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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, October 2nd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

SATURDAY, 3rd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert, admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 4th.—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., free.

MONDAY, 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.

TUESDAY, 6th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 9.45 p.m. (ladies only).

WEDNESDAY, 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. In the Queen's Hall, at 8, National Welsh Choir. Admission, 2d. Students of Evening Classes admitted free.

THURSDAY, 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.

FRIDAY, 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. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Cricket Club Committee in Club-room.

THE Time-table and Illustrated Syllabus of the Evening Classes for the present Session may be obtained at the office.

SOME very good photographs have been taken by Mr. Wright of the various Class-rooms, Queen's Hall, Vestibule, Gymnasium, and Art School. They are cabinet size, and can be obtained at the Bookstall at 1s. each.

OUR class entries on Monday night last, the opening night of the Session, proved to be the largest ever made, and far in excess of last year. Every room in the building was occupied, and during the next few weeks, until the alterations are finished in the old buildings for the Musical Section, they will have a severe strain upon them.

THE Plumber's Class will meet in the engine and adjoining rooms, as their shop will not be finished for another six weeks.

WE are arranging for a Class in Wood-carving on Saturday afternoons, from 2 till 4.30, under Mr. Perrin, the fee for which will be 10s. 6d., the term ending Christmas.

THE Art Classes generally bid fair to be very successful now that they are located in the handsome and commodious rooms in the south front.

THE Students' Library will now be open on Monday and Thursday in each week in the new Club-room.

AS previously intimated, we have a room set apart for the use of the clubs. At least seven days' notice must, however, be given to the secretary of any meeting that may be required to be held in it.

I AM asked to announce that the Hackney Photographic Society intend having an exhibition at Morley Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday, 21st and 22nd inst. Captain Abney, C.B., etc., is to present the prizes on the 22nd. Many of our students would no doubt like to visit this exhibition.

IN answer to many inquiries respecting the Skating-rink, the room is still in the builders' hands, but we hope next week to make some definite announcement as to the day of opening.

I HAVE also been asked if any of our lady members of the Ambulance Class would offer to take a girls' class in the neighbourhood for "first aid." If so, will they communicate with Mr. Osborn?

MRS. SHARMAN commenced her course of lectures on "Household Management" on Monday last. This is an important part of a young woman's education, and the attendance should be much larger than on that occasion, especially as the fee is only one shilling for the twelve lectures.

STUDENTS are reminded that they have the privilege of attending the Wednesday evening entertainments in the Queen's Hall upon producing their passes.

NEXT Wednesday promises to be an unusually attractive night, the National Welsh Choir being engaged.

OUR old friend Mr. Alfred Hollins will be at the organ on Saturday night.

THE course of lectures on "Water Works and Water Supply," by Mr. Forth, commence to-night, the fee for which is 6s.

ON Monday, the 12th inst., Mr. Harold Spender, B.A., will lecture on Oliver Cromwell, to be illustrated by dissolving views. Admission 1d.

WE have been asked if any of our wood-carving students would volunteer to give instruction to a small class of lads in the vicinity. The secretary will be glad if anyone willing to do this will call upon him.

THE journal may be obtained at the bookstall or offices at any time. Students kindly note this.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB: *President*, Robert Lamb, Esq.—The annual general meeting will take place on Monday, 12th October, at 8.45 prompt, when it is hoped that every old member and every intending member will be present. A committee meeting will be held in same room half hour before the general meeting.

R. M. B. LAING, Hon. Sec.

E. A. R. MITCHELL, Assist. Sec.

Science for All.

THE notion that those who only labour with their brain need less food than those who labour with their hands is fallacious; mental labour causes greater waste of tissue than muscular. According to careful estimates, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion. "Without phosphorus, no thought," is a German saying; and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labour which the organ is required to perform. The wear and tear of the brain are easily measured by careful examination of the salts in the liquid excretions. The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is proportionately greater than that of any other part of the body. One-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is only one-fourth of the weight of the body. This fact alone would be sufficient to prove that brain-workers need more food, and better food, than mechanics and farm-labourers.

THE queerest thing about deep-sea creatures is their arrangements for vision. Fish that live at very great depths have either no eyes at all, or enormously big ones. Indeed, there are two ways you may get on in these gloomy abysses—by delicate touch organs, or by sight that collects the few rays of light due to phosphorescence or other accidental sources. Now, as we go down in the water, we find at each depth that the effects produced upon the eyes of fish are steadily progressive in one direction or the other. Species that live at a depth of eighty fathoms have the eye already a good deal bigger than their nearest representatives that live at, or near, the surface. Down to the depth of two hundred fathoms, where daylight disappears, the eyes get constantly bigger and bigger. Beyond that depth small-eyed forms set in, with long feelers developed to supplement the eyes. Sight, in fact, is here beginning to waste away or decline. In the greatest abysses the fish are mostly blind, feeling their way about by their sensitive bodies alone over the naked surface of rock at the bottom. Some of them have still external relics of functionless eyes; in others, the oldest and most confirmed abysmal species, the eye has altogether disappeared externally, though its last representative may still be recognised, embedded deep in the tissues of the head.

BUT many deep-sea fish have a curious system of hollows in the skull or along a line on the body which secrete mucus or slime, and this slime often envelopes them completely, as in a sheet of jelly, from head to tail. Strange to say, it is phosphorescent. Moreover, many other deep-sea species have two sets of organs buried in their skin, consisting of round, shining opalescent bodies, very closely resembling mother-of-pearl. One sort are large and oval, and are placed on the head not far from the eye; the other kind are smaller, and arranged in a series along the body and tail, a pair usually answering to each joint of the backbone. All of them are abundantly supplied with nerves, and they seem to be organs for the production, and perhaps also for the perception, of phosphorescent light. If so, we may suppose that each such fish goes about like a string of glow-worms, or a train of lighted carriages, all the organs along his side or tail shining faintly in the dark, somewhat after the fashion of luminous paint. Dr. Günther suggests that in certain cases the phosphorescence may be produced in a sort of back chamber of the organ, and then emitted in particular directions through the lens in front, precisely as a policeman flashes his bull's-eye on any suspected point.

IT is not long since we were called upon to credit monkeys with language, but now a further draft upon our powers of belief comes in the form of a claim that certain plants are endowed with sight. The evidence, so far, is, on the face of it, apparently good. After all, when it is remembered that the sensitiveness of some plants to touch, and the carnivorousness of others, are established scientific facts, the crediting of visual perception to certain members of the vegetable kingdom is only, as it were, a step in advance. A Mr. King, who has conducted his experiments in India, where vegetable growth is frequently extremely rapid, contends that no other theory will explain the way in which some creeping and twining plants—and especially the convolvulus—grow towards supports which do not stand in their way, but which have, as it were, to be sought for. He says that one day he was seated with one foot against a pillar of a verandah, and that he saw a species of convolvulus that grew near turn slowly towards his leg. In an hour it had actually laid some of its tendrils over it; but Mr. King was then obliged to move. He, however, procured a pole, and placed it, leaning against the pillar, about a foot from the

nearest part of the plant. In ten minutes the tendrils had begun to curve towards it, and in a few hours they had twined around it. He had taken care to put the pole in shadow. The phenomenon cannot in consequence be explained on the assumption that the convolvulus was merely growing towards the light.

TALKING of insect eating and carnivorous plants it may be a matter of surprise that there are no less than five hundred different forms of these "flesh eating" monsters. Scarcely a region is without some representative of them, unless it be the African deserts and Argentine pampas. But as neither of these wide areas has as yet been fully explored, even they may perhaps have in store for us some revelations connected with what is one of the most remarkable of physiological phenomena. In one specimen, a very familiar one, the sun-dew of our bogs, this insect catching is accomplished by means of the numerous hairs, or tentacles, on the leaf, each of the so-called "hairs" being tipped by a gland, which exudes a secretion. So sensitive is this nerveless plant, that the moment an insect lights on it all the hairs seem to become excited, first one and then another bending over to hold it, and by-and-by, the better to secure the little victim, the leaf itself curves round it, several blades, indeed, rendering assistance when a more than usually powerful wanderer has been decoyed, and not opening until the captive has been duly disposed of. It is said that this carnivorous appetite is so natural to the sun-dew, that the yield of seeds is greater in those which have been able to gratify it, than in others which have been compelled to subsist on what their roots extracted from the soil. In short, there is no end to the curious contrivances which may be seen for the catching and digestion, in one way or another, of insects and other little animals. Nor are specks of flesh rejected, though the carnivorous vegetable treats with scorn a grain of sand, a chip of wood, or any other equally unprofitable dish. What purpose this strange and seemingly aberrant habit serves, is still a moot question, notwithstanding the endless observations which have been made on the subject, both prior to Darwin's time and since he wrote his classical work on the subject, now more than sixty years ago. That it benefits the plant is certain, in spite of sun-dews often dying from a surfeit of animal food. On the other hand, many insectivorous species flourish without any such adventitious meals, so that we are left pretty much where we began in our speculations over the origin and final purpose of the curious physiological process.

Railway Reforms.

THE Munich correspondent of the *Evening Post* presented last week a very striking summary of the railway reforms which have been accomplished in Europe during the year just ended. To Hungary he gives the first place, since Hungary pioneered the way in establishing "zone tariffs," radically reducing rates, and relying upon increased business to maintain present dividends. In Hungary, during the year 1888-89, before the new system went into operation, the Government roads carried less than six million passengers, for nine million florins. During 1889-90 they carried thirteen million passengers, for eleven million florins. The average payment for each passenger was reduced to one-half, yet the increased traffic was such that net receipts were increased. During the coming year the same Government proposes to make a similar reduction in freight rates. In the new freight schedules the charges will be increased systematically with the increase of distance. Of course this increase will not be proportional to the distance, but rather to the cost of the service rendered. For distances above six hundred miles the rate per mile will be but one-third as much as for distances less than sixty miles. At the same time this system protects the people of the little towns far more than our Inter-State Commerce Law, where their only security is the provision that the charge for a short haul shall not be actually greater than the charge for a long haul.

FOLLOWING Hungary's example, Roumania has timidly introduced a similar system with satisfactory results. Germany has not yet taken action, but its officials, too, are thoroughly aroused from their bureaucratic complacency. During the coming winter, Bavaria will lay before the German States the proposal for united adoption of a new schedule of passenger fares, in which the reductions range from 25 to 40 per cent. Under this system the second-class fare upon express trains will be one and eight-tenths cents per mile, and the third-class fare one and two-tenths cents. If such reductions as these can be made in Europe without serious loss to the railway companies, there would seem to be considerable justice in the demand in this country that passenger rates here should be reduced.

A Land of Love.

(Continued).

CHAPTER III.

Now, the psychology of it I cannot undertake to explain, but this is the fact: that at the sound of Denise's voice answering, "Oui, Isabel," Stephen Ormizon felt his heart all at once break from its customary easy pace into a quite obstreperous gallop, and the blood rush warm and tingling to his cheeks. Was it due to some peculiar electric or magnetic property resident in the voice itself? Possibly. It was at any rate a sweet fresh girlish voice, and forcibly suggested a sweet fresh girlish owner. Or was it that, all the while, in Ormizon's sub-consciousness, Denise had formed the subject-matter of his conjectures, and that now, at the prospect of an immediate encounter with her in the flesh, his smouldering curiosity, so to speak, leapt into flame? Or may it indeed have been—as Dr. Gluck, in debate with me, has strenuously maintained—a subtle and occult prescience that his destiny was at hand? . . . I simply record the phenomenon, and leave the reader to frame a theory that will satisfactorily account for it.

Denise entered the room, quite unaware of the presence of a strange man, with a question in her eyes, aimed at her companion, as much as to ask, "What is it, Isabel? What did you wish?" She had progressed a yard or two beyond the threshold before she perceived Ormizon. Then she halted, and gave a little start of surprise, and suspended the operation of pulling off her gloves, which she had been engaged in, and waited, an interrogation-point.

"Mademoiselle Personette, permettez-moi de vous présenter Monsieur Ormizon," said Dr. Gluck, with a flourish of the hand. Monsieur Ormizon performed the courtliest obeisance in his repertory. Mademoiselle Personette courtesied, and suffered two starry eyes to shine for a second full upon Monsieur Ormizon's face.

"Denise," Miss Gluck resumed, "it was Mr. Ormizon who advertised in the *Morning News*."

"Oh!" Denise responded; and instantly a change, which it would be hard to picture, came over her entire little person. It was like the sudden precipitation of a frost. It seemed to say, "Oh, I thought you were a friend. But I see—it is only business."

"Yes," pursued the doctor, "you behold before you, in proper person, the redoubtable, the problematical, S. O. Where, then, you wonder, are his bushy whiskers, his lurid nose? I answer, give him time. His name is not Solomon, but Stephen. Neither does he take snuff; but I blush to own, he smokes and drinks. Neither is he an infame Anglais, but a true and loyal son of the stars and stripes. . . . There, S. O., now you may sit down."

Denise looked thoroughly mystified, somewhat amused, and a little embarrassed, as though she could not at all account for the airs of familiarity that Isabel was taking on, but assumed that there must be some sufficient justification for them.

"Enfin," Miss Gluck concluded, "you never heard of so strange a coincidence. Mr. Ormizon called this afternoon to see you about his advertisement; and as you weren't at home, as she had thought when she let him in, Zélie brought me his card. And—and—what do you suppose? I read upon it the name of one of my old and particular friends in New York—Mr. Stephen Ormizon! But 'Oh,' I said to myself, 'it can't really be he.' However, I thought I'd just take a peep into the parlour to make sure; and I did so; and there, beyond a peradventure, he sat, as large as life! Now, what do you say to that?"

Instantly the frost melted, evaporated. Denise smiled, and with a little graceful inclination of the head toward Ormizon, said, "Why, how very strange and—and pleasant!" She spoke with the least trace of a foreign accent, chiefly remarkable in a certain weakness of her *r's*, and in a peculiarly distinct enunciation of the minor syllables that we are apt to blur. Her auditor thought it was notably quaint and pretty.

"You've heard me speak of my friends the Merriwethers—the people I lived with when I was studying in New York?" the doctor queried.

"Oh, yes; many times," Denise assented.

"Well, Mr. Ormizon was as intimate with the Merriwethers as I was, nearly. We used to meet each other at their house regularly two or three times a week. He used to take tea with us every Sunday evening, almost. Don't you remember?"—turning to Stephen. "And the theatre-parties we used to have? And everything?"

"Indeed I do," was his rejoinder. "Those were famous days. I shall always think of them with kindness."

"And so shall I," said the doctor, with a touch of melancholy. "Ah me! But to—to meet you again—this way—it's

almost—it's the next best thing to getting back to them. It's like renewing my youth."

She put out her hand and gave Ormizon's a gentle pressure. He returned it with interest.

Denise, possessing herself of the doctor's other hand, patted it softly, stroked it, then kissed it, and murmured, "Chère p'tite Isabel. . . . But," she added, "you must not think of those times. That was before you knew me. That makes me jealous."

"Oh, you sweet thing!" exclaimed the doctor, putting her arm around Denise's waist. "You have no reason to be jealous. I never knew what real happiness meant till I met you. But there! A truce to sentiment. Let's sit down and be comfortable, and have a good long talk."

She and Denise seated themselves on the sofa, linking their arms together. Ormizon took a low easy-chair, fronting them. The doctor herself supplied most of the good long talk; calling up reminiscences and anecdotes of the old days in New York, and humming tunes from "Pinafore," which had then been at the acme of its vogue. She beguiled in this wise pretty much the entire twilight. Ormizon fixed his eyes upon Denise's face, where they remained, until, fading by slow degrees, it at last vanished in the darkness.

It was a pale, tired little face that Stephen Ormizon saw before him there in the thickening dusk, but a very interesting face, a very pretty and winning face, he thought even a very beautiful face, nevertheless. I own I incline to his opinion; for, as the author remarks, with great penetration, upon page 49 of "A Voice from the Wilderness," "after all, the beauty of a woman's face is ultimately determined by the eyes. If the eyes be truly beautiful they impart beauty to the whole face; if the eyes be other than beautiful, then, no matter how fine, how regular, the other features, the whole face is spoiled." Therefore, applying this rule to the case of Denise: if the warm red of her full and daintily-chiselled lips; if the delicate modelling of her nose and chin; if her low and shapely forehead, snow-white beneath a wealth of waving dark-brown hair; if these did not suffice to make her beautiful her eyes, in my judgment, unquestionably did. Overarched by eyebrows as firm, yet as exquisite, as if pencilled in India-ink, they were large and luminously dark; though whether black or brown it would be impossible to tell. In certain lights, in certain moods, they were indisputably black; a soft, liquid, yet impenetrable black. But quite as often they were two or three shades of colour—a radiant, transparent brown, into which your gaze could plunge fathoms deep and never reach the ethereal fitful fire that burned at the bottom. Yes, they were a lovely pair of eyes; and they illumined and beautified the entire countenance that they pertained to, giving it life and spirit. They were what you would call ardent, passionate eyes. Ormizon says "soulful;" but I can't find the word in the dictionary. When you looked into them you would think, "How that girl could love!" Yet they were wistful, pathetic eyes, aglow with a mysterious appealing sadness; so that you would add, "And how she could suffer, too!" They were dangerous eyes for a susceptible young man to let his own associate with, at any rate; and as Stephen Ormizon beheld them shining in the twilight, upturned upon the doctor's face, he felt strange and powerful forces loosening in his heart and going out towards their possessor. He felt a strange strong tenderness and compassion for her, a vague longing to be something more than a mere acquaintance to her, to make himself in some way of importance, of service, of comfort, to her. And when now and then, wandering a little, her eyes encountered his,—lo! he felt the keenest, the most violent, yet withal the most delicious thrill go darting, quivering, wildly through the length and breadth of his body; and he had to catch for his breath. . . . In straightforward English, though he never so much as suspected it at the time, he was getting his first taste of the intoxicating bitter-sweet of love.

All at once Miss Gluck started up, and cried, "Why, mercy on me! It's gone and got dark; and I never thought of it. I've been so absorbed in hearing myself talk, I never thought to light the candles. Denise, why didn't you remind me?"

"Why, I never thought of it, either," said Denise. "You were so interesting."

Ormizon extracted a box of matches from his pocket, scratched one of them, and asked, "Shall I light these on the mantelpiece?"

"Yes, if you please," Denise replied; and he obeyed, while she busied herself with drawing the window-curtains.

At this juncture the servant, who some two or three hours earlier had admitted him (and whom, as he remembered with much wonder, he had taken to be perhaps Mademoiselle Personette), appeared in the doorway, and announced, "Ces dames sont servies."

"Pshaw!" was his reflection, "I have stayed too long. What will they think of me? Now I must clear out at once." And offering his hand to the doctor, "Well, good-by," he began. "You know how delighted I am to have discovered you, and I hope—"

"Goodness!" she interrupted. "You don't mean that you are going to run away from us like this!" Her air of dismay was unmistakably genuine. "Why, that would be absurd. Can't you—won't you—do stay and take pot-luck with us." Involuntarily his eyes sought those of Mademoiselle Denise. In them he read an earnest appeal to him to do as the doctor wished. For an instant—his heart beat so—he could not speak. In the end he said, "Thank you. You are very kind. I should like nothing better."

They went into the cosiest of little dining-rooms, and arranged themselves around the snowiest of little tables. Denise with her own hands laid a cover for him. Then the servant brought in an inspiring *pot-au-feu*, which they immediately proceeded to discuss.

"Well," declared Ormizon, "I think that this is by all odds the most novel, the most deliciously Bohemian, sort of thing I ever knew of—the way you two young ladies keep house here together. It's so thoroughly independent, such a vast improvement on a hotel or a boarding-house."

"Yes," concurred the doctor, "it's very good fun." "It is charming," added Denise. "It was an inspiration of Isabel's. Ah, if you could compare it with that pension of Madame Minoir's, in the Rue Vanneau!" A little shrug, a little grimace, which Ormizon thought adorable; so piquant, you know, so inimitably Parisian. "N'est-ce pas, Isabel?"

"Oh, don't mention that old dragon of a Madame Minoir," cried the doctor. "She used to steal into our rooms and read our letters; I'm sure she did. But here—why, we're just like husband and wife; aren't we, Denise?"

"Perfectly," Denise responded. "Which is which," Ormizon inquired.

"Now," what a question!" cried the doctor. And thereupon the quasi-conjugal pair went off in a regular gale of laughter, as though it were the funniest joke in the world. It's a wonder how little it takes to excite the risibility of light-hearted young women.

"Well, I suppose you have your interesting little family jars, and curtain lectures, and the whole programme, don't you?" he pursued.

"Nonsense, you cynic. We have never had a single cross word; have we, Denise?"

"Nevair! It has all been honeymoon from the first." "Why, it's hardly credible," he vowed, "both of you being women. I thought women always quarrelled."

"Well, they *are* a quarrelsome lot as a rule, it must be confessed. But you see, Denise and I differ from ordinary specimens of our sex. I'm a doctor, and Denise is an angel. Nobody could quarrel with Denise."

"Oh, tais-toi," cried Denise, colouring. "Mr. Ormizon will think we are a society of mutual admiration." Then, to change the subject, "Where do you live, Mr. Ormizon. In what part of Paris?"

"I live not a stone's throw from you,—around the corner, in Rue Gay-Lussac."

"Is it possible?" put in the doctor. "Rue Gay-Lussac? A howling swell like you? Why, how did you come to choose such an unfashionable neighbourhood?"

"Now, don't call me a howling swell. I object. You'll convey an altogether false impression of me to Mademoiselle Personette. This coat that I have on—it's absolutely the best in my wardrobe, I give you my word."

"Well, then, question, question!" cried the doctor. "Let's see; what *was* the question?" he demanded.

"Why you live in Rue Gay-Lussac?" Denise informed him.

"Oh! Well, because it's the Latin Quarter—the quarter of Murger, of de Musset, of Rodolphe, of Frédéric. I wanted to live in the Latin Quarter for the sake of its traditions, its atmosphere, its associations."

"How funny! Why, it's on that very account that most people prefer to live elsewhere. It isn't considered the *thing*, you know, except for students. We live here because it's cheap. Low rent, you understand. It would be cheaper still, and pleasanter, in Passy, or Auteuil, or somewhere; but then Denise would lose so much time and get so tired, going and coming to and from her lessons."

"Yes; but here it's so interesting; there's so much colour, life, picturesqueness. You feel as though you were right in the midst of the *mise-en-scène* of a romance. Passy, Auteuil, and such places are so frightfully provincial, so dead, and dreary, and out of the world. I should hate to live in Passy. I'd as soon live in Brooklyn."

"You are a man," observed Denise. "You would prefer Passy—you would prefer anything, almost, to the quartier latin, if you were a young girl; is it not so, Isabel?"

"Why is that?" he asked.

"Because in Passy it is possible for a young girl to venture alone out in the street without always being insulted. Here in the Latin Quarter—no; it is not allowed. Each day the young girl is rendered miserable—stared at, addressed, humiliated. Ask Isabel. In other parts of Paris it is not so bad. Here—oh-h-h!" She gave the most charming little shudder. "Every day I must run the gauntlet of these students, who are without heart, without feeling. I would—I would razair die."

"Ra-th-er," corrected Dr. Gluck. "Don't forget your t-h's, Denise."

"By—by—by *Jove!*" thundered Ormizon, eyes flashing, cheeks flushing, fingers clutching dangerously at the handle of his knife. His boiling blood had nearly got the better of him. He remembered himself just in time to steer clear of a stronger adjuration. "By Jove! Do you mean to say that—they dare—to be rude—to you? By G—I—I'd like to catch one of them at it. I'd like to be around when one of them offered to speak to you. I'd wring his neck. I'd break every bone in his body. Oh, wouldn't I like—I—I beg your pardon. I forgot. But—but, good Lord! I never heard of anything so outrageous."

"Vive l'Amérique!" cried Dr. Gluck, waving her napkin, as though it were a flag. "You're a thorough Yankee, S. O. Do you know what a Frenchman would suppose, to see you flare up like that?"

"No. What?" "He'd put you down for a lunatic. Respect for an unprotected woman, provided she's young and pretty, would be proof positive of lunacy to the way of thinking of an average Frenchman. Wouldn't it, Denise?"

"Yes; that is so," acquiesced Denise. "Women are fair prey; especially on the left bank of the Seine."

"Every day she comes home perfectly exhausted,—sick with mortification and anger," said the doctor. "I tell her she ought to follow the example of the eels, and get used to it; but she doesn't. They don't bother *me* much, though. So there are some compensations for being old and ugly."

"Old and ugly!" echoed Denise, with withering scorn. "You old! You ugly! Why, you are as beautiful—as beautiful as—"

In default of a simile, she kissed her hand, and tossed the kiss across the table to the doctor.

"As one of your kisses, do you mean to say?" queried the doctor, maliciously.

"Oh—you—oh!" stammered Denise, all blushes and confusion.

Ormizon took a sip of wine. No sooner had he done so, than a smile of pleasure lighted up his face. Miss Gluck noted it. "You like it?" she questioned.

"Perfectly delicious. I never tasted anything approaching it. Such a peculiar, spicy flavour. What is it?"

"A cousin of mine sent it to me from Bulgaria, where he was travelling. It has rather a dark and sinister name. It's called Turk's Blood."

"Why, that's very romantic and picturesque, I should say," he remarked, emptying his glass.

Denise refilled it for him.

"And," Miss Gluck went on, "my cousin wrote, the natives have a curious little ceremony that they practise whenever a bottle is uncorked. . . . Let's see. How does it go, Denise?"

"Why, you remember. 'What is this?' asks one. . . ."

"Oh, yes. Well? And then?"

"Why, how funny that you should forget! Another replies, 'It is Turk's blood.'" This Mademoiselle Denise rendered in a chilling stage-whisper. "Then let it flow freely, they all shout in chorus."

"It strikes me the Bulgarians are a very sensible people," said Ormizon, and carried his glass to his lips.

"Now, then, a toast, a toast!" called the doctor. "All good things are three, the Germans say. Let us then baptise our triple alliance."

They clinked their glasses, and drank the toast with enthusiasm.

Presently, "You have never been in America, Mademoiselle Personette?" Ormizon inquired.

"Hélas, no. And I suppose I shall never go."

"Why hélas? Do you mean that you would like to?"

"Oh, I should love it. I should be delighted."

"Indeed? Is that so? Why, that's rather odd."

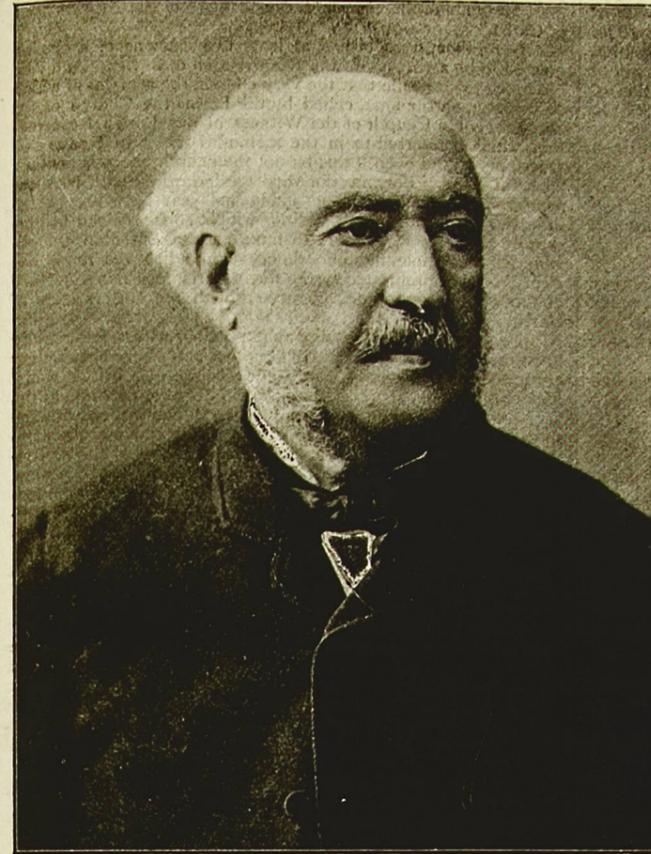
"Odd? How?"

"Why, most French people, especially Parisians, find their own country sufficient unto itself. They have no desire to travel."

(To be continued)

Women's World.

o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, leaving her children in the gutter for Providence to look after?



JULES SIMON.
(From the Review of Reviews.)

FACTORY life for women is, I suppose, one of the necessary evils of the fierce present-day struggle for existence; it is also one from which it is hard to see "the way out." Perhaps, however, the dawn of the twentieth century, little distant though it be, may bring in its train better conditions in respect to what is a subject of the utmost capital importance. Great as have been the achievements of the Victorian era, with its introduction of steam, its revolution of industry, its change in the methods of labour, its increase, a hundredfold, in the number of manufactured products, and its practical annihilation of time and space, what, however, are all these compared to the price that has been paid?

JULES SIMON, writing of "Women and Work" in France, holds that the greatest of the miracles of the century, but the most disastrous is to have again separated man from woman by enlisting both in his service. He says, "ever since the discovery has been made that women can attend to machines as well as men, and cheaper, women have ceased to be wives and mothers, they have become operatives, mere 'hands,' their moral character no longer counts, only their physical value."

THE question, of course, is principally that of bread-winning; the husband in many trades is not able to earn sufficient to keep the family in the barest necessities. There are thousands of fathers in the Yorkshire textile trade who do not average more than sixteen shillings per week, and out of their labour employers are amassing large fortunes. But however much one may recognise the present necessity (and this question is quite apart from that of the dependence *vs.* independence of woman on men for the necessaries and comforts of existence), there are few of us who would not rejoice if some change were possible in the conditions of working women that would obviate the banishment of a large majority from the home. How is it possible for a woman to turn to account the treasures of tenderness and devotion with which God has filled her heart, if she is shut up every day in a factory, from six

THAT some change was necessary is proved by the steps already taken to limit the hours of labour of women and children, but factory doctors tell a sad story of the incurable complaints engendered by the arduous labour involved, and what is true of the loom, is, *mutatis mutandis*, equally true of many other occupations in which women engage.

It is difficult, as I have said, to suggest a remedy. Certainly drastic change is impracticable, but surely it is not without the bounds of reason to ask for the very simple reform in factory regulations which would permit a woman to clean her modest room, to make the beds, to prepare the dinner, to attend to the clothes, to see her children in broad daylight, to assure herself of the progress of their education, and, by her mere presence, prepare their hearts to love goodness. To ask this is to ask society to protect itself against the greatest danger it has incurred for many centuries.

So far good, maybe; but after all has not Jules Simon only touched the fringe of the subject and left entirely unconsidered the real *crux* of the question, which is one that impinges upon our modern civilisation at every point? I mean, of course, the relation of Capital and Labour, or to put it on a broader basis still, of Man to Man. Into this, however, I cannot at present enter.

THIS question is treated at length in a charming little book entitled "My Life and What shall I do with it." The writer seems to have the capacity for viewing the question from more than one side, so I will let her speak for herself: "A great source of immediate suffering and terrible temptation to sins would be removed if women could earn a fair livelihood by their own labour. But when employment is obtained for them not by any increased demand for labour, but by sharing the work now done by men of the same class, this is to deprive a certain number of men of a certain amount of work and wages, to give it to an equal number of men and women—a measure of little utility to the class as a whole, and of still less justice, when men have already learnt, and are living by their trade. Then the effect of introducing more

workers into any trade, when there is no demand for more work, is that all inferior hands—just those who find it hardest to maintain themselves, and are most in danger of falling into the lower orders—are thrown out of work, and the wages of all reduced. This would be the case if the new hands were men. But women's work is always cheaper than men's—women can live on less—and therefore can afford to sell their labour more cheaply. If, therefore, women introduced into the trade can do the work really as well, the manufacturer must require his men to work at a still further reduction of wages. It seems a little hard to speak so severely of the jealousy some men have shown at admission of women into their business. Their objection was, not that women should have the same chance as they had of earning their twenty shillings or thirty shillings a week, but because they knew very well the effect of women learning their business would be that their own wages would at once be lowered, and continue to fall till the level at which women can do work was reached. The husband's labour is to keep wife and children from want; the wife's care and love are to cheer him and lighten his toil, and to keep him from temptation by that best of all human supports—a happy home. Is it not, therefore, suicidal to attempt to save these women by effecting a change in the labour market, which, so far as it operates at all, must operate directly to prevent their marrying, or to destroy all chance of comfort when married? How can marriage be happy if the wife is the bread-winner? By turning over watch-making from men to women you deliberately make it impossible for those men to support their families, for those women to do their part as wives and mothers. If the telegraph clerk, at sixty pounds a year, is to be replaced by a clerk at forty pounds, what good will it do them when they marry? Or what is to become of the wife he has, or was going to have as soon as he could furnish his house? But if the company can get the same work done for forty pounds, for which they now pay sixty pounds, all their clerks must go or take the lower salary. And, after all, it is a joyless life these women lead, working all day, with no home at night; for what home can a woman have who has no one for whom to arrange and tend it but herself?"

Where was Christ Buried?

IN a recent issue of this paper I gave the gist of recent speculations, tending to show that the present reputed sites of Calvary, and the Tomb of Christ, are founded on error. The argument there laid down is said by the writer in question (Murray's Magazine for September) to receive corroboration of a most remarkable and convincing kind, when the position of the Tomb of Christ is considered. At the western base of the hill, which is believed to be Calvary, there has, within the last few years, been discovered a rock-cut tomb. It stands in a garden almost within a stone's throw of the summit of the mound, and for many centuries it has been completely concealed from view, by the accretions of earth and soil which had overlaid it. The best way to approach it is this. You proceed about fifty yards along the Damascus road, then turn off to the right up a narrow lane, with a newly-built wall on your left hand. A short distance up this lane, an arched gateway is seen on the right-hand side. You push open the wooden door, which is never fastened, and you find yourself within the garden. At the northern end of this garden is the rock-cut tomb; and, after the most painstaking research and investigation, I have come to the conclusion that there can be said to be actually not a link missing in the chain of evidence which connects this tomb with the Sepulchre of Christ.

THE points are (1) that the tomb can be shown never to have been finished. It is a large rock-cut tomb intended for at least four bodies, one, and one only receptacle finished, and that has been once occupied. This, taken in connection with the circumstances of the Crucifixion, is significant; moreover, the writer states that after examining many rock-cut tombs in Syria and Palestine, this is the only one which he has ever seen which was never completed, and yet has been occupied.

(2.) The tomb was hewn at or about the time of Christ. After a little experience in Syrian rock-sepulchres, one is able to determine, without difficulty and with a considerable degree of accuracy, the period at which any particular tomb was excavated. Thus, we can tell at once whether it was Phœnician or Canaanitish, Early Hebrew, of the times of the Kings, Herodian or Christian. And this tomb is certainly of the period known as Herodian. That is to say, it was constructed during the time of the Herods, or, in other words, about the time of Christ.

(3.) It was intended for Jewish occupants. This is proved by the fact of the "head cavity" being turned towards the East. Jews were buried with their heads at the East; Christians with their feet in that direction. Moreover, Christian rock-cut tombs invariably have a cross, either embossed in alto-relievo, or carved in bas-relief. This tomb has no such cross, and therefore it cannot be, as some have imagined, an Early Christian grave.

(4.) Although intended for Jewish occupants, it was employed for the interment of some one who was worshipped and revered by the Early Christians. A close inspection reveals the fact that the tomb has been used as a place of Christian worship, and has, in fact, been a Christian Chapel. One of the receptacles is seen, upon examination, to have been an altar! And immediately above it, on the face of the East wall, nearly effaced, unfortunately, by time and weather, but still clearly traceable upon careful investigation, is a highly remarkable and significant fresco. It is painted with pigments similar to those at Pompeii, and bearing evident marks of an antiquity reaching to the earlier centuries of the Christian era. The fresco bears an early Christian cross, which may almost be said to speak for itself. What explanation can be offered for the marvellous fact of a Jewish tomb being used as a Christian sanctuary, for the celebration of the most sacred Christian rites in the early ages of Christianity, with the Cross itself and the sacred monograms inscribed upon its walls, except that Christ himself was buried here?

(5.) But this is by no means all. On the other side of the narrow lane by which we approached the garden with this rock-cut tomb in it, we pass through another doorway into an enclosure which now belongs to the Latins; and here, too, is the entrance to another series of rock-cut tombs. These are all, undoubtedly, Christian, for the sunken or embossed cross is to be seen on every one. Now, these Christian tombs extend underground, beneath the narrow lane; and careful measurements have revealed the fact that they adjoin the tomb which we are now discussing on the north and west sides. There is, in fact, scarcely more than a foot's breadth of solid rock between these tombs and what I have called the Tomb of Christ. This, again, is a matter of deep significance; for it shows that the Early Christians, for some reason of their own, encompassed this tomb with their own sepulchres. In these Christian tombs were found two memorial stones, which almost appear to settle the question. Upon one of these stones, which was broken and nearly

illegible, were nevertheless deciphered the following words in Greek: "Buried near his Lord." The other, which is in good preservation, contains this inscription: "To Nonus and Onesimus, Deacons of the Church of the Witness of the Resurrection of Christ."

Here, then, were buried at least two deacons of a church erected to be a witness of the Resurrection of Christ. And is it too much to conclude that the very church, the remains of which still exist upon the spot, called by the Latins the Church of St. Stephen, is the Church of the Witness of our Lord's Resurrection, which is referred to in the memorial tablet to Nonus and Onesimus? And even if this be not the church, there is another close at hand. For, in the very garden where the rock-cut sepulchre stands, excavations made last year have brought to light the foundations of a building, which, so far as can at present be ascertained, appears to have been a Christian church. Indeed, the whole neighbourhood surrounding the tomb has clearly been appropriated by the Early Christians, as a sanctuary of the most early import, connected with the Resurrection of Christ.

Does it not seem strange that possibly whilst for century upon century human passions of the worst kinds have been raging around the traditional Calvary and Tomb of Christ; whilst human blood has been shed profusely in disputes concerning the supposed shrine of Christendom; whilst in connection with the so-called Holy Sepulchre every sort of insult and blasphemy to the Holy Jesus has been perpetrated in the name of Jesus Himself; there, all the while, unknown and unsuspected by man, yet seen by angels and guarded by God, may have been the true Calvary and the true Sepulchre of Christ, undecorated, unpolished by human quarrels, human bloodshed, and human superstition?

Behold, Thou Art There.

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me."—Ps. cxxxix., 9, 10.

IN the midst of the mighty city
And the trampling of many feet,
In the chilling looks of strangers
Crowding the busy street,
There comes the sound of a whisper
To the listening, gladdened ear;
And Thy children are not lonely,
For they know that Thou art near.

In the midst of the silent forest
Unstirred by a passing breeze
Where the autumn has stripped the branches
Of the cold and barren trees,
Thou comest with noiseless footsteps;
And those who have cried to Thee
Can feel Thy presence beside them
Though they have not eyes to see.

In the peaceful abode of pleasure,
Where the happy love of throng,
Thou comest with smile benignant
And listenest to the song.
In the darkened home of weeping,
When the heart is sick and sad,
Thou comest with words of comfort,
Making the weary glad.

Thou comest on wings of morning,
Over the land and sea,
On the mountains and in the valleys,
Wherever Thy children be;
Thou comest with the night's dark shadows,
And stay'st through the noon of day:
And wherever Thy pilgrims travel
Thou dost preserve their way.

We give to Thee thanks, O Father,
That we never can be alone;
That our loves are so well love-guarded,
And that Thou dost attend Thine own;
Stay with us Lord, forever,
In brighter or darker days,
Till we meet in the many mansions,
Singing Thine endless praise.

—Marianne Farningham.

NEVER despair of success. Even the drowning man will reach land at last—if he keeps on sinking.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be Given on SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4th, 1891.

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

AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.

- 1. FANTASIA AND FINALE (Sonata, No. 10) Rheinberger
2. HYMN "Art thou weary, art thou languid"
3. PRIÈRE ET BERCEUSE Guilmant
4. VOCAL SOLO "The Child's Prayer" W. Beltridge
5. AIR, with Variations and Finale Fugato ... Smart
6. HYMN ... "Jerusalem the Golden" ...
7. { a. COMMUNION Guilmant
b. INTERMEZZO Chipp
8. RECIT AND AIR "Angels ever bright and fair" Handel
9. CONCERT-STÜCK IN A MINOR AND MAJOR ... Spark

AT 8 P.M.

- 1. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN G MAJOR Bach
2. ABENDLIED B. Jackson
3. MINUETTO Calkin
4. MARCH of the Israelites Costa
5. SELECTION ... from "Gallia" ... Gounod
6. OFFERTOIRE upon two Carols Guilmant
7. ... { a. "O had I Jubal's lyre" } ... Handel
b. "Sing unto God" }

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

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(4th Concert, 5th Series)

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3RD, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR TO THE PEOPLE'S PALACE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

ORGANIST—MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

VOCALISTS—MISS EDITH MERTON (by kind permission of R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq.), MADAME OSBORNE WILLIAMS, MR. RECHAB TANDY, MR. ALFRED MOORE.

PART I.

1. ORGAN SOLO Overture ("William Tell") ... *Rossini*
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.2. SONG ... "Blow high, blow low" ... *Dibdin*
MR. ALFRED MOORE.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main mast by the board;
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stor'd
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear;
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore to be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be to think on thee,
And this shall be my song:—
Blow high, blow low, etc., etc.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh and think on thee;
And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,
The burden of my song shall be,
Blow high, blow low, etc., etc.

3. SONG ... "Killarney" ... *Balfe*
MISS EDITH MERTON.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays,
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Footprints leave on many strands,
But her home is surely there.

Angels fold their wings and rest
In the Eden of the West,
Beauty's home—Killarney.
Heaven's reflex—Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints,
Ev'ry rock that you pass by
Verdure broiders or besprints.

Virgin there the green grass grows,
Ev'ry morn springs natal day,
Bright-hued berries doff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.

4. ORGAN SOLO ... *Gounod*
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.
*Lemmens*5. SONG ... "The Bay of Biscay" ... *Davy*
MR. RECHAB TANDY.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge show'rs,
The clouds were rent asunder,
By lightning's vivid pow'rs;
The night was drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

At length the wish'd for morrow,
Broke through the hazy sky;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror in the crew,
As she lay, all that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heav'n all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent;
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O!

6. SONG ... "Tears" ... *Cowen*
(Organ Obligato—MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.)
MADAME OSBORNE WILLIAMS.

There are tears of little children
Who weep and know not why,
There are tears let fall by the old folk,
Dreaming of days gone by,
There are tears in the eyes of lovers,
Who dumb and despairing part,
But those are the best and truest,
That come from the very heart.

There are tears of joy and gladness
When two parted meet again.
There are tears that are shed in secret,
Wrung from the soul in pain.
There are tears of pity priceless
As Gems in the Crown of a King,
For the eyes are the flowing fountains,
The heart is the hidden spring.

Father when Thy bright angels
Look down from on high and see
The frailty of these Thy children
Who look not up to Thee;
When the angel that recordeth,
Shall write in the book of years,
Remember, O Lord, our sorrows,
And count unto us our tears.

7. SONG ... "A Soldier's Song" *Angelo Mascheroni*
MR. ALFRED MOORE.

The soldier's life is ne'er from danger free—
We must ever be the first in love and bravery;
We heed not the warning, once for others said:
"Look not upon it when the wine is red;"

We never think it right for us to beware
Of lips so rosy, of maidens so fair.

No, no!
Ah! from perils and dangers all we ne'er will flee,
We must ever be the first in love and bravery;
Black eyes and blue eyes, all must surrender.
They ne'er could resist love so tender,
Ah no! ah no!

Ah! now the charge the trumpets sound,
And the bullets are whistling round;
On to the bayonets bright in the thick of the fight,
We gallop to victory. And when the fight is o'er
We think of our darling's face once more,
And pour out a flagon of wine, yes, a flagon of wine,
And drown all our care like a soldier.

Though fighting in a foreign land we may fall,
We're aye ready to respond to our country's call;
Glory or death's our watchword on the field,
Fiercest foes and countless ne'er shall make us yield.
No wonder that we're victors in every strife
When for home and beauty we offer our life,
Hurrah!

Ah! from perils and dangers all we ne'er will flee,
We must ever be the first in love and bravery:
Black eyes and blue eyes all must surrender.

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

8. DUET "Scherzo Capriccioso" (by desire) *Guilman*
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS AND MR. ORTON BRADLEY.9. SONG ... "A Spanish Gipsy" ... *Watson*
MISS EDITH MERTON.

Merry hearted gipsies, from the south we come,
O'er the ocean sailing, every land our home;
Free as air we wander 'neath the greenwood shade,
Where the wild flowers' perfume mingles in the glade.
Fortunes we tell, as onward we roam,
And Donna or Don respond to our call;
"Welcome!" they cry, "O daughter of Spain."
La bella gitana is welcome to all! halo! halo!

Halo! 'tis the gipsy who comes from Seville,
Where orange and citron trees perfume the grove.
Halo! cross my hand, and I soon will reveal,
A fate that shall breathe but of joy-bells and love.
When twilight is spreading o'er the world,
And sheep-bells are calling the flock to fold,
Then hasten we homeward, seeking rest,
Till morning is waking each bird in its nest.
Halo! Halo!
Halo! 'tis the gipsy, etc.

10. NEW SONG "The King's Mere" *Martyn Van Lennep*
MR. RECHAB TANDY.

Beyond the palace gardens, from the busy world apart,
There lies a lake of silver, within the mountain's heart,
The sunlight shines upon it, and a boat rocks on the tide,
While at its helm a King doth sit, a maiden at his side.
She is weeping, she is weeping, she is kneeling by his knee,
"Goodbye, goodbye! forget me! I am not meet for thee."
But he kissed away her streaming tears, he clasped her to
his side—
"Sweetheart, I'd give my kingdom, if thou could'st be my
bride."

There are revels in the palace, there's feasting long and gay,
The King hath wed a Princess fair, and brought her home
to-day;

There's dancing, song, and laughter, and all the place is
fair,
With the clank of spur and sabre, and the gleam of beauty
rare.
And far away across the mere, the mocking echoes ring,
And the little maiden murmurs, "'tis the wedding of the
King."

The moonlight lies across the mere, upon the shore he
stands,
Where is the little boat they lov'd, he calls and waves his
hands.
The night wind only answers, no sweet voice makes reply,
There in the moonlit waters, he sees the maiden lie;
He knelt him down amongst the reed, he drew her to the
shore—
"I lov'd thee once, I love the still, I'll love thee evermore."
He kiss'd her lips, those silent lips, "O love my days to be;
Sweetheart, I'll give my life and crown to be at rest with
thee."

11. ORGAN SOLO... Improvisation ...
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.12. SONG ... "Flight of Ages" ...
MADAME OSBORNE WILLIAMS.

I heard a song, a tender song,
'Twas sung for me alone,
In the hush of a golden twilight,
When all the world was gone;
And as long as my heart is beating,
As long as my eyes have tears,
I shall hear the echoes ringing
From out the golden years.

I have a love, the love of years,
Bright as the purest star,
As radiant, sweet, and wonderful,
As hopeless and as far,
I have a love, the star of years,
Its light alone I see,
And I must worship, hope and love,
However far it be.

It is the love that speaks to me,
In that sweet song of old,
It is the dream of golden years
These petals white enfold,
And ev'ry star may fall from heav'n
And every rose decay,
But the ages cannot change my love,
Or take my dream away.

13. SONG ... "The Dear Homeland" ... *Slaughter*
MR. ALFRED MOORE.

The land was sweet with sunshine after April rain ;
There were blossoms in the woodside, sang the birds
again.
But my heart cried out in longing, all was sad to me ;
And I wonder'd if 'twas springtime far across the sea.
In the dear homeland, far across the sea,
I wondered was it springtime where I lov'd to be ;
Did the sunlight shine on the old sweet strand,
Were the birds of April singing in the dear homeland ?

I could not find the blossoms that at home all grew,
And I missed the happy dear ones that of old I knew.
There were kindly faces round me, but they knew not
me,
And I wonder'd if they miss'd me far across the sea.
In the dear homeland, far across the sea,
Did they wonder was I happy, did they dream of me ?
Did they sometimes long just to clasp my hand,
Or perchance was I forgotten in the dear homeland !

The audience are particularly requested not to walk about the hall or talk during the performance of any song or piece of music.

ADMISSION—THREEPENNE.

STUDENT'S POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS (Under the Direction of MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and MR. C. E. OSBORN).

PROGRAMME OF SELECT CONCERT BY THE

CARDIFF NATIONAL WELSH CHOIR,

TO BE GIVEN ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7TH, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Proprietor and Manager C. EMLYN JONES, R.A.M.

PART I.

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Sabbath Evening Chimes" *Skeaf*
MR. GRASON HOPE. That was long and long ago, you were summer, dear, you know,
I was love, you told me so, in the glad June weather.
2. CHORUS ... "Love and Summer" ... *John E. West*
CHOIR. Long ago, but joys begun, in that haunt of shade and sun,
Like its flowers have overrun, all our years together.
Tho' life's winter now we see, you are summer still to me,
And my love transcends for thee, all its promise olden,
One in heart and aim below, when for us the Amaranth
blow,
Hand in hand, dear, may we go thro' the gateway golden.
3. SONG ... "Thy Sentinel am I" ... *Watson*
MR. D. AQUIAL JONES. Thy sentinel am I, I guard thee night and day,
Nor friend, nor foe, may come or go,
Whilst I command the way.
I love the watch I keep ! 'tis all in life to me ;

I dreamt I cross'd the waters, for my heart cried "go ;"
It was springtime, and the dear ones they had miss'd me so.
They came with smiles to greet me, and to me it seemed
My heart with joy was breaking in the dream I dream'd.
I awoke once more—on my way I went,
And my soul is overflowing with a deep content ;
In the dear homeland, far across the sea,
They remember me, they miss me, and they pray for me !

14. SONG ... "Sing, Sweet Bird" ... *Ganz*
MISS EDITH MERTON.

Sing, sweet bird, and chase my sorrow,
Let me listen to thy strain ;
From thy warblings I can borrow
That which bids me hope again.
Hover still around my dwelling,
There is pleasure where thou art ;
With thy tale of love thou'rt telling,
Say who can be sad at heart ?
Sing, sweet bird, etc.

Morn, and noon, and dewy even,
Anxiously for thee I'll wait ;
Come, thou chorister of heaven,
Cheer a soul disconsolate.
So shall time fond thoughts awaken,
Joy once more shall live and reign,
And the harp so long forsaken,
Yield its dulcet notes again.
Sing, sweet bird, etc.

15. ORGAN SOLO Grand Chœur in A... .. *Salome*
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

The wind and rain both rage in vain, my thoughts are all of
thee.
Thy sentinel am I ! and sweet the watch I keep ;
Nor friend, nor foe, may come or go,
So sleep, my lady sleep.

There is a watchword sweet, thou givest from above,
'Tis e'er the same, thy cupid's name, e'en simple, simple,
"love."
Thy sentinel am I, I guard thee night and day,
Look down and throw a smile below, nor say me, dearest,
nay.
Thy sentinel am I ! and sweet the watch I keep,
Nor friend, nor foe, may come or go,
So sleep, my lady sleep.

4. SONG "The Miller and the Maid" *Marzials*
MISS NELLIE HILL.

Can't you stay one tiny moment? said the miller to the
maid,
As she went alone the shallow in the twinkling alder's
shade ;
For I've so much to tell you, and you always say me nay,
And with such a pretty bonnet, Oh, you take my breath
away ;
For hey dear, you are so pretty.—She turned and answered
low,
That's just what cousin Dobbin says, but brother Bob says
no ;
If you've nothing more to tell me then, Oh, miller let me
go,
For my mother's making girdle cakes, and waits for me, I
know.

Oh, but that's not it at all (he said), the miller to the maid,
And he tried to see her pretty face, beneath her bonnet
shade ;
For Oh, I'm so unhappy from that Twenty-third of May,
When you came here for my wheaten best, and stole my
heart away ;

For I love you, Oh, so dearly.—She turned and tried to go,
That's just what cousin Dobbin says to every girl I know ;
If you've nothing more to tell me then, Oh, miller let
me go,
For my mother's making girdle cakes, and waits for me, I
know.
Brother Bob and cousin Dobbin, said the miller to the maid,
And he saw her pretty face at last, beneath her bonnet
shade ;
I'm dying all for love of you, and what am I to do,
If I cannot get the marriage lines, and go to church with
you ;
And it's now you know it all, he said, so bless you dear, and
go,
Oh miller, miller, wait a bit, I need not hurry so,
If you've something more to tell me then, you can tell me
as we go ;
And he'd nothing more to tell her, yet he told it her I know,
For one never tires of telling, Oh, sweetheart, I love you so.

5. RECITATION ... Selected
MISS ALICE PRYCE JONES.

6. QUARTETTE "Good night, Beloved" ... *Pinsuti*
MISS POLLIE COLLINS, MADAME L. E. JONES,
MESSRS. C. E. AND D. A. JONES.

Good night, good night, beloved ! I come to watch o'er
thee !
To be near thee, to be near thee, alone is peace for me.
Thine eyes are stars of morning, thy lips are crimson flowers,
Good night, beloved, while I count the weary hours.

7. SONG ... "Mentra Gwen" *Songs of Wales*
MR. C. EMLYN JONES.

Am danat ti mae son Wenaf Wen
O Fynwy fawr i Fon Wenaf Wen,
I'r castell acw heno,
Rhaid iti droi a huno,
Hen deulu iawn sydd ynddo,
Dadi Mentra, Mentra Gwen.

O'th flaen mae mynydd maith, Wenaf Wen
Gwell iti dori'th daith, Wenaf Wen,
Wel yn fy mraich gan hywy,
Yr awn gan benderfynu,
Fod yn y castell lety,
Dadi Mentra, Mentra Gwen.

Fi pia'r castell hwn, Wenaf Wen,
Fi elli fyw mi wn, Wenaf Wen,
Yn wraig yn Nyhastell Crogen,
Iw barchu ef ai berchen,
A Chymer fi'un y fargen,
Dadi Mentra, Mentra Gwen.

8. SONG ... "The Gift" *Behrena*
MADAME L. E. JONES.

A mother was watching on Christmas night
Rocking her babe by the candle light,
And she lifted her eyes in the gathering gloom,
For the Christ-child stood in her lowly room.
What shall I give to thy child? he said,
Softly caressing the sleeper's head,
Nay! said the Mother O angel guest,
Give her whatever thou deemest best.

What shall I give her, O mother mild?
Ask what thou wilt for thy little child.
Shall I kiss her brow, that her eyes may shine,
With a beauty that men will call divine,
Shall I touch her lips that they may flow,
With songs the sweetest the world may know,
Nay, said the mother, that will not stay,
Songs are forgotten and hair turns grey.

But what shall I give her? he said again,
Ask, and thou shalt not ask in vain.
And the mother lifted her eyes above,
Give her purity, truth, and love.
And the Christ-child turn'd to her, soft and mild,
"Thou hast chosen the best for thy little child ;
Be not afraid tho' life be sore,
I shall be with her for evermore."

9. SONG ... "Serenade" *Gounod*
MISS POLLIE COLLINS.

When the voice of thy lute at the eve charmeth the ear,
In the hour of enchantment believe what I murmur near,
That the tune can the age of gold with its magic restore ;
Ah ! play on, play on, my fair one ; play on, play on for
evermore.

When thy laugh, like the song of the dawn, riseth so gay,
That the shadows of night are withdrawn and melt away,
I remember my years of care and misgiving no more,
Ah ! laugh on, laugh on, my fair one ; laugh for ever-
more.

When thy sleep, like the moonlight above lulling the sea,
Doth remind thee in visions of love perchance of me,
I can watch as in dream that enthralled me never before ;
Ah ! sleep on, sleep on my fair one ; sleep on for ever-
more.

10. CHORUS ... "A Spring Song" ... *Pinsuti*
CHOIR.

I sat beneath the abeles old, the meads were short with green and gold,
And underneath my feet there roll'd, the little silv'ry gad;
The cuckoo and the thrush were singing, singing, singing,
The sheep bells on the hills were ringing, ringing.
All life was gay and glad.
The busy babbling waterfall melodiously kept time to all,
The rich may music mystical ton'd to the freshening air,

Each ripening bud that open flies seem'd gasping with a gay surprise
To greet a world so fair.

O lovely, lovely, lovely spring;
O rob'd in sunbeams I bridegroom king!
Breathe on my heart and bid me sing,
Or rather praise and pray;
For emblems are these sunny hours,
These golden meads, and streams, and flowers,
Of everlasting May.

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

11. CHORUS... "When Rooks Fly Home" ... *F. L. Moir*
CHOIR.

When rooks fly home at the fall of eve,
And the sky is red with departing day;
When the owl her home by the barn doth leave,
Then lovers stroll through the woods away,
And whisper of hope, and of golden hours,
And build a palace, and rear a shrine,
Which fancy decks with a thousand flow'rs,
While holy faith makes all divine.

When rooks are hushed at the fall of eve,
And the sky is lit with the moon's fair smile;
When the buds are kissed by the dewdrops bright,
Then lovers part for a little while.
To dream as they sleep of one most dear;
While angels guard them, and close their eyes,
And pray that love may be always near,
To lead them ever through Paradise.

12. SONG ... "Off to Philadelphia" ... *Hayne*
MR. D. AQUILA JONES.

My name is Paddy Leary,
From a shpot called Tipperary,
The hearts of all the girls I am a thorn in,
But before the break of morn,
Faith, 'tis they'll be all forlorn,
For I shtart for Philadelphia in the morning.

Refrain.

Wid my bundle on my shoulder,
Faith, there's no man could be boulder,
I am laving dear ould Ireland widout warning;
For I've lately took the notion
For to cross the briny ocean,
And I shtart for Philadelphia in the morning.

There's a girl called Kate Molone,
Who I hope to call my own,
And to see my little cabin floor adorning;
But my heart is sad and weary,
How can she be Missis Leary,
If I shtart for Philadelphia in the morning?

Refrain.

Wid my bundle on my shoulder, etc.

When they towld me I must lave the place,
I tried to kape a cheerful face,
For to show my heart's deep sorrow I was scorning;
But the tears will surely blind me,
For the friends I lave behind me,
When I start for Philadelphia in the morning.

But tho' my bundle's on my shoulder,
And there's no man could be boulder,
I am laving dear ould Ireland widout warning;
Yet some day I'll take the notion
To come back across the ocean,
To my friends in dear ould Ireland in the morning.

13. SONG ... "Y. Gardotes Fach" *Songs of Wales*
MISS MARY JENKINS.

Hi ddaeth yn y boreu, pan dor-odd y wawr
Yn blentyn bach prydfeth a disglauer ar lawr,
Ond ffrydian y dagrau o'i llygaid yn lli.
Can's tenau newynog, a charpiog oedd hi,—
Disgynau y glwlaw yn yr heol ar daen
Er hyny nis gallai ei hattal yn mlaen;
Cardota yr ydoedd ei mam yn y bedd
A hithau yn llefain yn brudd iawn ei gwedd.
"Fy mam! fy mam! O pa le mae fy mam!"

Daeth nawn; ac ochenaid yr enaid tylawd
Oedd boen i bob glust a ai heibio ar rawd;
A gwthid hi ymaith gam rywan o hyd
Wrth brysur ymdeithio ymylon y stryd,
A hithau yn wan a blinedig ei llun,
Mewn hiraeth digalon an orphwys a hun:
Ond cartref ni feddai—a'e 'llygaid glas tlws
A wylai pan lefai with aml i ddrws,
"Fy mam! fy mam! O pa le mae fy mam!"

Daeth nos, a ryw angel tosturiol ar rawd
Wrandawai ar lef yr amddifad dylawd
Ac atti dynesodd pan angeun y fan,
A ddygai ei holaf anadliad oedd wan—
"Tyr'd gyda fi blentyn—cei wared o'th gam
A dygaf di acw lle gweli dy fam."
Murmurodd ei henw agorai ei min
Fel rhosyn fon marw ar wlawog oer hin:—
A'i hysbryd chedodd i'w ganlyn yngia,
I wlad lle seraphiaid sy'n canu yn llu
Darfyddodd pob gofid distawodd trist lef,
A hithau a ganai yn nghanol y nef.
"Fy mam! O fy mam! dacw mam! dacw mam."

14. RECITATION ... Selected ...
MISS ALICE PRYCE JONES.

15. WELSH QUARTETTE "Cwynfan Prydain" *John Thomas*
MISS POLLIE COLLINS, MADAME L. E. JONES,
MESSRS. C. E. AND D. A. JONES.

Cwynai Cymru pan yu colli
Mil o'ddewrion gloewon gledd,
Cwynai Cymru, wed i yny,
Wrth roi Glyndwr yn ei fedd;
Ond are fedd au'r dewrion nyny,
Mae Augylion Hedd yn Lle,
Er ys oesoedd yn dad ganu
Cydgan rhyddid Cymru gu.

Cwynai Cymru weld cyfeillion,
Yn ei gwawdio yn ei chefn,
Cwynai hefyd, weld ei meibion
Yn bradychu'n hiaith drachefn!
Ond mae heulwen, wedi Codi
Ar ein hiaith ac ar ein gwlad,
Ac mae miloedd eto'n moli
Iaith a moesau, Cymru fad.

Cwynai Cymru weld ei thelyn,
Heb un llaw i ddeffro'i thant
Gweld yr awen gyda deigrin
Ar ei grudd am fil o'i phlant;
Ond mae'r deigrin wedi'i sychu
Hen delynau'n fyw o gan
Gyda myrdd o leisiau'n canu
Hen alawon Cymru lan.

16. SONG ... "By the River" ... *Wadhams*
MR. C. EMLYN JONES.

We were straying by the river, in the summer long ago,
And we watch'd the lilies quiver in the sunny stream below,
And you clasp'd my fingers tightly, as I pray'd our lives
might run
Like the river ever brightly, till the setting of the sun.

As the distant bells were ringing o'er the meadows bright
and gay,
So the little river, singing, seem'd to hurry on its way;
It went rippling thro' the dingle, it went laughing thro' the
dell,
And its music seem'd to mingle with the chiming of the
bells,

I am standing by the river, I am standing here alone,
But the lilies only shiver, and the river seems to moan.
I am weeping broken-hearted, for the summer time is o'er,
And the hands that now are parted will unite again no more.

17. SONG ... "Sing, Sweet Bird" ... *Ganz*
MISS POLLIE COLLINS.

Sing, sweet bird, and chase my sorrow,
Let me listen to thy strain,
From thy warblings I can borrow
That which bids me hope again;
Hover still around my dwelling,
There is pleasure where thou art,
While thy tale of love thou'rt telling,
Say who can be sad at heart.
Sing, sweet bird, let me listen to thy strain;
Ah! sing, sweet bird.

Morn and noon, and dewy even,
Anxiously for thee I'll wait,
Come, thou chorister of heaven,
Cheer a soul disconsolate;
So shall time fond thoughts awaken,
Joy once more shall live and reign,
And the harp so long forsaken,
Yield its dulcet tones again.
Sing, sweet bird, let me listen to thy strain;
Ah! sing, sweet bird.

18. SONG ... Selected ...
MR. GRASON HOPE.

19. CHORUS ... "Men of Harlech" ... *Banly*
CHOIR.

Men of Harlech in the hollow,
Do ye hear, like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow
Battle's distant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be thy knights, or hinds, or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground.
Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under;
The placid sky, now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder.
Onward! 'tis our country needs us,
He is bravest he who leads us,
Honour's self now proudly heads us,
Cambria, God, and right!

Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow;
Who would think of death or sorrow?
Death is glory now.
Hurl the reeling horseman over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover;
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow.
Strands of life is riven,
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven.
Men of Harlech, young and hoary,
Would you win a name in story,
Strike for home, for life, for glory,
Cambria, God, and right.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ADMISSION ... TWO-PENCE

STUDENTS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CLASSES FREE ON PRODUCTION OF THEIR PASSES.

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 9.0. 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 lavatories and cloak rooms at the Palace. 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 ad., 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, Eleme...	Mr. A. Grenville	Friday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv. & Hons.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Chem., Inorg., Theo., Ele...	"	Tuesday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Prac., Adv.	Mr. D. S. Macnair,	Friday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Org., Prac.	Mr. F. G. Pope	Monday	8.15-10.0	10 6
" " Inorg. & Org., Hons. and Special Lab. Wk. I	"	Monday	8.15-10.0	7 6
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low	M., Tu., Fri.	7.0-10.0	15 0
" " Adv.	"	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Elem.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low assisted by Mr. F. C. Forth	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv.	and Mr. F. G. Castle	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. J. W. Martin	Tues. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " II.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Prac.	Mr. F. G. Castle	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Magnetism and Elect. Elem.	Mr. W. Slingo	Monday	8.0-9.0	2 0
" " Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 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	9.0-10.0	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.
 † Half Fee 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
" " "	"	Mon. & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville & Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklyr.	Monday	7.0-10.0	5 0
*Electrical Engin., Lecture, Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slingo, and Mr. A. Brooker	Thursday	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Mech. Engineering, Lec. (Pre.)	Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott	Monday	7.30-8.0	14 0
" " Workshop	"	Monday	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	65 0
" " Workshop	"	Monday	8.0-9.0	28 6
*Printing (Letterpress)	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Tailor's Cutting	Mr. A. Umbach	Thursday	8.30-10.0	6 0
*Sign Writing & Graining	Mr. J. Sinclair	Monday	8.30-10.0	7 6
" " Workshop Class	"	Friday	8.30-10.0	5 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1892). † Per Term.
 ‡ Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject, 6 12d. 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 Trade 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.
Ambulance	Dr. R. Milne	M. 4 Jan. 1892	8-9.30	1 0
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
" " Intermediate	"	"	7.0-8.30	7 6
Milinery	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

* Per Course.

Commercial and General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Ambulance (First Aid)	Dr. R. Milne	Mon. 2 Nov.	8.0-9.30	1 0
Arithmetic—Advanced	Mr. A. Saril	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
" " Commercial	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" " Elementary	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elementary	"	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. Mitchell	Mon. & Th.	6.30-8.45	1 0
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	5 0
" " Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
French—Beginners	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Elementary	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Intermediate B	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Intermediate A	"	Tuesday	7.30-8.30	4 0
" " Advanced A	"	"	8.30-10.0	4 0
" " Conversational	"	Friday	7.30-10.0	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. † Per Course.

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 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 Mr. H. J. Bateman	Tuesday & Friday	"	"
*Drawing from th' Antique	"	"	"	"
*Decorative Designing	"	"	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"	"	"
*Drawing from Life	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
*Wood Carving	Mr. Dancels	Mon & Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Art Metal Work & Engraving	"	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Painting in Oil & Water Color from Copies, Still Life, etc	Mr. Arthur Legge	Saturday	2.0-4.30	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.

(Under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.)

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Choral Society	Mr. Orton Bradley	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
Singing	ley	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	Th. & Th.	0.0-9.30	215/-
♫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 (Old Boys)	Mr. A. Robinson	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6
P. P. T. S.	"	Thursday	8.30-10.0	2 0

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 b In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

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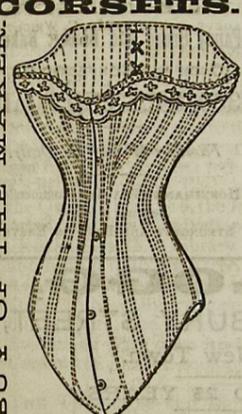
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