

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

VOL. VIII.—No. 199.]

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE  
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, September 4th.—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. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m., admission 1d.

SATURDAY, 5th.—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. Last day of Picture Exhibition, open from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., admission 6d., and from 2 to 10 p.m., admission 3d.

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

MONDAY, 7th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

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

WEDNESDAY, 9th.—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.

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

FRIDAY, 11th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

A FOOTBALL club has been formed amongst the students of the Palace. Any members of the Palace wishing to join will please send in their names to the secretary, Mr. E. Jones, 5, Endley Street, Bromley-by-Bow.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—Prospective arrangements: Saturday, September 5th, meet at Cannon-street S. E. Ry. Station at 3.5 p.m., for ramble over Wimbledon Common. Saturday, September 12th, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Ilford. Train leaves Liverpool-street, 2.45; Stratford, 2.58.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—*President*—Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq. Match to-morrow at Walthamstow, *versus* Lambeth Unity C.C. Team selected from Messrs. A. Bowman (Captain), C. Bowman, J. Sheppard, J. Phillips, W. Bruce, E. Francis, J. Williams, F. Hall, W. Whiting, McDougal, R. Hones, Claridge, and

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

A COMPANY of our Junior Section boys started on Saturday last for their week's camping out at Deal.

THE Picture Exhibition closes to-morrow (Saturday).

THE Day Department of the Technical Schools recommenced work on Monday last.

INTENDING students for next session's classes (for Time Table

see end of Journal) can now take their class tickets by applying in the office.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—*Conductor*—Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. Our practices during September will be on Fridays only, beginning on Friday, September 4th. We are now practising "Elijah." We have vacancies for a few more altos and basses.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR,—In looking through the columns of the *Palace Journal* of last week I notice a letter under the heading of "A Plea for a Literary Society."

It seems to me that the Trustees of the Palace would do well to support such an idea as is there suggested, and I feel assured that the writer of that letter would be quite able to put before them a scheme which, if aided by the students, would be a means of cultivating and educating their minds in a very great measure.

The idea is a good one without a doubt, and with such an able body as the People's Palace Trustees to support it, in conjunction with a few enthusiastic members, it would not be likely to fall to the ground.

I am confident that many of the students of the Palace would hail the formation of a Literary Society with *éclat*. The benefits derived therefrom would, no doubt, be of real value to its members, laying the foundation of that which would probably lead to great and important results.

Yours obediently,

H. W. APPLEBY.

4, Elizabeth-terrace, Lindley-road,  
Leyton, Sept. 1, 1891.

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

Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.  
Mr. Haines, 212, Mile End Road.  
The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 178, Mile End Road.  
Mr. Kerby, opposite London Hospital.  
Mr. Moir, 57, Cambridge Road.  
Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.  
Mr. Roder, 163, Green Street.  
Mayor and Sons, 212, Green Street.  
Mr. Hanson, 111, Roman Road.  
Mr. Sampson, 185, Roman Road.  
Mr. Smith, 21, Burdett Road.  
Berry and Holland, 180, Well Street, Hackney.  
Mr. Connor, opposite South Hackney Church.  
Mr. Roberts, 172, Victoria Park Road.  
G. Hind, 295, Mile End Road.  
A. Lamplugh, Harford Street.  
Sullivan, 368, Mile End Road.  
Daniels, 13, Hackney Road.  
Levy, J., 102, Whitehorse Lane.  
Mr. Fox, Stationer, 123, Burdett Road.  
Mr. Mead, Newsagent, 542, Mile End Road.  
Mr. Poole, 24, Globe Road.  
Mr. Inwards, 11, Well Street, Hackney.

## Wood Carving.

AMONG recreative employments requiring skill in execution and design, wood carving ranks high. It does not require the genius of a born artist to enable one to turn out work often more than creditable, and to those who rejoice in work which calls for manual dexterity it is very fascinating. Those who are good draughtsmen get on faster than those who are not, and they are enabled to aspire to the higher branches of the art, such as figure-carving, which requires artistic taste of a high order. Beginners should content themselves with the mechanical part of wood carving at first, such as mouldings and geometrical traceries, as these give the technical skill without which no good work can be done in the higher branches. From some experience in class, we find that young people, if left to themselves, are anxious to skip all or most of this in order to work on flowers and foliage, or something less conventional, but this is a mistake. Technical skill must be gained if the work is to be worth anything, this being as necessary for a greater proficiency in the art as scales are to the budding musician. Where a person takes up this occupation with a view to proficiency, so that the work may be a marketable commodity, technical skill is absolutely necessary.

For working upon, a small firm deal table is best, of a convenient height when standing, say three feet four inches, or thereabouts. It is possible for a girl to work sitting down, but the best work is done when standing, as there is more control over tools and the worker's wrists, which are at first apt to play him false if muscular power is not well developed.

The wood to be manipulated must be firmly fixed to the table, and is done by means of screws or a vice, which can be procured at the shop where tools are sold; in ordinary flat carving in low relief, common cramps answer the purpose, and are cheaper than either of the foregoing. Tools vary in price; for beginners they can be procured at a shilling each. If work is done in class, the necessity for many tools for each member can at first be done away with, as a teacher will lend what is necessary on payment of a small sum, and will also teach the somewhat difficult art of keeping them in order. If people are willing to form a centre, the difficulty of finding a teacher is not great, now that so many persons have taken up the art as a profession, and the cost to each member of a class is but a trifling sum well spent, the advantages of even two or three good lessons at first being manifold. Class work is always a great help to the backward student; he may not notice much of what goes on among his fellows at the time of the lesson, but, in retrospect when the work is over, he will remember where and why this one or the other did better than he in the same design, and by applying their method progress becomes easier.

STUDENTS are often most anxious to begin on hard woods, because the softer kinds split easily and are troublesome. A clever teacher, however, has insisted upon deal, in spite of these drawbacks, as the best for the simple studies of beginners, for this reason: that the care necessary in working it to get a good surface is invaluable as a preliminary training for work in such hard woods as walnut, oak, etc. Whatever wood is used, it must be well seasoned, and if the student wishes to buy for himself in small quantities this is more easily procured from a cabinet-maker than a carpenter. Lime, American walnut, and chestnut are nice woods to work upon. Sycamore is much in demand, especially for such articles as bread-platters and butter-trays, dear to the heart of the amateur. Very hard woods, like box, rosewood and ebony, should not be attempted till manipulation has become easy and the free handling of the tools has been learnt. These woods turn and blunt the keen edge of chisel or gouge even in the hand of an expert, and to the beginner who is "afraid of his tools" the result is often disastrous. Tools cost from one penny to threepence each for setting in order, according to their requirements, and as they are easily damaged, it will be seen that they require great care. A wash-leather case, with separate pockets for each tool, is best for keeping them when not in use, and when the student has mastered the art of grinding or stropping his own tools he can invest in a small hand-grindstone, a strop, some assorted slips, a few sheets of glass-paper, and an oil-can, unless he prefers sending them to some one of the profession, or to the South Kensington School, for sharpening. Beginners will do well to remember that carving tools must of necessity cut like a razor, and, as damaged fingers are the constant result of this, it is well to be provided with a case of court-plaster, to repair damages. In working, a good clean cut should be the thing aimed at, not a rough, jagged edge, which requires file and glass-paper to make it presentable; indeed, a good teacher will not allow the use of these, as they are too often aids to scamped work.

CHIP-CARVING is the name given to the simplest form of wood carving, and is practised largely among the peasantry of Continental countries. It requires few and simple tools; some German peasants, indeed, use only the knife to this day, and succeed in doing marvellous work with it. The patterns are chiefly geometric, and are simply chipped out, with no grounding as in the case of wood carving. Rule, compass, and knife are the chief implements necessary for a beginner, with the addition of a spade chisel; and as innumerable articles of everyday use can be ornamented by this work at small cost and labour, it is truly fascinating. A knowledge of the simple elements of geometry is necessary as the pupil advances; but as this is more the rule than the exception in these days of cheap text-books, little difficulty will be found by the student in working out new designs. Deal or lime wood is best for working upon, and aspinall, permanganate of potash, or stains made of Judson's dyes will colour the work when finished.

WITH regard to designs, these are often afforded by good patterns of wall papers or cretonne, which answer admirably for transferring to the wood, ordinary butter paper being used for tracing if expense is an object, as this can be procured at about one-third the price of ordinary tracing cartridge paper.

## A New Way of "Spoiling" the Egyptians.

WHATEVER view we take, as politicians, of the English occupation of Egypt, there can be little doubt, in view of a recent Parliamentary report, that our sojourn on the banks of the Nile, Europe notwithstanding, has been a gain in every respect to the native population. In 1883 insolvency was imminent; now a financial equilibrium has been secured, the surplus of revenue over expenses for 1890 having been £600,000, while the reserve fund amounts to £1,745,000. While few direct taxes have been abolished, owing chiefly to the opposition of the French, the condition of the fellaheen has greatly improved. They are no longer subjected to the slavery of the *corvée*, a system "of forced, unpaid and unfed labour by which the irrigation works of the country were maintained." The use of the kourbash has been prohibited, and with the lash has passed away "a whole system of brutality and physical intimidation." There has been a distinct diminution of administrative corruption, the enemy of all genuine progress in a country where hitherto bribes were unblushingly exacted by every official, high or low. A reform of the judicial system has been instituted in spite of the determined opposition of many Egyptians of the highest rank, which promises to be far-reaching in its beneficial effects. England may well be proud of such a record, which not only scores great financial success, but exhibits a noble triumph for humanity as well.

## Enough.

I WILL not ask my neighbour of his creed,  
Nor what he deems of doctrine old or new;  
Nor what rites his honest soul may need  
To worship God—the only wise and true;  
Nor what he thinks of the anointed Christ;  
Nor with what baptism he has been baptized.

I ask not what temptations have beset  
His human heart, now self-debated and sore;  
Nor by what wayside well the Lord he met;  
Nor where was uttered "Go and sin no more."  
Between his soul and God that business lies;  
Not mine to cavil, question, or despise.

I ask not by which name, among the rest  
That Christians go by, he is named or known;  
Whether his faith has ever been "professed,"  
Or whether *proven* by his deeds alone;  
So there be Christhood in him, all is well;  
He is my brother, and in peace we dwell.

If grace and patience in his actions speak,  
Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,  
Which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,  
And heal the heart by sorrow rent and wrung;  
If he give good for ill, and love for hate—  
Friend of the friendless, poor and desolate—

I find in him discipleship so true,  
So full, that nothing further I demand,  
He may be bondman, freeman, Gentile, Jew,  
But we are brothers—walk we hand in hand.  
In his white life let me the Christhood see;  
It is enough for him, enough for me.

## Our City of Nations.

THE cosmopolitan character of London is generally known, but perhaps indifferently realised. Statistics are sometimes presented showing how large an army of strangers is in occupation, and of what curiously mixed contingents it consists. But it is hard to clothe such figures with the interest that would bring about their proper appreciation. And the wonderful, mobile, shifting mass is a marvel from so many points of view, that curiosity is easily satiated without considering details. The great metropolitan hive may fitly be called a "City of Nations." Make a leisurely, observant exploration of certain districts, some of which have well-defined boundaries though no Custom-house officer inflicts the ignominy of inspection and no passport is demanded. Talk with the inhabitants. Note how the musical tongue of the far-off southern vineyard, and the *patois* of the mountain, and the guttural speech of the plains between great rivers, "shadows" in the conversation the troublesome English—fair copy or ludicrous travesty. Study the men and the manners, the dress and the ruling occupations of each separate and contrasted locality. Then come back to the numbers recorded in official sheets, or in any encyclopædia, and they will be dry and meaningless no longer.

At the head of the list, in point of numbers, of Continental peoples represented are the Germans. A steady stream of recruits from the Fatherland has for many a year poured into English counting-houses. Not everyone is pleased by the competition thus rendered more rigorous. Home-bred clerks grumble; they say the bread is taken from their mouths; and the sense of injury sustained is keen. But the remedy must surely be to win such an equipment as to warrant expectation of success whatever the press of alien applicants. Let our young clerks have as much plodding industry, indomitable perseverance, and concentration of purpose, as the Germans, and get to know as many languages, and their risk of being passed in the race will be much reduced.

Naturally, the tide of German immigration has greatly scattered itself. A cheap home has to be sought by the majority of the newcomers, and they turn east, west, north, or south, as opportunity directs. The room or rooms that suit may be in Islington or Kennington or away at Stratford. There are always means to bring the worker to his work for a few pence.

As the crow flies south from St. Paul's, it is no far cast to a true German colony. Here, on the edge of Camberwell, Denmark Hill rises. As the reading world knows, and as Camberwell residents doubtless delight to remember, many of the scenes in "Madcap Violet" are placed in this locality; and Mr. William Black incidentally refers in his novel to the prevalence of the German idiom. His heroine waits in Victoria Station, and others are waiting too: "Friends bound for the same house. They were joking merrily. They were young Germans, and a trifle boisterous." Well-to-do merchants reside hereabouts, perhaps some of those who figure in the column and three-quarters devoted to the letter Z in the commercial section of the Post-Office Directory, and who are German or Polish almost to a man. And near to the station is a little German church, where the Lutheran service is rendered, and the spirit-stirring hymns of the reformer, whose words were "half-battles," are often sung.

The number of Kaiser Wilhelm's self-exiled sons and daughters of the Iron Empire in town and suburb, together with London-born descendants of German parents, is reckoned at upwards of sixty thousand. In the war-time twenty years ago, there was of course a great fluctuation; but now the figures may be said to grow daily.

France sends the English metropolis about half as many of her children. There has been a history belonging to repeated arrivals of companies. In bygone centuries they generally crossed Channel in the character of refugees, and they found Londoners uniformly hospitable. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes about the end of the seventeenth century brought over a very great number of resolute Huguenots. They settled in Soho, Leicester-square, and St. Giles, in Chelsea, and Wandsworth. The Reign of Terror caused many royalists to seek shelter in the district about Southampton-row, in Somers-town, and elsewhere. The tide never set back again; and others drifted over and joined the descendants of the older and compulsory exiles. At a date now remote, the region around Leicester-square had the fame which it still keeps of a foreign ground within an English city. Here was the true "Petty France," though York-street, Westminster, once had the name from its homes of foreign wool-staplers. William Maitland, the topographer, in his "History of London" (1739), says that in this vicinity it was an "easy matter for a stranger to fancy himself in France." If the difficulty of such a mental feat has increased, it is because of the greater fulness and variety of the constant traffic current, not through any replacement of the abiding French sights and sounds

by purely insular ones. The Gaul is still in these quiet backstreets, these noisy short-cuts, these restaurants, these haunts of unfamiliar industries. The shops show at once to the initiated critic the nationality of the common customer. The foreign names are in keeping now with the wares in the windows. The provision-dealers make the many condiments that are so dear to the French palate a leading "line" in their trade. Small "generals" are here in profusion, but there is a special stamp upon their stock. The British artisan would be at a loss to know how to use a large proportion of their wares. And then, as has been hinted, peculiar callings are followed in the shabby, heated, evil-smelling back buildings. The man in the blouse, volatile, fierce, given to gesticulation, bends over strange pipe-carving or dresses hats with the true Parisian gloss. If times are bad and the prevailing moods morose or sardonic, the stray inquisitor may hear himself satirised in untranslatable communistic slang.

The Frenchman is not behind his traditional adversary, the German, in fraternising with his fellow-exiles. Social clubs exist in considerable numbers, and have many shades of worth and unworth. They preserve and foster the spirit of nationality. When one of them is in session—of course in a house which is French as to its master, French as to its appointments large and small, French as to its atmosphere, object, and language—the whole might be transported entire, like a piece of stage furniture, and dropped into a niche in some faubourg by the Seine, and provoke no comment by its incongruity.

The Italians in London are fewer; but they also have their colonies—each a small "reserve" in the big city-state, a subsidiary centre in the great maelstrom. Hatton-garden is such a rendezvous. In the great rough square shut in by Gray's-inn-road, Holborn, Theobald's-road, and Farringdon-road, numbers of swarthy street musicians, *chefs*, and art workmen, more or less skilled, congregate. It is not exactly an inviting locality. The streets hint at changed years and lost gentility. Things are not as they were when Wycherley, the author of the *Plain Dealer*, came here to seek for his wife the rich and lovely young widow, the Countess of Drogheda. But given a sunny day and Imagination's kaleidoscope, and patterns of the brilliant South shall be found here. Step into an Italian restaurant and note the sombrero of the Florentine, the high slanting hat of the Savoyard, the gay head-dress of the girl who touches a tambourine with airy fingers and a changeless petition in the sloe-like eyes, and a smile which says, "Signor, you must be rich here in your London; I want to think that you are also kind." Observe the jewellery, the bright yet not inharmonious colours, the regular features, the olive complexion of the artist's model, who stands at the first counter paying part of her slender fee for strange oozing cake, the taste for which not less than the making would be a mystery to an English maiden. And others are passing without. See you not the deep unfathomable azure of Roman skies bending over the white head-gear? Is not that a glimpse of the Campagna beyond the Roman plaid scarf? Alas for the girls! it is just Fancy's trick. A few steps nearer the thunder of Holborn, and the illusion fades.

The indicative "z" is the last letter now over many a window and on many a doorplate. At certain hours and seasons the organ-grinder is much in presence. Frequently he hires his "machine," and the bond regularly brings him to and fro. There are people, studious persons particularly, who regard this man as a true Ishmael, with his "organ"-hand against every man, and would incontinently suppress him. But away in the interminable streets, which are all so like each other, and so bare of colour or of change, he is less unwelcome. The lads and lasses are his patrons. He is the humble minister of some hope that after all the world is not a dead level.

Extreme poverty is the lot of many Italians in London, and in Hatton-garden the hard fact is practically recognised. In Greville-street are the offices of a very useful relieving institution, initiated by the home government of these waifs, and presided over by the Italian ambassador. The Italian Benevolent Society does a good work.

The Dutch dwellers in London number at least fifteen thousand, and the Poles almost as many. Owing probably to the paternal and ultra conservative constitution prevailing as yet in Russia, the subjects of the Czar are less frequently met with. The Greeks, who may some day go into rivalry with the Colossus of the North for the ultimate ownership of Constantinople, are fifteen thousand strong. The City knows the Greek merchants well. On the Mark Lane Corn Exchange they almost monopolise the importation of grain and of seeds from every country figuring in the lists of supply. But the residences of these masters of London's food are often far afield, and not necessarily in the same quarter. As wealth increases, the gregarious instinct seems to lose its power.

There has been another nation settled in the metropolis in



## Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

"HELP" the monthly supplement to the *Review of Reviews*, for September, is a veritable blue book for those interested in the work of the Magic Lantern Mission. It will be remembered that the subject was first set forth in a special article appearing in the Christmas number of last year. The idea has borne fruit, and in this issue of *Help* are the prospective rules of the National Lantern Society, under whose auspices the lantern Mission will be in full swing during the winter. The list of members (of whom there are over 130), comprises many well-known names in the lantern world, and there is an endless variety to the subjects which will be dealt with by the lecturers. The progress of the mission is reported under the title, "The Mission Work at Home and Abroad," and this is followed by special articles giving the best of information as to the practical manipulation of lanterns, etc. In addition to these features, considerable space is devoted to a selection of the most recent issues of the lantern-slide publishers, and the whole forms a comprehensive *résumé* of the progress of magic lantern work to-day.

The Earl of Aberdeen, when in America last year, visited the stations of Highland crofters, and reported them to be prosperous to the Committee of the House of Commons. Sir George Baden Powell, M.P., who had recently visited the settlement in Manitoba, described the position of the crofters, and gave figures to show that each family had on the average 168 acres of good soil, 37 of which were cropped, 80 head of live stock, 30 head of poultry, 17 tons of hay, and 750 bushels of wheat, which, at the low price of 70 cents., would represent a money value of £110. From all that he could gather every one was well housed, there was a certain amount of stabling, and school accommodation was within easy reach. The crofters were now, therefore, in a far better condition than anything they could possibly have hoped for if they had remained in their homes in Scotland. Prior to their emigration they were poor, indolent, unskilled in farming, and many of them showed a discontented nature, whereas now they were very hopeful and improved in every way, especially in regard to capital.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* tells this story of a modern Jenny Geddes, who seems to have been as pronounced in her convictions and as candid in the expression of them as the original one: A startling incident occurred at the anniversary services of the West United Presbyterian Church at Kirriemuir, entirely without a parallel in the history of the oldest inhabitants. On the afternoon of Sunday, April 5, the minister was calmly preaching his sermon, when a modern Jenny Geddes, infuriated at one of the male members of the choir being asleep, hurled her Bible at the head of the delinquent from the gallery where she was sitting. The Bible missed the sleeper, but struck the shoulder of another man in the choir, who started up amazed. The minister became pale, paused in his discourse, and exclaimed, "What's wrong?" "The Bible struck the wrong man," she cried, rising up in her pew, although her friends vainly attempted to hold her down; "twas meant to wauken the sinfu' sleeper!"

It is really surprising how rapidly electricity is being utilised for the purpose of locomotion. A few years ago no one could have dreamed of the progress which would be made in this direction. It is estimated that there are no fewer than 325 electric railways in England, the United States, Germany, Italy, Australia and Japan, requiring over 4,000 cars and 7,000 motors with 2,600 miles of track, with a daily mileage of not less than 400,000 miles, and carrying 750,000,000 passengers annually. Grades of 13 and 14 per cent., distances of six miles or more from the central stations, speeds as high as from 25 to 30 per hour for single cars and trains of from two to four cars, are, according to the *Western Electrician*, features of their operation. Not fewer than 10,000 persons represent the number employed on these lines. Fifty millions of capital are invested in the United States alone, and a present annual business not less than 8,000,000 dols. to 10,000,000 dols. on the part of the manufacturing and contracting electrical companies, show the present standing of the street railway works.

REMARKABLE indeed is the trend of public opinion at home and abroad, in the direction of temperance. It is unmistakable; "he who runs may read." One of the latest items is the fact that the State of Georgia has just passed a stringent law to prevent drunkenness among physicians, not because they are more addicted to over-indulgence in liquor than other professional men, but because of the serious consequences which may result in the treatment of a case by a physician liable to drunkenness. The Georgia statute disqualifies any medical

man from further practice who has once been convicted of drunkenness, and imposes a heavy penalty upon the man thus disqualified if he attempts to practice medicine again. New York has also a law on the subject. It is not as stringent as the Georgia law, and only deals with the drunkenness of the doctors when engaged in the treatment of patients, and then only when the intoxication endangers the life or seriously affects the health of the patient. This is drawing it very mild so far as the physicians are concerned. Think of depending for a diagnosis of a critical disease upon a drunken man, and receiving medicine at his hands!

VERILY the *fin de siècle* spirit of change and unrest leads men into strange vagaries at times; indeed, very little is sacred from its iconoclastic touch. One of the oddest, to say the least, of present-day gymnastics is that proposed by the Rev. Henry Bazett who thinks the masses want what he calls "a plain Bible." He regards neither the Authorized nor the Revised Version as a popular version, and "so it has come about that the masses have not realized any more than the classes have, how decidedly the New Testament is on the side of labour." Mr. Bazett publishes a people's Version of *James' Letter* [the Epistle of James] to show what, in his view, the homely Bible should be like. It abounds in "Don'ts," and "Whys." *Kosmos*, translated "world" in the A. V., comes out "social system" in Mr. Bazett's Version. "Lord of Sabaoth" appears as "Master of Organizations." Here is a specimen of the new reading:

Come now, you rich men, cry and howl over your coming miseries. Your wealth is rotting, and your clothes have become moth-eaten; your gold and your silver are cankered with rust, and the canker shall be for evidence against you, and it shall eat your *own* flesh like fire. You accumulated wealth in the last days. Why, the wages of the labourers who mowed your fields, of which they have been cheated by you, are crying out, and the reapers' cries for help have entered into the ears of the Master of Organizations. You have lived on the land, and in rollicking; you pamper your hearts at a time of slaughter; you condemn, you murder, the righteous man; he does not oppose you.

Now, open your Bible, turn to the first six verses of the fifth chapter of James, and take your choice. Most of us, I think, will conclude that "the old is better."

I HAVE already alluded to the system of compulsory insurance for the working classes upon which France is now engaged. In Germany the plan has been in operation for several years, and now Switzerland follows in the lead of these greater nations, and is about to put into force a law similar in its spirit to, but different in details, from those in operation in other countries. This law does not apply to resident working men but to strangers who happen to be temporarily settled in different localities. Such persons, whether Swiss citizens or subjects of other countries, whenever they take up residence in any commune will be obliged to join the insurance society of the canton, and to make a weekly contribution of five cents, and an entrance fee of ten cents, to its support. In cases of entire disablement by old age, injury, or illness, a daily allowance of from twenty to thirty cents, is to be granted. The society also pays the funeral expenses, and makes some provision for the widow and orphans. The object of this law appears to be not so much to insure the working men as to lighten the burden of the communes, which are obliged to provide for the care of aged and sick persons who are non-residents.

RECENT instructions issued by the chief of the Viennese police have reference to the inconvenient length of ladies' trains as worn in the streets of the Austrian capital. On general grounds, says the *Lancet*, we may rest assured that the public will not object to restrictions on these cumbersome and obstructive appendages. Taste, if it has (as we have always understood) a close connection with neatness, will also be gratified by this protest on behalf of simple dress. Health, which is equally concerned with personal cleanliness, will be sensible of a sanitary gain. But the police have even more in view. The flowing skirts, they contend, have a possible influence on the spread of contagion by the dust they raise. It is impossible with mathematical accuracy to disprove this possibility, but surely here is a case in which over-anxiety bred in a germ-haunted mind has usurped the leadership of practical sense.

THE dog that bays the moon is wiser than the one that bays a bigger dog that is viciously inclined.

TACT can afford to smile while genius and talent are quarreling.

## The Wayside Watcher.

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching: verily, I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them."—Luke xii., 37.

ALL the day you sit here idle,  
And the Master at the door:  
And the fields are white to harvest,  
And our labour almost o'er.  
You are dreaming, you are dreaming!  
Time is gliding fast away;  
See! the eventide is waning,  
Soon shall break eternal day.

Brother, my hand is feeble,  
My strength is well-nigh spent;  
I saw you all at noon-day,  
And I marked the way ye went.  
I cried, "God's blessing on them,  
What a favoured band they be,  
But I'll watch upon the highway,  
God may find a work for me!"

"Yet you tarry, yet you tarry,"  
Said the labourer again;  
"You may idle on the highway,  
And wait all day in vain.  
'Tis easy labour waiting,  
On the dusty road we tread,  
To toil within the vineyard;  
Go out and work instead."

The watcher smiled and answered,  
"My brother, is it so,  
Who waiteth on the Master,  
The Master's will shall know?  
He hath taught me one sweet lesson,  
I have learnt it not too late,  
There is service for the feeblest  
That only stand and wait."

I sat me by the hedge-row,  
No burden could I bear,  
But I often thought how blessed  
In the field to have a share!  
The loving Master whispered,  
Through the often lonely day,  
"Still wait on me thou weak one,  
The lame shall take the prey."

Not long I tarried watching,  
A wayfarer drew nigh,  
He was weary, sad, and hungry  
For the glowing sun was high.  
His foot lagged faint and fainter,  
His eyes were down and cast,  
That labourer by my lattice  
At early morn had passed.

I drew him 'neath the trellis  
Of the vine's inviting shade,  
Down by the soft green pasture  
Our Shepherd's love hath made.  
I fetched him from the streamlet  
Fresh water for his feet;  
I spread the bread before him  
And bade him rest and eat.

He bathed in the bright fountain,  
And then refreshed and strong,  
He journeyed on rejoicing,  
You could hear his happy song.  
Where on the dusty wayside,  
The traveller had been,  
Stood one, in heavenly beauty,  
With more than regal mien.

"I thank thee," said the stranger,  
"For all thy cares afford,  
For rest, and food, and welcome,  
Beside thy simple board."  
"Nay, Lord," I said, "what succour  
Have I bestowed on Thee?"  
"Thy service to my servant  
Hath all been done to Me."

Oh, it was well worth watching,  
A summer's day alone;  
Well worth the weary waiting  
To hear His sweet "Well done!"

Is it too small a matter,  
That in man's foolish pride,  
He scorns one heart to gladden,  
For which the Saviour died?

O ever blessed Master!  
The harvest field is fair,  
And Thou hast better servants  
Than thy weak one, everywhere.  
Thou never hast forsaken  
One walking by the way;  
Still meet me with a promise,  
"The lame shall take the prey."

From the tangled thicket near me,  
I heard a mournful cry;  
A little child had wandered  
From the sunny path hard by;  
His hands were torn with briars,  
His hot tears fell like rain,  
And he wept lest he should never  
See his Father's face again.

Close to my heart I drew him,  
And pointed to the sky;  
I showed him how the dark clouds,  
So slowly sailing by,  
But veil'd the bright sun's radiance  
From valley and from hill,  
For the faithful sun was shining  
In all his glory still!

He ceased to weep and listened;  
I soothed his childish woe;  
Then on the way I led him,  
And soon beheld him go  
Back through the green fields singing;  
Sweet was the joyful sound,  
That told the Father's welcome,  
And the little wanderer found.

Then on the highway near me,  
I saw the stranger stand,  
Stranger no more! He guided  
The fair child by the hand.  
"I thank thee," said He, softly,  
"Thou hast not watched in vain;  
Behold my child returning  
Safe to my arms again."

What grace is Thine, O Master!  
For work so poor and scant;  
How glorious is the guerdon  
My living Lord doth grant!  
I only saw a nurseling  
Was wandering astray;  
Oh, it is worth cross-bearing,  
To wait for Thee one day.

Have ye known the shadows darken  
On weary nights of pain!  
And hours that seem to lengthen  
Till the night comes round again?  
The folded hands seem idle;  
If folded at His word,  
'Tis a holy service, tried one,  
In obedience to the Lord.

We know the joy of labour,  
Within the busy field;  
But there are deeper pleasures,  
A faithful heart may yield  
To willing ones that suffer,  
And listen at His feet;  
From the far-off land God giveth  
The fruit of life to eat.

Brief is my hour of labour,  
My Lord my lot has cast;  
He giveth royal wages,  
To the first called as the last.  
I have seen Him in His beauty,  
While waiting here alone,  
I know Him ever near me,  
For He cannot leave His own.

None e'er shall lack a service,  
Who only seek His will;  
And He doth teach His children  
To suffer and be still.  
In love's deep fount of treasures,  
Such precious things are stored  
Laid up for you, oh blessed,  
That wait upon the Lord!—*Anna Shipton.*

## Guilty or not Guilty?

THIS is the question I ask myself when I arraign myself at the bar of my conscience.

But the criminal can never be the impartial judge in his own case: either the extenuating circumstances assume proportions so gigantic as to overshadow the heinousness of the offence, or else remorse seizes him and he finds no palliation of his crime.

Between these two extremes of entire self-justification and entire self-condemnation I have tossed, one moment believing my deed God-inspired and most righteous, the next convinced that it was the prompting of Satan.

By the law of the land I committed a felony; but what would be the verdict in the court of ethics?—what will be my sentence at the tribunal of heaven?

I was born an artist, with an artist's soul—an intense love of the beautiful; with the power to create and to enjoy to the uttermost beauty in every shape and form. So susceptible was I to this influence that the sight of an ugly object caused me positive pain, a beautiful one keenest pleasure.

But oh, strange and bitter irony of fate! I, gifted with such a power, I, the creator and worshipper of beauty, was myself utterly, irredeemably hideous—horribly, aggressively frightful: a cruel caricature of my species.

Had I been given a sluggish or a beastly soul, had I been imbecile or idiotic, my fate had been less hard to bear; but touched with the fire of genius, endowed with an intensely sensitive organization, the horrors of my physical condition were increased tenfold.

As my appearance was unlovely, so was I unloved. My mother was the only creature in all the world who cared for me, true to that mysterious law of nature which evokes the strongest maternal feeling for an unfortunate offspring. My father was ashamed of me; my brothers and sisters despised me. When very young, death deprived me of the only being who loved me. I grew up morbid, miserable, embittered—the butt of the thoughtless and the cruel.

At an extremely early age I betrayed a taste for colour, form, and beauty, which developed rapidly as I grew older. My father, though disliking me, was not unkind; he allowed me to follow the bent of my inclinations, and gave me advantages. I received lessons from excellent masters, who tolerated my hideousness on account of my aptness and genius.

Nor did I require their tuition long; having learned the rudiments and some of the technique of art, I abandoned their instructions to follow my own wild imaginings. They could not teach me to transfer to canvas the images that teemed and glowed in my brain. Under my brush grew, as by magic, scenes that were glimpses of Paradise, forms like unto the sons and daughters of the gods.

I was seldom able to obtain a living model. Men spurned me, women turned from me shuddering, children fled from me screaming. A large fee would sometimes induce a beggar to consent reluctantly to sit for me. Could I have drawn in a class this trouble would have been obviated; but I shrank from mingling with my fellows quite as much as they shrank from me. My drawings were made at first wholly from casts, which my vivid imagination supplemented and at last entirely superseded. Upon my canvas the marble model became a glowing, sentient creature of flesh and blood. No Galatean metamorphosis could be more complete.

I located in a large city, and opened my studio in an obscure but respectable part of the town. I hired a handsome suite of rooms, and furnished them superbly. For a large wage I induced a poor half-witted lad to tend them and take my pictures out. These were admitted to all the exhibitions, praised extravagantly, and sold at high prices. Fame and money flowed in upon me. I was known as the unknown artist, paradoxical though it sound. My sign hung at the door of my studio. No other artists were in that vicinity.

I was never seen; all callers were received by my boy. When necessary to have speech with my few visitors, I conversed behind a screen. I was as mysterious as Khorassan's veiled prophet.

I did not wonder that my kind shunned me—I neither wondered nor blamed them; but oh, the bitterness, the wretchedness of my isolation, alleviated only by the company of my ideal creations!

One day I was working alone in my studio, having sent my boy out on some errand, when I heard a timid tap at my door. Thinking it likely to be some mendicant or vendor of unwished-for articles, I boldly went to the door, knowing that the intruder would flee at my approach. I opened it and looked out. One glance I gave, then started and slunk back, almost shutting the door in my visitor's face.

There, without my threshold, stood the loveliest apparition I had ever beheld—a young and divinely beautiful woman!

But instead of the shriek and the patter of hasty, fleeting footsteps that I expected, a soft, sweet voice asked:

"Is this the artist's studio?"

"It is," I answered, still keeping myself invisible.

She put out her hand and advanced a step.

"Do you want a model?" in low, timid accents. "I was directed here by some persons in the street."

A delicate, gloved hand, outstretched, came within my line of vision. I cautiously peered out at the owner. She appeared to look full at me, and for the first time in my life I encountered the eyes of a fellow-being without seeing aversion in the gaze. Her eyes expressed absolutely nothing. She looked without appearing to be looking. The vacant gaze, the outstretched hand, and, more than all, her calm confronting of me told me that my visitor was blind.

The conviction filled me with a feeling of relief almost approaching joy. I came forward and took the hand, now resting on the casing of the door.

"Come in," I said; "yes, I am very much in need of a model. Will you pose for me?"

I led her behind the portière and placed her on a chair. Oh, the sweet, confiding look on her face as she suffered me to lead her in! Every nerve and fibre of my being was tingling with a new and indescribable sensation. Never before had I touched the hand of, or held converse with, a young and lovely woman.

I drew a chair in front of her and gazed upon her. I could do so without stint, so unconscious was she. I trembled all over with excitement. My senses were in a tumult. What divine goddess, what angel was this who had dropped so unexpectedly from the clouds? What joy to limn those exquisite features, to study that perfectly moulded form! How thankful I was for the affliction that gave me this delicious privilege, which allowed her to sit calm, smiling, unmoved before me, from whom all turned away!

"When can you come to me?" I asked, in a voice which trembled with emotion; "now?—can you sit for me now?"

I feared to let her go out of my sight; I feared she might prove a visitant from another world and never return.

"Yes, I can give you a sitting now, if you wish it," she said.

Wish it? I hardly knew what I said or did. I was hardly enough collected to find and prepare the canvas which was to receive the lovely delineation. No matter about pose or attitude: only let me gaze my fill on that perfect face; only let me listen to that voice.

I placed her in a more comfortable chair, and she removed her bonnet. A wealth of dark-brown hair crowned the shapely head. Immediately, in imagination, I saw those heavy, glinting tresses loose and flowing over bared shoulders and snowy bosom. I saw the complete realization of the artist's dream.

As I commenced, or pretended to commence, my work, my fevered pulses cooled a little, my excited brain calmed. I drew her out to tell me her history.

She had been gradually becoming blind for the past year. Cataract was forming at the back of the eyes, and the sight was now almost totally gone. She could just see a glimmer of light, but could not distinguish objects.

"I cannot see you at all," she said, a mournful cadence in her tone; "I can only tell where you are by the sound of your voice." 'Twas your voice that induced me to enter," she added, with enchanting naïveté; "it was so pleasant and reassuring."

A blush stole in her cheek; my enraptured gaze could not leave her face.

By degrees she told me more: how by successive reverses of fortune her family had been reduced from affluence to poverty, and how, finally, only her mother and herself were left to struggle with the world; how the fine lace-work she had done for their maintenance had affected and finally destroyed her sight. Then her mother's health failed, and a few weeks ago she had died and left her alone in the world. The sightless eyes filled with tears, the beautiful mouth quivered.

My heart went out with inexpressible yearning to the orphaned girl; at any rate she should never know poverty again. Since her mother's death she had lived in some cheap lodging hard by, let by a poor but respectable woman.

I kept her as long as I could with any decency or propriety. "I am afraid I have tired you," I said.

She rose with a sweet, patient smile. "How often shall I come to you?" she inquired.

Dare I say every day? Oh, that I might!

"Can you come every morning?" I asked, almost breathlessly.

"Yes; I have nothing else to do."

I tremblingly thrust some bills into her hand, and led her

to the door and down the stairs out to the street. None saw us as we descended. Oh, how the touch of that little hand clinging so confidingly to mine thrilled me!

"To-morrow morning at ten I shall expect you," I said; and hastening back to my studio, which yet breathed and palpitated with her presence, I flung myself in a chair and sat for hours like one in a dream. I saw naught but her face—heard only her voice.

Mechanically I went through the hours that intervened before the next day's appointment. As the time approached, my nervousness and excitement became uncontrollable. Would she come? If she did not—if she never came again—I felt I could not survive the disappointment; I should surely die!

Ten o'clock strikes. The last stroke has sounded and I open the door and peep cautiously forth. She is not there. I listen eagerly. Oh, heaven! I can hardly see, the hall swims so before my excited vision. But I hear a step—a light, uncertain footfall. I rush to the head of the stairs. It is she! She is almost at the top. I seize her hand and guide her up. I bring her into my room—I close the door—I draw a long breath—she is with me again—she is mine!

A week passes, during which I live as one in a dream, hardly conscious of what I do. Her coming and her going mark the divisions of my time; my day dawns with her arrival, my night begins when she leaves. In her presence I am a living, burning, sentient being; in her absence I am a dead petrification.

She enjoyed the sittings; they were at first a pleasant break in her sad, isolated life. With a sweet ingenuousness which made my heart thrill, she admitted what brightness they shed through the darkness which surrounded her. Then they became a pleasure, and at last a keen joy.

Our subjects of conversation were many and varied. Her mind was as beautiful as her person, and together we rambled through the fields of literature, science, and art, plucking as we went the flowers of poesis and romance. The daily communion of two so congenial intellects could not be otherwise than productive of the sweetest mental and spiritual union.

Is it strange that I loved her? that my whole soul went out to her in passionate worship? I had long since calmly accepted my desolate fate; but that coldness, that indifference, had arisen from the absence of a passion-inspiring object. I had hardly before looked in a woman's face, far less held her hand, drunk in her low, sweet tones, basked in the daily sunshine of her presence. For long I had existed wedded only to art, dead to the mighty motor which swayed my race and my sex; but now the eternal womanly had crossed my path and beckoned me on to undiscovered and unimagined delight.

Her blindness had been increasing steadily for the past year; it would still require a year or more before the cataract would be in a state to be operated on, and even then with doubtful results. Why did my heart sink at the mere possibility of a successful operation, and rise again at the thought of its probable failure? I was a wretch; I rejoiced at her blindness.

One day, when she had been coming to me for about two weeks, I noticed as she entered a change in the dear face whose every expression I now knew by heart. It was woe-begone; her eyes were red with weeping, and the smile with which she always met my greeting, and took my guiding hand, died in its birth on her quivering lips.

I led her to a chair and inquired the cause of her grief, my heart beating with anxiety and sympathy. She tried to speak, but, unable to articulate, leaned her head against the back of the chair and burst into tears. I knelt before her and took her hands in mine, while words of sympathy and endearment fell from my agitated lips. After a while, when she had somewhat recovered her composure, I gleaned from her the cause of her distress.

It seems that the woman with whom she lived had found out by some means that she posed as an artist's model, and, deeming the occupation unfit for a virtuous damsel, had warned her young lodger to look out for other quarters, as she would no longer entertain one engaged in so shameless a business.

I sprang to my feet, trembling with indignation. "Heartless wretch!" I ejaculated.

I looked at the weeping girl before me, longing to take her in my arms and pour out the love which consumed me. But I dared not. I turned and paced the room with disordered steps. What should I do? How protect her? How could I dare ask her to marry me?

She was not indifferent toward me; on the contrary, I was sure of her love. But alas! she loved me only because she saw me not. If she ever recovered the sight for which she so hoped, would she not turn and flee from the creature she called husband? Nor could I blame her.

But she would never see. Such contingency was too remote and problematical to deserve a thought.

But was it right, was it honourable, to take such advantage of her blindness? Ought not I to tell her of my cursed condition, and then let her decide whether her love was strong enough to overlook a misfortune which, after all, would be invisible to her, and could be only pictured by her imagination? But, alas! dare I run the risk of losing her—of losing the opportunity of for ever protecting her—by a hideous and what seemed an uncalled-for revelation?

Fiercely the struggle raged within me. What folly, what madness, to run so needless a risk! I could not—oh, I could not make the horrible confession to my beloved that I—I who adored her—I whom she loved—was as a Pariah among my fellow-men. No, no, no! She was mine—heaven had thrown her in my way—she had no one in all the world to love and protect her but me—let her come to me, poor little storm-tossed dove, and nestle under the strong wing of my protecting love!

For oh, God! how I loved her! And love conquers all.

I returned to my darling. She had risen, and she stood leaning against the casement. Her bonnet had fallen off, and her bright, disordered hair hung loose over her shoulders. One white hand pressed her brow, the other caught the drapery of the door. A Niobe all tears she stood, a picture passing fair, which, even in the midst of my tumultuous emotion, I paused an instant to contemplate. Then I went and took her hands in mine; I pressed them to my heart.

"Ailene," I whispered, "my darling—"

The swift blood flashed into her cheek, a light into the tearful eyes. She trembled.

"Will you stay with me always? Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife?" The words came in a quick, sobbing gasp, but oh, the light which illumined her face! She loved me!

But in an instant it faded, and drawing her hands from mine, she covered her face.

"No, no, no," she murmured, "it cannot be. I, blind, helpless, your wife? I should be a clog on your footsteps—a burden."

I threw my arms around her and drew her to me, while the long pent-up passion of my nature flowed forth as a lava-stream. I told her how I loved her ten thousand times more for her blindness; that I would not for worlds (ah, how true it was!) have her otherwise; that I adored, worshipped her as the embodiment of my most transcendent ideals.

She was overwhelmed by my vehemence, my passionate protestations. Her head sank on my shoulder, her dear form yielded to my embrace.

Great heaven! was it I—I, the shunned and despised, who thus held clasped in my arms the loveliest woman on earth? I could not realize it, though I felt her heart beat against mine, her warm breath on my face.

With eyes that were almost dazed I looked at the sweet face so near my own, into the unseeing eyes, that looked so seeing, apparently gazing into mine with only love and tenderness in their soft, brown depths. I saw the perfect mouth trembling in shy expectancy of the blissful pledge which would seal our love. As the enamoured butterfly seeks the quivering heart of the rose, my eager lips met hers.

Oh, the rapture of that first kiss of passion! Dropped from me as a garment was my bodily deformity. Transformed, metamorphosed, I was the peer of my fellow-men—the equal of the gods!

It was love that had wrought the apotheosis.

She loved me. I felt it in the heart that throbbed to mine—the lips that clung to mine in tender passion.

To her I was the god of love, and she my Psyche, into whom my own soul flowed in that mystical kiss.

There was nowhere for my darling to go, and I urged upon her the necessity of our immediate marriage.

"Now—this very day," I entreated, quivering with the thought.

The suddenness and informality of the arrangement frightened her; but I soothed and pleaded, and she yielded. I knew of a clergyman in the vicinity, a young man on a very small salary, to whom I had occasionally spoken; I would find him and beg him to officiate. With some persuasion he consented to do so.

My darling turned towards us her sightless eyes as we entered the door. I took her hand and we stood before the minister.

I had called in my boy to act as witness, and he stood near, gaping. We repeated the words that made us one. The priest pronounced us man and wife. Titania and Bottom were united; Caliban had wedded Miranda.

I followed the minister to the door, pressing into his hand a princely fee. I dismissed my servant; she and I were alone, our world within those four walls—our heaven in each other's arms!

\* \* \* \* \*

Weeks and months rolled by and brought with them no diminution of our happiness. But though we were utterly, supremely blissful, yet, deep down in the heart of each there lodged a sting: each deplored a physical affliction, but mine, thank God, unguessed by her. The sense of my condition would often, in spite of me, obtrude itself upon me, and I would sigh, even while I rejoiced that she suspected it not.

Yet I brought to my bridal, what not many men can say of themselves: a body free from taint or disease; a heart faithful to her I wedded; a soul pure from moral corruption. It was, after all, only my soul that she saw, which I knew was no unfit mate for hers. That which was I, myself, was not hideous and ignoble. What mattered it that the divine Potter had fashioned the clay into a vessel of dishonour, in which He had elected to enclose a pure spark?

It was God who in His inscrutable purpose had formed me thus. It was He who, pitying, had sent His angel to comfort the forlorn creation of His hand. He had holden her eyes that she might not behold the repulsiveness of the object to whom she ministered. Should I put my mouth in the dust and, crying "Unworthy!" reject those sweet ministrations? No, I would take the blessing He sent me, clasping it to my heart in trembling, unspeakable thankfulness.

Totally oblivious of the kind of shell which enveloped the soul of him she adored, she was happy—supremely happy. What mad folly—what cruelty to tear the veil from her eyes!

But many a time, as her dear hands stroked my face, all unconscious of its ugliness, and her sweet lips sought mine in the darkness which enveloped her, I have thought, could one glimmer of light reveal to her a glimpse of him she caressed, how she would tear herself from my arms in terror!

But she did not know—would never know! Never! Ah me!

The little ray of light which had gradually grown fainter and fainter, at length totally disappeared, and my poor girl now walked in Egyptian darkness. But she clung to me more and more; my touch, my voice were her all of life.

I could see that she ardently desired to try the effects of an operation, but whenever she mentioned the subject I would warmly dissuade her, declaring that I could not endure the thought of the suffering it would cost her.

"I do so want to see the blue sky again," she would say, in a voice so infinitely pathetic that it wrung my heart; "this beautiful world—the trees, the grass, the flowers. I want to see your pictures, the creations of your genius; but oh, far more than all, I want to see you, my beloved—the eyes that look love into mine, the lips that kiss my own. I would be willing to endure unlimited tortures for one glimpse of your dear face."

I shuddered, but tried to answer her lightly. "You would not be pleased," I said; "I am not handsome."

"Nay, you slander yourself," she replied. "I know you are beautiful;" and she passed her hands over my face. "Your features are large, but so a man's should be. I know your soul shines in your face, the fire of genius in your eyes."

Ah, let not the dear illusion be destroyed!

Yes, I wished that she could see my pictures; how often I longed for that! I would describe to her how her form and features appeared in all; now as Calypso in her grotto, then as Ariadne asleep in the wood—a Psyche, a Hebe, a Godiva. Some of these pictures, in which only the general outlines of her form served me as a model, I sold; but none that bore the likeness of her face and features: these I kept for my eyes alone to feast upon.

One day I received a letter which troubled me greatly. It was from a lawyer in a distant town, informing me of the death of my father, who had held no communication with me for years, and that, by the terms of the will, I was to inherit a share of the property. The letter requested my immediate presence.

Never for a single day had I left my helpless darling, and the thought of doing so now filled me with the keenest anxiety. Brave and independent, I knew she would urge me to obey the summons, and I cast anxiously in my mind for some suitable companion for her during my absence. She herself suggested one.

The mother of my serving-lad had sometimes come to our rooms to perform some domestic duties, and though a woman of singular grimness and taciturnity, had seemed kind-hearted and much drawn to my afflicted wife. Her we selected, and we had no difficulty in persuading her to accept the charge. In the care of this grim but faithful guardian I left her with a comparatively easy mind, no premonition of coming evil thrusting its black shadow over me.

The journey involved an absence of three days; I was determined to be detained no longer. On the morning of the third day I set out—oh, so impatiently!—upon my return. How great the distance, how interminable the hours, that separated me from my beloved!

But at last I reached our home. Daylight was waning, and with eager, stumbling steps I dashed up the dimly lighted stairs that led to our apartments. I had telegraphed her the hour I should return; why was she not at the door to greet me with her dear words of welcome? Instead, all was dark and silent.

With a nameless but overpowering fear I pushed open the door. There I was confronted by the guardian of my treasure, who, with finger upon her lip, pointed to the inner room. Through the open door I saw my beloved stretched upon the bed. I rushed forward, but she held out her hand and spoke:

"Bevis, my darling!" Her head was swathed in bandages, but a smile parted her lovely lips. Like a lightning-stroke the truth flashed upon me. It needed not her confused, half-fearful, half-joyful explanation. The operation she had so longed for, and which I had so steadfastly opposed, she had performed during my absence.

Weak, trembling, fainting, I sank on my knees beside the bed, pressing her hand to my speechless lips. The most horrible of all misfortunes had overtaken me—the greatest of all calamities hung its black wing above me.

She would see again. She would see me! And, O God! seeing, she would flee from me.

But the operation might not prove successful. Oh, how devoutly I prayed for its failure!

She had stood it well, she said, and the doctor held out strong hopes of her sight being restored. In a few weeks the bandages might be removed, and—oh, joy! she might see again. In spite of the pain she had undergone, she was full of happiness at the prospect, and strove to imbue me with her own joyful anticipations.

"Forgive me, dearest Bevis," she said, "for acting thus without your knowledge, but I knew it would distress you so. I know you have desired the restoration of my sight as ardently as myself, only you were too good to say so, thinking always to soothe and comfort me in my affliction—my dear, good, precious husband."

This, with her arms around my neck, while I heard her, stunned and speechless.

"If the operation fails," she went on, "I shall be no worse off than before, and if it is successful—oh, what joy, my darling, to see your dear, dear face! I could endure anything for such felicity!"

But I was as one in a dream—a horrible nightmare. She would see me! That sentence contained an epitome of woe!

Rising, I dismissed the attendant; my hands alone should minister to my suffering darling. There was nothing to be done but occasionally to drop a cooling lotion in the poor inflamed eyes. The doctor came to see her from time to time, and pronounced the case progressing favourably, but could not speak definitely till the bandages were removed and her sight was tested by the admission of light. O heaven! when that day should come!

Almost a month had passed, and my darling was each day more hopeful, full of the most buoyant anticipations. She talked incessantly of the time when we should enjoy together the beauties of art and nature.

"But the first thing I want my new vision to rest upon is your face, my own. You must be bending right over me when I open my eyes."

And I listened to her, dumb—stricken—miserable.

One day I stood at the window mixing the liniment with which I bathed her eyes. The room was necessarily kept dark, and, as her back was toward me, I ventured to turn up the blind to see better what I was doing. A full stream of sunlight bathed my face. Suddenly a shriek of such wild terror as froze my blood came from the bed. Quick as thought I turned down the blind. Too late! she had seen me!

I stood for a moment rooted to the spot; then I approached the bed.

"What is the matter, my darling?" I asked in a voice choked with emotion.

She stretched out both her hands.

"Bevis, Bevis, come to me! O heavens! what was that frightful object by the window? I saw him—he held a bottle in his hand!"

She moaned in terror, and clutched my hand. Like an inspiration a thought came to me.

"Hush, dear," I said, "he will hear you. That was the apothecary's boy—poor wretch! But I've sent him off; he shall not come here again."

"Oh no, no! Oh, how he frightened me!" "Oh, my love," and I forced a laugh, "'tis your distorted vision that's to blame. Yet he is an ill-favoured beggar, to be sure."

"But I can see at last!" she cried, a note of joy thrilling through her terror. "The bandage slipped, and I saw! And I wanted the first thing to be your face!—let me see it now!" I quickly put my hand over her eyes and secured the bandages.

"No, no, my love," I said, "don't try your eyes yet; it will take them some time to recover from this shock."

"It was a shock. Don't leave me—come close to me." She drew down my head till it rested on her bosom; she laid her lips on my brow. I threw my protecting arm over her, and she slept.

But my heart, my brain, were on fire, and while the fire burned I mused. She had seen me. She had been struck, as I knew she would be, with horror and alarm. She must never see me again. Should I go away and leave her?—take the initiative and desert her before she awoke to the dire revelation which would force her to desert me? No, I could not do that. But she must never see again. Oh, for the cap of the Invisible Prince that I might see, hear, and touch my beloved, myself unseen. Might I not, like the veiled prophet, remain concealed forever from view?—or, like Psyche's mysterious lover, approach her only in the darkness?

No, no; all these plans were impossible and absurd. But she must never see me again. This was the constant refrain. How—how should I compass such an end? *She must never see again!*

I started so violently that she stirred in her sleep. I lay back, panting, throbbing, burning, as a fearful plot took shape in my brain.

She must never see! I must deprive her of the boon that seemed so near her now—the God-given faculty she had suffered so much to re-attain. What would the restoration of her sight bring but wretchedness—unutterable wretchedness for us both? Therefore far better the loss of the sight than the loss of happiness. She had been happy with me in her blindness; she would be as happy again.

I tried to cool my fevered brain and think. What were the best means to employ for this diabolical and yet most holy end? And her beauty must remain untouched, the eye itself uninjured. O God! what should I do?—what should I do?

How vile I felt, lying there on her loving, trusting heart, concocting a hellish scheme against her! She stirred and spoke.

"Bevis, is it you, my darling?" Her soft hands caressed my face.

A knock at the door announced the doctor. Hastily warning her not to mention the visit of his apprentice, I opened the door. She jubilantly told him of the glimpse of sunlight she had caught. He examined her eyes while I stood out of sight at the head of the bed.

"We must be very careful now," he said. "This is the most critical period in their recovery. Too much caution cannot be observed to prevent a hemorrhage at the back of the eye. A sudden or undue admission of light would produce such a result, or a careless touch upon the eyeball. Barring such accidents, all will, perhaps, go well, and the sight be perfectly restored."

Oh the joy that illumined my darling's face at his words! Oh the despair that seized my heart!

But she should never see again; on that I was determined. He might depend upon my care and caution!

I allowed the day to pass before I tried my experiment. She was all eagerness to test her returning sight. My resolution was quite formed, but my heart smote me in carrying it out. I told her I would open the window a little way, and she might cautiously peep from beneath the bandage.

"Be sure that dreadful creature doesn't come in," she unexpectedly exclaimed; "I should die if I saw him again."

I ground my teeth. "You shall never see him again," I answered, hoarsely.

I flung the window wide. The blazing noontide sun streamed into the room. I turned her head so that she should face the glare of light. I stood behind her and raised the bandage.

"Look!" I said.

A glad smile was on her lips as she quickly raised her lids. Instantly she closed them with a cry of pain.

"It hurts," she moaned; "but oh, I saw the sun—the beautiful world!"

I hastened to darken the room and apply a soothing lotion to the orbs I had so cruelly tested. But the next day she was as eager as ever for another trial.

"Moderate the light," she entreated.

With an anxiety as intense as her own I awaited the second trial. Again I flung the window wide and bade her look. She did not close her eyes at once.

"It does not hurt so much," she said; "you have shaded the light."

She was facing the full blaze of the midday sun! My heart leaped within me. The third trial came. Again the sunshine flooded the room; again she gazed upon it—this time unwinningly.

"Open the window," she said.

"It is open."

"Open it wide; let the sun come in."

"It is wide; the sun is streaming in, full in your face. Do you not see it?"

"No!"

A wail of direst heart-piercing woe burst from her lips.

"O Bevis, Bevis! I do not see—I do not see!"

A mad joy leaped in my heart; a cry broke from me as I flung myself beside her and clasped her close. She was mine—mine—mine! Nothing could separate us now! She would never see again. I had baffled the skill and science that would have taken her from me. I laughed, I cried, I sobbed, filled with joy, grief, love, and remorse—remorse but not regret. In a transport of contending emotions I covered with kisses the dear eyes that would never see, the tear-stained face, the sobbing lips. She was mine—mine—mine!

I frightened her by the violence of my agitation; she deemed me overwhelmed by the cruel disappointment, and sought to soothe and comfort me. How little did she guess the truth! But I had recovered her. I had snatched her from the abyss over which we had both hung trembling.

The doctor was disappointed but not surprised at the unfavourable termination of the case. It was the result in nine cases out of ten, he said. I bestowed upon him a generous fee, and he came no more.

Weeks of convalescence passed, and we took up our old life again. The eyes resumed the same pensive, unseeing look they wore before the cruel treatment which had given first hope and then despair. She seemed reconciled to the hopelessness of her condition, and no longer spoke of wishing to see me. Only once, as she put her arms around my neck and hid her dear face on my breast, she murmured:

"I did so want to see the face of my child."

The pathos of the words, of the tone, pierced my soul. I could only clasp her to me with expressions of tenderest comfort and endearment.

Ah! what would that child's face be? I longed yet dreaded to behold it.

With a tenfold increase of love and tenderness, if that were possible, did I cherish her. I hardly permitted her out of my sight. I read to her, talked to her, played and sang. I owned a fine cabinet organ and a grand piano; music was one of my minor gifts. I devoted myself, body, soul, and spirit, to my darling.

And so the days and weeks rolled by.

### Now.

"THERE is a good time coming, boys!"  
So runs the hopeful song;  
Such is the poetry of youth,  
When life and hope are strong;  
But when these buoyant days are passed,  
Age cries, "How changed are men!  
Things were not so when I was young;  
The best of times was then."

"There is a good time coming, boys!"  
The truth we will allow;  
But, waiting not for brighter days,  
There is a good time now.  
Why not improve the present, then,  
Where'er the future lead,  
And let each passing moment's page  
Bear proof of thought and deed?

"There is a good time coming, boys!"  
And many a one has passed,  
For each has had his own good time,  
And will have to the last.  
Then do thy work while lingers youth  
With freshness on its brow,  
Still mindful of life's greatest truth;  
The best of times is now!

# PEOPLE'S PALACE PICTURE EXHIBITION.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1891.

Pianoforte Recitals by Miss T. Hicks, from 2 to 5 o'clock.

From 7 to 10 Organ Recitals by Miss EDROFF (Student of the London Organ School).

1. SONATA IN D ... .. Andante, Andante con Moto, Allegro Maestoso.	Mendelssohn	7. { MEDITATION IN B FLAT .. .. OFFERTOIRE .. ..	Scotson Clark
2. BERCEUSE .. ..	Delbruck	8. ALLEGRETTO .. ..	Guilmant
3. PETITE MARCHE .. ..	Scotson Clark	9. GRAND CHŒUR .. ..	"
4. FANFARE .. ..	Lemmens	10. POSTLUDE .. ..	Lefebure
5. ANDANTE CON MOTO .. ..	Boely	11. CHORUS OF ANGELS .. ..	Scotson Clark
6. TOCCATA AND FUGUE .. ..	Bach	12. MARCHE AUX FLAMBEAUX .. ..	"

Admission—5 to 10, One Penny.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1891.

(The Last Day of the Exhibition.)

Organ Recital by MR. GEORGE J. RAYNER (Organist Victoria Park Congregational Tabernacle), at intervals from 4 o'clock until 7.

1. MARCH IN G... ..	W. Hill	8. SELECTION ... "Bohemian Girl" ...	Balfe
2. LYRIC ... "Une Fête a Trianon" ...	H. Roubier	9. MARCH ... "Inauguration" ...	S. Clark
3. GAVOTTE ... "Clothilde" ...	H. Farmer	10. SONG "Side by Side to the Better Land" ...	Hutchison
4. NEW SONG "The Empress of the Sea" ...	Theo. Bonheur	11. OFFETOIRE IN F ... ..	Scotson Clark
5. VALSE ... "May Blossom" ...	G. J. Rayner	12. LULLABY ... ..	S. Jarvis
6. OVERTURE "Crown Diamonds" ...	Auber	13. IMPROMPTU ... "La Gigue" ...	G. J. R.
7. DANSE ANTIQUE "Coryphée" ...	Bonheur	14. MARCH ... "Belgian" ...	S. Clark

From 8 o'clock until 10.

1. MARCH... .. "Processional" ...	S. Clark	7. SELECTION ... "Norma" ...	Bellini
2. GAVOTTE ... "Fédora" ...	Harvey	8. MARCH... .. "Celeste" ...	Vilbrè
3. SELECTION "Echoes of London" ...	Williams	During the evening	
4. AUSTRIAN DANCE ... ..	Malemburg	9. CORNET SOLO ... "The Lost Chord" ...	Sullivan
5. AIR ... "The Village Blacksmith" ...	Weiss	MR. A. ROGERS,	
6. SELECTION of Old English Airs and Ballads, arranged by G. J. Rayner		With Organ Accompaniment, MR. G. J. RAYNER.	

Programme of Music to be played by the PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND from 3 to 10 p.m.

1. MARCH... .. "Military Exhibition" ...	Kappay	4. VALSE ... .. "Bitter Sweet" ...	Louthian
2. DESCRIPTIVE MARCH "Turkish Patrol" ...	Michaelis	5. LANCERS ... .. "Duke of Fife" ...	Wood
3. GRAND SELECTION "Moses in Egypt" ...	Rossini	6. MARCH... .. "Copenhagen" ...	Karl Kapps

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—2 to 10, Threepence.

# PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1891.

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

AT 4 P.M.

Vocalist ... .. MISS DELVES YATES.

1. OVERTURE ... to "Athalia" ... ..	Handel	5. OFFERTOIRE IN D MINOR ... ..	Baptiste
2. HYMN ... "O Worship the King" ...		6. HYMN "All hail the power of Jesu's name"	
O worship the King all glorious above! O gratefully sing His power and His love! Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pavilioned with splendour and girded with praise!		All hail the power of Jesu's name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.	
O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.		Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.	
This earth, with its store of wonders untold, Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old; Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree, And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea.		Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.	
Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.		Backsliders, who your misery feel, Attend your Saviour's call; Return, He'll your backslidings heal: O crown Him Lord of all.	
Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail: Thy mercies how tender, how sure to the end, Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.		Whoever comes, He'll not cast out, Although your faith be small; His faithfulness you cannot doubt, Then crown Him Lord of all.	
3. BERCLEUSE ... ..	Delbruck	7. LARGO IN E FLAT ... ..	Bunnett
4. VOCAL SOLO "The King of Love" ...	Gounod	8. VOCAL SOLO { "These are they which came out of great tribulation" (from "Holy City") }	Gaul
		9. CHORUS "Fixed in His everlasting seat" ...	Handel

AT 8 P.M.

1. LARGO AND ALLEGRO IN D MINOR (Sonata No. 1)	Guilmant	5. LARGO IN G ... ..	Handel
2. AIR ... "God shall wipe away all tears" ...	Sullivan	6. FUGUE IN B MINOR ... ..	Bach
3. MINUETTO ... ..	Hamilton Clarke	7. ANGEL'S HYMN ... ..	Braga
4. GRAND CHŒUR ... ..	Guilmant	8. GRAND SOLEMN MARCH ... ..	Smart

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

ADMISSION FREE.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, MILE END ROAD, E.**  
*In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute and the Society of Arts.*  
**TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1891-2.**  
 The Session will commence on Monday, September 28th, 1891.

The Classes, with some exceptions, are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. During the Session, Concerts and Entertainments will be arranged for Students in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings, to which they will be admitted FREE upon producing their pass. 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 in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which an insufficient number of Students may enrol. STUDENTS' SOCIAL ROOMS—Students have the privilege of using the social rooms containing the leading daily and weekly papers. STUDENTS' LIBRARY—There is a circulating library for the use of Students, which will be open on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9. Refreshments 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. Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees. For Trade Classes the Session ends immediately after the examinations of the City and Guilds of London Institute, at the end of April, 1892. For Science Classes the Session ends immediately after the examinations of the Science and Art Department in April and May, 1892. Evening Students may enter at any time during the month of September, and are advised to get their tickets early.  
*The Illustrated Calendar and Syllabus of the Evening Classes, price 1d., by post 2d., may now be obtained on application to the Secretary.*

**Science Classes.**

*Specially in preparation for the Examinations of the Science and Art Department.*

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Applied Mechanics...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elemen.	Mr. A. Grenville	Friday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv. & Hons.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Chem., Inorg., Theo., Ele-Prac.	"	Tuesday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Theo., Adv.	Dr. D. S. Macnair,	Friday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Org., Theoretical	Assistant	Monday	8.15-10.0	4 0
" " Practical	Mr. F. G. Pope	Monday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Inorg. & Org., Hons. and Special Lab. Wk. I	"	M., Tu., Fri.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv.	Mr. F. C. Forth and Mr. F. G. Castle	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I...	Mr. J. W. Martin	Tues. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
" " H. ...	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
" " Practical	Mr. F. G. Castle	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Magnetism and Elect. Elem.	Mr. W. Slingo,	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	and	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Prac.	Mr. A. Brooker	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
Sound, Light and Heat...	Mr. F. C. Forth	Monday	7.30-9.30	4 0
Steam and the Steam Engine	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics...	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0

*Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1892).*  
 \* Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.  
 † Only Members of these Classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.  
 Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees.

**Trade Classes.**

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Carpentry & Joinery Lec... Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.30	45 0
" " Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville	Mon. & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklyr.	Monday	7.0-10.0	7 6
*Electrical Engin., Lecture, Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slingo, and Mr. A. Brooker	Thursday	8.0-10.0	6 0
" " Workshop	"	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Mech. Engineering, Lec. (Prac.) (Adv.)	Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott	Monday	7.30-8.0	44 0
" " Workshop	"	Friday	7.30-8.30	10 0
*Photography ...	Mr. C. W. Gamble	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing Lecture, Hons. Ord. ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	25 0
" " Workshop	"	"	8.0-9.0	5 0
*Printing (Letterpress) ...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Tailor's Cutting ...	Mr. A. Umbach	Thursday	8.30-10.0	6 0
*Workshop Class Sign Writing & Graining ...	Mr. J. Sinclair	Monday	8.30-10.0	7 6
" " Workshop Class	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0

\* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1892). † Per Term. ‡ Per Course.  
 a Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject. b 12d. 6d. for both, but only Members of the Lecture Class will be allowed to join the Workshop Class in Plumbing. To persons joining the Trade Classes who are not actually engaged in the trade to which the subjects refer, double fees are charged. No one can be admitted to the Plumbing Classes unless he is engaged in the Plumbing Trade.  
 A special course of lectures on Grade subjects will be given during the session, for particulars see syllabus or hand-bills.  
 The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

**Classes for Women only.**

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking—				
" Intermediate ...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	4.0-5.30	7 6
" Beginners ...	"	"	6.0-7.30	7 6
" Advanced (Out-door Jackets, &c.)	"	Thursday	6.0-7.30	10 0
" Beginners ...	"	Friday	5.0-6.30	7 6
Millinery ...	Miss Newell	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery—				
" Demonstration Lecture ...	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.30-9.30	1 0
" High-Class Practical	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	10 6
" Practical Plain...	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6

**Commercial and General Classes.**

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Ambulance (First Aid) ...	Dr. R. Milne	Monday	8.0-9.30	1 0
Arithmetic—Advanced ...	Mr. A. Sarll	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
" Commercial ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Elementary ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elementary (ary)	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elementary ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
* Civil Service ...	Mr. G. J. Michell	Mon. & Th.	6.30-8.45	—
Shorthand (Pitman's)	"	"	"	"
" Begin.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Inter.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French—Beginners ...	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Elementary ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate B ...	"	Tuesday	7.30-8.30	4 0
" Advanced A ...	"	"	8.30-10.0	4 0
" Conversational ...	"	Friday	7.30-8.30	4 0
" Advanced B ...	"	"	8.30-10.0	4 0
German—Advanced ...	Herr Dittel	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6

\* For particulars see syllabus or hand-bill.  
**PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.**  
 Under the direction of Mr. H. H. BURDETT, assisted by Mr. C. WRIGHT.  
 Pianist for Musical Drill Miss F. A. HICKS.  
**FOR YOUNG MEN.**  
 TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY.—5.30 till 8. Free Practice; 8 till 9, Musical Drill, Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, and Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Single-sticks; 9 till 10, Gymnastics. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker.  
 TUESDAY & FRIDAY.—7.0 till 8.0, Fencing with Foils and Sticks. Fee, 5/- per term. A Boxing Club is formed among the members of the Gymnasium, who arrange the fees.  
**FOR YOUNG WOMEN.**  
 MONDAY AND THURSDAY.—6.30 till 8. Free Practice; 8.0 till 10.0, Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Gymnastics and Running Maze. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker. 7 till 8, Fencing. Fee, 5/- per term.  
**JUNIOR SECTION.**  
 Boys, Wednesday, 6.30 till 9.30. Girls, Thursday, 6.30 till 9.30. Sixpence per month, which includes attendance at two Educational Classes.

**School of Art.**

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	7.30-9.30	10 6
*Perspective Drawing ...	and	Tuesday	"	"
*Drawing from th' Antique	Mr. H. J. Bateman	Thursday	"	"
*Decorative Designing	"	Friday	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
†Drawing from Life ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon & Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Wood Carving ...	Mr. Danels	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
†Art Metal Wk. & Engraving	"	"	"	"
Painting in Oil & Water Color from Copies, Still Life, etc.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Saturday	2.0-4.0	10 6

\* 6/- the Half Session ending 6th February; or 10/6 the Session commencing Sept. 15th and ending July 2, 1892. † Per Term ending 19th Dec. ‡ Students of the Wood Carving Class are expected to attend a Drawing Class in the Art School one evening per week free of charge.

**Musical Classes.**

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Choral Society...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
Singing—	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	"
Class 1. Sch. Teachers	Mr. W. Harding	Thursday	6.30-7.45	3 6
" 2. Elementary	Bonner	"	8.0-9.0	1 6
" 3. Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
♫Solo Singing ...	Miss Delves-Yates	Tu. & Th.	6.0-9.30	a15/-
♫Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Mon. Tu. & Friday	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced) ...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin ...	Under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave, assisted by Mr. G. Mellish.	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello ...	"	Wednesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Military Band (Boys) ...	Mr. A. Robinson	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6
"	"	Thursday	8.30-10.0	2 0

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.

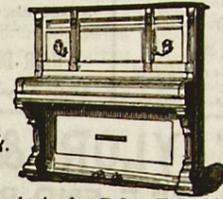
**GEORGE HUNT'S**  
 Old Established High Class  
**PROVISION WAREHOUSE,**  
 WHOLESALE & RETAIL,  
**108 & 109, WHITECHAPEL RD., E.**  
 (Opposite the London Hospital.)

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

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.**  
 The Best Medicines for Family Use.  
**THE PILLS** PURIFY THE BLOOD, CORRECT all DISORDERS of the INTERNAL ORGANS, and are INVALUABLE IN ALL COMPLAINTS INCIDENTAL TO FEMALES.  
**THE OINTMENT** Is the most reliable remedy for Chest and Throat Affections, Gout, Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Old Wounds, Sores, Ulcers, and all Skin Diseases.  
 Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street, London, and sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.  
 N.B.—Advice Gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

THE **SCOTTISH**  
 Sanitary Laundry,  
**131, MILE END ROAD.**  
 Specialité  
 Shirt and Collar Dressing.

**JARRETT & GOUDGE'S**  
 High-class Iron Frame, Check Action  
**PIANOFORTES**  
 For Cash or by easy terms of payment.  
 And AMERICAN ORGANS.  
 From **2/6** Per Week. From **2/6** Per Week.



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

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

Any make of Machine supplied at a large discount for Cash, or on easy payment system. Repairs of every description executed Promptly and Cheaply. All the latest pattern Machines let on hire.  
 Second-hand Machines Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.  
 Fittings supplied and Repairs done for the Trade.  
**2, ST. STEPHEN'S ROAD, BOW, E.**

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



Highest awards obtained at Palace Exhibition for Design, Tone, Touch and General Excellence of Workmanship. A Seven Years' Guarantee with every instrument.  
**STEAM WORKS AND FACTORY—**  
**TRIANGLE ROAD, HACKNEY.**  
 Show Rooms: LONDON WALL, One door from Moorgate Street, E.C. 308, MILE END ROAD, E. (Nearly opposite the Palace.) 401, MARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.  
 Pianos Repaired or taken in Exchange. Removals by our own Vans.

**ALAN RAPER,**  
 ENTIRELY NEW STOCK  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS,**  
**JEWELLERY,**  
**DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS,**  
**WEDDING RINGS, KEEPERS, &c., &c.**  
 The largest selection in the East of London at Manufacturers' Prices.  
 MONEY LIBERALLY ADVANCED UPON EVERY DESCRIPTION OF VALUABLE PROPERTY.  
**610a, MILE END ROAD.**  
 Facing Trade Square.

**PRESLAND & SONS,**  
 Manufacturers of INVALID CHAIRS on STEEL SPRINGS, with Cushion, from 30/-  
 BASSINETTES WITH REVERSIBLE HOODS, from 21/-;  
 And Mail Carts on Steel Springs, to carry Two Children, from 10/6.  
 Weekly Payments Taken. No Hire System. Estd. over 30 years.  
**PRESLAND & SONS, 493 AND 495, HACKNEY ROAD.**

**Charles Selby,**  
 UNDERTAKER,  
 Complete Funeral Furnisher,  
 Car & Carriage Proprietor,  
**31, CAMPBELL ROAD, BOW,**  
**15, HIGH STREET, BROMLEY,**  
 AND  
**191, HIGH STREET, STRATFORD.**  
 A few doors from Board School.

**W. WRIGHT,**  
 Photographer.  
 NEW STUDIOS:  
**422, MILE END ROAD.**  
 Opposite People's Palace.

MESSRS.  
**C. C. & T. MOORE**  
Respectfully announce the dates  
of their old established  
**Periodical Sales**  
OF  
**ESTATES**  
and House Property.

(Held for 6 years), which are appointed  
to take place at the Auction Mart,  
Tokenhouse Yard, on the 2nd and  
4th Thursdays of the Month,  
during the year 1891 as follows:

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

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

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



**THE ALDGATE  
TURKISH BATHS.**

J. & H. NEVILL.

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

(Next door to Gardiner's.)

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

**F. A. CAPEROE,**  
**MUSIC SELLER,**

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEALER,**

And Professor of the Piano, Organ and Violin,

**85, MARE ST., HACKNEY**

(Near the Morley Hall,

Late of 473, HACKNEY ROAD.

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



**LAMONT CYCLE WORKS,**

BEACHCROFT ROAD,

LEYTONSTONE, E.

**FIRST-CLASS REPAIRER**

by appointment to the C.T.C.

Agent for all Leading Manufacturers.

**HIGH-CLASS MACHINES ON HIRE AND SALE.**

Those about to purchase a machine should  
inspect the newly designed "Lamont"  
Cycles before deciding.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**TAYLOR'S  
HAIR COLOUR RESTORER,**

1/- per Bottle,

Quickly restores Grey Hair to its original colour; is quite harmless, easy of  
application, has a pleasant perfume, assists the growth, and keeps the head  
perfectly free from all scurf and dandruff.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Shake bottle, and with a soft brush apply it every day till the Hair is sufficiently  
dark, then as frequently as is necessary to keep the colour.

**HAIR DRESSER, PERFUMER, AND FANCY GOODS DEPOT,  
15 & 17, JUBILEE ST., COMMERCIAL RD., E.**

**"WANTED."**

ONE AND ALL TO SEND FOR  
THEIR NICKEL SILVER AUTO-  
MATIC PRINTING PRESS, with  
NAME AND ADDRESS STAMP. Com-  
plete, 1/-, can be carried in the waistcoat  
pocket, and is the most useful article ever  
invented, or for your

NICKEL SILVER PEN & PENCIL  
CASE, with your NAME in RUBBER,  
Complete, 7d.

**GIVEN AWAY.**

YOUR NAME OR MONOGRAM  
RUBBER STAMP, for Marking Linen  
or Stamping Paper, 3d.

ALL ABOVE POST FREE.

From CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN  
BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK  
WORKS, 75, Southgate Road, London, N.

**C. C. TAYLOR & SON,**  
**10 & 12, MILE END RD., E.**

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

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

**G. A. GREEN,**  
Fancy Bread and Biscuit Baker,

COOK AND CONFECTIONER,

**339, MILE END ROAD.**

Families Waited on Daily.

HORNIMAN'S TEA is recommended,  
because it is the  
STRONGEST AND BEST ON EARTH.

**GEORGE A. KENDALL,**

**Auctioneer, Valuer, and Estate Agent,**  
**170, EAST INDIA ROAD, POPLAR.**

Sales by Auction of House Property, Furniture, Trade and Farm Stocks,  
at moderate and fixed charges.

Rents Collected and the Entire Management of Estates undertaken.  
Mortgages negotiated. Valuations made for all purposes.

Life, Fire, Plate Glass, and Accident Insurances effected in any of the  
leading offices.

Certificated Bailiff. Monthly Property Register post free on application.

**IF YOU WANT TO KNOW**

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

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

(Almost opposite the People's Palace).

(ESTABLISHED 1874.)

**PRESLAND & NELSON** (late R. M. PRESLAND, junr.),  
Sole Makers and Inventors of the "MARVEL" and "DARNLEY" CYCLES.



("Marvel," No. 1.)



("Rational.")



("Marvel," No. 2.)

The "DARNLEY" SAFETY, wonderful value at 28 10s., and 12 Months' Guarantee given.

Lists Free.

BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, AND SAFETIES ON HIRE.

**Marvel Cycle Works—LYME GROVE, MARE STREET, HACKNEY, N.E.**