realised even on earth. The first stage in converting a city, as in converting a man, is to make it ashamed of its sin, and to drive evil from shameless publicity into privacy and odium. Already some of the sins that disgraced the heathen world have been utterly stamped out, whilst most of them hide their faces and apologise for their presence. The next step is to put away not only some, but all the wickedness of which you are ashamed.

We have no record of any city having fully done this, but there is a record of an increasing number of men who have done it in their private lives; and, knowing the power of Christ in his own heart, the apostle casts his eye down the ages till he sees the vision of the city of God shining in its beauty of holiness; the New Jerusalem of which Christ is the centre and the Sun, into which can enter nothing that defileth, or maketh an abomination, or a lie, so full, to the very gates, of righteousness, that it casts out sin as light casts out darkness. Does it seem very far away, this Christian city? Let me remind you that it only needs a further increase of the same power and the very same influence which has made London so different from Pompeii. How near it is depends in great measure on your lives and mine. The apostle bids us "hasten His appearing," and every soul influenced for good, every evil spirit cast out of your brother's heart, every life won for Christ in London, brings nearer and yet nearer the time of which we have read. Righteousness is not for you alone, but for those around you, and if you fail in this your duty towards your neighbour, how will you escape the guilt of your brother's blood?

What does all this show? Does it not tell us that at last the nation is waking up to the value of a man as such?—that we have learned how beyond price he is to his Maker? Do you not know that God calls him His son? that Christ speaks of him as His brother? that the Holy Spirit indwells him as His temple? In the light of these great truths we may forget whether a man be rich or poor, bond or free, and remember only that he is one of God's children, and as such has a claim on the city where he dwells, and on the nation to which he belongs.

Only a few days ago you saw at all the corners of the streets an evidence of one of the activities of a Christian city. You were requested to remember the claims of Hospital Saturday, to support the homes provided for those who are sick and have no helper. It is surely no small thing that any poor fellow falling down in our streets, crushed, wounded, hurt perhaps unto death, should be raised, not by the hands of an individual Christian, but, as it were, by the hands of the city itself, and carried, as tenderly as may be, to one of the noblest houses in London, where he is laid carefully on a bed kept ready for him, attended by the best skill of the nineteenth century, fed on all the dainties that his case requires, provided with every healing drug that experience can suggest, cared for in every way until once more he walks out well and strong to earn his daily bread, or finds his relief in a death the pangs of which have been mitigated by Christian love. Is there no witness of Christ's Spirit in this? Is there no connection between this aid bestowed on a man unable to repay, and that great truth that this poor fellow is God's son and our brother and neighbour?

Long years ago there was a city where Christ came, and it seized Him and mocked Him, and carried Him before a judge with insistence that He should be condemned and crucified, crying that He was not fit to live. To-day if that same Christ were to come to London He would be honoured and loved, and who among our citizens would not deem it an honour to give Him their best? In that first city there was no hospital, no infirmary, no free school; the poor man dropped and perished, the children were neglected, the leper was cast out to die among the tombs. In this new city hospitals stand thick, friendly hands are stretched out to the poverty-stricken and sick, the children are taught, the starving fed, and the weak carried out to the country. Do you see no connection between the rejection of Christ and the neglect of His poor?—between the acceptance of Christ and the help given to His brethren? "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

We have read of this golden city of the Apocalypse, and if you could imagine a poor fellow falling sick and helpless within its pearly gates would not a thousand hands be stretched out to help him, and a thousand hearts be touched with pity. And if there, why not here? Our citizenship, we are told, is of Heaven, and we daily pray that Christ's will may be done on earth as in Heaven. Never think of London as incapable of being won for Christ. Walk through our streets knowing that they are His streets, filled with His people, and that in every poor neglected and ignorant citizen you may minister to the wants and necessities of Christ. But if the city is to be won by the

union of Christian men, so must you heart be first given to Christ before you can become one of His soldiers. It is not given to us to see, as yet, that sinless city of which we have read, but we do know that standing in our midst this afternoon is One whose influence we have often felt, though His face we have never looked upon; and if to-day your hearts are yearning for the dawning of that good time when Christ shall be declared King of Kings and Lord of Lords, then I would say open your heart-doors to Him, fling open the gates of your affections, that the King of Glory may come in, and He who will purify your soul from all sin, can make your life a benediction and your death a victory.

A sense of an earnest will  
To help the lowly living,  
And a terrible heart thrill  
If there be no power of giving:  
An arm to aid the weak,  
A friendly hand to the friendless,  
Kind words—so short to speak,  
But whose echoing notes are endless.  
The world is wide, these things are small;  
But done for God they are all in all.

### A Few Gems of Thought.

Sow; and look onward, upward,  
Where the starry light appears;  
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,  
Or your own heart's trembling fears,  
You shall reap in joy the harvest  
You have sown to-day in tears.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;  
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

LET the lowliest task be mine,  
Grateful so the work be Thine.  
Let me find the humblest place  
In the shadow of Thy grace.  
If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Grant that I his guide may be;  
Let me find in Thy employ  
Peace that dearer is than joy;  
Out of self to joy be led,  
And to heaven be acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good,  
Seem my natural habitude.

"OUR ingress into the world  
Was naked and bare;  
Our progress through the world  
Is trouble and care;  
Our egress from the world  
Will be nobody knows where;  
But if we do well here  
We shall do well there,  
And I could tell you no more  
Should I preach a whole year."

Longfellow

Art thou weary, tender heart?  
Be glad of pain:  
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,  
As flowers in rain:  
God watches, and thou wilt have sun  
When clouds their perfect work have done.

BEGIN the day with God;  
Kneel down to Him in prayer,  
Lift up thy heart to his abode,  
And seek His love to share.

Go through the day with God,  
Whate'er thy work may be;  
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,  
He still is near to thee.

### People's Palace Cycling Club Notes.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the 2nd half-year are now due, and those members who have not already paid should remit to the Financial Secretary without delay.

THE team race was a great success. The prizes this year will be well distributed amongst the members.

"IMITATION is the sincerest flattery." The Barking Road Ramblers on the occasion of their Ladies' Day decorated their machines with club-colours. Even our design for an ordinary was faithfully copied.

EDWARD RANSLEY has returned to London for good. He competed at our racing festival.

KNOLE Park, the seat of Lord Sackville, is one of the noblest seats in England. The earliest accounts of Knole date back to King John, when it was possessed by the Earl of Pembroke. The park is five miles in circumference and is full of the most delicious woodland and forest scenery.

KNOCKHOLT, near Sevenoaks, is famous for its beeches, conspicuous far and wide. This is one of the highest points of ground in Kent, and the view to the N. and S. is superb, taking in the whole country between Gravesend and Leith-hill in Surrey.

ANOTHER club has been formed in Mile End, with headquarters at the Dublin Castle. It is a pity that the promoters of these small clubs don't see that a large club is more beneficial to the sport than a number of small ones. Unity is strength, and power, and also money. Without the latter few clubs can manage to exist.

THE rains of late have made the roads simply perfect as regards cycling. The roads to Southend, via Averley and Stifford, are even in splendid condition.

THE Committee of the Millwall Athletic Club offered a gold medal, value £3 3s., to anyone making the best record for a mile (under 2 mins. 30 secs.) at our meeting.

IN consequence of the official delay at the headquarters, the Mile Flat Race had to be abandoned. In its place a 200 Yards Boys' Race was held.

"MANY can brook the weather that love not the wind."—*Love's Labour Lost*, Act IV., Scene 2. Shakespeare evidently knew the difficulty of riding against a head wind.

SEPTEMBER 26th is the date fixed for the 100 Mile Handicap and Time Competition. The competitor doing the fastest time will have his name entered in the club's book as holder of the Beaumont's 100 Mile Record. For the handicap, which will be sealed, three prizes will be given, and medals also for each competitor (not a prize winner) completing the distance within the time standard.

THOSE tiresome tyres! Solids cut, cushions split, pneumatics burst. We thought we had struck a happy medium with a good cushion, but notice that it is splitting round the sides. Tyres are as uncertain as matrimony.

AN all-day run to Virginia Waters and the Royal Borough of Windsor is on the *tapis*. Those wishing to take part in this ramble should communicate by post to the general hon. sec.

HOLIDAYS spent a-wheel might be made more enjoyable if members would arrange with one another to go away in parties of, say, not more than six. There are many who are lucky enough to be able to fix their own dates for taking holidays, and could fix them for the same dates as those who do not enjoy this privilege.

WHILST many are particular about the spick and span appearance of their machines, they wear badges quite unrecognisable through tarnish. Let the winged lion shine forth in all its pristine glory!

BULL'S-EYE writes: "Why not start a photographic class amongst club members? It would be interesting and instructive, and add yet another charm to the wandering wheelman." We would suggest that all of the same opinion as Bull's-eye should hand in their names to the secretary, who could then

arrange with Mr. Osborn to receive the benefits of the able tuition of the Professor of the Photographic Class, held in the Technical Schools of the Palace.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Beaumont C.C. Cycle Tournament.—The People's Palace in the East-end, besides other good work, gives active encouragement to all sports and pastimes, and to it belongs the club; and an excellent organization it is, which to-day (Saturday), occupied the grounds of the Millwall Athletic Club. These are situated in the heart of the dock district, close to the river, and directly opposite Greenwich Hospital and Observatory. To-day the best wheel entry in the Metropolis was obtained, and several of the back mark division competed, including A. C. Edwards and Fentiman, who finished first and second in the Scratch Race. The third man, Burns, secured the Mile, and Frowd of Brighton rode in splendid form in the Two Miles. In all, excluding the Boy's Race, there were 155 entries and 102 riders in the four cycling events. Thanks to good management, time was kept in hand throughout, the following being the chief officials:—*Judge*—H. Young, Esq. (Chairman Eastern Counties Road Club); *Handicappers*—H. H. Griffin, N.C.U. and W. Eastaugh, M.A.C.; *Timekeeper*—E. Cripps, Esq., Official Timekeeper E.C.R.C.; *Starter*—W. E. Eastaugh, M.A.C.; *Marksman*—E. J. Crowe (Beaumont Harriers) and E. W. Shepherd (Gleneagle C.C.); *Stewards*—M. Moyle, B.C.C.; W. H. Elmy, Esq.; W. Dyer, Sun C.C.; W. Thomas, M.A.C.; H. Bright, B.C.C.; H. Farrant, B.C.C.; D. Jessemann; *Telegraph Clerks*—E. Stopher, M.A.C.; W. Henderson, M.A.C.; *Hon. Secretary*—J. Burley (the joint hon. sec., F. Glover, being dangerously ill with brain fever).—*The Referee*.

"REVOLUS," who accompanied the club on their all-day outing to Sevenoaks, writes in the *East End News*:—"The roads and scenery are splendid. By going via Woolwich Ferry, Eltham, Chislehurst, Orpington, and River Head, you have roads almost as smooth as a billiard table, and the ever-changing views you get are really magnificent."

THEN Sevenoaks itself is a very pretty place, containing one of the finest parks that can be found. Knole-park is open to the public, and is well worthy of a visit.

IT is said there is a black sheep in every flock, so with the run to Sevenoaks, you have one bad (bad is hardly the word for it) spot to pass. Just before entering Orpington you come across an encampment of gypsies. I should think there were two or three hundred of them with their tents pitched on a field near the road. I cannot describe what their habitations are like, for I did not stop to inspect, and I guarantee that anyone who has any respect for his olfactory nerves will not venture to do so, especially when I say that the carts which collect the fish offal from the London fish shops, even on a hot summer's afternoon, are comparatively sweet compared with the gypsy encampment at Orpington. The stench arising therefrom is almost beyond human endurance, and how such a nuisance is allowed to exist, especially in the "Garden of England," I am at loss to understand. The sooner the authorities move in the matter the better it will be for the inhabitants for some distance round.

TO all whom the cap may fit. It is a pity that some members seem to waste their energy in spoiling every fixture. On Saturday last, although distinctly stated on the programme that only officials were allowed within the course, a dozen members at least disregarded this notice. How can we expect strangers to obey rules which our own members fail to keep? Such people are known to the Press and public as deadheads, and are noted for neither sense nor manners.

THE Benefit Club will be started as soon as we receive a few more names. Intending participants, kindly hurry up.

A COMMITTEE meeting will take place on Monday evening next, the 27th inst., at 8.30 p.m. No other notice will be issued.

THE Essex Championship was again won by J. Howard. Our club is still the only one in the East End that can boast of containing two champions.

SPENCER CHARRINGTON, Esq., was prevented from attending our tournament by a previous engagement to be present at the Mile End Conservative Excursion.

LEON E. CLERC, of Commercial-street, is a good friend of the club, supporting all our fixtures in a substantial manner. Therefore, when possible, let us show our appreciation by using his cycle oils, which are splendid value.

THE August Tour will be to Canterbury. The Clerk of the Weather will please make a note of this.

AS such a few start from the Palace for the club runs on account of the wretched condition of Mile-end-road, from a cyclist's point of view, the committee have decided for the present that the runs shall start from Victoria Park for east and north-east runs, and Bow-road Railway Station for runs south of the Thames.

SEING how badly the different races are supported by members, the committee will have to consider the advisability of abandoning these fixtures. Entries should now be sent in to the Financial Secretary by all those wishing to gain a silver medal in the Championship Competition.

THE committee beg to announce the Third Annual Garden Party, at the Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford, on Saturday, August 29th, and trust, with the continued support of members and friends, to score another success.

THE ball room at the Royal Forest Hotel has been improved and enlarged, and is now the finest in Essex, and should satisfy the most exacting taste of the lovers of the light fantastic.

BOATING, tennis, and pleasant walks in the neighbourhood can be indulged in during the afternoon.

AN entirely new feature will this year be introduced in the form of an open-air vocal and instrumental concert. A band and professional artistes will be engaged, and the lawn will be tastily illuminated at dusk by Leon E. Clerc.

### Elephant Noses.

HAD Cleopatra's nose been a little shorter, the face of the world, Pascal maintained, would have been changed. According to Major Schack, of Denmark, the shape of the nose not only serves to characterise races, but nations. The eyes have been accepted as the windows of the soul, but the nose is claimed as the indicator of the intellectual faculties. The Major has travelled in many lands and studied many peoples—and also animals. He concludes that in both the physiognomical expression is the tell-tale of character. His work is extremely curious. Taking into account the study of the neck, the hair, the hand, and of course the mouth and eyes, Major Schack attributes also an immense indicating value—moral and physical—to the shape of the nose. According to the author, the dimension of the nose is in proportion to the development of the lungs and chest. It is thus that the sculptors of antiquity gave large nostrils to those of their statues which expressed strength and courage, because exercise in fortifying respiration distends the nostrils. However, anger and fright produce the same effect. The largeness of the nasal cavities imparts volume to the voice. That is to say, a splendid voice and a small nose rarely co-exist. Further, the nose makes known the intensity of intellectual activity and the delicate fineness of our moral sentiments. The nose belongs at once to the unchangeable and the variable parts of our features, while faithfully reflecting the transitory movements of our inclinations. Diplomats, then, ought to distrust their noses. In the case of an infant, the nose is the most insignificant part of the visage. It is only at the age of puberty that its development becomes marked. That organ, when well-developed, indicates firmness, self-control, reflection, and depth of character. The form of the nose depends also on civilisation. Its elegance is the appanage of peoples arrived at a high degree of culture. Savages present a rough, unshapen nose, an organ approaching more the muzzle of animals than a human nose. The Roman nose represented strength and reason; the Greek nose, artistic genius and taste. Virgil, although a Roman citizen, had the Greek nose. Milton, Rubens, Titian, Madame de Staël, Richelieu, and Napoleon had the Greco-Roman nose. When a nose is, as Tennyson says, "upturned like the petals of a rose," such indicates cunning and artfulness, and is peculiar to waiting-maids and intriguing ladies. A well-formed nose is the sign of taste and refined judgment; a thick, unshapely nose, of heaviness and want of tact.

WERE a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.  
So when a good man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves beyond him lies  
Upon the path of men.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, JULY 25TH, 1891, AT 8.30.  
The last Saturday Popular Concert before the Holidays.

# OPERATIC NIGHT.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA—Conductors: MR. ORTON BRADLEY  
(Musical Director to the People's Palace), and MR. W. R. CAVE.

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

THE STUDENTS OF THE VIOLIN CLASSES.

VOCALISTS—MDLLE. OTTA BRONY (Italian Opera), MRS. GRAHAME COLES (by kind permission of R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq.), MR. HIRWEN JONES.

## PART I.

1. ORGAN SOLO Overture ("William Tell")... *Rossini*  
MR. B. JACKSON.

2. CHORUS { "Peasant's Evening Song" } ... *L. Pascal*  
(Gipsy Gabriel)

The night is near, the sun has set,  
But in the west there linger yet  
Some gleams of golden red.  
The bat begins his wayward flight,  
The cloudy curtains of the night  
Are closing overhead.  
Far down the road, so still and dark,  
Each cottage shows a tiny spark,  
The lamp or fire-lights glow;  
Such beacons guide our welcome way,  
We've done with work and play,  
So neighbours home we go.

3. CANZONE "Stride la vampa" (Trovatore) *Verdi*  
MRS. GRAHAME COLES.

Stride la vampa, la folla indomita  
Core a quel foco, lieta in sembianza  
Urli di gioia intorno eccheggiano  
Cinta di sgherri donna s'avanza  
Sinistra splende sui volti orribili  
La tetra fiamma, che s'alza al ciel.  
Stride la vampa, giunge la vittima  
Nero vestita, discuita e scalza  
Grido feroce di morte levasi  
L'eco il ripete di balza in balza  
Sinistra splende sui volti orribili  
La tetra fiamma, che s'alza al ciel.

Fierce now the flames glow, when, lo! the lawless mob  
Surge round the red blaze, joy on each visage,  
Wild yells of laughter at once come now bursting forth,  
Hemm'd round by soldiers, on moves a woman,  
Luridly lighting each horrible face,  
Up through the foul smoke the flames rise to heav'n.  
Fierce now the flames glow, stands now the victims there,  
All in black robes clad, bare foot ungirdled,  
Long shouts, and loud, rise, fierce for death's clamouring,  
Back they re-echo from valley to valley,  
Luridly lighting each horrible face,  
Up through the foul smoke the flames rise to heav'n.

4. SCENA E ROMANZA { "Bella del tuo sorriso" } *Braga*  
(Reginella)  
MR. HIRWEN JONES.

*Recit.*

Oh! qual profferi sacrilega parola!  
Innanzi a questi marmi adorati

Ove giurai più volte eterna fede ad una estinta!  
O Adelia, angelo mio, soccorri al combattuto spirito  
Oh! la tua voce dal cielo in cor mi scenda  
Forte a lottare ed a soffrir mi rendo.

*Aria.*

Bella del tuo sorriso costei mi apparve un dì  
Per essa il paradiso al guardo mio si aprì  
In quella larva, O Adelia, io ti mirai  
Te in essa amai! te in essa amai! amai!  
Santo d'amore desio la larva ravnivo  
Erse lo sguardo a Dio ah! pianse soffri prego  
Dell'immenso suo duol pietà provai  
Ed io l'amai! ed io l'amai! ed io l'amai!

5. CHORUS "Gaily launch and lightly row" *Mercadante*

Gaily launch and lightly row,  
While the zephyrs gently blow.  
Farewell sorrow, till to-morrow!  
Love and joy should banish woe.

Hear the water-kelpies sing,  
See the sparkling gems they fling!  
Brightly glancing, lightly dancing,  
In a bright protecting ring.

6. RECIT. AND AIR { "O heaven! what" } ... *Gounod*  
from "Faust" { "brilliant gems" }  
MDLLE. OTTA BRONY.

O heaven! what brilliant gems,  
With their magical glare, deceive my eyes.  
Can they be real?  
O never in my sleep did I dream of ought so lovely.  
If I dar'd for a moment but to try these earrings so splend'id.  
Ah! and here, by chance, at the bottom of the cask t'is a  
glass!  
Who could resist it longer?

Ah! the joy past compare,  
These jewels bright to wear;  
Was I ever maiden lowly?

Is it I? come, reply;  
Mirror, tell me truly,  
No, this is not I! No;  
Surely enchantment is o'er me.  
High born maiden I must be,  
This is not I! No,

But a noble and king shall pay homage before  
Ah! might it only be [me];  
He could my beauty see,  
Now as a Royal lady,  
He would indeed adore me.  
Here are more ready to adorn me.  
None is here to spy  
The necklace, the bracelet white,  
A string of pearls.

Ah! it feels as if a weight  
Laid on my arm did burn me.  
Ah! the joy, etc.

7. OVERTURE ... .. *W. R. Cave*  
THE ORCHESTRA.

8. DUET "Angiol che vesti" (Romeo e Giuletta) *Gounod*  
MDLLE. OTTA BRONY AND MR. HIRWEN JONES.

*Romeo.*

Angiol che vesti Grazie celesti,  
Perdon se osai toccar  
L'ala bastrina  
Tua manina che fatta in cielo par!  
Scontar il fiò del fallo mio  
Un molle bacio può;  
Un bacio sfaccia l'indegna traccia  
Che questa man lascio.

*Giuletta.*

Di tal ammenda, mercè ti renda  
Il ciel, O Pellegrin!  
Lice al viatore Baciare un fiore,  
Lungh'esso il suo cammin.

*Romeo.*

I santi han pur l'incanto  
D'un labbro corallino?

*Giuletta.*

Per pregare sol tanto.

*Romeo.*

Non odono pertanto  
De' cuori a lor devoti altri men puri voti?

*Giuletta.*

Alle preci d'amore propenso han male il core,  
Pur, li ascoltati tal-volta.

*Romeo.*

Mil preci allor a scolta,  
E propiza ti mostra  
All, altafiamma mia.

*Giuletta.*

Ah! mala io feci difesa  
E su me la colpa pesa.

*Romeo.*

Cara, a lenir tal pondo  
Vuoi ch'io venga secondo?

*Romeo and Giuletta.*

Grave non è, lo lascia a me.

## PART II.

9. { a. BERCEUSE ... .. *W. R. Cave*  
b. ANDANTE from "Surprise" Symphony" *Haydn*  
THE STUDENTS OF THE VIOLIN CLASSES.

10. CHORUS { "Come where flowers are" } ... *Flotow*  
flinging" (Martha)

Come where flowers are flinging  
Beauty o'er the meadows gay,  
Where glad birds are singing,  
Free from care, the livelong day.  
Come where skies are smiling,  
Where the merry fountains play,  
Come thy care beguiling,  
Keep with nature holiday,  
Where thro' light and shadow,  
Streamlets gently murmur as they stray,  
Over field and meadow,  
Fairy footsteps gaily lead the way.  
O come where pleasure fondly lingers,  
Where the gentle woodland Fay,  
Weaves with magic fingers,  
Wreaths to crown the brow of lovely May.

Then away to the woods, where the wild flowers bloom,  
While the breezes are laden with sweetest perfume,  
With our feet light as fairies', and hearts so full of glee,  
We will sing with the wild bird, and roam with the bee.

11. CAVATINA "Nobil Signor" (Gli Ugonotti) *Meyerbeer*  
MRS. GRAHAME COLES.

*Nobil Signor, salute!*

Nobil donna e tanto onesta,  
Che far lieto un repotria  
Messaggero qui m'invia  
Cavalier, per un di voi!  
Senza no marlo si renda onor,  
A chi fu degno di tanto amor,  
A ne credetè mai niun signor  
A tanta gloria fu eletto ancor  
No, no, no, giammai.

Non temete in ganno o frode  
Cavalier, nel mio parlar,  
Or addio vi regga il cielo,  
Vi regga il cielo nel pagnar,  
Nel pagnar nel 'a mar or addio Cavalier,  
Dio protegga i vostri amor.

*Give ye gay lords good even.*

From a lady fair and lovely,  
Whose sweet smiles than light is fairer,  
Of a message I'm the bearer,  
Cavaliers, to one of you,  
With homage greeting the happy knight,  
Who thus is honor'd by lady bright,  
No one before him has ever been smiled on  
With favour by beauty's queen  
No, no, no, never.

Ah! 'tis true you may believe me  
Cavaliers, in what I say,  
Live and ever shall ne'er deceive you,  
And now, farewell, I must away,  
And now, farewell, I must away.

12. SERENADE "My Heart's Delight" ... *Tosti*  
MR. HIRWEN JONES.

Beloved star! my heart's delight!  
Thine eyes are as the orbs of night,  
O bid me in their light to dwell,  
Or let me die beneath their spell;  
The golden moon, in radiance fair  
Pales beside thy beauty rare,  
The dreaming earth 'neath night's caress,  
Charms not as thy loveliness.

O come, my beloved!  
The night waits for thee,  
Come, my beloved,  
Speed thou to me;  
Come thro' the grove, love,  
Ere moonbeams depart,  
Come 'neath the palms, love,  
To rest on my heart.

O love, one boon I humbly crave,  
Ah let me lowly kneel, thy slave,  
And thou, my love, my queen, my own  
Shalt reign for aye, my heart thy throne.  
For as the dew to parched flowers,  
As a song to lonely hours,  
As the moon to dark'ning sea  
So love, my love, thou art to me.

O, come, my beloved,  
My heart waits for thee,  
Come, my beloved,  
Speed thou to me;  
Come thro' the grove, love,  
'Neath the green palms,  
Bid me to live, love,  
Or die in thine arms.

13. CHORUS "We hail thee, glad spring time"  
 We hail thee, glad spring-time,  
 Spring with warmth and flowers,  
 Grass with leafy bowers;  
 Songs of love and glee,  
 Ringing merrily.  
 All earth and air resound  
 And join the joyful sound,  
 Then welcome!  
 We hail thee, glad spring-time!  
 Azure violets blowing,  
 Limpid waters flowing  
 She comes, the glorious spring.  
 We hail thee, glad spring-time!  
 Bird-songs, as she goes,  
 Seem to mock her woes;  
 Winter wan and gray  
 Sadly steals away.

Auber

Now shall thy sleep be calm and deep, to strengthen frame  
 and soul;  
 Now trip thou nimbly round the room, then sing a song, or  
 sad or droll;  
 And one day thou shalt mingle, dear, in fashion's world  
 and laughter,  
 But still remain good, kind and pure, and still my own  
 sweet daughter.  
 Sleep, O sleep, I'm o'er thee, dear,  
 Watching—sleep O sleep.

14. SONGS ...  
 { a. "Danish Lullaby" E. Hartmann  
 b. "It was a dream" ... Cowen  
 MDLLE. OTTA BRONY.

(The English version, by Tito Pagliardini).  
 Now shalt thou softly lie thee down, and close thine eyes  
 in peace;  
 And while thou sleepest, thou knowest well, I watch will  
 o'er thee keep,  
 Thou art my first-born whose sweet smile brings joy unto  
 my loving heart,  
 The dearest treasure God could send, my richest gem, dear  
 child, thou art—  
 Close, O close the portals of thine eyes,  
 Sleep, O sleep—sleep, O sleep.

I heard the rippling brooklet sing, among the poplar trees,  
 I heard the willows whispering unto the evening breeze;  
 Again I looked on the old, old place, again I saw my  
 darling's face.  
 Again we wander'd by the stream, again we wander'd by  
 the stream.  
 It was a dream, etc.

I saw the wand'ring streamlet flow, down to the cold grey sea  
 I saw the bending willows bow, in welcome over me,  
 Again I listen'd to breeze and bird, again my darling's voice  
 I heard,  
 We kiss'd beneath the moon's soft beams, we kiss'd beneath  
 the moon's soft beams.  
 It was a dream, etc.

15. CHORAL MARCH from Tannhäuser ... Wagner

Hail, bright abode, where song the heart rejoices,  
 May lays of peace within thee never fail,  
 Long may we cry with loyal voices,  
 Prince of Thuringia, Landgrave Hermann, hail!

ADMISSION ... .. THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON SUNDAY, JULY 26TH, 1891.

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

At 12.30.

- |                                                         |                                                |
|---------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| 1. SONATA IN F MINOR, No. 7 ... .. Rheinberger          | 4. ANDANTE, with variations ... .. Spohr       |
| (a. Allegro non troppo; b. Adagio; c. Cadenza; d. Fuga) | 5. MINUETTO ... (Sonata No. 4) ... .. Guilmant |
| 2. ARIA "Angels ever bright and fair" (Theodora) Handel | 6. LARGHETTO ... .. Richardson                 |
| 3. FANFARE ... .. Lemmens                               | 7. MARCHE TRIOMPHALE ... .. Lemmens            |

At 4 o'clock.—VOCALIST, MISS FRANCES TURNER.

- |                                                        |                                                     |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| 1. CONCERTO IN B FLAT, No. 6 ... .. Handel             | 6. VOCAL SOLO ... .. Bach                           |
| 2. VOCAL SOLO ... .. Clark                             | 7. FUGUE IN D MAJOR ... ..                          |
| 3. CHORUS OF ANGELS ... ..                             | 8. HYMN ... "Onward Christian Soldiers" ...         |
| 4. HYMN "All hail the power of Jesu's name" ... .. Rea | 9. FINALE IN D MINOR (Sonata No. 4) ... .. Guilmant |
| 5. ANDANTE, with variations ... ..                     |                                                     |

At 8 o'clock.

- |                                                 |                                                      |
|-------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. LARGO AND ALLEGRO IN D MINOR ... .. Guilmant | 5. CHORUS "Crown with festal pomp" (Hercules) Handel |
| 2. a. BERCEUSE; b. EVENSONG ... .. B. Jackson   | 6. LARGO IN G ... .. Handel                          |
| 3. FUGUE IN B MINOR ... .. Bach                 | 7. HYMN OF NUNS ... .. Wely                          |
| 4. EVENING PRAYER ... .. Smart                  | 8. MARCH IN E FLAT ... .. Smart                      |

The Audience is cordially invited to stand and join in singing the Hymns. ADMISSION FREE.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION.

Directors:—MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL L. HASLUCK.

SECOND ANNUAL EXAMINATION ON MONDAY, JULY 27TH, 1891.

Honorary Examiner:—F. H. MACKLIN, Esq.

The following Students have passed the Preliminary Examination.

The Readers are required to attend at 6.45.

The Recitals, to which the public are invited, will be given in the Queen's Hall, commencing at about 7.45.

READERS. The Numbers indicate the order of Reading.	RESULT.	RECITERS. The Numbers indicate the order of Reciting.	RESULT.
10. DAVIES, EDWARD G. ... ..		5. DIXON, ROBERT. "Ave Maria" ... .. Austin	
2. DICKINSON, EDITH ... ..		8. DICKINSON, EDITH. "In the Children's Hospital" Tennyson	
7. DICKINSON, MARJORY ... ..		12. DICKINSON, MARJORY. "Young Lochinvar" ... .. Scott	
8. LEEDING, JONOTHAN ... ..		6. GRAYLING, ALICE. "A Legend of Bregenz" Proctor	
4. LEWIS, CHARLES H. ... ..		3. HAVARD, GEORGE. "The Field of Waterloo" Byron	
11. ROSENGARD, LEAH ... ..		4. KEMPNER, DORA. "The Uncle" ... .. Bell	
5. RISLEY, JEANNIE ... ..		9. LEEDING, JONOTHAN. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" Browning	
12. SAVAGE, SAMUEL J. ... ..		2. RISLEY, JEANNIE. "The Ballad of a Splendid Silence" ... .. Nesbit!	
9. SHARMAN, BEATRICE ... ..		1. SAVAGE, SAMUEL J. "The Merchant of Venice" Act I., Scene 3 Shakespeare	
6. STEWARD, HENRY J. ... ..		10. SHARMAN, BEATRICE. "The Fall of Sennacherib" Byron	
1. WAYLAND, ADA ... ..		7. STEWARD, HENRY J. "Speech of Brutus to the Romans" ... .. Shakespeare	
3. YOUNG, EVA ... ..		11. WAYLAND, ADA. "Barbara Frietchie" ... .. Whittier	

The following Awards are offered:—

Certificates of Two Grades.—(a) To all Candidates who pass the First or Second Class Standard in Reading at Sight; (b) To all Candidates who pass the First or Second Class Standard in Reciting.  
 Prizes value One Guinea each.—(a) To the best Reader; (b) To the best Reciter.

THE NEXT TERM COMMENCES ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1ST.

TIME TABLE OF OVER ONE HUNDRED CLASSES FREE ON APPLICATION TO THE SECRETARY.

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MILE END ROAD.

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HEAD MASTER, MR. D. A. LOW (WH. SO.) M. INST. M.E.

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 in the Queen's Hall on certain days and evenings in each week during the summer 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 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	15/-
Choral Society ...	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Thursday ...	7.30-10.0	1 0
♫ Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Friday ...	8.0-10.0	4 6
" (Advanced) ...	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Th. F. & Saturday	4.0-10.0	Term 7 6
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Thursday ...	6.0-9.0	Term 1 6
		Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	

Violin Classes.

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

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

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

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

HEALTH WITHOUT PHYSIC.

PEOPLE frequently wonder how it is that by wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt disease may be speedily and effectually exterminated from the system. The fact is that the majority of suffering men and women have, from their very childhood, been so accustomed to fly to nauseous drugs and quack medicines, in the hope of obtaining relief whenever they have felt unwell, that they are now naturally inclined to doubt the efficacy of so simple and convenient an appliance as this genuine Electric Belt.

Let such people once take the trouble to inquire into the matter for themselves, and either call or write, and have its action fully explained to them, and they will no longer be sceptical. The Medical Battery Company (Limited) are the sole proprietors and manufacturers of Harness' Electropathic Appliances, and all in search of health are cordially invited to call, if possible, at their Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W., and personally inspect the originals or copies of the thousands of unsolicited testimonials they have received. We do not think that those who act on this advice will have any doubt afterwards regarding the positive healing influence of mild continuous currents of electricity, such as are imperceptibly generated by wearing one of Harness' Electropathic Belts.

These world-famed restorative appliances are light and comfortable in wear, and the practical as well as scientific evidence we have of their remarkable curative efficacy is absolutely indisputable. The Company's consulting officers are only too anxious at all times to answer any questions on the subject, either personally or by correspondence, and we sincerely trust that their efforts to provide suffering humanity with perfect appliances as aids to health, and the most approved methods of electrical treatment, may be amply rewarded in the future as in the past, and that the thousands of pounds they spend annually in advertising may be the means of preventing the

intrusion and fraudulent dealings of pirates and vendors of the most useless bogus toy appliances, and bring Harness' genuine Electropathic Belts under the notice of every suffering man and woman in the kingdom.

We may add that those ailments which have been cured already by Mr. Harness' electropathic treatment can be cured again in the same way, and the more obstinate the disease the more anxious the Company's officers are to prove the marked supremacy of electricity over medicine or any other form of treatment.

Those of our readers who reside at a distance, or are otherwise unable to call and avail themselves of a free personal consultation, should cut this notice out and write without delay for descriptive illustrated pamphlet and book of testimonials. The latter contains copies of hundreds of letters received from all parts of the country, and from all classes of society, whom they have either relieved or completely cured of various nervous, muscular, and organic affections, including the following:—

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We wish to impress upon our readers that the Company's only address is the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. (at the corner of Rathbone Place), and that during the many years they have been established in London they have succeeded in making their palatial premises the largest and only complete Electro-therapeutic Institute in the world.

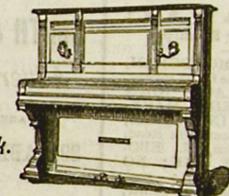
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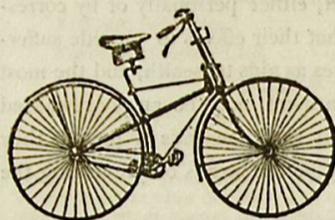
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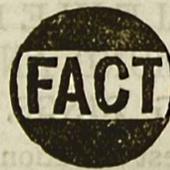
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