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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, October 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.
- SATURDAY, 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. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert, admission, 3d.
- SUNDAY, 11th.—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, 12th.—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., Lecture by Harold Spender, Esq., M.A., on "Oliver Cromwell." Admission 1d. Gymnastic Display by Girls in the Gymnasium at 8. Women only admitted. Admission, 3d.
- TUESDAY, 13th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 9.45 p.m. (ladies only).
- WEDNESDAY, 14th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8, the Metropolitan Volunteer Minstrels. Admission, 2d. Students of Evening Classes admitted free.
- THURSDAY, 15th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- FRIDAY, 16th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. 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.

THE first of the season's Popular Lectures for the people will be given on Monday next at 8 p.m., by Harold Spender, Esq., M.A. Subject: Oliver Cromwell, illustrated by dissolving views, admission, 1d. Also the first display of the season will be given by our girls in the new gymnasium on Monday, the 12th inst., at 8 p.m. Women only admitted. Admission, 3d.

OLD BOYS' HARRIERS' CLUB.—Last Saturday the above club met at Walthamstow for their usual run. Starting from the head-quarters at Walthamstow we made our way to Woodford, thence to Hale End and Chingford Church, Chingford-road and Billet-lane, home, after a run of about ten miles. On next Saturday the first paper-chase will be held.

G. W. AMOR, Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.—A 90 Yards Consolati on Race was held in the bath, on Wednesday, September 30th. Results—Heat 1: F. J. Harvey, 17 sec., 1; W. E. Newman, 15 sec., 2; E. Watson, 22 sec., 3; Bilby, 20 sec., 0; Hobart, 25 sec., 0. Won by a yard. Time, 1 min. 27 sec.

Heat 2: F. Emerson, 22 sec., 1; E. Green, 17 sec., 2; T. H. Fox, 20 sec., 3; Winter, 19 sec., 0; Goodwin, 30 sec., 0. Won by 2 yards. Time, 1 min. 33 sec. Heat 3: T. Tozer, 18 sec., 7; E. Cavalier, 13 sec., 7; T. Simmonds, 15 sec., 3; Irons, 20 sec., 0; Orchard, 25 sec., 0. Dead heat for first place. Heat 4: W. Regan, 14 sec., 1; H. Ellis, 17 sec., 2; Goulston, 22 sec., 3; A. Gough, scratch, 0; F. E. Simmonds, 17 sec., 0; Schafer, 18 sec., 0. Won by a touch. Owing to a mistake, this heat had to be swam twice. Time, 1 min. 25 sec. Final heat to be swam on Wednesday. The Palace were well represented last Thursday at the Unity S.C. entertainment. J. Regan swam in the 150 yards Amateur Championship of London, finishing fourth, his sister, Miss Annie Regan, doing better than he, starting from scratch in the Ladies' Handicap, she took first prize, Miss N. Wenmouth, Polytechnic Ladies S.C., 5 sec. start, finishing second. In the 100 yards Junior Championship of London H. T. Bosanquet was the winner, W. E. Emerson finishing third, both junior boys of the Palace. Am also pleased to hear of the success of E. Cavalier, who won third prize in Professor Gooch's Entertainment, also on the same night F. Emerson won second prize at the Rotherhithe Baths. On the previous Monday, F. E. Symmonds won the first prize in the Dreadnought S.C. 60 yards race. Now that we have got such a good club we ought to arrange some plan of keeping the members together during the winter. General Meeting on Monday, October 12th, 9 p.m. Our first annual dinner will take place in a week or two.

H. ELLIS, Hon. Sec.

TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday, September 26th, about 45 boys visited Messrs. Cook's soap-works. We met at Bow Church, and placed ourselves at the command of a boy "who knew the way." Of course he took us the wrong way, and we had to come back. When we arrived we were divided into two groups—one with all the second-year boys and Dr. Macnair, and the other with the first-year boys and Mr. Grenville. We first went to the room where the fat from the butchers is kept. Below this room are the coppers where the fat is boiled down. After the liquid fat has been poured off, the "meat," as it is termed, is placed in an iron box, and the fat is all squeezed out of it by hydraulic power. This fat is then placed in coppers to cool and solidify; when it is cold it is a yellow colour, and has plenty of flies in it. We then went to the room where the soap is scented and stamped for toilet use. The scent is not put in while the soap is hot, as it is found that a lot is lost, but the soap is rolled into very fine ribbons, upon which the scent is placed. After being scented these ribbons are put into a machine something like a sausage machine, which presses them together again. This soap is then cut into pieces of the requisite size and stamped, after which it is allowed to dry. Here we were all promised a piece of soap. Then we went to the carpenter's shop where we saw them making the boxes in which "Cook's Lightning Cleanser" is packed. It is extraordinary to see how quick two men make a box; one man makes the ends and the other nails the pieces of wood, to form the box, together. Here also we saw them stamping the maker's name on the side of the boxes by means of a hot plate with the name raised on it. From here we went to the stables; some of the horses live upstairs, the way up being a staircase with very low steps strewn with tan. Leaving the horses to enjoy their rest we proceeded to the part of the works devoted to the production of household soap. The fat is placed in large vats with various chemicals and boiled for a certain time. When it is cooled it is

cut into large slabs, which are allowed to dry before being cut into bars. We next went to the packing room where the soap is stamped and packed; here each of us received a specimen tablet of "Cook's Lightning Cleanser." We next visited another toilet soap department where the soap is stamped for sale by particular chemists; here most of the boys tried if they could stamp a piece of soap as well as the man in charge. We then proceeded to the room where vans are loaded with soap for distribution throughout the kingdom. The Chemical Laboratory has now to be visited; here specimens of everything that leaves the works are tested. Leaving here we were ushered into a nicely furnished room, on the table of which was a large quantity of buns, lemonade, and ginger-beer. Each one had a bun, and a bottle of ginger-beer or lemonade, besides the cake of toilet soap that was promised at the beginning of the ramble. After giving three cheers for Mr. Cook, we dispersed, and more than one boy thought that it was one of the best rambles we have had.

V. POOLE.

GYMNASIUM NOTES.—I have much pleasure in chronicling this week the receipt of a very handsome shield in metal bearing a weird design, the explanation of which, so far, I am not in possession of. There has also arrived at the Palace a simple but very ornamental cup. These works of art have been presented by the Central Gymnastic Institute of Stockholm, in commemoration of the visit of the Palace gymnasts in May last. The shield is intended for the team, and the cup for our worthy instructor, Mr. H. H. Burdett. Both of these gifts are now to be seen in the gymnasium, and it is intended to mount the shield on an oak frame and the names of the team will be inscribed thereon in "letters of gold," or something to that effect, and will no doubt be inspected by future generations with feelings akin to awe. Our instructor, Mr. Burdett, has written to our friends thanking them for these kindly tokens, and I take this opportunity of doing so through the medium of our *Journal*. The following gentlemen are requested to meet Mr. Burdett at the office to-morrow at 3 p.m. sharp:—Messrs. Foreman, Tucker, Pantrey, Chipps, Box, Norford, H. R. Jones, and Turtle. A gymnastic display will be given on Saturday, the 17th instant, at the Goldsmiths' Institute at New Cross. All members desirous of taking part therein are requested to attend regularly for practice.

F. A. HUNTER.

WE are glad to learn that considerable improvements are to be made immediately in the Electrical Engineering Section. Although good work has been done with the existing accommodation, it has become evident that more room is necessary. The present laboratory is to be connected by means of a spiral staircase with the Lecture Hall overhead, in which the class lectures are in future to be delivered. The laboratory will thus be released for its legitimate purpose. Large additions are to be made to the apparatus, including a new alternating current dynamo, secondary cells, etc., and it is hoped that our embryonic electrical engineers will take full advantage of the increased facilities which will thus be afforded them for pursuing their studies.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—*Conductor*, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—Practices are held, as usual, on Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 to 10 o'clock. On Fridays the select choir meets at 7.30. Members are requested to attend regularly and punctually, as we have a great deal of work to do. At present we are practising "Samson" and "Elijah." The date of the concert at New Cross is not fixed yet. Voices wanted in all parts except soprano. Those with good voices and who can read music well, from either sol-fa or staff notation, are requested to apply to the conductor or secretary at any practice if they wish to join the society. The general meeting of the society was held on Friday, October 2nd, when the following committee was appointed:—Secretary, Mr. Cockburn; Librarian, Mr. Thomas; Committee, Mrs. Murray, Miss Clifford, Miss Roberts, Mr. Westover, and Mr. Comer. A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the committee for their services during the past year.

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

A WOMAN worth her weight in gold is worth waiting for.

THE more you puff a cigar, the smaller it becomes. And this is the case with some men.

The Fecundity of Sea Fish.

DR. WEMYSS FULTON contributes an interesting paper on this subject in Part III. of the "Annual Report of the Fishery Board for Scotland" in respect of 1890, wherein he states that the fecundity of over a hundred specimens of fish, comprising thirty-nine specimens, has been determined. The degree of fertility varies to an extraordinary extent among different fishes, and according to the size of the individual. The ling produces a greater number of eggs than any other fish, twenty to thirty millions being an ordinary average among medium-sized and large specimens. On the other hand, the pipe-fish brings forth each season only a few hundreds, the eggs being taken charge of by the male, which carries them about in a compartment of its under surface. The cod produces from two or three to seven or eight millions of eggs, the haddock from two or three hundred thousand to nearly a million, the saithe from four or five to seven or eight millions, the torsk or tusk from about one to two or three millions. In the herring the number ranges from about twenty to about fifty thousand, the average for sixteen specimens examined being over thirty thousand, showing a considerably greater fecundity than has been generally supposed. Among flat-fish, the most fertile is the turbot, with from three or four to nine or ten million eggs, and the least so the long rough dab, which produces from about thirty to sixty thousand. In proportion to its size, the flounder produces more eggs than any other fish, the number ranging from over five hundred thousand to about one and a half million eggs. The common or English sole is also very fertile.

St. James's Gazette.

IN the world without and the world within,
He maketh the old things new;
The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,
Shall flee from the gate when the King comes in,
From the chill night's damp and dew.

Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,
On earth new blossoms spring;
The old life lost in the life divine,
"Thy will be mine, my will be Thine,"
Is the song which the new hearts sing.

The Girl of the Period.

SHE is pretty, she is witty; she can trill a dainty ditty,
Like a lark high up in heaven, when day has just begun;
She can guess your hardest riddle,
Play a jig upon the fiddle,

Knows every language living, and every language dead,
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She is charming (even alarming, to an inexperienced swain),
With her silver, rippling laughter, and her fleeting glances bright;

She can flirt, though no one taught her,
For she's Eve's own darling daughter;
She can fascinate and flatter, she can woo and she can wed,
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She is handy with her racquet, knows the dark horse and can back it;

She manipulates a mallet so, croquet is well worth while;
Poses both as saint and sinner,
Designs menu cards for dinner,

And unravels social problems to the last long kinky thread;
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She can drive a tandem flying, give a broker points on buying;
She can box and fence, and bowl and row, and ride and swim and walk;

She can sketch from nature nicely,
In a gown that fits precisely;
Reads Tolstoi in the original, and Schopenhauer in—bed;
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She's a graduate from college, a compendium of knowledge,
With the spirit of the hour and age she's everywhere in touch,
But if without a warning,
The cook leaves in the morning,

In spite of all her learning she will wish that she was dead,
For she can't make bread;
No, she can't!

A Land of Love.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III—continued.

"Ah, yes. But you forget. I am not all French. I am one-half American, Anglo-Saxon."

"True. Still, you have grown up in France, amid French influences; and I should suppose that in your feelings, your sympathies, you would be essentially French, despite your American blood."

"Ah, well; that depends. In some things, yes, you are right. In others, no. In patriotism, yes; I am French to the core. In war, I would fight for my country to the death. When we have our revenge with Germany, I will wish I was a man, to be a soldier, to kill those barbarians, those tyrants—oh! But in many ideas I am thoroughly American; or, as you say, Anglo-Saxon. In my heart there comes, when I speak the word *America*, a warm glow of love. It was the country of my mother. Though she lived in France twenty, twenty-five years, she was always American, never French."

"Down deep," averred Dr. Gluck, "Denise is an out-and-out Yankee. She has the American character, which is the important thing. But it's coloured and warmed up by the French temperament, which is undeniably an addition. Now, you take the matter of reading. If anything has an influence in shaping a person's character, reading has; and she reads English pretty much all the time."

"Ah, indeed! Are you really fond of our literature?" he asked. "In general the French are so indifferent to it."

"Oh, to me, it is by far the best. It is that which I mean when I say that in many ideas I am Anglo-Saxon. It is the English literature which moves me most deeply, which has most to do with forming my opinions."

"So that, in a certain sense, you have adopted the Anglo-Saxon point of view?"

"Yes; what you call the Anglo-Saxon feeling about life. French literature—it is the spirit of it which I do not like. If it is not cynical, pessimistic, then it is sentimental, goody-good. If it is not extravagant, bombastic, then it is insipid, sickly-sweet. If it is not Daudet, it is Malot; if not Hugo, Lamartine. We have in French no Howells, no Emerson, no Browning—nothing so healthy, so tonic, you know."

"Well, I don't know whether I could subscribe to your condemnation of French literature. Daudet, it seems to me, is a great artist; and then you have left out Halévy. What could be healthier or more charming than his *Mariage d'Amour*? But I'm very glad to find that you like ours. And the three you mention—Howells, Browning, Emerson—are they your favourites?"

"How can any self-respecting woman forgive Howells, after he let Dr. Breen go back on her profession!" cried Dr. Gluck.

"Yes, especially Browning," said Denise, in answer to Ormizon. "They are yours also—no?"

"Well, I had an Emerson phase—yes. I don't read him much nowadays, though. Browning I have never tackled."

"Oh! You have never read Browning!"

"Not more than ten lines. It took me so long to understand them, I got discouraged. I'm not sure I really did understand them, even now."

"Oh, I wish I were in your place!"

"Why?"

"You have such a world to conquer, such a feast awaiting you. Why, do you know, there is in life no other pleasure equivalent to that which one enjoys in reading Browning?"

"No. I didn't know it," he replied, amused, yet also charmed, by her fervour. "Is it so? It's a pretty sweeping statement."

"Yes; but it is true,—literally, absolutely true. He lifts you into a new atmosphere; he vivifies you. Oh, when you read him, you feel so exhilarated, so exalted! He makes you thrill and tingle through and through. He is—really—without exaggeration—he is the greatest poet that has ever written,—greater than Dante, greater than Shakespeare, even. You look incredulous. You don't believe it. Wait till you have read him. You will say so, too."

"In what does his greatness especially consist?"

"Oh, in many things. But especially—I believe especially in his wisdom. Wisdom, I mean, in the scriptural sense. His insight, his deep knowledge, his unfeeling love, of the truth,—the fundamental, the essential, the permanent, truth of human nature and life. He pierces down to the very marrow, the quick, the core, of human nature. There is not, apparently, a single human experience which he has not—how, you say?—plombé?—fathomed: not a single doubt, fear, hope, temptation, aspiration,—in fine, emotion. By the force of his imagination, he has tasted all the joys, endured all the agonies, achieved all

the heroism, committed even all the sin, of which human nature is capable. He knows, he comprehends it all."

She paused. Ormizon impulsively exclaimed, "Go on, go on."

"Well, that is what I mean. Maybe I do not make it very clear. But—well, this is the point: you will find somewhere in Browning a voice, an expression, for every feeling, for every mood, that you can have. All your own vague, nebulous thoughts, you will find them precisely, eloquently stated. All your own unutterable feelings, you will find them uttered for you. And in such a virile, vigorous style; so nobly, so beautifully, so melodiously. Oh, you—you must read him right away. You will wonder, after you have read him, you will wonder how you have ever lived without him. He is so satisfying, so consoling, so inspiring. Why, for me—why, if I have to choose between giving up Browning and giving up all the rest of literature and art,—music, painting, everything,—I shall not hesitate for an instant. He is like a prophet, like Isaiah,—only greater,—much, immeasurably, greater."

Colour had mounted to her pale cheeks. Her brown eyes burned with eagerness, earnestness. Her voice vibrated with feeling. Ormizon thought that he had never beheld anything half so beautiful, never heard anything half so eloquent, as Mademoiselle Denise in this moment of enthusiasm.

"I shall certainly apply myself to Browning forthwith," he said. "I had always imagined that he was affected, pedantic, obscure, tedious,—I don't know what all."

Denise sprang up, as though she had been stung. "Just wait an instant. I will show you," she cried, and ran out of the room.

"You see, you've got her started," said Dr. Gluck, smiling. "She—she—she is—"

He stopped himself. "Adorable" was the word at the tip of his tongue. He suppressed it, and left his judgment of her for ever unrecorded.

"Yes," assented the doctor, "she's a great enthusiast."

"And you—are you too a Browning-phile?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, no. I don't go in for poetry. Landolt on the eye and ear is poetic enough for me."

Denise came back, carrying a book in her hand.

"Now," she explained, "of course his best things are long—too long to read aloud. But I will just read you one or two of his little songs, just to give you a taste, you know, to whet your appetite."

Then she read "Misconceptions," "In a Year," and "Mesmerism." When she had done, Ormizon confessed that it was without exception the most beautiful poetry that he had ever heard; though I suspect his admiration was occasioned rather by the reader and the reader's way of reading than by the intrinsic merit of what she read. Indeed, I suspect that if she had read as many of Edward Lear's nonsense verses, or of Martin Tupper's philosophical proverbs, Ormizon would have accounted them triumphs of the poetic art.

"Well," said Denise, "you will take this book home with you, when you go, will you not? and then you can read it by yourself, and study it; and then, I am sure, you will be as much of an enthusiast as I am."

After dinner they went back to the salon.

"Now, Mr. Ormizon," said the doctor, "I know that you are dying to smoke. Therefore, please light your cigarette."

He obeyed with thanks.

"Sabel, will you not play a little?" asked Denise.

The doctor sat down at the piano, and played with a good deal of dash and spirit Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz."

After which, "Now, Denise," said she, "it's your turn." Very delicately and intelligently, in a sweet, fresh, nicely-trained mezzo-soprano voice, to the doctor's accompaniment, Denise sang Gounod's charming barcarolle, "Dites la jeune belle."

Pretty soon after she had finished, Ormizon bade her and the doctor good-bye.

The melody of the barcarolle rang in his memory all night long.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day was Sunday.

Ormizon, usually an early riser, did not wake up till nearly ten o'clock. That, however, was natural enough; for he had not fallen asleep till very late the night before. He had tossed from side to side, in an unwonted state of excitement, for two or three hours after he went to bed. His insomnia he attributed to the coffee he had drunk after dinner.

Even now, advanced as the forenoon was, he did not at once forsake his pillow. He reached out of bed, and procured a cigarette from the table near at hand. Then he lay still, smoking, gazing at the ceiling, absently noting how the cracks thereof seemed to shape themselves in queer, uncanny physiognomies, and thinking over his visit in the Rue Soufflot.

The sensations that accompanied this effort of memory were exceedingly agreeable. On the whole, he told himself, it had been as pleasant an evening as he had ever passed in his life. How strangely, how surprisingly, the whole thing had befallen! And how delightfully! How far he had been from anticipating anything like it, when he had started out to respond in person to the note from D. Personette! Are these happenings which we call accidents,—are they really accidental? Or, as one would like to be able to believe, is the hand of Providence in them, after all? What—what a dear good creature Dr. Gluck was! So genuine, so simple-minded, so cordial, so warm-hearted! A veritable child of nature; yet always a lady, always a gentlewoman, despite her excess of animal spirits, despite her profession, despite her tendency toward the Bohémienne. And Denise—ah!

At the thought of Denise, a host of unspeakable emotions, very delicious, yet provocative of great unrest,—of a strong keen longing for—what?—for something that he could neither name nor describe,—began to stir turbulently in his bosom.

"Denise!"

He pronounced her name. Then he drew a deep long breath, every inch of which thrilled him through and through. Then he took a puff at his cigarette, and pronounced it again:

"Denise!"

How frail, how dainty, how exquisite, how—how—how adorable and fascinating she was! And how—what—what a shame it was that she should have to slave her life away, and put up with all manner of hardships and humiliations, in order to earn her meagre livelihood! And how pitiable, how pathetic, her position, alone in the great world, without father or mother, kith or kin—with no one but her friend the doctor to depend upon for sympathy, for counsel, for protection! Oh that there were some way in which she might do something to render her lot easier and happier!

Those little shapely white hands of hers,—what wouldn't he give for the privilege of holding one of them a little while in his! And that mysterious passionate appealing fire that palpitated deep in her eyes! And her voice, and that delicate touch of a foreign accent! And those poems,—how charmingly she had read them! And that barcarolle,—how bewitchingly she had sung it!

"Di-tes la jeu-ne belle, où voulez-vous aller?" He hummed the tune of it softly to himself.

But suddenly he started to a sitting position; and his face took on an expression of perplexity.

"Well, I declare!" he muttered, half aloud. "Well, I never heard of anything quite so idiotic!"

He had just recalled a ridiculous little circumstance; namely, that he had totally omitted, and forgotten to discuss with D. Personette, the business that had brought about their meeting. He had not so much as broached the subject of the copying of his manuscript.

But now his mind misgave him. It was in scorn of himself that he cried, "What! Shall I—great, strapping fellow that I am—shall I—because I dread the labour, the fatigue, the drudgery of it—shall I let that delicate little girl wear herself out over it? Shall I shirk my task, and let her perform it?—throw down my burden, and let her take it up? Isn't she heavily laden enough already? How pale and tired she looked,—poor little thing, dear little thing! And do I—do I want to see her grow paler and still more tired, slaving for me? Oh, shame!"

He had wrought himself into quite a fine frenzy of indignation, before it occurred to him to remember that she no doubt very much needed the money. By even this consideration did not altogether allay his pangs of self-reproach. If there were only some means by which he could make the money hers without allowing her to do the work! Alas! he cudgelled his wits in vain. He could conceive of none.

"No," he concluded, "I suppose I shall have to let her do it. It goes horribly against the grain. I never shall be easy in my conscience, so long as I think of her breaking her back in my service. But there's no way out of it—no escape from it. So . . . Yet—yet—ah! I know what I'll do! I—I'll pay her—I'll make her take—twice—three times—what I should have to pay another. . . . Yes, I will. I'll say that the regular price for such work is—let's see . . . well, a franc the hundred words. She's never done any copying before, and won't know the difference. Yes, sir; that's what I'll do. That's a great idea. Di-tes la jeu-ne belle, où voulez-vous aller?"—his relief at having solved the problem finding vent in a jubilant burst of song.

He got up and dressed; drank his coffee, which had grown stone cold, waiting for admittance on the floor outside his threshold, where Désiré, the garçon, had left it some hours

earlier; dashed off a prefatory letter to his mother, recounting among other things, in a casual fashion, the events of yesterday, went around to an Etablissement Duval in the vicinity for his breakfast; and finally, at about two o'clock, presented himself at Mademoiselle Personette's door.

"Ah, monsieur," the servant said, with an accent of commiseration, "the ladies are not at home—are gone out to walk."

"Oh, is that so?" he faltered.

Here was a contingency for which he had made no allowance. His spirits dropped many fathoms. The bitterness of his disappointment was significant, though its significance he did not yet understand.

"You don't know where they have gone?" he asked, inspired by a forlorn hope.

"Ah, no, monsieur. They did not say."

"Well, please tell them that I was here," was his last request, in a sinking voice; and, turning about, he set his dejected face towards home.

But when he reached the corner of the Boulevard St. Michel, and saw the greenery and whiffed the freshness of the Luxembourg Gardens across the way, he changed his course. No; why should he go home? he asked himself. Why not enter and stroll for a little, over there under the trees?

It was a mellow summer afternoon—bright sunshine, soft, sweet air. The gardens were alive with people—with many sorts and conditions of men and women, all industriously amusing themselves according to their several tastes; tidy old ladies seated in the shade, gossiping and doing needle-work; white-mustachioed gentlemen, puffing their cigarettes, reading their newspapers (if a French journal can be called a newspaper), exchanging their vociferous opinions anent public affairs; rosy-cheeked children, in bright-hued dresses, with frantic warwhoops and wild explosions of laughter, dashing hither and thither at their games, like flashes of coloured lightning; sturdy peasant nursemaids with their charges; soldiers in their regimentals, priests in their cassocks, students with their serviettes, tourists with their guide-books; but principally, it seemed to Ormizon, lovers with their sweethearts. Yes, every other young fellow had his pretty girl clinging to his arm, smiling into his eyes: the contemplation of which spectacle made our hero feel acutely his own singleness, and brought him a realising sense that it is not good for man to be alone,—roused, that is to say, a hunger for like companionship in his own bosom, just as the spectacle of one's neighbour enjoying a toothsome dainty will whet one's own appetite for food. . . . A state of consciousness that was perhaps intensified by the warmth and the fragrance of the weather.

"Ah me, if they had only been at home!" he was sighing sadly to himself.

"Why, Mr. Ormizon!" suddenly a familiar voice called out. His heart gave a great suffocating leap.

"Why, Mr. Ormizon!" the doctor repeated. "How perfectly delightful!"

Denise did not speak; but she raised her eyes to his, and smiled.

Neither did Ormizon speak. His voice and his vocabulary, together with his presence of mind, had deserted him. He doffed his hat, and bowed his lowest. At last he contrived to stammer forth, "I—I have just left your house. I—I just called upon you."

"Oh! And found us out! That was too bad. But—but how did you know that we had come here?" the doctor wondered. Did Zélie tell you? No: she couldn't have. She didn't know. Though, of course, if we had dreamed that you were going to call, we should have left word."

He sought to disguise his perturbation under excessive volubility:

"It was my lucky star which guided me. I was going home to chew the cud of my disappointment in solitude, when an impulse, an inspiration, prompted me to turn in here. It's a striking instance of telepathy. I shall make a record of it, and transmit it to the Society for Psychological Research."

"Really?" questioned the doctor, literally. "Do you really think so?"

"Oh, you must not make fun of the Society for Psychological Research," cried Denise, laughing. "Isabel is a member."

"Oh, then you were only joking!" said the doctor, reproachfully. "You ought to be ashamed."

"We have come for the music," Denise went on to explain, "and to see the people, and everything. It ought to begin very soon now, ought it not?"

It began next instant. The band struck up the familiar strains of the Turkish Reveille.

(To be continued.)

Athletics in Theory and Practice.

I.—TRAINING NOTES.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE has a capital little article in the *New Review* entitled "Training: its Bearing on Health." Training, he holds, is framed with the view of attaining the following objects: First, the removal of superfluous "flesh," or, in plain language, fat; secondly, increase in size and "betterment" in the quality of the muscles; and thirdly, increase of resistance to fatigue, or "staying power." The ground has first of all to be cleared of rubbish, then muscle must be built up, and, lastly, stability must be given to the structure.

His first word of warning is that the war against the "flesh" should not, however, be carried on too ruthlessly, or dangerous exhaustion may result. Individual differences of organisation must be taken into account, for there are men whose soundness seems to depend to a certain extent on their fat, as Samson's strength did on his hair; under intelligent training they may make serviceable athletes, but if reduced too far or too fast they "go to pieces." The most important of training, however, is the development of staying power.

GENERAL principles underlie the preparation for any kind of athletic exercise, though each sport has its own special code of training rules. Taking rowing as an example (and it is a fair one for general purposes), he urges that much of the harm which used to be laid at its door was in reality attributable to the injudicious system of training which candidates for aquatic honours had to go through not so very long ago. The rules as regards diet were needlessly Spartan, or, rather, they were more adapted for purely carnivorous animals than for human beings; they caused indigestion and loss of appetite in many cases without any compensating advantages. The same remark applies equally to the quantity. There are certain things which must be used very sparingly, if at all, in training. Such things as pastry, rich soups and sauces, oily fish, like herring, mackerel, eels, or salmon, game, pork, and fat meat generally, potatoes, beetroot, etc., which have a decided tendency to produce fat, and anything, as for example, cheese, which experience may have shown to be difficult of digestion, should be avoided. Apart, however, from those things which are directly contra-indicated, considerable latitude may with advantage be allowed in respect both of the nature and the amount of food taken.

THE following are details as to the present system of diet adopted by the young University athletes training for the great aquatic event of the year. On getting up at 7.15 a.m., they take a biscuit and a glass of milk, then they go for a gentle walk for a mile. Breakfast, at 8.30, consists of tea or cocoa (two cups at the most), sole, or some other kind of fish, chop, with a poached egg on it, and some green food. No marmalade (for which Oxford men, unless they are much belied, have a weakness) is allowed till two weeks before the race. At luncheon they have cold meat with one glass of beer. At dinner, the *menu* includes fish, chicken, turkey, or joint (always some kind of fresh meat), milk pudding, and stewed fruit (rhubarb by preference); two glasses of beer are allowed, and after dinner one orange and a glass of port may be taken. At 10 p.m. they go to bed. This seems a very sensible dietary, with plenty of muscle-forming elements in it, but not too carnivorous.

It is now generally admitted that though it is well to limit the amount of liquid taken during training, it is quite possible for a man to get himself into excellent condition without undergoing the tortures of unsatisfied thirst. In this respect, also, the Oxford system is in harmony with the principles of physiology and the dictates of common-sense. There can be no harm in a glass or two of sound ale or a little light wine such as hock or claret at dinner. The glass of port afterwards Dr. Mackenzie thinks unnecessary as long as the training process is well borne. If, however, a man shows any sign of falling into a state known as "over-trained," that is to say, when the reducing process is too rapid or too severe, a little port or dry champagne at meals may be found beneficial. Spirits should be strictly abstained from, as they tend to prevent the elimination of carbonic acid. Excessive drinking of water, or of gaseous mineral waters, should on no account be indulged in, but no harm can be done by drinking a moderate amount of water immediately after exercise. Although this is contrary to the general view, physicians and physiologists have for some time recognised its truth.

THE solace of an occasional pipe or cigar is probably not hurtful, but trainers are unanimous in forbidding tobacco in any

form. The cause of their attitude in this matter is no doubt the fear that moderation might lead to excess; and convinced as I am, says Dr. Mackenzie, of the deplorable effects of over-indulgence in smoking on steadiness and precision of muscular movement, I cannot say that I feel surprised at the apprehensions of trainers.

WITH respect to clothing there is nothing particular to say, except that belts and all supports of the kind should if possible be dispensed with; surgeons are almost unanimous in condemning them as having a tendency indirectly to cause rupture. The clothing should be loose, especially about the chest and abdomen, and anything that compresses the diaphragm (lower part of the ribs) is a distinct hindrance to active exercise.

WITH regard to sleep it "must be left entirely to the demands of the system and should not be interrupted, however long it may continue." There is, perhaps, no surer sign of health than the capacity of sleeping soundly for several hours on end. It is not only the ravelled sleeve of care that is knit up by sleep, but the worn tissues have time to recover themselves, and, on waking, the system is like a watch that has been wound up. It is not so much the quantity of sleep that is important as the quality; and if there is a certain amount of truth in the old saying that one hour before midnight is worth two after, it is because in healthy persons the first sleep is usually sounder than any that follows. An excellent sign of good "condition" is complete recuperation after short sleep, that is to say, the power of waking refreshed after six or even five hours of good sleep. This shows that the system easily recovers itself after fatigue, and this is one of the physical characteristics that most help to prolong life. On the other hand, there is no surer sign of overwork than disturbed sleep, and this symptom in a man under training should always be looked on with suspicion.

TO sum up, the effects of training are increased size, firmness, and contractility of muscle, a peculiar feeling of freedom and lightness of the limbs, and especially the power of enduring severe and prolonged exertion without exhaustion, and of recovering rapidly from fatigue. The skin becomes clear and does not "bruise" easily; wounds heal quickly, and the effects of injury disappear with marvellous rapidity. All this shows that the body is at its maximum of health. But the effects of training are not confined to the body; the mind shares in the general well-being of the economy, and gains in clearness and vigour. As Falstaff said of sherris-sack, training "ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it"; the condition, in short, is an ideal one of *mens sana in corpore sano*.

Over and Over Again.

"For precept must be upon precept; line upon line; here a little and there a little."—*Isaiah* xxviii., 10.

OVER and over again,

No matter which way I turn,

I always find in the Book of Life

Some lesson I have to learn.

I must take my turn at the mill,

I must grind out the golden grain,

I must work at my task with a resolute will,

Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need

Of even the tiniest flower,

Nor check the flow of the golden sands

That run through a single hour.

But the morning dews must fall,

And the sun and the summer rain

Must do their part, and perform it all

Over and over again.

Over and over again

The brook through the meadow flows,

And over and over again

The ponderous mill-wheel goes.

Once doing will not suffice,

Though doing be not in vain,

And a blessing, failing us once or twice,

May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod

Is never so rough to the feet;

And the lesson we once have learned

Is never so hard to repeat.

Though sorrowful tears may fall,

And the heart to its depths be riven

With storm and tempest, we need them all

To render us meet for Heaven.—*Josephine Pollard*.

Miss Heathcote's Will.

"WHERE is it?"
"I don't know, indeed, Mr. Brenton. I am sure I left it there."

The old lawyer pushed back his spectacles.
"If you did, there it would be; no one could possibly have taken it."

"No, who would? Not Bridget nor John, certainly."
"And there was no other person. Now think again, Miss Mabel. You must have left it in some other place."

Mabel Heathcote shook her head.
"No, I am certain I left it there. It was after you went away on the night you made it."

Mr. Brenton bent to examine the lock of the desk before him.
"The lock is all right," he said.

"Yes, and the key has never been out of my possession."
"I can't make it out," said Mr. Brenton; "only I wish I had taken the will home with me that night. We must make a thorough search of the house."

"It will be useless. I am so certain I left it there."
"Well, as I said before, it isn't there," retorted Mr. Brenton impatiently, "and it wouldn't move of itself."

"And I am quite sure neither Bridget nor John interfered with it."

"So am I," said the lawyer cynically; "it would be against their interest to do so."

Mabel laid her head wearily on her hands. She knew well what it meant to her should the will, made only a few weeks previous by Miss Heathcote, be lost. She was no relation of Laura Heathcote, only a foundling whom Miss Heathcote had taken to Heathcote Farm from the misery and privation of Workington Workhouse some twenty years previous, and had given all that wealth of love that laid dormant in her breast from the day when her only brother had been turned from his father's house for his marriage with a labourer's daughter.

This brother, John Heathcote, had been as proud and as obstinate as the father who turned him adrift, and from the day he had taken his last look at the long, low farmhouse, half hid by ivy and roses, those he left behind had never heard of him. Laura, when her father died, had sought for him in vain, and it was then that she brought the pale-faced, brown-eyed baby to Heathcote Farm. Till her last illness she had shrunk from making a will, and it was only when her old friend, Lawyer Brenton, had pointed out how Mabel would be circumstanced that she agreed to his wishes.

"I would like a Heathcote to be in possession of the farm they have owned so long."

"One of those greedy cousins of yours, the Laings, are likeliest to be in it if you don't take care," he answered angrily; so she had left the farm and all her savings to Mabel, with the exception of a legacy to the Irishwoman and her brother who had served her for years.

"I never knew a woman meddle with a thing but she spoiled it," said Mr. Brenton, rising and pacing up down the room.

Mabel smiled. At two-and-twenty smiles come readily even in hours of grief.

"You may smile," he went on, pausing in front of her; "but do you understand what it means to you should this will not turn up?"

"I think so. It means I have no claim, no right, in fact, to be here at all."

"Exactly. And what do you mean to do young lady?"

"I don't know. Indeed, I fear I am fit for nothing."

The lawyer coughed. "Not so bad as that. No, no; but we must have a regular search made. Think, now, would it not be possible you placed it somewhere else?"

"Quite impossible. I remember distinctly placing it here," Mabel said, rising and placing her hand in a little partition in the desk. "I was very careful about it, and always kept the key attached to my watch-chain."

"It is very strange," said the lawyer, "but a search must be made."

And a search was made, lasting for days, from attic to cellar, through kitchen and pantry, in all likely and unlikely places, till, wearied and tired, Mabel at last began to share in Bridget's opinion that some other than human agency had been at work.

Mr. Brenton reluctantly at length advertised for Laura Heathcote's next of kin, and, a good deal to his surprise, was answered almost immediately by a letter signed John Heathcote. The writer was, he stated, the only child of John Heathcote and Anne Leyburn his wife, and he would be glad to wait on Mr. Brenton, when that gentleman pleased, with the necessary certificates, etc.

John Heathcote was a man well over thirty, strong and well made, as all the Heathcotes had been, and possessing a strong enough resemblance to his father in his blue eyes and fair complexion to satisfy Mr. Brenton of his identity.

"It is a wonder that your father did not answer Miss Heathcote's advertisements," said the lawyer to the young man as he sat opposite to him in his study.

"My father was very proud and very reticent. I knew nothing of his family history until a little time before his death. My mother, I told you, died shortly after I was born."

Mr. Brenton nodded.
"I think my father grew harder and colder after that. He earned sufficient to live comfortably, and to give me a good education, and I suppose he did not wish for anything more."

"Has he left you well provided for?" asked the lawyer, a little anxiously.

The young man laughed. "Indeed, no. I earn a fair salary as manager of Bearnforth Pottery, but I shall be very glad of a little money just now. I am very anxious to put an idea of my own into shape, and I was thinking, coming along, that my aunt's few thousands would enable me to start business on my own account."

Mr. Brenton drummed on the table for a few moments, and then spoke.
"It is only by an unaccountable accident you inherit any of it."

"How is that?"
Mr. Brenton told him of the missing will.
"Then this young girl is totally unprovided for?"
"Totally."
"But that must not be. Some arrangement—"
"Mabel is proud, Mr. Heathcote—too proud to accept anything."
"But it is not fair."
"Fair or otherwise, that is how it will be. I had great difficulty in inducing her to remain for the present at the Farm."
"What does she mean to do?"
"That I cannot say. Indeed, I do not know what she is adapted for. She is scarcely accomplished enough for a governess, and as for a companion, I don't think much of the position."
"No."
"She is simply a good girl, brought up as too many are who are not expected to sew or spin. Suppose we walk out to Heathcote Farm?"
"I shall be very glad to see it. Does Miss—"
"Heathcote; your aunt gave her name to her."
"Does she know I am here?"
"No."
"Out of the streets of the quiet country town they went, through still country lanes, till they came to the farm. Mabel was standing in the low open door as they came up the gravelled pathway, and even Mr. Brenton thought what a pretty picture she made in her white dress and wide straw hat."
"I wish I had never heard of your farm," the young man said on his way back to the town.
"Why?"
"Because of that girl. One can't offer her anything—she's as proud as Lucifer, I can see—and I'd rather want this fortune than turn her from the place that has been her home."
The lawyer did not speak for a moment.
"Perhaps we might arrange matters for a time. She intends going to London—she hardly knows what to do—in a few days, but if she were asked to remain where she is for some months, as a business arrangement, you know, she might remain."
"Would you undertake that for me, Mr. Brenton? I would be so glad."
"I can try."
"Thank you very much."
Lawyer Brenton smiled sagely over his glass of punch that night.
"A likely pair. If they would only settle it in that way I'd give them a wedding present that would surprise them. She's a good little girl, is Mabel, but foolish. She managed to lose that will, but women should never be allowed to interfere in business."
How Mr. Brenton persuaded Mabel to remain at Heathcote was never known, but she did remain, and John Heathcote contrived to have occasion to visit Mr. Brenton at least once a week during that summer, and, of course, on each visit it was necessary that he should see the farm and Mabel, and when on one fair September night he asked her to be his wife she was not at all surprised.
"No, Mr. Heathcote, it is impossible."

Present-Day Problems.

V.—HOW SHALL SUNDAY BE KEPT?

WHATEVER the views held with regard to what is broadly called the Sunday Question, few, I fancy, will be concerned to deny that the ideal Sunday must afford rest. The teaching of the Bible and of science is identical on this point, and the Mosaic command, however it may have arisen,—as an inspiration from God, or from human observation and experience,—is not arbitrary, but natural. More and better work is done by labouring six days and resting on the seventh.

THE subject, especially *pro*, has been very forcibly discussed in the last number of the *North American Review*, the writer being the Rev. Charles Eaton, a well-known American divine. He contends leisure is as important as labour. Only by changing lines of thought and activity, by substituting home for shop, social intercourse for silent industry, the open fields for stifling factories, and rational recreation for six days of money-getting, can man preserve his health and realize for himself and his family the true end of living. He rightly urges that the ideal Sunday will afford opportunity for mental and moral elevation. Man has not merely animal, but mental and moral, capacity; he has social instincts. Any arrangement of the days of the week which denies him opportunity to train his mind and develop his moral qualities is contrary to his highest good, and condemned both by reason and religion. More than this it should give men opportunity to educate themselves in science, history, and art, to unveil nature, create friendship, and nurture domestic love and social sympathy. Not a whit the less under such conditions would Sunday be a day of worship in which some portion of its hours would be devoted to the care of man's spiritual instincts and powers. He then boldly advances to the *crux* of the whole matter.

IN what relation does the opening of museums, music-halls, and art-galleries stand to the ideal Sunday? Does it violate the first condition, rest? So far as the wage-workers are concerned (and it is in their interest that the plea for closing is made), certainly not. Rest is not idleness, but change. The truest rest that could come to the labourer is to fill his mind with new objects of delight, to charm his eye and ear, and invigorate his will. To withdraw men from straitened circumstances and homes of want, and put them in clean, warm, and well-lighted museums, galleries of art, and music-halls, would be to give real rest to toiling millions.

THE objection that it would tend to increase the labours of care-takers and attendants he shows to be unfounded, but even if this were so, he pleads earnestly for a little self sacrifice on the part of the rich and the well-to-do who have leisure. He scouts *in toto* the idea that the Sunday opening of museums would interfere with worship or cut the cords of religion. He, and not a few with him, be it noted, believe that our museums and galleries might well be transformed into the vestibules of churches. What better pulpit than the platform of art-gallery or music-hall? What better texts than marble statue of god and hero, splendid picture, curious column from ancient days, fossil of extinct animal, and model of temple and shrine? What nobler preachers than whole-souled artists, inspired singers, musicians, reverent lovers of science? We need all these aids in the religious life. Why do we neglect them? Why disown these spiritual kings and crucify these saviours of a darkened world?

IS it again to be that the children of this world will be wiser than the children of light? Surely it behoves us to recognize that salvation, though in one sense special and peculiar, is in its essentials—surrender to God and obedience to the law of righteousness and mercy—brought about in many ways. Many agencies are required to make the soil ready for the seeds of truth. It is evident that men can be reached only by sympathy. To give them leisure for thought and rest, to train the mind, to interest them in something above bread and butter, is to open the door through which the spiritual sentiments and the supreme passion for God enter. God is found in many ways. It has been taught that He can be found in but one way, and that our way. All places enshrine Him. Not all His altars are dedicated to prayer and sermon. Rightly understood, all created things speak of and lead to God.

ONE thing, however, is certain, the demand exists, and if not met in one way it will be supplied in another. One of the signs of the growing recognition of this need is the announcement just made by the managers of a large American music hall that they will arrange for free concerts for the people—verily a sign of the times.

"Why impossible?"

"Because I am a nameless foundling, and penniless."

"But Mabel, dear Mabel, listen to me. I am friendless, too. I have no one to please but myself."

She drew her hand, which he had clasped in his, away.
"No, no, you ask me from pity," and she retreated hurriedly into the house.

John went down to where Mr. Brenton was tranquilly awaiting him.

"Well?" he inquired.

"Well what!"

"Have you asked her?"

John laughed bitterly. "Yes, and was refused."

Mr. Brenton groaned.

"It is just like a woman. Anything at all to be contrary."

What did she say?"

"Something about her being penniless and nameless."

"Humbly!"

"Yes, but that won't mend matters."

"Do you think she cares for you?"

"I hoped so."

"You needn't be over-modest. I've known it for some time; but she's not the girl to say 'Yes once she has said 'No.'"

They were silent for some moments, then Mr. Brenton spoke.

"She'll be for leaving the farm now,"

The young man sighed. "What can I do?"

"Nothing, I suppose. Thank goodness I never made a fool of myself about a woman."

When they parted at Mr. Brenton's door, John, instead of going to his hotel, turned in the direction of Heathcote Farm, and proceeded leisurely along the quiet road. Lost in his own thoughts he did not notice how far he had proceeded till he found himself at the old iron gate leading to the house.

"I am a fool—an idiot," he said; "but after to-morrow it will be a long time till I see this place again," and, throwing his cigar away, he softly opened the gate and passed up to where an ivy-covered sycamore grew. He stood here for a few minutes till the sound of the house door opening drew his gaze to it. Surprise kept him still for an instant, for Mabel, in a long white dress, with bare feet, and hair streaming down her shoulders, was coming down the steps. After his first astonishment he moved forward to speak, but she passed by him so closely that he could have touched her, with her wide-open, vacant eyes gazing straight before her. Keeping close behind her, he followed her down to where an old oak tree grew in a deserted corner of the garden, and here she paused, and, inserting her hand into a cavity in the trunk, drew out a long envelope sealed with red wax. She turned it over once or twice in her hands, and then replaced it, and moved towards the house, entered, and closed the door. Once he saw her safely inside John went to the tree and seized the paper with eager fingers.

"As I thought," he exclaimed, throwing down the match which he had lit, "the last will and testament of Laura Heathcote. Mabel will be sure of a home now."

John was inconsiderate enough to rouse Mr. Brenton at what his housekeeper characterised as "an unearthly hour," and to his great astonishment laid the missing will in his hands.

"We must go and tell Mabel at once. To think that she should have taken it there in her sleep!"

"Yes, but I fear I shall not have time. My train goes—"

"Oh! never mind. Take some breakfast, and then for Heathcote Farm."

Mabel's surprise was boundless when she heard the story.

"As a child I used to walk in my sleep, but not of late years, except after some excitement."

"I hardly know how to say what you might expect of me, Mabel," said the lawyer. "Your gain is Mr. Heathcote's loss."

"Not unless he objects to take me with the property," said that unblushing damsel with a saucy look.

And he didn't.

GRATITUDE is a grace by far too rarely found. The story of the lepers reveals not only more of the Divine nature, but more of human nature, than any other, and represents the usual sad disproportion of gratitude in the world. The lepers were peculiar in the misfortune of leprosy, but not peculiar in the other misfortune of ingratitude. Every feeling grows by expression; hence we should try to increase our appreciation of favours by every possible acknowledgment of them. Yet a great many favours are habitually accepted by us as a matter of course, and if not entirely unacknowledged, are very carelessly and indifferently received.

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its sweet songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death cannot enter there!
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond, beyond the grave,
Far beyond, beyond the tomb,
Far beyond the grave and beyond the tomb,
'Tis there, my child.

6. SONG ... "Toreador's Song" (Carmen) ... Bizet
MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

Sirs, your toast a courteous answer claiming,
I lift my glass to soldiers gay and bold,
Toreros, like you, with courage flaming,
Thrill with joy when they combats behold,
See the arena throng'd with crowds of people,
The seats are filled above and below,
Loud bells ring out from ev'ry steeple,
All the world has come to the show.
Hark! what shouting! what frenzied voices,
When the bull flies out with angry roar!
Ah! 'tis then the Torero rejoices,
Sure of honour when the fight is o'er.
Look out! beware! ah!
Toreador, now guard thee,
Bear thou in mind when combat thee elates
Bright eyes fondly regard thee!
For thee a fond heart waits, Toreador!

Suddenly there comes a silence:
Ah! what has happened now?
All hearts are beating high.
'Tis a mighty bull comes rushing out of the toril;
See, he flies, his foe he reaches,
Down goes a gallant horse, with him a picador!
Ah! bravo Toro!
On goes the bull, now here, now there, raging he flies,
Till maddened by the banderilleros
In frenzy wild now fights,
The arena streams with gore.
Many, see, for safety climb the fences.
Now then, Toreador,
'Tis time, prepare, beware.
Toreador, now guard thee, etc.

7. SONG ... "It was a dream" ... Cowen
MISS ELIZABETH CARY.

I heard the rippling brooklet sing
Down to the cold grey sea.
I heard the willows whispering,
Unto the evening breeze.
Again I looked on the old, old place,
Again I saw my darling's face,
Again we wandered by the stream.
It was a dream!
I saw the wand'ring streamlet flow,
Down to the cold grey sea.
I saw the bending willows bow,
In welcome over me.
Again I listened to breeze and bird,
Again my darling's voice I heard.
We kissed beneath the moon's soft beam.
It was a dream!

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

8. PIANOFORTE DUET { Deutsche Reigen, } Moszkowski
 { Op. 25, No. 4 }
MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. WALTER MEWS.

9. DUET ... "The Parting Hour" ... Barnett
MISS DORA BARNARD AND MR. HENRY GUY.

It is the hour when we must part,
The bark waits on the shore;
Yet think not that my constant heart
Can quit thee ever more!
Though climes may far divide us,
When long, long years have tried us,
The meeting day shall find our hearts
As faithful as of yore!

This is the hour when we must part—
The wind blows out to sea;
Oh, hard will be the cruel smart
When I am torn from thee.
Tho' climes may far divide us,
When long, long years have tried us,
The meeting day shall find our hearts
As true as hearts can be!

It is the hour when we must part,
The hour to breathe the good-bye;
O, sorrow reigns within my heart,
And sigh comes fast on sigh!
Tho' climes may far divide us,
When long, long years have tried us,
The meeting day shall find our hearts
Hold love that cannot die.—E. Oxenford.

10. NEW SONG "O Rushing Wind" R. B. Addison
MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE

O rushing wind the message take,
My heart doth give to thee;
Through gath'ring clouds a pathway break,
Above the roaring sea.

Like some wild bird of passage fly,
On wings afar away,
And tell my longing to the sky,
Come back to me, love, one day!

The wild wind wails across the sea,
Like a spirit in the night,
But brings no message back to me,
No voice from out the height.
O rushing breeze, did'st tell the tale
I bid thee bear away;
Did'st waft my prayer o'er hill and dale,
Come back to me, love, one day?

Alas, the wind is lulled to rest,
It ne'er can bring reply;
For sinking on the midnight's breast,
It leaves the starry sky.
Then wing my soul to Heaven's bright gate,
And there for ever stay;
Thou can'st not come, but I will wait,
And go to thee, love, one day!

11. SONG "The Old Folks at Home" (by request)
MISS ELIZABETH CARY.

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away.
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam:
Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All up and down de farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Dere many happy days I've squandered,
Many de songs I've sung,
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I.
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.
All de world am sad and dreary, etc.

12. VIOLONCELLO SOLOS { a. Romance } Gollermann
 { b. Caprice ... } Johnson
MR. HERBERT WALENN.

13. SERENADE "Good Night, Beloved" ... Balfe
MR. HENRY GUY.

Good night, good night, beloved,
I come to watch o'er thee;
To be near thee
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes like stars of morning,
Thy lips like crimson flowers;
Good night, good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Ah! thou moon that shineth
Argent clear above,
All night long enlighten
My sweet lady love.

Good night, good night, beloved,
I come to watch o'er thee;
To be near thee
Alone is peace for me.

14. SONG ... "The Lost Chord" ... Sullivan
(Organ Obligato—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.)
MISS DORA BARNARD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.
I knew not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a grand Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the sound of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered bosom
With a touch of infinite calm;
It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.
I seek, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.
It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

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

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF
GYMNASTIC & CALISTHENIC DISPLAY

By the Girls of the People's Palace Gymnasium,

Under the Direction of MR. H. H. BURDETT, assisted by MR. C. WRIGHT,

TO TAKE PLACE ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1891, AT 8.

EVENTS—

1.—BAR BELL EXERCISE AND FIGURE MARCHING.

2.—GYMNASTICS ON PARALLEL BARS BY LEADERS—MISSES A. HEINEMANN, M. SCOTT, R. JOSEPH, D. JOSEPH, C. BAXTER, C. SINCLAIR, B. HUGGETT, C. BONISIEUR, D. BLINMAN, E. TREMLETT, E. BARCLAY, WINFIELD, LUCKOCK.

3.—GYMNASTICS ON RINGS AND ELASTIC LADDER BY LEADERS AS BEFORE.

4.—INDIAN CLUB EXERCISES.

5.—ROPE CLIMBING BY LEADERS.

6.—DUMB BELL EXERCISE.

7.—VAULTING HORSE BY LEADERS.

8.—FENCING. LEADERS A. HEINEMANN & M. SCOTT.

9.—RUNNING MAZE.

Admission THREEPENCE.

(WOMEN ONLY ADMITTED.)

C. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

PROGRAMME OF LECTURE ON OLIVER CROMWELL

To be Delivered by HAROLD SPENDER, M.A. (Oxford Extension Lecturer),

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, ON MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12TH, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

(ILLUSTRATED BY LIME-LIGHT VIEWS.)

CROMWELL.—“Emblem of the dumb English, he is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valour and belief without words, how noble is it in comparison to eloquent words without heroic insight.”—CARLYLE.

“CROMWELL, our chief of men, who, through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way has plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies and his work pursued.”—MILTON.

SYLLABUS.

OLIVER CROMWELL.—Born at Huntingdon, 1599.—Condition of England at time of Cromwell's birth.—Dangers to English liberty and religion from the despotic monarchy of the Tudors.—James I., the first Stuart King, called upon to take the place of the great Elizabeth, fails to gain the affections of Englishmen, and rouses against the monarchy a great opposition. Charles I. succeeds and bears the brunt of this opposition (1625).

Cromwell's quiet youth at Huntingdon and St. Ives.—Goes to Cambridge.—To London.—Marries (1620).—Is “converted” (1623).—Becomes a Member of Parliament (1627).—Takes no active part in proceedings until 1640.—When returned to Long Parliament.—Charles' defiance of his Parliaments ends with Civil War, when Cromwell first rises into greatness.

Cromwell's part in the Civil War.—The “Eastern Association.”—Marston Moor.—The “New Model.”—Cromwell saves the Parliament from defeat, and destroys the power of the King in the great battles of Naseby and Preston.—Cromwell's efforts to save the King frustrated by the King's perpetual duplicity.—Finally heads the Independents in their arbitrary *coup-d'état*, purging the House of the Presbyterians, and sending the King to death by means of a Revolutionary High Court.

The attempt to govern England without a monarchy.—Split between Cromwell's army, victorious in Ireland and Scotland (at Dunbar and Worcester), and the Rump of the Parliament, clinging to their privileges and their religious prejudices, ends in forcible dissolution of Parliament and dictatorship of Cromwell (1653).

Cromwell's attempt to rule by means of Parliaments twice breaks down (1655, 1658).—Cromwell virtually supreme for five years.—His rule of England.—His justice.—His tolerance.—His Conservatism.—His love of order.—His religion.—His foreign policy.—His defence of Protestantism throughout Europe contrasted with the Stuart dallying with Catholicism.—His treatment of Ireland and Scotland.—He dies (1658), and is succeeded by Richard Cromwell, whose weakness produces reaction and rebellion, and, finally, restoration of the Stuarts.

Cromwell compared with Napoleon—England's great, unselfish hero with the selfish, materialistic aggressor of France.

ADMISSION ... ONE PENNY.

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

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY

METROPOLITAN VOLUNTEER MINSTREL TROUPE

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 14TH OCTOBER, 1891, COMMENCING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

BONES—MESSRS. F. TOWNER, C. ANSELL, AND H. CRAWLEY.

TAMBOURINES—MESSRS. J. G. HANKS, H. J. MORTON, AND J. ANSELL.

INTERLOCUTOR—MR. GEO. CLARE.

PART I.

OPENING CHORUS “The Waking World” AMERICAN SERENADERS
COMIC SONG “Whack Faliary” MR. C. ANSELL
NEW BALLAD “Only a Little Daisy” MR. WILLIE WEST
COMIC SONG “The Quaker's Daughter” MR. J. H. MORTON
BALLAD “Sweet Love, Good-bye” MR. J. RUSSELL
COMIC REFRAIN “Jumbo and Jimbo” MR. J. ANSELL
COMIC SONG “Dinah said ‘Yah’” MR. H. CRAWLEY
BALLAD “The Orphan Boy” MASTER J. SELBY
LAUGHING SONG “Long and Short” MR. FRED TOWNER
SONG “The Old Guard” MR. W. ARTHUR.
COMIC SONG “Johnny, get your Gun” MR. J. G. HANKS

To conclude with the Screaming Absurdity, entitled, “WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN.”

Old Jeff ... MR. H. J. MORTON | The Bogie Man ... MR. C. ANSELL

Musical Director ... MR. W. REDMOND.
(Late of the Mohawk Minstrels.)

Stage Manager ... MR. FRED TOWNER.

Acting Manager ... MR. HARRY HOWARD.

Sole Proprietor ... MR. HOWARD LORRAINE.

PART II.

SELECTION THE BAND
CLOG DANCE MR. C. ANSELL
QUARTETTE “Dreaming of Angels” ...
BURLESQUE SCENA MESSRS. J. RUSSELL, WILLIE WEST, W. ARTHUR, AND MASTER J. SELBY.
SONG AND DANCE (Late of the Mohawk Minstrels.) ... MR. GEO. CLARE
MANDOLINE SOLO MR. J. G. HANKS
STUMP ORATION MR. H. CRAWLEY
AMERICAN JIG “Talkiphone” ... MR. H. J. MORTON
	... MR. J. G. HANKS

To conclude with the Laughable Act, entitled “WHO DIED FIRST?”

MESSRS. F. TOWNER, GEO. CLARE, W. WEST, AND C. ANSELL.

FINALE.

N.B.—This Programme is subject to Alterations.

Doors open at 7 p.m. 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. 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-	"	Tuesday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Prac., Theo., Adv.	Mr. D. S. Macnair,	Friday	7.15-8.15	10 6
" " Org., Practical...	Assi-tant—	Monday	8.15-10.0	10 6
" " Inorg. & Org., Hons. and Special Lab. Wk. I	Mr. F. G. Pope	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
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv.	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I...	Mr. J. W. Martin	Tues. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " II...	"	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Magnetism and Elect. Elem.	Mr. F. G. Castle	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	Mr. W. Slings	Monday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Sound, Light and Heat...	Mr. A. Brooker	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	0 0
Steam and the Steam Engine	Mr. F. C. Forth	Monday	7.30-9.30	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
"	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...	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.30	25 0
" " Workshop	"	Mon. & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville & Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklayer.	Monday	7.0-10.0	5 0
*Electrical Engin., Lecture, Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slings, 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	4 0
" " (Adv.)	"	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Photography ...	Mr. C. W. Gamble	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing Lecture, Hons. ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	5 0
" " Ord.	"	Monday	8.0-9.0	63 6
" " Workshop...	"	Monday	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Printing (Letterpress) ...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	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
"	"	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. † 12s. 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 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
Millinery ...	Miss Newell	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery—	"	"	"	"
" Demonstration	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.30-9.30	1 0
" High Class	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	10 6
" Practical	"	"	"	"
" 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	11 0
Arithmetic—Advanced ...	Mr. A. Saril	"	7.0-8.0	2 0
" Commercial	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 0
" Elementary	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
Book-keeping—Elemen-	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" (ary	"	"	"	"
" 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	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	7.30-8.30	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. † Per Course.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Under the direction of Mr. H. H. BURDITT, 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 ...	"	Tuesday	"	"
*Drawing from th' Antique	Mr. H. J. Bateman	Thursday & Friday	"	"
*Decorative Designing	"	"	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"	"	"
*Drawing from Life ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon & Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Art Metal Wk. & Engraving	Mr. Daniels	Mon. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 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. 1 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 Brad-ley	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	215/-
♫Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Th. and Friday	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced)	Mr. Orton Brad-ley	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	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello ...	assisted by Mr. G. Mellish	Wednesday, Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Military Band (Old Boys)	Mr. A. Robinson	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.

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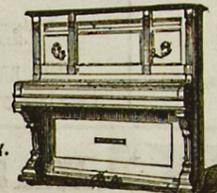
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4th Thursdays of the Month,
during the year 1891 as follows:

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	

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