

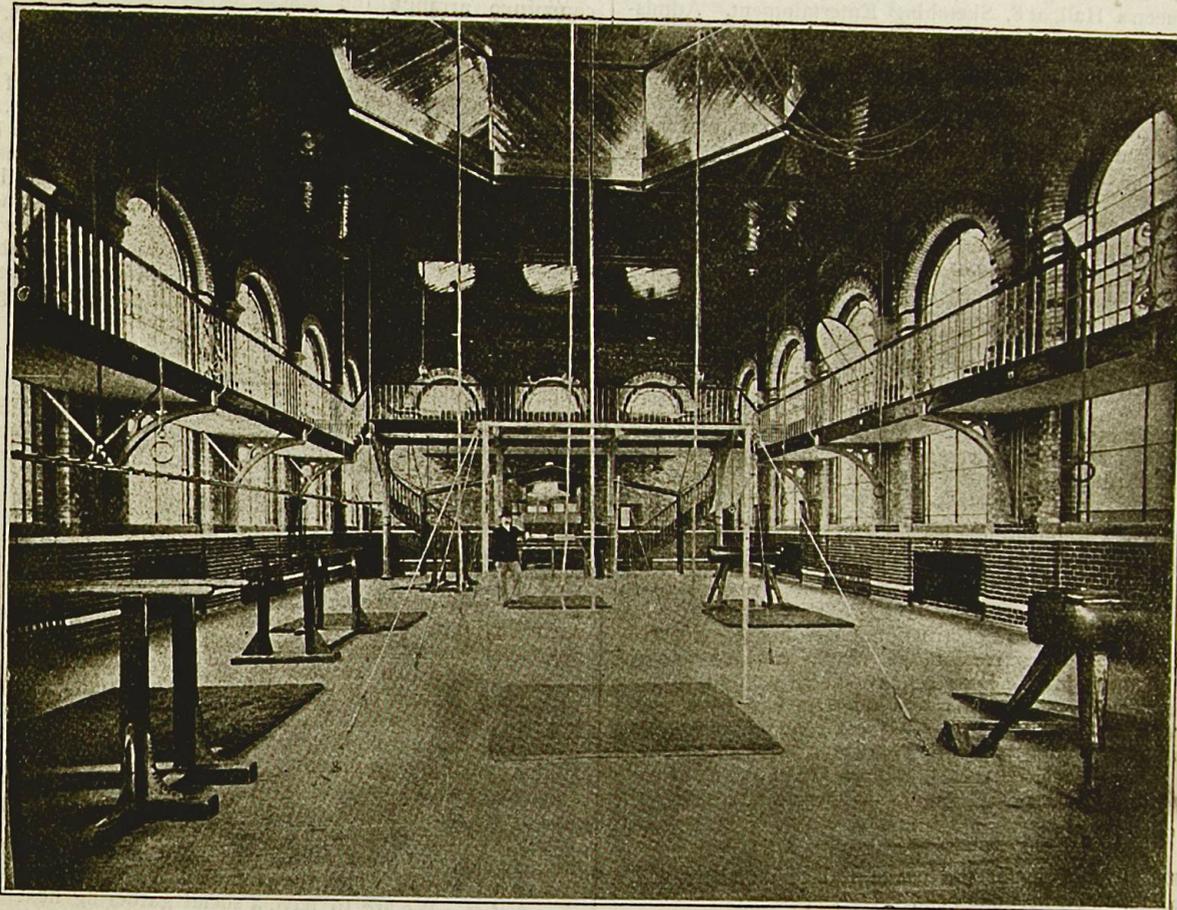
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PALACE JOURNAL
 PEOPLE'S PALACE * MILE END. E. *

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

The Gymnasium—People's Palace.



THE Gymnasium, which is 80 feet by 40 feet, is one of the best and most completely furnished in the world, containing all the latest improved adjustable apparatus. It is extremely well ventilated, light, and airy, having a large cupola or dome fitted with specially made windows for ventilation. There is a well-fitted gallery at one end of the Gymnasium for the use of fencers and boxers, thereby keeping them distinct and apart from the body of the Gymnasium. There is also two side galleries for the use of visitors. The electric light is being attached, and when completed will light it up superior to any other gymnasium in existence. The dressing rooms attached to the Gymnasium are well furnished with lockers for the

use of members, and contain shower baths and complete lavatories. Everything has been done to render it in the highest degree pleasant and convenient for the use of the students.

Intending members can join any evening (for hours see Time-table), the days and fees as follows:—Young men, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; fee, 2s. 6d. per term; Young women, Mondays and Thursdays; fee, 2s. 6d. per term. Boys' Junior Section (between the age of 13 and 16, who have left school), Wednesdays, 6d. per month. Girls' Junior Section (between the age of 13 and 16, who have left school), Thursdays, 6d. per month.

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

PERHAPS it is not generally known that in a certain district in England, with a population of over 50,000, there has been a practical testing of the working of prohibition for some years past. About thirty years since, the then inhabited portion of Toxteth comprising but a few streets and scattered dwellings, the growth of Liverpool rendered necessary the laying out of the green fields of that neighbourhood for building purposes. It was determined by those who had control of the property thereabout that no building leases should be given without a clause prohibiting the sale of liquor on the premises. This, with the co-operation of the Liverpool magistrates and the support of popular opinion, has kept licensed houses out of a district with 168 streets, 10,000 houses, and from 50,000 to 60,000 population. And any attempt to secure a licence, even on the borders of North Toxteth, is opposed by public demonstrations of a most pronounced character.

THE general testimony is that the public school in this district is the best attended in the city; that the requisition of police service is at a minimum; that, during a given period, out of 1,498 applications for charitable relief, but 45 were from those residing in the limits of the district, while from a district but one-eighth its area, with 100 public houses, there were 911 applicants; that the workhouse is without an occupant; that before prohibition the poor rate for Toxteth was from 2s. 6d. to 3s. in the pound; but since prohibition it has fallen to between 1s. and 10d., there being thus a saving of from £20,000 to £30,000 per annum in this direction alone; that, while the annual mortality in the district referred to as having 100 public houses is 25 per 1,000, that of the prohibition district, is but 10 per 1,000.

"I HOPE there will be flowers in heaven," he said,
Seeing the blossoms, white and gold and red,
That love had grouped beside his dying bed.

"I hope there will be flowers in heaven," so near
The borderland beset with human fear
Those on the other side might surely hear.

And did a tender laughter, sweet and low,
Stir the red roses that in heaven may blow,
Listening the mortal wish, from those who know?

Or did the human yearning pass to space,
With all those ever rising from the race
Of us down here, in our appointed place?

Or, add a note to the great restless swell
Of questions, breathed to the Invisible,
From all who live, love, die? Ah, who can tell!

A LONDON waiter was both witty and sarcastic, and didn't know the fact. "Do you call that a veal cutlet, waiter?" asked an exquisite, one of the most delicate type, even in that favoured region of exquisites, the West End. "Why, sir, such a veal cutlet as that is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the British Empire." The waiter hung his head in very shame for a moment, and then replied, in the language of humblest apology: "I didn't intend to insult you, sir."

NATURE is a rigid economist. In her household there is no waste, everything is utilised to the utmost. The fragments of every product of Nature are gathered up carefully and made to serve a useful purpose in a new form at Nature's feast. Amid all her lavishness, Nature is very saving. Thus we are taught by Nature the lesson of economy.

ATTENTION has more than once been drawn to the depopulation of the country districts, and to the consequent enormous increase of the urban population. We in England it seems are not singular in this respect; indeed, so general in almost every country has been the cityward trend, that the end of the nineteenth century might fitly be termed the age of great cities. In 1801, London, now upwards of five, had not reached her first million (864,000), while Berlin, now toward two millions, had but 173,440. Taking Germany as an example, while the total population wanted considerable of doubling between 1860 and 1885, the great cities increased more than fourfold. In France we get the same story, and, as in Germany, the attractive power of the city seems to be in direct ratio to its size. For America the figures are even more striking, the proportion of total population dwelling in cities of 8,000 or more inhabitants was 3'35 per cent. in 1790; 3'97 in 1800; 4'93 in 1810; 4'93 in 1820; 6'72 in 1830; 8'52 in 1840; 12'49 in 1850; 16'13 in 1860; 20'93 in 1870; 22'57 in 1880; 29'12 in 1890! This is an increase from one thirtieth to nearly one third of the population, and represents a total of 18,235,670 in 1890 as against 131,472 in 1790.

SIGNS, however, are not wanting that we may possibly have seen the last of such undesirable centralization. In London, especially among the upper and lower middle classes, a distinct stream countrywards is noticeable, and this tendency is likely to extend to the wage-earning classes as the means of locomotion are cheapened, extended and quickened. Perhaps electric railways and aerial ships (when they come) will help solve a very large and interesting problem.

THE New York dailies have been making merry over a clever capture of a thief by means of a simple application of electricity. It seems that the safe in a prominent lawyer's office in that city was systematically robbed. For some time all efforts to capture the thief were unavailing. At last it was decided to make an electrical connection in such a way that, as soon as the money drawer in the safe was opened, an electric bell was rung in a room two floors away. Two detectives were placed in this room, with instructions to wait all night, and, if the bell rang, enter the lawyer's room and arrest anyone who might be there. On the second night of the watch the thief was surprised, as he was calmly pocketing his booty, after closing the safe with his skeleton keys to find himself accosted and arrested by the two officers of the law. He is now awaiting trial.

AN ingenious Yankee shopkeeper, with some knowledge of electricity and considerable skill in getting up window attractions, recently constructed an electrical fly-catcher that is unique. It consists of a small induction coil, giving about a quarter-inch spark, with a couple of cells of battery and a series of fine wires strung on a board, very much as in the musical instrument called the zither. Each alternate wire is connected to a terminal of the coil, and the sliding regulator so adjusted that the spark will not quite strike across between the wires until an unlucky fly alights on one wire, then the projecting body receives a spark, and the victim takes a header between the wires and leaves the field clear for the next comer.

THE following extract, taken from a paper which recently appeared in the *Times*, reveals to us the rapid extension of electric lighting in London during the past three years. "Present indications point to the probability that before very long over the whole area of London the new illuminant will be found. Already over 240 miles of underground copper conductors are laid, supplying 246,000 lamps, belonging to the eleven companies to whom provisional orders have been granted by the Board of Trade. There are sixteen stations, furnished with steam engines of 20,000 indicated horse power, and the capital employed amounts to £3,000,000. To this are to be added about 85,000 glow lamps of eight-candle power, in buildings of various kinds, and over 1,000 arc lamps; so that the total electric light supply of London now in operation is upwards of 325,000 lamps. Four years ago the only supply station of any size was that belonging to Sir Coutts Lindsay and Company at the back of the Grosvenor Gallery, which supplied no more than 6,000 lamps. The progress which has been made within three years is thus extraordinary as regards number, but the development of the machinery by which the electric current is produced is even more remarkable. The dynamos used when the first attempt was made to light London streets with electricity some ten years ago, were mere toys compared with those of to-day. The largest dynamo made in 1882 supplied 270 lamps, and had a commercial efficiency of 68 per cent. There is one now working at Deptford capable of supplying 30,000 lamps with an efficiency of 95 per cent. It is to be noted that almost the whole of London is given over—for electric-lighting purposes—to joint-stock companies, only one local authority, the Vestry of St. Pancras, having obtained authorization to light the district under its charge. It is otherwise outside the metropolis, for out of seventy provisional orders applied for on behalf of provincial towns, forty-six have been granted to the local authorities."

If we analyse the acts we instinctively approve in ourselves and applaud in others, we shall find that many of them involve a certain degree of self-sacrifice, while those which we deplore in ourselves and criticise in others involve some kind of self-indulgence. The man who risks his own life to save another from the sinking vessel or the burning building; he who devotes his youth and energies to a philanthropic enterprise; he who habitually sacrifices his ease and comfort to soothe the declining years of an aged parent, or to cheer the sick-bed of a wife or friend, awakens sympathy and approval from all

A Land of Love.

(Continued).

CHAPTER IV—continued.

"Shan't we sit down?" Ormizon suggested. They were standing directly in front of the little open-air café in the middle of the garden. They established themselves at one of the small iron tables, and called for sirop de groseille and crisp, hot gauffres. The band played lustily. The people moved about, laughing and chattering. The doctor gave him permission to light a cigarette. Denise kept smiling upon him in the most amicable fashion. Take it for all in all, Stephen Ormizon's felicity was probably as complete as that of any man abroad that day.

All at once Denise exclaimed, "Oh, this gauffre of mine! It is the best I have ever tasted. It is done juste à point. You must each take a bite."

She broke it into three morsels, and with her own fingers deposited one of them upon the doctor's plate, and another upon Ormizon's.

He felt as though it would somehow be a desecration to eat that bit of gauffre. He would have liked to preserve it for ever. But gauffre, by its very nature, is perishable to the last degree. Besides, to put it into his pocket would attract attention, and very possibly make the ladies think he was a madman. So, with the courage of despair, he gulped it down.

"Yes, it is certainly the most delicious gauffre I ever tasted," he declared, with unquestionable sincerity. Had not her fingers touched it, gloved though they were?

By-and-by, "Allons," said the doctor. "Let us walk a little."

As he sauntered at Denise's side through the soft summer weather, a glow of well-being suffused his senses. The very smell of the leaves, brought out by the heat of the sun, reigned his nostrils like the rarest incense. His blood went leaping, tingling, through his veins. Without knowing it, he began to sing softly to himself—

"Di-tes la jeu-ne belle, où voulez-vous aller?"

"Why, how lovely!" suddenly cried Dr. Gluck. "There's Lancelot. Isn't it jolly?"

"Oh, yes," chimed in Denise, with an air that betokened much pleasure, and that sent a pang of jealousy shooting through Ormizon's breast; "so it is. Quel bonheur!"

"Lancelot! Lancelot!" called the doctor, flourishing her parasol to attract Lancelot's notice.

"Hi! Hello!" Lancelot responded, and elbowed his way to where they waited for him.

After greetings and hand-shakes had been exchanged between the new-comer and the ladies, "Mr. Ormizon," said the doctor, "allow me to present our friend, Mr. Palmer."

Mr. Palmer was a tall, thin young fellow, of five- or six-and-twenty, with clean-cut aquiline features, deep-set intelligent gray eyes, and a thick shock of brown hair that fell below the collar of his coat at the back. The coat in question was a Prince Albert, faded, threadbare, white at the seams, frayed at the binding, and conspicuous for its exceedingly long skirts, which descended as low as the wearer's knees. On the top of his head he wore a small soft wide-awake hat, that produced a somewhat incongruous effect of boyishness. At the other extremity he was distinguished by a pair of wonderfully large feet, encased in shoes that needed blacking. . . . He was what you would call an odd-looking chap, yet pleasant-looking, prepossessing. You would not have been in the least surprised, either, when Dr. Gluck, after her introduction, added, "Mr. Palmer is an artist."

The two young men shook hands, eying each other rather askance, as young men under such auspices sometimes will.

"How are you?" inquired Palmer.

"Glad to meet you," announced Ormizon; thinking in his soul, "I wonder whether this fellow is a—I wonder whether by any chance there's anything between him and Mademoiselle Denise."

This suspicion of a possible rival robbed the sky of half its colour, the breeze of half its balm.

"Well doctor," Lancelot declared, "this is real nice. What do you suppose? I was just around to your place, to ask if you and Mamselle, here, didn't want to go down to Suresne for dinner. Well, sir, Zélie, she said you weren't at home, and didn't know where you'd gone; and I felt quite broke up, until, thinks I, just as like as not they've gone to the Luxembourg to hear the music. So here I came, hunting for you. But it was about as hopeless as hunting for a needle in a hay-stack; and I was beginning to get discouraged, and to give you up; when, first thing I knew, I heard you hollering out, 'Hey! Lancelot! Lancelot!' And I looked; and there, by gum, you were, as sure as pop. . . . Well, now, will you go?"

"Oh, Suresne! By all means," agreed the doctor. "It's a splendid idea."

"Oh, Suresne! Suresne is the loveliest place in the world," cried Denise. "An open-air dinner at Suresne! Hurrah! And then afterward we can walk in the Bois."

"You'll come along too, won't you?" Lancelot demanded of Ormizon. "Dutch treat, vous savez."

"Oh, yes, thanks; I'm with you," Ormizon replied.

"And now," concluded Lancelot, "so's to have plenty of time, let's start right off—hey?"

"Oh, yes; in order to have plenty of daylight. It gets dark so early now," assented the doctor.

"Oh, what fun!" murmured Denise, clapping her hands.

"Lancelot, you were inspired."

"No; there can't be anything between them," Ormizon was reasoning. "She's altogether too frank and cordial with him for that."

He drew a deep breath of relief.

They left the Luxembourg, and were jolted in an omnibus over the cobble-stones from the Odéon to the Place de la Concorde, whence they embarked for Suresne aboard a bateau-mouche.

Under friendly skies, the sail down the river to Suresne is always pleasant. In company with Denise, how could Ormizon help finding it trebly so? They sat forward in the bow of the boat, delightfully close together, where they could get the full benefit of what breeze there was, and enjoy without obstruction the prospect ahead and to either side. His sense of propinquity to her kept his heart in a constant blissful tremor. Before long they had left behind them the quays of Passy and Auteuil, with their hand-organs and their dancing-parties; had cleared the frowning fortifications; and were gliding onward through the still cool waters, between sleek grassy banks, in the shade of great overhanging trees; while far and wide the surrounding country lay smiling Danae-like in its sun-bath of gold. It was past four o'clock when they reached Suresne.

"Now," said Lancelot, "I don't want to hurry anybody; but I move that we get our dinner first thing of all. I'm pretty nigh famished myself. Fact is, I haven't had a square meal in a week. I've been saving up for this spree. All those in favour of sailing right into the eatables, please signify it by saying ay."

"Ay!"

"Ay!"

"Ay!"

So they took their places in the garden of one of the river-side restaurants, and for the next hour or two applied themselves to their knives and forks; not to mention their wineglasses, which flowed with amber-hued Châblis—at a franc a bottle. Ah, such Châblis! fragrant of the grape, soft as oil upon the palate, looking like liquid sunshine, tasting like nectar of the gods. And such friture-de-Seine! A hundred tiny fishes, fried golden brown; each of them, as Lancelot fervently avowed, "melting in the mouth like a trill in the throat of a nightingale." And for the pièce-de-résistance, such a fricandeau-à-l'oseille! "It's so good," cried Lancelot, "I'll have to have another." Which he proceeded to order, and to eat, while his companions waited in murmurous admiration. And finally, for desert, such plums, such apricots, such figs!—figues-à-goutte-d'or, bags of purple satin, bursting with golden honey. . . . Their conversation all this while was of a most light and frivolous, yet a most entertaining, quality: so, at least, I am informed by Ormizon. But when I have pressed him for a synopsis of it, he has admitted that he can't remember a single word. "It wasn't so much *what* she said, you know, as—the fact that she said it, you see," is his lucid statement of the case. "After dinner," he adds, "we crossed the bridge, to spend the sunset and the 'quiet coloured end of evening' in the Bois, among the trees. And she sat on a rock, and sung the evening hymn from David's 'Desert'; and that was the brightest sunset, the tenderest twilight, I ever witnessed in my life."

They returned to town by the eight o'clock boat. Dr. Gluck complained of feeling a little chilly, and thought she had better seek the seclusion of the cabin.

"But you children stay right here," she insisted. "I'm not going to deprive you of the pleasure of the sail."

They unanimously demurred against allowing the doctor to remain in solitude below; but she settled the question by declaring, "Very well. Then I'll sit it out up here, and catch my death of cold."

"Oh, come," put in Lancelot. "Let's arrange it thusly. You," addressing Ormizon, "you and Mamselle stay where you are; and the doctor and I, we'll retire to the cabin and talk about ghosts. There's nothing I get more solid comfort out of, than I do talking with the doctor about ghosts. She

really believes in 'em, you know; and when she get's started on the subject she's immense."

He and the doctor disappeared down the companion-way. Next instant the boat shot around a curve in the river; and, "Oh, how lovely!" cried Denise, with an ecstatic little gesture.

"What?" Ormizon queried.

"Why, do you not see? The moon."

Surely enough, there was the moon, a great, round, red patch of flame, slowly floating upward from behind the trees, and transmuting the bubbles on the surface of the water to carbuncles and rubies.

"Oh, how lovely!" Denise repeated. And what a sweet smell there is on the air—like new-mown hay! And the ripple; do you hear the waves rippling as we cut through them?"

"Yes; it's very fine," he said. . . . To himself he was holding forth as follows: "I suppose I've got to start in about that copying sooner or later. I suppose the present is as good a time as any. We're alone; and I can talk to her with greater ease and freedom than I could if the doctor were by. Yes, I guess I may as well make the plunge."

He turned to Denise. She was gazing pensively up at the moon; and her eyes softly reflected the light of it. He shrank from broaching so unromantic a topic. Nevertheless, he was anxious, he was determined, to have it over with. He gritted his teeth, clinched his fists, and began:

"Er—mademoiselle—you know—that is—I—I hate to lug anything so—so inappropriate—upon the carpet at such a moment; but you know, we have never yet spoken together about that—that copying—that I advertised for; don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes," was her response. "That is true. Why, how absurd! I had forgotten all about it."

"Well, so had I, almost. But I suppose we may as well arrange about it. I suppose we may as well have the matter settled; don't you?"

"Oh, yes; certainly."

Her tone indicated that she was not perfectly unembarrassed, either.

"Well, you may think that I'm a frightful lazybones not to do it myself. But I've got several good reasons. Among others, I'm troubled with writer's cramp."

"Oh," she murmured, sympathetically.

"Then, besides," he went on, "I'm sure, if I should undertake to copy it, I shouldn't be able to let it alone. I should begin fussing with it, and trying to alter it and improve it; and I'd end by spoiling it and making a mess of it. Yes, I've been over it times enough already; and my only safeguard now lies in leaving it just as it stands, with all its faults."

"What is it? Something that you have written?"

"Yes, a novel. That is, at least, I mean, it's an attempt at a novel."

"Oh, how interesting! Tell me, what is it about?"

"Oh, that's a long story. You'd better not get me wound up on that subject. About love, religion, lot's of things."

"And it's title?"

"Well, I have thought of calling it 'A Voice from the Wilderness.' How does that strike you?"

"'A Voice from the Wilderness?'" she repeated, reflectively. "Oh, excellent. I think it is an excellent title. I am sure I should want to read a book with that title. Ça pique l'appétit. It excites one's curiosity."

"Do you really think so? I'm very glad if you do. I hope, though, that you won't find the title the best thing about it. I remember one novel that was published a year or so ago, and the critics said the title was the only part of it worth reading."

"How cruel of them! How bad it must have made the poor author feel! When—when is yours coming out?"

"Oh, I don't know that it will ever come out at all. Perhaps no publisher will accept it. That's what happens to most novels, you know. But—but to come back to the point. It's pretty long—nearly a hundred thousand words. Do you think you will care to undertake such a labour?"

"I do not know how long that means—a hundred thousand words. But I suppose, if you are not in a great hurry, that I could do it. I write pretty rapidly."

"Oh, no; I'm not in a hurry. I shan't leave Paris for a month or more. In that time you could get it finished, even if you didn't write more than two or three thousand words a day. But, you know, copying is an awfully fatiguing sort of work. I hate to think of you tiring yourself out on my account."

"Oh, I shall not mind the fatigue. It will not be so bad as teaching. That is the hardest work I can imagine—to try to make an Englishwoman pronounce the French as it should be, or a Frenchwoman pronounce the English. Ça—c'est épou-

vantable! I shall be excessively interested to copy your novel. Is—is it exciting?"

"Well, you can decide that question better than I can. I'm afraid it isn't very. I'm afraid in some places it's dull, and drags. I'm afraid it's a little too serious. But when would you like to begin?"

"Oh, any time. As soon as you desire. Immediately. To-morrow, if you like."

"But remember, you have more than a month to do it in. So, don't work more than a little every day. Never tire yourself out over it, will you? Just as soon as you begin to feel tired, put it by till to-morrow."

"Oh, n'avez pas peur, monsieur. You do not know what a grand—how you call it?—paresseuse—idler—I am."

"Well; I want you to promise. I shouldn't be able to sleep at night, if I thought you were allowing yourself to get tired on my account."

"You are very considerate, Mr. Ormizon."

"Of myself; so I am. You see, I don't covet insomnia. And now—and now—about—terms."

"Oh, that, of course, I leave entirely to you."

"Well, the regular price for such work is a franc the hundred words. Do you think that will be enough? That would make—let's see—that would make a thousand francs for the whole book."

"A thousand francs! Why—why, I never heard of such a thing. I—oh, I am sure you must be mistaken. I am sure it is too much."

"Oh, no; that's the regular price: 20 cents—a franc—for each hundred words. Honestly."

"Oh, but—! A thousand francs! Do you know—have you any idea—how long it would take me to earn that, giving lessons?"

"No. How long?"

"Six months—half a year. In a whole year I can earn perhaps two thousand—no more."

"Two thousand! Is it possible? Why, that—that's only four hundred dollars."

"Well, that is the most I can earn. You see, the greater number of my pupils, they are French, of the little bourgeoisie, who keep shops, and like that. They pay me—well, how much you think? One franc the lesson of an hour. The English, the Americans, of course they pay much more—three francs even. But I have only a very few of them, and only for a few months of the year. In these months of the summer—August, September—I can earn scarcely anything at all. I must depend on what I have saved. . . . Oh, a thousand francs! That makes me rich!"

Ormizon did not speak. He could not trust himself to speak. There was only one thing that he could think of to say; and the time had not yet come for saying that.

"Yes," Denise continued, "it makes me rich. And now—now—I can go see Dr. Marsac."

"Dr.—!" faltered Ormizon, aghast. "Why, are—are you in ill health?"

"Oh, no—not I. It was Dr. Marsac who took care of my mother. She was sick so long; and he came all the time, and was so kind and good; and I have never been able to pay him. I have needed every sou to support myself. But now—Oh, Mr. Ormizon, you have made me feel so happy!"

She lifted two beautiful earnest, tearful eyes upon Ormizon's face. It was only by the exercise of main force that he kept himself from folding her in his arms and kissing her.

"I was before," she went on rapidly, "I was the most miserable girl in the whole world. That thing—that debt—it lay upon my conscience day and night, all the time. And I was so hopeless. I could see no prospect to pay it. Ah, mon Dieu! It made me so uneasy, so ashamed. It is like a great load which you have lifted off my back. I thank you—I thank you from my heart, Mr. Ormizon."

"Dear—dear Mademoiselle Denise—" he was beginning. Then a lump, or something, got stuck in his throat, and choked his utterance.

. . . . There was a little pause, during which the moon shone sentimentally.

All at once she looked up, and asked very gravely, with a naïveté that had its due effect, "Is—is it true that you leave Paris next month?"

Oh! How violently his heart leapt! How madly it began to pound against his side!

His voice shook as he answered, "I—I sail on the 26th."

Suddenly a bell began to ring, and the boatmen sang out, "Place de la Concorde!"

"Oh, here we are!" exclaimed Denise starting up. Lancelot and the doctor joined them. They took a cab to the Rue Soufflot.

(To be continued.)

Social Life Among the Eskimo.

THE people who inhabit almost the whole extent of the coast of Arctic America subsist upon animal food. Dr. Franz Boas, who journeyed among them and reported his observations to the Bureau of Ethnology, says: "As soon as the ice has consolidated in winter a lively intercourse springs up between the settlements. Friends visit one another, trading excursions are undertaken, and almost every few days visitors arrive at the village. They are welcomed with great hospitality. The sledge is unloaded and the dogs are fed by the host. The visitor is led into the hut, served with the choicest pieces of meat, and the hostess puts his clothing in order. In the winter these visits are generally short, rarely lasting more than a few days."

"Longer journeys are postponed until spring, when food can be procured more easily. Such journeys are planned a long time before they are made. While the families generally leave what they can spare of their household goods in winter at their summer settlement, they bring away everything they possess to the winter village if they intend to visit a neighbouring tribe in the spring. In April or May they leave their snow houses; the tent poles and the whole of their goods are loaded upon the sledge, only the boats being left behind in charge of some friend, and then they start upon their long, lonely journey. On the first day they do not travel far, but make the first halt about twelve miles distant. As the load is heavy, the men and women sit on the top of the sledges only to rest. The driver walks alongside and the women lead the way, the dogs pulling more willingly if they see somebody ahead of the sledge. At night it is not unloaded, only those things taken out which are necessary for building a small tent and for cooking. After having travelled about three days a longer halt is made; the sledge is unloaded, the dogs are unharnessed, and the men go out hunting in order to procure food for the dogs and for themselves. Thus they slowly proceed until they at last reach the end of their journey. Here they settle down with their friends whom they have come to visit, establish a hut of their own, and spend a whole year with them."

"The social life in the summer settlements is rather different from that in winter. At this season the families do not cook their own meals, but a single one provides for the whole settlement. The day before it is her turn to cook, the woman goes to the hills to fetch shrubs for the fire. Three stones are put up near the hut as a fire-place, the opening facing the wind. The kettle is placed on the top of it, and the fire is fed with shrubs and blubber. When the meal is ready the master of the house stands beside it, crying 'Njo! Njo!' (boiled meat), and everybody comes out of the hut provided with a knife. The dish is carried to a level place, and the men sit down around it in one circle while the women form another. Then large lumps of meat are passed around, everybody cutting off a piece and taking a swallow of the soup, which is passed in a large leather cup. These dinners, which are held in the evening after the return from the hunt, are almost always enlivened by a mimic performance. Some one sits in the centre of the circle and amuses the assembly by singing and dancing or by making faces. A favourite performance is one in which a man with blackened face and with a thong tied around his head writhes and makes odd grimaces. After dinner the men sit chatting or gambling before the huts, while the women and children amuse themselves by running about, playing at ball, or dancing. "Young children play with toy sledges, kayaks, boats, bows and arrows, and dolls. The dolls have a wooden body clothed with scraps of deer-skin cut in the same way as the clothing of the men. Both children and grown-up people exercise by sitting down on their knees in a large circle and simultaneously jumping up and down, by kneeling and holding their toes in their hands and trying to outdo one another in running in this position. A favourite amusement during the long winter nights is telling tales and composing songs. Old traditions are always related in a highly ceremonious manner. The narrator takes off his outer jacket, pulls the hood over his head, and sits down in the rear part of the hut, turning his face toward the wall, and then tells the story slowly and solemnly. All their stories are related in a very abridged form, the substance supposed to be known. The form is always the same, and should the narrator happen to say one word otherwise than is customary he will be corrected by the listeners. Children tell one another fables and sing short songs. Comic songs making fun of persons are great favourites."

"The women have quaint styles of dressing the hair. They always part it on the top of the head. The back hair is wound into a bunch protruding from the back of the head or nicely arranged in a knot; and at the sides it is plaited and folded over the ears, joining the knot behind. Sometimes it is arranged in small pig-tails reaching a little below the ears."

The Teacher's Dream.

"For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister."—Hebrews vi., 10.

ASLANT fell the beams of the setting sun
Through the school-room windows at Durham Place;
The last little urchin—his lessons done,
And his good-night said—had gone, to run
His merry homeward race.

At the desk, with her toil-worn head bowed low
On her fevered hands, a teacher sate,
Making no movement as if to go,
Though round her fell the broad sunset's glow,
And the hour was waxing late.

The light wind strayed through the open door,
And lovingly lifted the loosened hair
That fell round a forehead where time had made
Some footprints, but left a sweet, pensive shade,
That rendered it still more fair.

She had fallen asleep; and in her dream
The narrow walls of the meagre room
Had dropped away, and the sunset's gleam
Fell on a fair bower, and made it seem
All flooded with rosy bloom.

And for the shrill sound of A, B, C,
That had echoed so late on her tortured ear,
The notes of the woodland bird heard she,
And the lapse of waters, as dreamily
They coursed through a valley near.

And she knew not whence came the sense of rest
That so sweetly over her spirit came,
Till a gentle presence was manifest,
A gentle hand her forehead pressed,
And a soft voice called her name.

It bade her come and she followed on,
Scarce knowing whether she walked or dreamed,
To where there was raised a sylvan throne,
And the form of Him who sat thereon,
Like the Man of Sorrows seemed.

And many a loving one came and stood
Around the Master, each to tell
How he had illumined some dark abode,
Or lightened some pilgrim's heavy load,
For the Lord he loved so well.

When his sweet "Well done" was bestowed on all,
And each from His presence on had passed,
Trembling she came at the Master's call,
And prone at His feet was fain to fall,
The weakest and the last.

But gently He raised her and bade her say
What she to-day for her Lord had done!
"Master," she cried, "though I love always,
Naught have I done for Thee to-day,
From rise to set of sun.

"I teach the little ones day by day,
And they cling to me with a fondness strange.
I teach them knowledge, and guide their play,
And strive that never in harmful way
Their little feet may range.

"But for Thy service I find no place,
No deeds of love have I to tell,
Though with tears I mourn my wasted days,
And long to toil in the broad highways,
For the Lord I love so well.

"I see the harvest field gleaming white,
And heavy with sheaves which I may not reap;
I see fair flowrets touched with blight,
I see Wrong triumphing over Right,
And can only look and weep."

Then a wondrous smile lit the Master's face,
A smile that shone down to her very heart;
And these were His words, "Dear child of grace!
Who toils and weeps in the humblest place,
Hath in my work a part!

"Fear not! for thy toils the Master owns;
And precious to Him is thy ministry;
Fear not!" and He spake in gentlest tones,
"Who careth so well for the little ones,
Hath even cared for Me."

Rose Temple.

Curious Derivation of Some Familiar Words.

Monkey-wrench is the name applied to a tool, a sort of spanner with a movable jaw. Some etymologists account for the forepart of the name by recalling the fact that a monkey's jaw is movable also. The monkey-wrench was invented some years ago by a poor mechanic whose name is Charles Monckey. He sold his patent for a song, and is now working for day's wages in Brooklyn. His invention has made millions of dollars for those who were able to place it upon the market.

Derrick is the name of a crane used in shifting and lifting heavy weights. It is said to be called from one Theodorick, who, while serving at Cadiz as a soldier under Robert, Earl of Essex, was doomed to death for some crime, but pardoned by his commander on condition that he would hang twenty-three other malefactors. Such are the revolutions of fate that subsequently he was employed in London to behead Essex, the man who had saved his life.

A *stentorian* voice is that of one like the Grecian herald in the Trojan war, whom Homer describes as "great-hearted, brazen-voiced Stentor, accustomed to shout as loud as fifty other men."

A *raglan* is a loose overcoat with long sleeves, such as Lord Raglan wore in the Crimean War. *Wellingtons* are boots named after the Iron Duke. *Bluchers* are also boots, named after the commander of Wellington's Prussian allies at Waterloo.

Any magnificent tomb is called a *mausoleum*. Mausolus, the Carian King whose name it bears, had nothing whatever to do with the original except to lie in it when he was dead. The piety of his wife, Artemisia, gave his name to the tomb and immortality to her husband's memory because the monument she built over his body gave a word to language. The *magnolia* bears the name of Pierre Mangol, Professor of Medicine at Montpellier, France, in the seventeenth century; and Dahl, a Swedish Botanist, has his name embalmed in the *dahlia*.

Indirectly our word *dollar* depends upon a great man's name. The word is an abbreviation of Joachimsthaler, a coin first minted about 1518, in the valley of St. Joachim, Bohemia. The valley (*thal*) bears the name of the saint. *Boycott* is a name recently introduced, but already in use everywhere. A few years ago Captain Charles Cunningham Boycott, an Irish farmer and land agent, angered his tenants, and in revenge they refused to work for him or to sell him food. To *boycott* means to withhold custom from a man in any line of business. A *martinet* is what few soldiers like to be called. Colonel Martinet was an officer in the army of Louis XIV. He was so particular about small details, so rigid in his discipline, that he was looked upon as a nuisance. His name has come down to us as applicable to a military Miss Nancy Finniken.

Bogus is the corrupted form of the name Borghese, that of a noted swindler who passed large amounts of counterfeit money in the West some years ago. *Boniface* is the common name for the landlord of a tavern. The original was one of the rare kind—a sleek, good-tempered, jolly landlord—but he wasn't in real life. He was a character in Farquhar's comedy of "The Beaux' Stratagem," written in 1707.

Granted Wishes.

Two little girls let loose from school
Queried which each should be,
One said, "I'd be a queen and rule;"
And one "The world I'd see."

The years went on. Again they met
And queried which had been;
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"
Said one, "I am a queen."

"My realm a happy household is;
My king, a husband true;
I rule by loving services;
How has it been with you?"

One answered: "Still the great world lies
Beyond me as it laid;
O'er love's and duty's boundaries,
My feet have never strayed."

"Faint murmurs of the wide world come
Unheeded to my ear;
My widowed mother's sick-bed room
Sufficeth for my sphere."

They clasped each other's hands; with tears
Of solemn joy they cried:
"God gave the wish of our young years,
And we are satisfied."

In the Light of To-day.

PERHAPS one of the funniest specimens of foreigners English was that displayed at an Art Exhibition in Japan to which foreigners were invited. Some of the rules were as follows:—"Visitors is requested at the entrance to show tickets for inspection. Tickets are charged 10 sens and 2 sens, for the special and common respectively. No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in, if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick, and the like kind, except his purse, and is strictly forbidden to take in with himself dog, or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take good care of himself from thievery."

HERE is a curious item which has come down to us, hoary with age. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable document now in existence, recording an international transaction dating back to the fourteenth century. It is the text of a treaty made between Rameses II. and the Prince of the Kheta. Even those who are aware of the early progress made by the Egyptians in the arts of writing and of diplomacy, cannot fail to be surprised at the length, nature, and precision of this remarkable document. The original was engraved on a large silver plate with a ring at the top; an official copy on a *stèle* of stone was found embedded in the ground at Karnak, with a portion of the surface protruding. It contains, according to the arrangement of the *Vicomte de Rouge*, forty-nine clauses, many of which are mutilated. The earlier clauses contain recitals of the relations previously existing between the two peoples, and of the manner in which the Prince of the Kheta, on his accession, directed his thoughts towards peace. The articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance are then inserted, and are followed by clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, and in particular of skilled workmen. The arrangement is then, in a series of articles, commended to the protection of innumerable gods and goddesses of Egypt and the Kheta. Then follow special provisions to the effect that in the case of the extradition of any runaway, his delinquency shall not be brought up against him; further, that no punishment shall be inflicted on any member of his family, and that no tortures or cruelties which, from their accurate specification, would seem to be common, shall be practised on himself. The final clause refers to a relief at the top of the table, in which a figure representing the King of Heaven, protector of the stipulations proposed by the Prince of Kheta, is embracing a figure of that prince.

ONE of the latest novelties in insurance is that known as the Congregational Fire Insurance Company, Limited, or perhaps I should say the latest development of a novelty, for it is four years now since the "Ecclesiastical Buildings Fire Office" was organised in the Church of England for insuring church edifices. Within a month it has paid over £1,000 of its profits to various church societies, after providing reserve and paying five per cent. interest on all expenses. The Methodist Church has also gone into the fire insurance business, and the "Primitive Methodist Fire Insurance Company" recently presented £500 of its profits to one of its conferences. The Congregationalists are now stimulated to a desire to have a company of their own, and the company whose name is at the head of this paragraph has been organised. Perhaps fire insurance companies are as much within the province of the modern church as clubs, banks, athletic associations, etc., but it is likely that those who associate Jonathan Edwards with the Congregational Church, and whose sense of humor is sometimes a little stronger than their reverence, will be provoked to smiles by the title of this new insurance company.

THE growing list of precautions for the safety of travellers on the sea is not a small index of increased international intercourse and interests. The proposed investigation of the advisability of the transportation of cotton on passenger steamships is of vital importance to the safety of travellers on the sea. The House of Lords has made a motion for the appointment of a commission to inquire into this evil. It is so dangerous that some of the trans-Atlantic vessels already have abandoned it in the competition for patronage. However, it probably will be continued by some companies until prohibited by law. It is a disputed question how the fire originates which frequently breaks out in cotton cargoes, whether by spontaneous combustion, of which the conditions are not fully understood, or from smoldering sparks from the pipes or cigars of careless workmen. It cannot be denied that cotton bales are often handled carelessly in the southern ports. Nevertheless ample and dearly bought experience teaches that any system of inspection of the cargoes hitherto in vogue has not been perfect enough to warrant the safe transit of this highly inflammable substance.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

A WRITER in the *North American Review* for September contributes an amusing article on some of the funny ways and sayings of English prelates. Here, for example, is a Bishop's little "wheeze." Dr. Wilberforce, the Bishop of Winchester, arrived somewhat late at a breakfast party, and when announced, he entered the room with a hurried, nervous air, as if somewhat agitated. "You are late, Bishop," said our host, Earl G—. "Late!" exclaimed the Bishop; "the wonder is that I am here at all." At this we gathered about him to hear what had happened. He said that he had come on foot, and that when about to cross Pall Mall a hansom cab, with two men in it, attempted to run him over. He firmly believed it was the intention of the two occupants to take his life in this way. Then, starting back as if greatly surprised, he pointed at two of the guests—very distinguished men, who were personal friends of his—and exclaimed: "I declare, if there are not the very two chaps!" Upon this there was a general laugh, the company perceiving that the Bishop was only indulging in one of his habitual jokes. "It's a great shame," continued Wilberforce, with assumed gravity, "that, whilst the proud man drives, the poor man who has to go on foot cannot be allowed to do so in safety."

IN personal appearance the Bishop was not imposing, being under the average height. His face was intellectual and did not indicate the keen sense of humour he possessed. This quality he seemed to keep in abeyance for appropriate occasions. Of the many sayings attributed to him the following is characteristic: On being asked, during a moral discussion, what he considered the best way to heaven, he replied: "Turn to the right and keep straight on."

DR. SUMNER, when Archbishop of Canterbury, used to tell of some monkeyshines of which he was once an eye-witness. The scene was the Zoo in the monkey house and in the midst of the antics going on in the cage, or, rather large compartment, filled with monkeys of all sorts and sizes, one little fellow sat on his tree at the extremity of the cage casting his eyes about, apparently intent on mischief. Suddenly he sprang to the ground, and, stealthily creeping along the back of the cage, so as to escape observation, approached, from behind, a big old-fashioned-looking ape, who, like a grave judge absorbed in meditation, sat immovable, and apparently unconscious of what was going on about him, on a high post at that end of the cage. Watching his opportunity, the little monkey glided up the post and pulled the big one's tail. In a second he was back again at the spot he had left, securing his retreat by following the same course as before, and, gliding up the tree, sat there looking into vacancy, the picture of conscious innocence. Old Judge, who had no idea of allowing the act of indignity put upon him to pass unpunished, took his time about it. Moving his great clumsy body slowly round so as to survey the entire cage, he carefully examined the face of each monkey in turn to ascertain, by its expression, which among them was the culprit. This investigation lasted several minutes, when finally, by some intuitive process of mind, he seemed to have decided that the little innocent-looking fellow on the far-off tree was the one who was "wanted." Thereupon, with a succession of tremendous leaps over monkeys and under monkeys, the big beast reached the tree where sat the offender, mounted it, and, before the latter had a chance of escape, seized him by the nape of the neck and cuffed his ears. Having thus passed sentence and executed it at the same time, Old Judge descended the tree, and, walking solemnly back to his post, resumed his attitude of dignified repose. Who, I wonder, after this is going to deny his relations?

AS a working naturalist, Darwin was a model of exactness, patience, and perseverance; he rarely lost a moment, and while not a rapid worker, he compensated for this by the attention he gave the subject. His study was adapted for work, his appliances being essentially simple. A dissecting board, with a low, revolving stool was a principal feature, while a table bore his tools and various drawers containing the various articles he was likely to use. Darwin's library was a curiosity, as he considered books simply as a part of his working material, and had not the reverence for them that we find in the bibliophile. They were marked with memoranda, and divided if too large. He often laughed with Sir Charles Lyell over the fact that he had made him bring out an edition of his book in two volumes by informing him that he was obliged to cut the book in halves for use. Pamphlets he cut up, often throwing away all the leaves which did not relate to his work. When books were filled with notes he frequently added an index at the end with the number of the pages marked, and thus had a list of the

subjects in which he was interested, so that at short notice he could command all the material bearing on a certain point in his possession. Fortunately, Darwin had ample means, which enabled him to devote his entire time to scientific work without the distraction which would naturally have come from an attempt to make his labour pay a yearly dividend or income. His habits were simple and methodical, and within a short distance of the hum and bustle of the great city of London he carried on his experiments for forty years, happy in the companionship of such men as Huxley, Hooker, Owen, Lubbock, and others, producing results that will place him among the leaders of science as long as time endures.

THE following story is related by Mr. Archibald Forbes, in last month's *Nineteenth Century*. It is a story of a telegraphic despatch from the battlefield. In the early morning of the 22nd of November, 1878, a British division under General Sir Samuel Browne occupied the Afghan fortress of Ali Musjib, up in the Khyber Pass. Mr. Forbes rode back ten miles to Jumrood, where the field telegraph was, and sent the news to England in a short message bearing date 10 a.m. There is five hours' difference of time between India and England in favour of the latter; and *The Daily News* containing this telegram dated 10 a.m. was selling in Fleet-street at 9 a.m.—one hour of apparent time before it was despatched. Its anticipation of time, however, did not end here. Owing to the five hours' difference between the clocks of London and New York, the message was in time for the regular editions of the New York papers that same morning. It was thence immediately wired across the American continent; and, owing again to the difference in time between the Atlantic coast and Pacific slope, the early rising citizen of San Francisco, purchasing his morning paper at 6 a.m., was able to read the announcement of an event which actually occurred over two hours later in apparent time some 13,000 miles away on the other side of the globe. Puck, as Mr. Forbes says, possessed himself able to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but this telegram sped half round the globe in two hours less than no time at all.

BEERBOHM-TREE, while playing Hartfeld in "Jim the Penman" at the Haymarket, was induced, a writer in a contemporary tells us, to go to Oxford one afternoon and play Iago. The only way of avoiding very awkward consequences was to dress in the train; and this Mr. Tree had prepared himself to do, if, as he feared, Othello at Oxford was late; and, as it was, he only just caught his train to London by throwing an ulster over his Iago dress and bolting for the station. Arrived there, he tipped the guard and got a compartment to himself. So far, good! By the first stoppage, the Iago beard was off, and Mr. Tree bore the appearance of an ordinary English gentleman, to the obvious mystification of the guard, who looked in as he passed along the platform, stared, grunted, but ended at that. But, when the time came for taking tickets, another metamorphosis had taken place. The Hartfeld wig, whiskers, and, above all, the Hartfeld nose had been assumed, and, when the hawk-like and forbidding face loomed out of the growing shadows in answer to the cry of "Tickets!" the suspicion of the guard was thoroughly roused. And now, to cap it all, Mr. Tree had lost his ticket! This was the last straw, and, with ominous severity, the guard said sharply: "Lost it? I dessay! Come—take off that nose! We know your sort!" and it was only by the application of liberal largesse that the Haymarket audience was not kept waiting. Mr. Tree is convinced that in his secret conscience that guard fully believes to this day that he aided and abetted in the escape of some desperate criminal.

IT is the lives that have been lived in the past, with all their self-surrender, and all their patience, and all their trust in the certainty of a final Best; it is Paul facing the mob at Jerusalem, Athanasius against the world, Luther before the Imperial Diet, Martyn toiling across the plains of Persia, Coan buried in an island of the Pacific among the tears of 12,000 natives whom he had converted; it is these that make us feel what a grand reality is that presence of God in the soul which men of the baser sort deny. Only with this faith in the invisible and the spiritual can any life attain its full growth and greatness.

THE first test of a great man is his humility. Not a doubt of his power or hesitation in speaking his opinions, but a curious under-sense of powerlessness; a feeling that the greatness is not in him; and that he could not do or be anything else than God made him. And he sees something divine and God-made in every other man, and is endlessly, incredibly merciful.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(6th Concert, 5th Series)

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

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

VOCALISTS—MADAME MONTI, MRS. GRAHAME-COLES, MR. EUSTACE JAY, MR. JAMES LEY.

SOLO VIOLINIST—MR. HANS WESSELY. SOLO PIANOFORTE—MRS. JAMES LEY.

PART I.

1. PIANOFORTE DUET "Tarantella" ... *Raff*
MRS. JAMES LEY & MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

2. ARIA ... "Ernani, involami" ... *Verdi*
MADAME MONTI.

Rec.

Sorta è la notte e Silva non ritorna! Ah! non t'arrebbe e piu! Questo odiato regno, che quale immondo spettrò, ognor m'insegue. Col favellar, d'amore piu sempre Ernani, mi configge in core.

Aria.

Ernani involvami, all'aborito amplesso
Fugiamo se teo vivere ni sia d'amor, concesso.
Per antrie lande inospite ti Seguirà il mio piè
Un Eden di delizia saran quegli antri a me.
Tutto sprezzo che a'Ernani! non favella a questo core.
Non v'ha gemma che in amore, possa l'odio tramutar
Ah! Vola o tempo presto reca, di mia fuga il lieto istante
Vola o tempo al core amante
E suplizio l'indugiare.

3. SONG ... "More and More" ... *Tosti*
MR. JAMES LEY.

Oh! could I tell my heart's fond prayer,
And how I long for thee,
Thou art my very life and hope,
And more than all to thee.
Should'st thou prove false,
And then, O love, my passion coldly spurn,
Still I would love thee more and more,
And for thee only yearn.
Yes, love, I love thee more and more,
Oh, bid me leave thee never,
Believe me, this were all else false,
I love thee more than ever,
The flowers of gold e'er turn their gaze
To catch each sunlit ray,
So love, oh, love, to thee I turn,
For ever light my way,
And as the years and years roll on
Across time's endless shore,
I'll be with thee, and stay with thee,
And love thee more and more.
Yes, love, I love thee more and more.
Oh, bid me leave thee, etc.

4. VIOLIN SOLOS ... { a. Romance ... *Kes*
 { b. Serenade ... *Pierré*
MR. HANS WESSELY.

5. SONG "Love me sweet with all thou art" *M. V. White*
MRS. GRAHAME-COLES.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art
Feeling, thinking, seeing;
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me in full being,

Love me with thine open youth,
With its frank surrender,
With the vowing of thy mouth
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes
Made for earnest granting,
Taking colour from the skies
Can heaven's truth be wanting?
Love me with thy voice that burns
Sudden faint above me,
Love me with thy blush that burns
When I murmur, "Love me!"

Love me in thy gorgeous airs
When the world has crowned thee,
Love me kneeling at thy prayers
With the angels round thee!
Through all hopes that keep us brave,
Further off or nigher,
Love me for the house and grave,
And for something higher.

6. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Karnevals" ... *Grieg*
MRS. JAMES LEY.

7. SONG ... "The old and the young Marie" ... *Cowen*
MR. EUSTACE JAY.

She stands on the pier, seaboard and brown,
Gold haired is she;
Bright is the little fishing-town, bright is the sea,
The children are racing along the sand,
Singing in glee.

Whom are you looking for, waving your hand,
Young Marie? young Marie? While the sunbeams play
On the waters gay,
And the boats are coming across the bay.

She sits on the pier, seaboard and brown,
Old now is she;
Changed is the little fishing-town, unchanged is the sea.
A little barefoot maiden fair stands at her knee;
What are you thinking of, stroking her hair,
Old Marie? old Marie?

While the sunbeams play on the waters gay,
And the boats are coming across the bay.

There's not a lover in all the town so brave as he,
And he's gone to buy the wedding-gown over the sea;
To-morrow morn, when the bells ring clear, wedded we'll be
Are you not dreaming, there on the pier,
Old Marie? old Marie?
While the sunbeams play on the waters gay,
And the boats are coming across the bay.

J. E. WEATHERLY.

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

8. VIOLIN SOLO... Two Intermezzi ... *R. Fuchs*
MR. HANS WESSELY.

9. SONG "My mother bids me bind my hair" *Haydn*
MADAME MONTI.

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue;
Tie up my sleeves with ribands rare,
And lace my bodice blue.

"For why," she cries, "sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?"
Alas! I scarce can go, or creep,
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love are near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay;
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

10. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Tarentelle" ... *Gottschalk*
MRS. JAMES LEY.

11. SONG ... "The Heart of a Sailor" ... *S. Adams*
MR. JAMES LEY.

Now who's the man for a lass to wed,
To be true and never fail her?
You may trust to me, for I've sailed the sea,—
There's none like an honest sailor!
For his thoughts are free as the wind or sea,
And he's got such a dash of the briny;
His heart is light, and his laugh so bright,
He makes life all sunshiny.
He may sail in a smack or a man-o'-war,
Or aboard of an Arctic whaler;
But it's all the same, if Jack's his name,
And he's got the heart of a sailor.

Then he has to be so oft at sea,
Which saves a deal of bother;
For husbands and wives don't always agree,
As they should—with one another.
And if he flirts with one or with two,
In the ports of every nation,
You can do the same, without any blame,
Which is surely a consolation.

He may sail in a smack, or a man-o'-war, etc.

So lasses all, when he comes to you,
And declares his adoration;
Your love confess, and answer "Yes,"
Without any hesitation.

For he is the man for a lassie's hand,
To be true and never fail her;
And of all the husbands in the land,
There's none like a true-born sailor.

He may sail in a smack or a man-o'-war, etc.

12. VIOLIN SOLO Fantasia on Russian Airs *Wieniawski*
MR. HANS WESSELY.

13. SONGS { a. "The Spinning Wheel" ... *Henschel*
 { b. "Who is Sylvia?" ... *Schubert*
MRS. GRAHAME-COLES.

I ply my spinning-wheel, as the sun on my wall grows dim,
He is thinking of me, I know, and I talk to myself of him,
I ply my wheel as I wait, and my thoughts fly forth at will,
Out, thro' garden gate, thro' the fields of the daffodil.

How know I he doth come, down thro' the village streets?
I hear, I hear, thro' my spinning wheels hum, the children's
welcome sweet.

I ply my wheel as I wait, and my thoughts fly forth at will,
Out, out, thro' the garden gate, thro' the fields of the
daffodil.

Who is Sylvia, what is she
That all our domains commenced her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heav'n's in such grace did lend her,
That adored she might be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness,
To her eyes doth love repair
To help him of his blindness?
And being helped inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing
That Sylvia is excelling,
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her garland let us bring.

14. SONG { "Take a pair of sparkling eyes" } *Sullivan*
 (The Gondoliers)
MR. EUSTACE JAY.

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their mild surprise—
Having passed the Rubicon.
Take a pair of rosy lips;
Take a figure trimly planned—
Such as admiration whets
(Be particular in this);
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it—in parenthesis;—
Take all these, you lucky man—
Take and keep them, if you can!

Take a pretty little cot—
Quite a miniature affair—
Hung about with trellised vine,
Furnish it upon the spot
With the treasures rich and rare
I've endeavoured to define.

Live to love and love to live—
You will ripen at your ease,
Growing on the sunny side—
Fate has nothing more to give.
You're a dainty man to please
If you are not satisfied.

Take my counsel, happy man;
Act upon it, if you can!

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 ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be Given on SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1891.

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

At 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MASTER E. G. ATTWELL.

- 1. GRAND CHŒUR IN E FLAT ... Guilmant
2. HYMN ... "The Church's one foundation" ...

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word;

Air.
He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need.
He comforts the bereaved with His regard,

- 5. CHORAL, with Variations (6th Organ Sonata) Mendelssohn

6. HYMN ... "Jesu, lover of my soul" ...
Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,

- 7. ANDANTE, Op. 64 ... Mendelssohn

- 8. VOCAL SOLO "With Verdure Clad" (Creation) Haydn

Recit.
And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the
herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his
kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth. And it was so.

Air.
With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delightful to the ravish'd sense;

- 9. OVERTURE ... to "Athalia" ... Handel

- 3. LARGO ... Bunnett

- 4. VOCAL SOLO {"Sing ye Praise" (Hymn of Praise) Mendelssohn

Recit.
Sing ye praise, all ye redeemed of the Lord, redeemed
from the hand of the foe, from your distresses, from deep
affliction; who sat in the shadow of death and darkness.

At 8 P.M.—ORGANIST, MR. GEORGE J. RAYNER (Organist Victoria Park Congregational Tabernacle).

- 1. MARCH IN G ... Henry Smart
2. PASTORALE IN C ... S. Jarvis
3. "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS" (Twelfth Mass) ... Mozart
4. ARIA, "O rest in the Lord" (Elijah) Mendelssohn
5. CHORUS "The Heavens are telling" (Creation) Haydn
6. ANDANTE IN C (for soft stops) ... Leiderwitz
7. ARIA, "He shall feed His flock" (Messiah) ... Handel
8. ARIA, "Cujus Animam" (Stabat Mater) ... Rossini
9. HALLELUJAH CHORUS (Messiah) ... Handel

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

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PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E. POPULAR LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

PROGRAMME FOR MONDAY, OCTOBER 19TH, 1891, AT 8 P.M., ENTITLED—

"SOME MARVELS OF BALLOONING,"

By ERIC STUART BRUCE, Esq., M.A.

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A miniature Parachute will descend in the Queen's Hall.

The Lecture will conclude with the Exhibition of THE BRUCE ELECTRICAL WAR BALLOON.

As supplied to Her Majesty's Government and the Belgian Government. Exhibited by Special request—Royal Society, May, 1888; Royal Institution, May, 1888; The Institute of Chemistry, June, 1888; Birmingham and Midland Institute, January, 1889. BRILLIANT EXPERIMENTS WITH FLASHING SIGNALS by this unique Aerial Apparatus.

SYLLABUS.

PART I.

The Principle of the Pressure of Fluids.—The Discovery of Hydrogen Gas by Cavendish.—A Soap Bubble the First Balloon.—Montgolfier.—Charles, the Parisian.—The Balloons used by the French Government in 1773.—Goldbeaters' Skin Balloons.—Free Balloons at the Siege of Paris.—An Aerial Highway.—Attempts to Navigate Balloons.—Parachutes.—The Performances of Mr. Baldwin.—Is a Parachute of any Practical Use?—Meteorology and Ballooning.—The Heroes of the Aerial Observatory.—An Ascent of Seven Miles.

PART II.

Balloon Signalling.—The Electrical Bruce Balloon.—Great Advantages of this System.—The Absence of Danger in Introducing the Electric Light inside a Gas Balloon.—How to put a Red Hot Poker inside a Balloon without Setting Fire to the Gas.—Signalling over Hills and Woods.—Coast Signalling.—Successful Experiments at Chatham, Aldershot, and Antwerp.

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C. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

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PROGRAMME OF

SKETCHING ENTERTAINMENT

By MR. G. J. GARNER,

TO BE GIVEN ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21ST, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SUBJECT.—SKETCHES FROM THE WORKS OF W. M. THACKERAY.

WE introduce ourselves to the author of "Vanity Fair."—Miss Bunion, the poetess (Christmas Books).—A few notes on the dealings between Messrs. Rook and Pigeon illustrated (Fitsboodle Papers).—Arrived in the first vol. of "Vanity Fair" we at once meet that very estimable governess, Miss Pinkerton.—How not to dress well on £5,000 a-year.—The great Jos. Sedley and shrewd Becky Sharp.—The party of four and one at the Royal Gardens.—Thackeray's opinion of rack punch.—Captain Dobbin.—Mrs. Rawdon Crawley in powder and puffs.—Exit from "Vanity Fair" as Miss Horrocks plays on the piano.—A rural interruption, by permission.—Sepio the artist (Character Sketches).—A touching example of parental fondness (Wanderings of our Pal Contributor).

To conclude with examples of Upside-down Sketching, One Line Delineations, Impromptu Sketching or Blindfold Portraiture.

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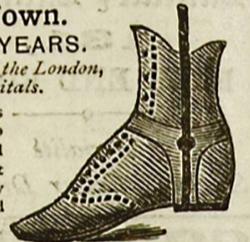
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